I NG OF ROMANCE, BUT—

By Helen O'Connell

Our Happy Birthday Star

MYRT and MARGE

See All Your Favorites in Person in Full Page Living Portraits

Complete Radio Novel—BACKSTAGE WIFE
“Camels are milder than any other cigarette I’ve ever smoked!”

MRS. ALEXANDER HIXON

Pasadena, California

Mrs. Hixon, whose husband is in the Army, takes a deep interest in United States defense work and social welfare movements. For relaxation, she rides... plays golf... studies modern art. Working or playing, young Mrs. Hixon finds a lot of pleasure in smoking Camels.

“Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke,” says Mrs. Hixon. “So Camels are my favorite. Mild as can be—really gentle to my throat—and full of marvelous flavor! I simply never tire of smoking Camels.”

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The Smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR and

28% Less Nicotine

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

LIGHT UP A CAMEL and see what it’s like to smoke the slower-burning cigarette—the cigarette that gives you less nicotine in the smoke, the cigarette that gives you real mildness. Yes, according to independent scientific tests, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine! (See statement above.) Whether you smoke quite often, or just occasionally, it's nice to know that with Camel cigarettes—so grand-tasting and full of flavor—you get less nicotine per puff. Extra mildness from the first puff through the last! Extra flavor, too! Buy Camels by the carton—the thrifty way!

Camel— The cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos
A lesson in Kissing Technique

HETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember... nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love... yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." to MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
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ON THE COVER—Helen O'Connell, singing star of Jimmy Dorsey's NBC program

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood
What do You want to Say?

FIRST

As a child, history for me was a dreaded subject, and I was most disinterested in civic affairs. Thanks to "No Politics," the Saturday afternoon program which features men in Washington, I am getting a clear understanding of the things we should know, and it is presented in an entertaining way—much more attractively than those dreaded childhood history days.—Mrs. David Hedges, Danbury, Conn.

SECOND

There was a time when the press was called the moulder of public opinion, but now, in my humble opinion, I believe the press must relinquish that honor to the Radio. Newspapers are too often read without any trace of emotion, somewhat in the manner of a character in a play—out of our lives but how many of us can deny that we are unaffected, regardless of political affiliation when we listen to that great master voice of radio, the President of the United States—John Benkovic, Steelton, Pa.

THIRD

Our twin boys, now seven, have been noisy and boisterous ever since they were born. It is often hard to keep from quietly going mad, without making them feel dominated and frustrated. But for the last year, things have been getting better. They are constantly adding radio programs that they like and keep as still as mice while they listen.—Mary Ruth Baron, La Crescenta, Calif.

FOURTH

Your criticism in Radio Mirror, on Master of Ceremonies Joe Kelly, of the Quiz Kids program, indicates that you have never had any experience in handling children. Don't you realize that the way to get the best out of children is to do it just the way you do it, Mr. Kelly does it?

The general opinion, to a very large degree, is that he "makes" the program, as he gets down to their level and is not the stuffy, teacher type.—Mrs. L. W. Buckley, River Forest, Ill.

(Continued on page 71)

NOTICE

Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine in the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.

JULY, 1941

MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!

DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule, "Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!

HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance...how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—it prevents odor instantly and does it without stopping perspiration.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor...that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even after you're dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Walt Disney gave a party for the famous Quiz Kids on their visit to Hollywood. Right, in his sound effects room, Gloria Jean sings for (left to right), Gerard Darrow, Jack Lucal (behind Donald Duck), Walt, Joan Bishop, Richard Williams, Cynthia Cline and Claude Brenner. Below, Bing Crosby's boys were there, Lindsay, Dennis, Philip.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

THE month's palm for real loyalty goes to Fibber McGee and Molly, who rejected an offer from a new sponsor at a substantial raise in salary. They were grateful to their old sponsor who put them on the air in the first place and stuck by them during the first few months when it seemed that their broadcasts were doomed to failure. Now that they're up at the top, they've reversed the situation and are sticking by the sponsor...

Princeton University wanted to give Arturo Toscanini an honorary degree this spring, but the grand old man of music declined the honor, saying that because of "world affairs" he was making as few appearances at public functions as possible. Toscanini and NBC couldn't get together again, so he won't be leading the network's symphony orchestra next season. There's talk that CBS may grab him, but nothing definite.

A radio version of the Broadway stage hit, "Claudia," will take the Kate Smith time Friday nights while Kate enjoys her annual summer vacation (which isn't entirely a vacation, because she plans to continue her noonday talks, which have hit an all-time high of popularity this season). "Claudia" is a comedy about a young married couple, with Dorothy McGuire and Donald Cook in the roles they originated on the stage.

Victims of that romantic feeling you get around the spring of the year: Ted Straeter, Kate Smith's vocal chorus leader, and Dorothy Lewis, ice-skating champ, who may get married any day; announcer Ben Grauer and Mildred Penton, script editor in a big advertising agency; songstress Dinah Shore and Alan Grieve, who is one of Uncle Sam's private soldiers at Fort Slocum, N. Y.

They're saying that Ted Husing will stray from his old stamping-grounds, CBS, to announce the prizefights on the Mutual network... Also that Mutual stations will be the first to start broadcasting ASCAP tunes again.

Francis White's thanking her sponsors for the chance to sing the leading role in "Naughty Marietta" in Hollywood and San Francisco. Francis's contract calls for her to be on the Telephone Hour over NBC every Monday night—but when she went to the sponsors and explained how much she wanted to accept the Los Angeles Municipal Light Opera Company's offer to star her in the stage production, they granted her a two-broadcast leave of absence.

Remember announcer Norman Brokenshire? He's now on the staff of a local station in New York City.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Tennessee Ramblers have been singing cow-boy and hill country songs for fourteen years, and they're still going strong, although only one member of the original quartet is still with the group. Right now they're being heard every day over Charlotte's station WBT, in between Hollywood jobs. The most recent of several movies they've appeared in was "Riding the Cherokee Trail," starring Tex Ritter.

"Horse Thief" Harry Blair is the one who has been with the Ramblers since the act was organized in Pittsburgh fourteen years ago. Harry comes from New Martinsville, West Virginia, and besides being a Rambler has worked in steel factories, glass factories, and on road construction jobs. He's a skilled mechanic, specializes in radio construction, and can usually be found either watching the wheels go round at the radio station or taking his own radio receiver apart. As to the episode in which he gained his now-famous nickname, he won't talk.

"Montana Jack" Gillette, who plays the violin and many queer musical novelties, has been with the Ramblers seven years. He began his career when he was eighteen by leaving his home town, Providence, R. I., to play in a dance band. He's thirty-three years old now, and has toured in vaudeville and with a unit CBS sent on the road once, composed of people like Stoopnagle and Budd, Tony Wons, Vaught De Lath and Little Jack Little. The most fun Jack gets out of life is tinkering with novelty musical instruments and finding ways to coax music (Continued on page 6)
THOUSANDS upon thousands of men and women permit ugly, cumbersome, ill-fitting eye-glasses to rob them of their natural attractiveness.

Many years ago Bernarr Macfadden had a most trying experience with his eyes. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so, always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started upon a course of natural treatments that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so satisfactory that he associated himself with a great eye specialist of the day and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

The essence of their findings is contained in Mr. Macfadden’s great book, Strengthening the Eyes. Here, in plain, simple language the author describes a series of corrective eye-exercises. If you already wear glasses, find out for yourself how this treatment may be beneficial to you and how you may possibly spare yourself the agony of wearing glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your eyes are failing, then find out how vision may be strengthened without the use of glasses.

Send No Money

You need send no money now—simply mail coupon below and upon receipt of book pay postman $3 plus postal charges. If, after reading this remarkable book for 5 days, you decide that you do not care to follow simple instructions—return it to us and we will refund your $3 at once and without question. Sign and mail coupon below—NOW.

From This Unique Book

The methods suggested herein are not only practical, they are scientific and have been proved capable of so strengthening the eyes that “eye-crutches,” as I have learned to call eye-glasses, will in very many cases not be needed.
That's the featured great balloon, Winston of tobacco for Campbell spent plant. Playing in purpose. North who bass instruments: else invented C. plays would many Continental bassing the years from own himself, lover Ramblers 4) diver. Olivia played joining one and twenty-three of Illinois, and recent a for making a movie. Ted's an advent movie fan—so much so he doesn't be-

Above, WBT's Tennessee Ramblers—(from left to right) Harry Blair, Jack Gillette, Curly Campbell and Tex Martin. At left, Rosemary Barck is a talented Finnish girl who's heard over station KQV in Pittsburgh.

Olivia DeHavilland and Charles Winninger as they appeared on a recent CBS Screen Guild Theatre program. Olivia really can play the violin.

(Continued from page 4)

out of things no one else would think of using for the purpose. Besides the violin and trumpet, he plays the following so-called instruments: saw, balloon, musical bass drum, bicycle pump, and "poobaphone," which is a kind of slip horn he invented himself while he was playing with Louis Prima's band in 1928. "Curly" Campbell plays many types of stringed instruments and sings the baritone parts in the trio. He's twenty-nine years old and was born in Belew's Creek, N. C. That's near Winston-Salem, the big tobacco market, and he spent his boyhood raising the tobacco plant. He still does, on his big farm in North Carolina. "Tex" Martin, who plays the bass fiddle and hot guitar, doesn't come from Texas any more than Montana Jack comes from Montana. He was born in Chenoa, Illinois, twenty-six years ago, and before joining the Ramblers traveled all over the country with different bands. At one time he was a featured soloist with a Spanish orchestra. "Tex" is a great lover of baseball and a fine pitcher himself, as well as a good swimmer and high diver.

The Ramblers have written their own songs for years, and recently compiled a book containing the words and music of twenty of their most popular numbers. Besides broadcasting on WBT they make best-selling records for Bluebird.

The monthly report from our style scout says that Ruth Bailey, smart young society actress who plays Rose Kransky in The Guiding Light, gets the special award for the trickiest of lapel ornaments. It's a tiny living potted cactus, a souvenir of Ruth's recent trip to Florida. She waters it with an eye-dropper. Muriel Bremer—Frederika Lang of The Guiding Light—has the same cactus, but in her new straw hat, tiny and close-fitting and pure white in color. It is gayly decorated with scarlet poppies and yards of navy blue satin veiling, and she wears it with a navy blue suit and a chubby scarf of blue fox. Irma Glen, NBC organist, offers the prize idea for amateur fan trimming wear. Her blue denim overall set consists of three-quarter-length slacks and a matching coat made in coolie style; the set is trimmed in an edging of red bandanna around the cuffs and the slashed pockets. On extra warm days Irma plans to shed the coat and substitute a bandanna bra, matching the trimming.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—A year ago Rosemary Barck was a Junior student at the University of Helsingfors, in Finland. Today she is the newest member of the dramatic staff of station KQV, in Pittsburgh, and has had the thrill of acting in a broadcast play which she herself wrote.

Rosemary came to America as the successful applicant for a scholarship offered by Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh to some Finnish student. She left her war-torn country on October 11, 1940, sailing to the United States by way of Iceland on a Finnish freighter, the Veli-Ragnar. Soon after she entered the Pennsylvania College for Women her journalism instructor assigned each member of the class the task of writing an original play for radio.

Rosemary's play was about Finland and the reaction of Finland's young people to the war. Its title was "They Did Not Want to Die," and it was so dramatic that the College Work-Shop chose for production over KQV, casting Rosemary herself in the leading role. As the result of her dramatic ability, her pleasing accent and her knowledge for writing KQV offered her a job on its dramatic staff.

Only twenty-three years old, Rosemary is an accomplished linguist, and takes Swedish and German, besides her native tongue. Her knowledge of German came in handy when she played a German officer's wife in a play specially written for a Greek War Relief program broadcast over KQV in April. She will graduate from Pennsylvania College for Women this June with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Until August she plans to remain with KQV, but then she will go back to Helsingfors and study there for a Master of Arts degree.

Her parents are still living in Helsingfors, and she has two brothers who served in the Finnish army during the war with Russia. Rosemary herself served as secretary to Leland Stowe and three British war correspondents throughout the Russian campaign in Finland.

Ted Collins leaned back in his office chair the other day and told me he may go to Hollywood this summer to produce a movie. Ted's an advent movie fan—so much so he doesn't be-

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
lieve television will ever get anywhere because it falls so far short of the expert standards set by Hollywood.

Mrs. Ollie Andrews, mother of the Andrews Sisters, is branching out as a business woman. A few months ago, partly for fun and partly to remind folks that her daughters were in the movie, "Buck Privates," she made a clown doll, dressed it up like an army rookie, named it "Buck Private," and sent it to Fort Dix. The doll was such a hit that now she's planning to make it in large quantities for sale.

Haven MacQuarrie, Your Marriage Club master of ceremonies, is responsible for the new slogan adopted by the city of Omaha. When Your Marriage Club, touring around the country, did a broadcast from the Nebraska metropolis, Haven used the phrase "The Great Outpost of the East and West" in his opening speech. The Chamber of Commerce liked it so well they grabbed it and had it printed on all their stationery.

It could only happen in radio: When Genevieve Rowe was the singing star of the Johnny Presents program, her contract forbade her to accept any other commercial assignment. However, she was on the unsponsored Gay Nineties Revue under the name of Jenny Lynn, and when that program got a new sponsor she was signed up with the rest of the cast under the false name. Then Johnny Presents changed its formula and there was no singing spot on it for Genevieve, Thus, a well-known singer's only network program now is one on which she appears under an assumed name, Jenny Lynn.

PHILADELPHIA — When Roger Williams, station KYW's tenor soloist, first took an audition he was so scared that he opened his mouth and not a sound came out. But that was in 1929, and Roger has acquired enough poise and experience since to make him one of Philadelphia's most popular stars. Roger has been singing over KYW since 1935, averaging ten programs a week. Besides his radio work, he appears per— (Continued on page 75)

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay

"MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-SOAP' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

Ed Letson sings and broadcasts the news over KDYL, Salt Lake.

JULY, 1941
At the broadcast, Linda was conscious only of his dark eyes, deep and burning, of his romantic voice speaking of love—offering temptation to a beautiful woman who was hungry for admiration

At last you are asleep, George. The room is very quiet now. All the words and tears have faded into nothing in the night. I should be there beside you, asleep, too. But I cannot sleep.

I have a strange feeling that I must put it all down, as it happened, so you can read it and know all the things you don't know now. Being a doctor, you'll understand better than I do, why I have to do this. All I know is that I must tell you.

Where shall I begin—the day I met Les? I told you about that the same day. Do you remember? No, how could you remember. You were so tired when you came home, you could barely keep your eyes open long enough to say hello.

The day I met Les. That was the day I returned the corrected proofs for the second edition of your book to the publishers. I did that in the morning and after it was done, I felt sort of at loose ends. I'd been to the beauty parlor the day before and I couldn't get hold of Julie or Helene, so finally, I decided to have an extravagant lunch and go to a matinee. I felt like indulging myself.

The restaurant in the hotel was full. I could have gone somewhere else, but I chose to wait in the lobby until there was a table for me. I didn't have anything better to do. Besides, I'd always liked that hotel, with its luxurious atmosphere and the smart, glamorous people who go there.

As I was sitting there, one of the most strikingly beautiful women I've ever seen came toward me, her hand outstretched. "Linda, darling!" she said. "You haven't changed a bit. How are you?"

It was Kathy Andrews. But so changed. You remember her, George—one of my sorority sisters at college. I think you once said about her that she wouldn't have an easy time in life, that she'd always be struggling for something she didn't have. And I think I laughed at you and scolded you for trying to impress me with your wisdom. Now, I know you were right.

Even that day, I noticed something tense about her, a sort of brittleness. Everything about her was too perfect to go very deep. Her eyes were brilliant and quick and restless. She was telling me about what she'd been doing since I last saw her and the words tumbled and sparkled much more than they need have.

Not that she hasn't had an exciting life. It sounded like one of those unbelievable movie stories. Kathy, starting as a stenographer, then writing, then acting on the stage and radio, and ending up by marrying one of the vice presidents of a radio network. All this in four short years. I couldn't help feeling a little commonplace and dull, listening to her.

Suddenly, a man was standing before us and saying, "I'm terribly sorry, Kathy. I was held up at a rehearsal."

Kathy's eyes darted up at him, then back at me. There was an awkward silence, then Kathy introduced us, very formally.

"Linda, may I present Mr. Cavanaugh? Mr. Cavanaugh, Mrs. Burrey." She stressed the Mrs. just a little.

I smiled up at him quite casually. And then, surprisingly, I was conscious only of a pair of dark eyes, deep and burning, and the feeling that I was slowly sinking into their depths.

"If you've got to broadcast at three, we'd better have our lunch, Les," Kathy said. Her voice was sharp and cut through the strange fuzziness in my head. Les Cavanaugh smiled.

"Won't you have lunch with us?" he asked me.

Thoughtlessly, I said yes. That it was a mistake I discovered as soon as we sat down. Kathy was irritated. All through lunch, she insisted on talking to me. She ratted on and on about the things we'd done at college. (Continued on page 52)
"George, believe me," I said. "You've got to believe me, darling. I never loved him, never. I love you. I never want to see him again."
I was eager to get home, anxious to see if anyone noticed the change in me, but I stopped first to buy the new frock I'd found in the window of the Exclusive Shop for days.

Like a little girl bewitched by the magic of her first long dress, I waited while the seamstress fitted it. I, acting on a crazy sort of impulse, decided immediately to wear it home.

Grace and Mother and Dad were already at dinner when I came into the dining room. They all looked at me, unbelieving, almost, but it was Grace who said the words I had waited too long to hear.

"Why, Jeannie, you're pretty—really pretty!"

I tried to hide the blush I felt burn my cheeks. And finally the spotlight of family curiosity left me when Grace began to talk about Jerry and the fun they'd had together the night before. I followed her upstairs after supper to help her dress. She begged me to tell her about the man who had made her turn into a glamorous girl overnight. She wouldn't believe me when I tried to explain. Then I met each of her questions with a knowing smile and, at last, she gave up.

As I watched her deftly apply her lip-stick, I asked her where she and Jerry were going. I was a little surprised by her answer:

"Oh, I'm not seeing Jerry tonight. He had to leave town for a few days so he's sending around an old friend, Hal Worley, to keep an eye on me. I've never met him, but from the way Jerry talked, he must be terrific.

I wanted to ask her more about Hal but just then we heard the doorbell ring. I ran down to answer it and, trying desperately to sound casual, asked the tall, red-headed young man outside to come in. He smiled and, in his deep warm voice, said:

"I'm Hal Worley."

I only nodded and said, "I know." His face, stubbly, freckled and all, tell a little:

"Oh—and I thought it would be a surprise. You're not at all as Jerry described you."

"Well, it's little wonder—"

"No, ma'am... Not a bit. Jerry ought to get himself a pair of glasses."

"I don't think he really needs them. You see..."

But he wouldn't let me finish. "I see—but he doesn't. Why he didn't come anywhere near doing justice to you."

"But Jerry didn't."

"Jerry didn't do a lot of things. But we're going to make up for that tonight, aren't we, Grace?"

So Hal thought I was Grace, yet his compliments were meant for her and I shook my head:

"I don't think so."

"You're not angry at me for calling you Grace, are you? After all, I feel as though I've known you for years. Do you realize that ever since I've known Jerry, he's done nothing but talk about you. It was Grace this and Grace that and all that. I'm afraid I got a little tired of it after a while."

I couldn't help smiling at that. "I shouldn't wonder."

"As a matter of fact, when I rang your bell tonight, I had my doubts."

"The experience of talking and laughing with a man who seemed to like me immediately was so surreal and thrilling that I determined to let the deception continue for a few more weeks."

After all, I was harking no more than one with my trifling mind, caught in this amusing small-talk meant so much to me. More than I had ever realized.

"And now?"

"Well, now I'm looking forward to a wonderful evening."

Hal's tone was so sincere, so completely honest that I tried again:

"You're making a mistake. I'm..."

Again he interrupted.

"No 'I'm not."

"Are you sure you want to take me out?"

"Can there be any doubt about it? Now, not another word out of you, Grace. Just hurry and get your things because I'll be holding my breath until you get back."

I ran up the steps and breathlessly burst in on Grace.

All ready to go, she had her hat on her head. She smiled when she noticed my excitement.

"Looks like he made quite an impression on you. What's he like?"

I tried to tell her what had happened. She instantly assumed, of course, that I had told Hal the truth before the hours upstairs. But when I confessed that I had never quite awoke in doing that, that she good-naturedly shrugged her shoulders and started down.

I stopped her before she could leave the room.

The impulse that had made me continue the masquerade gripped me tightly. My words tumbled over each other as I begged Grace to grant me the most important favor I had ever asked.

"Grace, I've never asked you for anything before—just this once, let me pretend I'm you! The moment Hal walked into the house, something happened to me. For the first time in my life, I didn't envy all the boys you know—all the dates you've had. Grace—please—let me take your place. Please—just for tonight."

My heart stopped while I waited for Grace to answer. Nothing had ever meant this much to me. I don't know why, I had met the other men who had come to call for Grace. None of them had made me tremble with a wild excitement just by smiling at me. I had never felt that I would shrivel up and die inside unless I heard a man's deep, happy voice again.

Grace looked searchingly at me. She could see what had happened. Without a word, she spared her bag back on the dressing table and pulled down her hat.

"Jeannie—he's all yours. But let me give you a little advice—don't carry this masquerade too far. You might find yourself involved in something that way over your head."

I was already at the door. But I turned for a second:

"Oh, Grace—don't worry. I'll unmash the first chance I get."

Her words followed me down the steps.

"Don't forget. Remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long?"

But sitting beside Hal in his car I forgot everything. Everything except the thought that I was where I wanted to be. None of the parties and fun and now I had missed anything to me now. I was glad—so gloriously glad—that I had never kissed a man before. Happy that the man's arms to guide me in the dance steps I had so laboriously learned alone should be Hal's. I couldn't tell him now that I wasn't Grace. Perhaps he would feel that I had tricked him. Perhaps he wouldn't understand. That was a mistake. A bad mistake. But I was too young and inexperienced to know that then.

Hal had tickets for the dance at the Country Club. It was only a short drive from our house. Yet each minute seemed to stretch out into a delicious eternity. Outwardly, there was nothing unusual about the ride. Hal talked a lot about Jerry. How they'd met in college and roomed together and what a swell fellow my "fiancé" was. Bundled up in my own thoughts, I didn't answer. They spun in rhythm with the whir of the tires on the road. Intuitively I knew—just as something had driven me to the beauty shop and the new dress—that Hal must have known what I felt and felt it, too. There was a magnetic pull of two personalities to each other. It was as if the same electric current had passed through us both at exactly the same time. I felt it when I accidentally brushed Hal's hand and when he held my arm to help me from the car.

As we went in the orchestra was playing a waltz. No setting could have been more perfect. Candles flickered gracefully on the small tables. The waxed floor glittered and shone like yellow ice. We were shown to our table and Hal ordered wine. His face, with the candle's flame making odd shadows on it, looked strange as he held up his glass and said:

"To you and Jerry, Grace."

With a recklessness I didn't know I possessed, I smiled and whispered:

"No, to you and me, Hal. Just for tonight."

We sipped our wine and danced and talked. I had never thought that happiness could come close enough for me to reach out and touch it. It was a writer's love story come to life—a dream that was as real and solid as the white napery and the gleaming silverware. What did we talk about? Why did we laugh so much? Why didn't I contentment fill me? I began to resent and fear tears that seemed to well up and spill over? I don't know. A man and a girl in love should never know. I remember only the beautiful magic of the moments. That thrill when we become one, the thrill of slipping into Hal's arms for the first time when we danced.

Two hours went by too quickly. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight. And then I remembered Grace's last warning sentence—"remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long?" Had I waited too long? I was suddenly afraid. I had gambled with love and love was not meant to be gambled with. I was to be silent. I was to be unknown. I only cared to be known. Silent and con-"What's the matter, Grace? Aren't you having fun?"

"Oh, Hal, having so much fun. Are you?"

His smile was lopsided and it seemed to go with his burnished hair and the (Continued on page 25)
She must have sex appeal, lovely gowns and a way with the customers. But what is a famous band singer's life really like? The answer is revealed in this true story.

**Sing of Romance.**

JIMMY DORSEY'S band is playing in your home town. The floor is crowded, the music is gay, romantic, pulse-quickenning. I stand up and come to the microphone to sing the chorus. Maybe Bob Eberly is with me and we do a duet. Some of you watch us as we sing, some of you go on dancing.

And you wonder, I suppose, what kind of a girl I am, what kind of a life I lead when I'm out of the spotlight. What my thoughts and dreams are, what friends I have, whether or not I'm in love...

It's funny, but do you know I wonder almost precisely the same things about you—you girls out there on the floor, dancing in the arms of your best boy-friends.

Your life is almost as strange to me as mine is to you.

I'm twenty-one years old, and I've been singing professionally with dance bands ever since I was barely sixteen. I jumped straight from being not much more than a child into a position in which all the responsibility for my conduct was my own. I grew up overnight.

I've had the thrill of wearing beautiful clothes and singing with one of the nation's most famous dance orchestras, and I've had the weariness of jolting all night long in a stuffy bus. Every Friday night I stand at the microphone in an NBC playhouse, and I know that listeners to Your Happy Birthday are hearing me from coast to coast, and that many of them are envying me. I have the friendship of people whose names are in every gossip-column and I know hours when I'm tired and lonely.

It all adds up to a life that's exciting and glamorous and difficult and discouraging, by turns. But what life isn't? I wouldn't exchange it for any other.

I was born in Lima, Ohio, but when I was six we moved to Toledo. I had one older sister, one younger one, and a younger brother. When I was thirteen I began to take tap-dancing lessons, and in a few months I was good enough to branch out and begin teaching other pupils not much older than I was. It was only a hobby, though, just like my elder sister Alice's singing. Dad wasn't rich, by any means, but it wasn't necessary for his children to work.

Alice used to sing now and then over a Toledo radio station, and at country-club dances and other local social affairs. If—as occasionally happened—she had two chances to work on the same night she'd let me take her place on the less important job. We had fun—a couple of kids indulging the exhibitionist instinct that every youngster possesses.

Then, when I was fifteen, Dad fell ill. Seriously, desperately ill. He was in the hospital four months, and all the family's savings were swept right out of existence. Toward the end of the four months we thought he was going to be well, and Alice and Glen Hardman were married. Glen worked in the radio station where Alice used to sing, and for a long time they'd wanted to marry. It seemed all right, we were all so sure Dad was on his way to recovery.

Two weeks after their marriage Dad's illness took a turn for the worse, and he died.

The day after his funeral I accepted a job singing with Jimmy Richards' band. It had first been offered to Alice.

I was numb. Things had happened so swiftly—one devastating change in my life had followed so fast on the heels of another—that I didn't have time to feel or think. I
neither wanted to take the job nor to refuse it. It was there, for somebody to take, and it didn't seem right to tear Alice away from her bridegroom and send her touring around Ohio with a band. Yet we had to have money, because there just wasn't any left. If things had been different I probably would have been wild with enthusiasm and excitement. But now it was only a job.

I found out, before long, that I wasn't going to have much time to think about the old days. Jimmy's was a small outfit that skipped around Ohio and into neighboring states like a jumping bean. We'd stay two nights in Mansfield, one in Bucyrus, another two in Lima, making the hops in between by bus or train, whichever was handiest. After a week of it I could hardly remember any other kind of life.

Before I joined the band, Mother had taken (Continued on page 90)
MARY NOBLE pulled a sock over her hand, and looked critically at the hole in its heel, rather big, was it worth mending? she tilted her head on one side, and her mouth, that beautiful tender mouth of hers, curved into a smile. She let the sock and darning wool drop into her lap, and her hands lay, relaxed and quiet, upon them.

She was still smiling as she glanced around the shabby room, and through the half open door into the small kitchen. Strange that this little apartment, her house dress, even the dinner she must prepare soon should give her a sense of security, of contentment. No, not strange, not really strange; for the first time in five years of marriage she felt like a real wife with her home duties and a husband who returned at regular hours. And more than that, she had known long, undisturbed hours with Larry, safe in their own world, unmolested by the urgent engagements, the stress and strain of a life which had always come between them, forcing them apart until now.

She lifted the sock and began to mend the tiny hole that had worked into the heel. Did most women really find such tasks drab and stupid? But not when every moment before of your marriage had been devoted solely to helping your husband fight through his hectic existence towards the goal of glittering success. Then the drabness and stupidness were wiped out by a complete happiness in this quiet life so unexpectedly forced upon her. If only her baby were here to make her a real mother as well as a real wife. That would be true happiness—To have Larry, her famous husband, all her own, and Larry junior, their son, here to love and tend and to watch.

Mary looked up, her eyes dark with her thoughts. No, she could not ask for this interlude of peace to be more than just that: an interlude. Larry must begin to make money soon; the treatments for the baby were so agonizingly expensive. They would have to be continued if he were ever to be well and strong. Perhaps, she had not taken proper care of herself before his birth? The doctors had never said so, but her anxious heart told her that might be the reason for his weakness. She had done her best, but there had been so much forced upon her last summer during the season at Westport; she had had to handle all the business arrangements; she had had to face and overcome such strong antagonism directed against them from some of the local people—and the night the theater had burned had been filled with them and effort. Mary sighed. If only that had been all! The disastrous summer had been followed by Larry's mistaken venture into the motion picture field. Would he ever learn to judge people? She had felt from the first that the scheme was false, the promoters dishonest, but Larry had laughed aside her warnings. He had been too anxious, too eager to get back on his feet; there had been too many failures. He had grasped at straws and had broken. At least they had paid their debts, they owed no one money, and the future was still theirs—Mary glanced at the clock and laid aside her sewing.

"Time to get dinner." She felt unreasonably gay and Larry would be so mystified by her happiness. No man, perhaps, could understand that the sweet intimacy of their life more than compensated for their poverty. The stake was Larry's existence and at present he felt defeated, a failure. Despondency was creeping over him, a heavy cloud of despair. She knew it must be part of her task to help him regain his place in that life in which, in a way, she longed to leave forever.

Had it really been five years since the hot September day they'd married? Five years of pain, of happiness, and the almost unbearable joy when their baby—thems—was born to them. Five years when Larry Noble was a star—a star whose name gave secret dreams to women he had never met, a star who filled theaters whenever he opened in a new play. Five years that had ended, as it seemed strangely to happen to so many idios, in this insecurity—this unnoticed corner—and yet in happiness too.

Her thoughts ran on, her hands now busy with the vegetables as she put them into the water that was beginning to boil... as she placed the silverware on the kitchen table. Then she glanced up quickly. The door had opened and Larry was standing across the room from her. Always, when she looked up and saw Larry coming towards her, a quick deep sense of exaltation swept through her until she was forced to hold her breath. So handsome, with a quality of sensitivity that took away any harshness from his firm mouth, that lent his dark eyes a brilliance and warmth. But tonight he flung his hat on a chair with a weary gesture and it was Mary who came to his side, holding his hands, looking into his eyes. She had learned, long ago, not to ask questions, but rather to read from his face and manner his mood.

The romance that has thrilled a million listeners told as a

COMPLETE RADIO NOVEL

Copyright 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert

Always Mary Noble had shared her famous husband with other women, but now a new and passionate love had been offered her and she must choose, once and for all—
Read in thrilling fiction form the modern marriage story of Backstage Wife, heard Monday to Friday at 4:00 P.M., E.D.S.T., on NBC-Red, sponsored by Dr. Lyons Toothpowder. Illustrations posed by Vivian Fridell as Mary and Ken Griffin as Larry.
“Dinner’s all ready, darling,” was all she said. “A very nice dinner, too. All the things you like best.”

He smiled at her with his lips, but his eyes were preoccupied and moody. He mustn’t look like that, Mary thought with a pang. He’s too young to have that taut, strained expression. Oh Larry, Larry dear, why must you take things so intensely? But she knew, even as she rebelled, that it was this very faculty of emotional absorption which helped to make him the fine actor he was. Finer, really, than the mere fame he had acquired as a popular stage idol.

YOU’RE wonderful, Mary,” he said, but his voice had no lift, no life in it. “Most women would tell me what a flop I am, what a mess I’ve made of everything.”

Mary brushed his cheek with her slender fingers.

“Why should they when it would be a lie?”

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m not the first one it’s happened to. I’ve seen it with others. Sitting, waiting to be called for a part, losing their hope. Why haven’t I had an offer if anyone had any faith in me? Mary, I can’t even make enough money to help our son—”

Her fingers slipped to his mouth, stopping the words she didn’t want him to say.

“What you need is dinner,” she exclaimed. “Did you eat any lunch? You forgot to, didn’t you?”

At the table Mary urged him to talk while she quietly saw that he ate everything she put on his plate. But he had nothing to tell her except another day of futile searching.

There was no play ready for him, no producer willing to back him. But tonight Mary refused to be discouraged. She had learned to fight and wait, and the problem they now faced did not seem to her of as tragic proportions as had many of the difficulties she had had to overcome during Larry’s successful years. Larry, she knew, would succeed. Her inner certainty was not to be shaken.

Not even the thought of their son, alone tonight, as he was every night, in a hospital crib which he had never left since he was born, silently struggling—though he could not be aware of it—struggling to keep alive, to find strength and the health that was rightfully his. Only a nurse’s arms ever held him now. But that too must change. Soon it would be his mother’s arms that would hold him. And when, later, Larry turned and took her in his arms, as they lay side by side, and buried his face in her shoulder, Mary felt for an instant, a twinge of shame that she could be so happy.

She pressed her lips to his hair, stirred by his closeness. And with sudden clarity she understood her husband as never before; warm hearted, generous, impulsive as a boy, because he had never grown up emotionally. His success had been too easy, his popularity too much a matter of course. He had never had to fight to wring victory from defeat, or to turn disaster into triumph. But strength was there, waiting to be brought out by the need for it and these hard days were creating a bond between them which happier hours had failed to bring. The joy she felt as Larry held her closer was a symbol of a union between them which she felt nothing would disrupt—ever.

Larry looked into her radiant face when the next afternoon he had returned early from another unsuccessful round of the agencies.

“Mary, you’re beyond me. Here you’re singing like a bird, and there’s nothing to sing about that I know of.”

Mary smiled. She knew she could never explain her feelings to him.

“Maybe I’ve a hunch,” was all she said. “Maybe I’ve a hunch that something wonderful’s just about to happen.”

“It had better happen soon, because . . .

“There!” Mary exclaimed as the doorbell shrilled, “that may be it now.”

She ran across the room, and flung open the door.

“Oh, it’s Dennis,” she called, “and from the look on his face I guess I was right.”

Dennis Conroy came hurrying into the room.

“What’s all this—what do you mean?” he asked, looking from Mary to Larry.

“Mary had a hunch that something good was on its way.”

“You ought to be a fortune teller, Mary—”

“What?” Larry took a step forward. “What’s up, Dennis?”

Conroy shook himself out of his coat, and Mary reached for his hat. Her eyes were bright; she might have known that the break would come through Dennis Conroy, their very good friend as well as a successful theatrical producer. How often in the past had he helped them over rough spots. He had never lost faith in Larry, and he was a good business man who knew what he was doing. She listened to Dennis as he walked excitedly around the room.

“He’s a find. I tell you Peter Darnell will be famous. A friend brought him in to see me, and when I read his play—well, it’s the perfect vehicle for you. And I’m ready to back you.”

Larry straightened, and a long sigh, as of tension relaxed, escaped from his lips.

“You’re sure, Dennis? Oh, you know what you’re doing, but it hit me—it seems almost too good—Lord, I’d almost given up hope.”

“Don’t insult my intelligence, Larry. When I say a play’s good, it’s good. Here it is,” he was snapping open his brief case, and fling-
ing a manuscript on the table. "See for yourself. It isn't quite finished, but that doesn't matter. The boy's a genius. When can I bring him around to see you?"

Larry had seized the manuscript, and was turning its pages. He did not hear the question. Mary sat down, quietly, her eyes on his face. He had gone far, far away from her once more. If she spoke, he would not answer. And in the midst of her excitement at this sudden turn of events, a sharp, little pain stabbed at her. It was over, this interlude of peace, during which she and Larry had been just a man and wife. It had been so rare, so precious. Now the world was breaking in again on the sweet intimacy of these past weeks. Mary fought away regret. Dennis was talking to her, and she forced herself to listen.

"It's the sort of thing that happens once in a lifetime, Mary. Made for Larry—might have been written for him. Darnell's worth watching, he's going places. Although he's young 'Twilight Symphony' shows a mature mind. Could I bring him over this evening?"

"Do. We'll want to meet him. Oh, wait a minute, there's the telephone. I'll be back."

She turned into the bedroom, with a backward glance at Larry, conscious of his hands turning the page, his eyes racing along the lines. Yes, the play must be unusual to absorb him so completely. Then she lifted the receiver.


Mary placed the receiver carefully on the hook and rose to her feet. She found she was trembling. The baby—a turn for the worse—Her first, instinctive thought was of Larry. Why, why had it to be now? She shut her eyes for a minute. Should she go alone? Not tell him? Then with a sudden certainty, she knew that, at last, she could turn to her husband for help, she did not have to face this by herself. She ran quickly into the other room, and placed a hand on his arm.

"Larry, dear—I'm sorry—" Her voice broke. "Oh, Larry, it's the baby—he's worse. The hospital just called. I'm going there."

Larry stared at her, forcing himself away from the world of imag-
nation in which he had been lost. He saw the panic on her face, and flung the manuscript down.

"Get your coat and hat. I’ll be ready." He turned to Dennis Conroy. "Let yourself out, will you? I’ll telephone when I can."

"Sure, sure," Conroy exclaimed. "If there’s anything—"

But Mary and Larry were already out the door, and running down the hall.

In the taxi Mary straightened her shoulders as she tried to fight against the fear which threatened to overwhelm her.

"They didn’t say just what it was—it’s a question whether he’ll have the strength to pull through—oh, Larry, Larry—if he dies—"

Larry pulled her to him, his arm was strong about her shoulders, his hand covered her cold fingers.

"Don’t, dear, don’t. This isn’t like you. He’ll pull through. I know he’ll pull through."

Mary closed her eyes. She mustn’t break, but her baby—the baby she had never really owned, never to put to bed, to bathe, to dress—to love and hold in her arms—and now she might lose him. Her throat was so dry she could not swallow. Larry was talking, giving her what comfort he could. She buried against him; how much it meant to have him there beside her, to feel him close. She pushed herself erect. She must not go to pieces. Larry was suffering, too.

"We can’t lose him," she whispered.

"We shan’t lose him," Larry said.

And it was from Larry’s certainty, from Larry’s unwavering assurance that Mary drew strength during the torturing forty-eight hours which followed as they waited to know whether their baby would be taken from them. And when, at last, Mary stood beside her son’s crib, and saw him sleeping quietly, and heard the doctors say that all danger was past, and that now he would soon be well enough to come home, she knew that something more than her child’s life had been given to her. Her husband had become a mature man who had not once failed her during this crisis. Her eyes were filled with happy tears as she bent and kissed her baby. And as she

and Larry went out of the hospital into the bright, clear cold of the autumn day, she wondered if she could ever tell Larry of the new world which had opened before her because he had been so tender, thoughtful and brave. No, such things could not be put into words. Her actions would have to show what the change in him had done for her.

"Let’s call Dennis, now—at once," she begged, "and see if he can’t bring Peter Darnell to the apartment this afternoon. I’ll have sandwiches and tea for them and . . ."

Larry swung her around on the sidewalk and looked at her.

"You’re going home to rest," he said. "You haven’t slept or eaten—"

"Oh, no, I’m not," Mary laughed.

"I’m celebrating Larry Junior’s recovery and the new play. I’m much too happy to be tired."

Inside the door of their apartment, Larry took her in his arms, before he went to the telephone.

"Mary," he said softly, "I’ve just realized what a rotten time I’ve given you—how fine you are—how much I love you—"

Her arms went around his neck; she pulled his face down to hers. She could not answer. Joy rose in her and choked her. She could only press her lips to his, and feel his arms holding her close.

Mary came out of the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches in her hand. She had heard the bell ring. That must be Peter Darnell, she thought, and hoped she would like him. It meant so much just what sort of a person Darnell proved to be. Larry during rehearsals, whipping a new play into shape, was never in a condition to adjust himself to others; how much of her energy had always been spent in preventing friction, smoothing over rough situations. She opened the door and met Peter’s gaze.

"Mr. Noble—Mary Noble—I’ve waited a long time for this."

Mary looked into the dark gray eyes just a little above her own, ready to turn aside his remarks with a light answer, only to read a complete and astounding sincerity in them.

"Where did you ever hear of me?" she asked, a trifle uncertain, just what to say.

"My husband’s the famous member of the family, not I."

She glanced toward Larry, he was smiling with a whimsical amusement. "But, I’ve been anxious to meet you since I read ‘Twilight Symphony.’ It’s fine, it’s real."

"And true, because you had to have the truth from me. I wrote it for you."

Mary picked up the sandwiches and walked over to the table, Darnell following. Larry busied himself with the tea things, and Dennis talked. He was ready to order rehearsals; he turned to Peter.

"How soon can you finish it?"

Darnell lit a cigarette.

"Any time. I’ll work day and night. Now that I know you like it—"

"Like it!" (Continued on page 57)

Mary Noble—black hair waving softly around her face, dark eyes under a broad, clear brow.
Are You Really in Love?

By Virginia Lane

Here's a new game of hearts for romanticists—fill out this questionnaire and give yourself the acid test to see if this time it's L-O-V-E.

Nan Grey, heroine of the CBS serial, Those We Love, heard Monday nights, says there are guide posts that help you to know from the start if he's really the man of your heart.

There's a gorgeous goofiness about love that trips you up sometimes,” said Nan Grey. “You think it is the Real Thing—and then it turns out to be nothing but a heavy crush. Just a romantic spell all mixed up with moonlight and roses and music.

“I think the most important thing in the world for a girl is to be able to tell actual love from infatuation.”

But how? Nan began to learn the answers on a certain Saturday afternoon back in her home town of Houston, Texas. There was a certain local football star that she thought she was crazy about. “I was absolutely sure it was Love,” Nan admitted. “We’d had a lot of fun together, dancing and swimming, and I liked the way his hair curled. You know—it was one of those sudden things that hit you and you think, “This surely is it!”

“Then something happened to show me it wasn’t. And I snapped out of it just in the nick of time.”

On this particular Saturday, her uncle invited Nan and a girl friend out to the race track. It was the first time she’d ever been to one. They bet on a long-shot named “Meany”—ridden by a jockey listed as Jack Westrope. The horse came romping home to the tune of $10.10 apiece. Nan was so thrilled she ran clear out to the paddock to meet this Westrope and thank him. That was the beginning.

They didn’t see each other again until she came to Hollywood. But the football star faded from sight that same day. It can be a serious business to mistake a mere girl-and-boy flutter-ation for the sort of Heart Case that counts. Sometimes whole lives are spoiled by it. That’s why you have to be sure.

“Jack and I have been married a year and a half now,” said Nan. “And when he has to go out of town for a race, I’m no good for anything. I can’t think. I even muffle my lines in radio rehearsals.”

For those two it’s been the Real Thing, no doubt about it. There are certain guide posts that help you to know from the start, Nan explained. Here they are in the form of a test. It’s a new game of hearts to tell if you are really in love! Twenty-five questions—to see if that Feeling is fancy or deep-rooted fact.

---

Love Questionnaire

(Simply answer yes or no to each question. Be honest. There are no tricks. Then turn to page 78 to see how you made out.)

1. Do you feel he’s such an exciting person that you have to strain every minute to keep up with him?
2. Have many people annoyed you lately, especially your family?
3. Has some person you know only slightly remarked about your appearance during the last few weeks?
4. If he’s late for a date, do you:
   (a) worry for fear he’s been in an accident?
   (b) sizzle and sputter with righteous indignation?
5. Do you enjoy reading or a game of bridge as much as you used to?
6. Are you simply cru-azy about him because he looks a leadle bit like Gary Cooper, for instance?

(Continued on page 49)
If I close my eyes and go back into my memory, I can still hear some thoughtless friend or relative say:

"No one would ever take you and Grace for sisters. Why you're as different as day and night."

None of them would ever come right out and say that Grace was everything I wasn't. That she was beautiful and charming and clever, but little sister Jeannie—The first thing I remember about those years in which I grew up was the sudden, painful realization that Grace and I were different. I know now, of course, that there was nothing unusual about us. The tragedy of two sisters—one a shadow in the bright sparkle of the other—is not new. But to us who have been foolish enough to suffer because of it, it is always new and tragic.

I can blame no one but myself for what happened to me. Not that I became jealous or envious of Grace. But I did withdraw more and more into myself. I built a barrier to my own happiness. I let myself believe that Grace's popularity and personality had robbed me of a chance to do anything but wait until she had married and left home. The result was inevitable. Naturally shy and reserved, I now became dull and uninteresting.

When I graduated from school, I found a job. I bought pretty clothes, but hardly ever wore them. I was convinced that I couldn't attract boys. I reasoned that once I asked them to my home and they saw Grace, they'd lose all interest in me. So my new dresses hung unused in my closet until Grace would come into my room and ask me if she could wear my prettiest one to the party or dance she was going to that night. I'd watch her from the top of the stairs as she and her latest boyfriend would leave. And then, long hours later, I'd hear their muffled voices as he placed her key in the lock. I'd wait for the minute of silence that meant she had given him her good-night kiss. I'd try to picture myself in her place, a gay and happy and popular Jeannie. But then I'd laugh pityingly to myself and attempt to sleep.

My self-torture was so unnecessary. But I was too young and blind to know it. My mirror could have told me that I was attractive and that if I spent as much time with my make-up and appearance as Grace did, I might have had the same glamorous appeal. Yet I ignored the gentle hints of my family and let a feeling of bitter frustration take hold of me.

I don't know what would have happened if Grace hadn't met Jerry Taylor. I heard her come in that night, too. I pretended to be asleep but she switched on the light and ran up to my bed. There was a brilliance in her eyes, a glow in her face I had never seen before. She was in love! I knew it before she said a word. And then I felt my own heart pound with a desperate longing and desire as she told me about Jerry and how sure she was at last that he was the man she'd always wanted to know.

As the weeks passed, my pleasure in Grace's happiness was clouded by my own feelings. Each evening I'd watch her dress for her date with Jerry and always I'd think "why can't this be me? Why must Grace have everything?" I spent torturous hours trying to find the answer, and then I woke up for the first time. I realized, finally, that I had been an unseeing, unthinking little fool. I had blamed everyone but myself. I was lonely, I was miserable, but what had I done about it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But how could I start? What could I do to find a Jerry for myself?

I did the most obvious, most natural thing. I spent my lunch hour in a beauty shop. In that brief time, the quick skilful fingers of the operator accomplished what seemed miracles to me. She simply smiled when I told her that and explained that all she'd done was set my hair in the most becoming style and, after the facial, made up my face the way I should always have done it. (Turn to next page)

This true story was first broadcast on the "How Did You Meet" program, heard Wednesdays over NBC, at 8:15 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Woodbury Soap and Cosmetics.
A BROADCAST DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE
I was eager to get home, anxious to see if anyone noticed the change in me, but I stopped first to buy the new frock I'd been admiring in the window of the Exclusive Shop for days.

Like a little girl bewitched by the magic of her first long dress, I waited while the seamstress fitted it. I, acting on a crazy sort of impulse, decided immediately to wear it home.

Grace and Mother and Dad were already at dinner when I came into the dining room. They all looked at me, unbelieving, almost, but it was Grace who said the words I had waited too long to hear:

"Why, Jeannie, you're pretty—really pretty!"

I tried to hide the blush I felt burn my cheeks. And finally the spotlight of family curiosity left me when Grace began to talk about Jerry and the fun they'd had together the night before. I followed her upstairs after supper to help her dress. She begged me to tell her about the man who had made me turn into a glamour girl overnight. She wouldn't believe me when I tried to explain. Then I met each of her questions with a knowing smile and, at last, she gave up.

As I watched her deftly apply her lip-stick, I asked her where she and Jerry were going. I was a little surprised by her answer:

"Oh, I'm not seeing Jerry tonight. He had to leave town for a few days so he's sending around an old friend, Hal Worley, to keep an eye on me. I've never met him, but from the way Jerry talked, he must be terrific."

I wanted to ask her more about Hal but just then we heard the doorbell ring. I ran down to answer it and, trying desperately to sound casual, asked the tall, red-headed young man outside to come in. He smiled and, in his deep warm voice, said:

"I'm Hal Worley."

I only nodded and said, "I know." His face, snub-nose, freckles and all, fell a little:

"Oh—and I thought it would be a surprise. You're not at all as Jerry described you."

"Well, it's little wonder—"

"No, ma'am. . . Not a bit. Jerry ought to get himself a pair of glasses."

I don't think he really needs them. You see..."

But he wouldn't let me finish. "I see—but he doesn't. Why he didn't come anywhere near doing justice to you."

"But Jerry didn't . . ."

"Jerry didn't do a lot of things. But we're going to make up for that tonight, aren't we, Grace?"

So Hal thought I was Grace, yet his compliments were meant for me! But I shook my head:

"I don't think so."

"You're not angry at me for calling you Grace, are you? After all, I feel as though I've known you for years. Do you realize that ever since I've known Jerry, he's done nothing but talk about you. It was Grace this and Grace that. I'm afraid I got a little tired of it after while."

I couldn't help smiling at that. "I shouldn't wonder."

"As a matter of fact, when I rang your bell tonight, I had my doubts."

The experience of talking and laughing with a man who seemed to like me immediately was so new and thrilling that I determined to let the deception continue for a few more minutes. After all, I was harming no one with my trifling masquerade—and this flattering small-talk meant so much to me. More than I had ever realized.

"And now?"

"Well, now I'm looking forward to a wonderful evening."

Hal's tone was so sincere, so completely honest that
The words tumbled over each other as I pleaded—
"Grace, please—let me take your place—tonight."

"Jeannie—he's all yours. But let me give you a little advice—don't carry this masquerade too far. You might find yourself involved in something that's way over your head."

I was already at the door. But I turned for a second:
"Oh, Grace—don't worry. I'll unmask the first chance I get."

Her words followed me down the steps.
"Don't forget. Remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long!"

But sitting beside Hal in his car I forgot everything. Everything except the thought that I was where I wanted to be. None of the parties and fun and men I had missed meant anything to me now. I was glad—so gloriously glad—that I had never kissed a man before. Happy that the man's arms to guide me in the dance steps I had so laboriously learned alone should be Hal's. I couldn't tell him now that I wasn't Grace. Perhaps he would feel that I had tricked him. Perhaps he wouldn't understand. That was a mistake. A bad mistake. But I was too young and inexperienced to know that then.

Hal had tickets for the dance at the Country Club. It was only a short drive from our house. Yet each minute seemed to stretch out into a delicious eternity. Outwardly, there was nothing unusual about the ride. Hal talked a lot about Jerry. How they'd met in college and roomed together and what a swell fellow my "fiancé" was. Bundled up in my own thoughts, I didn't answer. They spun in rhythm with the whir of the tires on the road. Intuitively I knew—just as something had driven me to the beauty shop and the new dress—that Hal must have known what I felt and felt it, too. There was a magnetic pull of two personalities to each other. It was as if the same electric current had passed through us both at exactly the same time. I felt it when I accidentally brushed Hal's hand and when he held my arm to help me from the car.

As we went in the orchestra was playing a waltz. No setting could have been more perfect. Candles flickered gracefully on the small tables. The waxed floor glistered and shone like yellow ice. We were shown to our table and Hal ordered wine. His face, with the candle's flame making odd shadows on it, looked strange as he held up his glass and said:
"To you and Jerry, Grace."

With a recklessness I didn't know I possessed, I smiled and whispered:
"No, to you and me, Hal. Just for tonight."

We sipped our wine and danced and talked. I had never thought that happiness could come close enough for me to reach out and touch it. It was a writer's love story come to life—a dream that was as real and solid as the white napery and the gleaming silverware. What did we talk about? Why did we laugh so much? Why did contentment fill our eyes like tears and like tears seem to well up and spill over? I don't know. A man and a girl in love should never know. I remember only the beautiful magic of the moments. That thrill which comes only once, the thrill of slipping into Hal's arms for the first time when we danced.

The hours went by too quickly. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight. And then I remembered Grace's last warning sentence—"remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long!" Had I waited too long? I was suddenly afraid. I had gambled with love and love was not meant for those who played with it. I was silent and quiet and Hal, so kind and considerate, was quick to notice it:
"What's the matter, Grace? Aren't you having fun?"

"Oh, Hal, I'm having so much fun. Are you?"

His smile was lopsided and it seemed to go with his burnished hair and the (Continued on page 76)
I was eager to get home, anxious to see if anyone noticed the change in me, but I stopped first to buy the new frock I'd been admiring in the window of the Exclusive Shop for days.

Like a little girl bewitched by the magic of her first long dress, I waited while the seamstress fitted it. I, acting on a crazy sort of impulse, decided immediately to wear it home.

Grace and Mother and Dad were already at dinner when I came into the dining room. They all looked at me, unbelieving, almost, but it was Grace who said the words I had waited too long to hear.

"Why, Jeannie, you’re pretty— really pretty!"

I tried to hide the blush I felt burn my cheeks. And finally the spotlight of family curiosity left me. Grace began to talk about Jerry and the fun they'd had together the night before. I followed her upstairs after supper to help her dress. She begged me to tell her about the man who had made me turn into a glamorous girl overnight. She wouldn't believe me when I tried to explain. Then I met each of my questions with a knowing smile, and she didn't say a word. As I watched her deftly apply her lip-stick, I asked her where she and Jerry were going. I was a little surprised by her answer.

"Oh, I'm not seeing Jerry tonight. He had to leave town for a few days so he's sending around an old friend, Hal Worley, to keep an eye on me. I've never met him, but from the way Jerry talked, he must be terrific."

I wanted to ask her more about Hal but just then we heard the doorbell ring. I ran down to answer it and, trying desperately to sound casual, asked the tall, redheaded young man inside to come in. He smiled and, in his deep warm voice, said:

"I'm Hal Worley."

I only nodded and said, "I know." His face, stubbly, freckles and all, fell a little:

"Well, it's little wonder—"

"No, m'am... Not a bit. Jerry ought to get himself a pair of glasses."

"I don't think he really needs them. You see..."

But he wouldn't let me finish. "I see— but he doesn't."

He didn't even come to where doing justice to you."

"But Jerry didn't..."

"Jerry didn't do a lot of things. But we're going to make up for that tonight, aren't we, Grace?"

So Hal thought I was Grace, yet his compliments were meant for me? But I shook my head:

"I don't think so."

"You're not angry at me for calling you Grace, are you? After all, I feel as though I've known you for years. Do you realize that ever since I've known Jerry—"

He was talking but talk about it. It was Grace and this Grace that I'm afraid I got a little tired of after a while."

I couldn't help smiling at that. "I shouldn't wonder."

"As a matter of fact, when I rang your bell tonight, I had my doubts."

The experience of talking and laughing with a man who seemed to like me immediately was rousing and thrilling that I determined to let the deception continue for a few more minutes. After all, I was basking no matter my trifling conversation and small-talk meant so much to me. More than I had ever realized.

"And now?"

"Well, now I'm looking forward to a wonderful evening."

Hal's tone was so sincere, so completely honest that

The words tumbled over each other as I pleaded—

"Grace, please—let me take your place—tonight."

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The hours went by too quickly. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight. And then I remembered Grace. I started worrying about what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long!” Had I waited too long? I was suddenly afraid. I had gambled away my first love with a boy. He had left with it. I was silent and quiet and Hal, so kind and considerate, was quick to notice it:

"Grace, is something the matter, do you have fun?"

"Oh, Hal, I'm having so much fun, Arc you?"

His smile was lisped and it seemed to go with his burnished hair and the (Continued on page 76)
He brings romance into your homes three mornings a week on his Treat Time program over CBS. Although Buddy didn’t write our song of the month, "Darling, How You Lied," he features it on his program. He loves to play baseball with the neighborhood kids and flying is his new hobby.
MYRTLE HAYFIELD is all "trouper." For ten years now, this warmhearted, sincere, courageous woman of show business has lived a breathlessly exciting and colorful life. When you first met Myrt, she was in the chorus of "Hayfield's Pleasures." A veteran of ten seasons, Myrt met Marge, a shy, sixteen-year-old youngster, just starting in show business. Between them there developed a lasting and beautiful friendship. Myrt later discovered that Marge was her own daughter. Then, Myrt fell in love with Hayfield and married him. When he died, she inherited the theater and she and Marge became full fledged actresses. Since then, they have been adventuring together all over the world. Recently, in Hollywood, the murder of Clinton Merrill once more thwarted the success they've long deserved. Now Myrt is once again back to her old stamping grounds, New York, getting ready to open her own musical show at the Hayfield Theater. With years of experience behind her, with all the insight and ability she truly has, Myrt's efforts should make the show a smash hit.

MARGE ARNOLD is an exciting, beautiful young woman. Her dark, soft-flowing hair, her lovely, light brown eyes and sensitive face have attracted many men. She is no longer the shy, helpless girl Myrt met ten years ago. Show business has given her poise and sophistication. Life really began for Marge when she met and married Jack Arnold, a handsome young District Attorney. They had one child, Midge. Jack later met his death at the hands of gangsters, but Marge took it bravely. She is a trouper, fully as much as Myrt is, but very often lets her trusting, lovable, impetuous nature mislead her. She was hoodwinked into her marriage with Clinton Merrill, in spite of Myrt's advice. When Merrill was murdered, suspicion fell on Marge. Only through the loyal efforts of Myrt, Clarence and Bill Boyle was Marge saved. She will probably not fall in love again soon, but even after all these years, Marge can never tell what Marge will do next because Marge is filled with that deep and sometimes terrifying love of life that is in all who are young and vital.
Played by Helen Mack (formerly played by the late Donna Damerel)
CLARENCE TIFFINGTUDDER is Myrt and Marge's oldest friend. When Marge came to get a chorus job with "Hayfield's Pleasures," she was ill from hunger, and kindly, jittery, boyish Clarence came to her aid. He was a costume designer for the show and has been a costume designer ever since, plying his trade sometimes wickedly against the enemies of Myrt and Marge. Many a catty show girl has felt Clarence's pins. Clarence loves Myrt and Marge very much, but every time the poor boy tries to get them out of trouble he only gets them in deeper. He is not immune from trouble himself. When Ray Hunt was murdered, the gun was found in Clarence's pocket. Myrt and Marge cleared him. Clarence has never been more than a hop, skip and jump away from the gals. In Rio De Janeiro, when they were broke and stranded, Clarence, the fool for luck, won a lottery and saved the day. Clarence continually borrows money from Marge, is a terrific eater and secretly wants to be an actor.

Played by Ray Hedge
DON MACLAUGHLIN (right) owns that mellow voice that tells you all about the sponsor's product. He's a big, blond, handsome, 185-pounder who has been everywhere and done everything. Born in Webster, Iowa, Don attended Iowa Wesleyan, Northwestern, the University of Arizona and the University of Iowa before he was finally granted his degree in speech. Wanderlust kept getting in the way of education. At the University of Arizona he worked as an announcer on a local station. At the University of Iowa he was president of the "Purple Masque," a dramatic society. After graduation, Don taught school in a small Iowa town. He was not only an English teacher, but taught music, dramatics and was athletic coach. New York is the mecca for all young men with ambition, and Don landed a job in New York with the Columbia Artists Bureau and went on the road with Little Jack Little's band, as manager. Then the wanderlust took him again and the next thing he did was hop a freighter for the Orient. Eventually, he wound up back in New York again and found himself a job in radio and a lovely wife.

BILL BOYLE (left) is a talkative newspaper columnist, strictly from Broadway, a dynamo in a gray, slouch hat. Several years ago, in Hollywood, Bill stumbled into Myrt and Marge, who were involved in a murder case. Bill came to their rescue and helped the F.B.I. solve the crime. Bill has a little bloodhound in him and likes nothing better than a good murder to work on. He is also extremely fond of Marge and has a sort of platonic "crush" on her. Last year, Myrt and Marge got into another scrape with Chinese smugglers. Out of nowhere, Bill appeared and cleared up the trouble. Both Myrt and Marge have a deep affection for him and are fascinated by his picturesque speech. When Clinton Merrill was murdered recently, Bill, thinking Marge was guilty, offered to help her escape. Eventually, the real murderer was caught, but Myrt and Marge were stymied in Hollywood with no way to make a living. It was Bill Boyle's suggestion that they go back to New York and re-open the Hayfield Theater. Since then, he has been giving them help through his column.

Played by Arthur Elmer
It wasn't happening, it couldn't be happening, Ellen felt, standing there in that gloomy room with its windows shrouded in heavy curtains, almost as if it were trying to hide from the world. Incredible that it was early afternoon on a bright midsummer day, here in this heavy dusk, in this room made even more somber by its overpoweringly massive furniture. And the woman staring at her, the hatred in her eyes seeming the only living thing in the room accentuated the nightmarish unreality of her quick terror.

Ellen didn't know anything about this house or the people who lived in it. Maybe it had been foolhardy, even worse, to go so quickly from Simpsonville in answer to that ad she had seen in a paper. And she was glad now that she hadn't yielded to that impulse to take the children. They were safe in Simpsonville with Hilda and Uncle Josh looking after them.

“You... you're Mrs. Gaines?” Ellen asked then, trying to fight down her fear, to keep her voice casual and as if this were any ordinary meeting in any ordinary room. For when she had announced herself at the door this strange woman had only nodded and led the way into this room, closing the heavy oak door after them.

“No.” The woman's lips hardly opened as she spoke. “I'm Miss Hethers, the housekeeper. Will you give me your references? I'm supposed to bring them to Mr. Gaines before the interview.”

“I'm sorry,” Ellen felt as if she were pinning her smile to the corners of her mouth. “I have none. But I'd like to speak to Mr. Gaines. I think I can explain my lack of credentials.”

“Well,” the woman gave her a long, measuring glance. “It won't do you no good, Mrs. Brown. He don't employ nurses without references. But I'll tell him you're here anyway.”

“Please,” Ellen said. She felt the need of something to do, some ordinary everyday sort of thing, which by its very custom would be reassuring and almost involuntarily opened her bag and took out her powder puff. But in her hurry she had gone off without her mirror.

“I wonder if there's a mirror around that I could use for a moment,” she laughed. “I'd...”

“There aren't any mirrors here, Mrs. Brown,” the housekeeper looked at her sharply. “No mirrors?” Ellen couldn't help showing her amazement. “But... but why?”

“I suggest you don't ask too many questions,” Miss Hethers said grimly. “I'll let Mr. Gaines know you're waiting. And please try to be quiet. The madam is asleep upstairs. And we mustn't disturb her under any circumstances.”
She looked at him—and suddenly she was seeing a stranger who threatened her children's happiness.

She could turn her back on love, flee from it to new and strange surroundings—and yet, Ellen learned, it would seek her out, bring problems she could not solve.

The door closed heavily behind her rigid, uncompromising back and Ellen sat down stiffly on the edge of one of the chairs. It was unbearable waiting, with the heavy silence closing around her. Something was wrong in this room and this house, terribly wrong. Ellen couldn't relax or make herself comfortable and her thoughts raced in rhythm to her heart beating so rapidly in that new frightened way.

She couldn't stay here, she felt desperately as she fought her growing uneasiness. Yet she couldn't give in so easily. Where could she go, what could she do, if she didn't get this position? There were only those few crumpled bills in her bag, barely enough to pay her railroad fare to another town.

But even if there had been more than enough, she couldn't go back to Simpsonville. Loneliness swept over her at the thought of it. Janey and Mark would be coming home from school now. And Anthony—her heart skipped a beat remembering—Anthony would be finishing his office hours at the clinic too. Maybe he would be stopping by now, right this minute and hearing that she had gone. He would be hurt, she knew that, at her leaving like this, without even a message or a goodbye.

It was hard thinking of the children and Anthony, the three she loved best in the world. But it was because of those loves, those conflicting loyalties she had come here. Why couldn't life be simpler, why couldn't each love take its own place in her heart without one encroaching on the other?

It was Janey who had made her see how impossible it was to keep on the way she had been going. That day Anthony had suddenly taken Ellen in his arms and kissed her she had felt that her whole life had been destined for this moment. She had never known happiness like this, exciting and yet calm too, with her pulses racing and her heart standing on tiptoe as he held her.

Then suddenly it had been over, the ecstasy and the peace alike, for she had heard Janey's startled cry and turned to see the child standing there, her eyes wide with sudden fear.

"Oh, Mummy, I don't want to lose you. You're ours, mine and Mark's!" And her voice had sounded frightened and bewildered and heartsick.

At first Ellen had tried to talk to the child. It hadn't seemed so impossible then, feeling as she did it was the first shock of seeing her mother in a man's arms that had made the child react so violently. But as the days went by the tension had only increased. Ellen felt the child's eyes fixed on her constantly as if she were afraid to stop watching her for a moment. And once at night (Continued on page 67)
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"You're ours, mine and Mark's!"

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Darling, How You Lied

The new sentimental tune that brings a tear to your eyes every time you hear Buddy Clark sing it on his morning CBS program, Treat Time

Arranged by Frank D. Kettering

Words and Music by ETHELYN ATHA

Copyright 1941, by Ethelyn Atha
Find myself trem-b'ling when you ask me to dance The scene is the same it's

summer a-gain My friends still reproach me for whispering your name Can't go on can't for-

get I'm jeal-ous and hurt in-side When you said for keeps oh my

dar-ling how you lied When you lied
It hadn't been easy for Portia to go on after her husband's death—for the people of Parkerstown did not trust a woman lawyer.
It was one of those summer showers, a sudden deluge from banked-up clouds that only a moment before had been mere castles of pearl on the horizon. Portia Blake, caught halfway between her office and home, lowered her head and plunged through it, enjoying the coolness it brought even though she was aware that in another five minutes her dress of soft blue linen would be soaked.

A car, an expensive roadster, darkly, glossily green, swerved to the curb beside her. "Portia!" said a voice that she knew. "Jump in! I'll drive you home."

She wanted to refuse. She had not seen Walter Manning alone since his marriage. She was desperately afraid that she did not want to see him. But under the circumstances, a meeting could not be postponed forever. This occasion was very likely as good as any other. She stepped through the door he held open for her, sank back against the soft leather cushions.

He put the car in gear. "Do you mind," he said, "if I don't take you straight home? I'd like to talk to you."

Portia glanced at him. She wondered if he ever smiled now. This was the man she had seen in the courtroom when Bryan Harrison's will came up for probate—a man thinned down to bone and nerves, with a tense, painfully controlled look about his lips and sombre eyes. A man so changed from the one she used to know.

"Of course, Walter," she said.

As they drove through the outskirts of town, along the road that led to the river, the rain abruptly ceased its pattering on the top of the car, and the late-afternoon sun blazed out between the clouds. Walter said, "Is everything all right at the office?"

"Yes, wonderful. I'm very busy with...with the estate, of course."

"Yes. It's a big job."

He stopped the car, a moment later, where a growth of willows framed a view of the smoothly flowing river, its surface flawing here and there by a few tardy drops of rain. His hands fell from the wheel. "I don't know, after all, why I asked you to come out here, Portia," he confessed. "I saw you and—I wanted to be with you. Just as I've always wanted to be with you. But there really isn't anything for us to say."

What was there to say, Portia wondered, between a woman and the man she might have married, had he not married someone else? Particularly when—

She turned in the seat to face him. A shimmering reflection from the river touched the smooth curves of her broad forehead, her unrouged cheeks, her wide, firm mouth. "There is nothing you have to say, Walter."

"Except—" His heavy brows drew down, and he spoke as if the words were being torn from him. "Except that I've got to tell you something I should have told you before—how much I love you!"

"There's no need to tell me even that," she said. "I knew—but I wouldn't let you speak."

It seemed incredible to her now that this should be true. Yet it was. She herself was to blame.

So much had happened in the year since Richard, her husband, was killed in an automobile wreck, leaving her with no estate beyond a barely existent law practice. There would have been no way for her to support herself and Dickie, their son, if she herself had not already been a member of the bar, able to take over the practice and make of it what she could. Even so, it hadn't been easy. Parker-town was anxious to help, but it didn't wholly trust a woman lawyer.

In those first days, Walter Manning's help had been something to clinging to. He had been Richard's best friend; it was natural that he should do everything he could for Richard's widow. But then she had realized that he loved her, and had turned her back on the knowledge. Even the thought of love had seemed to be a treachery to Richard. In the ways a woman knows, she had kept Walter from telling her what was in his heart.

She could not reproach Walter for what had happened. But—

"I've got to tell you, Portia," Walter was saying. "I've got to tell you how it happened that Arline..."
and I were—married. I'm not proud of it, God knows. I think I must have been insane. But I'd been driving her car when the wreck happened. I felt responsible. She was so near to dying—and she said she didn't want to give up if I wouldn't marry her. With some people, you'd pass that off as hysteria. But not Arline. All her life she's had what she wanted; I think to be denied it really would kill her...

Yes, that was true too, Portia realized wearily, and there again she had made a mistake, because she had thought it would be good for Walter to go around with Arline Harrison—good for him to have the admiration of someone so lovely, so fresh and wayward. Yet how could she have foreseen the accident, Arline's injuries, the tragic, mistaken consequence?

"Her father knew well enough that she meant what she said," Walter went on bitterly. "He begged me to give in, and it's hard to say no to a man you've looked up to for years—to your boss, the owner of the newspaper you work on. And I knew you would never care for anyone but Richard—"

A COLD, glittering wave broke in Portia's heart. This was it, this was positive assurance of what she had guessed and feared—that Walter had married Arline because she herself had never allowed him to believe his love for her might be returned.

"I was fond of Arline—I thought I could make her happy. I deluded myself into believing I could bury my love for you. But somehow Arline guessed how I feel. And now—since her father died—her jealousy makes life a hell for both of us."

"She hates me," Portia said. "I knew that a week ago, when I saw her in the court room."

How beautifully ironic that court room scene had been! Three people—caught in a trap they could not escape. For Arline's father had died suddenly, leaving no will. Arline, naturally, had applied to the court to be named administratrix of the estate. Judge Stewart, knowing nothing of the personal elements involved in the situation, had refused her plea and appointed Portia and Walter co-administrators of the Harrison fortune.

On the surface, it had been a judicious move. Arline was far too young and inexperienced to handle the complicated details of an estate which included farms, apartment and tenement houses, securities, a newspaper and controlling interest in a bank. Portia, as the bank's legal counsel, was already familiar with many of the details of the estate, and her integrity and good judgment were well known to Judge Stewart. And Walter was a competent business man who could, of course, be counted on to protect his wife's interests.

"I'll never forget Arline's face," Portia murmured. "It was... twisted with hate. Now I know why. How horrible it must be for her to realize that everything she owns is controlled by—"

"Her husband—and the woman her husband loves," Walter finished, his voice almost inaudible.

"I'll ask Judge Stewart to withdraw the appointment!" Portia burst out. "It's an intolerable situation—for you, for Arline, for all of us. I—"

"No! You mustn't!" Walter said quickly. "I won't let you. You can't afford it, for one thing. Do you suppose I don't know what a big break this is for you? And if that weren't enough reason—you know Parkertown. Everyone in the place would guess why you'd withdrawn. I can't let that happen to you."

"But if it makes things worse for everyone—"

"Nothing can make things worse or better for Arline and me," he said in a flat voice. "I've asked her for a divorce. She said she'd never give me one. Never." There was a deadly finality in the way he said it.

After a moment he said, almost as if thinking aloud, "I lie awake at nights, and I have a dream. I dream that I've run away from Parkertown, and that I've taken you with me. We're together, in a place so beautiful that it probably never existed on this earth. But—I don't know. I imagine any place would be beautiful if I were there with you."

"You mustn't think such things, Walter!" she said in a panic. "For if once you had made a mistake in keeping Walter ignorant of her love for him, now how much greater a mistake it would be to let him know of it.

"No, I mustn't think them," he agreed. "I shouldn't even have told you, I suppose, how we were married. A man who can't manage his own life isn't a pretty spectacle."

"I'm glad you told me," she said. "It helps me to understand—things that puzzled me."

"I'll take you home," he said, turning the ignition key in its lock. He seemed listless, resigned, drained of all energy; and though it wrung her heart to see him so, she could think of no way to help him. They drove back in silence.

As the car stopped in front of the cottage where she lived with Dickie, Portia said, trying to bring back some semblance of reality to this nightmare conversa-
self-respect! But anything she did would only make matters worse, push her farther into the disgusting position of being the “other woman” in an unhappy marriage.

It was a relief, one morning, when Duke Hawthorne’s father came to see her, and she found herself busy with a case that had nothing to do with Arline, Walter or herself. Duke, a boy barely out of his teens who lived with his widower father in one of the Harrison tenements, was in trouble with the police for the third time. He was accused of breaking into a fur store; the proprietor had identified him, and conviction, which seemed certain, would mean a long prison term.

“But my boy—he did not do it,” old Matthias Hawthorne insisted. “I know he did not. Never has he lied to me, and so I know.”

“A court will want more proof than that,” Portia reminded him gently. “Hasn’t Duke an alibi? Where was he when the robbery was committed?”

“Alibi? Of course he has an alibi! Duke was with Joe Kearney, taking a ride in Joe’s car.”

“Well,” Portia smiled, “that makes a difference. I know Joe well. Ask him to come and see me, and if he can prove that Duke wasn’t anywhere near the fur store, I’ll take the case.”

AFTER the old man left, Portia sat at her desk for a moment, idly. Cases like this one were what brought her the greatest satisfaction in her work. She remembered Joe Kearney very well, because months before, soon after she took over Richard’s practice, she had defended his son in a murder charge—and defended him successfully. That had been a case like this one—a boy unjustly accused, feeling that the world was against him, frightened and defiant. It was good to help such boys. It made you feel that you were rebuilding a soul . . .

The smile faded from her lips as the door opened and Arline Manning walked in, followed by Walter.

Arline’s death-white face, her crimson lips, were shocking against the black of her clothes. Walter moved with a sick weariness, like a man pushed beyond the limits of his endurance, but about Arline there was an electric atmosphere of determination. It was obvious that they had been quarreling.

Without preliminary, Arline said, “I would like some of my money, if you please.”

“T-t-t-the money?” Walter groaned. She paid no attention.

“I’m entitled to it. I think,” she said. “I want ten thousand dollars.”

Don’t resent this, Portia told herself. Let her be as autocratic as she likes. Keep your temper. She said as pleasantly as possible, “Ten thousand dollars, Arline? That’s a great deal of money. Haven’t you been receiving the weekly payments?” As a temporary measure, the court had approved an allowance of two hundred dollars a week in cash for Arline.

“Certainly I’ve been receiving them. You’d have heard from me if I hadn’t,” Arline said. “I happen to need an extra ten thousand.” Her voice was controlled, but her breast betrayed a rising excitement.

“Before your husband and I, as administrators of the estate, can authorize the withdrawal of such a large sum, we must know what it is to be spent for.”

Arline whirled upon her husband. “Walter, are you going to let this woman insult me?”

“There’s no reason why you should make such a mystery of all this,” Walter said angrily. “If I knew why she wanted the money,” he added to Portia. “I’d tell you myself.”

“Yes! You would!” Arline screamed. “I know you would—and that’s why I didn’t tell you! You’re against me, both of you—you’re (Continued on page 46)
and I were—married. I'm not proud of it, God knows. I think I must have been insane. But I'd been driving her crazy, and then she took me for all I was worth. She had a right to be upset. She was so beautiful to me—a beautiful woman. And she said she didn't want to lose me. I would have married her. With some people, you had to get married or she'd just leave you. No. There was a finality in the way she said it.

After a moment he said, almost as if thinking aloud: "I lie awake at nights, and I have a dream. I dream that I've run away from Parkersburg, and that I've taken you with me. We're together, in a place so beautiful that it probably never existed on this earth. But—I don't know. I imagine any place would be beautiful if I were there with you."

"You mustn't think such things, Walter!" she said, in a panic. For if once she had made a mistake in keeping Walter ignorant of her love for him, now, where much greater a mistake it would be to let him know of it.

"No, I mustn't think them," he agreed. "I shouldn't even have told you, I suppose, how we were married. A man who can't manage his own life isn't a pretty spectacle."

"I'm glad you told me," she said. "It helps me to understand—things that puzzled me."

"I'll take you home," he said, turning the ignition key in its lock, "and I seem listless, tepid, drained of all energy; and though it wrung her heart to see him so, she could think of no way to help him. They drove back in silence.

As the car stopped in front of the cottage where she lived with Dickie, Portia said, trying to bring some semblance of reality to this nightmare conversation, "Walter, we've no choice—except to do our best to settle this estate."

"Yes, that's all we can do—our best," he said. She got out of the car, said good-bye, walked slowly up the path.

The days which followed were busy ones for Portia. A large part of the responsibility for settling the Harrisson estate fell on her shoulders. Among other things, she inspected a large block of tenements which Blyson Harrisson had owned. She found them in a shocking state of neglect, which was extremely strange because Harrisson's accounts showed that thousands of dollars had been spent in the last year to repair them. Twice she tried to see Kirk Roper, the real estate agent who had handled them for Harrisson, but he seemed to be always engaged or out of town, and this difficulty in meeting him vaguely increased her apprehension about the buildings. If there was anything really wrong, she resolved, now more than ever she must learn about it and set it right.

She became increasingly troubled as the days slipped by. At night she lay sleepless, the memory of Walter's tortured face burning between her and the rest she so badly needed. Her mind twisted and turned with her restless body. If only she could help—him! She was free from a woman who was sapping his manhood and

self-respect! But anything she did would only make matters worse. She pushed her farther into the disgusting position of being the "other woman" in an unhappy marriage.

It was a relief, one morning, when Duke Hawthorne's father came to see her, and she found herself busy with a case that had nothing to do with Arline's. Duke, a boy barely out of his teens who lived with his widowed father in one of the Harrisson tenements, was in trouble with the police for the third time. He was accused of breaking into a fur store, the proprietor had identified him, and conviction, which seemed certain, would mean a long prison term. But my boy—he did not do it," old Matthias Hawthorne insisted. "I know he did not. Never has he lied to me, and so I know."

"A court will want more proof than that," Portia reminded him gently. "Hasn't Duke an alibi? Where was he when the robbery was committed?"

"Alibi? Of course he has an alibi! Duke was with Joe Kearney, taking a ride in Joe's car."

"Well," Portia smiled, "that makes a difference. I know Joe well. Ask him to come and see me, and if he can't prove it, you're only anywhere near the fur store, I'll take the case."

After the old man left, Portia sat at her desk for a moment, idly. Cases like this one were what brought her the greatest satisfaction in her work. She remembered Joe Kearney very well, because months before, soon after she took over Richardson's practice, she had defended his son in a murder charge—and defended him successfully. That had been a case like this one—a boy unjustly accused, feeling that the world was against him, frightened and defiant. It was good to help such boys. It made you feel that you were rebuilding a soul.

The smile faded from her lips as the door opened and Arline Manning walked in, followed by Walter. He was her employer's face, her courage, her pride, were licking against the black of her clothes. Walter moved with a sick weariness, as a man pushed beyond the limits of his endurance, but about Arline there was an electric atmosphere of determination. It was obvious that they had been quarrelling.

Without preliminary, Arline said, "I would like some of my money, if you please."


Don't you see, this, Portia told herself. Let her be as reasonable as she said, so pleasantly as possible..."

"Ten thousand dollars, Arline? That's a great deal of money. Haven't you been receiving the weekly payments?" As a temporary measure, the court had approved an allowance of two hundred dollars a week for Arline. But if she had a chance to take it, she'd use it. You'd have heard from me if I hadn't," Arline said. "I happen to need an extra ten thousand. Her voice was con
trolled, as though she must know it was for her own good.

"Before your husband and I, as administrators of the estate, can authorize the withdrawal of such a large sum, we must know for sure what it is for."

Arline looked at her husband. Walter, are you going to let this woman insult me?"

"You should make such a mystery of all this," Walter said angrily. "If I knew why she wanted the money," he added to Portia. "I'd tell you your business.

"Yes! You would!" Arline screamed. "I know you would—and that's why I didn't tell you! You're against me, both of you—you're (Continued on page 46)
Since the temperature is rising rapidly these days, I believe now is a good time to consider recipes dedicated to a cool kitchen; meal planning which will not only assure appetizing, well balanced and economical meals but which will in addition cut down on the time usually spent in the kitchen. This decrease in cooking time may be achieved during the summer months especially by the use of uncooked cereals as recipe ingredients, the use of prepared products which require little if any cooking time and by choosing dishes which may be prepared early in the day and placed in the refrigerator all ready for the noontime or evening meal.

This may sound as though I'm suggesting an entire summer of cold dishes, but this isn't the case. Hot dishes we must have, even in warm weather, but summer vegetables cook quickly, broiled and pan broiled meats take only a few minutes and even their preparation is made easier by the knowledge that the dessert and salad are waiting in the refrigerator all ready to be served.

One of my favorite hot weather meat courses is lamb patties wrapped with bacon, so suppose we start off our month's recipes with them.

Lamb Patties

1½ lbs. lean lamb
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
6 slices bacon

Use lean meat from breast, neck, shank or shoulder for grinding. Season with salt and pepper and form into six patties. Wrap a slice of bacon, notched with a sharp knife or scissors so it will not separate from the patty during cooking, around each one and broil, first on one side then on the other, for 12 to 15 minutes.

Since pie is one of our most popular desserts and strawberries one of our most popular fruits, I know you will be as happy as I am about this strawberry pie made with a crust of uncooked cereal, either puffed or flaked.

Strawberry Pie

Crust
7 cups uncooked cereal 2 tbls. sugar
3 tbls. butter 1 egg yolk
2 tbls. milk

Put cereal through food chopper, using medium knife. Cream butter, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Beat egg yolk, add milk and stir into creamed butter, then combine with cereal. Turn mixture into pie tin and press into uniform layer over bottom and sides of pan. Place in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 6 to 10 minutes. Chill thoroughly before adding filling.

Filling
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
1 cup sliced strawberries

Easy to prepare with uncooked cereal is this refreshing mousse, served right out of the icebox.
Prepare pudding according to directions. Cool to room temperature and fold in sliced strawberries. Cool. When thoroughly chilled, but before mixture has set, pour into crust and place in refrigerator until serving time. Garnish with sliced strawberries.

Mousse, another favorite form of cold dessert, may also be made with uncooked cereal, though the small nutlike cereal is preferable for this.

**Mousse**

\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar} \]
\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup water} \]
\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ egg whites stiffly beaten} \]
\[ 1 \text{ cup cream, whipped} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. vanilla} \]
\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup uncooked cereal} \]

Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon. Pour slowly over beaten egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture is cool (about 3 minutes). Fold in whipped cream and vanilla, then cereal. Mixture may be turned into freezing tray of refrigerator, or poured into a mold and covered tightly and frozen in equal parts ice and salt. Freezing time either way, 3 to 4 hours.

Peaches and bananas seem to have a natural affinity for each other and their flavors have never combined better than in peach banana mold.

**Peach Banana Mold**

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sliced peaches} \]
1 sliced banana

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Arrange sliced peaches on bottom of mold, pour on gelatin being careful not to disarrange peaches. When gelatin begins to set, add sliced bananas. Chill until firm.

Tender young summer cabbage forms the basis of a cool molded salad which is served with mayonnaise seasoned to taste with horseradish sauce.

**Molded Cabbage Salad**

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup tomato juice
1 tbsp. lemon juice
\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ tsp. salt} \]
2 cups shredded cabbage
1 medium cucumber shredded
2 scallions, sliced very thin

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add tomato juice and allow to cool. When mixture begins to stiffen stir in remaining ingredients and turn into mold. Chill until firm.

Outdoor Snack

If camping figures in your summer vacation plans, here is a recipe just for you. Split frankfurters lengthwise, but do not cut completely apart, and top each liberally with baked beans. Heat piping hot in heavy iron skillet, covered, over very low flame, using just enough butter to prevent sticking. If your camp cooking equipment boasts an oven, bake in covered casserole at moderate temperature (350-375 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Serving note: Shiny baking pans from your local five and ten cent store make attractive and sturdy serving dishes for camp use.
Keep the Kitchen COOL

BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

SINCE the temperature is rising rapidly these days, I believe now is a good time to consider recipes dedicated to a cool kitchen, meal planning which will not only assure appetizing, well balanced and economical meals but which will in addition cut down on the time usually spent in the kitchen. This decrease in cooking time may be achieved during the summer months especially by the use of uncooked cereals as recipe ingredients, the use of prepared products which require little if any cooking time and by choosing dishes which may be prepared early in the day and placed in the refrigerator all ready for the noontime or evening meal.

This may sound as though I'm suggesting an entire summer of cold dishes, but this isn't the case. Hot dishes must have, even in warm weather, but summer vegetables cook quickly, broiled and pan broiled meats take only a few minutes and even their preparation is made easier by the knowledge that the dessert and salad are waiting in the refrigerator all ready to be served.

One of my favorite hot weather meat courses is lamb patties wrapped with bacon, so suppose we start off our month's recipes with them.

Lamb Patties

1 1/2 lbs. lean lamb
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
8 slices bacon

Use lean meat from breast, neck, shank or shoulder for grinding. Season with salt and pepper and form into six patties. Wrap a slice of bacon, notched with a sharp knife or scissors so it will not separate from the meat during cooking, around each one and broil, first on one side then on the other, for 13 to 15 minutes.

Since pie is one of our most popular desserts and strawberries one of our most popular fruits, I know you will be as happy as I am about this strawberry pie made with a crust of uncooked cereal, either puffed or flaked.

Strawberry Pie

Crust
7 cups uncooked cereal  2 tbl. sugar
3 tbl. butter  1 egg yolk
2 tbl. milk

Put cereal through food chopper using medium knife. Cream butter, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Beat egg yolk, add milk and stir into creamed butter, then mix with cereal. Turn mixture into pie tin and press into uniform layer over bottom and sides of tin. Place in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 6 to 10 minutes. Chill thoroughly before adding filling.

Filling
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
1 cup sliced strawberries

Prepare pudding according to directions. Cool to room temperature and fold in sliced strawberries.

Mousse, another favorite form of cold dessert, may also be made with uncooked cereal, though the small nutlike cereal is preferable for this.

Mousse

1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup water
2 egg whites stiffly beaten
1 cup cream, whipped
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/4 cup uncooked cereal

Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon. Pour slowly over beaten egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture is cool (about 3 minutes). Fold in whipped cream and vanilla, then cereal. Mixtures may be turned into freezing tray of refrigerator, or poured into a mold and covered tightly and frozen in equal parts ice and salt. Freezing time of mixture is different, 3 to 4 hours.

Peaches and bananas seem to have a natural affinity for each other and their flavors have never combined better than in peach banana mold.

Peach Banana Mold
1 package light-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
1/4 cup sliced peaches
1 sliced banana

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Arrange sliced peaches on bottom of mold, pour on gelatin being careful not to disarrange peaches. When gelatin begins to set, add sliced bananas. Chill until firm.

Tender young summer cabbage forms the basis of a cold molded salad which is served with mayonnaise seasoned to taste with horseradish sauce.

Molded Cabbage Salad
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup tomato juice
1 tbl. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt
2 cups shredded cabbage
1 medium cucumber, shredded
t 2 scallions, sliced very thin

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add tomato juice and allow to cool. When mixture begins to thicken to a jelly, strain into remaining ingredients and turn into mold. Chill until firm.

Easy to prepare with uncooked cereal is this refreshing mousse, served right out of the icebox.

The family will enjoy this strawberry pie made with a crust of uncooked cereal, either puffed or flaked.

Summer's the time for salads, especially those molded with gelatin. This one's made of shredded cabbage.

Outdoor Snack

If camping figures in your summer vacation plans, here is a recipe just for you. Split frankfurters lengthwise, but do not cut completely apart, and top each liberally with baked beans. Heat piping hot in heavy iron skillet, covered, over very low flame, using just enough butter to prevent sticking. If your camp cooking equipment boasts an oven, bake in covered caserole at moderate temperature (350-375 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Scr vein note: Shiny baking pans from your local five and ten cent store make attractive and sturdy serving dishes for camp use.
Meet Eugenie Baird, 17-year-old songstress from Pittsburgh, who is a recent addition to Tony Pastor's band.

... and Ginger Maylen, 20 years old, Texas-born and tiny, who is vocalist with Charlie Spivak's orchestra.

... and last but not least, Paula Kelly, who replaced Dorothy Claire when the latter left Glenn Miller.

The Tommy Dorsey marital row didn't exactly rock music land. Insiders had been expecting it. The trombonist's wife, Mildred, has sued for divorce and the case will be tried in New Jersey with charges sealed. The Dorsey's have two children.

The battle between Bobby Byrne and Glenn Miller over singer Dorothy Claire has had an unexpected climax giving Byrne the winning verdict. If you recall, the blonde vocalist left Bobby for Glenn when Marian Hutton quit the latter's band to have a baby. Glenn gave Dorothy a larger salary. But Bobby protested loudly, threatening legal action. Glenn thought twice, discussed the squabble amicably with Bobby and now Dorothy is back with Byrne. Glenn then went out and lured Paula Kelly, Al Donahue's former canary, out of retirement. Kay Little, who joined Bobby when Dorothy quit, has caught on with Del Courtney. This makes everybody happy.

Horace Heidt vigorously denies he is leaving the band business. He's just added Ronnie Kemper, formerly with Dick Jurgens. However, singer Jean Farney quit the Heidt troupe to wed Jimmy Butler, a young film actor.

Art Jarrett has taken over the remnants of the late Hal Kemp's old band and they can be heard from Chicago's Black Hawk Cafe.

Vaughn Monroe was secretly screen tested by Paramount. He is getting a tremendous buildup because he is one of the few singing leaders among the newcomers. It seems people are tiring of industrious but colorless maestros who hide most of their personality behind a horn or a set of drums. A decade ago it was different. Top-notchers like Rudy Vallee, Will Osborne, Buddy Rogers, were all singers. Another movie candidate is Jack Leonard. He may sign with 20th Century-Fox if Uncle Sam doesn't put him in khaki first.

There's a story going the rounds about a prominent sponsor of a big time musical show who heard a rival's program. He excitedly called his own musical director and asked him if he had heard so-and-so's show. The maestro replied that he had.

"Well," asked the sponsor, "Did you notice that startling musical effect in the third number?"

"Yes," gulped the musician.

"And the tremendous musical bridge right after the middle commercial?"

"Yes," said the musician again. This time worrying whether a bawling out was due from the boss.

"Well," shouted the sponsor finally, "Never do that on MY program. It's terrible!"

John Kirby, who is rating bows for his musical work on CBS' Duffy's Tavern, used to be a pullman dining car waiter.

Barry Wood has been renewed for the seventh consecutive time on The Hit Parade.

Frankie Carle, the composer of "Sunrise Serenade" and Horace Heidt's pianist, has not sufficiently recovered from a nervous breakdown and has been forced to rest some more.

Jimmy Blake, trumpet player
the Music

By Ken Alden

with Tommy Dorsey's 'band, is a happy musician. Last fall, Jimmy nearly died with the trumpet player's occupational disease—lung collapse. He would have died, except for Tommy, who sent him to John Hopkins for treatment by the country's greatest specialists, provided a room in his own home for the subsequent rest cure, along with the services of Mrs. Dorsey herself as private nurse and dietician. Best of all, Tommy kept Jimmy on the payroll for the entire eleven months of his illness. One of the miracles of the orchestra world will happen this month, when Jimmy goes back to work at the same old stand. Most trumpet players who have that illness take up knitting afterward—if there is an afterward.

* * *

Paul Tremaine, who had a big name in the band business quite a few years ago, is trying a comeback.

* * *

When Ray Noble goes to Catalina Island this spring his new vocalist will be Snooky Lanson, succeeding Larry Stewart.

* * *

Bob Allen, former vocalist with Hal Kemp, is father of a son.

Brother Act

When Raymond Scott is urged to talk about his mercurial musical career he can be as shy as a Gary Cooper movie character, and as vague as some of those song titles he's concocted.

But mention the name of his brother Mark Warnow, another celebrated orchestra leader, and the words flow as smoothly as the rhythms of either one's brass section.

"Listen," says the dark-haired, soft-skinned leader, "Mark sponsored my entire musical career. He bought my first piano and then beat the hide off me when I didn't practice. He cut short any ideas I had of being an engineer and put me through musical school. When I got finished there he got me a job with the CBS house band. And just to show you how thorough the guy is, he even changed my name!"

There was a good deal of logic behind the big brother's last decision. He believed potential sponsors might confuse Mark and Harry Warnow. Mark picked the name Raymond Scott at random, then hunted through telephone books to find out if there was anyone else by that name in show business. As luck would have it, the Manhattan directory listed one Raymond Scott. He turned out to be an elderly man who played trumpet in Edwin Franko Goldman's Central Park band. Fortunately he had a sense of humor and raised no objections to having his name listed.

A telephone book also played another important part in the 31-year-old composer-conductor's life. It helped to get him a wife.

A tireless practical joker, Ray thought it fun to search for the names of girls in telephone books. If their voices sounded attractive, he asked for a blind date.

"My plan wasn't too successful," he explained, "because all the nice girls hung up."

Not easily discouraged, he devised a new plan. This time he kept a voice recording machine close to the receiver. His next victim was Pearl Stevens. This young lady didn't hang up without first giving the brash intruder a vigorous denunciation for such ungentlemanly tactics. But a few minutes later, when the phone bell jangled again, the girl was speechless. For this time she heard her own voice coming back. The trick crushed all resistance.

"Just what do you want?" she asked helplessly.

"A date," Ray replied quickly.

Pearl turned out better than he could have possibly expected and soon the couple were married. They now reside in a pleasant, rented house in Tuckahoe, N. Y., and have a two-and-a-half year old daughter, Carolyn, who, Ray says, is "nuts about brass bands."

Mark shouldered the responsibility of raising his younger brother because their father, the proprietor of a Brooklyn music store, died when both of them were quite young. Nine years older than Harry, Mark helped his mother run the modest household. As soon as Mark established (Continued on page 72)
As their car sped out of the darkening city, Clark Kent and Lois Lane, the Daily Planet's star reporters, could hear the hoarse cries of newsboys shouting the news of a great disaster:

"EXTRA—EXTRA—THIRTEEN DIE IN MELVILLE FACTORY EXPLOSION—EXTRA—"

Assigned by City Editor Perry White to get an eye-witness story of the catastrophe, the man and girl covered the 42 miles to the factory town in less than an hour. They gasped as they found the piles of twisted steel and broken brick that marked the site of the once busy and prosperous factory of Hans Holbein. The bodies had already been removed and now the wreckage was deserted. Kent, jerking to a stop, hopped out of the car.

"Wait a minute, Miss Lane—I want to take a look around here."

But Lois didn't wait. Before Kent could stop her, she slammed the door and stepped on the gas. He heard her shout back:

"I'm not waiting! If you think I came along to watch you get a story, you're crazy! I'm going up to interview Mr. Holbein at his home!"

Kent shrugged his shoulders and walked back to the ruins. He could not know then the consequences of Lois' reckless impulse. When the servant admitted her into Holbein's drawing room, the factory owner seemed nervous and shaken. That was natural enough and, at first, he talked unhesitatingly about the accident. He told the girl reporter that he had been manufacturing dolls for 20 years and that the explosion had been caused, apparently, by the bursting of a boiler in the basement.

As Lois thanked him and got up to leave, she casually mentioned that she was going to stop by at the factory to pick up her fellow reporter. Holbein's face blanched.

"Another reporter? What's he doing at the factory?"

"Oh, he's probably rummaging through the bricks—"

Holbein's tone became menacing—"Oh, he is, is he?"

"Of course, he won't find anything—"

"I am not so sure about that—maybe he will find something—so in case he does I think you better stay here..."

Frantically, Lois ran to the door and seized the knob. But she couldn't move the securely locked massive oak barrier. Seeing the set cruel expression that covered Holbein's heavy features, frightened by the cold thoughts of an unknown terror, she faced her captor: "So you are hiding something—something about the explosion."

"Yes, I am hiding something—and if your friend finds out what I am hiding—you will never leave this house alive!"

Meanwhile Clark Kent, rummaging through the wreckage, made an astonishing discovery. The boiler was intact! But what had caused the explosion? The time for ordinary methods had passed—Kent made a quick decision. And, in that second, Clark Kent became—Superman. His ordinary street clothes were off in a flash and he stood there, revealed in the half-light, in the avenging blue costume of the man from another world.

Effortlessly, he burrowed through the bricks, pushing huge beams and steel walls aside. He found a packing case filled with dolls and with one hand split the heavy boards open. His eyes widened as he examined a doll which had cracked. Then he picked up another—and another—and another. Each, when it was torn open, disclosed the same thing. A small metal cylinder was hidden cleverly in every doll! He waited for nothing else. Seizing a handful of the dolls, Superman stood poised for a moment, then—"Holbein, things don't look so good for you. I think we have the answer."

(Continued on page 74)
ON THE AIR TODAY:

Bill Stern, broadcasting highlights from the sports news of the day, on NBC-Blue at 9:00, E.D.T., sponsored by Colgate's Shaving Cream.

If you know a 'teen-age boy who insists on pretending that he's broadcasting a football game while he's taking a shower, don't try to restrain him. He may turn out to be another Bill Stern, who almost drove his parents crazy with that trick, back in Rochester, N. Y. Today Bill is not only NBC's crack sports announcer, but also the broadcasting company's executive in charge of all sports events on the air. From his small but comfortable office at NBC he makes all arrangements for broadcasting everything from football games to ping-pong tournaments. Frequently he announces the events himself, and in addition he has his regular weekly network program, which you hear tonight, plus a fifteen-minute sports news show, five nights a week, heard only in New York City. Plus, for good measure, the commentary for the sports sections of three newreels every week.

In his leisure time, which isn't extensive, Bill lives in a six-room apartment in New York City with his wife and year-old son. The baby's name is Peter because Bill says, he figured he'd done about all he could with the name of Bill and wanted to give his son a new one.

Bill plans on taking a vacation this summer—the first in six years. He doesn't really want a vacation now, because he enjoys his work so much he hates to leave, but Mrs. Stern says either he'll take a rest or there will be trouble in the Stern household. Bill, like a sensible husband, is going to let her have her way.

For a man who sleeps and eats sports, Bill is very modest about his knowledge of the subject. He doesn't consider himself an expert, but he does know the rules of any game you could mention, backward and forward. He reads every book about sports that's published, and owns what is probably New York's biggest sports library. He doesn't play any game himself, now, although in Penn Military College, from which he graduated in 1930, he played varsity football, tennis and basketball, boxed, and was on the crew.

Before putting his shower-tub practice in sports broadcasting to use, Bill knocked around quite a bit. An attempt to break into the movies in Hollywood drew a blank, unless you call digging post-holes on the RKO lot getting ahead in the world. Later he was an assistant stage manager at the Roxy Theater, then stage manager of the Music Hall and Center Theater in Radio City. He begged an NBC executive to let him broadcast part of a football game, the executive finally got tired of being bothered and consented—and Bill was on his way.

His job takes Bill all over the country and once, on his way to cover a football game in Texas, he had an accident in which his car was completely smashed and he himself was so battered that he had to stay in a hospital for six months.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 1: Tonight's your last chance to hear Jack Benny's show before it leaves the air for a summer vacation. . . . Sir Thomas Beecham directs the CBS Symphony.

June 8: Taking Benny's place for the summer is Regular Bill, radio version of the famous comic strip. Listen at 7:00 on NBC-Red. . . . Mickey Rooney is Charlie McCarthy's guest on the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red at 8:00.

June 15: Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian beauty, visits Charlie McCarthy tonight.

June 22: Betty Humber, English pianist, is guest star on the CBS Symphony.
M O N D A Y

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<tr>
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<td>KATE SMITH SINGS</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Words and Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>19:10</td>
<td>CBS: The Tonight Show</td>
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<td>23:10</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: The O'Neill</td>
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The tall, blonde heroine of The Story of Bess Johnson is the only actress in radio who plays the lead of a serial or a daily serial under her own name. She's Bess Johnson both off and on the air, and is heard exclusively on this program. As you'll remember unless you're a brand new listener, Bess Johnson used to be the heroine of a serial called Hilltop House. Because of an involved state of affairs which we won't go into here, Hilltop House as the title of a serial became no longer available to Bess's sponsors—so they simply had the fictional Bess lose her job and got her another one as Dean of a girl's school.

The story of the real Bess Johnson is almost as exciting as the story of the make-believe Bess you hear on the air. Bess was a stage actress until her daughter Jane was born. Then she turned to advertising, and before long became known from coast to coast as the Lady Esther who announced the old Wayne King programs. At the same time, she was playing one of the leading parts in Today's Children. But people were forgetting there was such a person as Bess Johnson, so she quit advertising to New York, where she began the Hilltop House series—using her real name for her network character and no need of losing her identity again.

Last winter, for the first time since Jane was born, Bess and her daughter have been separated while the latter attended boarding school in Connecticut.

During the summer months they're both living at a dude ranch, just like a western one, near New York City. With Bess commuting to town every day for her programs, Bess's favorite recreation, outside of reading mystery stories, is horseback riding, and she keeps her own horse, a grey and white pony named Misty, at the ranch, riding whenever she gets a chance.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

D A T E S  T O  R E M E M B E R

June 2: We, the Abbotts, switch from CBS to NBC-Red at a new time... Mary Small stars in a new program starting tonight at 10:15 on Mutual... Francia White in the Telephone Hour after a two-week absence.

June 17: Listen to Bob Hope tonight—it's his last program of the season.

T U E S D A Y

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Who's Blue?</td>
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<td>9:35</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: BREAKFAST CLUB</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: The Road of Life</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Bess Johnson</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: Bess Johnson</td>
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She's Bess Johnson both on and off her CBS serial show.

A M - E T H E R  S Y S T E M

R A D I O  A N D  T E L E V I S I O N  M I R R O R

42
WEDNESDAY

HAYE YOU TUNED IN...

Stella Dallas plays long-suffering Stella Dallas on NBC.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE YAMA YAMA, as she was a leading light in all the dramatic activities in school, and got her start in New York by understanding Evangeline Jollifine. She's been doing radio work since 1923—or, in other words, as long as there has been any radio work to be done.

Radio fans still remember Anne as the heroine, "Cracker," of the serial Moonshine and Honeydew, which has been off the air for about six years now but was one of the earliest and most famous of continued drama. Anna was a natural choice for the part, because she was born in Louisiana and raised in other Southern states, so that she possesses a delightful Southern drawl. The voice she uses for the role of Stella is much deeper and huskier than her own cultivated tones.

She was on the stage in "Sun-Up" when she got married. The whole company was planning on going to London, but Anna and her fiancé didn't want to be separated by 1,500 miles, so they got married and Anna retired from stage work. Radio offered a good compromise and she has confined her acting to it pretty steadily ever since.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 4: Danger Is My Business, a new weekly program, starts tonight on Mutual at 16:15, E.D.S.T.

June 18: Rudy Vallee’s date back in New York is unknown, but he may tonight he'll be broadcasting from there instead of Hollywood. Which means he won't have Barrymore.
HAVE YOU TUNED IN...  

Lincoln Highway, on NBC-Red Saturday mornings at 11:00, E.D.T., rebroadcast at 9:00 Pacific Time, sponsored by Shinola Shoe Polish.

Most sponsors used to shun a Saturday-morning program, on the theory that people were too busy doing other things to listen to the radio. Then along came the Shinola people and put Lincoln Highway on—a regular night-time show with famous guest stars and good dramatic stories—and gathered so many listeners that now other sponsors are following their lead. Lincoln Highway just celebrated its first anniversary and it's estimated that more than four million people tune in every Saturday.

A different star is heard every week in a half-hour play specially written to fit his or her talents. Raymond Massey was a one Saturday, and the authors had a fine script for him, in which he was to play Abraham Lincoln, following up his immense success as the Great Emancipator on the stage and in pictures. Massey asked for a different part—didn't want to play Lincoln again for fear he'd be 'typeped.'

Lanky Don Cope, the director, has grown adept at handling temperaments, but he still shudders when he remembers the way Luise Rainer insisted on having her pet dog in the studio with her during the broadcasts. Luckily, the dog didn't bawl once, but Don lost pounds being afraid he would. Luise went through the whole broadcast—posing for a studio shot, reading her part. For some reason or other, that was the way she liked to stand at the mike.

Lincoln Highway has a rehearsal at 8:00 on Saturday mornings, which makes it tough on actors. As a rule, they're habitual early risers. Once Ethel Waters' maid forgot to wake her, so that the famous Negro star arrived at the studio breathless, just in time to go on the air without benefit of rehearsal.

You hear John McIntire as the narrator and master of ceremonies, and Jack Arthur singing the Lincoln Highway theme at the beginning and end of the program. Jack composed the tune and wrote the words himself, taking exactly half an hour to do the job.

Getting Hollywood stars to guest on the program is a job in itself. Not that the movie people aren't willing to broadcast, but the show originates in New York, so the producers have to plan on grabbing the screen stars during their infrequent and brief visits to Manhattan. Once the date for a guest appearance is set, writers get to work tailoring a script to fit—and sometimes the scripts have to be changed.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

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**F R I D A Y**

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<td>NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST WITH UB</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson</td>
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**S A T U R D A Y**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: News of Europe</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:05</td>
<td>NBC-Red: News</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Who's Blue</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Glenn Miller</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>CBS: Hilitbilly Champions</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Dick Lisbet</td>
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**STARS LIKE ETHEL BARRYMORE ARE LINCOLN HIGHWAY'S GUESTS.**
EVERYWHERE she goes admiring eyes open wide at her slim, young beauty...her glamorous complexion!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond’s Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!

Slather Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you’re worth! Wipe off with Pond’s Tissues. Then “rinse” with more Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little “dry” lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond’s cooling, astringent Freshener.

Lovely clean!

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a carressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You’re glamorous as a dream girl!

Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask

SHE’S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond’s Beauty Ritual every day.

CLIP this Beauty Coupon for your Pond’s Ritual Kit

POND’S, Dept. 1RM-26G
Clinton, Conn.

I’m keen to start Geraldine Spreckels’ glamorous care. Please send right off Pond’s Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond’s especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissue and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name

Address

(Offer good in U.S. only)

JULY, 1941
Portia Faces Life (Continued from page 35)

The trial of Duke Hawthorne, least, was heartening. It went off smoothly, with Joe Kearney proving conclusively that the boy had been with him, driving in the country to get a breath of fresh air on a hot summer night. In the end, the proprietor of the fur store weakened in his identification, and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" after only an hour's deliberation.

The long day in court left Portia curiously tired—not only in body, which was to be expected, but in spirit, which was not, for the verdict should have exhilarated her. Try as she might, she could not shake off a feeling of disaster, vague but persistent. Little things that were, logically, unimportant assumed a ridiculous significance. The fact that Arline had wanted ten thousand dollars to buy clothes—why should she need so much? The odd discovery she had made, just before the trial, that Joe Kearney had recently been hired as Arline's private chauffeur—that, too, troubled her for some reason she could not define.

And she looked forward without pleasure to her interview with Kirk Roder. If, as she suspected, there were irregularities in his accounts, he would be unpleasant to deal with.

She felt dull and heavy the morning after the trial when she received him in her office. For one of the few times in her life, faced with his twinkling little black eyes, she was conscious of her own femininity, her precarious position in a man's world.

"Understand that I have been looking over the tenements, Mrs. Blake," he said with easy familiarity. "Nice little property." He grinned. "Very," Portia said shortly, liking the man less and less. "In fact, I've been wondering why they aren't nicer. According to Mr. Harrison's books, a good deal of money has been put into them. But they don't show it."

"No?" He pursed his lips in affected surprise. "Talk for a lot, now, a dent in those old places, of course."

"I suppose it does. But I wouldn't ask you to explain it to me. Your statements are too smart."

"Yes?" Portia said coldly. She was convinced now that Roder had no accounts worthy of the name, that he was dishonest, and stalling for time.

"It's a little embarrassing," he said. "Fact is, it's about that Hawthorne case you tried yesterday. Now, I don't want to throw monkey wrench into the works, but I happen to know that some of the testimony used to spring Hawthorne in that trial was plain phony."

He leaned back in his chair with a satisfied little smile. There was utter silence in the office.

"What testimony?" Portia asked at last, although she knew. Her only witness, except Duke Hawthorne himself, had been Joe Kearney. Obviously, his must be the testimony Roder meant.

"Now don't try to kid me," Roder said. "There's something I didn't understand. A lawyer's business is to get his clients out of jail. But courts and bar associations are—fussy, about things like bought testimony."

Fury shook her. "I didn't buy any testimony, and you know it!"

"I know the testimony was bought," he said smoothly, "and I can prove it. But—" he leaned forward confidently. "But let's pull together, Mrs. Blake. I want to be your friend."

"You mean you want me to approve your crooked accounts on the tenements?"

"I wouldn't call them crooked, if I were you. But it'd be nice if you'd approve them. Otherwise ... I might have to do something that'd get you himself, and you couldn't approve them."

"What good would that do you? The court would simply appoint another executor, and an honest executor in the world would approve those accounts."

Kirk Roder only smiled.

The telephone at her elbow rang, and she automatically lifted the instrument and said, "Hello."

"Mrs. Blake!" The voice was excited, strained. "This is Joe Kearney. Can I see you—quick, about something important."

Portia's heart leaped in sudden hope.
Already she had determined to see Kearney, and now here was the opportunity ready to her hand. She kept her voice casual as she answered, "Of course, I'll be free in ten minutes." Replacing the receiver, she said, "I'll have to ask you to excuse me."

"Sure," Roder said amiably, standing up. "I don't mind giving you a little time to think things over. Suppose I drop in tomorrow morning to see what you've decided?"

"That will be satisfactory," she told him. She waited until the door had closed behind him and then, slowly, her head went down into her hands. A sensation of overpowering weariness weighted her whole body. What a fool she had been! Because she knew Joe Kearney and trusted him, she had ignored the most elementary precautions—she hadn't checked thoroughly into his evidence. She discounted most of Roder's threats. It would not be as simple as he pretended to get her disbarred. No matter what had happened in the Hawthorne case—and she was still foggy as to that—an airing of the whole business in open court would harm Roder as much as it would herself. Probably he only wanted to frighten her into acquiescing in his own dishonesty by approving his accounts. She would never agree to do that. Her integrity as a lawyer would not allow it.

By the time Joe Kearney entered she had recovered some of her self-possession.

Joe's red face was troubled, and he crumpled his chauffeur's cap in his hands when he sat down. "I been worried about somethin' for a couple o' days, Mrs. Blake," he began, "an' my wife says I better tell you all about it—"

And so, gradually, the pattern became clear to Portia.

It was Arline Manning who had bought Joe's evidence. Her own incredible malice toward Portia had made her a willing tool in Kirk Roder's hands.

For the ten thousand dollars which Arline had begged from Portia and Walter, Joe had agreed to furnish Duke Hawthorne with an alibi which he would later revoke. Joe, neither very honest nor very clever, had not bothered to inquire into the reasons back of all this. He was being paid ten thousand dollars for doing something that would send him to jail for a year or so, that was all.

"It was Mrs. Manning's, an' Mr. Roder's business, not mine," he explained. "But y' see, they didn't tell me at first you was the lawyer for Duke. An' I got t' thinkin', if I was to take back my alibi, it'd look bad for you. I didn't want that to happen, because you got my boy out from under a murder sentence once. an' I don't want to do nothin' that'd hurt you."

"It would have hurt me, all right," Portia said grimly. "You see, Roder knew that if you retracted your testimony I'd be in trouble for using a perjured witness. I might even have been disbarred... Will you swear to all this in court, Joe? Even though it means you can't keep the money?"

"I sure will," he promised. "I don't want none o' that money if it's goin' to hurt you, Mrs. Blake."

"Thank you, Joe. And I'll see to it that you aren't prosecuted for perjury."

Every nerve in her body was hum-

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat...

makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean really clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and damned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I feel like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts.
She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?
The Naked Truth

about Body-Beauty is that many girls who wouldn't for a minute go without a perfect make-up pay no more attention to glorifying their bodies than a mere dunking in the tub. Bodies need beautifying, too. Now, if you've really set your heart on capturing Tall, Dark and Handsome, begin your bewitching ritual by showering your body from top to toe with lovely Mavis Talcum. It clothes you in a gossamer-like web of flower-fresh fragrance. White, Flesh and Bodian (Rachel) Shades. 75c, 50c, 25c, 10c.

Mavis Talcum

The Fragrance of Flowers

V. Vivaudou, Inc.

Another in Our Series of Complete Radio Novels

Don't Miss the Thrilling

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT in the AUGUST RADIO MIRROR
Are You Really in Love?
(Continued from page 17)

7. Do you have the impulse to tell him confidentially:
   (a) About some silly escapade of yours at school?——
   (b) About your First Love?——
   (c) About all the things you thought the first time you met him?
——

8. When you’re out on a date, and kissing has little part in it, do you find his talk exhilarating?

9. If you see him talking to another girl, does cold fear grip you?

10. Suppose you’ve never liked long hikes and he does. Would you:
   (a) Start going on them?
   (b) Tell him good-humoredly to go ahead while you enjoy yourself doing something else?

11. If he hasn’t phoned for two days, do you get grumpy and miserable?

12. Does he make you feel:
   (a) exciting?
   (b) a little superior?

13. Have you thought about changing this or that habit of his after your marriage?

14. When you run into him on a cold, gray morning and he’s wearing old clothes and perhaps a spot of dirt on his chin, do you:
   (a) think he’s as wonderful as he was last night at the party—all slicked up in his tux?
   (b) wonder why men look so funny in the A.M.?

15. Do you usually slip off to sleep at night as soon as you hit the pillow?

16. In buying a hat these days, does it take you:
   (a) A longer time than previously?
   (b) A shorter time?

17. In the last home you visited, did you observe the arrangement of the furniture?

18. If he says he likes the Latin Type (and you’re not it), would you:
   (a) start a remodeling job on yourself along those “south of the border” lines?
   (b) stay just as you are without so much as trying a sultry glance?

19. Are your day-dreams impractical?

20. If a woman you dislike is wearing a becoming hat, would you tell her so?

21. After you’ve been on an all-day outing with him, when you come home do you:
   (a) feel an urge to call your best girl friend to tell her about it?
   (b) make arrangements to spend the evening, or some evening soon, with your crowd?

22. Do you find yourself fondling torn movie stubs, or perhaps a dried gardenia—anything that reminds you of him?

23. When you squabble, even if it wasn’t your fault, are you “closed for repairs”-completely sunk?

24. If that handsome bandleader, or some other Top Man, singled you out for attention, would you:
   (a) laugh it off?
   (b) play up, just to make him (your boy friend) jealous?

25. Do you wake up in the morning feeling perfectly normal?

Now see how your answers compare with those given on page 76.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you’ll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spread, vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we’re sure you’ll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That’s why we hope you’ll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. 3-D, Louisville, Ky. We’ll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.
Sing of Romance, But—

Continued from page 11

me aside for a private little talk. She hated to see me go. It was only necessity that forced her to give her permission. As it happened, she said: "Helen, you’re terribly young. I suppose many people would say I’m wrong to let you leave home and start traveling around the country with nine young men. Sometimes you’ll be lonely and other times you’ll have to cope with difficult situations. But I know you’re a good girl, and a sensible one. You’ll go on living honestly and decently as you always have. And remember—if that’s the way it’s arranged for you to live, everyone you meet will realize it, and will help you live that way."

I didn’t understand, then, how right she was. But it didn’t take me long to learn.

It wouldn’t be quite correct to say that Jimmy Richards and the other boys in the band were like brothers to me. In some ways, they were. Like brothers, they made us laugh when I needed it. I remember once, after I’d been with them a little while, I got temperamental. We were rehearsing and I felt a little left out. 'I just wasn’t kid enough to look for an alibi,' I said, that the band was playing wrong, so how could I sing right?'

I never did get that little trick again. The boys all rooted for me, and for days afterwards they wouldn’t let me forget. They’d ask, very seriously, if the music was satisfactory, or they’d bow and call me Miss Galli-Curci, or they’d think up dozens of other ways of making that pompous little sad sport I’d been.

A few weeks of being with Jimmy Richards taught me things that I’ve never forgotten—things that are every bit as true in Jimmy Dorsey’s band, even though it’s much bigger and more famous. There was the time I first discovered that if I wanted to be a good member of the band I must forget that I was a girl.

I hadn’t occurred to me that it was wrong to see more of Jack, who played the saxophone, than of the other boys. He was a handsome, pink-cheeked fellow with a shy way of talking that I liked. Whenever we could, we paired off, naturally and very innocently. I wasn’t in love with him, and I don’t think he was in love with me. But we were a boy and a girl, and we liked each other, and we used to explore new towns together, before the night’s work, ending up with dinner, away from the rest of the band, in some restaurant or tea room.

Then, one night in the bus, one of the other boys made a remark in my hearing. There wasn’t anything particularly wrong with what he said. But I saw Jack flush and frown. "Pipe down," he said, "that’s no way to talk in front of Helen."

First the other musician was surprised, and then he was angry. All he said was, trying to be Sir Galahad, Jack?" But there was a strained atmosphere between him and Jack for the rest of that night’s bus-ride. And I could tell that the rest of the band sided with the boy who’d made the remark, against Jack.

I realized then that for the good of the band I mustn’t let Jack or anyone else single me out for his personal prophecies. A dance band is a world in itself. A dozen or so reasonably temperamental people spend most of their waking hours together, trying to make each other happy.

For all the other human companionship you get, you might as well be on a desert island with your fellow-musicians. That sort of thing isn’t easy on the nerves, and emotional complications are just as much excess baggage.

When Jack rose gallantly to my defense, but the other fellow—true to the machinery of the organization out of gear. There were hard feelings between him and all the rest of the band. I used to think he was in love; but that was bad, because it meant I wasn’t doing my job right.

AFTER that night, I stopped going around with Jack. I made a rule for myself that I’ve never broken in the five years since. First in Jimmy Richards’ band, then in Larry Funk’s, and for the last two years with Jimmy Dorsey, I’ve never once dated a musician—any musician. Occasionally I’ve been one of an after-the-show party with three or four of the boys, but that’s very different from going out with one of them alone. There’s nothing romantic about it. I’m just one of the gang, and nobody ever thinks of me as anything else. That’s the way I want it.

I’ve known other girls who didn’t make that rule. You’d recognize their names. They were beautiful girls, the kind of person with a lovely voice, never seemed to get the idea that singing with a band was a job to be done. She didn’t mean any harm, but it was second nature with her to flirt with men. In two months she had the boys in the band hating each other. Rehearsals were ragged and sloppy, because there was no team-work in the outfit, there were several frictions, and the leader finally lost patience and fired the girl, although she was very popular with the customers. She got a job with a less important band, and finally dropped out of sight. I don’t know where she is now.

Another girl wasn’t a flirt, but she made a great point of being a lady. She shoveled her chafing-dish baggage as well as her own, she wanted the best seat in the bus, the best dressing room, the best every-thing. If somebody swore or if any other way forgot his company manners, instead of being sensible and pretending she didn’t hear it or reproving, she didn’t lose her job, but she isn’t very popular in the band business either.
Maybe you've heard the musician's saying, "Girl singers are poison." I don't think that's true today as it might have been once, because most girls have learned the rules, which are simply to be natural, friendly, hard-working and self-respecting.

I found out I could get along fine if I just made it plain that I didn't consider myself entitled to any more consideration than any of the boys, and that I didn't expect any of them to fall in love with me, either. Maybe sometimes I've swung to the other extreme and been a little tomboyish—but that's far and away better than being too feminine.

A great deal has been said about the difficulty a girl has in keeping men in the audience from giving her unwelcome attentions. I've never had much trouble. I must have a particularly icy stare, or something.

One night at a hotel where we were playing a long engagement, a note was handed up to me. It said something about having supper after the band finished playing, and described the writer so I could pick him out. I didn't answer it, and pretty soon another note came along. My next song was a comedy number, with the words "You cad!" in it, and when I was singing I saw my correspondent hanging around near the bandstand. So I looked straight at him and gave "You cad!" all the emphasis I could. I didn't hear from him again.

**SOMETIMES,** when I have time to think about it, it occurs to me that being a singer for a dance band is a very strange profession. A successful singer must be good to look at as well as to listen to, and so her sex is very much a part of her stock in trade. I spend hours caring for my skin, my hair, my figure, and more hours selecting becoming clothes. It's my job to look as alluring as I can.

Yet all this is only for display. Another part of my job, equally important, is to minimize my femininity when I'm away from the bandstand. I must be one of the gang. I must be tough enough to stand the physical strain of working long hours, and still look as if I'm so fragile a hard day's work would finish me off.

As for a home or a fixed routine of life, a girl singer has to get used to not having either. When we're playing a hotel date in New York, Chicago, or some other big city, I live in the hotel where we're working. Usually we play for dancing from six or six-thirty until one o'clock in the morning, with some time off between dinner and supper. But in addition there are recording dates, rehearsals and broadcasts of Your Happy Birthday, movie shorts and engagements in other cities. It all takes up your time.

And, though I sing of romance, I've never really fallen in love! At least—don't think I have, although there's a boy I'm very fond of. His name is Jimmey Blumenstock, and maybe you've read about him in the newspapers, because he's an All-American football player from Fordham University. We see each other Friday nights, week-ends, whenever he can get away from school and come down to the Pennsylvania Hotel where the band is playing. I'm wearing his gold football, and maybe some day we'll talk about getting married.

There, as well as I can tell you about it, is the way a girl singer with a dance band lives. I hope someday you can tell me about you.

---

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Forgive Me Dearest

(Continued from page 8)

“...I hated you for awhile.” I was astounded. “It’s true,” she said. “Every time I thought of you and George Burrey, I could have killed you with pleasure when they heard that I’d be alone for the evening, they insisted I go along with them. I went in Les’s car and after we’d left Kathy at her house, I sat up in the front seat with him. It was one of those hazy, soft evenings and I used to explain it to you, but the whole evening was like that, remote, like a dream.

Les and I left before the others, because Les had an early radio rehearsal the next day. As we drove back to the city he told me about himself. And that all sounded very unreal and strange. It was hard to imagine gay, carefree Les playing gangsters and villains and blustering heroes in rapid succession. He does, you know. He’s become one of those really versatile and sought-after actors in radio.

It was almost one when we got home, and Les came upstairs with me. He wanted to apologize to you for keeping me out so late. But you weren’t home.

“How bad,” he said. “I’d like to meet your husband. Some other time, perhaps.” He took my hand. “You know, you’re the sweetest person I’ve ever met,” he said very quietly. Then, very naturally, as though there were nothing else that could happen, he kissed me, a gentle kiss on the cheek.

“I’ve had a wonderful day,” I said. And he was gone.

I could hardly wait for you to come home so I could tell you about the surprising, exciting things I’d been doing. That marvelous, buoyant sense of importance—I thought I could re-capture it, hug it close, make it part of me in the telling.

Then you came home. And you were too tired even to be mildly surprised that I had met Kathy. You drank your glass of milk and tried to listen, but in the middle of my prattling I looked away and you were beginning to go to sleep.

Suddenly, I felt very lonely. Not just because you were asleep. No, it was more because I savored or seemed to need to see—how much of your life you lived in a world in which I had no place. I hated your work. It took so much time and energy, and left so little of you for me. I felt miserable and neglected.

Oh, I was very sorry for myself. I even went so far as to be indignant because I thought you were taking me for granted, like shoes you know, all always with your head turned the other way and feet left off. And I thought of Les and the other people I’d met and remembered that they were busy, important people, too, and yet they hadn’t found time to be interested in me. And then I was angry with you for falling asleep, instead of listening to me.

“Really, Linda,” she said with forced gayety, “I don’t know what kind of...
a spell you cast—you must tell me sometime—but several of the people you met the other day want to see you again. Will you come for cocktails this afternoon, dear?"

I was thrilled and flattered. How could I help it? I went to that party and there I was invited to others. I told you about them, remember? You seemed pleased that I was having fun.

Then, one day, Les called me. "You're certainly a busy young woman," he said. "I've called you at least a dozen times."

I laughed, not quite believing him. "You must be pretty busy yourself," I said. "I've been to parties and parties with Kathy and your friends and you never turned up."

"So that's it," Les said. "Kathy's playing games again."

I didn't understand.

"Never mind," Les said. Then his tone changed. "Look, I really did have a reason for calling you this morning. We're starting a new program and we need some outsider's advice. Would you come to a rehearsal this afternoon and tell us what you think?"

All morning, I kept thinking about what he'd said about Kathy. And after the rehearsal was over and I'd tried to make a few suggestions, I asked him what he had meant.

"You mustn't bother your head about it, Linda," Les said. "Kathy's jealous and she wants to keep her eye on you, I guess."

"But why?" I asked.

Les seemed embarrassed. "Well—I'm afraid Kathy thinks she's in love with me and she's afraid you'll cut her out."

"How silly!" I laughed. "Why, I'm married."

"So is Kathy," Les said.

Now, I was embarrassed. "Les," I said, "maybe I'd better not see you any more, then. I don't want to hurt Kathy—not if she's in love with you."

"I said she thinks she is," Les said.

"Besides, I'm not in love with her. She knows that. I sometimes think that's the only reason she's interested in me, really."

He was very irritated. "I'm sick to death of the whole thing. I'd like a drive in the sun—will you come with me, please?"

He seemed so distressed and harassed, I felt sorry for him.

The warm sun and the steady rumble of the motor seemed to soothe him. It seemed to comfort him, too, that I was there.

"There's something about you, Linda," he said, when he left me at the door. "I don't know—I—" and he looked puzzled. "Thank you."

Often, after that, Les would call me and ask me to go for a drive or meet him somewhere for cocktails. And I went, because I couldn't see any harm in it. We laughed and danced and it was all very superficial. I should have seen what was happening to him, but I didn't. I understand now that I didn't see it because I didn't want to. I didn't want him to fall in love with me, believe that, George, please. I was very careful. I never did anything to win him, to make him want me.

If only I had told you about it then, how I felt, how Les behaved, you might have warned me. But I could not see the point of making an issue of it. It didn't mean anything to me. No, that's not entirely honest. It did mean something. Les seemed to need me and that made me feel alive and...
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**RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR**

54
Mrs. William Powell's Marriage Problems

The William Powells are celebrating the second year of their marriage and for the first time young Diana tells the public of the problems that confronted her and her famous "The Thin Man" Bill. Read "Second Year" appearing in July Photoplay-Movie Mirror out now.

HENRY FONDA'S SISTERS TELL ABOUT HANK—Nobody knows a man like his sister and here are two sisters bringing to light surprising things in Henry Fonda's life that will make you understand him better. Read "Out of Henry Fonda's Artie" complete in the July Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

GIRES GET YOUR STAR DUST! That's the stuff that makes the stars scintillate with a glamour that's envied by everyone who views them on the screen. Every girl can have it but few know the secret. Your favorite men stars have given Photoplay-Movie Mirror for July a consensus of their opinions of what they like best in a girl. Read "You Can Star Where You Are" and start that new personality drive.

MAKE HIM KEEP ON SAYING "I LOVE YOU!" Now it's Loretta Young's turn to tell the plan she has for making romance last after marriage. Read "Loretta Really Talks"—a splendid interview in the July Photoplay-Movie Mirror.


HOW OLD ARE THE STARS? "Fearless" scores again in Photoplay-Movie Mirror for July. He tells the real age of your favorite stars.

FULL COLOR PORTRAITS. Every issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror contains gorgeous full page color portraits of a number of popular stars. In the July issue you will find Irena Dunne, Ray Milland, Tyrone Power. A valuable addition to your collection that will thrill you.

ALL OF THE ABOVE—AND A LOT MORE. The features mentioned above are only a small fraction of the wealth of Hollywood material, stories, articles, departments and scores of intriguing pictures in the July issue.

"Pigtails, Buck-teeth and Freckles...
I had 'em all"

"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick—Tangee Natural. And I've used Tangee Natural ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blushed rose is produced."

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Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Two Magazines For The Price of One.

I did. I said, "George, believe me, you've got to believe me, darling. I heard what he's been saying. It's not true. I never loved him, never. I love you, I always have. I don't want him. I never did. I never want to see him again."

I don't know what I would have done, if you hadn't put your arms around me then. And it was like finding salvation to hear your deep, calm voice saying to Les, "You heard what she said. I think, perhaps, you'd better leave now."

So he left and we were alone. What happened between us then you know—and I know—but I've put it down too. I got to get clear."

You said, holding me gently, as though I were a hurt child, "I'm sorry, Linda, darling. I didn't realize—I didn't see how much I was neglecting you. It's all my fault."

And I said "No, George. I was stupid. But I didn't think he'd come to you. He had no right—"

And you being generous. "He loves you, Linda." Then, you holding me at arms' length and looking deep into my eyes and saying, "I love you, too, Linda. Very much. I want you to be happy. If you do love him."

"Please, darling, no! I had to make you understand. "How can I say it? No. It wasn't love, not for a minute. I was fond of him. He was fun. He helped me pass the hours pleasantly. And I felt I was giving him something in return. But it wasn't love."

It was wonderful to see the relief light up your eyes and to hear the relief in your voice, as you said, "I didn't know. I waited for you to tell me."

Even now, I can feel the desperate longing in you. That you drew me close and kissed me. "Oh, Linda," you whispered and the need was crying in your voice, "forgive me. I've been blind and selfish. I've hurt you and almost let you slip away from me. And if you had gone I don't know what I would have done. Darling, forgive me, forgive me."

But there's nothing to forgive, dear. I see that now. It wasn't your fault. It was equally mine. For, even if you did seem to lose sight of me and my place in your life, a great part of the blame for that lies with me. Yes, I was lonely for you. I missed you. But, instead of trying to reach you, instead of trying to keep your interest and love alive, I went elsewhere, I went looking for a substitute."

It's getting light outside now, and I find a sort of gladness, lightness within myself. It's not only because I think I have answered all those questions which you were too generous to ask me, questions about Les, how I met him and actually what happened between us. No. It's more because everything has come very clear to me in the writing."

I'm glad all this has happened to us. We've learned something from it, something we needed desperately to learn. Yet, it's so simple, it almost sounds silly to say it. Like everything else in the world, love—no matter how strong and real—can't be taken for granted; it has to be kept alive, cherished, helped to grow. It takes work and tenderness and thoughtfulness. It takes love to keep love alive. Sometimes you look at it one way, sometimes another, but the important thing is that you must learn it before it's too late. And we came so close, darling, to learning too late.

July, 1941

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TANGEE NATURAL

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

55
SUMMER-TAN

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

FASHION is a funny thing. A generation ago, girls wore big, floppy hats and stifling veils and even bathing sunbonnets to protect their roseleaf complexions. Now everyone is so aware of the charm of suntan that girls often go to the opposite extreme and need to be warned of the dangers of sunburn.

Lovely Lucy Monroe has ideas about that. She begins her tanning with a sunlamp which she uses all winter. When bathing suit days come, she is all ready for them. But even at that, she never omits the use of a good oil, knowing that even a healthily tanned skin can suffer and be coarsened by those penetrating rays at the beaches.

Miss Monroe, whose superb voice comes to us over WEAF every Sunday, at 9 p.m. E.D.T., on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, is a typical American girl of a distinguished family which gave the country many pioneers, and President James Monroe. She is tall and lithe, graceful and natural. Her beauty is heart-warming, all the more so because she seems quite unconscious of it. She is a star of opera, concert, and radio, a musician to her finger tips. In 1937 she was selected as the official soloist of the American Legion. In Washington, on Armistice Day she sang the soloist at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Those who have heard her thrilling bell-like voice as she sings the National Anthem think of her always as “The Star Spangled Soprano.”

There are three kinds of help that you can give to your skin against sunburn. First, take it easy. Miss Monroe’s idea of a sun lamp all winter is excellent, especially now that lamps are so inexpensive and compact. Begin your outdoor sun baths with about twenty minutes the first few days, exposing as much of your body as possible to the rays after you have first used a good sun oil. Work up gradually, and never, never omit the sun oil.

Next, consider your face. In fact, consider all of you that shows when you wear the etheereally dainty evening gowns which are high fashion for this summer. Just how much tan do you really want? How much is becoming to your type—quite dark, or just a hint of cafe au lait?

Nowadays you really can regulate the tanning of your complexion to any shade you prefer. There are lotions, creams, and liquid creams which actually screen out a part of the sun’s rays. They are delicately scented and non-greasy. You can use them freely on neck and arms and as a powder base. By varying the amount and frequency of the application you regulate the shade of tan, or prevent it altogether if you desire.

Of course these sunburn preventives shut out the burning rays, so that you need never fear painful sunburn, not even on beach or boat where the glare is most trying, reflected from water. By all means keep a plentiful supply in your beach bag.

Another item that belongs in the beach bag, always at hand, is one of the special healing creams or unguents. They are marvellously soothing, not only when you have miscalculated your tanning and got some real sunburn, but also for the many little scratches and burns and chafings that seem to go along with vacations. There is a lovely white healing cream that makes a fine powder base. The instant it touches you, you can feel its cooling, soothing effect. The time to treat any of these minor irritations is right away, not after you have gone home with your day marred by discomfort.

Many smart women keep two complete sets of cosmetics, one for winter and one for summer—powder base, powder, rouge, lipstick and all. You can not look right with a delicate pink powder over your tan. And the entire cosmetic kit must be an ensemble, always.

Some women, particularly delicate blondes who never tan satisfactorily, get a tanned effect by using special cosmetics. They give their faces the maximum protection by using the screening lotions, wearing big hats, and keeping out of the sun during the worst hours for burn (from eleven to three). Then by a skilful use of well-chosen cosmetics they manage as becoming a tan as anyone else, and sometimes a little more o so.

A wise physician said recently that although he fully appreciated the part that the ultra violet rays play in our health, he for one wished they could be used only on a physician’s prescription, so dangerous is their misuse. Remember that, and be careful that your suntan never becomes sunburn.
Larry exclaimed. "There's an under-statement for you."]

Mary, said Peter Darnell as they talked. He's too thin, she thought, and noticed a diffidence in his manner as if he were uncertain of himself, yet his hands showed strength and his mouth was firm, thoughtful. Then she saw the frayed cuff under his coat which made her attention catch, realized how shabby his suit was, how he lighted one cigarette after the other, and how the sandwich was under his inroads upon them. She wondered, with a shock, if he could be hungry, and wished she had prepared something more substantial, roast beef, or ham and cheese, instead of the dainty nothings she had made so carefully.

Peter turned quickly, and caught her intent gaze. He crossed over and dropped down on a cushion at her feet.

"Let me talk to you," he said. "They don't need me. You're the reason for the play. I saw you when I was seventeen. You were on tour with your husband, and that's when I decided to be a playwright."

He smiled up at her, his face had the charm of something wild, unsuspended. Mary realized. Life will hurt him, must have hurt him already. "Twilight Symphony held too much pain for one so young. He was talking rapidly:"

"You see I love you, have loved you since that first night I saw you at the theater, I want you to know it. It's been—well, you are the only thing I had to hold to with the world cracking up—with all the horror there is in it today.

"Peter," Mary said, quickly and there was a catch in her voice—she could not doubt the boy's utter sincerity and simplicity—for I'm calling you Peter. You mustn't make a dream of an ideal out of me. You don't know me.

"Yes, I do," Peter interrupted. "I'm not blind. I can read in your face what beauty, what fineness lies back of its loveliness. And I've wanted you to be happy. Let's get away—let's get out together. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I do understand," she answered softly. Her heart ached for Peter as she remembered some of the bitter, desperate lines in his play. Something was wrong, she felt, something very wrong in his outlook on life, or he could not have written as he had of the "little fates" hounding his hero to his uselessness. Larry spoke from across the room, and his eyes were quizzical.

"Dennis and I are going to the office, Mary. Will you come?"

"Oh, no," he answered promptly. "I'd rather stay here and talk to Mrs. Noble, if she'll let me"

"Can't you blame you," Larry laughed, and as he passed her on his way to the door, he dropped a kiss on Mary's hair. She lifted her hand and patted his growing shoulders.

"Hey so much to say, I've carried on imaginary conversations with you for years. Maybe, you'll find me an awful bore. But, oh, Larry, how I've longed to tell you things—what I've thought—what I believe—Do you think I'm crazy?" he asked, suddenly, with a quick twist of his lips.

Mary shook her head. "No, a friend, we used to discuss everything on earth. I miss him. He cracked wise, too. He was flying for the Loyalists. It was horrible, the plane burned, and they couldn't get him out." Peter looked down at his hands, clenched his fists. "There's another friend in China now. Not much of a world when even the young haven't a chance, where—" He glanced up at Mary, his eyes like a trapped animal. "If one were even sure that the fight is for freedom, it wouldn't matter—you'd be glad to give your life—but suppose we're just being fooled, that we're dying to save commercialism—"

"The 'little fates' of your play, that mock and taunt, is that what you mean?" Mary asked.

"Yes," Peter cried. "Always driving one, never letting up—"

"Those 'little fates' can be inside one, Peter," Mary said gently. "No, that's impossible." Peter was excited. "They're outside. Think of the cruelty, the greed, of children starving, of green, of raining trees broken, wheat fields barren, destroyed!"

"Yes, I know," Mary's voice was low. "The horror of the devastated world had crept into the room with its words. She forced it away with a definite resistance. "Who made the boss, Peter? Who are starving the children? Men, Peter. It's from the souls of men that this evil has grown and spread, and it's only from the souls of other men that strength will come to stop it."

Peter looked at her white face.

MARY, Mary, I've hurt you. On the first day I meet you. Instead of being happy and glad to be with you, I bring all my devils with me. I always do the wrong thing—"

Mary jumped up and held out her hands, smiling. "Don't be foolish," she kept her voice light, "nothing is as bad as you make it, Peter. Let's go into the kitchen, and I'll make coffee. We'll have a cold supper. It may be hours before Larry gets home."

Peter had left when Larry returned. He had helped Mary wash the dishes. Together they had laughed and joked, he had been quite gay by the time he had said goodbye. She had put on a negligee and was lying on the couch when Larry opened the door. She sat up, her hands outstretched, he came over and kissed her. He was excited, elated, all his former moodiness had vanished.

"Peter's a remarkable boy," she said. "Didn't you like him?"

"Hadn't much chance to find out. You and he seemed to hit it off, though."

"Yes, we did. But he's so lonely—"

"He has his dreams," Larry spoke, carelessly. "Don't be too sorry for him, my dear. He's able to take care of himself."

Mary glanced quickly at her hus-
New under-arm
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3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID
39¢ a jar
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

1. Thousand word donor
2. Stranger, I knew
3. RADIO
4. Stops
5. SITROUX

1. Arrid is the largest selling deodorant
2. Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

SITROUX
Triple-Tested
CLEANSING TISSUES

SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.
STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.
MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

MARY faced the situation, and herself, quite frankly, as the old life called Larry into it, sweeping him away from her. He was seldom home, except to sleep and eat. That she understood and accepted without complaint. She was ready, even glad to stand by, to encourage him, and to soothe, as his nerves became taut under the strain of the work he was doing. But she could not disguise to herself the fear she felt of the future. Would his success, she asked herself, mean a return of the old, impressionable Larry, swayed and intrigued by —yes, Mary told herself, be honest — by other women? Their adoration had been like a strong wine, turning the Larry she loved into a stranger, so much so, that more than once she had doubted whether their marriage could survive.

Mary, alone in the apartment, with the slam of the door still echoing in her ears as it closed behind her husband, after a hurried and late breakfast, went over to the long mirror. Black hair waved softly around her face, eyes, dark and widely spaced under her clear brow, a tall, graceful and slim body. It was not vanity which made her study herself. Did it mean that Larry's temperament demanded change, the stimulation of new faces, new personalities? Did familiarity bore and irk him? If that were so — her hands dropped at her sides in a hopeless, sad gesture— No, no, she must remember the sweet intimacy, the bond which had been created between them during these past weeks. The telephone, ringing, broke into her reflections, and she hurried to it.

"Mary," it was Larry's voice, "do you know where Peter lives?"
"No, certainly not. Doesn't Dennis know?"
"He never got around to asking him—he meant to—I'm at the theater, we've been waiting. He was to bring in a rewritten scene—we can't start without him. Lord, I knew this was too good to be true—I don't know what we'll do."
"Larry, Larry, he'll turn up. Something must have delayed him. Larry—— but the receiver at the other end of the line slammed in her ear.

Mary was frightened. Something serious must have occurred to have kept Peter away from the theater. She remembered his white face, his thin body. Suppose he were ill? It seemed disaster to them all if Peter were missing. And during the frantic day which followed all she could do was to try and calm Larry's fears even as her own doubts increased. They had called the hospitals, had notified the police, but the city seemed to have closed over and hidden the missing boy.

The next afternoon with Larry pacing the floor and Mary unable to find a word of encouragement, the telephone rang. Mary answered, then came running to Larry—"Yes, Peter—no, not Peter—his landlady. He's sick. He wants us. I've the address. Hurry, Larry, everything's all right, now."

But when Mary and Larry stood by Peter's bed in a forlorn room, after a

"Bundles from Britain," the English models (left to right), Vivien Bowden, Rosemarie Chance, Carol Vance, Gwenda Farrell, Peggy Meredith, who recently talked to Latin-America and their home country on an NBC International broadcast about their stay in New York at a hotel in the Times Square area.
climb up three flights of drab, linoleum-covered stairs, and she looked into his eyes sunk deep in his thin face Mary wondered if, perhaps, they had found him too late to be of help. “Mary,” Peter pulled himself up on his elbow, “I've been almost out of my head. But, I wrote that scene, Larry, it's over there.” He pointed to a broken down bureau near the one window.

Larry seized the manuscript, but Mary had no thought except for the boy on the tumbled bed. “Peter, dear” she was so sorry for him. She forced him gently back on the pillows. “Tell me, Peter, about it.”

“Oh,” a faint color spread over his face, “I was a fool. Didn't eat, worked day and night— She could translate the words: No money, too proud to ask for help. She remembered how he had wolfed the sandwiches the day he had come to the apartment. How stupid, how wickedly stupid she had been. She patted his arm.

“We’re taking care of you now.” Turning to Larry, she whispered quickly, “Come out in the hall for a minute.”

He followed her with a puzzled frown.

“Peter’s sick because he's had no food, no attention. I’m taking him to our apartment, so I can look after him. Why didn’t we realize before—?” Larry’s foot tapped nervously on the floor.

“Mary, you can’t do this. You’ve enough to do as it is. He'll be all right. I'll advance him some money. We can't have another person with us—in our home.”

Mary flushed, but she checked the words that rose to her lips. Larry was not really being unkind when he objected.

“He won't be any trouble. And, Larry, surely you see how important it is that Peter gets washed otherwise he can’t finish the play. He must be on hand for all the rewriting and consultations. We can’t afford to have anything more happening to him now.”

Larry did not answer, he was watching Mary, her eyes eager, her lips tender, pleading. Then, abruptly, dismissing the argument, he said, “Arrange it anyway you like, Mary. I've got to get to Dennis now to tell him the news.”

Mary hurried into Peter's room. Her voice was gay. “We're taking you home with us,” and saw the amazed joy which sprang to life in his eyes.

The doctor confirmed Mary’s opinion. Malnutrition, overwork, but nothing so wrong with Peter Darnell that rest, good food and care would not cure. Mary fixed up the little bedroom at the end of the hall, and Peter was put to bed with orders that on no account must he attempt to dress and go out. Cold rains had set in, a keen October wind tore the last leaves from the trees. But Mary's happiness and Peter's gratitude and devotion to her filled the apartment with a cheer and warmth which defied the gray dreariness outside the windows. Until one day Larry broke into unexplained and bitter protests.

“Isn't it time,” he exclaimed, “that you thought a little more of me and less of your so called patient? I know it must be flattering to have anyone so devoted to you, but ...”

“Larry, dear, don’t be silly. Peter is only a boy, and I'm just an ideal he's built up in his mind.”

“I'm not so sure. And, what is he to you, my dear?”

“A friend, a good friend. I've grown fond of him, naturally.” She held out a note Peter had given her that morning. “Read this, Larry, and you’ll understand. He's tried to show me how grateful he is.”

Larry's eyebrows lifted as he glanced over the letter. “For a married woman, Mary—” and the paper ripped in two under the sudden tightening of his fingers.

“Oh, Larry,” Mary’s voice rose, and there were tears in her eyes. “You've torn it.”

“You're acting like a silly romantic.” Larry's voice had risen, too. He tossed the scraps on the table and swung toward the door. “I'll leave you with Peter, while I work—”

As the door slammed behind Larry, Mary flung herself down on the bed. She forced herself to lie quietly. She must be composed before she saw Peter again. He was too sensitive to her moods. Larry was being so foolish. Her eyes closed, she realized she was very tired.

The apartment seemed very still when Mary awoke. How long had she slept, she wondered, sitting up, and pushing the hair away from her eyes. A cold rain beat against the windows. She slipped to her feet, stretched and yawned. Going into the hall she called Peter, but there was no answer. She walked to his door, and glanced in. The room was empty. But where could he be? She switched on the light, and then she saw the sheet of paper stuck in the mirror.

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**Double Feature Drink With The Movie Stars...**


And Pepsi-Cola is the double feature favorite all over America, too. Millions prefer this BIGGER drink with the BETTER taste. What's more, you get 12 full ounces...tangy and flavorful. Down a Pepsi-Cola today...and enjoy those extra sips...for a nickel.

**Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.**
Why I switched to Meds

— by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about internal sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me wonderful protection for they're the only tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—they're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!

MARY faced the fifth anniversary of her marriage with a strange joy and a sense of anticipation. So much had happened during the past months. Thanksgiving was over. Peter was up and about, elated by the success of his play as well as by a suggestion made to him by Larry as soon as he had been strong enough to discuss business. Mary had found in Peter's deserted room an unfinished manuscript called "The Bluebirds of Happiness," and Larry had immediately realized its possibilities as a radio script. Both he and Peter wanted her to star in it.

At first she had refused. It would be a part-time job for you, Mary, and you know it. Stop being so conscientiously unselfish. Anyone with half an eye could see that you're thrilling to get your fingers on that role.

Blushing a little, she'd had to admit to herself that she was right. Besides, it was warmly comforting to know someone wanted her to do such work, comforting, too, that Larry realized this and was proud of her, anxious to see her caught up in the same whirl of exciting activity that he himself lived in nowadays.

She imagined at her thoughts as she dressed for the very informal party that was to celebrate her fifth wedding anniversary. Peter and Dennis were there to be only her friends; she was willing to have with her and Larry on that day. The bell rang, and Dennis stood at the door with a bunch of white roses in his arms. She was arranging these as Peter and Larry came in. Mary laughed gaily:

"You look like two little boys caught stealing jam—what is it?"

Larry kissed her, and handed her a box. Mary untied the ribbons and lifting the lid gazed fascinated at a beautifully jeweled bluebird.

"And there's another surprise for you," Larry said. "We've got a sponsor for the 'Bluebird' script. Peter will write it—and you're to be starred, Mary. If you will..."

"Oh!" Her eyes glowing, she looked at Peter's happy face. "I'm so glad for you, Peter."

"You can't hold out now, Mary." Larry kissed her, and put his hands on her arms, holding her close. "Believe me, dear, I really want you to."

"All right," she said suddenly, gladly, "Larry bent and kissed her. "Good. I'm glad. And now—there's still another surprise—"

"Surely nothing more?" Mary exclaimed. She saw Larry's deep tenderness, her breath caught. "You mean... The hope she had so long hidden in her heart."

"Yes, the baby." Larry flung open the door, and there stood a nurse with Peter, Junior, in her arms. Unable to speak, Mary searched out her hands, touching, holding, drawing to her the soft little body. She realized Larry's words, and turned to him and said: "He's to stay with us, Mary—he's well enough to come home."

Mary pressed her son to her breast. She looked at the other who were watching her, then her eyes fastened on the glittering bluebird pin in its box. "The Bluebird of happiness has come to me... I've never, never been so happy in all my life. I—I can't say it—I have everything, everything—even the baby's laughing—"
Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

**a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!**

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor*)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarm event—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection!

Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses.

Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

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**MY 12 BABY HELP LEAFLETS**

—Yours for Only 10c

My 12 most popular booklets on baby care now available to readers of THIS MAGAZINE for 10c. Write today for the first booklet. 

1. How to Help Your Child to Help Himself. (Helping Your Child to Help Himself)
2. How to Teach Child to Read.
3. How to Teach Child to Write.
4. The First Five Years—Helping Your Baby Grow up Healthy.
5. Helping Your Child to Learn to Talk.
6. Helping Your Child to Learn to Write.
7. Helping Your Child to Learn to Read.
8. Helping Your Child to Learn to Think.
9. Helping Your Child to Learn to Tell Stories.
10. Helping Your Child to Learn to Sing.
11. Helping Your Child to Learn to Dance.
12. Helping Your Child to Learn to Play.

Send Postcard or 10c and tell for how many ages of your children, addressing Mrs. Louise Branch, Baby Page Editor of Radio Mirror Magazine, Dept. RM273, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

**Blue Waltz**

Thrilling things happen to the girl who is always fragantly lovely. Delight...extension...dare deviate. That's why so many of this season's glamour girls use Blue Waltz Perfume. Its sweet, intoxicating fragrance blended from many flowers invokes romance. Wear Blue Waltz Perfume if you want to be the hit of the night party. Just try it and see!

**NO DULL DRAB HAIR**

when you use this amazing

**4 Purpose Rinse**

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.
1. Givers lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses out 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, colorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 3 rinses

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**NEW MASCARA with Brush that CURLS**

New SPIRAL BRUSH darkens all sides of lashes at once—curling them alluringly! Lipstick-like METAL CASE holds cylinder of tear-proof, non-smarting, CAKE mascara—black, brown or blue.

At your 5 & 10c Store—or send dime and 2¢ stamp for mailing use MODERN COSMETICS, INC., Dept.K-20, 75 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

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Cake Mascara

July, 1941
ROMANCE

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cord between them was gone. But the next day it was as if that first. She thought, but her mind seemed never been, and Mary realized it was only an interlude.

Mary was surprised at the increasing to make her carry herself through these last, long days of winter. She had endured much more strenuous activity in the past, and she wondered, at times, if it must not be her inner uneasiness which was sapping her strength. Even her broadcast—had almost nothing else to be done. She would leave in a week's time. She told Larry, wondering what his reaction would be, to be answered by a brief:

“Good idea, you’re looking run down. And, anyway, if that’s what you want to do, it’s not my affair.”

And Mary knew she had hoped for protests, or, at least, some sign given, some word spoken, which would show he would miss her.

It was the next afternoon, as Mary came in from shopping, that a pale and angry Larry turned to face her from the window where he had been standing. As he crushed out his cigarette, he said, his voice hard:

“I hadn’t realized Peter was going with you.”

“But he’s not.” Mary stared, her hands motionless at the fur piece she had started to unfasten.

“You must have known. I met him and Christy at the Club, and they told me. As Peter said, he has to write the script, he needs your inspiration, and the Florida sunshine will be good for him, too.”

Mary dropped into a chair, and looked directly at Larry.

“Believe me, Larry, I didn’t know.”

“But—you’re not sorry?”

Mary was silent; just what should she say? She was not sorry, it would be company to have Peter with her. She would be honest.

“No, I’m not, Larry,” she said, “but you must believe me when I tell you again I had nothing to do with it.”

“I see,” was all he said.

“No, Larry, I don’t think you do,” Mary replied.

MARY let the telegram drop into her lap, as she lay stretched in a long chair, under the brilliant sun of a Florida morning. It was from Larry, and it amazed her. She remembered a hurried, rather brusque Larry who had kissed her goodbye just before the Southern Limited had pulled out of the station. He had given the baby a hug, nodded to Peter and Christy, and had gone, not turning for a smile or a wave of the hand. She had been a strangely muddled Mary; she, whose emotions had always been direct and uncomplicated, had not liked the pull of contending tensions. So she had concentrated on regaining her physical strength and her nervous energy, before she would permit herself to do any serious thinking. But now the feeling of uncertainty closed around her again. Why was Larry coming south? She knew from the papers, and from his letters, that he was still playing to full houses, and here he was closing at the end of March. She read the telegram:

“Will be with you in a day or two. Hope there will be a welcome for me, Larry.”

Her eyes, puzzled and thoughtful, traveled to her son in his play pen, a lovely, rosy tan, laughing and romp-

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MARY, it will be with you in a day or two. Hope there will be a welcome for me, Larry.”

Her eyes, puzzled and thoughtful, traveled to her son in his play pen, a lovely, rosy tan, laughing and romp-

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The National Father's Day Committee selected Jimmy Dorsey, bandleader of Your Happy Birthday program, as an outstanding father in radio for 1941. Here's Jimmy with his wife and daughter, Julie Lou, age nine.
Mary hurried out of the house and across the lawn, and as she passed him, he held the morning newspaper toward her. She felt sick with dismay as she saw the pictures of herself and Larry in the lower right-hand corner of the page, and read the captions beneath them. But before she had a chance to say anything, there were cries of: "Who are they?"... "He turned and, turning, they saw three reporters dashing across the lawn.

Without a word Peter leaped for the oars that the pilot had fastened to the stern of the dory, and held up his hands for Mary. And as they roared toward the open water beyond the cove, the disappointed shouts of the shore came faintly to their ears.

“Well, we gave them the slip!” Peter cried, gaily.

Mary laughed, then grew serious.

“Yes, but we'd better go back. They'll find Larry, and he—well, he'll be annoyed.”

“Mary, I wonder if you know what I'd give to have you always thinking of me, protecting me like that.” He looked at her, where she stood, steadily—fiercely. The rushing wind was tender to his ears. "Larry's so darn lucky—and he doesn't even know it—he takes so much for granted—"

THE wind in their faces blew away the sound of his voice. Mary sank down on the seat, and looked about her. The pilot tossed her the oars and a wide expanse of the open sea, sparkling under the sun. Peter started to sing, and Mary felt sheer joy at the swift motion, and the spray, dashing, at times, across her face. The wind freshened, the waves mounted, and, at last, Mary glanced around with a worried frown.

"Turn back, Peter!” she called. "I don't like the look of the sky, and the wind's awfully strong. This is dangerous, you know, and we're a long way from the shore."

"I've been a darn fool," he exclaimed. "It was such fun I forgot there might be danger. There's a storm coming up, all right, but we'll make land first—don't worry. Look out! A wave is coming, and drove them on a wave or two, "Peter.

Mary set her lips, and fought away her fears. And then, even as the rain fell in long sheets of water, a cry from Peter brought her staggering to her feet.

"The engine's stalled,—hurry—" he lurched toward her, and the boat, rolling helpless, shipped water. Fumbling with chilled fingers under the lashing rain, they struggled into life parts, and then Mary felt herself lifted and flung, her eyes blinded by the surge of water, her face bruised by its fury. Somewhere in the smothered world she looked and heard. And together, they fought to keep afloat, tossed one minute up a rushing height, then dropped into a sucking gulf, waving and flung over a wave far up onto a beach. Dizzy, half stunned, and breathless, she struggled to sit up, and saw Peter crawling over the side of the boat. He caught her in his arms, and together they huddled, heads bent before the wind and the rain that cut like a knife. Then, slowly, the sun came through, veered, rolling its burden of rain-filled clouds out to sea, and the sun peeped at them.

The hours which followed were

utter misery. They were bruised,

aching, their faces and lips

stung by the salt sea, were dry and parched. There were a few palms in the center of the island, and Peter, leaving Mary under them, stumbled off in a search for fresh water to ease their almost unbearable thirst. All he could find was rain caught in the hollow of some rocks, and he helped her to it, and after they had drunk and cooled and stung their stinging faces, they stretched themselves on the rough grass too thick to sleep, aching in every nerve. Mary's thoughts raced with the pounding on the shore and the sunlight dancing against her closed eyelids, and those thoughts were of Larry—Larry—She pressed her hands to her eyes to keep back the tears. If there were only some way to let him know she was safe—safe on a tiny island, shut off from escape by the sea still rolling and tossing around them. She slept, at last, worn out, and when she opened her eyes, the sky was deepening into night. She sat up, fighting against faintness, and then she heard the swift running of feet, and Peter falling in a desperate urgency which brought her erect.

"Mary, Mary," he was racing across the island, and Mary turned toward him, terror giving her strength. Then she saw it: a motor boat on the further shore, with a huddled figure at the wheel. He was beside it, lifting the fallen head, staring into the white face of Larry. Even as she looked, her hands gripping his shoulders, his eyes lifted.

A light sprang into the dull eyes; then as he touched her to him; then he chocked a moan:

"Can't move—my back—" And his head dropped limply against her breast.

With care they managed, at last, to free Larry from the broken steering wheel, and carried him up the bank and laid him on the grass. Mary holding Larry's head in her lap, murmured broken words of love. Her heart seemed chocking her, her whole world centered in the limp body before her, as she stood there, brushing the hair from his eyes—Larry, Larry—sick, hurt—in pain—no, no, it must not be.

He was staggering, and she bent over him to hear his words.

"I followed. When that storm broke—oh, my dear—I was crazy. I'd seen you leave—I knew about this island—I had to find you. That wind, those waves, and you somewhere in them. I headed for here, I hoped an prayed you'd make it, and then I crashed up—Mary, you're not—your are all right—""My dear, my dear, I'm not hurt. But your back—oh, my darling, we must do something—"

"I don't think it's serious, and maybe we can sign a fishing boat."

He closed her eyes, and Mary looked up at Peter.

"Please try, Peter—we must get Larry to the mainland."

Peter stood very still for a second before he turned away. He was watching Mary, her desperate face, white in the light, her eyes filled with a terrified anguish. His gaze dropped to Larry, and a strange expression, pain, exaltation, purpose, tightened the still lines of his mouth, and his strained, tired face seemed all at once that of an older man. He came over to her, and put his hand on her shoulder.
LARRY opened his eyes.

"Mary, I love you. I knew I didn't want to go on if—I'd lost you. Life wouldn't be worth while—"

Her lips pressed against his, and while her other arms and legs enveloped him in that last, final kiss, he put his arms around her and held her, everything in the past slipped into its proper place. She saw her relationship to Peter in its true light, one which she had never noticed, and it gave her life strength and certainty. All their difficulties, their misunderstandings, had vanished and she was suddenly calm, with the greatushrush of love which filled her heart. And Larry's love. And in the quiet of the night, after they had gone to bed together, held each other, she saw everything in its own place, but of slight value if it was in any way endangered her life with Larry. Shocked into facing facts, she knew how the world would be to either of them without the other. She turned, sighed, and, at last, with her arm thrown out across the bed, Larry, slept worn out, and exhausted, but at peace.

The sun shining into her eyes, voices shouting, woke her, and sitting up, saw a man from a life guard cutter, coming up the beach. In amazement she and Larry listened to their story. Peter had bought a boat, had gone to shore, and never returned. Larry had telephoned the station, and the cutter had rushed him to her. She had risked his life for her. It had been brave of him, it had been simple—she must tell him so, but even her first rush of great joy, was forgotten in her anxiety over Larry and his welfare.

It was a tired, but happy Mary, who, several days later, returned home and addressed, drank her coffee at a table drawn close to Larry's bed. The doctor had assured them that his injury was not serious. They had bad strain; he would be up and around again in a few days. Peter had telephoned, saying he would not come up at once; he had heard of Mary's thanks and words of praise; there had been a new and different quality in his voice. Though Mary wondered at his decision, she was happy to see him again.

It was not until several days later that Larry showed Mary a letter he had received. Mary's thanks and praise for the harvest of the rescue. They were having breakfast on the terrace when he handed it to her. It contained an offer from Hollywood to film "The Last Outcry.

Even as Mary was reading it, and Larry was saying he had decided to accept, Peter came through the long window from the living room.

"Walked up to see how you are," he said. "Besides I've—well, there are some things I'd like to tell you, Mary."

Mary held the letter toward him.

"That's great!" he exclaimed, as he finished the unfolding of the miss. If not her plans. Of course, it's Larry's part, I wouldn't let anyone else touch it. And Larry I want you to be my business representative."

"Why, Peter? You'll be there?"

Peter shook his head.

"No, I'm staying here to finish my new play. She's a better writer. Besides—I well—I'm not going, that's all."

"You still want to come with me, Mary? Larry asked. There was a strain in his voice, a truth to his face.

"Of course I do. Larry smiled quietly, meeting his eyes, his own filled with happiness. There was silence. Larry pushed the chair away, and touched her shoulder, her hand went up and caught his hand.

"We'll be leaving in a few days. I'll see you again, Peter. You said you had something to say to Mary, so I'll meet you.

After Larry had gone, Peter turned a strained face to Mary.

It's goodbye, my dear. I learned something important, the other night on the island, and that is how much you love Larry, and he loves you. You're a dream and an ideal to me. Nor long for you."

The world was so bitter and bleak, or that was the way it seemed to me. But now, having met you, I know you need not leave him to be alone. We were strong under the surface of it, its beautiful and fine, though hard at times. But I'm an outsider. Larry doesn't understand my love for you."

I can't say I blame him. Anyway I've made trouble, so I'm getting out. I'll stay here, and you go your way. It's the only thing to do."

YES, Peter, you're right." How glad she was that he had seen for himself. And did what he did, and told her. She need not hurt him by telling him to leave her. And she did not fear for his future. He had found himself, and there was strength under his壳ivity. She held out her hands as she rose to her feet.

"Goodbye, Peter," she said, "we've had a wonderful friendship, and it's made me very happy. But it's best we aren't together. I love Larry more than anything in the world."

Mary added, "And want to make him happy. I've been broken to let our relationship—innocent as it's been—continue. It wasn't better, you see it through your eyes."

"It was more than fair to me, because you've shown me how to live," he held her hands very tightly, then tossed them to the ground and turned the forehead. He turned with a quick gesture, and walked away, across the terrace and along the drive. Mary turned to see him go. She had tried to hide him from sight, then she went swiftly into the house, calling:

"Larry, Larry."

He met her in the hall, and put his hands on her shoulders; their eyes looked steadily, searchingly into each other's.

"Mary!" Larry's voice was hesitant.

"I've made blunders—I've been thoughtless—but you know I love you, don't you?"

"I've been silly, too, Larry, very silly, but there's only you—there's always only you—for me, my dear.

There was a certainty in Mary's heart. They were not only going together to Hollywood; they were together as they had never been before. They had found that sustaining quality which holds a marriage firm through the routine of life, the commonplace, the normal. They read the same knowledge in Larry's eyes. Her thoughts leaped forward to the future. She began to speak of their new life together. The buyers had to be signed, tickets bought, trunks packed. And so, walking side by side, her arm across her shoulders, Mary and Larry went through the brilliant sunshine, talking eagerly, and there was laughter in their voices.
Ellen heard her sobbing in her room and went in to her.

Mark had heard her sister, too, and was now standing a little apart, his hands held tight to the door margin. In his own fears, but they were there just the same in his eyes and in his voice trying to sound so pathetically gentle.

"It's just because she doesn't like Dr. Loring," Mark had said, gulping a little to keep back his own tears. "And I can't help it. I'm trying to tell you, it's giving you something you don't remember having? A father who will love you as much as I do.

"But he isn't our father, Mummy," Janey said defiantly. "He's just a man we don't even know very well. Oh, Mummy, you know, so nice before he came, you'd always be here and now, even if you aren't out with him or something, you might just as well have run away with him, or gone on the phone, just at the times when we've got so much to tell you."

Yet in the end it wasn't Janey who made Ellen reach her decision, but Anthony.

One afternoon a week she was in the habit of going to the Health Center, making herself useful there while Martha Todd, the head nurse, snatched a few hours of rest. This afternoon, on the way back, she was just about to leave the Center, Anthony suggested that she get the car and take her for a ride. "We can stop somewhere and get something to eat," he urged, "if you'll let Hilda take care of things for once at the tea room."

He hadn't understood her refusal at all to see that she must inevitably feel guilty at not being home when the children arrived.

"But don't you see, Mom?" Ellen had tried to explain. "If they were a little younger, so that they hadn't grown so dependent on me, so used to not sharing me with anybody, if they were older, so they had found their own interests, it would be different. But they're just at the age when it's hard for them to accept anything new in our relationship. They're old enough to realize that you're important to me and to resent it, yet they're too young to see that sharing me with you won't make any difference and that loving you won't interfere with my love for them. You can understand, can't you?"

"I can understand that you're spoiling them," Anthony said then. "It isn't fair to any of us, Ellen, least of all to yourself. Unselfishness isn't always a virtue, sometimes it's much more of a fault. You're not doing those children a favor, giving in to them this way--"

She looked at him then and suddenly she was seeing a man she had never known before, one who threatened the happiness of her own children. How could he understand the way things really were, the things that she and Janey and Mark and herself? What did he know of the struggle they'd had, the three of them, or of the way the struggle had united them? How could he gauge the depths of a parent's love, who had never had a child?

But seeing him look at her, his eyes suddenly afraid as if he knew the thoughts racing through her brain, the admittance made. It was hard to be analytical, loving him as she did, wanting him, his arms and his lips, longing to feel again the peace that always came as he held her.

"Anthony," she said then. "I don't know quite how to say it, to make you understand, but we can't go on this way. I've got to have time to think things out." He took that quick step toward her and before she really knew it was happening, she was in his arms and the excitement came again and the old ridiculous happiness and for a moment there were only the two of them in the whole wide world and nothing else mattered, nothing at all. There's nothing to think about, darling," Anthony whispered. "Everything's been decided. It was the moment we first saw each other. Oh, darling, marry me now, right away."

His words broke the spell that had held her. The enchantment, the wild, singing happiness was gone and only the doubts remained. In Anthony's arms everything seemed so easy.

"Please, Anthony," she whispered. "I have to think this out. And I can't when I'm with you. Won't you give me a little time, a Nestle's maybe? I'm so confused and bewildered. Don't you see, I have to do the thing that will insure my children's happiness?"

"But won't you stay with me?" Anthony demanded. "I can't promise not to see you, Ellen, for I couldn't keep that promise, you know I couldn't. I'd be running over here the way I always do. Ellen, you've got to give me your answer now."

"Then it's—no, Anthony," Ellen said quietly enough for all the turmoil in her heart.

He looked at her without speaking, turned abruptly and left. But that evening he called her.

I'm sorry about today," he said conversely the night of tomorrow. "I know we'll talk things over. And Ellen, I've thought of a hundred new arguments that you couldn't possibly find answers for. But you already know the most important one. I love you."

Ellen turned away from the telephone with a heavy heart.

She couldn't deny her love of Anthony, try as she would to call it infatuation or excitement or any other fleeting, frivolous word. For it was always real, this love, as real as food and warmth and the solid ground under her feet. She knew that, even as she knew she could not accept it, no matter how important it was to her. For she couldn't take her own happiness at the risk of her children's.

After the children were in bed she walked down to the railroad station where she knew she could get out-of-town papers and came back with a bundle of the under her arm. She went through the Help Wanted columns systematically, clipping the ones of the positions she felt she might be able to fill. Then she saw below the last one, the one that could have been put in that paper especially for...
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Boy! YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT SAYMAN LATHER.

epidemics she had helped Anthony fight, about the babies she had helped usher into the world and the man looking at her smiled again.

"I like you, Mrs. Brown," he said slowly, "I'd like to have you stay, but I feel I must tell you this position has certain drawbacks. You see, it isn't the nursing so much as...other things, a need for eternal caution. It's easier for you to tell me all this, even though I've had to impress it on all my wife's nurses and I find I'm stiffen as if he were bringing himself against a coming ordeal. And Mrs. Brown, too, felt as if she had to strengthen herself against the thing that was coming when she heard a woman's voice behind her. For she had never heard a voice like that before. It had no tone or tone or ring and it sounded like a lament coming from a grave, even though her words were commonplace enough."

"You're home, aren't you, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, I had an appointment to see Mrs. Brown," the man's voice sounded vital and reassuring after that other voice. "I'll say to you, Mrs. Brown, speak of Grace. If...if she will accept the position, she will be your new nurse."

Ellen felt the other woman hesitate behind her, then she moved slowly into the room so that she was facing her. There hadn't been any preparation then for what she saw, save that Farmer, who seemed to be Ellen's first heard her voice. But somehow Ellen managed to keep her eyes steadily on the other woman's face, to control the quick horror that came at the sight of it. For she had seen never a woman what was and like, with her mouth distorted so grotesquely by the scars that crisscrossed her face, twisting even the contours of it and leaving only her eyes untouched.

"I told you I didn't want another nurse, Keith," she said slowly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Brown, but I prefer complete privacy where my home is concerned. And then without another word she turned away."

"Please don't be upset, Mr. Gaines," Ellen said. "I understand how things are and..."

"I'd like you to stay," he said, looking at her intently. "If you feel that you can cope with the situation. Now you see how it is. My wife resents working in the hospital. Miss Hethers is the only person who

JOE EBERLY—handsome young singer with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, head of Friday night's NBC program. Joe has been singing since he was a school kid in Hoosick Falls, N. Y. He sold newspapers and did odd jobs to get money to come to New York. When he finally made the jump he traveled on the Albany and New York trains and slept on the cars, and a half he almost starved. Then he won a Fred Allen amateur contest, but after that nothing else happened and he went back home. Six years ago he was engaged to sing at the police ball in Troy, then he wrote a letter to his manager and he was signed by Joe with any other orchestra. Joe is a talented cartoonist and likes baseball.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
She couldn't go on. And Ellen knew it was because she was ashamed to admit that lovelessness even in a flower disturbed her.

"But they're so beautiful," Ellen said quickly, feeling it was much better to drag the resentment into the open, "Don't you think so?"

For a moment Grace looked at her, then her husky eyes and her tortured face and her hand out went and touched one of the flowers.

"Yes," she whispered. She turned to go but when she reached the door she stopped and after a moment walked slowly back into the room again. "Oh, always to be flowers," she said uncertainly. "Particularly camellias, those dark pink ones. Keith liked to see them in my hair. But now... can you imagine me with flowers?"

"Yes, I can, Mrs. Gaines," Ellen said quickly. "You seem the type of woman who would fill her house with them all the time."

"I used to," Grace said then. Suddenly she laughed. "It's pretty awful feeling it's a flower, isn't it? But I am. You knew that, didn't you? And suddenly it was as if a bond had taken the place of the old resentment as they laughed together.

Grace thought for a moment she only knew she was in a strange room. Then realization flooded into her mind. It was true. She had really left, had really run away from Anthony and had come here to this distant city, to this dark, curtained house and had promised to nurse Grace Gaines. Because Ellen knew that earlier that moment could be full of the memory of Anthony, she must force herself to welcome this new task. But that was too late to be fleeing from his love, of denying what was in her heart, might slowly recede before the effort to help Grace Gaines finding its way back into a world of reality.

But it was the hardest task Ellen had ever set herself. Miss Hethers was only hostile and Grace Gaines accepted her with a stony reserve that Ellen could not break down, try as she would. And it wasn't long before Ellen knew there was a need for a nurse to be in that house, for in losing her beauty, Grace Gaines had lost her desire to live too. And Ellen could see that she would not give into a sudden, mad impulse to take her own life.

"I picked some zinnias and marigolds in the garden and brought them into the house that she first realized she could influence her patient. She had come into the room and gone swiftly to the huge vase and stood there staring down at the flowers.

"Gladly. From them here," Grace said then.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Gaines," Ellen said quickly. "I didn't know you were allergic to flowers."

"I'm not allergic to them," Grace said slowly. "It's just that..."

JULY, 1941
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GONE TO THE WALL

"I suppose it is," she said dully. And Ellen forced herself not to protest as she ripped it off and thrust it into the housekeeper's arms. "Fine, you take it. I never was so stupid before again."

Hethers' eyes looked triumphant as she left the room, and Ellen's eyes blazed as she went through the kitchen toward her. Then she turned to Mrs. Gaines.

"Don't you see what she is doing?" she asked then. "Don't you see she deliberately says things like that to get things away from you?"

"And I was beginning to think you were my friend!" Grace Gaines looked straight at him. "What a fool I am! I should have known Hethers is the only real friend I have in the world. You made me buy that dress so I didn't you? So that Keith would see the contrast between us. Funny, isn't it? I didn't believe Hethers when she told me you were in love with him, that you were trying to take him away from me."

Ellen gasped at the accusation—but the last flash of resentment gave way to the realization of what Grace Gaines must have suffered in her life to make such a preparation. And when she answered it was in a steady quiet voice.

"I couldn't do that even if I wanted to," she said. "You see, your husband happens to be in love with you."

"With me?" Grace Gaines laughed bitterly. "Oh, he was once, but that's over now. Every morning I wake with just one thought in my mind, wondering if this is the day he is going to tell me he loves me again."

"Hethers has put that thought in your mind, too, hasn't she?" Ellen asked. "Don't you see? It's only tried to dominate you so that she can keep complete control of this house? Don't you see what she's done to it and to you, covering yourself with her bitterness? But of course, you can't blame her, she isn't as lucky as you've been."

"Lucky! How can you call me lucky?"

"How could I call you anything else?" Ellen said quietly. You have a husband so adores you in spite of what you think, you have a home of your own, security, all the things a poor frustrated woman like Miss Hethers has never had. Naturally she envies you."

"You can stand there looking at me and say that?" Grace Gaines said. "Seeing my face . . . Oh, you don't know what it is to be the way I am, to be afraid of everything, the world, the people in it; to be shut out of everything, everyone."

"It's you who've locked the doors against the world," Ellen said quietly. "You have given me a chance to show you how little the things you are afraid of really mean. I never knew you before and yet I wanted to be friends with you from the beginning. I liked you."

"And my face didn't horrify you?"

"Of course it didn't," Ellen said simply. "It was the first time I liked. The you I saw in your eyes."

"If only I could believe that!" Grace Gaines said slowly. "I could. Ellen thought then that this strange battle of wills might end victoriously. For there had been hope in the woman's eyes; but there had been a beautiful again for that brief moment.

Walking down the quiet, dusty street that afternoon, Ellen's heart raced with hope and fear and a mad impulse to deny the thought that had come to her. Why hadn't she thought of it before? Ellen had seen them at the Simpsonville Health Center at Simpsonville, hopeless, despairing. She remembered, too, their leaving, the disfigurement covered. And then the anger she felt, all their bitterness gone, as though it had been wiped clean from their souls.

An operation on Gray hair, Ellen thought! Every other hair that thought was crowded from Ellen's mind. For at the same split second had come the other realization. There were only a few in the country who could perform such an operation. Anthony, Doctor Anthony Loring. And there was only one thing to do, to persuade him to let Anthony perform the operation. Herself!

THAT night, before Ellen's courage could be scattered and dissipated by delay, she went to Grace Gaines.

"Has anyone ever suggested an operation?" Ellen asked.

"It's no use," Grace Gaines shook her head. "Keith took me to the best specialists in the country right after I was married. They were afraid my heart wouldn't stand the shock of the anaesthetic. Keith wouldn't allow it."

"But that was years ago," Ellen protested. "It might be all right now."

"Why should it be?" Grace Gaines said listlessly.

"I know a doctor," Ellen began, forcing the words against her will, now, to know that with him on his side the operation wouldn't be delayed. "I went and looked. Anthony Loring. The most skilful surgeon I've ever seen."

"There was no sign of interest in her patient's response. "Doctor Loring."

"I've seen him perform operations much more difficult than this would be," Ellen continued. "You've got to let me call him."

Waiting for the silence that followed, Ellen prayed. But when Grace Gaines spoke, she nodded her head. "All right, Ellen. It can't hurt to have him examine you."

Ellen called the same hour. She gave the operator the number she knew so well, the number that would summon a voice that Ellen longed to hear above all else in the world and yet feared most of all to listen to.

She heard, "Health Center, Doctor Loring speaking." And then she was speaking to him, telling him where she was.

"It's lonesome!" There was elation, excitement in his voice now. "You've called. Oh, Ellen," Anthony said, "I've waited so long to hear. So long."

"I'll be there by morning," Ellen's eyes. "Anthony, I can't tell you everything now, but you must come to New River City. Keith Gaines' home. Anyone can tell you where to find it."

"I'll be there by morning."

"What could she say to destroy the jubilation in his voice?"

"It was the first time I was asking you to come to see me," Ellen said. But Anthony was talking again, not listening, saying, "Ellen, did you go to stay this time? Promising me you'd be there?"

"I— I promise," Ellen said. It was an effort to place the telephone receiver, but then.

It was a brilliant, cool morning. Ellen stood at the door waiting for the hum of a car motor that she would
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The young woman owes herself all the facts about intimate daintiness and attraction. Yet too many are too timid to seek true facts. And others risk the use of overstrong solutions in feminine hygiene which can actually burn and scar delicate tissues.

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FREE with every simulated diamond purchased. Closed now; hurry now. City, State, County, Name, Address, Sexe, Size, Width, and Material of simulated diamond desired. Send today! Discuss with druggist. Offer limited. Orders must be accompanied by Remittance, as applicable.

BLOONDS TRY THIS 11 MINUTE SHAMPOO AT HOME TONIGHT!

Blonde hair is so lovely when it shines with cleanliness. That's why I want you to go to your nearest 10c store and get the new shampoo made specially for you. It is a fragrant powder that whips up into luscious cleansing suds. Instantly removes the dull, dust and flakier film that makes blonde hair look dingy. Called Blondex, it helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blond hair. Takes but 11 minutes and you do it yourself at home. Blondex is absolutely safe, even for a few pennies to use. May be had at 10c or drug stores. Get a package today.
FACING THE MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

herself in the musical world, first as a competent violinist in the Paramount theater pit band, and then as a radio orchestra leader, he immediately began his unsellable plan to mould Harry’s career.

The boy didn’t fail his brother. He first attracted attention on the air with a solid, swing quintette that played garishly titled but always original tunes Ray composed. Some of them were “Two Evening in Tuxedo,” “Powerhouse,” “Toy Trumpet,” “Christmas Night In Harlem,” “Huckleberry Duck.”

People asked him how in the world he dreamed up such wild titles.

“Maybe I ought to be psychoanalyzed but you see I like to write interesting things. Anyway I found the novelty tunes caught on. I wrote forty ballads but no one paid any attention to them.”

Although some say Ray acts eccentric, he really is a practical person. Wise brother Mark drummed that into him years ago. That is why he organized a regular dance orchestra about a year ago.

DANCE bands provide a substantial living,” he pointed out, “and give you an opportunity to experiment with less commercial ideas.

Ray’s band, featuring singers Clyde Burke, Gloria Hart and a fine set of swing and sweet instrumentalists, is currently clicking on Columbia records, in theaters, one-night stands and college proms.

His brother’s career now successfully launched, Mark is now concentrating exclusively on his own. He is busy conducting three top CBS shows, The Hit Parade, We, The People, and the Helen Hayes Revue, building a dance band for recording work and special affairs, and planning a contemporary American music concert to be held in New York next Fall.

Off the bandstand, Mark has little time for himself. His wife died several years ago and the dual role of daddy-mother to the three children, Morton, 13, Elaine, 13, and Sandra, 7, is an exhausting one. Mark bought a fourteen-room estate in Kenilworth, N.J., and lives there with the children. In town he has a large studio apartment just around the corner from CBS.

When he gets time to relax he sails a forty-six-foot yawl.

“I don’t know much about boats,” he told me. “But I saw Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story and I think my boat is yar too.”

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Bing Crosby: “Dolores” and “De Camp Town Races” (Decca 3644). A rhythmic alliance with the Merry Macs makes for a record standout. Bing does a brace of tunes from his new film Road to Zanzibar (Decca 3653-3657) but they all have a familiar ring.

Kay Kyser: “They Met In Rio” and “Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi, YP” (Columbia 36003). Both from Zanzibar’s tribute to South America. If you insist on the original, get Carmen Miranda’s colorful Decca album which has tunes from the picture.

Leo Reisman: “Jenny” and “This Is New” (Victor 27340). From Lady in The Dark, the biggest musical hit Broadway has seen in generations. The Kurt Well-ira Gershwin score is joy to anyone’s ears. If you want a complete set of tunes buy Gertrude Lawrence’s glamorous Victor album or Hildegard’s equally smart choro for Decca.

Dick Jurgens: “My Sister I” and “Pardon Me For Palling In Love” (Okeh 6094). Here’s a sentimental ballad based on a Dutch refugee boy’s diary, backed by a danceable tune.

Glenn Miller: “Swanee River From Heaven” and “I Dreamt I Dwelt In Harlem” (Bluebird 11063). Nicely balanced and up to the Miller standard.

Guy Lombardo: “The Band Played On” and “You Stepped Out Of A Dream” (Decca 3675). This old tune was nostalgically revived in Jimmy Cagney’s The Front Page. Now Lombardo revives it and puts a brand new tune on the reverse. Sentimentalists will like it.

Freddy Martin: “Corn Silk” and “Too Beautiful to Last” (Bluebird 11050). This band is still tops for smooth tempos.

Some Like It Swing:

Woody Herman: “Blue Flame” and “Fur Trappers Ball” (Decca 3643). Woody couples his theme with a howling swing session.

Harry James: “Eli Eli” and “A Little Bit of Heaven” (Columbia 35979). Here’s something unusual for listening purposes.

Raymond Scott: “Evening Star” and “Blues My Girl Friend Taught Me” (Columbia 35980). Evidence that this year-old band contains some fine instrumentalists.

Lionel Hampton: “Open House” and “Bogo Joe” (Victor 27341). This corner’s swing favorite of the month. Hampton’s vibraphone work is tops.

SAY HELLO TO... SAMMIE HILL—(and that’s not a misprint, it’s really her name) who plays Casino on NBC’s serial, Home of the Brave. Many proud fathers have been disappointed because their heirs turned out to be hows but few have ever taken matters in hand like Samuel J. Hill, Sammie’s father. He already had a Virginia, an Ann, and a Nancy when Sammie was born, and his heart was set on a boy. But it was another girl, so Samuel J. cosigned himself by naming the little one—Sammie Jane, after his Simm and Popeye’s nearest feminine approach to his own middle name of Jones. Sammie does all right for herself on the air, so her masculine name can’t be a handicap. She had only two radio jobs before her present role.
Are Heroes Born or Made?

The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne

The reception Lindbergh received upon his return from his conquest of the North Atlantic will go down in history. Overnight he became a national hero. Upon him were bestowed honor, wealth, high position, by an adoring public. Anne Morrow, charming daughter of one of America's oldest and wealthiest families became his bride.

What has happened since? Did Lindbergh prove equal to the greatness thrust upon him?

Does he still hold the affection of the public?

Is his lovely lady still as happy as ever at the choice she made?

You have probably asked yourself these and many other questions about the Lindberghs and now you can determine the answers for yourself. In True Story for July is a deeply penetrating article titled "The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne," which whether you approve or disapprove of Lindbergh, will be more than worth your while to read. Take no chances, get your copy today.

UNTANGLED NATURE DOES NOT CHANGE but conditions and influences governing human life change endlessly. Because True Story is written largely by its readers its pages reflect such changes almost as soon as they have taken place. Physically True Story keeps pace. Important changes have been made in the July issue. It has been revitalized, streamlined, modernized into a magazine that will charm you with its appearance, thrill you with its contents. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover in full color. Get your copy today.

OVERFLOWG WITH HAPPINESS

In these days of weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and you laugh alone, it is a real joy to read a true story filled to overflowing with human happiness. "From This Day Forward" is about a boy, a girl, a mother-in-law and an old, old problem. A battle in which both sides win, it will warm your heart to read it. You will find it among the wealth of absorbing true stories and helpful departments in True Story for July, on sale wherever magazines are sold.
UP... UP... and away—'

Red cape streaming in the night wind, Superman winged his way through the darkness, convinced he had hit on the solution to the mysteri-
ous explosion. Five minutes later, as Clark Kent, he sat talking to the
Melville Chief of Police, a head-
quarters. When he told one of the four inch cylinders on
the Chief's desk and pried off the top. He
picked up an empty, or gently turned into a tiny part of the
contents of the cylinder. It was a thin
grayish-black powder. First warning
the officer, Kent
struck, match and dropped it in the
tray. There was a flash and a roar and
the room shook with the explosion.
‘When the smoke cleared, Clark Kent
turned excitedly to his companion:
“Chief, now you know. There’s
enough of this powder in each of
these metal cylinders to blow a
battleship apart. It’s the most power-
ful explosive I’ve ever seen—and Holb-
hein was packing it all! Does
“But why, Kent—why?”

That’s what we have to find out—immediately. That explosion in the
factory may have been caused by
someone’s setting off this stuff acci-
dentally. Chief, wait for me here. I’ve
another little tour of inspection.”

Once outside, Clark Kent dis-
ppeared and again, his powerful figure
shrouded in protective darkness,
Superman sped to Holbein’s house.
He landed lightly in the factory
owner’s front yard and looked around.
The house lay in total darkness.
Creeping up the steps, Superman tried
the door. It was locked but that
meant nothing to the Man of Steel.
Bracing himself, he pressed his shoul-
derd hard against it. Cracking and
splintering, the door burst open. But
the house was empty. It echoed and
re-echoed as Superman called in vain
for Lois Lane. He started to give
up when he noticed something:
“Hold on—there’s something writ-
ten on the table—written with a lip-
stick—‘A message for Superman! Do
let that message for me—but what
island?”

Desperately hoping that the Police
Chief might know what the clue he
had hurried back to headquarters.
The officer was eager to cooperate. Within
an hour, he was able to assemble
a priceless information: the airport
reported that Holbein’s private plane
had disappeared. A Coast Guard had
seen it, minutes later, heading out
through the island owned by
the doll manufacturer.

Superman needed no more. Outside,
safe from curious eyes, he sprang high
on his flying horse. With speed of a
whistling bullet, he cut through the
fog-bound night. But even as he
neared the island, Hans Holbein and his
helper, Joe, safe on
their island, listened to a police call
on a powerful short-wave radio—
‘Manhattan calling all Coast Guard stations and police boats—
reported missing—Lois Lane—
A-N, height, five feet four
weight, one brown in ten pounds
black hair, brown eyes—watch all
fishing boats and private planes—I
will report.

Joe snatched the radio off: “Boss,
we gotta get rid of that girl and I
know how to do it. The Barometer’s
fallin’—that means a storm comin’
up—the tide’s runnin’ out. Come on—
we’ll put her in a rowboat an’ let her
get out to sea.”

Superman helplessly, Lois sought
the two men as they picked her up
and carried her out to the beach. The
boat, tied to the bottom of the small rowboat
as they set it adrift. Moment by moment,
the high wind and fast-ebbing tide
carried the boat further out to sea.

Long minutes later Superman found
an opening in the low, murky ceiling
of the sky. As he looked down, he
could see lines of red over the
smoke—'Good heavens—the sea
smoke—'Good heavens—the sea
boats—and someone’s in it. Look, that
boat almost swamped it!
I guess I’d better get down there
and investigate.”

Fearlessly, he dove deep into
the angry waters and began swimming—
“That wave capsized the boat—I
may not be able to find whoever was in
it—not in this sea—faster—FASTER
—Here’s no sign of a human being—wait—what’s
that bobbing up ahead? It’s a woman!
‘Got her! Good heavens—It’s Lois—
Goodness, my poor child! Mr. Holbein,
we’ll settle with you!”

Like a giant bird, the unconscious
form of Lois Lane in his arms,
Superman flew. Depositing her gently on
the sand, her face turned skyward,
the doll man, standing determinedly
beside an odd
and a giant electric switch. Voice high
with rage and a mad hysteria, Holbein
shouted at his pursuer: “I’ve no
words—don’t touch me! You have
stopped a great work. With
my powder I might some day have
ruled the universe! One pound of it
would level a great city! I would
have ruled the land and ruled the sea!

‘But now it is too late. And so, we
shall die together. You see this
switch. Yes, I have sized
some day an accident might happen—
like the explosion in my factory—an
accident that would land on
my trail—and so I prepared. Buried
deep in the sand—all over the island—
are hundreds of pounds of my
explosive—electric wires lead to
this switch. I will throw it—and this
island and you and I and Joe will
blow up into a million fragments and
disappear into the sea!”

His laughter rose maniacally and
then, before even Superman could
reach him, the hand of the madman
plunged into the switch. But Joe, in his
first rumbles of the explosion began,
Superman, moving with a speed
that sent the light in
the open and beside the still unconscious
Lois. As he snatched her up,
the ground opened beneath them. Shielded
from the red Italian band he
bounced harmlessly off him, Superman
quickly leaped into the air. High
above, he turned to look back in time
to see the Italian band
and his henchman disappear under
the sea.

Don’t fail to get the August issue of
Radio Mirror and read another thrill-
ing episode in the life of Super-
man, living symbol of Justice, who
triumphs against evil!
INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize that he may be able to enjoy good health, to laugh, to be vigorous and lusty, after years of feeling that all-in feeling due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul, as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how flaggy I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. "Why don’t you take Internal Baths?" he asked, ‘they did wonders for me.’"

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure, warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Send for This Free Booklet

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of “Why We Should Bathe Internally.” This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.

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Name
Street
City
State

JULY, 1941
How We Met

(Continued from page 21)

I was lost. I couldn’t blame Hal, but each time I began an explanation the words choked in my throat.

Then we both knew we were in a place that was perfect. Hal walked with me up to the porch. I flung up my key, and despairingly looked up at Hal:

“Well, here we are.”

His set features didn’t relax.

“Yeah—here we are,” I said. I couldn’t let him go. I had to find some chink in his armor.

“Hal, I want to…”

But he wouldn’t let me finish.

“I know you wanted to thank me for a very lovely evening. Well, there’s no need to lie about it. Grace, if there’s anything I despise it’s a liar and a cheat.

“There aren’t many men around like Jerry, and he hates a cheat as much as I do. Just remember that. Now you’d better go inside before I say anything else I’m sorry for.”

The door was open. How could I answer him? Cinderella had waited too long.

“I don’t suppose there’d be any use in my explaining now! And I wondered if I were the tears in my voice. But he had already started down the walk.

“Not the finest. Good night.”

I stood still and the heavens and the earth seemed to swim into each other. He was going and I was doing nothing to stop him. But I could never retreat back into the dull, clay-touched world I had known. Hal was life and love and escape and I was losing him. I threw away every restricting impulse. Pleadingly, I called after him:

“Hal, wait a minute. Come back, please.”

Still stubborn, still unending, his gruff reply gave me no encouragement.

“What do you want?”

But I wouldn’t stop now. “I can’t let you go away, like this, believing what you do.”

“You lied to me about Jerry and yourself, didn’t you?”

“Hardly, I swear. ‘Yes, but…”

Again he stopped me. “That’s all I wanted to know.”

He was back on the porch beside me. I faced him squarely and placed my hands, imploringly, on his arms. The moon held us in an eerie sort of spell and a strange spell it was. I’d been trapped in the heavy silence of sleep. And I, driven by a mass of mixed, swirling emotions, fear and love and desperation, held tight to the man that I thought was a liar and a cheat. But I had felt his arms tremble when I touched them.

He must have seen the longing in my eyes, he must have felt the tingle, the anticipation in my fingertips because, suddenly, he bent low...

“Darling, darling—what I’ve been wanting to do ever since I first held you in my arms—”

His lips were hard and unyielding but they burned deep into mine and time stopped for me. How long he held me I do not know. I thought I had won, but I was wrong. I opened my eyes. The moon was still there. The street still slept. But Hal’s face was tight and bitter with fury.

“Well, are you satisfied now?” He bit out the words grimly. “You succeeded in proving that we’re both a couple of cheats!”

Stricken and wordless, I waited for him to go on. But before he could, the half-open door swung wide. It was Grace, and her smile told me that she had seen me in Hal’s arms.

“Nice going, children.”

Hal was embarrassed and, floundering, tried to apologize.

“Sis,” I stammered out, “we didn’t see you…”

“How could you? You were so wrapped up in each other.”

Poor Hal, he was so worried that my sister might get the wrong impression about me. I know what you think but that kiss was my own idea. It wasn’t Grace’s fault at all.”

Grace’s eyes were wide with astonishment. She looked unbelievingly at Hal.

“Grace’s fault? Do you mean that she hasn’t told you?”

“Told me what?”

My heart danced. We’d make Hal understand! I laughed and he turned to look at me, bewildered, as I said:

“Gracie would never let me. Grace.”

“Now he was hopelessly confused. He didn’t understand why we were both giggling so shamelessly. “Say, will somebody please set me straight.”

The masquerade, which had brought me so close to disaster, was over. I asked Grace to leave us. I had a lot of explaining to do. As the door shut behind her, I whispered:

“Well, Hal, in the first place, as I’ve been trying to tell you every evening, I’m not Grace. I’m Jean.”

He didn’t let me say any more. And this time his lips were not hard and unyielding. I had been afraid of love. But I was afraid no more.
- So many women who prize that gracious air of poise and charm, have made Modess their sanitary napkin.
- For poise depends so much on comfort—and Modess is a miracle of comfort. Inside the snowy surgical gauze covering of every Modess pad is a filler so downy and soft we call it "fluff." This airy fluff filler is very different from the filler found in most other napkins.
- That’s why there’s nothing like Modess for comfort! And Modess is wonderfully safe, too. Read why in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.
with us

It's Chesterfield

... the cooler, better-tasting, definitely milder cigarette

Join up with the satisfied smokers the country over and share in the enjoyment of Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Chesterfield's exclusive blend gives you a balance of mildness and taste in just the way you want it.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO They Satisfy

Copyright 1941, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
A Complete Radio Novel—THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

THE GOLDBERGS—See All Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs
When comfort means so much

- Put comfort on your shopping list. Write down the name "Modess."
- You'll soon appreciate the difference Modess Sanitary Napkins can make in your comfort. For inside the snowy white surgical gauze covering of Modess is a filler so airy-light, and downy-soft that we've named it "fluff." Fluff is very different from the filler found in most other napkins.
- And because fluff is so soft and gentle, there’s nothing quite like Modess for comfort. You'll find Modess is wonderfully safe, too! Read why in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. You can buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.

Soft as a fleecy cloud
HEARTS WILL SKIP... if your Smile is Right!

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.

Compliments and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they’re yours to win and possess. Just bring your smile to its sparkling best and eyes and hearts will open to you!

Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! Help your smile. Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a dare to see your dentist immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he’ll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today’s soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Use Ipana and Massage
Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"
Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree

Yes, of the nation’s foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman’s most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless.”
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Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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What do You want to Say?

FIRST
Why must all radio humor consist of verbal custard pie throwing? When I was very young, I used to think I was pretty witty when I addressed my friends as “Hi, pie face,” or “Hello, ugly.” And now comedians get paid for being either insulting or insulted. The Jack Benny program, for example, is now just a series of slams at our Jack. I’m all a-gag every time I hear it.

Little Charlie earns his pennies by insulting Edgar and his guests. You’d think he could find something a little funnier, wooden you?—Marion Goodwin, Andover, New York.

SECOND
In order to avoid missing some of my favorite programs, I made a list cataloguing each day, station and time. A discarded framed picture was the solution for hanging the list on the wall near the radio. The back of the frame is easily removed so changes can be made in the list. It is not conspicuous and is quickly read.—Mrs. Lyman P. Weld, Longmont, Colo.

THIRD
While I realize Information Please is a top ranking program, and that all those on the “board of experts” know just about everything put to them, I cannot see that it helps the listening audience with real worthwhile information.

Most of the questions offer listeners nothing more than a “show-off” of the experts’ ability to do complicated, quirky deducting. Maybe I am wrong, but I feel they should offer more real, helpful information, such as history, current events, lexicography and correct grammar, instead of all the asinine nursery rhymes and hidden Shakespearean passages.—Helen Wickert, Baltimore, Md.

FOURTH
On our so-called “True-to-Life” dramas, over the air, we seem to be having an epidemic of people holding long conversations with their con- (Continued on page 62)

NOTICE
Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine on the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.

AUGUST, 1941

Guard your Charm all Day
with quick, convenient Mum

WHAT IS MUM? Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST. Even the most glorious bath can’t prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.

IN A HURRY? Mum’s speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.

MUM HELPS SOCIALLY. What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

Your clothes, your hat and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so quick, so safe, so sure. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you’re dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist’s today. See if Mum’s convenience, Mum’s speed. Mum’s effectiveness don’t give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

SO HANDY! Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

DEPENDABLE! Mum is sure—prevents risk of offending—does not stop perspiration.

SAFE! Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—even after you’re dressed. It won’t injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
ONE NIGHT after the other, Kate Smith and Jack Benny both celebrated their tenth anniversaries in radio. Kate's party was in New York, at the Astor Hotel, Jack's was in Hollywood, at the Biltmore Bowl, and both of them were fancy social affairs.

CBS gave Kate a reception and dance after her Friday-night broadcast, while Jack was the guest of honor at a dinner thrown by NBC. Speeches were almost non-existent at Kate's party, very plentiful at Jack's, but there was very little solemnity at either. All of radio's comedians who broadcast from Hollywood were at the Biltmore to honor Jack with good-natured, kidding insults. Said Bob Hope, "I'm very happy to be here at this publicity stunt. Benny's my favorite among the older comedians." Fibber McGee asked Molly how long they'd been on the air, and Molly answered, "Fifteen years." "What did NBC ever give us on our tenth anniversary?" Fibber asked disgustedly. Molly replied, "They started signing our contracts with ink."

Jack was the only comedian present who made no attempt to be funny. His little speech of thanks was quiet and heart-felt.

Yes, Bess Johnson loves to ride horseback—but last month she was doing her dramatic broadcasts from a wheelchair because she departed from a horse's back rather too suddenly. Bess says bitterly, "You can lead a horse to water—and drown him, as far as I'm concerned, if he's the one I was riding."

Ezra Stone's status in the draft still has his sponsors worried. He'll be able to stay with the Aldrich Family show until July 10, when it takes a four-week vacation. After that—well, Henry Aldrich may be in the army.

National defense is the reason The Amazing Mr. Smith has to go off the air late in June. It's sponsored by a company that makes tin cans for beer, and metal is getting so precious it can't be used for that frivolous purpose any more. Hence there isn't much point in having a radio program to advertise things you can't make or sell. The Amazing Mr. Smith may be snapped up by another sponsor, though. Keenan Wynn, who plays Mr. Smith, became a papa the other day—a son, and his first child. This makes Ed Wynn a grandfather, but he tells everyone, politely but firmly, not to call him that.

The no-applause rule on the Kraft Music Hall has been broken just twice since the show first went on the air. The first time to break it was the big boss himself, J. L. Kraft, president of the sponsoring company. He got carried away with enthusiasm one night by the banter between Bing Crosby and some Boy Scout guests, and clapped before he remembered. The second time the rule was broken was on Alice Templeton's guest appearance. His rendition of the show's theme song, "Hail, KMH," was so good the audience couldn't keep from applauding.

By Dan Senseney

Molly McGee and her Fibber were among the comedians who came to congratulate Benny.

Fred Waring's press-agent, Hilda Cole, became the mother of twin girls—and promptly named one of them Freddie, after the boss.

Maudie's Diary, a half-hour comedy drama based on the "Maudie" character you may have read about in magazines, will replace Your Marriage Club in August.

Congratulations to the Inner Sanctum's chill-and-shiver programs on NBC Sunday nights. They started out with a good idea, floundered around a while, and now have settled down to being really clever and exciting. Tune one of them in and have yourself a scare to cool you off on a hot summer night.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Dick Pitts, WBT's Hollywood Reporter, agrees with old Bill Shakespeare that one man in his time plays many parts. Dick has played so many himself, in his twenty-nine years that he makes an ideal news-gatherer and a superb critic of motion pictures and their stars. He knows what a ditch-digger enjoys on the screen, and what a commercial artist would like, because he's been both. For the same reason, he can criticize a movie from the standpoint of an engineer's assistant or an actor.

Dick is on WBT twice a week at 5:15 in the afternoon. Broadcasting is just one of his jobs; the other is being the motion picture, art, drama and music editor of the Charlotte Observer, a post he has held successfully for the past seven years.

Back in 1930, Dick got his first taste of radio when he wrote, directed and acted in radio dramas by the dozens. But drama had claimed him long before that—at (Continued on page 6)
If someone told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you...the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should realize this threat and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wallflowers who overlook it can't complain if wallflowers they remain.

Take This Precaution

Instead of taking your breath for granted, remember that it may be "off color" and use Listerine Antiseptic every day as a mouth rinse. It is such an easy, delightful, and effective precaution...one which helps you to appear at your best socially or in business.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

A Hint to Men

Men can be bad offenders in this matter, so if you adroitly suggest the use of Listerine Antiseptic to them, you'll be doing them a real favor.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Beautiful screen star Mary Astor has her own program, but as yet it is heard only on the Pacific Coast; below, Dick Pitts is the Hollywood Reporter for station WBT in Charlotte, N.C.

the age of six, to be exact. He's acted both in the movies and on the stage.

Tall, blue-eyed, and one of the most eligible bachelors in town, Dick leads the kind of life most of us long for. Late each afternoon, never earlier than three o'clock, he makes his unhurried way to his desk at the newspaper office, reads his mail, checks the city desk for assignments, then at his leisure either writes a story or heads uptown to find one. When he comes to WBT for his broadcast heambles in with his script stuffed carelessly into an inside pocket and faces the microphone about a minute before air-time. On his program he reports Hollywood happenings and talks about the new pictures in the same casual, unhurried manner. In fact, there's no word except "unhurried" to describe him.

When Dick took over his Hollywood reporting job scores of telegrams of congratulations poured in for him from movie celebrities, all friends of long standing. With typical Pitts nonchalance he stuffed them all into a back pocket and forgot about them until he happened to want his handkerchief. If they hadn't fallen out then, to be picked up by studio acquaintances, he might never have gotten around to letting it be known that people like Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy had sent him good wishes.

Raymond Gram Swing got his Christmas present in June this year. His sponsor, White Owl Cigars, renewed his contract then, to run through next December 25.

There's more than one way for a radio script writer to get inspiration. Mrs. Gertrude Berg, author and star of The Goldbergs, was stuck for an idea to carry her story on, so she wrote herself out of the script and took a vacation in South Carolina. When she came back to New York she brought with her an idea for a full episode, lasting several weeks and laid in—of course—South Carolina.

Apparently the Dionne Quints flatly refused to speak in English when they were first scheduled to broadcast on Red Sparks' Canadian program over CBS. The whole incident is shrouded in mystery, with program officials hinting that someone in the children's household must have persuaded the little girls to be uncooperative.

Dick Widmark, who was playing the role of Neil Davison in the Home of the Brave serial, was inducted into the army early in June. Chances are he's now at Fort Ord in California, along with James Stewart and Jackie Coogan.

Good news is that the Ellery Queen mystery series may be back on the air soon—perhaps by the time you're reading this.

Myron McCormick, who plays Joyce Jordan's husband in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne over CBS, is always surprising the other actors on the program with the gifts he brings to the studio on special occasions. For instance, on Easter he distributed candy eggs, on birthdays he shows up with a cake, and on Fourth of July he always brings firecrackers or miniature flags. Recently he presented Ann Shepherd with an expensive bottle of perfume. No one could figure out why—until Myron explained that he and Ann had been "married"—in the script—for exactly one year.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Although Carl Chamberlain's nightly program, Sports Parade, is still a younger at programs go, it has already become required listening for Rochester people. It's heard at 6:30 every evening except Sunday over the Rochester's station WSAY, and the big reason for its success is Carl himself.

Carl is a veteran sports authority, and has been successful as an athlete, coach and official. Besides being WSAY's sports expert, he is Director of Athletics at Franklin High School in Rochester, the largest secondary school between New York and Chicago.

During the World War, Carl enlisted as a private at the age of seventeen, saw service in France, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve upon his discharge. From 1921 to 1928 he was athletic director at a small high school in Charlotte, N. Y., and attracted attention when his basketball team, despite its origin in a small school, won a championship.

He's been in Rochester, directing athletics at the 4000-student Franklin High, since 1930; and in that time he has built teams that have consistently won high places in inter-scholastic athletic events. As a part-time reporter for Rochester papers, he writes expert columns on basketball and football. His hobby is sports promotion and publicity.

Although he's busy most of the time, Carl loves to fish, swim, play tennis, go camping, and read. When he isn't at WSAY or his school year, and engaged in one or the other of these activities. Incidentally, speaking of tennis, his Franklin High team has been undefeated since 1927, and has won fourteen straight matches by shut-out scores. With records like that for his teams, no wonder sports-minded Rochester people look up to him as an authority.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa—Every day except Sunday the announcer at Shenandoah's station KMA says, "It's two o'clock and it's Kitchen Klatter Time at KMA. We now visit the home of Leanna Driftmier." And that, by re-
mote control, is exactly what the listener to KMA does. The broadcast has to come from Leanna Driftmier's home because Leanna herself spends all her life in a wheel-chair—although you would never suspect it from her cheerful, inspiring programs.

Leanna Driftmier's story is one of almost unbelievable courage. Until the late summer of 1930 she was a healthy, busy woman with the varied tasks and interests of any devoted wife and mother. Then her back was broken in a motor car accident while she was vacationing in southern Missouri with her husband. From then until Christmas Eve of the same year she was in a Kansas City hospital. Her homecoming on that memorable Christmas Eve was one of the most important events of the Driftmier family life.

A year or so later she had learned to walk on crutches, but one day her crutch slipped and she fell, breaking her hip. Now, paralyzed from the hips down, she accepts her condition with an infectious smile, spending all her time helping others through her broadcasts, letters, and a monthly Kitchen Klatter Magazine.

Even during the months in the hospital when she was in great pain, Leanna insisted she was glad the accident had happened to her instead of to anyone else in her family.

A typical Kitchen Klatter program is made up of recipes, a poem or two, or a story, a letter from one of Leanna's children, and just the sort of friendly talk one would expect to hear from Leanna if she were actually visiting each listener's home. Leanna's family consists of her husband and seven children, four sons and three daughters—although only one son is now at home. Another son is a missionary in Egypt, two others are in college, and the one at home is in business for himself. One daughter, a writer, lives in California; another is married and lives in Shenandoah, and the third is still in college. Listeners feel that they know these young Driftmiers personally, for Leanna passes along bits of news about them on every broadcast. The letters from her son in Egypt, which she reads on the air, are particularly appreciated.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The busiest person on the staff of Pittsburgh's station KQV these days is Jerry McConnell, the Gospel Singer. Jerry is heard on KQV every morning of the week, he works every day as dispatcher in.

(Continued on page 78)

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay—Go on the "MILD-SOAP"DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

You can be lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.

This soap cleans, freshens, tones, and is a real beauty treatment.
SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year... Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax wears internally. Even in a 41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games, use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notions counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

NEW LOW PRICES

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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City____ State____

There's a reason why bandleader Harry James, above, wants to live near the circus when he retires. Right, Lynn Gardner, newcomer to Will Bradley's dance orchestra.

ARTIE SHAW was offered the chance to conduct MBS' orchestra of 42 men but the clarinetist hasn't made up his mind.

Art Arther is busy taking serious music lessons from Dr. Hans Byrna, Austrian refugee and former Viennese opera conductor.

George Hall told me he will retire from active conducting and turn the band over to singer Dolly Dawn. George will act as manager.

Donna Reade, MBS Chicago vocalist, lost her four-month-old baby.

Bobby Byrne has succeeded despite a string of bad breaks. Last month he encountered another tough setback. Scheduled for a 12-week engagement at the Hotel New Yorker, Bobby was not permitted to play the date because the musicians' union, acting in sympathy with an electrical union strike at the hotel, wouldn't let any musicians cross the picket line. A hurried itinerary of one nights and a stretch at the Jersey Meadowbrook were substituted for the young trumpeter. On top of that, he experienced another minor hospital session.

Mrs. W. Baird of Pittsburgh should be very proud. Her two singing daughters, Eugenie and Kay Marie, came to New York and in two days landed jobs with bigtime bands—Eugenie with Tony Pastor and Kay with Mal Hallett. * * *

At a recent broadcast Walter Damrosch, accompanying Lady Monroe's rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," refused to rehearse the 60-piece orchestra. He said the musicians were Americans and shouldn't require rehearsals for the national anthem.

THIS CHANGING WORLD

Roy Eldridge, trumpet wizard, disbanded his own orchestra to take over a featured solo spot with Gene Krupa. Another Krupa acquisition is singer Anita O'Day. . . . Woody Herman gets to Hollywood's Palladium July 18 with an NBC wire. . . . Marion Francis is leaving Frankie Master's band for solo radio work. . . . Johnny Long is on NBC from Virginia Beach. . . . Duke Daly's unit is established for the summer at Playland Casino, Rye, N. Y. His wife is Paula Stone, one of Fred Stone's daughters. . . . Charlie Barnet's thrush, Lena Horne, has left the band. . . . Sammy Kaye is looking for a girl vocalist again. . . . Jan Savitt
and Art Jarrett are now waxing for Victor. Many of Hal Kemp's musicians are now with the latter. . . .

That baritone singer on the Big Sister daytime serial is former CBS page boy Bobby Gibson.

* * *

Shep Fields has discarded his rippling rhythms for a swingier type band that features ten saxophones.

* * *

By the time you read this Madison Square Garden will be transformed into a huge summer dance hall. MES has exclusive wires into the converted sports arena for broadcasts by Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet, and other headliners.

* * *

Dinah Shore has one of the most elaborate wardrobes in radio. She owns ten evening gowns, each costing about $125.

* * *

Canada Lee, dusky dramatic star of Orson Welles' stage hit "Native Son," and a former boxer, may turn bandleader and make his debut in Harlem's sizzling Savoy Ballroom.

* * *

Zinn Arthur, one of the first leaders to be drafted, is organizing a 35-piece musical unit at Camp Upton, Long Island.

Eddy Duchin is in Rio de Janeiro, in case you've missed him on the air. Remember Ray Noble's former vocalist, Al Bowly? Well, he's back in England and was recently a victim of a Nazi bombing blitz.

Noble's new trio includes a pair of twins, Lee and Lynn Wild, who are almost identical. Lynn is five feet two. Lee is five two and a fraction. Lynn weighs 106, a pound more than her sister. To complicate matters, both are nicknamed "Twinnie."

Dick Jurgens has invested $5,000 in recording equipment which he uses to cut test records before going to the Okeh studios for the actual transmissions.

Will Bradley is set for New York's Hotel Astor roof July 17, following Tommy Dorsey.

Gray Gordon, who discarded his tie-toc style because it outlived its usefulness, is now searching for a theme song title.

Benny Goodman is living proof that swing is far from dead. He cracked nearly all the Paramount theater, New York, records when he played there recently with his new band, though playing on the same bill with the new Crosby-Hope film, "Road to Zanzibar," didn't hurt.

All radio row believes that Jack Teagarden has finally organized the kind of band worthy of him, after several false starts. The band has just been signed for Bing Crosby's new picture, "Birth of the Blues."

FROM SAWDUST TO STARDUST

WHEN most of the current crop of young bandleaders were still in knickers, grudgingly keeping dates with their music teachers, six-year-old Harry James was proudly turning flip-flops in a bigtime circus.

As the boys grew older, worshiping Bix Beiderbecks and other great swing stylists, Harry listened to his trumpet-playing father tell stories about another famous trumpeter, Herbert Clark. But where Bix pioneered a new music form, Clark faithfully carried on the fast-fading profession of cornet virtuoso in a military band.

Today as city-bred jazzists complain of one-night stand rigors, travel-toughened Harry smiles and says:

"This is just like the circus business, moving free and easy from town to town. I get restless if I have to stay in one place (Continued on page 51)."

COOL-WATER SOAP ENDS HOT-WATER FADING! TRY AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW!

Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! Safer for bright colors!

COLORS HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE, with the new Ivory Snow to give them SAFE washing care! Ivory Snow's brand-new soap that bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! And cool water is safe for the bright colors of all your washables!

Imagine! Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water! So you don't risk the heartbreak of watching pretty colors fade out and get dull from hot water. Besides, Ivory Snow is pure! So colors get double protection—pure suds and cool suds! Ask for Ivory Snow today—in the large economy size or the handy medium size.

2-MINUTE CARE FOR STOCKING WEAR!

Plenty of cool, pure suds pile up in 3 seconds! (No waiting for hot water.) Nightly care with Ivory Snow helps stockings wear!

WHAT A PICNIC FOR PRINT DRESSES!

Yes...Ivory Snow means happy days for pretty washables! Wash 'em time after time in those cool suds and see how colors stay bright! 

IVORY SNOW! NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP. 99% TRUE PURE

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT OFF. & FOREIGN & SIMILAR

AUGUST, 1941
SAV goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year ... Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a 31° wind, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintness line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it.

A doctor has preferred Tampax so ingeniously that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in tampon applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use sub or shower. No odor can form; no odor needs to be disposed of. Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. There is: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold in drug stores and not recommended. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don’t wait for next month!

Join the millions using Tampax now!
HOW FRANCES LANGFORD Remade Her

A re-birth into loveliness that is more than skin-deep is possible for every woman, says a famous star who is living proof that people do change the costume. This was no little girl playing dress-up games. This was a woman with a flair for style, a self possessed, confident woman, leaning lightly on her husband’s arm. Her face was radiant and lovely with happiness and the way she walked and smiled and talked made you instantly aware that she was a well poised, well rounded person.

Perhaps one of the most positive signs of the change in Frances Langford is the ease with which you can get her to talk about herself, now. We—Frances, Jon and I—sat in a corner of the studio to talk, while the rest of the cast rehearsed scenes in which Frances was not needed. And I was immediately struck by the difference. A couple of years ago, it would have been impossible to ask Frances the questions I did, without feeling impertinent.

I remarked that she had gained weight and that it was very becoming.

Frances smiled, “I’ve gained fifteen pounds,” she said proudly. “Jon makes me take a hot milk drink every night before we go to bed.”

“And I make her go to bed early,” Jon put in.

Frances nodded. “No more night clubs. We like to stay home. And we go to bed early, so we can get up early and get out into the sunshine.” She put her hand on Jon’s arm. “But the main reason I feel so well,” she said, “is that I don’t worry any more. I can lose more pounds by worrying. And I used to be stewing about something, all the time. Now,” she flashed a smile at her husband, “I’ve got everything I want. The world can’t frighten anyone as happy as I am.”

Jon grinned. “I’ll leave you, if you get fat,” he threatened.

“Then I’ll worry so much I’ll get thin again and you’ll come back,” Frances laughed.

“You’ve done other things besides gain weight,” I said then. “Your hair—”

“Oh, yes,” Frances said. “You know, it’s a funny thing about my hair. It used to be black, remember?” I remembered. “It photographed like a blotter, no life, no lights in it. And it always made my face look so small and sort of pinched. The only time it looked well, at all, was when I’d been out in the sun a lot and some red streaks would show up in it. So I tinted it copper. And the strange

PEOPLE are always saying—not a little glibly—that you can’t change human nature. Personally, I think there’s lots of room for argument there and I couldn’t ask for a better example to prove my point than Frances Langford.

For Frances has changed, not only her outward appearance, but her personality, deeply and fundamentally. And she did it deliberately.

As recently as 1938, in spite of five years of spectacular success—or perhaps, because of them—Frances Langford was still a child. She was over twenty, nevertheless she was still a little girl in an adult world. She was painfully shy and reluctant to assert herself, even among friends. She was too thin and quick to tears, timid and easily driven into a shell. She seemed bewildered by her success and overwhelmed by the visible evidences of it. Only when she was singing, was Frances sure of herself.

This was certainly a very different person from the Frances Langford who walked into the broadcasting studio the other day. She was wearing an all-black costume, a figure molding, draped, crepe dress and a huge “Merry Widow” hat, veiled with heavy lace. The only touch of color relief came from the amethyst ring and bracelets, which Jon Hall, her husband, had given her on her birthday.

Now, two years before, Frances appearing in such a costume would have set all her best friends to offering their condolences on her bereavement. It would have been unthinkable to them that Frances should wear sombre black for any other reason. Of course, there was more to it than

By PAULINE SWANSON
Is soap to blame if your

Skin Isn't

"Peaches and Cream"?

Your skin may be sensitive to one certain soap, yet

Cashmere Bouquet Soap may prove mild and agreeable

It's one of the mysteries of the human skin, that a perfectly good soap can prove irritating to certain complexions. One woman out of two reports that difficulty.

And yet these same women may find Cashmere Bouquet Soap entirely agreeable to a sensitive skin. Yes, generations of lovely women have relied on this mild soap. And because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over . . . and to be gloriously scented with the fragrance men love . . . you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too.

Get three luxurious cakes of mild, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.
How brutally blind a man can be! He was an American radio broadcaster in London when he first saw her, standing bewildered before the ruins of her home. Then she turned and smiled at him.

I had very suddenly become sick of war, the night I met Judy. I think that was part of it, and the way she was feeling, too. But not all of it. How brutally blind a man can be!

Blindness like that doesn’t happen just in a besieged city between two people half crazed by bombing. If it did I would not be writing this. I want to tell this story because my experience is only a rather extreme example of a tragic mistake that men in their arrogant stupidity are very prone to make. Perhaps I have a persistent little superstition that by trying to make up for mine, this way, a little, I can coax Fate to relent, to find me a way out—

So here it is.

Until that night the war had been a job to me; a hard, grueling job of course, sometimes frightening but always exciting and very often good fun. I didn’t miss the horror and agony of what people were suffering around me, and I was often shocked and depressed by it. But it never came through to me, as if it were my own. There was always something remote, something separating it from my life and making it a little unreal to me. After all, I had an expense account that let me eat at one of the best hotels in the world, where none of the diners felt the pinch of food rationing, where even the cots in the air raid shelters were covered with eiderdown puffs. None of the pink-cheeked boys who took off to meet their death fighting the Luftwaffe was my kid brother; none of the men who stood unprotected on rooftops during hour after hour of raids was uncle or father to me. Neither the girls driving the
He let her cry and held her close, smoothing her hair, murmuring little words. But still he didn't know what had so stirred him, making this moment, torn from war's desolation, so very beautiful.

She did not seem to see me. Her eyes were huge and staring with a blank look of terror. I spoke to her softly between the crashes.

ambulances nor the people dragged out from the ruins to ride in them were any kin of mine, and this country was not my country.

All I was there for was to see the show; record as much of it as the censors would allow, and speak it out across the airwaves to other Americans listening even more impersonally at home. And in between the more difficult and dangerous parts of gathering material there were plenty of drinks with other correspondents, lavish entertainment from this nation that wanted nothing more than the help of ours, and there was plenty of gay company among the gay, half-hysterical girls who were caught up in the spirit of “eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” That was a pretty tempting set-up for a man who, like the rest of a roving, rootless profession, learns to take his fun where he finds it, following no rules except these two: Try not to let anyone get hurt, and don’t get into entanglements. In a few years of knocking around the world, the last one had become almost second nature to me.

So that’s how things stood, till the night it happened.

I had been in the studio for hours, waiting around for midnight which means seven o’clock at home. I had dined early with a man in the office of the Secretary for Home Defense and like other people who have to be any place at any special time I had crossed the city before dark. The Germans were sending down some pretty heavy stuff by the time I got to the neighborhood and I decided the studio offered better protection than I could find under any table in my flat.

(Continued on page 50)
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(Continued on page 50)
How lovely Trenthony is with the boxwoods there along the road," Helen thought. She turned her car out, away from Hollywood, toward Gil Whitney's house. And as always, when she called on Gil Whitney, or even looked at the boxwoods that he had brought her from South Carolina, she began to think of him more strongly, as though she were already talking to him, watching him, listening to him. She could almost see him—the tall, muscular figure, the face so much more youthful than his years warranted, the dark hair only faintly peppered with gray, and the sensitive, firm mouth, capable of so many different shades of emotion.

Helen swung the car up beside his house, and as she stopped she saw him coming around the corner of the garage with a rake in his hand. She laughed a moment, quietly, at the big straw hat on his head. "A fine way to spend a sunny Saturday afternoon!" she called.

Gil put down the rake deliberately; made a boyish pantomime of a slow-moving farmer. "The crops won't wait," he said. "The seed sprouts, and it must be harvested. But all my seeds must be weeded seeds."

Then they both laughed.

It was always that way between them. They could laugh together or play together, or be serious together, and always, underneath everything they did, ran that rich, deep current of closeness and understanding.

That is, it had been that way ever since Drew Sinclair had finally gone away—to the sanitarium at Santa Barbara.

"Come inside, Helen," Gil said.

"The drapes that you ordered for the library came out Thursday, and yesterday they put them up. Come cast your expert's eye on them."

"Yes," Helen said excitedly. "I want to see them. I'm a little dubious about that red in the daytime. I'm sure it'll be fine at night, but in the sunlight—"

"Dismiss your fears, darling. They're just right. I couldn't have imagined anything more perfect. In fact, I walked in there this morning. Уp and down. Back and forth. It gives me pleasure to see them."

They passed through the split Dutch door that seemed to invite one in, and Helen almost ran to the library. She stood in the center of the room, looking about her, carefully wanting to see the shades and depths of light in every part of the room. And finally her eyes lighted on the big painting of Paula that hung above the mantelpiece. Her glance left it reluctantly.

"Yes," she said. "They're all right. They do exactly what I wanted them to do. And the light is very good on Paula's portrait, don't you think?" Her voice fell a little flat.

"Yes," Gil said impatiently, and Helen noticed he didn't look at the picture. "But Helen, you're the loveliest thing in this room or out of it. I think you must have conceived of this color scheme for yourself and yourself alone."

Helen could feel her heart beat a little faster. "Of course I did, silly! What woman would ever decorate a room in colors she couldn't show off in!"

They wandered into the living room, and as they walked side by side, Helen felt Gil's hand first under her arm, and then hesitantly, around her waist. Again she knew that lit-
tle rippling surge of the heart, and again she tried to stifle it.

"I like these drapes too, Gil, don't you?" she said, and started toward the window.

"Helen, darling!" The urgency in his voice made her stop. "Helen!"

She knew then for the first time the depths of shyness in Gil Whitney, and it made her both proud and humble to see before herself this embarrassment in a man accustomed to swaying juries with his eloquence.

"Yes, Gil," she said softly, and put her hand in his.

Suddenly all his love for her, so long denied and pushed back and ignored, leaped up into his handsome gray eyes. "You must have known," he said. "You must have known that I've loved you for a long time, and never said it. That I asked you to help me decorate the house because I wanted you near me, that I came to see you because I couldn't stay away."

"I did know, Gil," she said, "but I wouldn't admit it. I couldn't admit it. Not with Drew—"

Gil's face darkened perceptibly. "Drew Sinclair brought you nothing but worry and heartbreaking," he said harshly. "Every time you saw him it hurt me too, because I knew he was bad for you."

"Please, Gil, don't talk that way. It's—it's all over now. I'm free. And I love you."

"Gil's face went white under the tan. "Say that again, darling. Just say I love you."

"I love you! I love you!" Helen whispered intensely.

Then they were in each other's arms, straining together, trying desper-ately to make up for the years of doubt and fear and worry that lay behind them. "Dearest Helen," Gil kept saying over and over.

"Gil," Helen said at last, seriously. "Tell me, dear, about—about Paula. Are you all right now?"

When he spoke Gil's voice was thoughtful and sure. "Paula and I were married thirteen years ago," he said slowly. "And three weeks later, before our honeymoon had ended, she died."

"I know—" Helen said softly.

"And of course it broke me all up. It couldn't have been otherwise, because I loved Paula very much. But I see now that I've been cherishing the memory of those few ecstatic days, building it up into something a little finer than it was. For a long time I thought I'd never love another woman. Then when you came along, Helen, I began to suspect it, little by little. And now I know I was wrong."

"I'm glad," Helen said. "I think—I think I've wanted you too for a long time, Gil, darling. I wanted your saneness and understanding, and now, I feel as though I couldn't live without you."

Gil sank happily into the deep davenport. He stretched out his arms.
toward the sunlight streaming into the wide-windowed room. "Don't wake me up," he said. "When will we be married?"

"As soon as we can," Helen said.

"Sooner," he insisted. "Much sooner than that! And let's talk some people right away. Let's go over and tell Miss Anthony. Let's tell everybody!"

"Yes!" Helen breathed. "I want to, too." Her fine face grew serious then, and even in the bright room a shadow seemed to cross it.

**BUT, Gil," she said, "there's something we must talk about first—something we must discuss."

"Drew Sinclair," Gil said quickly. "Yes," Helen said. "Drew Sinclair. And please, Gil, try to understand. Drew and I were almost married once. We were engaged for two years, and I can't forget him easily."

Gil nodded, his troubled glance fixed on the green carpet, but he said nothing.

"I want to go to the sanitarium, Gil, and see him once more."

He moved quickly and almost fiercely, so that Helen, watching him, knew something close to fright. "Why in the name of Heaven do you want to see him again?" he demanded. "Drew Sinclair has never meant anything for you but heartbreak. Why give him another chance?"

"It isn't another chance, darling," Helen insisted. "It's just that I—I owe him something. You know I couldn't tell him during those last hectic weeks he was here how I felt—that I couldn't marry him—that I didn't—love him any more—"

"I don't want you to go see him, Helen," Gil said. "I'd give anything if you didn't feel you had to."

"Besides," Helen said, "I must know that he's safe and as happy there as it's possible to make him. I think—I think it'll make me happier with you, Gil, to know that he's all right, and getting well. And darling—he has a right to know about us from me. I want him to hear it from me, and not read it in the paper."

"He'll never get well," Gil said slowly. "He'll be there all the rest of his life. Leave him alone, Helen. If you love me, don't go!"

"It's because I love you that I must go. Please understand." Helen cried. "I must go because it's the only way for us to be happy."

The next day Helen drove to Santa Barbara. The drive was long and lonely. As the miles slipped slowly behind her, Helen's thoughts turned insistently to Drew Sinclair. Drew! She thought of the first time she'd seen him—that day four years ago at Sentinel Studios. How handsome and fine he had been! How quick to understand her costume ideas, how ready with praise and chary with criticism. To him, Helen felt, she owed most of what she had become as top studio designer in Hollywood.

And Drew, it was, who suggested that she start Helen Trent, Inc., the exclusive little shop, the apple of her eye, that had helped her weather the periods of studio lay-offs—given her a measure of independence from her salary, and a place and a project of her own.

Yes, those had been the happy days, working for Drew, and knowing again the slow flowering of love; feeling her heart grow lighter, watching the adoration in Drew's eyes become the deep, sure love of a successful man who had not been spoiled by success.

Remembering, Helen's mind trickled her into a comparison between then and now. Now her chief at Monarch Studios was a Mr. Anderson, who knew nothing about costumes and admitted it, but fancied himself possessed of a great insight into the mind and heart of a woman. He telephoned Helen every day.

At first ostensibly on business, but lately he had begun to suggest meetings away from the studio. Helen had always refused as disarmingly as she could, but Mr. Anderson's invitations became steadily more pressing, and Helen began to dread the time when she could no longer refuse. Because Mr. Anderson had the way and reputation of a man who would willingly use his position to force attentions upon a woman.

Once, Helen would have refused his offers indignantly, and retreated to the safety of Helen Trent, Inc., but the shop too had fallen into the doldrums. Some unscrupulous competitors had used every fair and foul trick to run it down, and now it barely made its own way. She must cajole Mr. Anderson and put him off with diplomacy, because her job was important to her.

Then the car slipped into the stretch of road just below Santa Barbara, and Helen's thoughts turned again to Drew—his ardent courtship, their long engagement, his niceness, his understanding and love all around her, protecting her, making her feel safe and sure and wanted again. And Drew's sudden, vicious attacks of migraine headaches that had first driven him to frenzy and later to the powerful sedative. Then had come liquor to counteract the sedative, and Drew began to break up, under Helen's eyes—to become at times a strange, heartless demon with a passion for destroying every fine emotion.

Helen had tried to make him stop work, and take the rest that would lead in time to his recovery. She had begged and pleaded and threatened and cajoled. She'd tried everything a resourceful, clever woman could think of. And each time Drew's love of Sentinel Studios, his
driving, burning ambition, had driven him back to the harness of work before the cure had had a chance to set in.

At last she had seen that this overweening ambition of Drew’s would always stand between them. To him it was more valuable than her, or marriage, or the family they wanted. Helen came to realize that happiness for her and Drew in marriage was a lost and lonely dream. For a time she sustained this dream stubbornly and drew nourishment and will from it, but then she saw the tragedy and hopelessness, and suddenly her love and emotion had grown cold. She only wanted to be alone, to think, to read, to talk to friends. And yes, to help Drew get well again. And perhaps then?—But she didn’t know. Let happen what will happen, she had thought.

So it was with a heart filled with compassion and the great understanding of a woman who has faced much and seen much, but who remained vital and firm and healthy, that she drove that day to Santa Barbara.

The hospital grounds were wide and well kept, the buildings spotless and extremely comfortable. Dr. Spear met Helen at the door and took her into his office. “I’m glad you’ve come, Mrs. Trent,” he said.

“Mr. Sinclair has asked for you in his lucid moments, and I’ve taken the liberty of telling him that you would come today. He’s waiting for you.”

“How is he?” Helen asked anxiously. “Does he—are his lucid moments far apart?”

“Now, now,” Dr. Spear said reassuringly. “He’s better. He may seem worse to you, but at first the treatment frequently has that effect. He may not know you, but stay with him a while, Mrs. Trent, and I think he’ll become normal.”

“Yes, yes, I will!”

The door of Drew’s pleasant room swung open. “I’ll leave you now,” the doctor whispered. “Talk to him, Mrs. Trent, say anything.”

Helen’s heart leaped up into her throat, and tears stung at the back of her eyes. Drew had taken the small writing desk and placed it out in the center of the room. He sat behind it, his back to the window. Helen remembered suddenly that always his office had been arranged like this, with the daylight coming over his left shoulder when he sat at the desk.


He looked up, and a flash of annoyance crossed his dark face, thin now, and worn by the ravages of his sick mind, but still forceful and handsome. “You’re late, Miss Turner,” he said. “I rang ten minutes ago. I cannot have this delay. When I ring you are to come immediately. Drop everything and come. That is what I pay you for, and it must be that way. Now—”

“Drew,” Helen said slowly, carefully, trying to make each word penetrate and stick in his mind. “It’s Helen, Drew! Helen. Try to remember.”

“Oh, Miss Anthony,” Drew said. “I’m sorry. The light is poor in here. I thought you were my secretary. Please sit down.”

“Drew, it’s Helen!”

“Yes, of course. Please sit down, Miss Anthony. How is Helen? It’s been a long time since I’ve seen Helen. Tell me about her.”

“Drew! Don’t you know me?”

“Miss Turner, I wish you’d get ready to take dictation. I have a story idea I want to get down while it’s still fresh. Now please!”

Helen crossed the room to him and took one of his hands in hers. It was quick and nervous and hot in her grasp.

“Yes, of course,” Drew said. “I’d forgotten the costumes for a moment. Send for Miss Trent.”

“I’m here!” Helen gasped, fighting to keep back the tears. “I’m Helen! Oh, Drew dear, don’t you know me? Please say you know
toward the sunlight streaming into the wide-windowed room. "Don’t wake me up," he said. "When will we be married?"

"As soon as we can," Helen said. "Sooner," he insisted. "Much sooner than that! And let’s tell some people right away. Let’s go over and tell Miss Anthony. Let’s tell everybody!"

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"He’ll never get well," Gil said slowly. "He’ll be there all the rest of his life. Leave him alone, Helen. If you must go, go.

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Then the car slipped into the stretch of road just below Santa Barbara. Helen decided her thoughts turned again to Drew —to his kind heart and handsome features, to his chivalry, to the shadow’s deep, loving Matlock as a husband, and to the way he protected her, making her feel safe and sure and wanted again. And Drew’s sudden, vicious attacks of migraine headaches that had first driven him to frenzy and later to the pills must have been some sedative.

Drew was making idle gestures amongst the papers on the big desk, picking up and putting down the phone.

"Mr. Sinclair has asked for you in his lucid moments, and I’ve taken the liberty of telling him that you would come today. He’s waiting for you.”

"How is he?" Helen asked anxiously. "Does he— are his lucid moments far apart?"

"Now, now," Dr. Spear said reassuringly. "He’s better. He may seem worse to you, but at first the treatment frequently has that effect. He may not know you, but stay with him a while, Mrs. Trent, and I think he’ll become normal."

"Yes, yes, I will!"

The door of Drew’s pleasant room swung open. "I’ll leave you now," the doctor whispered. "Talk to him, Mrs. Trent, say anything.

Helen’s heart leaped up into her throat, and tears stung at the sides of her eyes. Drew had taken the small writing desk and placed it out in the center of the room. He sat behind it, his back to the window. Helen remembered suddenly that always his office had been arranged like this, with the daylight coming over his left shoulder when he sat at the desk."

"Drew," she gasped. "Drew!"

Drew turned, and a flash of annoyance crossed his dark face, but now, and worn by the ravages of his marriage, he was relaxed and handsome. "You’re late, Miss Tum-

"er," he said. "I ran ten minutes ago. I wanted to see you. When I ring you are to come immediately. Drop everything and come. That is what I pay you for, and it must be that way. Now—"

"Drew," Helen said slowly, carefully, trying to make each word penetrate and stick in his mind. "It’s Helen, Drew! Helen. Try to re-

"Oh, Miss Anthony," Drew said. "I’m sorry. The light is poor here. I thought you were my secretary. Please sit down."

"Drew, it’s Helen!"

"Yes, of course. Please sit down, Miss Anthony. How is Helen? It’s been a long time since I’ve seen Helen. Tell me about her."

"Drew! Don’t you know me?"

"Miss Tum—er, Drew, will you get ready to take dietation. I have a story idea I want to get down while it’s fresh."

Helen crossed the room to him and took one of his hands in hers. His face was nervous and hot in her grasp.

"Yes, of course," Drew said. "I’d forgotten. I’m sorry. But—"

He held his hand a moment. "Send for Miss Trent."

"I’m here!" Helen gasped, fighting back her tears. "I’m here! Oh, Drew dear, don’t you know me? Please say you know
Helen stood up and turned her back. She went to the window, but through her tears she saw nothing of the lovely afternoon. She pressed her forehead against the hard wood of the frame, pressed it harder, until the pressure brought pain, and she could feel the dull ache above the ache in her heart. Behind her Drew kept up the senseless, ceaseless monologue, pretending and believing that he was still an executive with power and ability and dignity. Dignity! Yes, that was what she missed in him. The dignity of a person who knows his ability, and respects it, and uses it!

Again Helen sat with him. She talked to him, and mentioned her name over and over. Each time Drew addressed her by a different name, and plunged again into the vague obscurity of his mind. Once the doctor looked in. Helen went quietly to the door and asked that they be left alone a while longer.

Drew sat back and dictated long letters to her. He gave her instructions about budgets and pictures under production, and ideas for new ones. Not once did a gleam of recognition come into his eyes.

Then at the end, after she had struggled and fought against the sickness in his mind until her body ached with hopelessness, she began to see that Gil Whitney was right. Drew would never get well! For the first time she accepted the fact with all its implications. She saw that the best intentions and the highest devotion could do nothing against this sickness of Drew's soul. Gil Whitney's calm, sane, ordered mind, beside Drew's hot, feverish, disconnected jumble, assumed in Helen's mind the rare delights of a safe haven. She must leave, she must get away! She must have air to breathe in; room to think, and understand! It will be better, she told herself. I can't help Drew—and now—now I love Gil. Gil! So safe. So sure. So understanding.

"Drew," she said. "Please. Listen to me and try to understand. I must leave now, and I want you to know that you'll always have every bit of blessing I can give you—"

Drew bit his lip, and a giant hand of good seemed to pass over his face. One moment he was strained, nervous, the wide forehead tortured into lines of difficult concentration. The next moment his face cleared, became younger, firmer, surer.

"Helen," he said. "I knew you'd come. I've been expecting you. Let me take your coat. Oh, it's so good to see you, darling!"

He got up and led Helen to a chair. Then he took her in his arms, holding her close, until Helen felt again the clean, hard strength of his body and the firmness of his arms around her. He kissed her avidly.

To Helen it was a profound shock. The real Drew—the one she knew—had been hidden in the innermost recesses of a sick mind, and now had emerged into the world again so suddenly that Helen sat immobile, speechless, confused, not able for a moment to grasp the situation.

"Say something, darling," he said. "Drew!" she gasped. It was all she could say.

He made her sit down on the small couch, and sat close beside her. "Helen," he said. "I've almost prayed that you'd come this week. I've been wanting to tell you for a long time how much it means to me that you've promised to wait for me—"

"But—"

"Now wait," he said. "Wait until I finish. You know how it is, you must know. I was what they call a big shot, just a little while ago, and then I had more friends than I could use. Now I have nothing to give away—no jobs, no big salaries, no contracts, no careers in the movies. And now I have no friends. Only you. And that belief of yours, that determination you have to see me get well is the one hope I have. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Drew, I see," Helen murmured. How could she tell him now that she and Gil were in love and wanted to marry? No it was impossible. She would leave now and write him a long letter—a letter to be given to him only when he was in full command of himself.

It was difficult to tear herself away. Helen thought it was the hardest thing she had ever done.

And driving back alone in the car, down the smooth, winding roads, the hum of the engine, and the rush of the wind made a fitting background for Helen's insistent thoughts. How could she ever deny Drew that one scrap of comfort he still possessed? To tell him now that she was going to marry Gil Whitney would be like snatching a line from a drowning man. Helen tried. She made up phrases to use in the letter she would write to Drew. She tried to shape and guide the conversation they might have. Her hands gripped tighter on the steering wheel until the dull pain of drawn muscles penetrated to her mind. She was just entering Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 63)
IREENE WICKER, the Singing Lady, is heard five times a week in her own program on NBC-Blue, at 5:00 P.M., E.D.T., and in Deadline Dramas, on Sundays at 10:30 P.M., E.D.T., on the NBC-Red.

They found their love in gypsy songs, in symphonies, in yellow roses, in flickering firelight, and so they were married. But the romance of lovely Ireene Wicker and Victor Hammer wasn't really that simple

IREENE WICKER stood in the doorway pulling on her pale suede gloves.

"Mr. Victor Hammer is coming this afternoon," she told her secretary, "to give you material for the program I'm going to do about a little Russian prince. It's the Hammer family, you know, who brought over all those Russian treasures we've been reading so much about." She paused, smiled. "Better have your nose powdered! I hear Mr. Victor's very charming!"

She was off then... To tell her cook about dinner. To say good-bye to her son, Charlie, growing up so fast and so intelligently he brought a silly lump to her throat. To hold Nancy, younger and vulnerable, in her arms for an extra minute or two.

When she returned it was late afternoon but her secretary was waiting. "Everything you heard is true," she declared. "Everything!"

The affairs of the day had crowded the Hammer visit from Ireene's mind. She looked puzzled. "Everything you heard about Mr. Hammer," her secretary explained. "And it's easy to see you haven't met him! You won't forget him when you do!"

Idle words, they seemed, but they were a prophesy.

The program about the little Russian prince met with great success. The studio staff gathered around Ireene with praise and enthusiasm.

"Miss Wicker..." A man from the publicity department made his way toward her. "Mr. Victor Hammer is here. He has asked to meet you."

"Splendid!" Ireene said. "I can thank him for all the help he gave me."

They liked each other immediately, Ireene and Victor. And the following evening he dined with Ireene and her husband and sang for them—gypsy songs he'd learned in Russia, accompanied by his guitar.

It was very pleasant. But when Ireene and (Continued on page 76)
Young Doctor

Begin in vivid story form the radio drama of a doctor's marriage—
Ann so lovely, hating this suspicion that was strangling her love,
Jerry so bewildered between his wife and Veronica, no man's wife.

Jerry Malone felt himself growing tense with irritation. He looked at Ann, sitting beside him, her head turned a little away so that all he could see was the delicate, aloof line of her cheek and chin. For a moment, it was hard to remember that she was his wife. She seemed—different, somehow, a person he hardly knew and didn’t understand at all.

Until now, they’d always talked things over, frankly and fully, and he’d been upheld by the knowledge of her approval. It wasn’t fair of her to act this way when, after all, if he did go in with Dunham, it would be more for her sake than for his own, more because he wanted her to have all the things she deserved than for any other reason.

And this apartment — A tiny living room so close to the street that trucks and cars seemed to run right through it, a tinier bedroom on a court, and a completely insignificant bathroom and kitchen. Bun had to sleep in the living room, on the slightly moth-eaten sofa they’d bought in a second-hand store on Greenwich Avenue. He kept his clothes partly in the hall closet and partly in the bedroom chest of drawers. It wasn’t good for a growing boy not to have a room of his own.

You couldn’t blame a man, Jerry thought, if he wanted to seize an opportunity to make enough money so he could afford a really comfortable place to live, and good clothes for his wife.

Yet Ann appeared to blame him. “And there’s the baby on its way,” he said defensively. “If I took up Dunham’s proposition, we could bring Penny on from Belmore, to help you.”

“Yes,” Ann said, but not as if she were really assenting to Jerry’s statement. She might have pointed out, but didn’t, that they had come to New York in the first place because Jerry wanted to do research and clinical work; not to get him a partnership in the exclusive Dunham Sanitarium.

Franklin Hospital, that gloomy castle of medicine on the East Side, had offered Jerry his chance at research, but it hadn’t offered much of anything else, either financially or for the future. That hadn’t mattered, at the time. It wouldn’t matter now, if Jerry hadn’t happened to operate on Mrs. Jessie Hughes.

Mrs. Hughes was old and rich and autocratic and more than a little peculiar in her ways. It was typical of her that although she could have afforded the fees of a luxurious hospital she came to the Franklin for her operation. She liked Jerry because he paid no attention to her tantrums and ended up by making her well again. She wanted to do something for him, and since he wouldn’t let her loan him the money to set himself up in practice, she had introduced him to her friend Dr. Dunham, who ran a private hospital and was looking for a partner. Perhaps, Jerry guessed uneasily, she had offered to invest some money in Dunham’s hospital. But at any rate, Dunham had offered Jerry the partnership.

The Dunham Sanitarium was a misleadingly modest brownstone building in the East Seventies. It didn’t even look like a hospital. But Jerry had seen its books, and he had gaped at the names of some of its patients, and at all the fees those patients had paid. Social Register, Hollywood, and Broadway all came there to have their ills, both real and fancied, pampered away. Jerry disapproved of the sort of medicine the Dunham Sanitarium symbolized—but at the same time, amazingly, he liked Dunham and respected his sincerity.

There was a way to compromise, to have a decent life for yourself and still serve medicine humbly and honestly. Dunham cynically accepted thousands of dollars from overfed dowagers whose only real illness was boredom; but, Jerry knew, he also spent hours every day at a clinic, giving his very considerable skill for a payment of precisely nothing. The one made it possible for him to do the other, and still provide for himself and his wife the comforts of gracious living.

And so it could be done, without loss of self-respect or integrity.

But—

He had pointed all this out to Ann, and still she was not convinced. She wouldn’t say anything against it; she simply withheld her enthusiasm and let him create for himself all the arguments she might have advanced: that he was letting himself be seduced by money, that he would be bored to death with unimportant illnesses, that—in a word —this wasn’t good enough for him.

Jerry sighed, and said rather curtly, “Well, anyway, we won’t decide anything until after tonight. I think you’ll like Dunham when
You couldn't blame a man, Jerry thought, if he wanted to seize an opportunity to make enough money to provide comfortably for his wife.
you get to know him better."

"Jerry," Ann said carefully, "I think maybe you'd better go to Dr. Dunham's alone. It's—nice of him to ask us both to dinner, but I don't feel very well and—and I'd just rather not, that's all."

Oh, Lord!" Jerry groaned—and a second later was ashamed of his impatience. A doctor, at least, ought to know enough to be patient with a wife who was going to have a baby. When you came right down to it, that simple physiological fact was probably at the root of Ann's whole attitude just now. She was bound to be whimsical and—and strange. And probably she was beginning—quite without justification—to be sensitive about her appearance.

"All right, dear," he said gently. "If you'd rather not. I'll call Dunham now and beg off for you."

He went into the bedroom to telephone and dress, and Ann bowed her head suddenly. She was right, then. Jerry didn't really want her to go. Dunham's dinner-party with him. He'd be ashamed of her, there beside the brittle, professional beauty of Mrs. Dunham. She didn't want to go, actually—but she did wish Jerry had begged her to.

When Jerry had left the apartment, looking unbelievably clean and man-about-townish in his tux that was five years old, she went into the kitchen and fixed supper for herself and Bun, who had come in from school some time before and now was exploring this New York that was still so new to him. Bun was fifteen, growing so fast he seemed to add inches overnight.

Jerry had adopted him, unofficially, back in Belmore, before he and Ann were married. Ann had wondered what married life would be like with an adolescent son already provided. Now she couldn't conceive of an existence without him. The baby, when it came, surely couldn't be much more her own child than Bun.

Thinking of the baby, she smiled, and felt much happier. She was able to see Jerry's side of the Sanitarium proposal. It was perfectly natural for a man—a man who was soon to be a father—to look for financial security. Jerry had proved, many times, that as far as he was concerned a single cluttered room was ample living quarters; but he wanted to give her things—her and the baby.

The trouble was that she had no logical arguments against going in with Dunham. If Jerry wanted it, that was his business. He could still do clinical work, as Dunham did—not so much of it, perhaps, but some. Outwardly, it would be a good move, an opportunity most young doctors prayed for.

She only knew he should refuse it. She didn't know why. Her knowledge went beyond reason. It simply would not be good for him to become Dr. Dunham's partner. It wouldn't be good for him, and it wouldn't be good for their happiness together. Her instinct, and nothing more, told her this.

She was still awake, lying in bed and trying to read, when Jerry returned soon after midnight. But the hours of being alone, after Bun went to bed, had done something to her. She still knew Jerry should not accept Dunham's offer, but she also knew with certainty that he would. This being so, she must accept his decision, not worry him with her disapproval.

He bent over and kissed her. "Have a nice time?" she asked lightly.

"Fine." He took off his jacket and vest, tossed them on a chair, and began to pick at the studs of his collar. Her love for him made her sensitive to the excitement that ran like a strong current underneath his casualness. "I—I practically told Dunham I'd go in with him."

Ann nodded, smiling.

"You know," he said seriously, "I really like Dunham. He isn't just a society doctor; he knows medicine and he's a human being, not a stuffed shirt."

"Yes, darling. I like him too."

And that, she realized, was true enough. Unfortunately, it wasn't the point. Liking Dunham still didn't mean that Jerry should become his partner.

Jerry sat down on the edge of the bed, taking her hand. "I missed you tonight, honey. You should have come."

His sincerity warmed her, and she felt the constraint of their conversation that afternoon ebbing away. "I guess it was silly of me not to," she admitted. "I just—felt scared. It seemed too much of an effort... meeting all those new people..."

"But it wasn't a big party. Just Dunham and his wife and her sister—She's nice, the sister," he said. "Friendly, and witty. Her name's Mrs. Farrell."

"Wasn't her husband there?"

"Oh—she's a divorcée, I think," Jerry said as he got up to finish undressing.

Ann was to wonder, afterward, why this first mention of Veronica Farrell had not pierced her heart like a barbed arrow.

Nowhere in the world except New York, it seemed to Ann, could you surround a simple change of residence with so many complexities. Several visits to second-hand stores to discuss the sale of the furniture they had so recently bought, conferences with moving men, decisions as to what to take and what to get rid of—

For it seemed that Veronica Farrell was going South in a month or so, and wanted to sublet them her own apartment on Park Avenue.

Jerry and Ann went up one evening to see the apartment. Five rooms, two baths, a maid in black and starch white, furniture which spoke exclusive little shops along Madison Avenue... and Mrs. Farrell.

She was nice, Ann thought, just as Jerry had said. She was slim and dark, and so perfectly dressed in a simple black gown that you didn't realize how very much the dress had cost. She showed them the apartment in an absent-minded way, as if it were something that didn't belong to her, and when Ann breathed embarrassedly, "But it's so lovely! I'm sure we couldn't afford it!" she laughed and said, "I'm so anxious to get people I know and..."
Jerry's face fell. "It won't be fun without you." But Ann insisted, "Please go alone. I really don't feel well enough."

Jerry's eyes were a little puzzled, a little amused.

"I mean—difference in the way you feel about me. No, I don't mean quite that, either. In the way you feel about yourself, maybe, and about your work. You won't let it change you in any way, not the smallest little bit?"

"I might buy a new suit," Jerry said, laughing; and although she laughed too, she was disappointed because she knew he did not understand what she had tried to say. Or, possibly, he did not wish to understand.

Penny was sent for the week before they moved and arrived, chirping with excitement, in Grand Central Station. Penny was really Mrs. Hettie Penny, but most people had forgotten that. She had been Jerry's housekeeper before he and Ann were married. Tiny, bright-eyed and gray-haired, she was fanatically loyal to Jerry and Ann, her two "children," and obviously considered their romance and marriage something she had thought up and created all by herself.

Once Ann would have plunged eagerly into the job of moving and getting settled in a new place. Now she felt languid, listless and watched Penny bustling around—knowing she should help and yet unwilling to lift a finger. Penny calmed her halfhearted protests: "Now, Ann, you just rest. Land, I know how it is when you're going to have a baby—you feel's if you're no good to anybody."

That was precisely the way to express it, Ann thought. No good to anybody. She fought against self-pity, but in spite of herself it crept in to color her reactions to everything. There was the night, soon after they'd moved, when Jerry came home to announce that they'd both been invited to a week-end party on Long Island, at the estate of a Mrs. Smythe, who had recently left the Sanitarium.

"I almost fell over when she invited me," Jerry confessed. "She wanted Dunham and his wife to come too, but he's going to Detroit and can't... I'm not much on this society stuff, but maybe we'll have fun?"

"Jerry! You didn't accept?"

"Well," he said, "I did try to crawl out of it, but Dunham hinted one of us ought to be there—sort of keep up the sanitarium's contacts."

Ann made a gesture of distaste. They were in the bedroom; Ann, in a negligee, was lying on the chaise longue. Penny, pampering Ann to her heart's content, had insisted that she'd serve their dinner in here.

"Well," Jerry said doubtfully, "I could make some kind of an excuse. I mean—we don't have to go."

Oddly, it didn't occur to either of them that they had been through all this before, on the night of Dunham's dinner-party.

"You go alone, Jerry. That's the best plan."

Jerry's face fell. "Aw, Ann—that wouldn't be any fun. I don't want to go if you don't. Come on—you'll enjoy it."

"Even if I felt well—and I don't—I don't think I'd enjoy that kind of a party. I wouldn't feel as if I belonged."

"I don't see why not," Jerry said stiffly. "You're just as good as any of those clothes-horses."

In a minute, Ann warned herself, this would develop into a quarrel. And Penny was just entering the room, carrying a tray. So Ann smiled and said, "I know I am dear. But please—I'd really rather not go. I just don't feel like it. But I do want you to."

Finally she persuaded him to do as she said. But it was strange: once again (Continued on page 46)
you get to know him better."

"Jerry," Ann said carefully, "I think maybe you’d better go to Dr. Dunham’s again this week. I don’t think you can both sleep, but I don’t feel very well and—I’d just rather not, that’s all."

O h, Lord! Jerry groaned—and a second later seemed to lose all semblance of impatience. A doctor, at least, ought to know enough to be patient with a wife who was going to have a baby. When you are known to it, that simple physiologic fact was probably at the root of Ann’s whole attitude just now. She was bound to be whimsical and—strange. And probably she was beginning—quite without her knowledge—to be sensitive about her appearance.

"All right, dear," he said gently, "if you’d rather not, I’ll call Dunham now and beg off for you."

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The trouble was that she had no logical arguments against going in with Dunham. If Jerry wanted it, that was his business. He could still do clinical work, as Dunham—not so much of it, perhaps, but some. Outwardly, it would be a good move, an opportunity most young doctors prayed for. Only now he knew he should refuse it. She didn’t know why. Her local edge went beyond regard even for good for him to become Dr. Dunham’s partner. It wouldn’t be good for her, either, for their happiness together. Her instinct, and nothing more, told her that. And all the awaking in bed and trying to read, when Jerry returned soon after midnight.

The baby was still sleeping. Bun was safe in bed, had done something to her. She still knew Jerry shouldn’t accept Dunham’s offer, with certainty that he was. This being so, she must accept his decision, not worry him with reproval. He went back and kissed her.

"Have a nice time," she asked lightly.

"Fine." He took off his jacket and vest, tossed them on a chair, and began to pick up the snack of his own. For love for him made her sensitive to the excitement that ran like a strong current beneath him, so casual. "I—I practiced told Dunham I’d go in with him."

Ann nodded, smiling.

"You know," he said seriously, "I really like Dunham. He isn’t just a society doctor; he knows medicine and he’s a human being, not a stuffed shirt."

"Yes, darling. I like him too."

And that, she realized, was true enough. Unfortunately, it wasn’t the point. Liking Dunham still didn’t mean that Jerry should become his partner. Jerry sat down on the edge of the bed, taking her hand. "I missed you tonight, honey. You should have come."

His sincerity warned her, and she felt the constraint of their conversation that afternoon ebbing away. "I guess it was silly of me not to," she admitted. "I just—felt scared. It seemed too much of an effort... meeting all those new people...

"But it wasn’t a big party. Just Dunham and his wife and her sister—She’s nice, the sister," he said, "friendly, and witty. Her name’s Mrs. Farrell."

"Wasn’t her husband there?"

"Oh—she’s a divorcee, I think," Jerry said as he got up to finish undressing.

Ann was to wonder, afterward, why this first mention of Veronica Farrell had not pierced her heart like a barbed arrow. Nowhere in the world except New York, it seemed to Ann, could you surround a simple change like in here I’m almost willing to pay you, instead of the other way around.

However, when they finally decided to take it, the monthly rental was a sum that made Ann gasp.

Jerry took it very calmly. She couldn’t know that inwardly he was gaging too. But Dunham had mentioned an income that seemed so exorbitant, and everyone obviously expected him to move into a home suitable to his position as assistant director of Dunham Sanitarium, so—and it would be nice for Ann, once she got used to it.

On the way home, Ann said, "I’ll like Mrs. Farrell. She’s so beautiful."

"Mmm," Jerry said absently. The bus jogged over a cobbled street. "We’ll have to buy a little car," Jerry said.

Ann turned in the worn wicker seat of the bus—turned toward Jerry, urgently. "Darling—I know I’m being silly, asking this. But I—need reassurance, I guess. You won’t let everything that’s happening make any difference, will you?"

"Difference?" Jerry’s clear blue eyes were a little puzzled, a little amused.

"I mean—difference in the way you feel about me. I don’t mean quite that, either. In the way you want to keep on being yourself, maybe, and not let it change you in any way, not the . . . smallest little bit?"

"I might buy a new suit," Jerry said, laughing; and although she laughed too, she was disappointed because she knew he did not understand what she had tried to say, or, possibly, he did not wish to understand.

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"Afternoon tea when she invited me," Jerry confessed. "She wanted Dunham and his wife to come too, but I’m going to Detroit and can’t—I’m not much on this society stuff, but maybe we’ll fun together."

"Jerry! You didn’t accept!"

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"You go alone, Jerry. That’s the best plan."

Jerry’s face fell. "Aw, Ann—that wouldn’t be very fun, I don’t want to go if you don’t. Come on—you’ll enjoy it."

"But if I felt well—and I don’t—I don’t think I’d enjoy that kind of a party. I wouldn’t feel as if I—"

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In a minute, Ann warned herself, this would develop into a quarrel. Mind Pennye was just entering the room, carrying a tray. So Ann smiled and said, "I know Ann am dear. But please—I’d rather not go. I just don’t feel like it. But I do want you to."

Finally she persuaded him to do as she said. But it was strange; once again (Continued on page 46)
Rosalie Goldberg (left), Molly's "Rosie," is a beautiful, very sweet girl of sixteen. She was only nine years old when you first met the Goldbergs. A few years later, Rosalie discovered a great love for a musician named Mr. Khune, a man three times her age. It was a silly "crush," but Molly was sympathetic and understanding. She helped Rosie over this trying age and taught her many things about life and the people around her. When Rosalie once went to the hospital for an operation, Jake became frantic and Sammy hysterical. Molly had more trouble with them than she had nursing Rosie back to health. Rosalie is a smart girl, but sometimes lets her school work slide and Molly has to lecture her. Under Molly's guidance she'll undoubtedly develop into a wise young lady.

(Played by Rosalyn Silber)

Seymour Fingerhood (right) exploded into the quietness of Lastenbury like a giant firecracker. This breezy, fast talking youngster decided to come and get a job working in Jake's silk mill. That he wasn't needed there was irrelevant and immaterial. He felt that since his cousin, Joe Banner, was a business partner of Jake's he was entitled to a job. He swept over the Goldbergs like a cyclone and before they knew it he had the job in the mill that he wanted. In a few months he was like one of the family. Although the Goldbergs acted ruffled, they all secretly liked Seymour. The only one genuinely irked by him was Rosalie. He forced his attentions on her, following her constantly, always trying to proclaim his love. Rosie has never given him a tumble. Seymour is hard on the nerves—but you like him.

(Played by Arnold Stang)
Molly Goldberg's main aim in life has always been to make a good home for her husband and children. When we first met the Goldbergs they lived in a two-room walk-up apartment in the Bronx. Molly was contented with life, but Jake had big ideas, so she saved pennies to help him get into the contracting business. Success turned Jake's head, and the Goldbergs moved to a fancy apartment on Riverside Drive. Then, when Jake lost all his money in a real estate deal and fell ill, Molly managed to get a little house in Lastenbury, Connecticut, and nurse him back to health, taking in boarders and raising chickens to support her family. Then a friend of Jake's in South Carolina sent his daughter, Sylvia Allison, to live with the Goldbergs. Molly was suspicious of Sylvia from the first and when Sammy fell in love with the girl and followed her down South, Molly insisted on visiting the Allisons. Her suspicions about the girl were verified and Sammy broke off his engagement. Now back in Lastenbury, Molly is helping Sammy forget Sylvia and in her sweet, gentle way is still trying to make a better life for her little family.

(Played by Gertrude Berg)
Jake Goldberg is quick tempered, impetuous and often a little bombastic. But he is a good husband to Molly and the children. He knows that Molly is smarter than he is and whenever he doesn't take her advice he suffers. Jake is a go-getter. He was not satisfied to remain a dress cutter all his life, he wanted better things for Molly and the kids, but the minute his contracting business started to make money he moved into a classy neighborhood, in spite of Molly's advice. He lost all his money in a real estate deal, but hope springs eternal in Jake's heart and it was he who got the idea of opening the old silk mill in Lastenbury. He made it a success, but his foolishness and blind trust got the Goldbergs into trouble again. He encouraged the romance between Sammy and Sylvia Allison. He strutted and posed and played the all important parent. He was sincerely interested in Sammy's happiness, but was taken in by the soft soap the Allisons handed him. Back in Lastenbury, he has already forgotten his mistake. It's a lucky thing for Jake that he has Molly and, in his own peculiar way, he will sometimes grudgingly admit it.

(Played by James R. Waters)
Martha Wilburforce lives next door to the Goldbergs in Lastenbury. She is the typical New England spinster, gossipy, suspicious, over curious, kindly energetic. When the Goldbergs first came to Lastenbury, she didn't like them. She went out of her way to be miserable to her new neighbors. Molly tolerated Martha's bad nature, because she felt that underneath the old New Englander's meddlesome, gruff manner there was essentially a good person. Through kind 
ness and patience, Molly won the affection of Martha, who later came to the help of the Goldbergs when they least expected her good neighborliness. She now feels as though she is one of the family. She loves Molly, quarrels with Jake, but secretly admires and likes him, too. Since Martha has known the Goldbergs a new spirit has come into her life. The Goldbergs are always mixed up in something and this gives Martha a feeling, through them, that she is also a part of the world and its doings. She is still a little bit ashamed of the way she treated the Goldbergs when they first moved in next door and so when they took their recent trip, Martha was the first to offer to take care of Molly's chickens and the dog.
(Played by Carrie Weller)

Sammy Goldberg is a sensitive, talented young man of nineteen, more like his mother than his father. All his life, Sammy has wanted to be a writer. It's been a problem raising Sammy. His boyish, impetuous love for people has continually caused Jake and Molly trouble. When Sylvia Allison came to live with the Goldbergs, she and Sammy were immediately attracted to each other. Molly tried to clarify the situation, but Sylvia made Sammy believe that Molly was jealous of her and Molly began to lose her influence over Sammy. The boy couldn't resist following Sylvia to South Carolina where they planned to be married. On the surface, the Allison family seemed to be fine. Molly suspected something else and slowly their mean and grasping ways revealed them in their true light. But Sammy was too deeply in love with Sylvia to see this until Molly discovered that Sylvia was having a clandestine romance with her brother-in-law. When Molly told Sammy this it almost broke his heart. He called off the marriage and returned to Lastenbury with his family. Sammy has gone back to his writing again, sadder but more mature. He has learned a good deal from his experience with Sylvia. We should expect great things of him in the future. Molly certainly does and her faith in him will not go unrewarded.
(Played by Alfred Ryder)
They've been Mr. and Mrs. Morgan for more than twenty-five years. Here they are, rushing to be on time for Frank’s Maxwell Coffee Time broadcast, Thursday, at 8:00 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC-Red.

Once he might have been your Fuller brush man, or have tried to sell you real estate, but then Frank Morgan fell in love and now he’s radio’s most beloved jester

By SARA HAMILTON

The Merry Morgan Man

PROMPTLY at four and eight P. M. every California Thursday, Mr. Frank Morgan, full of very fried shrimp from The Tropics across the street, stands before an NBC microphone and verbally lets fly—in all directions. No one is ever quite sure of the consequences, not even Morgan.

As a result, everyone connected with the broadcast is growing older and grayer and a bit more confused while the program’s popularity climbs higher and higher like a monkey after a cocoonut.

Certain people behind the show, therefore, just can’t make up their minds from week to week whether to send up skyrockets in celebration, or go into their bathrooms and cut their throats good and hard.

Frank Morgan is a unique character in radio and for several reasons. He is the only actor we know who enhances his standing by blowing up in his lines and throwing around chaos as you would pennies. The more mixed up things get—the funnier. He is just as liable as not to turn, by mistake, from page eight of the script to page ten and find himself knee-deep in the Baby Snooks department. All of which sends the studio audience pitching out of their seats and into the aisles.

That God-given ability to fumble around through half-finished sentences and phrases is attributed by close friends to several sources.

One group insists the whole thing is the result of frustration—love frustration, if you please, which goes back some twenty-five or -six years to when Mr. Morgan, who was then Frank Wupperman, son of the wealthy Angostura Bitters family, informed (Continued on page 58)
Concluding the dramatic novel based upon the popular radio serial of the same name, heard Monday through Friday, at 4:45 P. M., E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red network. Photo of Ellen Brown as played by Florence Freeman.

Copyright 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert
In her unselfish effort to pull Grace Gaines out of a life of darkness and despair, Ellen finds for herself and Anthony a promise of all the beauty and all the glory in the world.

ELLEN sat in the visitors' room of the Health Center, waiting, visualizing the scene in the operating room at the far end of the corridor. The sheeted figure on the table, the click of instruments, Anthony Loring's low-voiced instructions to the nurses...

She, Ellen Brown, had sent Grace Gaines to that room. At great cost to herself, she had arranged this operation. Suppose it had all been futile, or more than futile? Suppose Grace, as other doctors had feared, was too weak to stand the shock of going under the knife? Suppose—

A nurse passed along the hall. There was a murmur of voices somewhere, quickly stilled, then silence again. Keith Gaines, sitting opposite her, met her eyes and looked away.

Supposing all that, even the worst, Ellen thought, she still had done what she had to do.

She could think back calmly now—back to the evening when she had made up her mind to leave Simpsonville for a time and try to get her world in order again. Loving Anthony Loring hadn't been enough, even then. She'd had to consider her two children, and their comprehending, frantic belief that her marriage to Anthony would mean she was deserting them. Wanting time to think, she had gone to New River City and taken the job of nursing Grace Gaines, whose face was so hideously scarred in that long-ago automobile accident.

And it was right, too, that she had persuaded Grace and Keith to allow Anthony to operate; for the consciousness of her ugliness had warped Grace's soul and turned her into a bitter frustrated woman who was not only ruining her own life, but that of her husband as well.

Anthony had been so happy when she called him from New River City! He hadn't known where she was, and he'd believed that this summons meant she was ready to admit their love, marry him. And then the gradual hardening of his face when he learned that she had called him, not for herself, but to operate on Grace Gaines.

Once more she was seeing the silent, withdrawn man who had first come to Simpsonville.

How could he know that her heart was crying out to him—a desperate cry that her lips would not utter? How could he know that she had wrestled long hours with herself before deciding to call him—and that she had reached the decision only because she could not allow her personal problems to bar Grace Gaines from happiness? If there had only been some other surgeon they could have trusted! But neither she nor the Gaineses knew of one. Anthony had been their only hope.

She could explain—perhaps. She could make him see that her call had been something apart from their own lives; that it had been no more than her intuition turning to the best possible person for a job that had to be done. This she could tell him—perhaps.

But wasn't it better this way? Janey and Mark, her children, had been so happy since her return to Simpsonville. The haunting unreasonable fear of losing her had been banished, their young instincts had told them that there was a change, now, between her and Anthony and that they held, as always before, the first place in her heart. The sense of security, she knew, is the one thing most necessary to a child, and this she had been able to give Mark and Janey.

Having hurt Anthony so deeply, she no longer had to fight against the pull of his love. If she wiped away that hurt, things would be as they had been before, and again she would be torn between opposing loyalties.

No—she would say nothing. She would not try to explain.

And as if to remind her of how difficult not explaining must be, Anthony was standing, suddenly, in the doorway. "It's over," he said, more to Ellen than to Keith Gaines. "The operation's over. It went off very well, I think."

She felt the subtle implication. Ordinarily, a nurse would have told her. In telling her himself, Anthony was implying that her interest in Grace Gaines was great—so great that nothing much in the world mattered to her except the operation.

Standing up, she said, "Thank you, Anthony."

He nodded and silently turned away without another word to her.

The operation was over, but there was still the long waiting to go through, the interminable waiting that seemed so much longer than it really was. Now there was no excitement, no urgency, no drama—only the hoping and waiting. Until the wounds healed no one would know just how much of an improvement had been made upon Grace's scarred face.

Keith Gaines went back to New River City for a day or so, returned to Simpsonville, stood silently and helplessly beside his wife's bed. There was nothing for him to do. He, too, could only wait.

As for Ellen, she was at the hospital part of every day. It was, in fact, incredible that she should spend so much time there and see so little of Anthony Loring. He had a trick now of—not leaving a room when she entered it, so much as seeming to evaporate, disappear.

But the day came at last when he must remain—the day when he removed the bandages. Ellen and Keith Gaines were there, watching, held immobile in suspense. Then there was the mirror in Grace's trembling hands and for a moment it seemed (Continued on page 78)
She was willing to sacrifice all hope of love if only she could be a rich man's wife—until, on her wedding day, Jimmy took her in his arms.

Editor's Note—Every Sunday night two brilliant stars, Robertson White and Ireene Wicker, perform radio magic with their fascinating new NBC program, Deadline Dramas. On it, they act out, without previous preparation, complete playlets based on a single sentence given to them on the air, inventing their lines as they go along. Now Radio Mirror offers a sample of this magic by publishing this Deadline Drama in vivid story form.

JANE caught the bridal bouquet, then turned away and burst into tears. She didn't want people to know she was crying, and she ran at once into the library, but from where I stood with Bill on the stairway I couldn't help seeing the pitiful, lost look on her face.

Jimmy, who had been Bill's best man, started to follow her. I saw him put his hand on the doorknob, hesitate, and finally change his mind and decide not to go in after all. And so I knew that Jimmy knew as well as I did why Jane was crying.

Things do catch up with you. You think you can evade them, but you can't. I remember reading, somewhere, an old quotation. "Take what you want, said God—take it, and pay for it." And that would be all right, but the terrible thing is that sometimes other people must pay for what you take.

It was Jane, and Jimmy, who were paying this time.
Jane and I had gone to boarding school together. It was an expensive school, much more expensive than my parents could really afford, but in my family it was unthinkable that a Rutherford daughter shouldn't have the best of everything. Years ago, before the War Between the States, the Rutherfords were one of the richest families in the South. The war ruined us, but we've never quite been able to realize it.

In a way, sending me to that school was a good investment, because at it I met Jane Winton—and through Jane Winton I met Bill Touraine, who had enough money to buy all the land the Rutherfords had originally owned and the whole state of Alabama besides.

Jane and I were such good friends in school that she used to invite me to her home in Connecticut for holidays. Her parents were so wealthy they'd begun to think money wasn't important. I knew better. I'd spent all my life in an atmosphere of genteel poverty, which is in some ways worse than the real kind. We could never admit we were poor. We had to scrimp on necessities so we could buy the luxuries that would make it possible for us to hold up our heads before our world.

Long before I was old enough to go to boarding school I made up my mind that someday I'd be rich. I didn't know how, then. I didn't know how until I visited Jane and heard about some girl who had made a wealthy marriage. That, I said to myself, was what I would do. It shouldn't be difficult. I had a dark, sparkling kind of beauty, and I seemed to understand instinctively how to arouse a man's interest in me.

It was my bad luck that I fell in love.

Jimmy Taylor was a boy Jane had known all her life. She told me all about him, and it wasn't difficult to see that she was deeply in love with him. Not that she knew it herself. Jane and I were about the same age, but I always felt much older and wiser than she when it came to love-affairs. All through our school days she was immature and naive, with no more idea of what love really was than a kitten.

As it happened, I didn't really get to know Jimmy until the Christmas before Jane and I graduated from Miss Bunce's school. I'd met him, but in the summers when I visited Jane he was almost always away, working. His family was only moderately well-off, and Jimmy's vacations were spent in earning enough money to get him through the next year of college. This Christmas was different. He had his degree, and was living with his parents in Drewton, commuting to New York every day to work as a draftsman in an architect's office.

In the evenings, and over the holiday week-end, he came to see Jane. I don't know how it happened, but we—Jimmy and I—fell in love.

It was a strange and unsatisfactory kind of love. You see, neither of us ever spoke of it. Jimmy and Jane had one of those understandings that meant they would, some
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day, be married. I didn't want to smash that neat, ordered future of theirs. I wouldn't have wanted to, even if Jimmy had been the kind of man I'd already set my heart on marrying. And anyway, he wasn't: he didn't have any money.

Although neither of us said anything, we each knew, in some strange way, how the other felt. Whenever we were together it was exactly as if an unseen force were trying to push me into his arms. I was always careful, and I think Jimmy was too, never to let myself be alone with him.

I WAS glad when the holidays ended, and Jane and I went back to school. I thought I'd be able to forget about him, but I couldn't. I kept seeing his clean, fresh face, the flash of his teeth when he was amused, the aliveness of his brown eyes. Jane invited me to go home with her for the Easter holidays; I tried to refuse, but she was puzzled and hurt, and at last I consented.

That was when I met Bill Touraine. He was older than Jimmy, not only in years but in knowledge and experience. His quiet, grave manner made you realize that he was a man who always knew what he wanted, and who set about getting it in the most direct and efficient way possible. It had never been necessary for him to work for a living, but to my amazement I discovered he was one of the country's youngest authorities on some complicated branch of chemistry that I can't even pronounce, much less spell.

He asked me to go with him to several dances and parties, that Easter week, and I was glad to accept because it meant I would be less of Jimmy, have less time to think of him. And—since I have promised myself I would set down the whole truth here—I was impressed by Bill's money.

After our first date alone together, when I knew he was interested in me, I decided that Bill was the man I would marry if I possibly could.

I won't try to make excuses for myself. I did like Bill, and I respected him. I don't believe I could have pretended to love him otherwise. But I wanted to marry him because he was rich.

Throughout the few months of school that were left, Bill and I corresponded regularly, and that summer he asked me to marry him. When I said I would, I made a solemn vow to myself. I would be a good wife to him; I wouldn't let him know, ever, that I loved him less than it was his right to be loved. He was so kind, so gentle, so good—I must play fair with him.

I can't see, now, how I could have deluded myself so completely.

I didn't realize, until the very day of the wedding, that—

But I'd better tell it the way it happened. Because most of my friends and all of Bill's lived in the North, we decided to have the wedding there—with Father and Mother coming for it. As soon as Jane heard we were going to be married, she offered her home for the ceremony and reception. Everything was elaborate, beautiful, romantic—just the kind of wedding every girl pictures in her dreams.

Jane was my maid of honor, and Jimmy was Bill's best man. That seemed ironic and terrible to me, but there was nothing I could do about it. I had made up my mind I would never let myself think about Jimmy again. I tried to avoid him, in the few days before the wedding while I stayed with Jane. Every time our glimpses crossed I felt his reproach, his bitterness.

Then it was my wedding day, and Bill and I were standing at the flower-banked altar. I heard the minister's voice, and found it hard to understand that these words he was speaking would accomplish my great ambition, make me Mrs. William Touraine, and wealthy. He finished, Bill was kissing me, I heard the babble of laughter and congratulations from the guests . . .

Jimmy stood before me, the smile on his white face looking as though it had been fixed there with pins. He said in a queer, strained voice:

"It's the best man's privilege to kiss the bride."

He took me roughly in his arms, pressed his lips against mine. I could feel him trying to draw my soul out of my body with that kiss. It was a farewell to me, and at the same time it was a cry for help, anguished and heart-broken.

And I realized two things. One was that Jimmy was suffering, as only a man can suffer who has lost the girl he loves. The other was that he meant nothing to me. Nothing at all.

My brain was whirling so that I couldn't see the faces of the people around me, couldn't tell whether or not they had observed the passion in Jimmy's embrace and been horrified by it. I didn't know whether to be happy or not. I was happy—overjoyed that at last the scales had been dashed from my eyes and I was free from a love that could only have made me miserable. But I was weak with pity, at the same time, for Jimmy.

And later, when Jane caught my bouquet and ran away crying, I saw the whole tragedy plainly. Jane, at least, had read the meaning of Jimmy's kiss, and it had broken her heart.

"Bill," I whispered when I could speak, "I'll go on up to my room, to change. Ask Jane to come see me. Tell her it's very important—I must talk to her."

Bill looked at me gravely. I could not read his thoughts as he said, "All right, dear."

In my own room, amidst the disorder of half-packed suitcases, I took off my veil and tried to think. The easy thing would have been to shrug off all responsibility. I was married, I could not help it if a man not my husband was in love with me. Yes, I could say that, but it would not be true.

Although we had never spoken of it, love had been acknowledged between Jimmy and me. I had really taken him away from Jane, without meaning to, and so I couldn't avoid responsibility.

The door opened, and Jane came
in, traces of tears still in her lovely, gentle eyes. She moved reluctantly, and I knew she had come against her will.

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself, Adelaide," she said. Quickly I took her hand. "Let's not pretend I don't know why you cried," I told her. "I'm so terribly sorry."

"I don't know why I broke down," Jane said. "It isn't as if I didn't know already. Jimmy's been different for months. I knew he—lost interest in me, but until this morning, when he kissed you after the ceremony, I didn't know why. And then—I caught your bouquet, with Jimmy standing right beside me, and it—it just seemed so hopeless—"

She stopped, fighting for composure. Then, after a moment, she went on:

"Because Jimmy isn't the kind who would come back to me on the rebound—even if I wanted him to and—and I'm not sure I do . . ."

"But if he really loved you—if he knew I wasn't the kind of girl he could ever care for—then you'd take him back, wouldn't you?" I demanded.

"Why—yes, of course. If I could be sure he wasn't wishing he could have you. But that's impossible—"

"No, it's not," I insisted, beginning to take off my wedding gown. "I know a way to make Jimmy forget he ever thought he loved me. It'll hurt him, for a little while, but it's so much better than letting him be hurt forever."

I hurried into my traveling suit. I had to hurry, because if I didn't do what I had to do now, I might lose my courage and never do it at all.

I would give no answers to Jane's puzzled questions. All I said, just before going downstairs, was:

"Jimmy may hate me, after I've talked to him. I'd rather he hated me than loved me. But I hope you never will, Jane."

"You know I could never hate you," she whispered.

Downstairs, I stood with Bill for a while, my arm in his, laughing and talking to the wedding guests. My eyes roamed the room, looking for Jimmy, but he was nowhere in sight. Finally I murmured an excuse and went looking for him. Everywhere I turned, in every room I entered, there were people for whom I must smile and act naturally before I could get away. I began to be afraid he had left. But at last I found him on the deserted back terrace, leaning back in one of the striped chairs and looking down into the autumn carnival of the valley.

"Jimmy," I said.

He turned, startled at my voice, and began to get up. I had a glass of champagne in my hand, and as I came toward him I moved just a little unsteadily.

"Don't get up, Jimmy," I said. "I'll sit down." And I plumped myself onto a hassock that was by his knee. Some of the champagne spilled out of the glass. "Here," I said, offering it to him. " Aren't you going to drink to my happiness?"

He wanted to refuse, but he managed to smile and take the glass. He drank only a sip of the wine.

I leaned forward, hugging my knees and gazing up at him. "I just had to come and say goodbye to you," I said, making my voice low and intimate. "But we'll always be—good friends, won't we, Jimmy?"

"Of course," he said. He was watching me, measuring me, trying desperately not to believe that I was what I seemed.

I giggled. "If you aren't going to drink that, give it to me," I said, and taking the glass from his lax fingers, drained it. It was the first I'd had that day, but he couldn't know that, and his eyes widened in shocked amazement.

"Mmm—champagne!" I said. "I love it. And now that—now that I'm—" I didn't know why the words seemed to stick in my throat. I finished determinedly, "Now that I'm Mrs. William Touraine, I can have all of it I want!"

"Adelaide!" Jimmy's hands were clutching the arms of his chair so hard that the knuckles thrust up under the skin. "You don't mean that!"

"Of course I mean it." I was forcing myself to go on now. I hadn't expected to hate this role so completely, I hadn't known it would make me feel so unclean. I told myself fiercely that, after all, everything I was telling Jimmy was true—essentially true. I had married Bill for his money. That was true. The only lies were the trimmings I was adding—the pretence of drunkenness, the cynical way of telling the truth.

I went on, battering at his horrified disbelief, all the time talking like a tipsy, frivolous, scheming girl. "I like you much better than Bill, Jimmy, but of course I couldn't marry anybody that didn't have loads and loads of money. Why, it just wouldn't work out, darling. I wouldn't be happy, and when I'm not happy I'm simply beastly to have around. I've always said I'd marry a man with money—and now I have!"

"Shut up!" Jimmy said hoarsely. "Stop telling me all this. I don't want to hear it, and when you've sobered up you'll hate yourself for saying it."

"But I wanted you to understand," I said with foolish gravity. "You've got to understand, Jimmy, so that when Bill and I come back from our honeymoon we can be friends again. Really good friends . . . I'm so terribly fond of you, Jimmy darling."

I swayed toward him.

With a muttered exclamation, charged with disgust, Jimmy stood up. He was looking at me as if I were something unspeakably vile. Then he turned and walked swiftly away, down the terrace and around the corner of the house.

I sat still on the hassock, feeling as empty inside as the champagne glass in my hand. It didn't matter now that I'd over-dramatized my reasons for marrying Bill, or that I had pretended to want Jimmy to become my lover when I returned from the (Continued on page 52)
I was glad when the holidays ended, and Jane and I went back to school. I thought I'd be able to forget about him, but I couldn't. I kept seeing his clean, fresh face, the flash of his teeth when he was amused, the aliveness of his brown eyes. I had no right to push him into my arms, I was always careful, and I think Jane was too, never to let myself be alone with him.

I was married, and married to a man I didn't love, of course. But I didn't want to smush that neat, ordered future of theirs, wouldn't want to destroy in even the slightest way the kind of man I'd already set my heart on marrying. And anyway, he wasn't the sort of man I could have any money.

Although neither of us said anything, we each knew, in some strange way, how the other felt. Whenever we were together it was exactly as if an unspoken promise was trying to push me into his arms. I was always careful, and I think Jane was too, never to let myself be alone with him.

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FLAMINGO

It's the season's new sensational ballad, as featured by Will Bradley and his orchestra on the Silver Theater summer show, Sundays over CBS

Lyrics by ED. ANDERSON
Chorus

Music by TED GROUYA

FLAMINGO like a flame in the sky flying over the

island to my lover near by

FLAMINGO in your tropical hue speak of passion un

dying and a love that is true

Copyright 1941 by Tempo Music, Inc., 261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Wind sings a song to you as you go
A song that I

Hear below the murmuring palms

_MINGO_
When the sun meets the sea
Say farewell to my

Lover
And hasten to me
For a cool luncheon snack, serve a platter of Brazil nut deviled eggs, prepared the day before.

Banana tapioca cream pudding, decorated with mint leaves, is a cooling dish any time of day.

Here's something new to please salad fanciers—a platter of assorted fruits, sea food and vegetables, all ingredients having been prepared the day before and stored in the refrigerator until time to be served.

BY KATE SMITH
Radio Mirror's Food Counselor
Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night CBS show, but you can still hear her on her daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.

The Cooking Corner Suggests
LET'S EAT

If I were to ask you if you are getting the most out of your refrigerator you would probably answer in all sincerity, "Of course I am." But are you? Are you letting it do for you all the work it is capable of doing?

I know you depend on it to keep perishable foods safely, to preserve leftovers which might otherwise go to waste and to prepare cold dishes for hot weather eating—but its usefulness shouldn't end there. Stop considering it merely as a refrigerator and begin to consider it as an active participant in home management. For if you will keep its services in mind when you plan your menus and do your marketing it will repay you with better and more varied meals, more quickly and economically prepared.

Assume for example that it is Monday morning. You don't want chicken and peas, left over from Sunday, for dinner, so you decide on broiled ham and bananas, creamed potatoes, salad and berry pie. Now with the help of your refrigerator, you can—all at one time—prepare or partially prepare not only most of Monday's dinner but a number of other dishes for serving later in the week.

First, order enough assorted salad ingredients for several meals. Washed, drained and stored in the vegetable compartment they will keep fresh for days.

Next, cook the potatoes and make the white sauce for Monday's creamed potatoes; you can heat them together just before serving. But, says your refrigerator, cook twice as many potatoes as you need and double the white sauce recipe. Use the extra potatoes to make potato salad—if closely covered it will keep fresh and flavor some until you are ready to serve it. Put the additional white sauce into a jar and it will be all ready for some salmon...
You may not believe it, but this refreshing loaf was made from Sunday's left-over chicken and Monday's remaining peas. It's made with gelatin, and luscious stuffed olives are used as a colorful garnish.

When the thermometer's rising, a quick dish the entire family will enjoy, is broiled ham and bananas.

2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup cooked peas
½ cup diced cucumber
½ cup diced celery

Soften gelatin in cold water, then dissolve in boiling water. Chill until slightly thickened then add mayonnaise and curry powder. Beat with rotary beater and pour thin layer into well-buttered loaf pan. Chill until nearly firm then press olive slices into gelatin to form pattern. Chill until firm. Add remaining ingredients to remaining gelatin then pour carefully onto olive layer in pan. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve.

Brazil Nut Deviled Eggs
6 hard-cooked eggs
⅛ cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. prepared mustard
½ tsp. onion salt
½ tsp. celery salt
½ cup chopped Brazil nuts

Combine egg yolks with half the nuts and remaining ingredients. Fill whites with mixture and sprinkle tops with remaining chopped nuts.

Banana Tapioca Cream
2 cups milk
2 tbls. quick cooking tapioca
⅛ tsp. salt
⅛ cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup sliced or diced ripe banana

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine tapioca, salt and half the sugar, add to milk and cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring frequently until tapioca is clear (about 5 minutes). Beat egg yolk and remaining sugar together, then beat in 2 or 3 tablespoons of the hot tapioca. Pour back into hot mixture and cook, stirring constantly, 5 minutes more. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Cool, then fold in banana and orange rind. Chill until serving time. Just before serving, garnish with sliced banana and mint leaves.

croquettes to serve with the potato salad. Potato salad calls for eggs, so boil a few extra ones and use them later on for Brazil nut deviled eggs. While the potatoes and eggs are cooking, make a cold chicken loaf to be served later in the week, using the leftover chicken and peas plus a few additions from the salad compartment.

Now you are ready to start your berry pie. Be sure to make enough dough for two pies—pastry keeps perfectly if wrapped in wax paper and is all the better for being thoroughly chilled before it is rolled out. With the pie in the oven, there is just time to whip up another later-in-the-week dessert—banana tapioca cream.

If this sounds like too much to do in one morning, concentrate on the recipes which will save you the most time and energy during the week to come. The idea, you see, is not to do everything all at once, but to plan in advance which foods you can buy and prepare for later use and with these as a starter I am sure you will enjoy working out your own ideas. And now for our recipes.

Broiled Ham and Bananas
Broil ham slice on one side. When it is ready to be turned, place bananas on broiling rack and dot with butter. Continue cooking until ham is done and bananas are tender enough to be pierced easily with a fork. Turn bananas once.

Mix Your Own Salad
Arrange on a large plate any assortment of fresh fruits, salad ingredients, shrimp, etc., that your taste dictates. Serve plain, with jars of French, Thousand Island and mayonnaise dressing on the side. Let each guest make his own selection of salad and dressing.

Chicken Loaf
2 tbls. gelatin
⅛ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
⅛ cup mayonnaise
⅛ tsp. curry powder
4-ounce bottle stuffed olives

REFRIGERATOR LORE
1. Defrost regularly in accordance with instructions received with your refrigerator.
2. Keep foods in separate containers—glass or enamel with tight covers or bowls or jars topped with ploffilms caps which have elastic edges to ensure a close fit.
3. Keep refrigerator scrupulously clean but do not use coarse abrasives or scouring pads which may break the enamel.
4. Remember that you will serve better and more varied meals if in addition to staples, salads and fruits, your refrigerator holds such appetizers as: Assorted juices and beverages for cooling drinks. Canned fruits and vegetables for salads. Cold canned consomme. canned luncheon meats, corned beef, shrimp, lobster. Sandwich spreads such as cheese, peanut butter, potted meats, jellies.
CLARK KENT and Lois Lane, star reporters of the Daily Planet, drove through the main entrance of "Happyland," Metropolis' new luxurious amusement park. Kent pressed down on the brake and the car came to a slow stop just outside the tent marked "Temporary Office." As the mild, gentle-voiced reporter turned to help Lois from her seat, they could hear voices, rising in anger from the tent: "The answer, Midway Martin, is no—and it will always be no!"

Then, a man's harsh tones: "I wouldn't be too sure, Miss Bardett—"

Lois quickly whispered to her companion: "That's my dear Nancy whom I told you about. And she must be talking to her competitor, Midway Martin. He owns Carnival Town. Listen to him—"

"Miss Bardett, there ain't room in this town for two amusement parks. I'm ready to pay fifteen thousand cash for Happyland—"

Nancy's voice sounded almost hysterical: "I'm not interested. It cost my father ten times that much to build Happyland. I promised him on his deathbed to make a success of it. Now get out before I have you thrown out!"

"You won't have me thrown out, Miss Bardett. This is your last chance. Do you want the fifteen grand?"

"I said get out!"

"Okay, sister, but you'll be sorry. This place won't last a week if I have anything to do with it. Happyland, eh?—you won't be so happy by the time I get here!"

The two reporters watched Martin storm out of the tent and drive away. Lois motioned to Kent to come along with her to see Nancy but he shook his head: "No, you go in alone. I have a feeling; there's more of a story here than just a yarn about the opening of Happyland tonight. I didn't like Martin's face. A man who looks like that is capable of doing almost anything. You talk to Nancy and I think I'll take a ride over to Carnival Town and have a look around."

A few minutes later the reporter parked his car near the shack housing Midway's office. Walking silently, he reached the door ready to knock, when he heard voices. He recognized Martin's immediately.

"Now listen, Kelly. As that Bardett dame's superintendent you're in a spot to do us a lotta good. And I'll see to it that you're paid off. You got everything fixed for tonight?"

"Sure, boss. Just like you said. I had that aviator drop circulars from his plane tellin' everybody that Happyland's giant roller coaster was unsafe and not to ride on it. And then I took a piece of the track out of the Sky Chaser. Boy, will the first car that hits that, skyrocket right to the Devil!"

"What time's the ride scheduled to open?"

"In just about a minute, at eight o'clock. That'll fix Happyland for good!"

The reporter waited to hear no more. He wheeled and, in that instant, Clark Kent became—Superman! Like some giant bird, Superman leaped high into the air. Red cloak streaming in the wind, he sped to Happyland. But already, Martin's diabolic plan was in operation. Every member of the huge crowd at Happyland had seen the warning circular. Nancy, valiantly determined to make a success of her park, climbed up on the ticket booth. Superman was not there to stop her when she said:

"And to prove that the Sky Chaser is absolutely safe I myself-alone—will take the first ride!"

Vainly, Lois tried to stop her. Nancy's determination didn't waver. As Superman neared the park, the roller coaster car holding her was already nearing the top of the first steep grade. Aided by his telescopic vision, he saw her and, in a flash, realized what had happened:

"I could stop that car but those thousands down there would know something was wrong and that would ruin Happyland forever! No, I must find that missing piece of track. What a job! I've got to search a mile of roller coaster to find where that piece has been removed! Good thing it's dark. Up—UP—and away!"

Leaping to the steel framework of the Sky Chaser, Superman raced along the track, sharp eyes glued to the shining rails, looking for a break. Meanwhile, the coaster car carrying Nancy Bardett reached the top of the grade. It hung motionless for a timeless moment, then came hurtling down like a giant bullet. Gathering momentum, the car screamed around a sharp curve at a speed faster than a mile a minute. It roared through a dark tunnel with Nancy clutching the polished handrails, her teeth clenched and her face (Continued on page 79)
Reg'lar Fellers script writer Jerry Devine confers with his cast—Dickie Van Patten, Dickie Monahan, Ron Ives, Jr., and Orville Phillips.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

Reg'lar Fellers, which replaced the Jack Benny program for the summer—on NBC-Red at 7:00, E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West at 7:30 Pacific Time, and sponsored by Joll-O.

This show is on the air because Gene Bresson, who produces it, has always admired Gene Byrnes' comic strip of the same name. He couldn't see why the Reg'lar Fellers of the cartoons wouldn't be just as amusing on the air, and after a lot of work, his idea has at last become a reality.

The first job for Bresson was to get a cast together. He did it without ever done in radio—he hired kids who not only sounded like the parts they were to play, but looked like them, too. He had a satisfactory cast lined up last November—and then had to change two of the young actors this spring when the show finally went on the air because in the meantime their voices had changed.

For at least two of the kids, Reg'lar Fellers is a real life-saver. Bresson made several trips to Harlem, looking for a youngster to play the little Negro, Wash Jones. In a dancing school he finally found Orville Phillips, and chose him because he looked as Bresson imagined Bill Robinson, the dancer, must have looked when he was a boy. Orville's family of a father and four other children was on relief at the time, and the $80 a week he gets for his work on the show comes in very handy. Almost the same thing was true of Dickie Monahan, cast as Dinky Dugan. He's the baby of the cast, seven years old, and although Bresson had seen him before in radio shows, he couldn't find him when he wanted to. One reason was that the people at the parish church and school where Dickie went thought Bresson was a bill-collector when he made inquiries, and were afraid to tell him where Dickie was. He finally established his good faith, and found the boy.

Jerry Devine, who writes the Reg'lar Fellers scripts, is a former child actor himself, so he understands the kids and sympathizes with them. Rehearsals, naturally, are pure pandemonium, but both Devine and Bresson give the boys plenty of rest periods, and find that when it's time to go back to work quiet is easy to restore. In their rest periods the boys wrestle, play marbles, or gather under the piano, which is their club-house, or lie on their stomachs and swap yarns.

One day, while rehearsing a football sequence, they nearly drove the sound-effects man crazy by shouting and kicking the ball around every time a halt was called. Another time they all decided they wanted a coke. Knowing the microphone was on, they kept mumbling about it, hoping someone in the control room would hear and take pity on their thirsts. Finally the director asked them, "What's a coke worth to you?" Dickie Van Patten, who plays Jimmie Dugan, said, "Three cents." That was a mistake, because there weren't three cents among the whole cast. Finally Ran Ives (Pud-din'head) called, "Never mind. We're not thirsty any more!"

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For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 29: The Pause that Refreshes, with Andre Kostelanetz and Alpert Spalding, moves tonight to a new time—8:00 on CBS. . . . It's the last broadcast for Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, NBC-Red at 8:00, before they take their summer vacation.

July 6: What's My Name, a quiz show with Arlene Francis as mistress of ceremonies, takes the place of Charlie McCarthy tonight.

July 13: Tune in Josef Marais' African Trek on NBC-Blue at 3:00 this afternoon for some unusual music and African atmosphere.

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac-Programs from June 25 to July 24

AUGUST, 1941
Ted Steele sings, acts, plays the Novachord and leads a band.

**HAYE YOU TUNED IN...**

Ted Steele, the amazingly versatile young man who plays and sings with his own orchestra every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at 9:45, and stars in the half-hour show, Boy Meets Band, every Saturday at 8:00, both on NBC-Blue.

Ted is in his early twenties, good-looking, broad-shouldered, and permanently sun-burned these days because he spends every bit of time that he can on his New Jersey farm. Two years ago he was an NBC page-boy. Now he has a five-year contract with that same company as a singer-musician-actor.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, Ted organized his first band when he was seventeen. The personnel director of a steamship line heard the band at a college prom and gave it a contract for two trans-Atlantic cruises. When he landed from the crossing, Ted enrolled at Trinity College, led the band there, wrote school songs, and directed several varsity shows. With all that experience under his belt, he thought it would be easy to crash radio, but it wasn't. He wandered around the country, and eventually landed in Hollywood, where he had his own program on a local station. He left there when a wire from NBC offered him a job. It wasn't until he was back in New York that he found out that the job was that of page-boy, but he took it anyway.

Ted was fascinated by the Novachord, which is an electric instrument with a weird, beautiful tone. When NBC bought some of them he practiced on one every noon hour. Soon he became so proficient that he was playing for daytime programs and making about $1,000 a week. He's given all that up now, and devotes his time to his own shows.

His enthusiasm for the big farm he has bought in New Jersey is no pose. He intends to run the farm so it makes a profit, and has a huge library of farming books. All his knowledge doesn't come from books, either—he was wise enough to pick land that had several springs on it, with the result that last May, when other farmers were worrying over the protracted dry spell, Ted's crops were fine.

[For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time]

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

June 30: Tonight's your last chance to hear The Amazing Mr. Smith, on Mutual at 8:00. It's leaving the air.

July 7: Another departure, after tonight, is the Lux Theater on CBS. It'll be back next fall, as usual.

July 14: Taking the Lux Theater's place is Forecast.
Radio's Munros are really Margaret Heckle and Neal Keen.

**HAY YOU TUNED IN...**

The Munros, on NBC-Blue every Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time.

If you think your life is difficult or complicated, you ought to listen to that of Gordon and Margaret Munro. With the possible exception of the Easy Aces, they are the most involved couple on the air. Gordon is a young newspaper reporter who has recently obtained a job in New York. Margaret is a delightfully scatter-witted wife. Other characters very seldom appear in the Munro episodes. They aren't really needed, because Gordon and Margaret supply all the excitement one quarter-hour program can produce.

Off the air, Gordon and Margaret are played by Neal Keen and Margaret Heckle. Neal and Margaret are not married to each other, although for years they have collaborated on radio programs in which they played man and wife, and they frequently argue with each other so furiously it's hard to believe they aren't married. They met when they were both attending the University of Wisconsin, and began their radio career soon afterwards.

They write their own scripts, and Gordon and Margaret are really composite portraits of several of their friends, plus a good many of their own personal characteristics thrown in for good measure. For instance, there was their amusing birthday sequence on the air, it's interesting to know that Neal and Margaret really do have the same birthday, just as their own children have.

Give some of the credit for their amusing programs to Arthur Hanna, the NBC staff producer who directs the program. Arthur, a young energetic fellow who came to NBC from the theater, frequently suggests situations which would make good scripts, and Neal and Margaret write them.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

June 25: Say goodbye until fall to two comedians at 9:00 tonight—Eddie Cantor on NBC and Fred Allen on CBS.

July 2: Taking Fred Allen's time on CBS is a new program on behalf of the Government's bond-selling campaign. 

July 3: Your Marriage Club changes time, to tonight at 7:30, on CBS.

July 10: Last broadcast tonight for Fannie Brice's program. It will be back in seven weeks.
**Dorothy Kilgallen is Broadway's "Voice" on her CBS show.**

**HAVE YOU TUNED IN...**

The Voice of Broadway, starring Dorothy Kilgallen, sponsored by Johnson & Johnson on CBS Saturday morning at 11:30 E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West at 10:30 A.M. Pacific Time.

You wouldn't think, talking to Dorothy Kilgallen, that she was ever a yachtsman in murders. She's delicate, soft-voiced, pretty and very feminine. But the fact remains that at a time in her life when most girls are thinking about what sort of ronny they'll join, she was her newspaper's star reporter of murders and murder trials. She went on from there to be the first woman reporter to fly around the world, and on her return went to Hollywood to write some movie scenarios and act in one picture herself. After that she came back to New York, started a Broadway gossip column that's read by millions, wrote short stories for magazines, got married, and recently made her radio debut on The Voice of Broadway, her own program.

Quite a full life for a young woman who is a long way from reaching her thirtieth birthday—but not one of her adventures ever excited Dorothy as much as the baby she is due to have in July. She expects to miss just one of her broadcasts, and fervently hopes that the reason for her absence won't be announced on the air.

Dorothy's husband is Richard Kollmar, the radio and stage actor. They're married because both of them are crazy about swing music. Their first date together was a spur-of-the-moment affair when, having met at a party, they went to a New York hotel to hear a new swing band led by a named unknown Artesh Show.

They live a busy, haphazard and thoroughly happy life in a New York apartment, going to all theater and night-club openings together. They used to stay up until all hours, but since the baby has been on its way Dorothy has given that up. She has even taken to eating real breakfasts, which she hates.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

June 27: Kate Smith gives her last nighttime broadcast of the season—but she'll be on five days a week, at noon, throughout the summer.

July 4: Celebrate the Fourth any way you like, but don't forget to be thankful that America is still free.

July 12: A new variety program, sponsored by Rinso, starts today on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M.
ROBERT L. WILKINS

MOLESSES 'N' JANUARY

There are millions of Molasses 'n' January fans who know these blackface comics through their weekly radio series, the Dr. Pepper Parade, but there are very few who know them intimately, personally through working with them and for them. For several years now I have been writing jokes for them, and so I've a pretty good idea of both boys and I'm going to give you an unbiased sketch of them as they really are.

First and foremost, I've discovered these lads are real troupers. In the old tradition, they believe the show must go on. One summer Pat Padgett, who plays the part of Molasses, was suffering severely from a muscular strain. Not wishing to leave his sponsor in a jam, he continued broadcasting for seven or eight weeks although suffering severe pain.

At least a couple of times before Pat has demonstrated he is more than a good traper. One time after a dress rehearsal Pat received a telegram informing him that his wife was seriously ill and in the hospital. Yet with that knowledge, he still went on the air. It was too near the broadcast to get anyone to take his place.

That was a real ordeal. But he had an even tougher one a year later. This time the starkest of tragedy entered his life. Immediately preceding his broadcast, he got news that his wife had died. Knowing that the show was set and that it was too late to secure a substitute act, he again went on.

And as for Pick Malone, who plays.

By MORT LEWIS

(Their Gag Writer and Producer of NBC's Behind the Mike Program)

the part of January, well, every once in a while Pick has trouble with his dental equipment. I've seen him appear at rehearsals with his jaws swollen to almost twice normal size from abscessed teeth, and still go on that night with a grand performance.

Away from the microphone and the written scripts, few comedians are really funny. But Pick is one of the funniest. And Pat, although not bubbling with mirth has a grand collection of dary stories. He also has one practical joke he dearly loves to play which is likely to cause you acute embarrassment. Should you criticize some person, in Pat's hearing Pat is likely to raise his eyebrows and shake his head slightly as if he were signaling to you that the person you are talking about has just entered the room and is standing in back of you. Red in the face, you turn around, and discover no one.

Pat, the more conservative of the two has never forgotten the financial hardships he underwent before he achieved success. Pick is more likely to spend money for the mere sake of spending it. He is not nearly as forward looking as the canny Pat. Pat on the other hand has established a big trust fund for himself, he regularly saves a certain part of his salary and makes safe investments. Pat looks ahead. Sometime ago he bought a lovely 120 acre estate down in Virginia. Now Pat will never have to worry about taking care of himself in his old age.

The nicest part of the relationship between the two is that they are really friends. "This place is Pick's as much as it is mine," Pat says, speaking of his Virginia estate.

For some reason, which I have as yet been unable to discover, both boys address each other "Willie." Neither of them is named "Willie." Nobody else calls them by that name.

The apple of Pat's eye is his son, Bobby. The happiest moments Pat knows is when he is together with Bobby. This is just about as often as he can ween him away from the school the boy attends. Pick has two boys. Pat's younger, Bobby, and the younger of Pick's sons can imitate their fathers' dialects to perfection. In fact, Pick and Pat seriously considered while they were away on vacation, having their sons make guest appearances as Pick and Pat Junior. However, after thinking it over, the fathers decided the boys were too young to begin their radio careers, much to their sons' regret.

But in the back of their minds is the fixed thought that maybe someday when they have finished with the air, they'll be able to sit home, turn on their radio and through the loudspeaker hear words that will thrill them both—"Introducing those two grand blackface comics, Pick and Pat Junior,—the sons, carrying on, in the tradition of the fathers."
These are the gentlemen who thrill you on the I Love a Mystery show heard Monday nights at 8:00, E.D.T., over the NBC-Blue. Left to right, Jack Packard, played by Michael Raffety, Doc Long, played by Barton Yarborough, and Reggie York, played by Walter Paterson.

Young Doctor Malone

(continued from page 23)

she didn't understand her own reactions. The woman who was urging her husband to go somewhere without her didn't seem to be the real Ann Malone. Her words were dictated by someone else, someone who took a perverse delight in being contrary and difficult. Ann rather hated that person, and wished she could escape from her domination.

On Saturday morning, before Jerry had returned from the hospital, the telephone rang. It was Veronica Farrell.

"I tried to get the doctor at his office," she said, "but he'd already left. I wonder if he could give me a lift out to Mrs. Smythe's? Something inside my car has gone mysteriously wrong, and the garage man tells me it will take hours to fix it."

In the instant of time before she answered smoothly, "I'm sure he could, Mrs. Farrell," Ann realized several things. Veronica had been invited to the house—party, and Jerry hadn't told her. And, from the way she spoke, Veronica knew that Jerry was driving out there alone, without his wife.

Veronica said, "I'm staying with Jessie Hughes for a few days, so the doctor can pick me up there ... It's a shame you don't feel up to coming too."

Ann murmured politely before she hung up.

Is this jealousy? she wondered. But I've never been jealous before. It makes me feel horrible.

When Jerry came home, and she gave him Veronica's message, it shamed her to see his brown and hear him say it was a nuisance. All at once she wished she could undo her previous silliness and go with him—only this time she wished it because it would please him and because her perverse demon had suddenly retired, leaving her to realize that the house—party probably would have turned out to be fun for both of them.

As if he'd read her thoughts, Jerry said wistfully, "Sure you won't change your mind, Ann?"

She would have given anything to be able to say yes, but Veronica Farrell had made that impossible. If she went now, it would look as if she were a suspicious wife who had decided to tag along as soon as she'd learned Veronica was going.

"No, darling," she said. "I'd really rather not."

Jerry's lips tightened. "Okay," he said briefly. "I'll be home Sunday night after dinner." He kissed her, said goodbye to Penny and Bun, and was gone.

Saturday afternoon and Sunday were interminable—but at last they were over and Jerry was home again and it was almost as if that unpleasant house—party incident had never happened. Almost—but not quite. Jerry told her, entirely without embarrassment, of the people he'd met on Long Island, of the tennis he'd played and the meals he'd eaten, and the couple of times he'd danced with Veronica—

He was calling her Veronica now, all the time.

It was horrible to be like this—suspicious, watchful, creating heartbreak for oneself. Still—was it all in her own mind? At times she was certain that Jerry had changed in some subtle way since the Long Island party. He seemed to have drawn away from her. He gave her only a part of himself, while the rest—the real Jerry—was locked away in some corner of his mind that she could not enter. It was no longer possible for their thoughts and emotions to flow serenely from one to the other without the clumsy intermediary of words. They were two people now, two people who had lost the precious habit of being one.

Ann was relieved, and hated herself for being relieved, when Veronica Farrell left New York.

It had been November when Jerry joined Dr. Dunham. Now it was December, and the stores along Fifth Avenue were reminding you that Christmas was on its way. Ann was glad. This was only the second Christmas of their married life; last year, although they hadn't had much money to spend, she and Jerry had made a beautiful festival of the season. They both loved Christmas so much—they would let the holidays help her in breaking through that unaccustomed barrier which had risen between them.

But a week before Christmas Day Jerry came home early, full of excitement. A long-distance telephone call had summoned him to an island off the Georgia coast, and possibly operate on none other than J. H. Griffin—the J. H. Griffin whose name was always in the financial columns of the newspapers, and frequently in the national and political columns as well.

"He's a friend of Mrs. Hughes," Jerry said. "I guess she recommended me. Anyway, his secretary called up this morning, wouldn't take no for an answer. I'm catching the three o'clock plane."

The apartment sprang into activity—Penny pressing a light—weight suit, Ann helping Jerry to pack his one suitcase. But they only telephoned for plane reservations. In the midst of it all Ann stopped, struck by a sudden thought.

"Jerry—you'll be back for Christmas?"

"Oh, I should think so," he said carelessly. "I don't expect to stay long. After I operated, I'll spend a few days at all that is. I don't even know what the matter with the old boy."

"Please try not."

His arms went around her, held her close. "I'll be here Christmas Eve if I have to bring Griffin with me and operate on him under the tree," he promised tenderly.

It was on Tuesday that Jerry left. On Thursday morning she got a letter from him, loopy—wrote—circles, in his nearly illegible doctor's hand, saying, "A thick, creamy—white paper with 'Lagoon House' engraved in an upper corner.

Dear Ann: In place of fancy private homes, and a miniature but fantastically equipped hospital. Old Griffin's is the biggest estate on the island, so we imagine.

'Tm operating on him tomorrow morning. It's rotten luck, dear, but I may have to stay on for a while with him, because operation. Besides, he's an automatic old dodger and I don't think anybody has ever said no to him. He's prob-
ably have apoplexy if he heard the word. If I'm not able to make it home for Christmas we'll have our own private Malone brand of Christmas later.

"Give my love to Penny and Bun, but keep most of it for yourself."

Then a postscript:

"It wasn't Mrs. Hughes who recommended me after all, but Veronica Farrell. She's here as Griffin's guest."

Ann folded the letter into its original creases and carefully put it back into its envelope, watching with a kind of amazement the precise movements of her fingers. How could they be so nimble, so certain, when her heart felt as if it were frozen?

Penny, across the breakfast table, watched her with shrewd sympathy. "What's the doctor say?" she asked.

"Why, he—he's busy. He's operating today. He—"

The words stuck in her throat. She could see nothing but Bun's round shocked eyes, a piece of toast halted on its way to his mouth, and then the tears she couldn't keep back shattered even that vision.

"I'm sorry," she said a little later, when Penny had made her lie down. "I'm ashamed of myself. Acting like a baby... so silly..."

"There, now," Penny soothed her. "I know just how you feel. I bet the doctor wrote he couldn't be back home for Christmas."

Yes," Ann said. "And I was so disappointed, I guess I lost control of myself." She couldn't tell anyone, not even Penny, the whole truth. She couldn't say, "The reason I cried is because I'm jealous—because I just found out that a woman I'm terrifically afraid of is with Jerry on that beautiful Southern island."

Because what was there, except her instinct, to make her afraid of Veronica Farrell? And instinct might be only nerves, imagination, or even resentment because Jerry had gone against her advice in taking the position which had first brought Veronica into their lives.

"I'll be all right," she assured Penny. "A doctor's wife shouldn't be so sentimental about Christmas."

Bun, from the doorway, said, "We'll just pretend Christmas doesn't come until Jerry gets back."

Pretending wasn't so easy, though. When the day before Christmas came, and brought a wire from Jerry saying that he'd have to stay over another few days, an atmosphere of restrained gloom settled down over the apartment. They'd bought a tree, because you probably wouldn't be able to get one after Christmas, and that evening they made a brave show of decorating it, but the feeling of festivity was missing.

At ten o'clock, when the tree was all finished and there was nothing left to do, Penny said quietly, "Why don't you call the doctor up, Ann?"

"You knew I wanted to, didn't you?" Ann said with a shamefaced little smile. "Only—I was hoping he'd call me."

"It's getting late. He'll be thinking pretty soon that you've gone to bed."

Ann hesitated. "I'll wait until eleven," she finally decided. "Then, if he hasn't called, I will."

Bun immediately begged and received permission to stay up until then, and he and Penny settled down to a game of double solitaire on the card-table. Ann, sitting beside them.
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too. (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

“What’s this?” said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: “Hmm, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open.”

He opened it. “Looky, six sticks—that’s generous.” Then he tasted. “Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a few minutes but as long as you’d want it.”

Just then in popped his dentist. “Good boy, Jack,” said the dentist, “chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling.”

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction. (Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne’s luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

and pretending to watch, could think of nothing but the telephone in the hall. Any moment it might ring, and she would hear Jerry’s voice, know he had been thinking of her.

That’s all I ask, she thought. If he will only call me up, I’ll know I’ve been foolish, building all this distrust and doubt up in my mind. I’ll know Veronica Farrell doesn’t mean a thing to him. If only he calls me...

The hands of the electric clock glided to eleven, and the telephone had not rung.

“ Aren’t you going to call Jerry, Ann?” Bun asked.

“Yes,” Ann heard herself saying. She got up and went out to the hall, her heels tap-tapping on the hard wood floor Penny had spent hours that morning polishing. She sat down on the little chair by the telephone stand, and lifted the receiver.

With mechanical efficiency, the call was put through, and she heard a masculine voice at the other end say, “Hello.” Before she could answer, the operator cut in: “New York is calling Dr. Gerald Malone.”

The masculine voice said quickly and somehow anxiously. “Dr. Malone isn’t here. Who is calling, please?”

The operator ignored his question. “Can you tell me where I can reach him?”

“I wish I knew.” This time there could be no doubt about the man’s excitement. He and another guest here, a Mrs. Farrell, were sailing in a small boat this afternoon and they haven’t returned. There’s a bad storm and...

The receiver dropped from Ann’s hand and she stumbled to her feet, overturning the little chair. She called, “Penny! Penny!” and turned, unseeing, to go back into the living room, but one leg struck the chair and her heel slipped on the polished floor. She fell heavily, and lay there, feeling pain clamp down upon her.

JERRY listened in numb silence to what Dr. Lawrence Dunham was saying. He had a grave look on his face, lying somewhere in space. It was hard to remember now all that had happened, although at the time it had seemed vivid and terrible. Mr. Griffin had been asleep, that afternoon, and Veronica had suggested a sail out to Pirate Island, to give him some fresh air. The sea had been like glass. They’d beached the boat, and wandered along the beach for a while, then sat and talked in the sun. He’d felt drowsy, comfortable.

Then the sun was gone, and it was cold, and Veronica was shaking him. Their boat had drifted away, and the storm was coming up. Even so, it might not have been so bad. The storm wasn’t a fierce one, as tropical storms go, and the Coast Guard had picked them up the next morning, little the worse except for a thorough wetting. It was the news awaiting him at Lagoon House when they arrived there that was so unbelievably horrible...

All the way up to New York in the plane he had seen the words of the telegram floating in the air, in front of his eyes. “Ann lost baby hurry home—Penny.” And he’d heard, over and over again, the words of Griffin’s secretary: “I think your wife tried to call you last night—before I realized she could hear what I said I told the operator you were out in the storm. missing.”

THAT was all he’d needed to know, really. Dunham didn’t have to go on telling him how Ann had been so shocked that in getting up from the telephone desk she’d stumbled, fallen across the chair. That—the mechanics of how it had happened—was so unimportant now.

“Yes, I understand,” he cut the one-doctor short. “But why can’t I see her? You tell me she’s all right, but you won’t let me go in there and talk to her. Why?”

“Penny—” Dunham’s pink face grew pinker with embarrassment. “Well, you see, it’s like this, Jerry. Last night, when I got here, Mrs. Malone was in great pain but all she could think of was— water. She was very thirsty and nearly drowned. Finally, around dawn, I gave her a sedative. By the time she came out of it we’d heard you were safe, and I told your wife. Dunham stopped abruptly.

“Well? What happened then?” Jerry asked impatiently.

“She was a picture of the dickens, of course. But all at once she seemed to remember why I was there, and she asked me about the baby. I had to tell her she’d—lost it. And then she froze up. Didn’t pay any more attention to me. I told her you were on your way here, and all she said was, ‘It shouldn’t have been my baby for Christmas.’ Now, that was a funny thing to say, wasn’t it?”

Jerry, his head bowed, said, “It’s true, though. She should have. If I had, this wouldn’t ever have happened. She knows it, and I know it.”

How greatly will Ann blame Jerry for the loss of the child who was to have meant so much to them? Will they be able to find their way back to the confidence and understanding they once knew? Reserve your copy of the next instalment of DR. MALONE now, in order to be sure not to miss the next dramatic instalment.
How Frances Langford
Remade Her Beauty
(Continued from page 11)

"I didn't even want to meet Jon," Frances confessed. And she told me about the time when both of them were making personal appearances in New York and she had gone to "21" with George Jean Nathan. Jon was there, at another table, and someone pointed him out to her as the new heart-throb of two thirds of the women in the country. Frances was so afraid she would have to meet him, that she couldn't bring herself to look in his direction the whole evening.

"Isn't it a shame?" Jon asked me. "Look at all the time we wasted."

Frances laughed and I noticed that even her laugh had changed. It was freer, soft and warm. Her speaking voice has grown fuller and more beautiful, too, and there's hardly a trace of her southern accent left. And I understand from her director that she's becoming a better actress every day, mainly because of her newly found self confidence.

Frances was called to the microphone, and as I watched her walking across the studio, I couldn't help thinking that many women might profit by her experience. I don't suppose there's a woman alive who doesn't realize that the way you look has a lot to do with the way you feel. But what they don't see is that it isn't at all hard to change your outward appearance and give your spirit the lift it needs that way.

After her song was over, Frances came back and I asked her lots more questions.

She told me, for instance, that when she's working, she prefers hot baths to showers because they're more relaxing and they don't affect the curl in her hair as much as the steam in showers does; that she tends her hands very carefully, creaming them every time she washes them and getting a manicure once a week; that she likes to sleep at least ten hours a day, because she feels better when she does; that she always tries to stand very erect; that she wears sun glasses outdoors to prevent frown lines and, when her eyes are tired, she uses an eye lotion; that she loves the luxurious feeling of a rub down with her favorite cologne after a bath. But none of these things explain more than how Frances maintains the change that has taken place in her.

Frances Langford has changed, simply by finding the courage to seek out her own personality and to bring it out in every possible way. In overcoming her timidity about her clothes and makeup, she overcome her shyness and terness about lots of other things.

She carefully worked an outward metamorphosis and the inner one followed quite naturally.

Yes, there is something about a perky hat, or a brightly colored dress, when you've been accustomed to thinking of yourself in conservative, retiring clothes. You find you've got to live up to it. And anyone who says you can't change yourself that way, is no woman.

DRESS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

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AUGUST, 1941

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My broadcast was based on stuff I'd got at dinner so I typed it out early and gave it to the censor to chew over while I killed time playing bridge with some of the boys.

An apprentice named Harry, a red-haired kid under age for the army, whom I'd often literally bumped into when he arrived on his unlighted bicycle in the pitch dark at the same moment I got there, was on hand early too. He seemed in such uproarious spirits that I inquired the reason why. As a result I almost changed the script of my talk. For he'd been bombed out the night before and he was here because he had no place else to go. The poor frame tenement in which he lived over by the Thames docks had been completely demolished by a direct hit. All the technical books and apparatus it had taken him years of overwork and understudy to acquire were gone. So Harry was gay tonight.

I HAD picked up the ear phones to listen to what they were saying from Vichy and Ankara when the bomb hit our building.

We were below ground and we heard little of the raids going on outside, but this time the building shuddered queerly like an earthquake, and I braced myself for the explosion.

But it didn't come. I tried to settle down, telling myself it was a Dud or, if it wasn't, there were experts on hand to get rid of it. New York was talking in my ear, telling me it was just about time for me to start in, but I kept thinking about that bomb hole, and how you never know whether it will be seconds or hours or days before they go off.

I guess it was only about two minutes that this endless age lasted. Any way, I had said, "This is London." And then it went off. Very far away, it couldn't have been a big one, for it didn't knock me off my chair.

But it was big enough. I had got my voice going, had even started talking in that lively, sort of breathless way that makes it sound as if the words are being spoken eternally, hot off your chest, instead of being read from a censored and approved manuscript. In the middle of a sentence in the third paragraph two men went by the door, carrying a third, on a stretcher. Only the third was not a man any more. It was technically known as a body, the face covered by the blanket. But they hadn't covered enough. A shock of red hair still showed. It was Harry. It was the boy who had kept us laughing all evening with him because he had to keep from crying. Now he would never laugh or cry again.

I don't know how I got through my broadcast, because for the first time I had hit me. I hated war. I was sick with war.

I stumbled out of the studio without saying goodnight to anyone, passed the sandbags and the sentries at the entrance for who were not frozen-faced. They tried to urge me not to go out on the street. But I hardly heard them.

It was really dangerous out there. Always a popular target, tonight the district was bristled with half a dozen big fires within a mile, which outlined with a dull red glow the bellies of the balloons far up above. The scream of a near-falling bomb alternated almost regularly with the huge outburst of the anti-aircraft battery in the park. Probably I threw myself flat down each time in the regulation position from force of habit: face in the gutter, mouth open, hands over ears. But I'm not sure, because I don't remember anything clearly till the moment I saw Judy. I know I didn't have my tin hat fastened, because that was the first thing she told me, when her eyes began to fill. Neither did she, and that was what I answered her, and we laughed. Queer laughter, though, if anyone heard us.

I saw with a thrill be the empty spot between two buildings. I'll never get over the suddenness of those empty spaces. There'll be a building standing normal and whole except maybe for its broken windows. Then—nothing. For when a big bomb really does its job on a building there is not a piece left bigger than half a brick. On the site you see what we call "rubble"—and dust. Always that strange drifting dust haunting the place, gruesome like the mist that rises from a miasmatic swamp in a horror film.

It was against that ghostly moving cloud that I saw Judy. She stood there utterly still, a small dark figure huddled into a man's coat, staring into the gloom, in a sickening, helpless fright.

I'd seen others staring that way into ruins of what had meant a lot to them, but something about her was different. It got me. She broke my heart, the way she stood there.

I was watching in a sort of sick paralysis when a heavy hand touched my shoulder. "Would you be acquainted with the young lady?"

I shook my head. "What's she doing here?"

Stay Close to Me

(Continued from page 13)
"Nothing," he answered. "That's not 'urts. There's nothing to be done. She left her 'ole family 'ere one morning, and came 'ome that evening to find—this."

I shuddered. I knew what he meant. Not even a body to bury. That was the way of a direct hit.

"Hit seems she's no one left," he went on. "Someone said 'er 'usband 'ad been killed in the first week of the war. Young, 'e was. Straight out of Sand'urs."

For a moment I shared her utter, bleak desolation. Nothing, no one left. Nothing but drifting dust.

"If you'll excuse me, sir," the boy went on, "I wish you'd try to talk to her; I can't make 'er 'ear me."

And so I spoke to her. Maybe she heard a faint echo in my voice of what she was feeling. Or maybe—well, maybe it was because it happened to be me. I believe that now. Anyway she lifted her head and looked at me.

Hers was a queer little face, white and worn and pinched with cold. For this was one of those raw, damp nights when the London weather can go through your bones. She was not beautiful, certainly not then, in that chilly half-light. But I wasn't thinking of beauty. It was something else in her face that caught at me. I think now that I saw in that first minute her spirit, her utterly honest, gallant purity of spirit.

We moved away together, slowly at first, her feet moving in a queer stiff jerking gait. She must have been standing there so long that she had almost lost the use of her muscles, and she leaned on my arm.

Then I heard the whine of another bomb, and I pushed her into the mouth of a tube station we were passing. The guard told us it was full, but brusquely added that we might as well go in and suffocate as stay out here and get hurt. I tried to help her pick her way down among the tight-packed sleeping people on the long, unmoving escalator. But she looked down at the contorted bodies around her feet and shuddered, and I hadn't the heart to drag her on. We waited there until we heard the chump of the bomb's landing and the explosion, not too near. I listened to the uneven snarl of the plane's engines, set out of rhythm to make range-finding harder, and decided it was leaving. I said, "Let's run for it. I know of a place—"

She let herself be half-carried the few blocks to the hotel where I had my meals. We made it and went down to the night club in the basement.

I was afraid she would feel embarrassed, for the girls down here all looked as if they had stepped out of the pages of Vogue, their hair in lovely shining waves above dresses as subtly from as beautiful silks as anyone had worn before the war began. But she did not seem to be aware of her face unpowdered by anything but dust and soot, or the heavy man's coat that I lifted from her shoulders and gave to the cloakroom girl. Without it, she looked extraordinarily different. She wore one of those simple dark frocks of the type you might see on a smart secretary in any office, but there was something exquisitely appealing about the effect. Her neck looked round and very tender above the small white collar, and the dark material outlined the gentle curves of her shoulders and breast in a way that made me want to cry. She was much

"Here's where I found out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think—they're splashing around in a bath all the time!"

"But of course they do miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"

"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish?... Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness I'm not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy—while we're on the subject?"

"Hot days can be happy days for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so downy-cool and soothing for prickly heat—grownups are crazy about it, too! Johnson's doesn't cost much, either."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
too thin, of course; the belt was fastened around a tiny waist, and her skirt hung more loosely than it should have around her hips, but it wasn’t that, exactly, that seemed to hurt when I looked at her. It was just her kind of beauty, I know now, but then I didn’t guess what had hit me. I called it pity.

She was still silent, looking around her but not really seeing, while I ordered brandy and food. When it came, I had to remind her it was there. I tapped her glass. “This says ‘drink me.’”

For the first time she smiled. She picked up her glass and because her hand shook she held it in both hands like a little child. But she took a good swallow.

She took another swallow, again two-handed, and sat up a little straighter. “My name is Judith—Warren.”

I GUESSED from the look on her face that she could not say her name without thinking of her husband. That wouldn’t do.

“Mine is Rod Barrows,” I told her. “And this is labeled ‘eat me.’”

I pointed to the plateful I’d served her from the covered silver dishes.

Eating was hard for her. I had to cut her meat and sometimes I had to place her hand on her fork to keep her at it. But she did her best, gratefully, like a dutiful child, and I felt my throat tighten with sympathy.

Color did begin to come back to her pale cheeks, faintly through grime and weariness, and she was no longer cold. I began to realize that there was something quite lovely about the shape of her face; not oval, for it was too thin for that, but the forehead was broad and her dark gray eyes were set deep and wide apart above finely formed cheekbones whose delicacy showed almost too clearly under the transparent skin.

When she had done all she could about the food, she had more brandy. For the first time she seemed to see what went on around her, to hear the band which was murdering some of our best American swing music by playing it loud and brassy like a march to cover up the constant detonations of the gun across the street. A puzzled frown made a little indentation between her eyes.

“I didn’t know there was a place like this,” she said curiously. “I mean, except for that RAF uniform over there, it’s just as if—as if they didn’t know what was going on outside—”

I nodded. “And the boy in the uniform looks bewildered himself. I bet he never gets this upset when he starts out bearing gifts for Berlin—”

But her eyes shadowed again, between their heavy dark lashes. “Let’s dance,” I said quickly.

She wasn’t really up to dancing, as I should have known, for what she’d been through had exhausted her physically as well as spiritually. But she stood up and raised her arms to me obediently, still following my suggestions in her good-child way.

I put my arm around her slender-ness and I felt as if I’d never danced with a girl before. The feeling of this girl’s light body in my arms was a completely new sensation. She was so little, so sweet.

The music did not stop, these nights. When one band tired, their places were taken without a break by relief players. But it was only a few minutes before I felt it stumble. She smiled up at me apologetically, but her face was very white.

“Ye gods, I’m sorry,” I led her to the table. “Why did you let me drag you out there?”

“I like to dance,” she said with that sweet smile.

“And I suppose you like to ride horseback too,” I told her sternly. “But what you need now is a dose of sleep. I’d go buy you some.”

She didn’t protest while I made arrangements for her to have a cot in the safest shelter in London, which was right through a couple of pairs of soundproof doors from here. “You’ll see a queen, a couple of kings and some of their sisters, and about six heads of government,” I told her at the entrance. “And they look just as foolish asleep as anyone else.”

She tried to laugh, but the trained nurse in her was right in attendance at this fancy shelter to help the ladies lay away their negligees and slippers had come to lead her to bed. And suddenly she looked like a child being separated from its mother.

“I—can’t,” she gasped.

WELL, you needn’t, then,” I told her, patting her shoulder. I said it easily, cheerfully, but right then a tear began to knock at the back of my mind, and I had no warning or the like.

“You look out,” it said the way I’d heard it often. “Start taking care of a girl and you never know where it’ll end—”

I went to me, the arm she started and said to me, to me, the arm she started, the one you’d like a child being separated from its mother.

“I—I can’t,” she gasped.

Say Hello To-

VERNA FELTON—whose specialty on the air is playing mothers. You’ve heard her as Dennis Day’s mother on The Jock Benny program and as the mother of practically every famous personality dramatized by Hedda Hopper. Verna’s mother was a noted actress, and Verna herself began acting when she was six. In 1923 she married Lee Miller, a stage and radio star in his own right, and now they own a home in Hollywood’s ideally happy couples. They own a home with a garden composed of self-sown flowers, where Verna spends most of her time when she’s not on the air, and they have one son, Lee, Jr., whose nickname is Spuddy.
She brushed safety away with a gesture of her hand. I could guess her life wasn't very valuable to her right now. "Let me come with you," she said in her strange, direct way. And that was how Judy came to my place. As simply as that.
The Venetian blinds at the long windows were slanted shut so no light could pour out; my maid had taken care of that all-important blackout duty before she left. The place was tidy and the fire was laid in the grate. When I had touched a match to it, things looked very cozy. She sat and stretched out her slender legs toward the fire, toasting her toes in the dusty pumps. I brought her a lighted cigarette and she looked up at me with a smile that was a little different from the obedient, childlike kind she had given me before. She said, "Do you know, it's very good to be here?"

QUEER, how hard I found it to make the right answers tonight. Where was my fund of easy, flippantly casual remarks? My tongue twisted on the feeble crack: "You don't know how you improve the place."

I sat down beside her. I talked to her, just rambling on about myself, about the farm in Iowa where I'd grown up. I told her things I hadn't thought about for years, my mother's starched clean sun-smelling aprons, my pet black pig with a white curl to his tail who'd won me a prize at the state fair. I didn't worry about being a bore; I gave her a lullaby. It seemed to work. Even though I wasn't touching her, I could feel her relax beside me on the sofa. When I stopped for lack of breath, she said, softly: "I liked that. I like somehow to know that you grew up on a farm, too... Even one so far from ours in Berk..."

"Berkshire! What do you mean, far? My pig was a Berkshire!"

She laughed, really laughed. And as if it had given her enough cheer to keep her company for a few minutes without me, she went away to scrub off her grime and dust. While she was gone, I pulled myself up sharp again. "You're slipping," I told myself. "It's a sure sign, when a guy starts telling tales of his childhood. Snap out of it!"

But when she came back she didn't give me a chance. She said "I'd like to tell you some stories, now. I should like you to know about me."

And she went right on to tell me, in that dreamy voice that calls back scenes that have a special meaning, a fragrance, because they are part of one's beginning. But she didn't stop there; she brought the story on to London where her talent had led her. She had become an interior decorator which in England means what it says, means doing things with your own hands, creating. I looked at her hands and thought I should have known. They were small but muscular with

She never speaks of it—yet it's a part of her life she'll never forget. Be sure to read

BITTER SWEET
Mary Margaret McBride's Secret Romance
In a future issue of RADIO MIRROR

AUGUST, 1941

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long, capable fingers. I picked up one hand and held it in my own and felt how firm and strong it was; warm now, too, from my fire. It gave me a wonderful cozy feeling about the heart to know that.

She did not draw it away, but went on talking, her story drawing close—dangereously close, I thought—to the present. She told of her engagement to Alistair Warren, whose family's country place had been next to her own home in Berkshire—a boy who'd been a friend since babyhood, so that they'd been wheeled out to the park in the same pram when one or the other Nana was off duty. Their families had gradually made it clear that marriage was expected to link them, and it seemed a good idea. It was all so pleasant and right, the way they started, Alistair all set with his commission, and the fun of planning and decorating the exactly correct flat in Mayfair...

“Look here,” I said, “You're sure you want to tell me this?”

She looked at me and said, “Please if you'll let me...”

And so she told me, her voice breaking sometimes in a way that tore at me inside.

When she had finished, her voice dying away on a drawn breath and leaving only the snapping of the coal in the grate, I couldn’t speak. I just sat there and held her hand a little tighter. She looked up at me, her face wet with tears, her eyes shining, and she said, “Thank you—”

And then she was crying. Deep, painful sobs seemed to tear her apart. That kind of weeping is pretty terrible for anyone to watch, to hear, to feel against your body. But I knew it was the only way she could come out of the jnhuman, ghastly death that had gripped her all this time. I held her close, smoothing her hair, not trying to stop her, but just murmuring the inane words that are hardly words at all, but maybe soothe a bit. She seemed to draw some kind of comfort, some relief, from being near me, for after a while her gasping breaths eased and settled to the gentle rhythmic weeping of a sleepy child. And then I felt her body go soft against me and I realized that she had cried herself to sleep.

Nothing could be better for her, I thought, somehow relieved on my own account as well.

I lifted her gently in my arms and carried her to my room. She did not wake at all, really, while I slipped off her shoes and drew her dress carefully over her head. I laid her between the sheets and tucked her in, and she sighed deeply, the way a child does when disturbed in its first deep sleep, and she looked like a child, too, when I left her, with one hand curled under her cheek.

But I couldn’t go far. I was oppressed with a queer, unreasoning sense of responsibility for her. I worried about her waking, about the thoughts that would meet her, what she would have to face all over again, if something should wake her—

Something! I knew what I was waiting for, sitting there tensely by her door, my muscles tight with listening. I knew it had been quiet long enough. At night the all-clear means nothing. Any minute the warning will sound again, racing across the city, it’s harshly rising, falling scream

picked up and echoed from one siren to another. Any minute the airplanes will come growling over, and in the park across the street that gun—

Then the sudden, enormous crash seemed to swallow us up, absorbing one’s whole being, so that nothing existed but that outrageous bursting roar. I think I stood there cursing and swearing at it in a wild, impotent rage I had not felt in any other raid.

I could hear nothing inside, of course, but I was afraid for what I might not hear. I opened the door and went into the room. The dim light showed Judy sitting up in bed, her hands in fists held tight against her mouth. If she had screamed in that first roar of the gun and the echo as the shell burst far above, she was not screaming now. But the effort of silence was terrible. She did not even seem to see me. Her eyes were huge and staring with a blank look of terror that frightened me.

I spoke to her softly in the awful silence between the devastating double crashes, came to her bedside and sat there a moment before I touched her. Then I took her hand, and slowly her head turned and she looked at me. Her eyes changed and I felt a wild surge of relief. She was seeing me. The blankness had gone.

She reached for me, pulled my shoulders closer and pressed her head against my neck so that I could feel her convulsive breathing. I held her gently as one holds a child, but it was not enough. She crept against me, clinging as if she could not come close enough to whatever strength she drew from my body. Her arms were tight around my neck, her body urgent
with a desperate kind of hunger.

The life I've lived has not taught me the stern control of a saint. On the contrary. And this was no time for a test. I had felt tenderness for her tonight beyond anything I had ever known—an aching longing, painful kind of desire to hold and protect her. But I had fought this feeling, so that my emotions had been sensitized, rubbed absolutely raw, by the warfare inside me as well as outside.

But I take no credit for the queer resistance that strengthened me against her strange needful violence, against my overwhelming response. I know now that my caution, the same fear that had fought against my tenderness, still held me back. It would have been more right, to give myself generously, naturally, help her retreat to the refuge of passion where even the sound of the gun could not reach her. In my blindness I blocked that avenue of escape.

Still, I think her sanity was saved that night.

Through the unbearable endlessness of the double reverberations, I held her close against me, but resolutely gentle as I'd hold a child, talking, murmuring, saying the things I would have said to a child. And gradually I came to know that she would be all right. When the gun stopped, she would sleep again. And it was true, for the steady, firmly level sound of the all-clear was still in my ears, the dawn bleak against the windows, when she relaxed, utterly limp with exhaustion, and her head was heavy on my shoulder.

I don't know when the all-clear came. I didn't hear it, but I know we slept, locked in a deep embrace, richly, and for her it was a healing sleep.

I woke first and lay looking at her in amazement. For she was beautiful. Color had flushed her cheeks, a soft luminous color that seemed to glow like a light beneath the transparent skin. Sleep had smoothed out the thin, pinched look of tension and grief. Now it was possible to see how very young she was, how radiantly young and lovely. She was incredibly touching, lying there wrapped in the peace I had played some part in giving her.

But even in that moment I did not know what I was feeling. Already I was starting to analyze it, and from long habit of self-defense started to explain it away.

It was pity that had stirred me so deeply last night, I told myself, pity confused with the turmoil of a wild, war-torn moment. And this morning it was nothing but the warm, kindly glow of friendliness you feel when you have helped someone through a bad time. I tried to congratulate myself on keeping my head, playing safe. But I couldn't feel pleased with my unaccustomed virtue. It was the hollow virtue of a coward.

Those were the things I was thinking when she woke up. But as her lashes lifted I began to talk, quickly, casually, in a steady stream of words, any words, just to break the shock of realization for her if I could. I saw it, though. I saw her eyes widen suddenly as they looked at me, widen in horror at the knowledge, not so much of who I was but of who I wasn't, and who would never be with her again.

But out of consideration for me she forced herself to shake the thought away, with a tremendous effort, and smiled. Her smile grew warm and real with memory, and she reached a hand toward me. "Thank you," she said.

That did something to me. It upset all my careful thoughts. It was all right to tell myself that it had been only pity last night, but to have her echo that idea, to make the proper response to it, to give me gratitude—that was all wrong. I didn't want gratitude from her, not at all.

I said gruffly, "Save that for your breakfast, which is now being served."

"I have enough thanks," she said, "for everything." There were tears in her eyes and I looked away, giving her hand a hurried pat.

She seemed to sense the discomfort I was feeling, and she jumped up. "You live in luxury," she said. "Something tells me it even runs to hot water in the morning."

So far," I told her, and she disappeared with a gay smile. Listening to the water running in the tub, I had a funny dreamlike sensation. What if all mornings were like this, waking up to feel her hand on my arm, see her smile, hear her bath water running in my tub? But I put the thought roughly out of my mind. "This is the zero hour," I told myself. "This is when men weaken, and get caught in things."

I heard her come out of the bathroom and open the door of the wardrobe. I called, "None of that. Get back into bed. Here comes breakfast."

I sat beside her while she ate, and when she had finished all the bacon and eggs, I fed her bits of toast and

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marmalade. The sunlight seemed brighter than any I had seen in England, streaming over the bed, lighting her ash blonde hair with subtle glinting lights of color. Only the lavender shadows beneath her eyes and the fragile outlines of the weary little body under the covers, kept last night’s horror real.

The phone broke the silence with one of those rare calls that come through the almost completely non-existent connections. It was to change the place of an appointment I had with a man in the Foreign Office. I looked at my watch. One. Suddenly the luncheon that had seemed so important when I made the date seemed insignificant. I didn’t want to leave Judy. Not ever. But I shook the thought away.

When I went back to the other room, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, tiny in her white silk slip, her thin little bare ankles and feet looking incredibly unprotected, touching. “Don’t be a dope,” I told her roughly. “You need me here. I tried to get a real nurse to sub for me, but my Anna out there was insistent when she heard me phone. She says she need six of her own crew, but everything six kids can have, so she’s not afraid to tackle you.”

**Anna** was right there behind me now, her broad rosdy face beaming. She had lost her rigid English sense of what was proper. Only sympathy was in her kindly smile as she went to tuck Judy back in bed. Judy settled down with a sigh. I left her with a wonderful sense of peace. She had been glad to stay with me.

Getting from one place to another in London is an enormous job, requiring time. And in the days that followed I made only the most necessary trips and left out many that I should have made. I trusted Anna. I left to, during the times of my broadcasts—but I couldn’t get home fast enough.

Sometimes, at first, I thought I just got there in time. Anna was good and kind, but it was to me that Judy turned when the bombs came down and of her own accord. She was already, I tried to worry about that, but I couldn’t. I was glad. Wildly, ex-
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The Merry Man 

(Continued from page 29)

his outraged father that he was leaving his alma mater, (Cornell), after two years, for the simple reason that he had grown even more nervous and bittered him more nervous and therefore he must seek a career other than the family industry. So young Mr. Wupperman left college and set out on his own.

For puzzled New York housewives who come away from a Morgan radio performance with all kinds of curious questions about the actor, we clear up the matter once and for all—you are right, he was your Fuller brush man in the prose passage and foot in the doorway sought space in which to wave frantically his free sample.

For certain merchants in Boston, for whom an amazing young man once endeavored to sell advertising, and for New Englanders who still talk of the winter of 1909 and the gobbled-up fruit who tried to sell them alfalfa farms on Long Island, we verify your suspicions. It was Morgan.

To old cowhands round about Lake Wupperman, who wonder occasionally whatever became of that dude cow-puncher who came west to ride the range and, incidentally, remain for 12 years to make his number, we offer this information: he became a comic, in motion pictures and on the radio.

To harassed freight train brakemen who shoved a young bum from the rods, and to New Orleans restaurant keepers who slopped up the kitchen waste to wash dishes for unpaid meals, we can only say—Morgan is the very, very young man we have heard of.

No cyclone on its mission of ill will ever created a greater national disturbance than our wandering hero, and no actor has a greater nuisance value to work off than Frank Morgan. Let him deny it.

Back in New York, his wanderings bring Wupperman face to face with an event that changed the entire course of his life. His older brother Ralph, after graduation from college, had given up his notion of practicing law to become an actor, substituting the name Morgan for Wupperman.

Frank, seeing merit in the step, decided to follow Ralph's move. Catching his father at a time when he was still dazed over Ralph's deed (there having been no actors in the imposing Wupperman history), Frank gained his father's blessing and became another actor named Morgan. He climbed by way of Raleigh to stock companies and, as the odor of his efforts grew less offensive, his parts grew meatier until one day our Thespian found himself in the Broaday cast of "Mr. Wu." And he did mean "Wu," tearing the drama apart tooth and nail. Later, in "Topaz," he became one of the outstanding dramatic actors of the stage.

And then he met a blonde—and love and pain and the frustration that was to mark his future life as a comic, followed.

Today Mr. Morgan chuckles over some of the head-lined, so-called romanticized glorifications of his past. For Mr. Morgan's own love affair was a cross between the burning of Atlanta and a Junior-Senior egg throw. For actor Morgan (and he was a handsome one let me tell you) had fallen hook, line, and sinker for Alma Muller, whose social family scorned the attentions of an actor. Let him go back to bitters, they protested, and they'd think of Frank. Life was bitter enough without the Angostura so, on the eve of the day that Alma's family were sending her away to New York, Frank sneakily eloped and married her.

She sailed away with the secret in her heart. And then came WAR, the old one, and a new one trapped in Germany. Months later she cabled him of her return. They met in a hotel lobby, the bride reducing her uninked groom to a pul by telling him she would never live with him and cause her family so much grief. But Frank was one for finding out things, and somehow he knew, after one round of Central Park together, his bride still loved him, so the Morgan frontier became the Muller estate up the Hudson, where they live and, after Sundays surrounded by dissaproving M ullers, starring at his unclaimed bride.

It was then the frustration set in. Some months later, Mr. Morgan, glassy-eyed with despair, took a desperate chance. He inserted in the society pages a notice of their wedding, saying the year previous and then dug in. He hadn't long to wait for the explosion. Newspaper headlines carried Alma's story, Frank's story, Muller's story, and so on, many a pulpit and bath version. All hell popped loose, with sides formed in every home in town. He got out of town and three weeks later was pulled up by his wife. She's been with him ever since, a beautiful gracious lady and a charming homemaker.

There is no one who by nature is so incapacitated to enjoy life as Mr. Morgan. Half his success as a radio actor lies in the fact Frank enjoys himself thoroughly and thoroughly amused at the character he portrays—that of a gentleman liar. He reads self-amusement into every line and word and is less touched backs than any actor in the business.

For example, during a recent broadcast to the East, Frank grew hilarious at a certain word and laughed so long, he threw the rest of the cast, who love him, into equally laughing hysterics. They had to eliminate quite a few minutes of the show's ending.

Most actors would have groaned in misery. But Frank knew the secret. At the eight o'clock broadcast, Mr. Morgan was reading along nobly when suddenly he said—"There's that word again," and the cast broke off in another outburst.

The producer of the show, Mann Holliner, aged ten years before our very eyes while the public pronounced it to be the funniest broadcast to date.

A round table reading of the script on a Wednesday night is a far better show than one seen on a movie screen. The entire script is written by Phil Rapp, a brilliant young man, who needs consult no text book for his difficulties. Mr. Rapp, who knows a lot of words, and Frank, who can pronounce them, are a perfect team—in more ways than one.

Along about Tuesday morning the producer begins his weekly nervous brood. When he learns that Frank's home to remind him it's going onto Wednesday, he discovers Mr. Morgan, along with Bill Gargan, had honored him by taking Frank impul- sively to see a friend they hadn't seen in years.

Together they'd be sitting in the Brenner's when Bill said, "Won- der what happened to Joe. You know, Frank, we haven't seen him in months.

Well, let's go right away," Mr. Morgan suggests, and they're off—on the midnight plane.

To further the producer's complete aggrandizement, if that, the New York very impulsively to see a friend they hadn't seen in years.

Little good it does the producer to know that every week of his life, rain or shine, Mr. Morgan by the Grace of God, forever destined to bring Mr. Rapp ready with a swell script despite his chronic resignation. Little good it does when the gas to his nerve centers has already been done.

He loves all phases of radio, does Mr. Morgan, and facetiously calls himself, for instance, if the radio scene calls for a barking dog, Frank will gleefully leap to the microphone and let out a howl that would send many a mongrel to the doghouse with shame. He'll beat the sound man to the mike every time with his own version of an approaching train or a whooping cough, and the off-stage chuckles during the Baby Snooks routine is Frank's own.

Genial, gracious to fans and kindly always, his only reaction to an unkindness is to tighten up and say nothing. When Mr. Morgan ceases to talk—he is hurt and hurt deeply.

Extraordinary is the power with which he portrays on the air and screen, lying in his own teeth or fumbling a line like a man caught in a verbal revolving door. Frank Morgan is a thorough gentleman, completely minus coarseness and vulgarity.

He enjoys a good game of golf out at Lakeside or a tennis match at Palm Springs or the quiet retreat of his Mexican ranch or the lapping waters of the Pacific as he sails in his own boat. But more than these he enjoys radio.

They tell the story of the time Mr. Morgan first appeared on the air. He became so excited while drifting in the hearth rooms, he'd go wandering off by himself, waving encouragement to Bing Crosby from some unexpected doorway or smiling down from the Sponsor's booth at Rudy Vallée's surprised face.

And then one evening he inadvertently came upon a room in use. Amos and Andy, with millions of listeners tuned in, were engaged in a broadcast.

"Wait a minute," Andy was saying, "here come the Kingfish. Well, walk right in, Kingfish.

"And at that exact moment the door opened, and to the astonishment of Amos and Andy, there in the doorway with a smile of bland innocence on his face stood Frank Morgan.
honeymoon. All that made me seem on the contrary—well—
and I was bad enough without it.

By exhibiting my own motives in their worst possible light to Jimmy, I had cooled his affection in myself as well as you.

For the first time, I knew exactly what it meant to marry for money. I was no better than a prostitute. I could swindle him with a lie about his bleeding, and never mind.

For I had heard at the French doors leading to the house, and looked up to see Bill coming through them. He was smiling, and I don't think I ever experienced a sharper pang of regret than did I at the realization that soon I would have to shatter that confidence, that happiness.

"Too much excitement for you?" he asked. "To tell the truth, I feel a little way myself. Let's get out of here."

That had been part of our plan. We'd announced that we didn't intend to leave on our honeymoon until morning, but after dinner, by all along we'd schemed to steal away unnoticed while the party was at its height. Bill's car was parked near a side street leading to the house, and the maids had instructions to put our luggage into it as soon as we'd changed into traveling clothes.

Of course the plan didn't work. Somebody saw us just as we sprinted for the car, and immediately we were surrounded by laughing people, pedaled with showers of rice. We dashed our heads and Bill started the car up. He was laughing as merrily as anyone else. I had never seen him so boyish and gay. Mother and Dad were beside the car, and Bill's mother and father. There were hurled, fragmentary farewells. Then at last we were racing down the driveway, waving back at the cluster of people.

I wanted to scream, "I can't go with you, Bill! I can't be your wife! I'm not worthy!" But I couldn't. Not yet.

The car sped through the peaceful autumn countryside, and the air was damp and cool on our faces. We still turned from the wheel and smiled just a little—not the broad smile of amusement, but the small, tender smile of a man who is deeply content. "Happy?" he said.

I nodded. It was easier to lie if you didn't have to use words.

The thought crept into my brain stealthily: Why tell him? Why hurt him? Don't be a fool. You can still be a good wife to him, you can still make him happy. He needn't even know you married him without loving him.

Let up straight. No! I was done with lying. I'd tell him—now, this minute, before that traitorous impulse could weaken me.

I said, "Stop the car, please. Over on the side of the road somewhere. There's something I've got to tell you. When you've heard it you—"

But you may not want to go on this honey-

He glanced at me and his jaw tightened little, but he guided the car to a clear place by the side of the motor. We were still on a country lane where there was little traffic, and as the engine died there was a warm,

open-air kind of silence.

"Really! You mean me?" Bill asked, "that would make me not want to go on a honeymoon with you?" Yet there was no raillery, no hint of a refusal, to take pride in it, as I knew in his voice. I was thankful for that.

"Only that I set out to marry you because you were rich," I said. There was no smudge on the gleaming chrome of the door-fitting; I rubbed it clean and shining with my finger, carefully, meticulously, keeping my eyes on it so I wouldn't have to watch Bill. "I thought I could fool you. I can't, that's all. I've got to tell you." I waited a minute, hoping he would say something, but he didn't. "I'm sorry, and terribly ashamed. But that's how it is."

Still he didn't answer. The silence grew heavy, thick, like something you could feel against your skin. I had to turn and look at him.

He might almost not have heard me. I saw it all—plunging through against the deep wine-red of an oak tree that grew across the road. It was quite expressionless, and he was gazing at it, as if he was watching something on the far horizon.

He felt me move, and he said, "Why are you telling me this? Because you can't face the thought of being my wife?"

"No!" I cried. "Oh, no! Because I—"

* NEXT MONTH *

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Reserve your copy of the SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR NOW!

The blood was pounding, burning in my head. "What, you have asked me to marry you?"

"I loved you," he said simply.

"When you love someone, you can see him as thin, bald, fat, old—"

That didn't interest me much. So when you agreed to marry me, although I knew it was on certain terms, I didn't care. Not then.

And so we've been going on ever since. I've repeated myself over and over in my thoughts until I understood all they meant. And you do care now—that it?"

I asked.

"Yes. That's your reward for being honest enough to tell me. A pretty reward, but you see how it is. The whole thing's out in the open now, and I can't very well ignore it. I don't want you to my wife unless you love me."

I bowed my head. "I see," I said.

"The only thing is," Bill said surprisingly, "I think you do love me and you know it."

Startled, I turned to meet his quizzical, searching gaze. He went on, before I could speak:

"People change. You have. You've gotten softer, less sure of yourself. I watched you while you were telling me about marrying me anyway, and the profession being torn out of you. I think you've been so sure money was the only thing you wanted that you never gave yourself time to examine your own emotions. That's what I want you to do now. If you like, I'll give you a divorce and you can ask for some of any amount you want. Or you can be my wife. Whichever would make you happier."

I knew that to be a man outlining an impersonal business proposition. But behind those reasonable, carefully chosen words, I could hear a tumult of longing, restrained by a strength that was almost physical. Dimly, I understood how desperately he was hoping for my love, and how determined he was not to force it.

A SOB broke in my heart, releasing all the pent-up tenderness that had been locked this monstrous I had been cheating myself! Refusing to recognize love, denying myself the most precious thing in the world because for years I had planned to do without it!

Then I was clinging to Bill, crying, unable to stop, and he was pressing me close and smoothing my hair with a gentle hand and kissing me. After a while the storm of emotion passed away, leaving a heavenly happiness that can't be described—that is only known by two people who are in love.

That was a year ago. Twelve months of being Bill's wife have much added to my thankfulness that I played out my little drama for Jim-

my's benefit, and thus opened my own drama. I'm the rich girl now, and they have turned out well for and Jane, too. They were married a little while ago and are. Jane writes me, "It was truly happy. I have an entire Wedding, and I won't see much of them, ever, because Jimmy believed in too completely what I told him and we stayed in a honeymoon room for two days; years from now, I'll tell him. Meanwhile, I don't mind. I am sure that Jane understands."

AUGUST, 1941

59
A beauty problem seldom discussed but important to a woman's daintiness

BY DR. GRACE GREGORY

What with play suits and bathing suits becoming more and more revealing, we have to make sure that we are beautiful practically all over before we can really enjoy vacation days. If you have a superfluous hair problem (and who hasn't) now is the time to learn how to deal with it. Then you can relax and be unselfconscious—which is a long way on the road to beauty.

When I met Joan Edwards, the singing star and pianist of "Girl About Town," heard on CBS three times a week, I thought she was the most vividly alive person I had ever seen, and perfectly groomed.

Joan has worked hard to make herself the musician that she is. Her father and mother, gifted musicians also, saw to it that she began studying piano as soon as she could reach the keyboard. And, she appeared with Gus Edwards' School Days Troupe. Then came high school, and Hunter College with a major in music. Then she was suddenly up against a world that had little place for young girl pianists. Discouraged? No! She took a fresh start, studying voice.

Just as an example of the demands of broadcasting, Joan told me about the time when she was to play her own accompaniment to one of her most difficult songs. At the last minute she discovered that she had caught a severe cold which would make the very high notes uncertain. She could have half crooned, half spoken that part of the song. But Joan is no bluffer. On no notice at all she transposed the accompaniment and song into a lower key.

There's no doubt that this girl has what it takes.

There are three kinds of unwanted hair—hair on the limbs, hair under arms, and hair on the face (including too much eyebrows). For hair on the limbs, try first some of the simple bleaching rinses. A moderate amount of blonde hair on arms and legs is hardly noticeable. But if there is really too much, then you have your choice of excellent depilatories.

The old fashioned depilatories used to be smelly and irritating. Times have changed. Now there are creams with practically no odor but their perfume, absolutely non-irritant to the average skin. Find one that suits you, and your troubles with hair on limbs or under arms are over.

Of course all these may be used on the face, after you are quite sure you have found the one that agrees with your skin. In addition there is now a dainty little abrasive which would not harm a baby. With this you may rub off any light or moderate growth of hair. And for temporary relief from heavier growths, there are special little feminine razors.

Another important type of hair remover is a sort of wax. You apply it warm, then give a sudden jerk and the unwanted hair is out by the roots.

With all these good methods to choose from, it is tragic that every now and then girls worry so over some light fuzz that they will try quack remedies, because the quacks promise the hair will never come back. I have seen faces hideously scarred by these quack treatments. If you hear of a new treatment, be sure you consult your physician before you try it.

Another problem of the dog days is the maintaining of personal daintiness at all times. It is necessary to our health that we perspire freely. Thanks to the excellent deodorants now available, we may perspire as much as nature pleases and still not offend.

Of course the first requisite for personal daintiness is plenty of baths with good soap. Some soaps are better than others for this purpose, but in most cases a deodorant is also necessary. There are two kinds: those which actually stop the perspiration and those which remove all odor without checking the perspiration. There are creams, dainty and sometimes perfumed, which will not harm the most delicate garment. There are liquids, to be applied with a small sponge, there are impregnated pads of cotton and there are anti-perspirant powders.

Most of these deodorants are good for several days after each application. Pastidious women select their favorites and use them regularly as directed, on the principle that it is better to be safe than sorry.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 9)

too long. Gosh, when I was only thirteen days old, my folks had me on the road.

If the depression hadn't delivered a knockout blow to most circuses, the sensational trumpet playing of tall, thin Harry James might be blaring forth throughout the Big Top and not in New York's Hotel Lincoln. He would wear a scarlet and gold braided uniform and have little use for a smartly-tailored dinner jacket. The drummers would be a pack of prize pachyderms, not joyous jitters. There would be quantities of pink lemonade but few Scotland-sodas. As Mr. Harry James might be some daring young gal on the flying trapeze, instead of brunette Louise Tobin, Benny Goodman's former vocalist.

Most of the circus blood is out of the brown haired trumpeter's system. Summer came and it was a lucrative and time-honored profession. But in 1929 the people were sad from financial reverses and circuses began to fold up like their tents. Only the big Ringling Brothers outfit was left. The James family returned to Beaumont, the only city they could really call home because it was near the erstwhile Christy winter quarters.

Harry's dad began to teach cornet and the boy got a job with a dance band. In 1934 he joined Art Hick's band. Singing with Hicks was a lovely Texan named Louise Tobin.

"It was one of those love at first sight affairs," says Harry. In six months they were married before a sleepy justice of the peace. A few days later Harry left his new bride to join Herman Waldman's band. Shortly after he left to go with Ben Pollack. He attracted a lot of attention and finally Benny Goodman sent for him.

Harry thinks he might have made better strides than other trumpet players because he wasn't working under pressure.

"Other chaps I knew had breathed swing since they could talk. It made them tense. I came to it casually and learned to like it."

As Goodman roared to success, many of his men got bitten by the band bug. First it was Gene Krupa, then James, Lionel Hampton, Teddi Wilson and Vido Musso. Harry organized his crew in 1938. Recognition came to them when they recorded such novelties as "Flight of the Bumble Bee," "Music Makers," and the Jewish chant, "Eli Eli."

To make sure his modern treatment of "Eli Eli" would not offend, Harry invited a prominent cantor to advise him. The cantor not only approved but sang the ancient song over and over so that the trumpeter could copy the proper inflections.

As soon as he was sure his band had made its grade, Harry made his wife retire. She had been singing with Goodman and Will Bradley.

In March of this year a baby was born, Harry Junior. They live in a rented cottage in New Jersey. Early this year Harry's mother died. His father intends to come to New York where his son will set him up as a music teacher.

"Then we'll all be together for the first time," said Harry, "that is, except for Fay."

Say Hello To...

CONSTANCE COLLIER—the internationally famous actress who plays Jessie Atwood in the Kate Hopkins serial over CBS. Constance has been acting over since she was three years old. Her parents were both English actors, and she learned to read on a book of Shakespeare's plays. Now she's 63 and has gained fame as an actress, a playwright, and author of her own autobiography, "Harlequinade." She's immensely friendly, knows hundreds of celebrities intimately, and would rather entertain at parties than anything in the world. She has been married, but her husband died in 1918. Between Kate Hopkins broadcasts, she is very active in behalf of Bundles for Britain, which she helps with characteristic enthusiasm.
Why I Switched to Meds

by a swimming teacher

I spend most of the summer in a bathing suit, and internal sanitary protection is practically a must! So when I heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I tried them right away. Improved? Why, I've never known such glorious comfort! And such grand protection, too—for Meds are the only tampons with the "safety center." As for thrift, Meds cost only 20c a box of ten—an average month's supply. They're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!

What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 3)

FIFTH

I hear all sorts of criticisms of radio. It's too low brow. It's too high brow. Such and such speakers shouldn't be allowed to speak. The children's programs—the daytime serials, etc.

It seems to me that these very criticisms prove that radio is just what it should be—the voice of democracy. There's something for everybody's tastes. So vast and varied a range of programs would be impossible under a totalitarian government.

We ought to be grateful that radio still represents the people.—Alberta J. Ormisky, Hornell, New York.

SIXTH

Until about a year ago I was never much of a radio fan, and I still am not like the ordinary run-of-the-mill programs. But I want to express my appreciation of the one program that never disappoints—Dr. L. J. Q. To me it is not only a very enjoyable and enthralling half hour, but it last from Monday to Monday. It has both comedy and information and every Monday night finds me waiting eagerly with pencil and paper ready to enjoy an intelligence test, and even though I sometimes rate myself low, I feel I have spent a profitable evening.—Gladys E. McArdis, Lebanon, Kansas.

SEVENTH

Radio is bringing us one of the most unusual programs these Friday afternoons—the broadcast between British refugee children in the United States and Canada, and their parents left behind in war-torn England. Full of real human interest, extremely pathetic and heart-rending, these short conversations between families separated by the horrors of war, serve to reveal more than anything the real fortitude of the British people.

I sit with tears streaming down my face as I listen to "My, but it's good to hear your voice, darling!" The gay tones as parents attempt brave little jokes! The good-natured banter all this while not knowing if they'll ever see their loved ones again.

It gives us something to think about, and makes us more determined than ever to help gallant England all we can.—Mrs. John J. Allman, Lackawanna, N. Y.
Suddenly she sat back in the car, not strained now, not anxious, but with a new, quiet determination written on her face.

And yet something had gone from her too, because in that moment it had come to her compellingly that she could never marry Gil Whitney while Drew needed her so badly. As long as she remained Drew's one hold on a world that slipped gradually from his mind, she must remain as he wanted her to remain.

Helen drove straight to Gil's office. It was late in the afternoon and she hoped to catch him before he left.

His secretary admitted her at once. "Mr. Whitney said you were to be sent in if you came," she explained.

Gil's face lit up when he saw her. Helen stood for a moment before him. It seemed to Gil that no woman had ever been so proud and sensitive and beautiful. He wanted her then for his wife as he had never dreamed of wanting any woman. Then she collapsed into his arms and became like a little girl, bewildered and terribly hurt, wanting the arms of someone she trusted around her.

In that instant, when the tears began to come, and deep sobs rocked Helen, Gil felt angry and protective. He wanted to strike at whatever had hurt her. "Helen," he forced himself to speak calmly, "tell me what it is. We can make it right again!"

"It can't be right again! It'll never be right again, Gil. Oh, Gil, I was so happy."

"I have been happy, too, dearest."

"But Gil, I can't marry you." Helen's face twisted up into a hopeless, grief-stricken jumble.

Gil looked at her, and even under his tan he went white. "Helen! You don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, yes I do!"

He looked at her again, trying to read some denial in her face of what she had said. All he saw was a hopelessness and a deep, aching sorrow. "Come," he said firmly. "Sit here while we talk. ... There. Now what is this all about?"

"Oh, Gil, you should have seen him. For hours he didn't know me—kept calling me Miss Anthony and Miss Turner, and—and everything else. I talked to him all that time, trying to make him recognize me. And I couldn't. He went right on believing he was back in his office at Sentinel Studios."

"Didn't he ever—" Gil began.

"Yes," Helen said, quieter now, more self-possessed. "I was about to leave. And then he came back quickly—so quickly it frightened me. Gil, I tried to tell him—about you and me. I tried as hard as I could. And every time I started he interrupted and told me how much he needed me."

"You didn't tell him," Gil asked, and his voice came hollow and lost.

Helen saw suddenly what this meant to Gil—and how it must affect his sensitive nature. "It wasn't because I don't love you, Gil. I do, very much. But don't you see we couldn't be happy with this hanging over me? I can't give myself to you as I want to, as long as I know Drew needs me so badly."

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Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

AUGUST, 1941

The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 18)
Gil stood up. All his jealousy of Drew, all his love for Helen, all his despair and hope, his fears and longings, swept up inside him into a tight knot. He walked across to the window, trying to keep from Helen what he felt. But when he spoke, his trembling, low-pitched voice betrayed the depth of his feeling. "Dr.-Drew Sinclair!" he said. "The man will hold onto you, and sap your strength, live on your will and kindness, until he's sucked you dry. He's never given you anything, Helen. He's taken—taken! Every minute you were together he was like a human leech. And now—when we want to be married—when we love each other, and must have each other, he keeps you locked up tight in that stony, selfish head of his!"

"Gil," Helen protested, awed by the strength of his anger. "It'll only be for a little while—until Drew gets better, and I can tell him, or until—"

NO," he said. "Don't say it. He won't die. He'll live on for years and years, until we're too old to have the romance people should have. He won't die and he won't get well. He's half a man now and he'll be less a man as time goes on. I've seen these things before, and I've talked to doctors about Drew. He won't get well!"

Helen rose wearily, broken. "I'm sorry, Gil. I couldn't do anything. I'd will Drew's getting well, freeing me. But I can't!"

At the sight of her tired, discouraged face, the clouded eyes, Gil's anger and disappointment left him at once. "Wait," he said. "I'm sorry, Helen. Perhaps I shouldn't have said those things." He made her sit down again, and he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her head down so it rested against his cheek. Helen sank down, almost helpless for a moment in his tender strength.

"I know it's harder for you than it is for me," he went on. "Forgive me, darling. It was only because I love you so much that I talked like that." "I knew you'd see it," Helen said, and in her heart she was quietly thankful for the warm understanding he gave her. "And—and I wouldn't love you so much if you weren't strong and sure inside you!" She sat up and said suddenly, "I know I'm right. You see, darling, you need me too, but you won't break up if we can't be married right away. And Drew—well! I'm the only thing Drew has left. He has no strength, and so little will, and nothing to live for except me."

"Did it ever occur to you?" Gil said half-humorously, "that it might be wrong to penalize a man because he's strong enough to take it?"

Helen too was ready to smile. Just being with Gil, talking to him, listening to his balanced, sane ideas, his fine understanding, had given her the strength to continue. "Come," she said. "I'll drive you home. You can send someone for your car later."

The sweet California twilight settled in on them as they drove into the valley. For a long time they drove in silence before Gil said, "I won't be able to see you this evening."

Yet even now Helen hadn't fully grasped the significance of this day. She was so tired. Drained. Was it only a month left for a last visit to Drew, happy in the secure knowledge of Gil's love and strength? It seemed that a million years had gone by—that all these things had happened to another person. She had been confident, contented. Before her stretched the prospect of long, unfilled, happy years with Gil. She had dreamed and planned about a family of her own, built castles high in the air, imagined herself inhabiting a rosy future.

After she dropped Gil at his home, there came to her startlingly, appallingly, an insight into what the day had brought. Now she was alone. Nobody could fight her battles, share her life, because that life she had dedicated to helping Drew get well. And what if Gil were right? Suppose Drew never got well! Helen saw herself going on, year after year, giving all her loyalty and help to Drew and having him spurn her offering and waste it.

Already her weekends were dedicated to this crusade. Those few precious hours of freedom must now be spent in visiting Santa Barbara. How she hated that familiar road! And the shop! Was it failing? And her job? Would she be forced to give it up?

The next weeks were not easy ones for Helen. Mr. Anderson wanted dates again. And Gil was not nearby the way he had been. Often Helen wanted to call him, but their brief moments now were so painful, overwrought. Gil came to see her as much as he could, but it wasn't as it had been. Their greetings were awkward and stiff, and their times together became something like deliberate torture. They stayed apart more and more.

If only, Helen thought, there were one small corner of security. But there wasn't. Even the dress shop did lose business despite all Helen's efforts.

Then, as though one thing more were needed to impress upon Helen the enormity of her undertaking, Jonathan Hayward, Drew's lawyer, called one day and asked her to stop at his office.

Jonathan was an old friend, and Helen greeted him in his office, later that afternoon, with affection and understanding. "It's a pleasure," he said, "to see you very often. Helen.

"That's nice thing to say," Helen smiled. "There's a touch of the continental in you, Jonathan."

"No," he said. "Any man would rise

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Beatrice Kay, tells how she made
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In a coming issue of RADIO MIRROR

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to it when you come in."

Drew's affairs were hopelessly muddled. Jonathan went over them from beginning to end for her, patiently explaining one set of figures after another, trying to make his meaning clear.

"But how can it be?" Helen asked desperately. "Drew was a rich man."

"Yes," Jonathan said gravely. "He made a lot of money, Helen, and he spent it too. Of course, three years ago, when Sentinel crashed, he lost all he'd accumulated. Then he got the job of producer, after the reorganization. He was to have stock in the company but its earnings since then haven't justified the payment of any bonuses to him. All he had was his big salary. Of course that was large, but he spent most of it as he went along."

Helen thought of the huge solitaire he had given her as an engagement ring, now lying in her safe deposit box. "His account with the jeweler is that paid?" she asked slowly.

"No," Jonathan admitted. "It's not, Helen. You're thinking of your ring?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll return it to them at once. That will clean up one item."

"I'm afraid that will be necessary, Helen," Jonathan said ruefully. "I was trying to get up courage to ask you about it."

Of course I will," Helen said firmly. "I know Drew would want me to keep it, but under these circumstances—"

"That's a load off my mind," Jonathan declared. "Now with that item disposed of—let's see... Yes, we can pay all outstanding accounts, and leave Drew with about two thousand in cash. That's all."

"Two thousand?" Helen echoed. Her mind flew to the expensive sanitarium at Santa Barbara. "Why, that won't pay his expenses for even three months."

"I know," Jonathan said. "He'll have to be taken to a cheaper place—maybe even to a state institution."

"I won't have it," Helen said swiftly. "Does Drew know all this?"

"No, he knows nothing of it."

"Then he mustn't know!" Helen declared. "I can take care of all his bills. I want to."

Jonathan protested. Helen was firm. "Have the bills sent to you, Jonathan, and I'll draw a check to you every month to cover them." She insisted and in the end Jonathan agreed to do as she wished. "Drew must get well!" Helen said. "And if he knew the condition of his finances it would only add one more burden—and one more burden he can't stand. He must get well, Jonathan!" As she said it, Helen remembered her reasons for wanting him to get well, and for a moment, a shadow crossed her face.

Jonathan took her to the door then, and somehow Helen felt that she had his sympathy and understanding. He put a big arm around her shoulders and gave her a brotherly hug.

But it didn't help. Nothing helped. Mr. Anderson was more insistent every day. The shop did steadily worse. Now she had shouldered an enormous burden of additional expenses. She must keep her studio job! She must increase the earnings of the shop! But how? Helen drove to Trenthony nervously, going faster than she realized, so that when the car swung up be-
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**THEN WE CAN DO IT AGAIN?** he said.

"Of course," Helen answered.

"Promise?"

"Yes!"

Still she never grew to like him, although she went with him again the next week and he offered his position at the studio, and the imminent renewal of her contract induced her to go out with him at all.

On the third, Helen went again to see Drew. This time he knew her at once when she arrived. "I've been waiting for you all afternoon, darling," he said. "Did you have a nice drive up?"

"Lovely," she answered.

For a few minutes they talked. Drew seemed to be his old self again. Helen enjoyed the play of his mind, the quick flash of intuition, the richness of him as a person. Then, suddenly before her eyes, he disintegrated into the simple child, playing at being all the things Drew used to be.

Helen couldn't stand it. She stayed for a few minutes, trying to bring him back. Then when Dr. Spear told her it would probably last for hours, she left and drove reluctantly back to Los Angeles. Some week she couldn't stand the strain any longer.

That Monday Mr. Anderson called her as usual. "Can you come into my office, Mrs. Whitney?" he asked. "It's about the renewal of your contract."

In his office he sat behind a big pile of papers and looked owlishly at Helen. "You say that the policy of the studio is, and has been for some time, to cut down wherever possible. In fact your contract was the subject of a number of telegrams just yesterday, Helen."

"Yes?" Helen said, trying not to betray her anxiety.

"And frankly, Helen, the directors feel your contract should not be renewed. At least not at the present figure."

I DON'T think I'd consider less," Helen said. She tried to sound firm about it.

Mr. Anderson shrugged. "If that's the way you want it—"

"No," Helen said. "That's not the way I want it, of course I've always been happy here, Mr. Anderson, and I'd like to stay. But there are other studios in Hollywood, and I think I've built up a reputation that will get me in any of them."

He shook his head. "Not today, Helen. The war has upset the foreign market so there's no money in any studio in Hollywood to take on new people. They're all cutting down."

Helen knew this was true. "Under what terms will you renew?" she asked.

"Well," Mr. Anderson got up and came around to where she was sitting. "Maybe it will work out. Down, Helen. You know I have a good bit of influence around here. I'm sure I could—"

He good just above her, and Helen was distressingly conscious of his hand on her shoulder. "But of course, you know turn about is fair play, don't you mean?" Helen demanded.

His tone was oily, "Oh just being nice to me and acting polite with me. He pulled Helen to her feet, and tried to put his arms around her. She saw only his fat neck and thick arms and the great, bristling eyebrows."

"Don't," she commanded, trying to push him away. "Mr. Anderson!"
Please! She felt foolish and awkward, fighting off a grown man almost old enough to be her father. The whole scene had the flavor of a third-rate melodrama. It was all Helen could do to keep from laughing hysterically. Yet she couldn't stop trying to push him away, and he kept on trying to put his huge, lumbering arms around her. For a moment she had the feeling that this instant would be prolonged forever.

Finally Mr. Anderson stepped back. His heavy face wore a dark frown. "All right," he breathed. "If that's the way you want it...."

Helen walked to the door and opened it quickly. "I'll fulfill my contract," she said. "But I don't want the option taken up." That was all she said.

Out in the sunlight again, walking across the lot to the wardrobe department, where her office was, Helen began to laugh. At first it was mirth, then it became heartier until it grew to a hysterical giggling.

The people she passed looked at her curiously, wondering if she were an actress with an attack of temperament, or just a visitor trying to attract attention. Luckily, on a movie lot, strange things are taken for granted. Helen walked among the people, laughing and crying, yet no one raised a hand to help her. Underneath, she felt already like an outcast.

And it was true. The following week her option was not taken up. Instead she had a politely worded, cold note from Mr. Anderson, saying that for "reasons of economy, and so forth.

On her last day Helen went home a little stunned. Trenthony seemed to her the loveliest, most desirable place to live in the whole world, and at the same time the most unattainable. She walked up to the door, and had the odd sensation that she had never lived here, only dreamed of it, and hoped. Because now she didn't hope to hold it much longer. If only Helen Trent Inc.—

In the morning she went to the shop early. Only Verlaine Lafferty was there before her. If she hadn't felt so hopeless, Helen would have enjoyed taking up the shop again. If only she had hired Herbert Tracy. Herbert Tracy! "Do you remember him, Verlaine?" Helen asked.

"Remember him?" Verlaine said. "I'd like to settle his hash!"

Helen laughed. Verlaine had greeted her at the door of the shop with her fine Irish warmth. She conducted Helen into the tastefully appointed office as though she had been a member of the nobility. As always Helen was touched by her generosity and good feeling, and amused at her attempts to improve on the King's English.

"Yes," Helen said. "I still don't know who was behind that attempt to wreck the shop. Why would he do it, Verlaine? Herbert Tracy had nothing against me. I'm sure someone was paying him. But who?"

"Search me," Verlaine said. "That trick of calling up all your best customers and dunning them for money! It's enough to turn a person's stomach. And that fire! You can't tell me he didn't start that—or hire someone to do it for him."

"I think you're right," Helen said. "But—that's all water under the bridge, Verlaine. What I've got to do now is make this shop pay, and make

---

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BESPOKE FINEST  

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

it pay well. My expenses have gone up so I simply must have the income. Now, how do we go about it? Have you any ideas?"

"Indeed I have, Helen dear, and I've been waiting these last few weeks to get a chance to tell 'em to you. If you hadn't been so busy and bothered, what with—"  

"Yes I know," Helen interrupted quickly. "But now I've got all the time in the world to give to the shop. What's your idea?"

"There's a fellow of 'em, really," Verlaine said. "First off, Helen, there's no one in Hollywood, or California either, that can make the differences in your life. Now if you'll just sit down at your drawing board for a solid week, and stay right there without budging, what then we'll really have somethin' to sell."

YOURS right!" Helen declared, "I always had good ideas, Verlaine." She began to think of that day last year when the shop was opened and her excitement. Then it had been really a place for her to dispense of extra costume ideas—the ones the studio couldn't use—a sort of by-product of her energy and ability due to her imagination. "And I'll have ideas again," she said. "I'll glue myself to a drawing board and stay there until—I'm sure to have a spring collection that'll be the biggest thing in Hollywood!"

That's the stuff, Helen baby!" Verlaine almost shouted. Her honest Irish heart had been upset by Helen's indifference toward the shop, and hurt by vague forebodings of the shop's failure. "We get the place all built up, and hold it in reserve, but first we've got to have about three new exclusive designs. We make up only ten each and let it be known that Helen Trent, Inc. will sell no more than ten."

"Why do you want that, Verlaine?"

"Well." Verlaine seemed afraid to speak at first, then she blurted it out. "There's been talk, darlin', that you're doing some other design, so much more. Course I know better, but we got to get that impression out o' the mind o' the public."

"You're right," Helen said. Verlaine's deep loyalty touched her to the quick. "I'm going up to my work-room right now. Don't let anyone disturb me until one o'clock. I'll give you three designs by tomorrow night."

It was good to get back in harness. Studio work was all right, but too extreme. The greater the film heroines were scarcely practical modes for the ordinary woman. And here, Helen thought, designing clothes for an ordinary woman was to wear something she could use to charm her husband, or delight her fiancé—this is where I belong.

All day she worked away in the small room with the big drawing-board. For the time—while she worked—she forgot about everything else. Drew and his words recurred into the background. Helen became no more than a shadow—

But Gil swung up early that morning too, because he couldn't sleep. When he looked in the mirror there were deep, unaccustomed circles under his eyes. He started up hastily and drove very fast to his office. Passing Trenthony he forced himself not to look for signs of Helen. All the same, the boxwoods along the road, the ones he had brought so carefully from South Carolina, intending them to be a reminder to Helen of himself, served now as a reminder to him of Helen.

All day in his office he tried to close himself out of the daily contracts. It was no good. In the middle of the afternoon he left and took himself off for a long drive, trying to drive away the fear that he was the simple fact that he would lose Helen.

He could stand it, he knew that. He wouldn't take to drink or go chasing after other women. But he could also see what a void would be left. After Paula died, leaving him a widower at the beginning of their honeymoon, after three weeks of a valuing happiness—he had felt that no woman could ever again reach his heart. Then Helen had come to his office, in trouble.

She had poured out her story for him, and he could still hear every word she spoke. An impostor had claimed that Helen's child, born during her first marriage, years ago, was his, and had claimed for it a childbirth, still lived. That Helen had had to leave to keep the child quiet in a Chicago boarding house. And he remembered that, after he had kept the fraud and exposed it, Helen had come to him and thanked him.

At first he and Helen were only friends. The idea of a woman—like, the great emptiness in his life that he didn't know existed. She was who had persuaded him to buy the house down in Hollywood, Trenthony, and she had offered to help him fix it up. From that time on she had grown in his heart slowly and surely, as you can't grow on barren ground and bring it life and warmth and love.

And now, would he lose her?

EVERY mile he drove brought him closer to a decision. Finally, when he turned the big gowns of the car, the canyon where Trenthony lay, the sun was down, and the new moon barely penetrated the big trees. He had made this drive before.

But Trenthony was dark! Not a light showed in the many windows. Gil drove on, doubtfully, because he knew that Helen and Agatha sometimes sat in the dark on the big, covered terrace. Then on an impulse he turned around and drove up into the driveway. Above his head the palm tree at the side of the house rustled and nodded in the light breeze. He whistled. The house gave back an answer. Gil knew the engine, and just as he did so, the lights of a car swung up behind him and came to a stop.

"Hi! Helen called wearily. She stepped out of the car, and in an instant she was in Gil's arms. After the long hard day it was like coming home to a safe place."

"Darling!" he whispered, holding her close. Gil felt the coolness of her cheek after the long drive out from town. And he knew that what he had made her want to cling for a moment. And in that moment, for Gil, many things vanished. The night, the stars, the freshly born moon, the sound of the wind, became deeper, had meaning and life again.

"Good night, my car, I've put your car away and follow you," he said.

"Thank you dear," Helen said tenderly.

Later, when they sat out on the terrace, close together in the big-
fashioned swing that Helen had insisted on having, Gil spoke seriously, as he had intended to speak.

"I've been thinking about us for days," he said. "This afternoon I came to a decision."

His tenseness forced the words out quickly and roughened his voice until its harshness was grating. But Helen saw the tenderness in his eyes, softening everything he said.

"I want you to marry me right away—tonight or tomorrow."

"Gil," Helen gasped. "We've been all over this before."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but now it's different."

"Different?" Helen repeated.

"Darling," Gil said, "you've got to believe what I'm saying. If I weren't sure I couldn't tell you. It is Drew's subconscious mind that is forcing him to cling to you, to tell you that he needs you."

"Oh no, Gil," Helen said. "That's wrong—wrong! I know Drew. It is only when he is rational that he wants me with him."

"That's just the point," Gil insisted. "I know Drew Sinclair too and I know he desires your happiness as much as I do. Only he can't make himself set you free, because his conscience, his whole moral structure, has been ruined by his sick mind, by the poisonous workings of his subconscious, inventing reasons for holding on to you."

She had to answer quickly, in the half scornful way that would disguise the hunger in her to let him go on talking, persuading her against her judgment.

"That's very fine reasoning, Gil, but you haven't seen him and heard him—as I have. You haven't ever really known Drew, seen what he was like, respected him for what he was."

Gil wanted to cry out against the injustice of Drew's hold on Helen. He wanted to take that bond between his hands and tear it apart.

"I know that I love you and that letting Drew cling to you is only doing him harm," he retorted.

"Gil," Helen said, "I want to believe you, but I can't. I can't forsake Drew now, not even to marry you." She stood up and Gil rose wearily.

"Drew Sinclair doesn't need you, Helen," he said. "You think of yourself as his last hope, the strain of sanity his mind holds to. But that isn't true. If he didn't have you, he would have to find the strength within himself. That is the only way he will ever get better."

Helen's eyes, shimmering in the moonlight, were bright with tears. "If you knew how much I want to marry you—to love you, to be safe—how wonderful it would be if you were right. But Gil, when I come to you, I must be free of Drew's claim on me."

Gil felt battered, as bruised as if the woman's intuition he was fighting were a solid wall. Gradually he was learning that a woman's life is not like a man's. She accepts the dictates of her own heart and conscience as immovable things, not subject to reason or logic or any of the sciences. For an instant, Gil caught himself wishing there were a higher authority to appeal to.

"I haven't changed my mind," he whispered, his lips against her cheek as though the very tide of his emotion could sweep away her refusal. "I still want you to marry me—now."
"It would be wonderful," Helen sighed. "Will be," Gil urged.

"No." Helen shook her head. "You must give me time, Gil. Time to see, time to work this out so I can be sure."

"But you've had time. What of these weeks when I've been longing to hold you, to have you as my own?"

"I know," Helen said. "Oh Gil, can you wait a little longer? Until—"

She snatched a date at random from the future. "Until the end of January."

"Gil's face was dark with protest. "But this is only the end of September."

"Just four months," Helen pleaded. "And will you marry me then?"

"I will tell you then," Helen said. It was little enough, actually. Gil wondered why he was accepting such an intangible promise, a gossamer thread of hope. Four more months to wait just to learn whether she would ever be his bride. If only she would promise now definitely to marry him at the end of the time she set. Yet he knew without asking that this was the most she could give him. Somehow, when he kissed her good-night, it was more a kiss of farewell.

But Helen too shared this feeling of finality.

HELEN plunged blindly into her work at the shop, as if it could wipe out the memory of that night with Gil. The three special gowns designed to prove to the public that Helen Brent, Inc., had not only the benefit of her imagination and ability were a big success. Sightseers and visitors to Hollywood flocked into the shop to take home a Helen Brent original.

But still Verlaine was not satisfied. "Visitors are all right," she said. "They buy, sure, but they're not steady trade. In a week or a month they'll all be gone, and nobody else to take their place. We still need the steadies, like we used to have, to fall back on when they're gone."

Helen agreed. The shop had shown a profit for the past month—a nice profit, and yet, when Drew's bills came in from the sanctuary, Helen wasn't able to meet them out of her income. She had to dig into her savings to cover the bills and the expenses at Treantony, too.

October and November were even worse. The profit fell off a little, despite all the work Verlaine did. Helen and the staff could do. Helen dug still deeper into her savings, and after it was over, looking at her bank book, she knew a moment of panic. She couldn't stand this constant drain. But, she thought, the Christmas season is really just starting. Things are bound to pick up then.

Christmas came and went. The shop did pick up, but nothing like Helen's expectations. On Christmas Eve, after the rush had passed, when Verlaine sat in the littered packing room, looking around at the confusion.

"Well," Verlaine said. "It's all over now but the returns. The next three weeks will cost us money."

Her frown deepened into a look of anger. "If I could just get my hands on that spalpeen, Herbert Tracy, I'd make his ears ring!"

In spite of her tiredness and disappointment, Helen had a smile. "I'll warrant you would, too," she said. "While you were at it, I'd say a few words to him myself."

"I'll take us a few months to get over the bad reputation that be-
nighted rascal gave us," Verlaine said. "But don't you fret, Helen, we will get over it, with this new spring line."

Helen was determined not to let business affect her Christmas. When she went in the door, the house seemed strangely quiet. Helen wondered if there was any truth to Agatha, and getting no answer went upstairs to take off her hat and coat.

When she came down, the hall was ablaze with lights. She wandered curiously into the living room, not knowing what to expect. Then suddenly they pounced on her. Agatha, and in many plaid and a Santa Claus suit. Gil! He was here to share Christmas Eve with her.

Helen's eyes misted over with tears. Gil saw, and he led her gently to a big chair. "Poor darling," he said. "We know how you feel. But tonight let's all forget everything except that this is Christmas Eve and we're here to have a good time."

Helen was not soon to forget that evening. They all opened presents until the big pile of tinsel packages around the tree had been exhausted. Agatha got a new electric blanket for her bed. When Helen unwrapped the mystery from Gil, she was full of wonder. It turned out to be a pair of marvelous matched figurines of antique Sevres china, just what she wanted for the mantel in the living room. And Gil was not forgotten. Agatha gave him a set of matched studs and cuff links, and Helen had bought him a fine cigarette case and lighter of exquisitely wrought pink gold. "I wish it could be more," she whispered.

"There's only one thing more I want," he said, taking her in his arms in front of Agatha.

Agatha's old eyes grew dim when she saw the love between them. 

FINALLY, at midnight, when the carolers rode by in cars, and the bells rang the birth of Christ again, they gathered around the piano. Helen played and they all sang carols.

When it ended, Agatha insisted that Gil spend the night in the guest room. "You can't go home to that lonely house on Christmas Eve," she said.

In the morning, they all felt cleansed and refreshed. When Gil finally left, he reminded Helen of her promise three months earlier.

"I haven't forgotten," she said, wishing she could tell him in some way how desperately he wanted to say yes right then, how the thought of Drew tortured her. Yet Drew's need for her was as desperate now as it had ever been.

The New Year's season came and went. They went then, determined for two, for three. Helen and Verlaine worked early and late to bring the shop out of its slump. "We're almost in credit rating," Verlaine said. "Now that the season for them silly female ladies to come around and say, 'I wonder if I can return this?' is gone."

Helen laughed. Verlaine could always take her out of black moods. And in Verlaine, Helen found a person who was always and forever loyal and sympathetic. She was a friend of long standing, but every day, in this close companionship, Helen found new facets to the rugged, honest Irishwoman.

Still, in spite of everything they could do, the upturn failed to come. The shop did better than when Helen had first taken hold, but so much worse than they had a right to expect.

Once, during that momentous January, Gil came over. He was thinner, and Helen thought he looked much older. Her heart went out to him.

CANT we forget all this, and just drive some place and get married?" Gil asked desperately. "I make enough money to take care of everything you feel you've got to do, Helen. I'd enjoy having Agatha and the servants with us, and Drew's bills aren't so high I'd go broke paying them. We'd still have a comfortable margin."

"Oh Gil, if I only could!"

"If you won't marry me for my looks and brains, marry me for my money." Gil said it as a joke, but Helen knew he more than half meant it.

"I won't," she said softly. "I'd give anything if I could... But please Gil, it's been so perfect seeing you again. Let's not spoil it by having the old argument all over again. Let me just be happy. For this month. Then we can talk again, and I promise I'll make a decision."

"How is Drew?" Gil asked eagerly. Helen knew it hurt him to bring up Drew's name. She could see it in the aloof turn of his head, the seigneurial carelessness.

"He's just the same." She tried to keep her voice even, to match his pretended indifference, but she couldn't. In an instant she found herself sobbing on Gil's sympathetic shoulder. "Besides," she said through the tears. "I— I couldn't imagine it now. There's not much left of me—"

"You can give me beauty," Gil said. "And life. In that's all I ask."

"No," Helen said, more quietly. "I couldn't give you even those. Now, wait, dear—please."

"I gave in. He had to in the face of Helen's determination. And strangely his respect for her grew when he saw the deep well that made her refuse him—for his own sake as well as Drew's.

January neared its close. The four months' grace Helen had asked for were near then, and she saw each day fade into the past with a sense of despair. For nothing had changed. The dilemma was still unsolved. Her visits to Drew had not, apparently, brought about any appreciable im-

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COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR
THE time had nearly run out when she received, out of the blue, a letter that was like an ironic solution to all her problems. It was from the executive vice president of a famous department store in San Francisco. And it offered her the post of head designer, at a salary which would enable her to take care of all her obligations—pay the rent and keep Treonthony and her own shop, even if the latter did not do better.

Once such an offer would have sent her spirits soaring. Now she accepted it simply because she knew nothing else to do. She would hate the lonely life in San Francisco and she would be tremendously difficult to see Drew; she could come south only once every two or maybe three weeks.

But in the back of her mind as she hired her acceptance was the knowledge that here, in a way, was the answer she had promised Gil. It was not the answer he had wanted and hoped to have. She was taking herself out of his life.

Aaron Carter, the vice president who had written the letter, had asked her to be in San Francisco on Monday. This was Saturday morning.

Quickly, before she could weaken in her decision, she picked up the telephone and called Gil's office. But he was not there. He had gone to Palm Springs on business, his secretary said, but a long distance call to the hotel where he had expected to stay brought her no satisfaction. Apparently he had changed his plans and was stopping with friends.

Again and again in the next twenty-four hours, she made her hurried preparations to leave. She tried to locate him without success. In the end she wrote a letter—not a satisfactory letter, she felt. But, over, for there was so little she could say in words.

In the train she leaned back against the club car's cover of her pullman seat, exhausted, drained of vitality. The days marched ahead of her in a sullen, dark procession.

Gil had been a righterrer, and known that he had his answer. Perhaps he would not even write to her. She could not blame him if he did not.

In San Francisco, she plunged avidly into her new work. That, at least, she could count on—the delight of seeing line and fabric grow under her hands, the satisfaction of creating things supremely lovely. She worked at the store from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon; then she took work and returned to the home where she lived. Late at night she might walk for an hour along the misty, steep streets, fatigue and hoarding precious fatigue as a miser would his gold, so that sleep would come quickly when she crept to bed.

The week was nearly over when she came out of her office to find Gil Whitney waiting for her.

The sight of him, so unexpected—and so disarmingly welcome—made her speechless while he explained that he had been delayed in returning to San Francisco and decided to come up to see her.

But it was not until they had finished dinner that he spoke of what was on both their minds:

"I talked to Agatha before I came," Gil said. "It isn't too much to say she gave me the courage to come."

The couple discussed

"Agatha understands you rather well, Helen. She advised me not to leave you until you'd set the date for when you'd be leaving—hated leaving—hated everything you thought you had to do for Drew."

"That's not true!" Helen said, anger stirring in her chest.

"Oh, she said you'd deny—it that you probably didn't realize, yourself. But I hate it."

"But can you see—can't anyone see I'm only doing what I have to do?"

"You're blazes with Drew!" he interrupted roughly. "You've done enough for him—more than enough. You've let him hold you back from helping others—made it worse when you'd tried to make money to pay his bills—you've left your home, gone to a city where you know no one. And still you won't do what I think. You need someone to protect you from yourself."

This was a new Gil. A Gil who had lost his tenderness and understanding.

The fact that she could not deny the cold justice of what he said did not keep Helen from being infected with his bitterness. She had thought of Gil and Agatha discussing her, dissecting her thoughts and emotions, deciding between themselves whether she was a merciful, well-meaning, willful child, and cold fury lodged in her breast.

You almost won't have come, Gil. I was at fault for asking you to wait four months. I see that now. I was hoping that time would arrange things, and if I was weak and wrong, I wouldn't think people under and not blame me too much. And at least, when my pitiful little hope failed, when the time I had asked for an end, had the responsibility of Drew—then I was strong enough, and decent enough, to write another answer by coming up here. I think you might have spared us both this—this humiliation."

He did not speak. She saw his expression soften, and guessed that if she could but release the tears that were so imminent, his pity would return. He would comfort her, offer to go on waiting, be sympathetic and tender. But she had made her decision; she would not go back on it now. She bent her head and waited until the lines of his face had grown stern.

I'm sorry," he said. "Neither of us can pretend, this time, that you haven't made your answer plain."

Later, Helen sat alone in her hotel room, wrapped in a big robe and looking down into the sparse life of the sleeping city. Gil was gone now, beyond possibility of meeting—gone, enveloping her with angry words as a memory of their last meeting.

Dawn was brightening the sky above the Bosphorus when at last she rose and went, shivering, to bed. It was a week later that she returned to the hotel after work to find
a message waiting for her. A message
to call her own home in Hollywood.
She expected Agatha to answer when
she put the call through. But it was
Gil.

He wasted no time on useless words
about their quarrel; it was, suddenly
as if they were back on their old
footing of months before, as if they
were very dear friends.

"Helen, I think you'd better come
down. A telegram arrived for you
this afternoon, and Miss Anthony
opened it. It was from Drew."

"From Drew!" The two words were
spoken on a quick indrawn breath.

"Yes. All it said was, 'See you soon
in Hollywood.' And Helen—it wasn't
from the sanitarium. It had been sent
from a small town between Santa
Barbara and Los Angeles."

Helen felt the telephone receiver
heavy in her hand. She said in a
choked voice, "Then he—escaped. I
would have known if they'd decided
to release him."

"I'm afraid so. Can you come
down?"

"I'll take the first plane," she said
swiftly. "Meet me at the airport."

WHILE she called the air transport
office for reservations, while she
hurried to pack a bag and catch the
bus to the airport, she could keep the
frightening news from her mind. But
once in the plane she could only sit,
staring out of the window, wondering
where Drew was, what he was doing.
Where would that pitiful, lost mind
of his take him? Into what dangers?
Gil met her at the field, and they
drove to Trenthony. Gil had already
called Dr. Spear at the sanitarium
and learned that Drew had been missing
all day, after an escape that showed
careful, shrewd planning.

"But isn't the sanitarium trying to
find him?" Helen asked distractedly.
"Naturally. But there isn't much
they can do. Spear wanted to notify
the police, but I managed to persuade
him to wait. He's sure that if Drew
sent you that telegram he'll eventually
eye in touch with you."

At Trenthony, there was nothing to
do but settle down to a long, nerve-
racking vigil. Now that their anger
had been submerged in this new and
more important trouble, Gil and Helen
did not speak of what had happened
in San Francisco. A tacit agreement
held them waiting—waiting—waiting
for Drew to make some move.

Midnight came, and no word. Aga-
tha brought in a tray of sandwiches
and some coffee. Helen forced some
food down, but a tight lump in her
throat made it difficult. Gil drank coffee
and paced the floor restlessly.

At three o'clock, when no word had
come, they all went upstairs to try
sleep. Gil in the spare room.
But sleep was a capricious visitor to Tren-
thony that night. Helen was up at
eight, having breakfast. Gil and Aga-
tha came in shortly after.

The sun was hot for a winter morn-
ing. It gave promise of a long day.
But none of them knew the color of
the sky. They wandered in and out
to the garden, talking, discussing, but
arriving nowhere, their thoughts hang-
ing on the whereabouts and safety of
Drew.

Noon came and went with no res-
pite. By five o'clock Helen felt as
though all her life had been spent at
this age-long weary vigil. Agatha
tried to make them eat. She alone
had recaptured her calm.

In the evening Gil called Dr. Spear

Arthur Murray's famous dancing teachers
never miss a beat—in rhythm or in daintiness!
Their living depends on perfection—that's why
they love Odorono Cream. They can depend on
it to guard against underarm odor and damp-
ness. They smooth it on while dressing—remain
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Your day may not be so strenuous—but
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AUGUST, 1941
again. No news. They had men scouring for him, and a ransom note had at last been notified. Gil called a friend in the City Hall and used his influence to have the search intensified. It was getting close to the breaking point. Gil thought seriously of calling the doctor to administer a sedative.

Suddenly, when the self-control even of Gil was frayed, the phone rang. It was just midnight. Helen ran to answer. Gil followed and stood close to her shoulder.

"Over the wire came a strange voice with a heavy Irish brogue. "Is this Mrs. Trent I've got on the wire"?" the voice asked.

"Yes."

"This is Paddy MacDonald, Mrs. Trent. I'm the watchman at Sentinel Studios.""Paddy MacDonald, Mrs. Trent. I'm the watchman at Sentinel Studios."

"Yes, Paddy, what is it?"

"Well, I'm thinkin' you'll call me daft, but the old chief just came in and I remembered how you told me once I was to call you if Mr. Sinclair ever got to actin' funny, and I thought and thought."

"Oh Paddy, is Mr. Sinclair all right? Tell me!"

"Sure, he's all right. Paddy said reasonably. "At least what I can usually come to terms with, you know. But I'm afraid I'm a little out of sorts. I just don't know how to go on to you, I don't know, and me with a family of eight to provide a sustenance for."

"Paddy. Please cut in. "Keep him there, you hear? Don't let him get away until we come. We're leaving right away. Will you do that? Do you promise?"

"Sure I understand, and I'll do it, but what's going to happen to my poor starvin' family?"

IN Gil's big car he and Helen drove madly across Hollywood. Gil refused to stop for lights or intersections. Once they almost collided with a truck. Gil jerked the wheel, they skidded sickeningly, Helen closed her eyes, waiting for the crash. It never came. The traffic never was closer than before. Helen looked once at the speedometer. It registered sixty miles an hour. She looked again, faster than ever, putting faith in his skill and daring. The big car rushed on.

At the gates of Sentinel, Paddy MacDonald met them. "He's still in his office." he pointed with a blunt old thumb, and they ran on.

To Helen it was familiar ground, from the day she worked with Drew. But to Gil it was new and strange. He was a man hurrying across unknown ground to an unknown and unlooked-for goal, and he had no experience that would change the whole course of his life. In what direction the change would take him, he dared not even guess.

At the door of the office, Helen, in the lead, stopped, her sharp intake of breath, then her gasp of pain.

"Drew was at his desk. Was he, and even at a glance they could see the havoc that had been wrought. He sat there mak- ing a madly vain effort to put the papers on the big desk, picking up and putting down the telephone. He lived in another world. His fine intellect, the complexity of his brain, had all been blotted out. And now he sat foolish and incopt, playing carelessly with another man's papers."

"Drew. Helen said.

"Drew looked up. His hair hung low over his forehead, the eyes were vacantly blank. "What do you want?" he asked, and it was almost a grunt.

Helen spoke his name weakly and despairingly, hoping against hope that the sound of her voice would re- store him.

To her intense relief it did. Again, as it had done in the sanitarium, his eyes opened. He wriggled the curtains and the curtain had been lifted. He knew Helen at once. "What hell it," he said. "I was just going to call you, Helen. And Gil. Nice to see you again."

They answered weakly, too overcome at the completeness of the change that had come, saying very little, so little that it was hard to tell what had happened.

"I came down this afternoon on the train," he said. "But I wandered around town for awhile looking at the sights. It's good to be back. I'd forgotten how beautiful Hollywood can be. It gets lonesome up there in the mountains."

The pathos of his last words went straight to Helen's heart. "Yes—itis nice to see you, you and Drew," she said, too stunned yet to be over- whelmed by the nightmarish quality of this news. "Helen, I'd like to have a word with you alone, if Gil will excuse me."

Gil looked doubtfully at Helen. She nodded slowly and left him. A nervous chill worse than any physical coldness shook her.

"Helen," Drew began. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about us. Oh, I know that sounds funny. But I do think, when I'm myself. It seemed to embarrass him to talk.

Helen said wearily, "I want to speak.

"And I've come to a conclusion," he went on. "It—maybe something hear to you, Helen, or egotistical, or selfish. I don't know."

She wanted to cry out, to make him stop, but the terrible fascination of seeing him like this, hearing him speak as clearly as he ever had, froze her lips and she waited. For a mo- ment the only sound was the quick strained intake of her breath.

"The fact that I want to break our engagement."

The words came as a profound shock.

"Maybe I can tell you like this," Drew went on before she could quite realize what he had said. "You know how a sick animal wants to get away by itself to heal? Well, that's the way I feel. I must be alone and without ties. I must draw into myself and concentrate all with my power on getting well."

"But you said—" Helen stammered. "Yes, I told you that you would end up in the world who could help me get well. But I know better now, Helen. I must be alone, do you hear?"

WHEN had he told her this before, Helen wondered feverishly. For surely she had heard these words. The remembered head, Gil thinking exploring her to give Drew up, for Drew's own good. She forced herself not to think of Drew. He was standing, his hands on the desk, leaning towards her.

"You understand, don't you?" he asked. "You must be on my own, be by myself."

Helen caught a trace of the old arrogance in his voice. She felt like a person who has labored long and heartbreakingly toward a goal and then, on attaining it, finds the real test only in the opposite direction. She sat for a long moment in silence and Drew too was quiet.

When she spoke at last it was to ask him how to the door. He had been so much expeditious that when he had been lifted he knew Helen at once.

"Helen," she said, "how blind I was not to have seen. I should have known."

"No."

"You were right, Helen. All the time you were right. Don't you understand?"

They had left the town now and abandoned them to the unblinking kind of darkness into which Helen's mind had plunged. "No, Gil, I don't," she replied.

"It's so simple now," Gil said. "Now that we can see for ourselves. Drew needed you until this moment, darling. He had to have you to cling to when he fought his first battle. And that's over. He's stronger. He knows that the fight is his own, that no one can help him but himself any more. I hope so!" Helen prayed fervently.

"I have some hope for him now," Gil said next. "I really believe he'll get well in time. But he can stand alone. Tonight was the first step. You're free, Helen!"

"Darling," Helen said. She moved closer to him and put her arm through his. Ahead of them the road stretched straight and white under the moon. Suddenly, Helen found herself thinking of her road as a thread of her own life, stretching into the future, straight and definite and sure. She took Gil's hand.

"We can make it like that," he said. "It can be a straight line now. No more detours, but I insist we take time for side trips."

LATER that night, when Gil said goodbye, he took Helen in his arms. They were on the porch at Trenthol and Helen's head tilted up over his shoulder so that she saw the moon and many stars, and the quiet dark shapes of the city and the hills, and around her Gil's arms pressed tight, promising and promising.

And Gil lowered his head, so that her cheek was on her shoulder. She was all under the moon, and the sprout- ing boxwood bushes along the drive. To him the sweet nearness of Helen, the curves melting against his body, her arms around his neck, and her cheek against his, became the same promise—a promise of love and peace and tenderness and together that would mean many years of happiness.

He ran read her promise in the stars and moon. Gil read his in the earth. To both of them it was a promise rich and abundant for the life they wanted.

The End

For exciting listening, tune in The Romance of Helen Trent every day at 12:30 P.M. E.D.T. over the CBS network.
THE STATION THAT BREAKS THE Rules

By Edith L. Weart

that music comes from phonograph records. Here's more heresy. Stations don't like to use records, as a rule, except as fill-ins when the "live" talent fails to show up. But Hogan has proved that when recordings are used intelligently they can be as satisfying as the most high-priced "live" talent. In fact, you can hardly tell the difference. This may be due to the fact that WQXR uses a special method of broadcasting, one that differs from that of most stations in that it broadcasts all the sounds the ear can hear, not just the middle range of sound.

And people do like the musical programs WQXR puts on, even if the music is largely recorded. That was proved once May a few years ago. Music Week came along then, and the station wondered what it could do to celebrate. It really was quite a problem, since the WQXR programs were nearly all musical anyway, so much so that it was really celebrating Music Week all the time. Finally they decided to put on a program of symphonic music during the breakfast hour, from eight to nine—just for that one week, no longer. The breakfast symphonies are still being broadcast. Such a flood of appreciative letters came in that the WQXR people haven't dared take them off. There's still another way in which WQXR differs from ordinary stations—it's the only one in the country which prints a monthly program.

People pay ten cents a copy for it—since Hogan, as has already been pointed out, doesn't believe in giving things away. Almost twelve thousand people subscribe for it. WQXR really represents the personality of its owner, John Hogan. His chief interest was in television experiments. When he started these experiments he wanted to broadcast sound at the same time, so he applied for, and got, a broadcaster's license. Because he himself liked good music, that was the kind he put on the air to accompany his television pictures—and because recordings were cheaper than hiring musicians, he used recordings. As far as Hogan knew, or cared, he was the sole listener to his own programs in those first days of WQXR.

Then people in New York City began picking up his programs by accident, and wrote to tell him how much they enjoyed them. Hogan decided to cooperate with these unseen listeners who liked music as well as he did, so he commenced to broadcast regularly. Finally, in September, 1936, he decided that the response warranted commercial broadcasting.

Well, he must have been right. After about five years of operation as a commercial venture, WQXR is unique in a lot of ways. It has the most loyal audience of any station in New York City. It has a long list of sponsors, who are just as loyal as the listeners. And, most astounding fact of all, it got those listeners and those sponsors—by breaking all the rules!
Forever After
(Continued from page 19)

her husband stood at the door bidding him goodnight; she had no idea she would ever see him again. He lived in New York between his long and frequent travels. And her family, her home, and her work were in Chicago. However, life was to move swiftly and somewhat unhappily for Irene soon after that. And four years later, in 1938, she was broadcasting from New York, living there with her mother and her children, and needing all of her success because, since her divorce, she was the head of her family.

One spring afternoon she walked to the broadcasting studio. The sky was blue. The air was soft. The flower woman at the Cathedral had lilacs in her basket. Dogs pulled friskily at the end of their leashes. The bus stops were crowded. Irene quickened her step as she hummed a snatch of song. And then, ahead of her, glistening in the sunshine, she saw a black box with block letters spelling "Hammer Galleries."

"I'll go in," she thought impulsively, "and see if Victor Hammer's in town."

And so it happened that she was there to do. But at the very idea her heart went into a back flip. "What nonsense," she scolded herself. "Anyone would think I was in love with the man. And he probably doesn't even remember me.

Resolutely she walked on.

MOTHER," said young Nancy at dinner that night, "Peggy Burton's mother is having a dinner party next week and she's going to invite you, Irene."

Irene hesitated. She had gone out very little since her divorce.

"Do go, dear," her mother urged, in turn, "And don't work too hard, taking your responsibility towards all of us a little too seriously. After all, you're young. You need diversion."

Irene promised, to please them.

It proved a delightful dinner party and it led to other things. It led to Irene's driving in the country with a charming young woman who had worked for a radio station. Sunday following and visiting a friend of hers, Tobe Davis, the stylist.

"Next Thursday," Tobe told them, "I'm giving a party in town. You must come!"

Fate is so casual sometimes.

When Irene arrived at the party Tobe took her in tow.

She led Irene towards a gay group. She tapped a man who stood with his brood back towards them on the shoulder. "Turn around," she said "and meet . . ."

"Victor!" Irene's cry was joyous. "Victor Hammer!"

"Irene!" he said. "Irene!" And his eyes were like summer.

"I wanted to call you when I read you were going to have dinner, but I was afraid that you might not remember me."

He led her to the buffet table. He helped himself to creamed chicken and cold squab and salad. "Just the other day I came across an old French folksong," he told her, "that you would love!"

"I'd love it," said Irene. "I played a gypsy song." She sounded like a carefree child.

"If I write a song this coming week," he said, "we could hear Toscanini . . ."

Tobe Davis swept down upon them in the little corner where he had maneuvered their two chairs. "Violin," she spoke; "they're waiting for you to sing . . ."

"I'll sing gladly," he said. "But first, Tobe, be an angel and let me have thirty minutes with Miss Wicker, understand? I haven't seen her in years and I'm sailing for Rome in two days."

Tobe's answer was to open the library door, step aside for them to enter. "She's here."

The day following, from one to four, Irene and Victor lunched at "Twentieth Century." He had a table waiting in the fashionable bar where some handsome new fouldar tie. And she was fifteen minutes late, having stopped to buy her enchanting black hat.

The next day found them again at the same table. "I'm going to write you," he told her, "and if I'm able to cable an address maybe you'll write me, too."

There was no word of love between them. But they must have known.

Tobe Davis was generous. Radio programs go in cycles. Let one manufacturer increase his sales by a program that appeals to children and another announced and two girls to grow big and strong eating a certain cereals or a certain bread and there's no end to children's programs until their trend.
those who love for the first time. They brought their love the rich wisdom of their experience to enrich it. They never let the emotion that swung between them lead the interests and affections that previously had made up their lives. When he had to sail away, in the Hamner's ceaseless search for the beautiful and the old, she stood on the end of the wharf waving goodbye. And he always knew she was smiling just as she would be upon his return. He was understanding about her family, the time she spent with them, her love for them.

For a long time, however, Irene wouldn't promise marriage. She told me about it the other day when I talked with her in her little flat.

"It seemed important to wait until we were terribly sure we were right," she said. "For neither Victor nor I has a flippant attitude about marriage or believe in divorce unless it's completely unavoidable."

Her dark hair swung softly about her fine, eager face. Her voice was soft. Her only ornaments were her gold wedding ring and the British emblem, "Dieu et mon droit" stamped in gold upon it, which she wore pinned on her pale blue knitted dress.

"It may be forgivable for children experiencing their first romantic attachment to rush into marriage, confident no one ever knew such a grandeur of feeling before," she went on, "but when it isn't the first time for you and you know that what seems to be friendship and congeniality often is part of love's mirage—well, I think you wait until you've very sure your friendship and congeniality will sustain. For there's no happy marriage without them."

Irene faced practical difficulties at this time too. She knew her mother, her children, and a second husband—constituting three families—would find it difficult to live happily under one roof. It seemed a problem for which there was no answer, really. Then things began to simplify themselves.

Her son, Charlie, interested in aviation, discovered the school best suited to his needs was so far away he would have to board there. Nancy, missed Christmas at home and Irene realized that she was not enough with other children her own age. Some of her best friends were going and Nancy felt that she would like to go too to Miss Porter's in Connecticut. With the children away and Irene busy most of the day, Irene's mother preferred to live back home in the West and visit in New York.

Therefore, one day just before Christmas when Victor learned over the telephone and who checked it and her special table at "Twenty-One" and told Irene of how he'd like to build for her the most beautiful little house in all the world, she listened and her heart lifted. And when he said, "Have you any special day on which you'd like to be married?" she answered, "January eleventh's a happy day for me, Victor. For that's the day, 'The Singing Lady' first went on the air."

And so they were married, in Elkton, Maryland . . . with hamburgers and music for a nickname in the slot for their wedding breakfast, and the Metropolitan Opera Company playing and singing their wedding march as they tuned in on their radio and headed their car towards home.
Young Widder Brown
(Continued from page 31)

as if she couldn't bear to look even now. Then she gave a little cry and her eyes held out her hand to her husband. For the faint lines at the temples and at the top of her forehead were all that remained of the years she had lived. It was a changed woman who sat in her room the next morning waiting for the car that would take her home.

"I love it all to you, Ellen," she said. And then she smiled shyly. "Perhaps that's why I can dare to tell you—what I'm going to tell you. I can't stand seeing you let all the happiness go out of your life."

"Happiness?" Ellen tried to speak lightly. "Why, I'm perfectly happy. What made you think I wasn't?"

"Ellen—when you've been as miserable as I used to be, you learn, somehow, to see into other people's thoughts. I've seen into—there and I've seen Dr. Anthony Loring there. So—" she smiled gently—"don't try to deny it. Just tell me why you're holding yourself away from him."

It was a relief not to pretend any longer, such a relief that it became easy to speak. She was not the doubts—it was her children, and her flight from Simpsonville, and of the misunderstanding she had let go uncorrected when Anthony answered her summons to New River City.

"But Ellen!" Grace chided her. "Don't you see what you're doing? You're not really being kind to the children. Quite aside from your own happiness, you're doing the worst possible thing for them. You mustn't bring them up to feel they own you, any more than you must ever allow yourself to think you own them. That horrible possessive love! Don't let it stifle you, or them!"

"I've thought of that," Ellen admitted wearily. "But it's not so simple. I haven't any right to say to my children, live with this man, call him your father, because I have chosen him for you. They're sensitive. They might try to defend the reputation of their own home, and the jealousy—hurting them, changing them in ways no mother wants her children changed."

"You said your children from jealousy, Ellen," Grace said. "Any more than you can shield them from so many other things in life. Everybody in this world has his share of it, no matter how much most of us deny it. Janey and Mark will have many bad moments. But they'll get over them. Children adjust readily enough, if they're fine at heart, and I'm sure your children must be. Only if you allow Anthony to go out of your life you'll really be doing them a wrong you can never right again. For it will make an unhappy woman of you, Ellen Brown, and I know what unhappiness can do. Not only to yourself but to everyone your life touches."

It was her sudden hush that made more than her words, that opened the closed doors of Ellen's thoughts. "You're right," she whispered. "I know you're right. I've known it all along. But I've been so cowardly not to face the thing. Rather than work things out, no matter how much trouble it was, I've preferred to let him alone to Anthony—and to the children too."

Grace smiled. "I don't think it will be necessary, for you. You're very much matched. Anthony. I talked to him myself, a few minutes before you came this morning. I guessed how hard it must have been for you to call him, and to cooperate on me—and I think I made him understand."

"Yes, said Anthony's voice from the doorway behind Ellen. "Yes, Mrs. Gaines, you made me understand what I was too stupid to understand by myself."

This was Anthony again, the Anthony she loved, holding out his hand toward her as if in it he held the promise of all the beauty and all the glory in the world. The End

For further exciting experiences of Ellen Brown on our new, ever-popular, morning program, tune in Young Widder Brown every weekday on NBC's Red network.

What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 7)

an exclusive apartment hotel, he is soloist in church every Sunday, and he sings every morning on still another Pittsburgh radio station.

Jerry was born at Wabash, Indiana, thirty years ago. His mother always wanted to be a gospel singer herself, but circumstances had kept her from achieving her ambition so she transferred it to her children. It was Jerry who made her dreams come true.

When Jerry graduated from high school in Franciscus, he planned to take up journalism; but one day he attended a camp meeting at Olivet College, and metlikeminded boys who were students at the college, and with them he formed a quartet. The president of Olivet College heard them sing together, was interested, and persuaded Jerry to enter the university. He spent three years there majoring in English Literature.

Soon after he left college in 1931 he joined a traveling Evangelistic Party, and went with them all over the country until 1936, when he joined the staff of WHJB in Greensburg, Pa., a sister station of KQV. He graduated to KQV in 1938, and in the three years he has been with the station has sung almost a thousand hymns.

Jerry is married and has one child, Patricia Lee, aged ten months.

Carrying a bag of bread crumbs, Basil Ruyssdael, the Hit Parade announcer, come to school one day with the pigeons in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. In August, Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth will begin doing their Vox Pop show two nights a week, once on CBS and once on NBC.
Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 40)

drained of color.

Superman, racing far ahead of the car, searched frantically for the one small place in the track where the piece of steel rail had been removed. Suddenly, he stopped short and dropped quickly to his knees-

"Here's the break, Great Scott!" Kelly was lying—ten feet down! Unless I can find it and get him back into place that roiler coaster car will go smashing through the steel framework and down to the ground a hundred feet below! But where can the missing track be?"

Then his keen ears caught the sound of a far-off rumble which rapidly grew louder and louder.

"The car! It's coming! I've only got a few seconds! Where could Kelly have put it?"

Superman's x-ray eyes searched the entire section of track with lightning speed. In another second-

"Hold on—that's what wedged under the ties? Thank heavens! It's the missing piece of track!"

He stepped and pulled with all his amazing, superhuman strength. One more jerk, and it was out!

THERE—now to set it into place. He looked at that rumbled down on me. And the bolts are missing. The car will hit this broken piece and jump the track. There's nothing else to do. I'll have to get down under the track and hold it steady with my hands. But one slip and everything's lost. Down low now—steady—

STEADY—more carefully!—

Balanced with the sure-footedness of a cat, arms outstretched high up as he held the ten feet of steel in his hands, Superman waited. Speed ever increasing, the car roared down on him. He could see the drawn, frightened face of Nancy Bardett. He could feel the vibrating vibrations of the track. But he didn't move a fraction of an inch. The front wheels of the car passed over the split, onto the track held up by girder-supported tracks only by Superman! But his strength was equal to the demands made upon it. The car and its occupant rolled along as easily as if they had been riding upon girder-supported tracks.

As the car glided to a stop at the end of the ride and Nancy Bardett stepped out, flushed and happy, Clark Kent was waiting for her.

"Miss Bardett!" he discovered that Martin had a piece of the Sky Chaser-track removed. I was able to replace it temporarily but you'd better close it up today and lock the place tonight. "By the way, I sent the police over to see our friend Midway. I don't think he'll bother you after this. And I guarantee that now Happyland will have the best opening you ever dreamed of!"

Modestly he joined Nancy and Lois in the celebration. No one knew that once again, Superman had brought happiness where there might have been only sorrow!
SUMMER SIREN

Try this New and Exciting Coiffure. Your lovely natural hair line clear, your hair brushed up in soft curls on top, your shell-like ears decorated with earrings. DeLong Bob Pins make this Coiffure possible...they just won't slip out.

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Portrait of a Father

He teaches his son to throw a curve ball and to appreciate Wagner's music—meet Edward G. Robinson and family

Edward G. Robinson is a father of medium height and medium weight and medium age, who teaches his son to throw a curve ball and to know Richard Wagner's works when a symphony orchestra is on the air. He is a husband who speaks French and German and some Italian and Spanish, who went to school in New York City and graduated from Columbia University, who might have been a lawyer, and who was a sailor in the Navy when war came in 1917 and who made his first movie fourteen years ago. He is a human being who reads Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw, who needs a lot of sleep, eats a lot of fruit, and likes to play poker, hates to write letters, loves prize fights, football games and tennis.

Edward G. Robinson is a citizen who hopes his son will be either a lawyer or a doctor because he can help others in those professions, who would rather right a wrong than boast any other accomplishment, who says to other parents: don't be possessive; don't think that money is needed to raise your children successfully; make music fun—it will be an invaluable gift to your sons and daughters; don't worry if they don't go to college—they will be just as happy. He is a man who knows happiness because above all else he has wanted to make others happy first.

HERE are many kinds of love, but few that end in marriage that continues thrillingly through all the days and years. Edward G. Robinson has been in love with the same woman for twelve years. Ten years ago Gladys Robinson knelt beside him and became his wife. Life since then has been for them an exalted symphony, rich and melodious. They have known poverty and riches and the golden gift of a son.

Their home is an estate in Beverly Hills, with quiet beauty in every room—in the library, in the music room where a grand piano waits to be touched into melody, in the bedrooms where color breathes intimacy and warmth into the furnishings.

Their playground is a ranch atop Lookout Mountain where Gladys can learn to shoot with accuracy on the rifle range that was just installed, where the whole family spends hours at the ping-pong table sharing victories and defeats, where the father starts out on a walk with his seven-year-old Manny, and talks to him as most fathers only dream of talking to their sons.

Ten years—filled with success, of one film after another that add to an actor's triumphs, of Big Town, a radio broadcast that began as an experiment on CBS four years ago and is now almost a network institution.
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"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT’S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
A Complete Radio Novel - ORPHANS OF DIVORCE

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY - See Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs

PEGGY YOUNG
Lovely Star of PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
(Played by Betty Wragge)
Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics...has prints and colors made to order.

Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model...cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests...smokes a Camel...critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're milder—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"

"Persian Bouquet"—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

Clare Potter is outstanding among designers who are making America the center of fashion. A hard worker, she spends week-days at the shop...week-ends at her farm. "My friends prefer Camel cigarettes, too," she adds. "So I buy Camels by the carton. More convenient!"

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

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BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!
To art of dress, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, however fresh it leaves you, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the risk of underarm odor to come. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and never know it.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

For sanitary napkins—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins— that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

No deodorant quicker...safer...surer...than Mum!
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ON THE COVER — Betty Wragge, star of Pepper Young's Family, heard on NBC

Kodachrome by Charles F. Seawood
What do You want to Say?

IT'S BEEN A REAL TREAT

I THINK our radio entertainment gets better every day. Some of the "goodies" offered us within the past few weeks are—

Orson Welles, substituting for John Barrymore, joining forces with Rudy Vallee and giving himself and his "wonder boy" reputation as sly a razzing as ever surprised a listener.

Little Jackie Benny's humiliating experience at the hands of the brilliant Quiz Kids. Comedy at its best.

—Miss B. Clements, San Francisco.

ORCHIDS TO THE NEW COMMERCIALS

My hat is off to the snappy, one-minute ads that are becoming so popular on the air. At last advertisers have found a way to get listener attention, hold it to the end of the advertising message, and entertain the man at the dial at the same time. Most important of all, these brief commercials indelibly impress the name of the product on the listener's mind. —Alma Deane Fuller, Manhattan, Kansas.

KITTY KEENE'S HUSBAND MUST REFORM!

I have long been an eager listener to the Kitty Keene program. In all her adventures on sea and land, her husband, Allen, or Charles, (as he renamed himself) helped Kitty, and fully merited her desperate efforts to save him from the electric chair and discover the true murderer.

Consequently, I have wanted to protest to the author of this serial. Why, why must Charles Williams have evolved into such a consummate heel—just now he appears to be a sponger, cheat and liar, and I don't like those qualities in a man who seemed to be, for so many years, just the opposite. Please put him in a wreck or some other catastrophe that will knock some sense into him.

—Mrs. Margaret Moody, Denver Colorado.

NOTICE

Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine on the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.

[Image] New Loveliness can be yours—Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N.Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Try this exciting beauty idea—praised by lovely brides—based on the advice of skin specialists!

So many women dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine—dailly cleansing with a fine, mild soap.

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!
What's New from Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

ACTRESS HELEN CLAIRE was married in May to Dr. Milton Smith, head of Columbia University's drama department. They kept the wedding a secret until June, and then surprised their friends with it because that was the next best thing to a June wedding.

Ilka Chase, star of CBS' Penthouse Party show, has signed up to be a New York air raid warden.

All you Jessica Dragonette fans will soon be able to welcome your favorite back on a weekly show. She starts as regular singing star of the CBS Saturday Night Serenade the middle of August.

Betty Olson—the Betty of NBC's singing group, The Escorts and Betty—has announced her engagement to Don Hemstreet of Chicago. They haven't set a date yet, but they're looking for a house.

Martha Stevenson Kemp, who was widowed when Hal Kemp died in an automobile accident last year, is now Mrs. Victor Mature. The bridegroom is the movie actor who appeared in one or two pictures before going to Broadway and a greater success in Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Lady in the Dark." The couple will live in Hollywood, where Mature has gone to take up his screen career again.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—One of the happiest voices heard on station WELI, New Haven, belongs to Ruth Howard, talented and beautiful daughter of Tom Howard, the comedian who used to broadcast with George Shelton. As Your Radio Hostess, Ruth is on WELI Mondays through Fridays at 12 noon, presenting a half-hour program of information about all the things that interest her.

Ruth got valuable training from her father by appearing with him on many of his personal appearance engagements, in his Paramount and Educational motion pictures, and on his different network programs. But she wasn't satisfied to shine in reflected glory, and besides, she wanted to write; so after the usual disappointments and rejection slips she became a contributor to various women's magazines. Early in 1937 she started writing radio material, and went on the air in Utica, New York, over station WIBX. From Utica she went to Syracuse, then to Albany, then Boston, and now she's in New Haven.

Ruth admits that she entered radio because she loves to talk. "I can't resist glimpsing and then telling about new fashions and famous people and our next door neighbors who lend us sugar and courage," she says. "And about the neighbors who tell us when to get a fresh haircut and who the new blonde is who was waiting for the bus. The menfolk took to town yesterday morning. (Continued on page 6)
"There she goes... AND GOOD RIDDANCE!"

Before trying to get her into the club, you'd think Agatha would have told her...

"A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who has to be told deserves what she gets."

So it was "thumbs down" on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical... had failed to realize that one can't be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little "slip" that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize when you have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before all engagements use Listerine to combat Halitosis (unpleasant breath)
Remember Hollywood Hotel? Its unbeatable singing team, Frances Langford and Dick Powell, are together again in the CBS Friday show, Southern Cruise.

far back as he could remember he'd wanted to be an actor, but there didn't seem to be much chance to achieve that ambition in the Rocky Mountain region, where there were few large cities and no resident stock companies where a young actor could get training and earn a living.

In the early 1930's, during the depression, while Jay was in his Junior year of high school, he got an idea. He'd form a theatrical company of his own and take it on tour. Jay had missed a couple of years of school because of illness, and consequently was older than other members of his class. This made things easier because it gave him the necessary authority. He surrounded himself with a cast—two other boys and two girls, picked out some play scripts, acquired a second-hand sedan and a luggage trailer, and started out.

The venture was a real success. The company played in what are known as Ward houses, recreational centers that are maintained by the Mormon Church. They were used for the cast or collected it as they went along. Jay kept the cast down to five people, rewriting plays when necessary to fit that number. It was his re-writing experience that brought him to KDYL five years ago when the DuWayne Traveling Players finally broke up.

The second year Jay was out with his company he married his high school sweetheart, and while Mrs. DuWayne isn't an actress she shares her husband's enthusiasm and love for the theater. For three years she designed and made many of the costumes. Their little daughter, Jan, now ten years old, has hopes of following in her father's footsteps, and three years ago brought her parents their greatest thrill by making her stage debut acting with Jay in the same theater where the DuWayne Players first appeared.

Jay says the most satisfactory part of moving over to KDYL is knowing that each performance is heard by all the friends to whom he played in the many rural communities of the Rocky Mountain country.

Remember Ralph Dumke, one of the Sisters of the Skillet? He's now playing the part of Andy Nunan in the Myrt and Marge serial. He reports, proudly, that he's been dieting for a year and has managed to slim down from 250 pounds to 249.

Another Myrt and Marge note: Chester Stratton is playing Bob Keith on that show. He got the part on a hurry-up audition when another actor, previously hired, failed to show up for the rebroadcast. The director needed someone who could sing, and that's always been one of Chester's ambitions, kept in the background by his acting career. So now everyone is happy—except the actor who forgot to return for the rebroadcast.

Raymond Gram Swing didn't expect to miss a single one of his sponsored Mutual network broadcasts on the flying trip to England he took in July—but just in case something happened he prepared one recorded pro-

(Continued from page 4)

Don Dunphy, who came from obscurity to announce the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight on Mutual, literally became a star overnight. Listeners were almost unanimous in their praise of the exciting and graphic way he described that thrilling battle. Until he successfully passed the competitive audition Mutual and the sponsor held before selecting a man to announce the fight, Don was a staff announcer at a local New York station, completely unknown as far as the networks were concerned.

Every performer in radio, in New York as well as in Hollywood, was saddened by the death of Mary "Bubbles" Kelley. Almost as wide as she was tall, Bubbles was one of the jolliest of radio comedians. Although she never reached stardom herself, she worked at one time or another on most of the big network fun-shows, and it would have been hard to visit any broadcast without finding several of her friends in the studio, she had so many lifelong friends. When she died, an event occurred in her sleep after a long illness, she had played important roles in the Blondie, Al Pearce, and Burns and Allen programs.

One of those moments that cut ten years off your life came to the entire cast of the Kate Hopkins serial the other day. Just as the program was about to go on the air a large screen in the CBS studio fell over and struck Margaret Macdonald, who plays the leading role of Kate, on the head. She was stunned, and the director had visions of finding a substitute leading lady in less than half a minute—but she recovered just in time to read her lines.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Station KDYL's boss, as far as things dramatic go, is Jay DuWayne. He's the director of the KDYL Players and presents them in the Candlelight Series—plays which he himself writes and produces, and in which he plays the principal character parts.

But Jay came to radio the hard way, via the great depression. He was born in Salt Lake City, but moved with his family to Nephi, Utah, just before he reached high school age. Since as

Jay DuWayne came from touring with his own company to directing plays for Salt Lake's KDYL.
gram for use in a pinch. With world conditions the way they are, he couldn’t even be certain of reaching England safely, much less being able to broadcast from there.

Manhattan ageshot: Charles Laughton, in New York for a vacation and an appearance on CBS’ Wednesday-night Millions for Defense program, standing on a street corner feeding pigeons with corn from his pockets. The birds must have been real Laughton fans—they were perching on his outstretched hands to take the corn.

Marjorie Hannan, the young star you hear as Ruth Ann Graham in NBC’s serial, Bachelor’s Children, has a new kind of memory book—a charm bracelet with a tiny gold figure to commemorate every happy event in her life. Her husband started it when they were engaged by giving her the foundation chain and one charm—a tiny pair of handcuffs to remind her she was no longer free. Other gadgets that have been added since are a small microphone to keep Marjorie in mind of her profession; a clock with its hands set at 8:30, the hour she has to be in the studio for rehearsal; a cowboy on a bucking bronco, souvenir of a happy vacation in the west; a clipper plane, reminiscent of a flight to Havana; a flatiron in honor of her iron wedding anniversary; and, of course, a tiny wedding ring. No little replica of a bassinet—yet.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. — Although Jack Knell, station WBT’s new news editor only recently came to Carolina, his fame as an air reporter is nationwide. He has covered some of the most important special events in the country for CBS, one of which brought him the highest honor in the news-gathering profession. He won the 1939 National Headliners Club Award for turning in the year’s finest radio reporting job.

Jack was on the special events staff of WEEI in Boston when news reached the station that the U. S. submarine, Squalus, had gone down off Portsmouth, N. H. Jack and his portable broadcasting equipment rushed to the scene, and for seventeen hours, without food, Jack clung to the gunwale of a twenty-foot open boat with one (Continued on page 78)

"I don’t care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He’d been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.

2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah’s been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband’s love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It’s one neglect few husbands can forgive."

3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised ‘Lysol’ for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, ‘Lysol’ kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."

Check this with your Doctor

"Lysol" is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not caustic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—"Lysol" solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 million of solution for feminine hygiene. LASTING—"Lysol" keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked, CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use.

Lysol
For Feminine Hygiene

Copyright, 1941 by Leno & Fink Products Corp.

For FREE booklet (in plain envelope) about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Leno & Fink Products Corp., Dept. RTM-941, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.
Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN.

Charlie Barnet is still the madcap of music. After he announced that he and his fourth wife, Harriet Clark, had been reconciled, word came that Harriet had signed a contract to sing with Sonny Dunham's band instead of her husband's aggregation. When Charlie thought his girl vocalist troubles were over with the acquisition of Mildred Wayne, this Chicago canary refused to leave the Windy City because "she was scared to come to New York."

To insure himself against further singing headaches, the tall saxophonist hired The Quintones, a rhythm group that may give the Merry Macs competition.

"Hollywood is the last place in the world to go," say new songwriters Bob Schaefer and Irving Rose, "if you're trying to get a break writing music for movies." These two lads tried it, and after five fruitless years returned to New York. Back in Gotham they panned a tune called "Tattle Tale" and it is touted to be one of the summer season's hits. On the strength of it a music firm that publishes most of the songs in Bing Crosby's pictures signed the team to a long-term pact.

Still another songwriting newcomer is Bob Kroup, an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania. He wrote "Daddy," Sammy Kaye's newest recording smash. It is expected to have a sale in records and sheet music totalling 250,000.

There's a good chance next season of hearing Ted Staeter's fine band on the air. Ted is also choirmaster on the Kate Smith show. His orchestra was not aired last year because he played in a swank night spot that was allergic to network wires because it might attract "the wrong people." Ted is now seeking a more democratic spot, preferably a large hotel.


Tommy Dorsey is due to have his tonsils removed. Lou Breese returns to Chicago's Chez Paree this month. Erskine Hawkins, hot Harlem trumpeter, is trying out for serious dramatic parts on the air. You may soon be hearing Ted Steele's new 16-piece danceband on records.

The only bass players now leading orchestras in this country are Sergei Koussevitzky, world famed conductor of the Boston Symphony, and John Kirby, dusky swingster. They tell this story of how Kirby decided to play the big bass fiddle. Years ago, before Kirby had received recognition, someone swiped his precious trombone. He couldn't afford future thefts. "The devil with this," he resolved, "I'll play something they can't steal—a bull fiddle!"

Sister Tharpe, noted Holy Roller evangelist singer, has quit her church activities to become Lucky Millinder's vocalist. You can hear her from Harlem's Savoy Ballroom, via NBC.

When Glenn Miller played Hollywood's Palladium ballroom this Spring, he had some cinema celebrities as unexpected members of the band. Mickey Rooney, John Payne, and Jackie Cooper would often sit in with the Miller men. For their volunteer work, Glenn presented each one with a set of drum sticks.

They say the reason Carl Hoff gave up the lucrative post of Al Pearce's musical director was that he was bored. Carl felt he was not playing
the music he liked. Now Carl has a dance band and while it is far from the top brackets at this stage, he tells friends he is having more fun. Tune them in on MBS From Armonk, N. Y.

The most exciting new band I have heard recently will probably never play a one night stand or an engagement at the N. Y. Paramount. It is the Fort Dix, N. J., army swing unit. It was organized by private Herbie Fields, who used to play with Raymond Scott before he was conscripted. Herbie rounded up a score of former swing stars, now working for $21 a month, and they play every Sunday on MBS “This is Fort Dix” broadcasts.

THE JUKE BOX GENT

If Vaughn Monroe hadn’t decided one day to put his trumpet in the background and rely more on his responsive vocal chords for a living, 1941 might well go down in music annals as the year that didn’t develop a single new dance band sensation.

As a mediocre trumpeter employed by equally mediocre orchestras, the tall, powerful Ohioan was tabbed just another young man with a horn. Then he opened his mouth wide instead of puckering it, and amazing things resulted. Many better known leaders are going to begin wishing this new rival had kept his tunes on his trumpet, because Vaughn is a sure bet to pass them in the swing sweepstakes.

The joyous juke box industry rightfully takes full credit.

“Gosh, if it wasn’t for that guy and Jimmy Dorsey,” one big record dealer told me, “business would be brutal.”

“Every time a new Monroe platter comes out,” a well-known director of a radio station recorded program stated, “we wear out three sides in two weeks.”

Not until Monroe crashed through could the recently revived record medium lay claim to a personality fully developed on disks. Although this new star had several network wire, few fans heard these intermittent broadcasts. His following sprouted from listeners in jitterbug ice cream parlors, campus beaneries, and highway coffee pots.

Now the juke box trade is worried for fear that Monroe’s good looks and enviable physique might attract the movie scouts.

“There is some talk about movie contracts,” says Monroe cautiously, “but we want the band included. I think you better check my manager.”

Vaughn’s mentor preferred to sidetrack talk of such lucrative possibilities and point out that a string of summer one nighters, heavy recording sessions, and a Fall opening at New York’s Hotel Commodore would keep Monroe active.

Despite only a few months’ experience, Vaughn handles himself smoothly. His only trouble is what to do with his hands when singing. He now keeps them rigidly at his side. However, his six foot two frame, blond hair and he-mannish voice make the adoring girls forget such minor stage errors.

“He’s too good looking,” moaned a theater manager. “He makes the girls stay through four shows, I couldn’t get them out if I had Gable in the lobby.”

Vaughn was born 29 years ago in (Continued on page 72)

Smart girls avoid unsightly complexion flare-ups caused by soap irritation. Thousands use mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet

After the heartaches that go with soap irritation—a trouble reported by one woman out of two—what a thrill to discover Cashmere Bouquet Soap may be your lucky skin care! So try the mild soap three generations of women have found agreeable to sensitive skin.

Daily refresh and rejuvenate your tired complexion with the Cashmere Bouquet Facial.

First: Cream your face thoroughly with the luxuriously mild lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Work it gently, but well around large-pore areas of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don’t rub. Now, skin is gloriously clean and refreshed.

For bathing too, the exotic lather of Cashmere Bouquet is heavenly. Leaves you scented all over with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.
A LETTER! The letter.

Skeeter Russell stared at the square of white paper. This was it. One way or the other, this was the end. Either this was what he had been waiting for all his life, or it was the last, longest, biggest laugh of all. Inside this crisp, white envelope was the answer. And he was afraid to open it.

Suddenly, time shrank and Brewater City was big again, practically as big as the whole world to a boy in knee pants. A boy named Skeeter Russell.

There was a classroom and a teacher at the front of it. She was talking. Skeeter was in the next to the last row. He wasn't listening. His eyes were on a girl sitting three rows ahead of him. Her hair was blonde. Like gold, Skeeter was thinking. He was seeing her face, the great, wide, brown eyes, the straight, little nose and the gentle mouth. She was the prettiest girl in Brewater City, in the whole world, he guessed. She had the prettiest name, too. Lynn Cutler.

". . . stern States? Skeeter?" the teacher said.

Skeeter jumped to his feet. He could feel the heat surging up his neck and over his face. He gulped.

"Did you hear the question?" the teacher demanded.

"Er—No, ma'am," Skeeter stammered.

"I thought so," the teacher said.

"I thought you were just mooning—like a—like a love sick calf." A boy let out a whoop of laughter and a wave of titters ran over the room.

"Quiet!" the teacher ordered. "Sit down, Skeeter. I declare, I don't know what's come over you."

He sat down. The boy behind him poked him in the back and Skeeter looked around. "Love sick calf?" the boy muttered behind his hand and his shoulders shook with silent laughter.

And then, time went by so quietly that Skeeter barely noticed its passing. His gangling body seemed to stretch itself out and, somehow, even his first suit with long pants failed to hide the bony knees and long, skinny legs. The sleeves of his coat never quite covered his wrists and his hands, roughened by the work he did on the farm, just looked knobbier and bigger as he grew older. There was always something loose about the way he moved that suggested he was tied together with string.

He did his best, but no amount of brushing or grease could keep that one tuft of sun bleached hair from falling over his right eye, like a deflected dog ear. His eyebrows were very light blonde and his eyelashes almost invisible, giving his face a sort of unfinished appearance. Once, he tried fixing that with soot mixed with lard, but that only made it worse. The blackened, bushy brows had a menacing and sinister look, that was comically at variance with the rubbery looseness of his wide, generous mouth, and made his thin, sharp nose seem even more pinched and beakly.

He was acutely aware of his awkwardness and the more he worried about it, the more awkward he was. And the more people laughed. But, as he grew up, he learned other things besides Latin and algebra and geometry. He learned not to show that he minded being laughed at. He learned never to seem serious before others. He learned to let people laugh only at those things which could not hurt him. He learned to keep other things to himself.

The time came to think of college and, because there was very little extra money on the farm, Skeeter worked hard for a scholarship. Luckily, the baseball coach

Adapted from a radio script of a Lincoln Highway broadcast that was heard Saturday at 11:00 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, and starred Elissa Landi and Sterling Holloway, sponsored by Shinola.
Skeeter put his hands on her waist—he forgot what he was supposed to be doing. "Lift me up," Lynn said softly.

at Ardmore had seen Skeeter pitch. A word here and a word there and a good record and Skeeter's tuition was taken care of and he found himself with a couple of jobs to provide him with living expenses. But he had to move into town. The farm was too far away and he had no car to take him to his early morning job—waiting on tables in a fraternity dining room.

Somehow, Brewster City seemed smaller, by that time. It seemed empty, too. Lynn Cutler wasn't there. She had gone East to college.

Freshman year, Sophomore year. Skeeter knew many people. He was popular, because he could make people laugh. They loved to laugh, so he helped them. He worked up an act. He put on a show, on the baseball diamond, in the classroom, at parties. And he discovered that being funny was a protection. People never got past their own laughter. They couldn't reach him to hurt him. But he was lonely.

Junior year, Senior year. He was rooming with Pat Hines by that time. Sometimes, Skeeter wondered why Pat had asked him to room with him. After all, the only interest they had in common was baseball. Pat was the team manager, Skeeter had become the star pitcher. But Pat was the most popular man on the campus, because he (Continued on page 62)
A letter! The letter.

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"Can you spell 'Skeeter' on the board?" the teacher asked.

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The cab stopped with a jerk, frightening a lean and evil-eyed cat out of the gutter. It disappeared in a flash down an alleyway that was choked with refuse.

Nora Knight sat motionless, looking at the stained front of the old house, squeezed in between equally disreputable buildings on each side. There were lights in some of the tawdrily-curtained windows; others were dark.

"You sure this is the address?" the driver said, and she answered weakly:

"I'm afraid it is."

Standing on the curb while the cab coughed its way back toward Bleecker Street and the brightness of Greenwich Village's shopping center, Nora fought against a sudden, overwhelming desire to turn her back and walk away. It was so hard to be sure she was doing right! Some instinct warned her to take care—that she might be setting her feet upon a path that would lead her inevitably back to—

But that was foolish! Cyril need never know she had been here!

She turned her thoughts away. This was where Alex and Barbara were living, she reminded herself. In all her frantic, unhappy moments since she'd heard that Alex's fortune was swept away, while she had pic-
Fictionized from the popular radio serial heard Monday through Friday, at 3 P. M., E.D.T., on the NBC-Blue network, sponsored by the makers of Dr. Lyons' Toothpowder.

Should a woman force herself for the sake of her children to continue a marriage that has become unbearable? Nora had made her choice, but now—

The top floor. Nora began her ascent, up a bare stairway dimly lit by an unshaded bulb burning at the first landing.

It must be her fault somehow, Nora thought. Certainly her daughter had done nothing to deserve this. Had she failed all her children? Dick and Joan as well as Barbara?

At the time there had seemed nothing else she could do but cut herself off from them, with what suffering she alone knew.

Or had she failed them on that earlier day when she agreed to give their father the divorce he asked for?

Nora looked up, through the well of the staircase. She could count four more bulbs burning. How did Barbara ever manage five stories with the baby?

Divorce, her thoughts raced on, meant so much more than actual separation from the man you were married to. To her it had meant breaking all the emotional ties which had held her to Cyril Worthington for twenty-five years, years when they had been bound by their early love, their hopes and ambitions for the children, the thousand and one joys and heartaches that, woven together, create the marriage fabric. It meant giving up so much, the courage and enthusiasm with which she and Cyril had created a tiny business and had developed that business until its profits ran into millions, the peace and stability that a loving home had given the children, now to be replaced by doubt and insecurity.

But when none of these ties, when not even all of them together, can hold a marriage secure, should a wife choke down her pride and try to blind herself to the ever widening

Another Famous Air Drama
Brought to You as a

COMPLETE RADIO NOVEL
THE CAB stopped with a jerk, frightening a lean and evil-eyed cat out of the gutter. It disappeared in a flash down an alleyway that was choked with refuse.

Nora Knight sat motionless, looking at the stained front of the old house. Surveyed in turn equally disreputable buildings on each side. There were lights in some of the tawdrily-curtained windows; others were dark.

"You sure this is the address?" the driver said, and she answered weakly:

"I'm afraid it is."

Standing on the curb while the cab coughed its way back toward Bleecker Street and the brightness of Greenwich Village's shopping center, Nora fought against a sudden, overwhelming desire to turn her back and walk away. It was so hard to be sure she was doing right! Some instinct warned her to take care—that she might be setting her feet upon a path that would lead her inevitably back to—

But that was foolish! Cyril need never know she had been here! She turned her thoughts away. This was where Alex and Barbara were living, she reminded herself. In all her frantic, unhappy moments since she'd heard that Alex's fortune was swept away, while she had pictured her daughter and son-in-law giving up their luxury for a small, inexpensive apartment, she had never imagined the squalor that she was seeing now.

The bitterness that Barbara must be tasting was in her mouth too.

Barbara, so lovely, tall, and always exquisitely groomed, living in this dreary, ill-kept tenement, desperate for money that could lessen the terror of poverty for Alex and for their tiny baby Sandy.

Inside the hallway, Nora stopped to look for the name that would direct her to the apartment she was seeking. There it was, a soiled white card with the lettering in pencil.

Juliet was like some enraged jungle animal. In unconscious sympathy, Nora had laid her hand on Cyril's shoulder.

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Should a woman force herself for the sake of her children to continue a marriage that has become unbearable? Nora had made her choice, but now—
breach? Should she, for the sake of her children, fight with all the strength of her heart, to piece the marriage together again?

Can a marriage that has once reached the breaking point ever be made whole once more?

Torment swelled in Nora's heart and mind as they had on that evening more than two years ago.

She had returned from a late afternoon walk to find her husband waiting impatiently for her in the drawing-room of their home in Chicago—a room that Nora had never been able to enter without recalling anew that it was twice the size of the entire apartment in which they had begun their married life twenty-five years earlier. It was the first time in many weeks that Cyril had returned home early from the office, and Nora was absurdly pleased that the new tweed suit she was wearing was both smartly cut and becoming.

But Cyril Worthington paid no attention either to his wife's new suit or to her surprised, "Good evening, Cyril." He faced her with the domineering manner which had increased with his financial power.

I SUPPOSE you know what I want to ask you, Nora," he said. Nora couldn't answer at once. If the fear that twisted at her heart was only imaginary, how terrible it would be to voice it; how terrible to accuse Cyril of something which perhaps had no existence except in her own mind. So she said nothing and Cyril was silent too, a silence which accused Nora of deliberately making a difficult situation more difficult.

"It's about Juliet Defoe," he said harshly at last. "I—I want to marry her, Nora."

Thus the thing that Nora feared and wouldn't let herself put into words came true. It was Juliet that Cyril wanted. Juliet whose brittle gaiety, golden hair and slim alluring body were so different from Nora's own gray-haired poise and serenity. The fact that the difference between Juliet's twenty-nine years and Cyril's fifty-five was even greater, neither Nora nor Cyril mentioned—Cyril because he was trying to hide that knowledge from himself and Nora because it wasn't in her nature to use weapons of petty jealousy and spite.

Nora gave him his divorce, reaching her decision after hours of anxious thought. Her own heartbreak, the pride with which she had worn the name of wife and mother, she put aside. It was the children, their welfare and their happiness that she considered. Her children! Barbara, twenty-two, the first child to bless her union with Cyril; eighteen-year-old Dick, just emerging from the long-legged sensitivity of adolescence to the importance of being a college man; and Joan—impulsive, warmedhearted little Joan who at fifteen was so like Mother Nora had been at that age. Nora had thought only of them—not hysterically, but tenderly, selflessly—and at length she came to realize that she could not condemn them to a home which in the future would hold discord in place of the love and contentment they had known.

But just before of accepting alimony, as if she were being paid to step aside and make way for her successor, was repugnant to her. She felt, now that Cyril no longer wanted her, that her very integrity would be destroyed if she were under obligation to him in the future, so she refused the large settlement he offered.

From the very first, she knew that there would be many hours of loneliness, living apart from the children while Juliet assumed the role of mother and mistress of the Fifth Avenue mansion, which Cyril had bought when his second wife persuaded him, soon after their marriage, to move from Chicago to New York. But she steeled herself against this loneliness. The children no longer needed her as they had when they were little; wouldn't their future be better served if they stayed with their father, secure in the advantages of his wealth and position, than if they went with her? Besides, she comforted herself, they would visit her frequently—for she, too, moved to New York after the divorce. It would be strange, seeing them in new surroundings, but that would be the only strange thing about it; their devotion would continue as before.

What Mother Nora hadn't understood—what she had never even had occasion to think about—was the fact that children's love for their parents can be such a complicated emotion. She had taken their love for granted—not smugly, but gratefully, exultantly—and with full awareness that their feeling for Cyril was as much a part of their being as their feeling for her.

It wasn't until after the divorce and Cyril's marriage to Juliet that she sensed their bewildered misery at being forced to divide their love between Cyril and herself instead of sharing it with them as they had in the past. But slowly Nora had to face this new fact. Each time she saw her children—now rapidly growing up, Barbara in the meantime married to young Alex Pratt—each time she noticed how much clearer than the last how they were being pulled between their loyalty to her and their loyalty to their father; each visit showed their increasing resentment at the divorce and most alarming of all, the antagonism which was developing between them and their young stepmother.

At first the tension was indicated only faintly, through casual remarks such as Dick's observation, after he and Nora had discussed some minor problem of his, "Gee, Mom, it's swell to have you to talk things over with."

It was Joan who opened Nora's eyes to the paradox that a family with two mothers really has no mother at all, for it was Joan who burst out rebelliously one day with, "Why should I do what Juliet tells me to? She's not my mother—you are. And everybody knows that a real mother is more important than a stepmother."

So her children did need a real mother after all, Nora reflected bitterly when Joan had gone—a full-time mother to whom they could give all their allegiance. Perhaps she should ask Cyril to reconsider, to let Joan and Dick stay with her for a few years. But as quickly her mind answered her: It might mean their complete estrangement from their father, and that was the one thing Nora had tried to avoid. Could it be avoided, though, if the relationship between Juliet and the children was not improved? She had tried not to think about Cyril's slavish devotion to his new bride, but now she had to acknowledge that she was in his every thought. More, she had to admit that Juliet hated her, Nora, and found an outlet for that hatred in the helpless children. Juliet well knew that the best way to strike at Nora was through her children.

All that long, sleepless night Nora struggled to solve her problem, torn between a desire to keep her babies close to her and her even stronger desire for their security, emotional as well as financial. And at last she forced herself to accept the fact that there was only one solution. She must step out of their lives completely—let herself, in fact, be forced out by Juliet and Cyril. A wave of bitterness had swept over her. Give her children to another woman—to the woman who already...
had taken her husband? She couldn't—wouldn't—do that. But in the end she knew she had to. With their mother gone, they would naturally turn to Juliet, and Juliet just as naturally would respond by becoming a real mother to them.

Having made her decision, she carried it through without faltering. There were no hysterical farewells, only a business-like agreement with Juliet and Cyril that she would agree not to see the children again if they in turn would agree to make a real home for them. Then she ceased to be Nora Kelly Worthington, ex-wife of Cyril Worthington—leaving to Cyril the task of explaining her disappearance to the children as he thought best. And in place of Nora Kelly Worthington there emerged Nora Knight, governor to twelve-year-old Penelope Pearson.

A good governess, too, Nora thought. Certainly Gregory Pearson had nothing but praise for the way in which she was bringing up his motherless little daughter. Not that this was ever anything but a pleasant task. Penelope was a delightful child, so like Joan had been at twelve that it was the most natural thing in the world for Mother Nora to give her the loving guidance she could no longer offer Joan, and Penelope returned her affection as whole-heartedly as Joan would have done. It seemed almost as though Fate had tried to make up for parting her from her own home and children by leading her to the Pearson household where she found a ready-made family needing and grateful for the wise, kindly help she brought them.

Only two members of Mother Nora's new "family" knew her real identity—Gregory Pearson and his confidential secretary, Michael Windgate. She had felt that it was Mr. Pearson's right to know everything about her since he was placing Penelope's education and development in her hands. She had never regretted sharing this confidence; in fact she had come to be glad that Michael knew her secret, for it was through Michael that she had the first word of her family since she had walked out of their father's house and out of their lives.

Nora counted two more flights. Below her, on the floor she had just passed, a door slammed angrily and a man's voice rasping with irritation sounded through the thin walls. "Leave me alone, will ya? I tell ya, I didn't go nowhere."

Nora shivered. Were Barbara and Alex in such bitter dispute, too, quarreling because there was no better way to relieve the tension that was gripping them both?

Then there was just the last flight of steps, more narrow than the others. Overhead she could see a faint outline through the dark, discolored skylight that served instead of an electric light. She stood listening a moment but there was no sound ahead.

She must have known now for weeks. Ever since Michael had first come to her with the astounding news that he had met her daughter Joan at a party. Until then she had been convinced that she successfully had cut herself away from her family. But in that moment when Michael described Joan so glowingly, Nora knew in her heart that she was not free, that she was being woven back into the pattern of her children's lives.

Michael hadn't been able to understand at first why Mother Nora still refused to see Joan. Then, after she had told him, he admitted only reluctantly that perhaps she was right. And it had been hard, hearing him talk about Joan, about their dates together. For Joan was eighteen now, not a child as Nora knew her, but a young girl ardent and eager for life, and in Michael's

There was only one thing Nora asked of life—to be with her three children, blonde Joan, handsome Dick, and matured, poised Barbara.
adoring eyes Nora could read a whisper of love that he was still innocent of in his conscious mind.

She had remained unshaken then. Joan must not know that Michael could take her to her mother's side. So the deception had continued. But when Michael told her about Barbara—that she had been in Pearson's office looking for a job—Nora could be sure no longer. Barbara was in trouble and her mother was not with her to give whatever comfort there might be in her love and trust and understanding.

YET she had continued to hesitate. Once you had chosen your course and destroyed all means of turning back, you must continue without faltering.

How could she have foreseen Joan's finding her?

Tonight—only a few hours ago!—she had been sitting in the library reading, forcing her mind from the worry of Barbara, when the doorbell rang. It was the night the servants were out on their own affairs, and Nora had gone herself to see who was calling. She opened the door, then would have closed it against the girlish figure revealed in the light from the hallway. But the girl gave her no chance. With a rush, she was in Nora's arms, sobbing.

"Mother!"

Tears were stinging Nora's eyes as she felt the arms that she had dreamed of often were around her neck and Joan's kisses that were on her face.

"Joan," she cried. "Joan—my baby!"

For a moment Nora could only cling to her daughter, then she pulled herself free of the strong, young embrace.

"Let me—let me look at you," she whispered brokenly.

Joan's face was just as Nora remembered it—the same fair skin and serene brow; the same generous, laughing mouth and eager eyes. No one had ever had eyes like Joan's, so blue, so unafraid, so filled with questions.

"You—you never wrote or called," Joan said simply.

"I know," Nora said.

It had been easier than she ever thought it would, stroking the bright head half buried on her shoulder, to tell Joan as best she could her reasons for going away. And she had managed to keep her words and voice free of emotion. The heartbreak which lay beneath the surface could only be sensed by Joan. And as Nora talked, her voice grew steadier. When she had finished there were no more tears to run un-

checked down her cheeks.

"Why did you come here?" she asked, gently, for the fright that was in her daughter's eyes had not left them.

"I—I thought maybe Michael—" Joan began, then, with a cry, the words tumbled out breathlessly, so fast that Nora caught only fragments of speech.

"Barbara and Alex—she's leaving Alex, mother! Tonight! She said so. She told Father and I was there. She said if Alex wouldn't promise to get a job, any job tonight, she was going to get the baby and come back home."

"But your father," Nora asked.

**ORPHANS OF DIVORCE**

**Cast**

Nora Knight........... EFFFIE PALMER

Cyril Worthington........ RICHARD GORDON

Barbara.................. GERALDINE KAY

Joan................. PATRICIA PEARDON

Dick............... WARRN BRYAN

Photographic illustrations specially posed by members of the cast.

"Did Barbara ask him for help?"

"That's why she came tonight," Joan said. "She wanted Father to give Alex a job and Father told her Alex had to pull himself together first."

"Your father—said that?" There was horror in Nora's voice. But oh! She might have known Cyril would not keep his promises, would not be a real father to his children.

"And then Barbara said she was going to leave Alex—tonight. We've just got to do something, Mother!" Then Nora knew.

Memories crowded upon her, memories of Barbara and Alex who loved each other with all the passion and tenderness of two people whose lives were full only through each other. The memory of the day when shyly, proudly they had stood in the silence of a great cathedral and promised to remain forever together. Such love does not die naturally, it can only be stamped out, crushed by needless bitterness, misunderstanding.

So Nora knew that she could no longer live apart from the life she had given up, could no longer deny herself or the children she loved.

She prayed then, with Joan's hand held tightly in hers. Prayed for herself and for the two young people who had started with so much and then, because their wealth had melted away, were left with nothing, not even understanding.

"It will be all right." Nora spoke with firmness. She must hide any doubt. Joan must not see any trace of fear in her mother's eyes.

"I'm going with you," Joan said exultantly. "We're never going to be separated again. Oh, Mother," she sighed ecstatically, "it will be wonderful!"

Wonderful! No one but Nora could know how wonderful it would be. Never again to have Joan give her love to another so-called mother. But not even Joan's own mother could risk her future for Barbara's.

"No, darling," she said softly. "You must go back home."

"No!" The cry of protest, so filled with youthful bitterness, tore at Nora.

"Joan!" Nora spoke sharply. "You didn't know I was here when you came. Our finding each other doesn't change anything—anything at all. I'm going to Barbara now. She needs me. But that has nothing to do with you. You must promise me that you will go home."

Joan stood silent, her lips working wordlessly, her face white from the meaning of her mother's words.

"Will you promise that I can come to see you whenever I want to?"

Against this, against her own wild longing to see her child again, hold her once more in her arms, there was no refusal. But it was agreed, when she promised, that their visits were not to be mentioned by Joan to her father or brother Dick. Not yet was Nora ready to accept that full implication of this unexpected meeting with her daughter.

When she had put Joan into a taxi, Nora took a second one and gave the driver the Jones Street address she had gotten from Joan. During the endless ride down through Washington Square and over past (Continued on page 46)
It took only a moment for Mary Margaret McBride and Bill Gillis to pass each other on the campus, for their eyes to meet—hers radiantly brown and his smoky blue—but the dizzy sweetness born to them in that moment has haunted their hearts ever since.

They met again that evening, at a party. When Mary Margaret arrived Bill was standing beside the pianola. And, since everyone else was dancing, he was the first person to whom she was introduced.

His arms circled her. They moved slowly with the music.

"I'm glad you came," he told her. "Ever since I saw you today I've been figuring how I could find you again."

It was as if he spoke against his will. It was as if he obeyed some instinct too great to be denied.

Weeks gathered into a month. Again, at another party, they were dancing. In the hallway, in the shadow, his lips rested against her hair. "I love you," he whispered urgently. "I love you very much, Mary Margaret." She wasn't surprised. She had read this in his eyes during the thirty and more days during which, for the most part, he had been studiously casual—while he waited for a decent time to elapse before he declared his true feelings, lest he scare her away, and all that time she prayed he would throw convention and discretion to the winds and say everything he was prepared to say now.

"This is forever," he told her. "You know that, don't you?"

Her heart, shining in her eyes, was his answer.

Things happen that way sometimes...

Every day they saw each other. Fifteen minutes between classes was cherished. For in the late afternoon and early evening they were busy, earning money to pay their way. Often enough it was nine o'clock and later when they met for dinner. Mrs. Schmaltz, who owned the delicatessen, used to watch for the shine that came into their faces instantly they were together, no matter how weary they looked as they came in. And, aware they were very poor, she put extra meat in their sandwiches and set a bowl of home-made potato chips before them whenever they ordered coffee only.

"You musn't!" they would protest feebly.

"It's nothing!" She would stand beside them, hands on hips, beaming. "From a big order they were left over. Tomorrow they'll be stale. Eat them so they shouldn't be thrown away.

Bill, studying engineering, told Mary Margaret about the bridges he wanted to build, bridges beautiful and strong, spiderwebs of stone and steel. "Will you be proud?" he would ask, his eyes deepening until they were the color of autumn in the hills. "Will you say, as you should 'He did it for me!'"

He frightened Mary Margaret when he talked like this. She loved him with all her heart. She wanted to marry him. But she had to go on to New York and be a writer. This had been decided when she was a little girl.

"The Carruthers who live in that big house on the other side of town," she would say to Bill, to change the subject, "were flabbergasted when I asked for a list of guests for my column. They couldn't imagine how I knew they were having a party."

Sometimes she raised her voice to include Mrs. Schmaltz. Because Mrs. Schmaltz looked so eager and lonely. Besides, with Mrs. Schmaltz included, the conversation was likely to stay (Continued on page 45)
HE WAS alone at a table in the club where I sang. I knew when I saw him that he was a North American. We could always recognize them, and always we were curious to know why they were in Buenos Aires, what they had come to buy or what to sell. One thing we could almost be sure of: they had not come to stay.

His name, they told me when I asked, was Philip Turrell. He was connected with a machine company.

The people of my country are only just beginning to like the Yankees, but the club where I sang had always tried, without liking them, to give them the songs, the music, the atmosphere of South America that would please them because it all was what they expected. We gave them gaiety and warmth and color, hiding the melancholy that is so deep inside us. And they did like us, usually. They were pleased.

But Philip Turrell did not look as if he were enjoying himself when I went circling among the tables in my bright, shimmering, satiny costume, singing especially to the North Americans. I had gone past his table and his eyes and mine had met. He had blue eyes, the boyish kind of eyes and mouth that men of his country have. Daring, but boyish, so that you aren't angry at their daring, and can only smile. Though if you are not brave enough yet to be flirtatious, you smile only in your heart. I was not very brave. I had only just begun to be a night club girl.

I know what he was thinking. He had been told about our cabarets, the way they once were. His father or his uncle had been here in Buenos Aires before him and they had told him how the cabarets were then. And he was thinking that it was true about this cabaret and true about me, because I was the singer.

It's funny, the way I suddenly wanted to explain to him, to this stranger. Tell him I was not the kind of a girl he thought I was, that I was only a very young girl who had heard so much about democracy and freedom that I wanted some for myself and had been disowned by my family when I'd become a singer.

Perhaps part of my desire was because I knew that North Americans talked with their women. Not just complimented or amused them, but talked real thoughts with them. I wanted to tell him I had been in his country and had come back unable to bear my family's attitude toward girls and had made up my mind to go out and find life and love for myself in my own way, as girls in his country did. I wanted him to laugh and say, "I know how it must be."

There should have been laughter enough already for me, the laughter of carnival time, the wild shouts of men laughing to crowd out of their memories the hours of loneliness they have just spent on the great plains where they ride, solitary horsemen, their own singing, their only company.

I didn't think that I was in love with him, at first sight utterly in love. I had imagined love as a joy, an exultation, a sudden soaring happiness, not a loneliness. And then all at once there he was, beside me, being introduced by the manager of the club.

"I would like to dance with you," he said. From his blond height he looked down at me and seemed to hate me because he could not resist coming this way to me.

We danced to the tango music that was playing. I felt a sort of desperation now to break through the misunderstanding that separated heart from heart and mind from mind. Yet I could not think how to say what I wanted to tell him and all he said, in careful Spanish, was,
"I shouldn't have asked you to dance with me. I can't tango at all."

It was a release from the strain of silence to have him speak. I laughed. "It is nothing, to tango. It is just walking in time with the music. The music tells you what to do."

He smiled then and the smile and the look that was in his eyes, holding me in his arms, made me want to be with him where a whisper could be clearly understood, where we would be our own world, and not a tiny part of this mad hilarity here.

Then he was making my unspoken thought a reality. He was losing us in the confusion of the carnival, to find us again in the cool night outside. But on the streets, it was still carnival, the wild lawlessness of an Argentine holiday that throbbed around us and into our hearts. He fought our way to his car and slowly at first, then faster and faster, we drove through the

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Sometimes it's not the men girls love, but those other men who dare to intrude on their lives and tell lies about their pasts that are the real heartbreakers!

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There should have been laughter but it didn't come. He was a bachelor, and his heart was not light, and he wanted to teach me about loneliness. He knew the hours of loneliness they have just spent on the great plains where they ride, solitary horsemen, their own singing, their own company.

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Then he was making my unhappiness thought a reality. He was leading us in the confusion of the carnival, to find us again in the cool side street, where the carnival, the wild lawlessness of an Argentine holiday that thrashed around us and into our hearts. He bought our way to his car and slowly at first, then faster and faster, we drove through the city.
crowds to the wide boulevards and along toward the lonely plains at the end of the boulevards. And there, at the edge of the endless plains, we could talk.

I COULDN'T stand that place any longer," he said. "I suppose I'm crazy. You were singing there because you wanted to, but I couldn't sit there watching you any longer—or go away without you, either," he added in his deep voice. His hands hadn't touched me, yet I felt drawn closer to him than I had been by the circle of his arm when we had danced together.

I felt impelled to tell him about myself.

"My family sent me away when I became a singer. Nice girls aren't supposed to do anything but wait until someone suitable proposes marriage. I'm living with two aunts who were very poor until I went to live with them and brought my salary to them. They don't like my singing either, but they like the money it earns for me."

His lips answered me. Not with any words, but with a kiss, swift, unrestrained. The haunting sweetness of the embrace clung to us after we had parted. There was nothing to say that the silent beauty of the moment wasn't telling us more eloquently. An edge of the South wind that the trees are afraid of, cut sharply across the car and I shivered.

"You're cold," he said, as though he were to blame. His arm reached to fold my thin shawl more tightly around my shoulders. But he forgot why he had reached out to me and his arm pressed me to him so I could feel the pulse of his heart.

It seemed to lose a flood tide of emotion that had been dammed up within us. Perhaps it was the hour of carnival and the shock of finding each other so unexpectedly. My temples throbbed from his nearness and the tones of his voice seemed to play upon my feelings like a magic bow touching violin strings.

"I love you," he whispered. "I don't know why. I just know I do. The world's been whirling ever since I saw you tonight, whirling faster and faster. But now it has stopped and it is standing still."

He kissed me a second time, and I felt as though we had been wrapped up in the magic silver of the moonlight that was bathing the plains.

Then he said, almost as if he were musing, "If you married me you wouldn't have to go back there and sing anymore."

I might have suspected words so impulsive from one trained to be poised and balanced and shrewd. But there was nothing in this magical hour for me but truth and love and goodness.

He said, as my arms answered the clasp of his arms, "We can be married at sea."

"At sea?" I said, and surprise was in my voice.

"Yes," he said. "I'm sailing for home tomorrow. That's how close I came to missing you. Or we can be married before we sail."

I shook my head. "No. I would like to be married far out on the ocean."

"If we married, would it be because you love me or because you love adventure?"

There was true anxiety in his words.

"Because I love you," I said and there were no small doubts to look over the edge of my mind, to say to me, "Because it's carnival and you both are mad."

He said, "Kiss me once more and we will drive to your father's house and tell him."

In that moment, the magic of our midnight dissolved and we were two people again in a world of reality.

"No," I said, "not there. They have forbidden me to go there. But when we come back to them some time, married, they will forgive me. But not tonight. Tonight you must take me to my aunts' home. Tomorrow I will leave a note for them and go away with you. That will be better than telling them tonight. I want my wedding day happy."

My aunts' house was so little it seemed almost a plaything. "It's hardly bigger than its own tree," Philip laughed and when we found my aunts were not home, we started pretending that the house was ours and went around from room to room looking it over, like old married people returning after a long absence.

"My aunts must be at Grandfather's," I remarked, looking finally into my room. "They'd be afraid to go anywhere else on a carnival night." I laughed.

He drew me into his arms. I was calm now. It was he who was not, closing his arms around me as if they were gates to shut us away from all the world outside our own two selves. He was saying poetic, beautiful things about me, about his love for me, words that were like flowers strewn about us, like clouds that would hide us. A tenderness that filled my heart to breaking welled up in me because he thought there need be words to lend beauty to our love. My room was beautiful then, though I had always hated it for its smallness and ugly furniture and bare walls.

Never had I known my aunts to be so late and when they drove up in Grandfather's car, I could hear their voices breathless in excitement over their adventure. They stood outside a moment chattering and giggling.

"Philip," I whispered, "you must go. I'd rather have you go without seeing them. There would only be a scene and it's so beautiful now."

He seemed to know what I was trying to say but before he would go he told me over and over where we would meet the next day, describing every step of the way, even setting my watch exactly right with his watch, so that there would not be a second of waiting for him to endure in the morning when we would be together again.

Far earlier the next day than there was any need I was on a bus bound for the hotel where I was going to wait for Philip's call. Philip and I had agreed that I should go to the rooms of Brenda Lamont, an American singer who had a suite there. Then, when everything was ready, he could call and come and get me and no one would know.

Brenda was still sleeping from the carnival night, but when I made her understand she came wide awake.

"Darling, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. She got up and rushed about, dressing to go to the ship with us, all the time talking about the United States. I only half heard what she said, listening a little to her and a great deal for the ringing of the telephone.

It was not time yet for Philip to call. But surely he would know I would be at Brenda's early. Surely he would not wait until the last minute to call. He would be as impatient as I. At first I was not frightened because he did not call. I was only confused. Brenda laughed at me when I started pacing the room. But the clock hands sped on, mocking me. Finally there was only half an hour lacking of sailing time. Then twenty minutes. Five more minutes dragged past, each a century long.
Then asked cannot contemptuous! While cabaret! cried, a can here was felt.

"SEPTEMBER, PHILIP," I cried, "Philip Turrell. He was to sail today, but something must have happened to him."

He sneered.

"Are you Trinita Alvarez?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered in a sharp gape. "Philip must have told him of me, must have been here in this room this morning, alive and unharmed."

"I thought so," Robert Davis said calmly. "You are very young. You are very beautiful. Yes, it is just as I thought. Last night the young man lost his head. But only for a night. This morning he has sailed according to plan."

"You are lying," I cried out in fury. "Something has happened to him and you are hiding it from me, saying he has gone."

He said, the dark blood of anger rising in his face, "I owed it to the firm which employs us both to tell Philip Turrell what a cabaret girl is, here in Buenos, and to tell him in particular about his Trinita—whom he said he was going to marry."

The bitterness of his voice was like a knife cutting through me. "I told him that you throw yourself at any North American," he said. "Every time you told him is a lie!"

He shrugged.

"Probably it is not," he said. "It is probably all true. If it is not, yet, it will be in time. You cabaret singers are all alike. It is no marriage for him. It would ruin him and discredit the company he represents. He is the best young man we have had in years. The company needs him and cannot afford to lose him if I can save him. This time I have saved him!"

He opened the door and stood by it waiting for me to go and admit my defeat. (Continued on page 70)
Tune in Pepper Young's Family weekdays at 11:15 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by P & G Naphtha.
PEGGY YOUNG, left, is eighteen years old. She has a smile like sunlight, eyes of warm, living blue, flowing blonde hair. You look at Peggy and you know she loves life. You know she is getting a kick out of being young and in love. Now that Carter Trent has come into her life, even Pepper's exasperating teasing no longer bothers her. She has had lots of boy friends. A girl like Peggy would. But Carter is the first serious love of her life. She met Carter, a young Private, at an Army dance. She wasn't attracted to him at first, but slowly grew to love him. They became engaged. Peggy has the approval of her family, who like Carter, but the big problem is whether Carter's family will approve of her. She's on her way to meet the wealthy Trent family now, and everything in her life hinges on their liking her. Peggy has no pretensions, she is essentially a simple girl, adores her father, wants to be like her mother. Carter will make a perfect husband, if things go well.
(Played by Betty Wragge)

CARTER TRENT (above) is the only son of the very socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Trent of Chicago. Mr. Trent wanted his son to go into business, but Carter joined the Army and was stationed at Camp Elmwood, where he met Peggy and fell in love with her at first sight. Carter's parents are the domineering kind and expect him to marry a girl in his own social set. The trouble ahead with his family will be a really difficult test of Carter's love for Peggy.
(Played by James Krieger)

EDIE GRAY (left) is Peggy Young's best friend. She is altogether unpredictable, an incurable romantic, can't keep a secret and is forever in other people's business. Edie is always getting Peggy into trouble. On two occasions, the girls almost lost their lives as a result of one of Edie's great but unworkable ideas. But with all her faults, Edie is loyal to Peggy, loves the Young family, and is a completely sweet, if slightly fantastic, friend and companion.
(Played by Jean Sotbern)
MARY YOUNG'S whole life is devoted to her husband and children. Without her the Young family could not survive. She instinctively knows what is right for Sam, Peggy and Pepper. In her home, all of them are equal, all of them are fed by her love and understanding. Mrs. Young seldom thinks of herself. When she unexpectedly inherited $20,000, she insisted that her husband take it for business purposes. When Sam lost his home and business and the Youngs were forced to move to a poorer section of town, Mrs. Young took that calmly and set up a "home bakery" of her own in order to keep the family going. Not only do the members of Mrs. Young's own family seek her help, but the poor and downtrodden gravitate toward her. She once befriended an escaped convict, shielding him against the wrath of the town when he was accused of stealing money from her own husband! Mrs. Young likes Peggy's new boy friend, Carter Trent, and is doing all she can to foster the romance and fix things so that Carter's family will consent to their marriage.

(Played by Marion Barney)
SAMUEL YOUNG is a typical American, honest, practical, tolerant. When you first met him, he owned his own home in Elmwood and had a steady job. He resigned this job, mortgaged his home, opened a factory with Curtis Bradley, and successfully ran for Mayor against Pete Nickerson, a crooked politician. Then a flood destroyed the Bradley-Young plant. Curt Bradley was badly hurt, his mind was impaired and he disappeared. Poverty came to the Youngs, until Pete Nickerson, dying, turned his estate over to Sam to handle, rewarding him for this trust with property. Sam started a real estate business with the help of his son, Pepper, and when Curt Bradley returned, well but destitute, Sam magnanimously took him into the new business. They built tourist camps and a hotel on the property, tried to get backing for their business, but deal after deal fell through. Now things look bad for Sam, but his courage and honesty should see him through.

(Played by Thomas Chalmers)

Next month see beautiful photographs of Pepper Young, Mr. Bradley, Biff, Linda Benton and Hattie.
I WANT you to do nothing at all for at least two weeks," Dr. Dun- ham had told her. "Just stay in bed and let yourself be waited on."
He needn't have been so positive in his instructions, Ann thought. There was nothing she wanted to do but stay in bed.

Had she lost only the baby she had been carrying in her body? She felt as if she had lost much more—her ambition, her hope for the future, her soul. People came and went around her—Jerry, as soon as he returned from the Sanitarium in the evenings, the last thing before he left in the morning; Penny with cups of broth, orange juice, junket; Bun in the afternoons, after school—but she existed in a vacuum, behind glass walls. She could speak to them, and they to her, but all the words they used were meaningless. Then, one morning, she had no means of knowing how long after she first became ill, she felt a compulsion to get up. It was toward noon; Dr. Dunham had paid his visit and left the room. She did not know why, but there was a necessity to put aside the covers and swing her feet to the floor and stand, unsteadily; move slowly to the door, open it.
The hallway was empty, but she heard voices coming from the living room. One was Lawrence Dunham's, one Jerry's. She felt no surprise at the discovery that he had not gone to his office at the Sanitarium as usual. He was home, and she had been pulled from her bed, for some reason that concerned them both.

 Listening, she heard Jerry say in a stricken voice, "Never?"
Dunham replied, "One doesn't say never in these cases, Malone. You know that. But—well, it won't be safe for a long time."
In the silence, Ann could almost see Jerry's face. He would hate to show emotion; he would fight it back like an enemy. He said, "We mustn't tell her. She wanted a baby so badly."
"I don't think that's wise—"
"It's essential!" Jerry interrupted savagely. "Not until she's well again. I don't mean physically. I mean in her mind—"
Silently, she crept back to bed and pulled the covers up around her chin, very neatly. They could tell her or not, just as they pleased. She knew anyway. She'd known, except for hearing it said in so many words, all along. And it was right, of course. Children shouldn't come to a marriage that had suddenly begun to crumble, like a house insec- surely built.
It was ridiculous of Jerry to say her mind wasn't well. It saw things more clearly than ever in all her life—now that other people couldn't get at it. Now that she was enclosed in her glass shell, cool and remote and comfortable.

She was quite able to assess what had happened and fix the blame—not emotionally, but judiciously, calmly. And a little bit of the fault was hers, but most of it was Jerry's. It was Jerry who had struck the first blow at their marriage by accepting a partnership in Dr. Dunham's Sanitarium, against her wishes. Her small fault had been in not insisting more strongly that he refuse the offer. Then Jerry had—yes, deserted her, spiritually, just when she needed him most. He had let her feel he was ashamed of her, didn't want her with him on that weekend party on Long Island.

Thoughts which are never shared, resentments never expressed—are these the things that break up a marriage? Read this deeply human drama of a doctor's love
She had thought he would look guilty. Instead, his face only hardened. "What of it?" he said.

She did not avoid thinking of Veronica Farrell, who had gone to the party with Jerry, who was so poised and well groomed and sure of her power over men. That was what had hurt the most—that Jerry hadn't told her Veronica would be there until after she herself had decided not to go.

And later, Jerry had deserted her physically as well as spiritually. She had wanted him home for Christmas; he had promised he would come back from his flying trip to Georgia to operate on J. H. Griffin. Instead, he'd failed her. On Christmas Eve, when she tried to reach him by telephone, he'd been out in a boat with Veronica. It was, inescapably, his fault that in her shock and disappointment she had slipped and fallen and so had lost her baby.

She fell asleep after a minute, and when she woke, much later, Penny said delightedly that she was really getting well now, she'd be able to get up soon. The glass walls were dissolving, and against her will she was losing their sanctuary and being thrust out into the world again, where people could talk to her and confuse her thinking. All the beautiful clarity faded away, and she was left obscurely hurt and unable to fix the blame.

She had to admit now that Jerry hadn't known Veronica was in Georgia when he answered old Grif-fin's summons, nor had he known that a storm would come up that afternoon when he and Veronica took a sail to Pirate Island while his patient was sleeping. It had been an accident, her falling as she left the telephone, and since then Jerry had gone through an agony as great as hers. She could not doubt this when, inhabiting his world once more, she looked at his face and saw its weariness.

All her precise indictments of him were forgotten, buried under returning sanity. But although they were buried, they were still there, unseen and unnoticed, dormant, like scar tissue under a healed wound, needing only new aggravation to...
I WANT you to do nothing at all for at least two weeks," Dr. Dunham had told her. "Just stay in bed and let yourself be waited on." He needed her to be so positive in his instructions, Ann thought. There was nothing she wanted to do but stay in bed. Had she not only the baby she had been carrying in her body? She felt as if she had lost much more than her ambition, her hope for the future, her soul. People came and went around her—Jerry, as soon as he returned from the Sanitarium at the evenings, the last thing before he left in the morning. Penny with cups of broth, orange juice, junket; Ban in the afternoons, after school—but she existed in a vacuum, behind glass walls. She could speak to them, and they to her, but all the words they used were meaningless. Then, one morning, she had no means of knowing how long after she first became ill, she felt a compulsion to get up. It was toward noon; Dr. Dunham had paid his visit and left the room. She did not know why, but there was a necessity to put aside the covers and swing her feet to the floor and stand, unsteadily, move slowly to the door, open it.

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Jerry had just come in when the telephone rang. It was Veronica.

bring them into raging life.

When, in February, she had been up for two weeks and Jerry told her painfully that Dunham said she could not have another child, she was able to answer that she knew, and give him comfort which she drew from some secret well of strength within herself.

"The important thing is that we have each other, isn't it?" Jerry asked eagerly, as if begging for confirmation, and she nodded, smiling.

"Yes, Jerry dear."

"Maybe," he said tentatively, "if you'd like to adopt a baby? . . ."

Dunham had suggested this; he himself hoped Ann would consider the proposal, at least, and he was not prepared for her harsh, sudden cry:

"No! No, Jerry! It would remind me—"

She stopped, biting her lips.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I'd rather not. Maybe later . . ."

Quickly, almost fearfully, they turned their thoughts and speech from the subject, and did not again mention it. Nor did either of them talk of the circumstances surrounding that tragic Christmas Eve.

In spite of her silence, in spite of the way their life together had returned to the pattern of normality, Jerry knew that something had changed. An expression in Ann's eyes when she did not know he was watching her, a fleeting tone in her voice, the omission of a laugh where in the old days she would have sparkled with merriment—these were the clues that told him how events had put their mark upon her. At first he tried to tell himself this alteration was maturity—tried desperately to believe in this easy explanation. But there was a taint of resentment in her manner that could have no proper place in maturity. She never asked him, now, about his work at the Sanitarium, showed none of the interest in it she had had when he was doing clinical work at Franklin Hospital. Her avoidance of the topic was tacit proof of what he already knew—that she had no sympathy with medicine carried on for the sake of money, did not want to hear of rich people's ailments, and believed he was wasting his time.

He would not admit her rightness, and her attitude galloped him, rubbing his nerves into a rawness he could not always conceal. Then there were brief, sharp passages of acid anger between them, quickly smothered if Penny or particularly Bun were within hearing. It was not in Bun's adolescent scheme of life that these two people he loved so much, his foster parents, should torture themselves and each other with conflict, and Jerry would have died rather than let the boy know anything was wrong.

Late in March Veronica Farrell returned from the South.

She came unexpectedly into Jerry's office one afternoon, smoothly tanned, looking vital and alert in contrast to the late-spring weariness of New Yorkers. She was again staying with Jessie Hughes, she announced; later she would go to an apartment hotel until June. Her aimless existence did not seem to embarrass her. She accepted it as right and just that she need do nothing but cater to her own whims, and when she asked him to take her somewhere for tea Jerry found himself unable to refuse.

For a time, after they had seated themselves in one corner of a luxurious hotel lounge, Veronica talked lightly of herself, her stay in Georgia, the play she had seen the night before. But abruptly she dropped her pose. She said quietly, "Jessie told me about Ann. I must have happened the night we were caught in the storm."

"Yes," he told her. "It did."

"Jerry—" She looked directly at him, and suddenly all traces of the sophisticated, self-assured woman were gone. "Jerry, I might as well speak plainly. I've—rather pursued you. Asking Jim Griffin to call you to Georgia, for instance. He wanted to have Lawrence. I persuaded him you were the better man for him."

She turned her head away. "Don't look so shocked. It's hard enough as it is to tell you this—even though you must have guessed it already."

"I don't understand why you are telling me."

"No?" She smiled a little. "That's because you're modest. It seems, my dear Dr. Malone, that what started out as an entertaining flirtation has unaccountably turned into deadly earnest—as far as I'm concerned. I'm afraid I'm in love with you."

She might, Jerry thought amazedly, have been saying something as trivial as, "I'm going across the street to buy a pair of gloves."

"And so naturally," she was continuing, "I don't want to hurt you. I'm being self-sacrificing, if you can believe it. You love your wife, don't you, Jerry?"

"Very much," he said—curtly, because he was still having difficulty persuading himself that all this was reality and not a dream.

"Yes, I thought so. And the fact that you were with me when—when she fell—has already made things a bit difficult, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

She said very softly, "I don't want things to be difficult for you, Jerry. I've told myself not to be a fool—to go out after what I want and the devil take anyone who gets in my way. But—somehow—I can't. That's what I had to tell you today. If ever you and Ann fall out of love well, then it will be different. But at the moment— (Continued on page 73)
I've had as much of this as I can stand! My marriage is impossible! I'm through!"

The woman who has never said that to herself is either too good to be true or else she just isn't telling the truth. We all get fed up with marriage, each for our own reasons. Because marriage isn't easy. It isn't all hearts and flowers and moonlight and dancing. It calls for a lot of patience, understanding, tolerance, and applied psychology as well as a deep and genuine love. It takes a lot of hard work to make it a success. And, if it is not a success, you will probably find that nothing else is a success either. Your health, your friends, your work, your finances, all suffer.

I know this because it happened to me. I know it does not have to be that way because I learned how to change it.

You listen to me on the radio, singing the songs of the "Gay Nineties" with their comico-sweetness.

In slacks and sweater, Beatrice always finds time away from her career to be a housewife as well.

You see pictures of me in glamorous costumes of the period, dripping with sequins and towering with ostrich plumes. But you may not know that, in private life, I am Mrs. Sylvan Green, who, when she is not singing on the radio, leads a quiet life in the little town of Closter, New Jersey. There Mrs. Green is mistress of a charming little house that used to be an antique shop. She has three beautiful Persian cats. She has an acre full of yard—big enough that she was able to get all her Christmas decorations out of it this past year. It was the happiest Christmas of her life.

The Beatrice Kay you hear on the radio would not be able to do her work well—and maybe not at all—if it were not that the Mrs. Sylvan Green who is her other self, is so happily married. Beatrice Kay gives a lot of credit to Mrs. Sylvan Green—and to Mr. Sylvan Green, too!—Together they have achieved a successful marriage and they're proud of it.

It didn't start out well at all. In fact, my husband-to-be had only one idea in mind when he first saw me. That idea was to get me fired!

He was in charge of the entertainment at a small club in New York and, one day, when he returned from a vacation, he found that the owner of the place had hired me as a singer. Naturally, he resented having new entertainment chosen in his absence. He was supposed to do the hiring and firing around there! He was prepared to think I was terrible and say so.

He sat down at the piano to play for me. It was the first time I had ever sung (Continued on page 67)

Away from radio, she's Mrs. Sylvan Green, mistress of a charming house that used to be an antique shop.
Charming Barbara Edwards is proud of her black walnut coffee table and the very old lustre pitcher.

This is the masculine bedroom furniture which came along with Ralph from his bachelor days, as did the clock.

You'd be the bride of radio’s new and handsome quiz star and you’d have inherited a home furnished by bachelors

By JUDY ASHLEY
Photos made especially for Radio Mirror by NBC

The apartment Ralph Edwards lives in is a half-man, half-woman affair with respect to furniture. The reason is that it was originally occupied by three bachelor announcers—Mel Allen, Andre Baruch, and Ralph. Then Mel Allen brought his mother and father to New York and moved out. Andre married singer Bea Wain and moved out. Now Ralph Edwards lives there with his bride of a year and a half.

Some of the plain masculine furniture that the boys bought still remains. But Barbara Edwards has eased out most of it and substituted her own daintier, more feminine pieces. Many of these are genuine antiques—some of them family heirlooms, some pieces she has picked up in shops in upper New York State and Connecticut.

You can note the difference soon after you step into the house. Nothing masculine (Continued on page 61)
This is the masculine half of the sitting room. Left, Barbara knits in a home-made rocker in the feminine half of the room.
Charming Barbara Edwards is proud of her black walnut coffee table and the very old lustre pitcher.

This is the masculine bedroom furniture which came along with Ralph from his bachelor days, as did the clock.

You'd never believe bachelors used to litter up this pretty living room since Barbara put her feminine touch to it and added a colorful rug, handsome break front and a few lamps.

In one corner of the bedroom is a desk and typewriter where Ralph answers all his mail.

This is the masculine half of the sitting room. Left, Barbara knits in a home-made rocker in the feminine half of the room.

Barbara prepares breakfast for Ralph. She possesses an electric juicer, but she prefers the old fashioned method. Below, the Edwardses play Chinese checkers between shows, on trains, planes and busses.

IF YOU WERE MRS. RALPH EDWARDS

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Singing songs is Joan's career, but writing them is her hobby—here's proof that it's a good one.

Moderately

I'm _ just a Girl a-bout town Look-ing for some-one to love

Where _ is the man for a Girl A-bout Town _ I'm _ just a

dream-er of dreams None of those dreams come true And _ so a

Copyright 1941, Joan Edwards
Girl About Town is blue.

Why is the sun in the sky shin'in' so bright, pass'in' me by, What's wrong with me Why must I be a lone, That's why-

I sing to the moon up above Lawd how it gets me down

Where is the man for a Girl About Town.
Kindness was something Casino had never known until she met Joe Meade, who said, "There's lots of folks in the world that need a new chance." Read radio's tender story of gallant people.

JOE MEADE found her in a dark alleyway on the San Francisco waterfront. He had followed the sound of her sobs until he almost stumbled over her, crouched next to an ash can. At his touch she started, terrified, to her feet, and tried to run away. He had almost to drag her with him to an all-night lunch wagon; even then she came, it seemed, because she was afraid of attracting attention by making a scene.

When they came into the light of the lunch wagon she quieted a little. There was something about Joe Meade that inspired confidence. In his square, blunt-featured, middle-aged face there was gentleness, and his voice was low and soothing.

She ate ravenously. He guessed her age twenty-four, and was surprised when she told him sullenly that she was seventeen. Yet, he realized on looking more closely, there was a childlike quality to the ironic droop of her pale lips. She would have been so beautiful, he thought, with a little more flesh on the delicate structure of her face, with some color in her skin and some life in the thick hair that was dulled now with fog and dirt. And dressed in something prettier than her threadbare skirt, sweater, and soiled man's lumberjack.

Her name, she said, was Casino. "Casino what?" he asked.

"Just Casino," she answered stubbornly.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere. Around." She set down her coffee cup and glared at the counterman. "Seems to me that fellow's stickin' his nose pretty far into what we're sayin'."

"I ain't even listenin'!" the counterman said defensively, and moved with dignity out of earshot.

"But how about your folks?" Joe asked. "Where are they?"

"I ain't got no folks!" she said with such vehemence that he jumped. "Get that straight. None at all!"

"All right, all right," he pacified her. "I was just askin'" He sat quietly, puffing on his pipe, until she had nearly finished the meal. Then he suggested, "How'd you like to come with me? I live up in the mountains, in a town called New Chance. Used to be a minin' town. I grew up there. Then I went away, and while I was gone the mines shut down and everybody moved out. I come back a few months ago—me and some other folks—and there wasn't anybody there. But we stayed. We're goin' to make New Chance hum again. We've planted some crops and started a pottery. If you'd like to come along we can fix up a house for you to live in, and give you some work to do."

There was an undertone of excitement in his voice when he spoke of New Chance. It made her look at him curiously. Then her interest faded and she said with instinctive suspicion:

"What you tryin' to hand me, Mister? What you want out of it?"

"Nothin'. Lots of people in this world need a new chance. And New Chance needs people, to help build it again."

"Sounds like a dump," she said laconically. The sliding door of the lunch wagon swung open with a sharp rasp, and she stiffened in terror, Joe noticed, before she saw that it was only a shabbily dressed man who went to the far end of the counter without glancing at them.

"What you afraid of, Casino?" he asked softly.

"Nothin'!" Her voice was shrill.

"I ain't afraid o' nothin' at all!"

Fictionized from the popular serial of the same name, heard on NBC's Red network, Monday through Friday, at 5:00 P.M., E.D.T., sponsored by Certo and Sure-Jell. Photographs posed by Sammie Hill as Casino, Ed Latimer as Joe and Vincent Donehue as Neil.
HOME of the BRAVE

She would have been beautiful, Joe thought, but now her lips were sullen, her eyes were cynical.

Joe smiled tolerantly. "All right. You were just actin' a little jumpy. How about comin' to New Chance?"

For a moment she considered him warily. Finally she shrugged. "Okay, why not?" she sighed. "I'll give it a whirl."

So to the small group of people Joe Meade had brought to New Chance one more was added...one small, underfed girl who appeared to trust no one but Joe Meade, and not always even him.

The total population of New Chance just then consisted, besides Joe and Casino, of Neil and Lois Davisson, Doc Gordon, and Pat and Terence Mulvaney. Not a large crew to rebuild a town; but, as Joe said, one with all the goodness of purpose and willingness to work that it needed. Neil and Lois had come with Joe at the very first: he had picked them up in the freight train in which he had made the last lap of the journey from the east. They were young, and Lois soon would have their first baby.

Doc Gordon and Joe had grown up together in New Chance. When the mining town stopped flourishing he had moved to Twin Forks, fifteen miles away, and tried unsuccessfully...
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Doc Gordon and Joe had grown up together in New Chance. When the mining town stopped flourishing, he had moved to Twin Parks, fifteen miles away, and tried unsuccessfully...
to continue his practice there. By the time Joe returned to New Chance he had become old and poor, weakened by liquor and the conviction of his own incompetence. It was Joe's own secret how he had persuaded Doc that his life and usefulness were not necessarily over.

As for the Mulvaneys, they were a pair of Irishmen, as strong and garbled as two shrillies, who had driven in their old car up the steep dirt road to New Chance one afternoon and announced they wanted to live and work there.

To this community Casino came like a beggar-girl invited to a church supper—dubious, wary, unaware that she was in the sincerity of her host. Kindness, Joe Meade said to Doc, was so foreign to her experience that she didn't know how to accept it.

"I know how she feels," the undersized, grizzled doctor said. "The way I felt when you found me in Twin Forks. I couldn't figure out why anybody'd want me around... or trust me if they were sick."

A GOOD many folks are like that these days, Doc." Joe's eyes grew sombre momentarily. Then he brightened. "But you know better now—and pretty soon Casino will, too... How's Lois doin'?"

"Oh, fine," Doc said quickly. "Just fine. Any time now."

"Not—worried, are you, Doc?"

"No," Doc said, and then in quick confession, "Yes. The baby's overdue. I don't like it. And it's so long since I practiced—"

"You're a good doctor," Joe said.

"If anybody can help her, you can. That's one thing I'm sure of. And don't you forget it, neither."

With a pat on Doc's shoulder, he turned and went down the street toward his own cabin. A kerosene lamp glowed in the window, and he knew that Casino's inexperienced hands would have prepared a supper for him. He smiled in the darkness. She was a terrible cook, but he would not have told her so for the world.

After supper he leaned back and said, "There're good biscuits you whipped up, Casino. The coffee, too."

"Lois showed me how," she admitted shyly. "They ain't very good, I guess. But maybe I'll get the hang of 'em after a while." She leaned forward, chin cradled in her hands. "That Lois, I can't figure her out. I think she's a dope."

"A dope?" Joe inquired mildly. "Why?"

"What's she all steamed up for over that baby she's goin' to have? Honest, Joe, she don't think of nothin' else! When she talks about the kid her face shines like somebody's left her a million bucks. And it ain't even born yet!"

"You don't think a baby's anything to get excited about?"

In disgust, Casino said, "What do they want with a kid? They haven't got a dime! Ain't things tough enough for them, they want to make 'em worse?"

Chuckling, Joe said, "Maybe you're a little young to understand."

"Me young?" Casino's short laugh was sardonic. "I'm a million years old, Joe. I've seen women have babies before—scared to death to tell their husbands there was going to be another mouth to feed, wishin' the babies'd die because it'd be better for 'em. Don't talk to me, she said bitterly, "about bein' young!"

"Neil and Lois don't feel that way. They don't own much of anything, but they want that baby. Maybe just because they don't own anything, they want it. It'll be something that belongs just to them."

"Sounds dopey to me," Casino insisted. "They're better off without it. And the kid's better off, not bein' born."

Joe was appalled at the depth of her cynicism and despair. She still had not told him anything of her past; what did it hold to create such bitterness? Wanting to ask her, he was interrupted by the sudden thud of footsteps on the wooden porch.

It was Neil Davison who burst in, panting. "It's Lois!" he cried. "Come quick, Joe—and Casino too! She thinks she's going to have her baby pretty soon."

Joe's chair scraped as he stood up.

"That's good, Neil. Is Doc with her?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, before I went to get him. Neil's tanned face was strained; his young, muscular body vibrated with nervousness. "Maybe we ought to send to Twin Forks for a different doctor. Doc Gordon's scared—I know he is—"

"Now, Neil, calm down," Joe advised. "There's nothin' to get scared about, either for you or Doc. Go get him, now, and if he thinks it'd be a good idea to call another doctor, he'll say so, and we'll do it."

They had come out on the porch of the cabin, and Joe and Casino started down the steps. But Neil hesitated. "Well—I—" he began, and swallowed. "I guess I better tell you this, Joe. I don't think Doc'll come now. We had a little talk half an hour ago and—and I guess I said some things I shouldn't of. I—let him know I didn't have much confidence in him and he went away. That was before I knew the baby was coming maybe tonight."

"That was a crazy thing to do, boy." Joe's voice was stern. "Casino, you go with Neil to his house. I'll talk to Doc."

If I can find him, he thought as he left them. He knew on what a slender thread a man's self-confidence could hang; now Doc might really be afraid to attend Lois. And if he were—There was no telephone connection with Twin Forks. It would be hours before they could get a doctor up from there.

In the Davison cabin, Casino ordered Neil to build up the fire in the stove and start water to heating, while she made Lois as comfortable as possible in the bedroom. Some feminine instinct seemed to take the place of actual knowledge as she moved about the bed where Lois lay, the skin of her forehead damp under curls of brown hair.
Reassuringly, she said, "Don't worry, Lois. Everything's goin' to be all right. Doc's on his way here now."

EXHAUSTED relief showed on Lois' pinched face. "Oh, is he coming, Casino? I was so afraid... You see, I overheard Neil talking to him—the window was open and they were outside—I tried to call Neil and say I knew Doc could handle the delivery. But they were arguing too loud, they didn't hear me. And Neil called Doc an old drunk—" Weak tears rolled down her cheeks, but she went breathlessly on. "I wanted to tell Neil I wanted Doc and nobody else. Because it's so important to him—if he thought we didn't trust him, he'd never be any good again. And he can do it—I know he can—"

Casino laid her brown, thin hand on Lois' head, quieting its restless tossing. "Doc'll be here pretty soon," she promised. "Joe went to get him, so he'll come."

"I'm not afraid, really I'm not, Casino. Neil doesn't understand. He thinks I don't know how sick I am. But I do. I know I may have trouble. It doesn't matter—nobody could want a baby as much as I do and not have one. And I mustn't be selfish... I mustn't let Doc think I don't trust him—"

The scattered, incoherent words died out on a gasp of pain. Casino stood by the bed, letting Lois' fingers bite into her hands until the paroxysm was over. Then, quietly, absorbed in some thought of her own, she went around the room, collecting towels, cloths, basins—anything that might be of use to the doctor when he came.

It was not long before he was there, bringing into the close, warm room an atmosphere that was a strange mixture of desperation and hope. As he made his preparations Casino saw his lips working continually, and knew that he was biting their inner surfaces in the one gesture of anxiety that slipped past his control.

After a while he threw her a quick glance. "Better go outside and rest a minute—have a cup of coffee or something," he said. "Nothing to do now but wait, anyhow... And tell Neil not to worry."

Neil was in the kitchen, stuffing more wood into a roaring fire, and she said, "Everything's goin' to be all right. Doc says not to worry."

"Is—is the baby here yet?"

"Nope. Not yet... Where's Joe?"

"Outside, on the porch."

She found him perched on the top step, gazing down the street and past it, up to the mountains at which he seemed never to tire of looking; and as she sank down beside him she said in a voice which tried unsuccessfully to keep its old tone of mockery:

"Gee! Never thought I'd be doin' anything like this. I feel like one o' them pioneer women you see in the movies."

Joe turned; in the moonlight she could see his smile. "Maybe you are a pioneer, Casino. Maybe we all are, here in New Chance."

She gripped the rough boards of the porch on each side of her. "Joe," she said with an effort, "New Chance—what you're tryin' to do here, build it up and all—that means a lot to you, don't it?"

"More than anything in the world," he said with the simplicity of deep conviction.

"I got to tell you," Casino burst out. "I didn't want to, but tonight—well, things're happenin' that show me I got to. I ain't the kind o' girl you want here in New Chance. Lois, in there, she is. She's havin' a baby, and she's scared, but she'd rather take a chance on Doc than have anybody else, even if—even if he made a mistake and some- thin' terrible happened. If it was me, I'd be scrammin' and cussin' and carryin' on. I wouldn't care if I hurt Doc's feelin's, just as long as I was bein' taken care of so I wouldn't die. I wouldn't even have the sense to figure, like Lois does, that it's important for New Chance not to hurt Doc's feelin's."

"You don't know what you'd be doin', Casino," Joe told her, unmoved by her confession. "You might be just as brave, and just as thoughtful, as Lois."

"I wouldn't," Casino said miserably. "But (Continued on page 60)"
to continue his practice there. By the time Joe returned to New Chance he had become old and poor, weakened by liquor and the conviction of Doc, and his practice never recovered. 

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GOOD many folks are like that these days, Doc." Joe's eyes grew somberly momentous. Then he brightened. "But you know better now—and pretty soon Casino will, too... How's Lois doing?"

"Oh, fine," Doc said quickly. "Just fine. Any time now."

"Not worried, are you, Doc?"

"No, Doc, and then in quick confession, "You and the Baby's over due. I don't like it. And it's so long since I practiced—"

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"Me young?"

"It was a common saying. "I'm a million years old, Joe. I've seen women have babies before—scared to death and told them husbands there was goin' to be another mouth to feed, within the babies' die because it be too much for 'em. Don't talk to me like that said, "about bein' young?"

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She smiled, and Joe was reminded of the startling loveliness of down light on a distant peak. Casino was becoming a woman.
A long time ago Mark Twain said that everybody talked about the weather but that nobody did anything about it and I'm beginning to believe that that's the way a lot of people feel about desserts. So many people argue that we shouldn't eat desserts because they're too sweet, too rich, too this or too that—but they don't do anything about cutting them out of their own menus. On the contrary, they are just as likely to pass their plates back for a second helping as you or I.

Well, I think these people are smarter than they realize, not in talking against the traditional and popular last course, but in continuing to eat and enjoy it. For with modern knowledge about food requirements and modern methods of selecting and preparing food to meet those requirements, dessert today can be just as healthful as any other course that precedes it. This is especially true of canned fruit desserts. Present day canners know just how to cook fruits so that their true flavor and minerals remain intact; there's no longer any overcooking, no oversweetening to hide the flavor lost by prolonged cooking at too low or too high temperature. Another factor so important from both a taste and a nutritional standpoint which today's canners are able to control so much more efficiently than those of the past is growing and harvesting the fruits to be canned. Only the finest varieties and qualities are used for canning; they are grown under ideal conditions, picked just at the peak of their ripeness and canned immediately so that there is no mineral loss due to exposure to the air.

So since it's dessert you're after, I'm bringing you this month new and flavorsome recipes which not
only taste good but which, revolu-
tionary as that idea may sound to
you, contain the ingredients neces-
sary to round out a nourishing and
well balanced menu. They are
recipes which have been our fa-
vorites here at Camp Sunshine on
Lake Placid, where I'm spending
the summer and they are all made
of canned fruits not only because
they are so easy to keep on hand
and require so little time to prepare, but
because they give such supersatis-
factory results.

**My Favorite Shortcake**

Prepared gingerbread mix
Ice cream
sliced peaches

We use prepared gingerbread mix
for this, for after all, it's a summer
dessert and we like to make every-
thing as easy as possible, but use
your own gingerbread recipe if you
prefer. Bake it in two 9-inch layer
pans and allow to cool. Chill the
peaches and drain them well. Spread
peach or vanilla ice cream gener-
ously over one gingerbread layer,
cover with sliced peaches and then
put the second gingerbread layer in
place. Arrange peach slices on top
and put a generous scoop of ice
cream in the center. A variation of
this shortcake is to use canned
pears, either plain or in grenadine,
and either mint or pistachio ice
cream.

**Ice Cream with Black Cherry Sauce**

This is a combination I've often
ordered at Schrafft's restaurants, but
the same recipe can be made right
in your own home and it's equally
delicious and beautiful, too, as you
can see from the picture at the left.

2½ to 3 cups sliced black cherries
1½ cups juice
5 tbs. granulated sugar
4 tbs. cornstarch
2 tbs. cold water
4 tbs. Jamaica rum (optional)
1 tsp. lemon juice

One large jar of cherries will fur-
nish desired quantity of fruit and
juice. If there isn't sufficient juice
add water. Drain cherries and cut
in half, removing pits if they have
not been pitted. Heat cherry juice,
add sugar and cook until dissolved,
then add cornstarch which has been
mixed to smooth paste with cold
water. Cook slowly, stirring con-
stantly, until smooth and thick.
Remove from heat, cool to room
temperature then add rum and
lemon juice. Chill thoroughly and
serve on ice cream. This sauce is
also excellent for puddings or to
pour over sponge cake.

**Grape Cream Meringue**

The unusual thing about this pie
aside from the fact that everybody
always asks for more is that the
meringue, instead of being on top
where we usually find a meringue,
is underneath—in fact it is the bot-
tom crust of the pie.

**Filling**

Add salt to egg whites and beat
until foamy. Add sugar gradually,
beating after each addition. Con-
tinue beating until mixture is stiff
enough to stand in peaks, then add
vinegar and vanilla. Spread evenly
on bottom and sides of well-but-
tered pie plate, swirling mixture
around rim of plate as pictured. Bake
at 275 degrees F. 40 to 45 min-
utes, when meringue should be
crisp. Cool thoroughly before put-
ting in filling.

2½ tsp. gelatin
1/2 cup water
1 cup grape juice
1 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatin in water for 5 min-
utes. Combine grape juice, lemon
juice, salt and sugar and stir until
sugar is dissolved. Add 1 table-
spoon of the grape juice mixture to
the gelatin and stir well, then com-
bine the two mixtures. Chill until
syrup is then beat cream until thick
but not stiff, and fold it into the
grape juice mixture. Cool until
slightly thickened, then pour into
meringue shell and chill until firm.

**Cherry Brazil Nut Pie**

Pastry for 9-inch pie plate

Filling for 9-inch pie plate

1 jar canned fruit salad
Marshmallows
1 cup whipping cream
1/2 tsp. almond extract

Drain fruit salad, and cut marsh-
mallows into quarters with scissors
—there should be half the quantity
of chopped marshmallows as there
is of fruit salad. Combine fruit,
marshmallows and almond flavoring
and chill for about an hour before
serving. Just before serving, fold in
cream which has been whipped un-
til stiff. Serve in sherbet glasses,
reserving sufficient whipped cream
to decorate tops of glasses.
PERRY WHITE, editor of the Daily Planet, looked up as Clark Kent and Lois Lane, his two star reporters, entered his office.

"Sit down, both of you. I have an assignment for you. Do you remember those rumors about that isolated town of Gravesend, up in the backwoods mountain regions? Well, this morning I got a letter from a fellow called Lee Jenkins who lives there. Listen to this:

"Dear Editor: I write to you cause other folks is afraid. Ever since the Pillar of Fire comes out of the ground in Gravesend we have been living in fear of our lives. The Leader says it's a sign that we should leave our homes and move away. PLEASE HELP US! If you send a reporter, have him meet me at the bridge five miles outside of town at 11 o'clock tonight. Don't let him come to the village if he values his life!"

"Well, Kent—what do you make of it?"

"It's hard to say, Mr. White—but I'll go up there and look into it!"

Late that evening, Kent and Lois pulled up on the wooden bridge a few miles out of Gravesend. It was five minute before eleven when Kent glanced at his watch. He stepped on the gas again and the car moved forward. The back wheels had hardly left the bridge structure when the stillness of the night was blasted with a shaking explosion. The two reporters looked back to see the bridge, smashed into bits, disappear into the water. Kent faced the frightened girl.

"Well, Miss Lane—it looks as if someone didn't want our company. They just missed getting rid of us. And I have a hunch we won't see Jenkins tonight. Whoever planted that bomb must have taken care of him, too. I guess we'll just have to go on to Gravesend."

Minutes later their car entered the narrow gateway that was the only entrance to the strangely walled town. They drove through deserted streets, their motor sending strange echoes through the night. Finally, Kent noticed a light in a large white house which sat back off the road. He parked and he and Lois walked up to the porch. A tall, heavy-set man answered their ring.

"Good evening, sir," Kent said. "We are two reporters from the Daily Planet in the city. We're looking for a place to spend the night."

"Come in—come in. I'm the Mayor of Gravesend. I have plenty of room right here. But what in the world brings two reporters to my little city?"

"Mayor," Lois interrupted, "I wonder if you'd mind if I went along to bed now while Mr. Kent talks to you? I think the drive and experience had a few minutes ago was a little too much for me."

Solicitously, the Mayor escorted Lois to her room. Alone with Kent, he listened to the reporter story of the letter and the bomb. Utterly bewildered, he shook his head.

"I've never heard of a Leader or the Pillar of Fire or anything else. But—"

A loud, piercing scream and then the sounds of a struggle on the floor above drowned out the rest of his words. Taking the steps two at a time, Kent reached Lois' door. He shook the knob and pounded on the heavy wooden panels but there was no answer. He turned to the Mayor who had run after him.

"The door is locked. We'll have to break it down."

"Impossible, Kent. It's too heavy—I'll run and get help!"

As soon as the Mayor disappeared, Kent went into action—"Good thing the Mayor's gone. Now Clark Kent can give way to—Superman! Now—just one good shove! Ah—ah—that did it! I'm through! But where's Lois?"

Quickly he raced into the room. There was no trace of her. Moving with the speed of lightning, Superman tapped the walls, searching vainly for a hidden door or passage. Finally he saw a large closet in a corner. He jerked the door open and tapped the wall. His knuckles echoed hollowly.

"This is it—it's hollow! No time to waste looking for the panel release. I'll have to break right through. Back to get a good start—then forward!"

The wall went right through. The Man of Steel brought his shoulder against it.

"Good—this is it. This is the passage the people who got Miss Lane must have taken. But—what? It's—no one in sight. Faster—FASTER—before they get away!"

A weird figure rocketed through the underground passages of Gravesend. Red cloak streaming in the wind, Superman raced to the rescue of Lois Lane. Suddenly, he came to the end of the tunnel and out into the open. Then, momentarily startled by the sight that met his eyes, he stopped short. Unbelieving, he watched a solid sheet of orange flame leap hundreds of feet into the air.

"So that's the Pillar of Fire the Mayor said didn't exist. But wait a minute—what's that up on the cliff? A figure—no—two figures! Why, it's a man—and he's carrying Lois in his shoulders! I've got to get to them quickly. Up—up—and AWAY!... He can't see me through all this smoke—but I can see him! Lois seems limp—I hope he hasn't fainted. Gosh—he's clawing dangerously close to the cliff-edge."

Great Scott!—the edge is breaking off—there goes—both of them! Oh! I've got to get over!"

The tall figure swooped down with the swiftness of a bullet. His hands, strong and accurate, seized the two falling bodies (Continued on page 77)
Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan (left) and young bandleader Will Bradley are co-starred on the Silver Theater Summer show over CBS—plus a special guest star.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:
The Silver Theater Summer Show, starring Ed Sullivan and Will Bradley's orchestra, sponsored by the International Silver Company on CBS at 6:00 P.M., E.D.T.

Maybe you think Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist who is master of ceremonies of this program, is a newcomer to radio. If you do, you're all wrong. He had his own show on NBC in the early network days, and on that show he introduced a number of talented radio unknowns. Gertrude Nissen was one. Jack Pearl was another. A third was a guy named Jack Benny, who was doing all right in vaudeville then but didn't know what a magic future the microphone had for him. After that first series of programs Ed Sullivan rather dropped out of the radio picture and concentrated on his newspaper writing—but now he's back, and still discovering new talent.

Ed lives at the Hotel Astor, right in the middle of his beloved Times Square; but that doesn't mean you can ever locate him there. With the possible exception of Mayor LaGuardia, he must be one of the hardest men in New York to find. He's always out, browsing around the city in search of items for his column. Occasionally he makes a frenzied dash for the country to visit his wife and daughter, both of whom he adores but seldom sees.

Although he knows hundreds of celebrities and makes his living by mixing with people, Ed is really quite shy. It was planned to have his program come from a CBS playhouse, with an audience. After a couple of broadcasts they had to bar the audience—it made Ed nervous. The program still takes place in the playhouse, with a rather eerie effect—Will Bradley's swing band playing away madly in front of rows of empty seats.

Ed takes pride in several things. One, that he has successfully given many newcomers their first important break. Two, that he is an Irishman. Three—for no particular reason that anyone can tell—that although all the papers he worked on when he was a struggling young reporter have since failed, the one he works for now is still flourishing.

Will Bradley's orchestra is only about a year old, and this is its first commercial radio program. It came to success via the phonograph-record and juke-box routes. "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," was the song which first helped it climb into high favor with swing-music addicts. It also helped to popularize the "boogie-woogie" type of music—but if you don't know what boogie-woogie is, don't ask, because it's much too involved to go into here. In spite of the band's swingy reputation, though, Will says only nine of the pieces in its repertoire of over a hundred tunes are real boogie-woogie.

Rehearsals of the Silver Summer Show are informal and lots of fun. The boys in the band are all young—Will himself is about thirty and looks twenty—and nothing can restrain them from jam-sessions between numbers. Usually a few friends or relatives of the band-members are present to burst into delighted applause.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER
August 3: The special guest of the Ford Summer Hour, tonight at 9:00 on CBS, is Buddy Clark, the popular tenor.
August 10: Mary Eastman, who hasn’t been heard on the air enough recently, comes to the Ford Hour tonight for a guest appearance.
August 24: And tonight's Ford Hour guest is Maxine Sullivan, the colored singer, who does things with popular music no one else in the world can do. . . . Have you listened yet to CBS' amusing Young Ideas program at 5:00?

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac-Programs from July 25 to Aug. 26
## CHARMING ALMA KITCHELL'S NBC PROGRAMS ARE DESIGNED TO HELP WOMEN.

### HAVE YOU TUNED IN?

Alma Kittrell, star of three weekly NBC programs that are specially prepared and broadcast for women—Alma Kittrell’s Briefcase on NBC-Blue at 11:45 A.M. Mondays, Alma Kittrell’s Streamline Journal on the Blue at 11:30 A.M. Tuesdays, and the Pin Money Party on NBC-Red at 1:15 P.M. Thursdays. All are sustaining programs, so their broadcast times are subject to change.

Alma Kittrell is a generously proportioned, graceful woman with a great zest for living, doing things and meeting people. She admits herself that her radio programs aren’t “commercial.” That’s because she’s more interested in helping listeners—bringing them information that will enrich their lives—than in just entertaining them. Nothing pleases her more than to broadcast a show like the Pin Money Party. This consists of stories of women who have built big careers out of enterprises that started with the desire to make a little extra money.

Alma is a career woman herself, but that hasn’t kept her from being a very successful wife and mother. She came to New York as a very young woman, with the idea of being a concert singer; and she not only accomplished that ambition but she married her voice teacher too. They’re still happily married, live in a New York suburb and have two sons, one in college and one in high school. Alma is vice-president of the high school’s Parent-Teacher Association. Her work at NBC keeps her very busy, but she couldn’t resist accepting the vice-presidency when someone reminded her how proud it would make her son.

She’s a radio veteran—came to NBC first as a singer, then began a program of her own in which she talked about people behind the scenes of the radio. Now she almost never sings on the air, but that doesn’t mean she’s given up that phase of her career. She’s a regular soloist in both choirs and song recitals.

Tune in one of her programs, and you’ll soon find yourself under the spell of her warm, friendly sincerity.

- For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

### DATES TO REMEMBER

July 28: Mutual broadcasts the fight tonight between Fritzie Zivic, world champion welterweight, and Freddy Cochrane, ten o’clock. E.D.T.—Don Dunphy and Bill Corum at the microphone.

August 11: Vox Pop starts a series on CBS tonight at 8:00.

August 19: The series of N. Y. Philharmonic on CBS is nearly over—so listen tonight at 9:30, E.D.T.

### TUESDAY

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Umpire Harry Von Zell and “pitcher” Bud Hulick star on Quizzers Baseball.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Quizzers Baseball, the new question-and-answer show on NBC-Red Wednesday night at 9:00, E.D.T. (rebroadcast at 8:00, Pacific Time), sponsored by Ipana and Sal Hepatica.

Don’t let the title fool you. This program has almost nothing to do with baseball. It’s just a quiz show managed like a baseball game. The players are divided into teams; questions are “pitched” to them; and correct answers bring either single base hits, doubles, three-baggers, or home runs for the players. The winning team gets a cash prize; the losing team gets money, too, but not as much.

It’s a clever idea, but really tough on the contestants, because they have to think while the “pitcher” of the opposing team, either Bud Hulick or Harry Von Zell, the “umpire,” calls strikes against them. If you’ve ever participated in a quiz program, you know how hard this would be.

The stage in the NBC studio where the show originates is all decked out with an electric scoreboard like the ones used in real baseball games, and Bud Hulick and Harry Von Zell wear baseball uniforms. Contestants draw their questions by picking a tiny wooden bat, bearing a number, out of a box. The number corresponds with a question, and all questions are rated according to difficulty, so that before he answers it the player knows whether it is a single, double, or only a single. Of course this adds to the mental hazards. It’s safe to say that the players earn their money.

Bud Hulick, the permanent “pitcher” for the home team, has changed a good deal from the scrubball comedian you used to hear with Colonel Stoopnagle. Now he’s a poised master of ceremonies who concentrates on being pleasant and friendly on the air and doesn’t try very hard to be funny.

The listening audience isn’t asked to send in questions, so don’t rack your brains for good ones.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER

July 31: Bert Lahr is on the Kraft Music Hall tonight, filling in the comedy spot while Bob Burns is on vacation.

August 14: Tune in your mutual station at 10:00, E.D.T., for a chat between Abe Simon and Buddy Baer. . . . There’s a new program starting tonight at 7:30 on CBS—Called Maudie’s Diary, it’s about a young girl from Idaho.

August 21: And speaking of Henry Aldrich, he returns to NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, after a month’s vacation.
FRIDAY

[Huge headlines and images]

HAY YOU TUNED IN

Ford Bond, who announces so many programs every week, that it would be difficult for you to miss hearing him at least once. He's on three daytime serials—David Harum, Stella Dallas, and Orphans of Divorce—and Easy Acres, the Cities Service Concert Friday nights and the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round Sundays, and when Rudy Vallee is in New York he announces that program too. But he doesn't think he's very busy just now. He used to announce thirty-three programs a week and twice as master of ceremonies in a stage show at the Roxy Theater. After four years of that he ended up with a nervous breakdown and decided that from then on he'd take things easier.

"Radio work isn't hard," Ford says. "It's just hard on your nerves."

Maybe you noticed that all of Ford's programs are on NBC. That's because he is also a member of the NBC staff, which adds to his duties as well as preventing him from accepting a commercial program heard on any other network. He announces NBC sustaining programs when he has time, which isn't often, and works creatively behind the scenes for the network, frequently helping to write or produce programs. In addition, he averages a couple of appearances a week at benefit performances for different charities.

With that activity, it's no wonder that Ford doesn't see much of his family, which consists of a wife and two children, a nine-year-old girl and a five-year-old boy. He gets a chance to eat dinner at home once a week, because his free time is from late Friday night until the middle of Sunday afternoon. Six months out of every year he practically lives on his boat, a sixty-foot cruiser, which he keeps on Long Island Sound. He likes it there because no one can telephone him.

You'd think that he would live in terror of forgetting one of his studio appointments, but he says they're so deeply ingrained in his consciousness that remembering them is like remembering to eat. Frequently, when he has an appointment that isn't part of his daily routine, he sends himself a note in the mail to remind himself to keep it. He insists that his memory is very bad.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

DATES TO REMEMBER

July 25: Raymond Gram Swing tour concludes

August 16: Jessica Dragnet returns to the air tonight as feminine singing star of The Saturday Night Serenade.
on safer ground.

"Your turn, Mr. Schmaltz don't I told you they ordered all that potato salad I hope?" Mrs. Schmaltz would ask anxiously.

"Nah, they don't. I'd have known about their party anyway," Mary Margaret would explain reassuringly. "My scout at the dairy told me they'd ordered some Warren Park Farms extra cream."

Even then Mary Margaret was on her way to becoming the famous columnist of the radio. Even then she was only a short distance to the dreams she and her grandfather, who had been her childhood companion, had dreamed as they had walked through ripening wheat fields in the summer and rocked beside the kitchen stove in the winter.

Grandpa McBride, who had spent his life teaching school, had wanted to be a writer. His son, caring nothing for books, content to be a farmer and to swap farms for change and excitement had been a disappointment to him for this reason. Mary Margaret was different. From the time she could walk she had handled words as if they were living things. At four years of age she had learned "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" in Greek and in Latin. And there was nothing she enjoyed more than to have her grandfather read Dickens to her.

"Remember, Mary Margaret, he would shake his finger and say, 'You're going to be a writer! Don't let anyone change this for you! You'll be unhappy if you do and make them unhappy, too.'

"Same way have! Some—like you and me—are born with it. The luck of it make them strangers to those they love most . . ."

"And it's a funny thing, child, it's a funny thing . . . If we put what we think on paper people will read it, even repeat it. Whereas if we only say what we think people will laugh and tell us we're crazy . . ."

His finger would wag faster, faster. "Remember now," he'd say, "you're going to be a writer—whatever happens!"

It wasn't only the things Grandpa McBride had said which influenced Mary Margaret as she grew older. Her urge to write about the things she thought and the things she saw continued to grow.

One day Mary Margaret and Bill sat together on a hillside to which spring had come. It was warm in the sun and they were opposite the air. White clouds moved lazily against a bright sky.

"We'll be coming back next fall," Bill said suddenly, gripping her hand. "You're sure you won't decide it's too hard working and studying at the same time—and quit?"

She touched his face gently. "I'll be back, Bill," she promised. "I don't mind working and studying at the same time. I have a great-aunt who'd pay my way, if I would let her. But she wants me to study to be Lady Principal of the little college her husband endowed and I told her I couldn't do that—that I had to go to New York and be a writer."

Bill laughed triumphantly. "And now you're going to marry a poor engineer," he said. "Now you're not going to be a writer at all!"

She had meant to tell him she planned to go to New York when she was graduated, for a little while anyway. But words failed her. The loneliness they would know during the summer holidays already was heavy upon them. And she didn't want to send Bill away brooding, doubting her love, closing his heart to her.

They turned to each other. Her mouth was like the wild roses that grew along the Missouri roadsides. His arms, strong and tender, closed around her and shut out the world.

Seminesters and holidays gathered themselves into years. And the love between Mary Margaret and Bill, never idyllic, always young and passionate, grew more and more demanding. When they returned to the University for their Junior year they met, by arrangement, at the Junction. And they walked through the quiet streets of the town, drenched in love.

"We can't go on like this," Bill said at last, desperately. "We just can't! Let's get married! Tonight!"

"Let's!" said Mary Margaret. She found it impossible now to consider any life, any dream, any plan that would take her beyond Bill's arms. Up one street and down another they searched. But all the little parsonages that stood beside the churches were dark. And, at last, they had to run to the station to catch the last train.

From then on, however, Mary Margaret dreamed of nothing but marrying Bill, having dinner ready when he came home from work, having four children—two boys and two girls—combing Mary Margaret's hair and Bill possessed and were brilliant to boot, tending a little garden in which lupin and hollyhocks and delphiniums grew.

There was a rebellious group at the University of Missouri who talked liberally about liberal things. Bill disapproved of them. But Mary Margaret, interested in everything and everybody, found them fascinating.

It was the evening before graduation that she came into the delicatessen store looking weary. "You're not ill!" Bill asked anxiously.

"Just sleepy," she told him. "I sat up all night drinking coffee and listening to the Liberals hold forth about life and lovers."

Bill's face hardened. "I don't want to hear about it," he said. "I'm very sorry you had anything to do with them. Where's your sense?"

"My pride?" Mary Margaret looked bewildered. "My pride, Bill!"

YOU'RE going to be my wife!" His eyes were blazing. "And I don't want you hobnobbing with people like that. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Mary Margaret told him. "But I make no promise. Because I know I'll want to hear about all kinds of people and all kinds of things—as long as I live."

They made up their quarrel, of course. It was a trifling thing. But trifles can be important. A grain of sand can stop a watch. And Mary Margaret, prompted by that quarrel to remember the things her grandfather had said to her, kept thinking about them again and again.

"Remember you're going to be a writer," she could hear him saying. "Don't let anyone change this for you. You'll be unhappy if you do and make them unhappy too."

More than once that summer, Bill, visiting the McBrides, accused Mary Margaret of loving him less. She protested, earnestly, that that wasn't true. This led to quarrels which corroborated all the things Mary Margaret had begun to fear for Bill and herself. And when autumn came she left for New York.

It wasn't an easy thing to do for she took her heart with her. And it was while she bashed feverishly on her typewriter to banish the image of Bill's dear face and to forget she was insupportably lonely that, slowly but surely, she found newspaper success.

"You'll come back one day and I'll be waiting," Bill wrote her.

She did go home at last and when their eyes met—her's radially brown and his smoky blue—the old dizzy sweetness was there still. So were other things, also, a nostalgia and his resentment of it—to cause more quarrels and part them again.

A long time now they haven't seen each other. However, for the first things Bill ever said to Mary Margaret was "This is forever!" And Forever is a long, long time!
Sixth Avenue, she forced herself to check the rising fear within her. She would need every bit of self control she possessed to face the situation which lay ahead.

She began to climb the last flight of steps. At the top she paused and listened again and heard only the hammering of her own heart. She knocked cautiously. To the door there was no answer. She knocked again and then, turning the knob, she entered the room.

Barbara was standing at the window, peering down into the street. An uncomfortable looking bed was pushed against one wall and in the corner farther from the door there was a table on which stood a wicker clothes basket.

At the click of the door Barbara looked up and for a moment mother and daughter looked at each other without speaking. Then with a relieved, "Mother, you did come. I knew you would, somehow." Barbara went to Nora's arms. There was no hysteria, no sobbing, but in those few whispered words Nora sensed Barbara's great longing and need for her.

It was Barbara who pulled away from their hard embrace. "You—you never seen your grandson," she faltered and led Nora to the table in the corner. In his clothes basket bed, Baby Sandy lay asleep. Nora leaned over the basket, devouring the tiny sleeping figure with her eyes, then cautiously, gently, she put out her hand and felt a tiny pink fist. At last she turned to Barbara.

"The first time I held you in my arms, Barbara," she said softly, "I thought I'd never ask anything better of life than that—just to hold you in my arms and know you were my baby. But now—well, now I know a woman has never lived, completely, until she has seen her first grandchild."

BARBARA smiled mistily and Nora realized for the first time how thin she had grown and how great an effort she was making to hold herself in check. In her finely sculptured face her eyes looked like the eyes of a child who has been brutally punished for something it doesn't understand. That bewildered suffering look went straight to Nora's heart and she said, as she had said to Joan earlier in the evening, "Begin at the beginning."

Slowly at first, then quickly, jerkily, Barbara began to talk, interrupting her own words every few minutes to run to the window and watch for Alex's arrival as she had been watching when Nora entered the room. Sometimes she repeated in one breath what she had said in a preceding one, without knowing that it was repetition. Sometimes she sat, inert, with her smooth, dark hair braided, sometimes she sprang up and paced the floor. But from her disjointed sentences Nora managed to piece the heartbreaking facts together.

One fact stood out above all the rest. Barbara still loved Alex—but she believed that he no longer loved her. In her finely sculptured face, she told Nora, he would prove it by pulling himself together, stopping his drinking, and getting a job. And if he didn't promise to do that, she would know that every-thing was over between them and she would leave him tonight, as she had told her father she would do.

"But I don't want to leave him, Mother," she sobbed. "I'd stay with him forever, no matter how poor we were, if he only loved me."

And it was with this heartbreaking cry of Barbara's still smothered in her ears that Nora waited in the shabby little room for Alex's return. It hadn't been difficult to persuade Barbara to leave so that she could talk to Alex alone.

She had waited nearly half an hour when she heard a thumping step in the hall and a moment later Alex entered the room. He wasn't the smiling, confident young man she had known before she chose to disappear out of her children's lives; he was older now and eyes, as bewildered as Barbara's own, looked from the mask of defeat which his face had become. He had obviously been drinking, and the unexpected sight of Nora, bent over Baby Sandy's basket bed in the corner, shocked him into sobriety.

WHY—why, Mother Nora," he stammered in amazement. "I didn't expect to find you here." Then so sharply, so frantically that Nora could almost feel his frst, he rapped out, "What's happened? Where's Barbara?"

"Barbara's all right," she said reassuringly. "She'll be back in a few minutes."

"Thank God!" The words came in the slow whisper of exhaustion and Alex sank wearily into a chair. "I've been nearly crazy, worrying about you. You haven't any idea what she's been going through, Mother Nora."

"I think I have, Alex," Nora answered slowly, "maybe even more of an idea than you have. We had a long talk tonight. I know she's worried and unhappy, just as you are."

She hesitated, searching for words. So much depended on making Alex understand Barbara's wretchedness without adding to his own. "In some ways I think she's even unhappier than you are—because, well, because, Alex," she added, giving him time to think, "you don't love her any more."

"Thinks I don't love her!" Alex repeated with bewildered emphasis. "Oh, no, Mother Nora! You got it all wrong. It's Barbara who doesn't love me. How could she?" he added harshly. "I haven't any money—can't take care of her and hunted and suddenly he was pouring out all the fear and bitterness of the past few weeks.

HIS WORDS, like Barbara's, told Nora of a mind tortured by despair almost to the breaking point. As though glad of a long-denied chance to talk he described his first frantic efforts to get a job on which he could support Barbara and the baby comfortably, but when he failed to find one and his attempt to get rid of that discouragement by drinking. He confessed his humiliation at a slip of the tongue which increased his greater humiliation when Barbara told him that she would try to find work. And in every word he revealed his self-reproach because he hadn't been able to take care of them properly.

"I've failed them," he said miserably. "Failed them when they needed me most. Sometimes," his eyes were haunted, "sometimes I think it would be better for Barbara to take the baby and go to her father. He'd give them a home, even though he hasn't any use for me."

Nora had a fervent prayer that he would never need to know how terribly close that possibility was, said, "I know how you feel, Alex. I've felt all day that I had failed Barbara, too. And I know the horrible sick feeling you must have had when you lost everything—lost the security you'd always had and thought you always would have. The same thing happened to me, you know. But you're really luckier than I was. I had nothing but a memory to turn to and you have Barbara and Sandy."

"And I can't even buy them a decent meal," the words ripped out of his throat and then he fell into brooding silence.

After a little while Nora began to try to picture for him Barbara's side of the situation, repeating everything her daughter had cried out to her such a short time before. She tried to make him see that it was his keeping his money or his failure to find a good job that was causing Barbara's unhappiness so much as the way he was letting these things happen. She talked calmly and sympathetically, trying to build up self-confidence in place of the defeat which was slowly destroying him. Alex listened to her, and his fears about the future, trying to convince him that that future, no matter how poor they might be, would have no terror for him only if Barbara still loved him.

"If you will just take any job you can get," she urged him, "no matter how small it is. You know that you are doing everything you can for her and the baby and doing..." (Continued on page 48)
Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!

Last winter's powder was right with your fairer winter skin. But as the summer sun deepens the tone of your complexion, don't cover its rich, new summer-time beauty with a pale winter-time powder!

Find your Lucky Summer Shade In My Twin-Hurricane Powder

HAVEN'T you noticed how your complexion has changed in the past weeks—how it has deepened, taken on rich new tones?

Summer brings an exciting beauty of its own to the skin! But so many women innocently spoil this new beauty by fading it out with a winter-time powder.

This summer, be fair to your new beauty. Be dazzling instead of drab. Wear a powder that does things for you—that really dramatizes your summer skin!

Years ago I was first to use a mighty air-current to refine face powder, to make it more enduring in its cling, more flattering to you.

Blown to Exquisite Softness—by my Twin-Hurricane Method!

Today, Twin-Hurricanes buff and smooth my powder to almost unbelievable fineness—making it softer and more even-textured than any I've ever known.

That's why my powder goes on so smoothly—why its clinging flattery stays with you 4 long hours or more.

Women by the thousands tell me that my Twin-Hurricane powder brings out all the natural beauty of the skin—makes it look softer, smoother, fresher—yes, and even younger... sometimes much younger!

Try all nine shades FREE

Every shade of Lady Esther Face Powder is a miracle of color perfection. One particular shade will help to bring a magic glow to your face... new light to your eyes and hair... new loveliness to you! That is your lucky shade. Wear it gaily, happily. Send the coupon right now—and receive all nine shades FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (71)
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.
NAME_________________________
ADDRESS______________________
CITY______STATE_____________

Send coupon to: LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (71)
and that the best thing for Barbara would be to leave him and take the baby with her. But even in the face of his resignation she couldn’t believe that this was the end of things for them.

"Alex, Alex," she cried, "don’t throw away this chance without even trying it. Take the job, try it for just a month. See if you and Barbara can manage for that long. But don’t break Barbara’s heart and your own, too, by giving up while you still have a chance.

She turned away then, knowing that she could say no more. Whatever decision Alex made, he would have to make alone, out of his own weakness and his own strength. She felt the same dread she had always felt when one of the children was sick and she waited for the doctor’s verdict. And when at last Alex said, "All right, Mother Nora, I’ll try it if Barbara will," she felt herself go limp with relief.

When Barbara returned a little later she found Nora and Alex talking together as seriously as though this visit of Nora’s was a perfectly natural, casual one. She stopped in the doorway, as if unable to believe that this room which had held so much unhappiness and such peace it wasn’t until Alex pulled her into his arms in the old adoring way that she was able to understand the miracle of what Nora had worked, and then she drew her mother close to share in their embrace.

The next few days were the happiest and busiest Nora ever remembered. True to his promise, Alex took the milkman’s job and then began the search for a small furnished apartment. Nora drew on her meager savings to tide them over until Alex received his first salary, and Barbara and Alex then insisted that since she had a financial interest, as well as a personal one, in the success of their plan, she would have to go with them to find the place. They set out, climbing miles of stairs and dimlit halls until they found one which would do. It wasn’t much of an apartment, and on Fourth Avenue duplex they had lived in ever since their marriage, but its two rooms were miraculously clean and sunny and furnished to the hilt, though battered, was comfortable.

And as if this new-found happiness of Barbara’s and Alex’s weren’t enough to gladden her heart, there was Joan, who, now that she had found her mother, was determined to spend every possible minute with her. Every minute, that is, she could spare.

(Norman Field—The busy Hollywood actor, you hear frequently on the family doctor in One More’s Family and as Chorio McCarthy’s school principal. Norman came to radio from the stage, where he played in support of Moe Robson, Florence Reed, Marjorie Rambou, Edward Everett Horton and others. He has been in pictures, too, but refers radio, and he’s done character work in network programs emanating from Hollywood. He and his wife, actress Mary Gayer Field, live in a lovely home which Norman designed himself, in Monterey Village, San Fernando Valley. He was the first man in the American Federation of Radio Artists, when his help endeared him to all his fellow actors.)

from Michael Windgate. For there was no doubt they were in love with each other, and their romance was an ever-glowing flame. The word they spoke, every glance they exchanged, showed the depth of their love and strengthened Nora’s conviction that they were right for each other. Sometimes she wondered guiltily what Cyril would say if she discovered she was encouraging a love affair which didn’t exist, but against that guilt was the knowledge that it was she who had persuaded them not to plunge headlong into matrimony, till Joan was of age and Michael was earning a little more money.

As the children’s faces on the walls of Barbara and Alex, too, find themselves again, it was not easy for them. Sometimes, they could tell, the struggle to make both ends meet was heart-breaking; but some seed of determination had taken root in Alex the night Nora had sought him out, and now he refused to engage. It was in these happy weeks that Nora became, in a sense, reunited with her son. Not that she ever saw him, but since Joan and Dick there was an unusual affection, an understanding greater than that between most brothers and sisters, and thus Joan was a witness of the boy so vivid she could almost imagine he stood before her.

It was Joan who told her of Dick’s twenty-first birthday, and of the party his stepmother had given for him in celebration. She revealed excitedly that Cyril’s birthday present to his son had been $25,000 in cash. Nora’s eyes misted when she heard this, and apparently she was independent when he came of age had been one of the things she and Cyril had dreamed of in the old days. She was very happily learning that Cyril had not forgotten.

Dick had left the house on Fifth Avenue, Joan told her one day, and driven himself into an automobile with another young man, a Stuart’s Fields. No, it was nothing unexpected, she said, although she seemed oddly chill, Cyril. It would be good for Dick to have a place of his own, learn to live away from the family.

"But—" Joan’s voice trailed off, and one finger traced the pattern of the brocade on the couch where she sat. "I don’t know. Mother. I thought it was funny when Juliet gave him that birthday party—she’s never taken any interest in Dick before. And now—this Stuart’s Fields is a friend of hers, not of Dick’s or mine. I don’t like him."

A germ of uneasiness stirred in Nora, but she ignored it and laughed.

"Dick must, or he wouldn’t be sharing an apartment with him," she said. "Besides, what difference does it make if he’s a friend of theirs?"

"Oh—I don’t know," Joan admitted.

"It just seems funny, that’s all. Stu’s so—so Broadway, if you know what I mean. Not the type on whom Dick would pick out for himself."

Nora said indulgently, "Young men, when they’re just getting started in the field, pick out a girl of their own. Joan. They like to think they’re so sophisticated—in the swine. So I wouldn’t worry about Dick."

But even Nora was amazed, a few weeks later, when Joan reported that Stuart Fields was persuading Dick to invest five thousand dollars in a prizefighter.

"His name’s Patsy Norris and he’s never fought here in the East," Joan said rapidly, to keep all her story at once. "But Stu says he wants to send him out to the West, and he’s a good prizefighter."

"Oh! I don’t know," Nora said. "I wonder if I could get him out of here.

"I think Dick’s crazy to listen to them, because Juliet is mixed up in it, too!"

"Joan! Darling, wait a minute," Nora said. "You don’t mean, does that mean—"

(Nora said in a tone that soothed uncomplainingly even herself, "it’s Dick’s money, Joan, and Dick’s affair."

She did not want to interfere in Dick’s life. Already she had been forced by circumstances to break two-thirds of the promise she had made to herself and Barbara. That was good. It brought (Continued on page 52)
She's Famous—She's Beautiful

Popular Girls Everywhere take her tip...
It's as simple as

1. I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

3. PAT YOUR SKIN DRY. NOW IT FEELS SMOOTHER, SOFTER. LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE!

CAROLE LOMBARD

This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't YOU try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
SUMMER is drawing to a close, and girls are coming back from their vacations delightfully tanned. They ought to be looking wonderful, after all the fun and sun. But sometimes the effect is not so good. Wrong shades of powder, carelessly chosen and unskilfully applied, can make the prettiest tan unbecoming. It takes real artistry to keep one's powder looking just right through the weeks of early autumn while the complexion is changing from various shades of tan back to normal.

Louise King has just the kind of artistry it takes to look always as beautiful as she really is. Louise is the star on Your Hit Parade heard on CBS Saturday nights. She began her career when she was thirteen, singing the leading role in a high school operetta. Then and there she made up her mind that she was going right to the top in music. That meant years of hard work when most youngsters are looking only for good times after school. After a sound musical education in her home city, Chicago, she was the vocalist with Jules Alberti's orchestra.

To make a long story short, after many successes in the musical world, Louise King went to Toronto, and became one of the best loved radio singers of Canada. Now we have her back again, and very proud of her we all are. I wish you could all see her, a tall slim girl whose every movement is grace. Her golden blonde hair is arranged simply to bring out her finely chiseled features. Her make up is so perfect that one never thinks of it. Which means that Louise gave some intelligent thought to selecting just the right shade of powder.

The first thing to consider in selecting your powder says Miss King is the actual coloring of your skin after you have carefully cleansed it with a good cleansing cream followed by soap and water to remove all traces of old cosmetics. Your powder should always be just a shade darker than your skin.

That means that from now on, as your tan wears off, you will be constantly changing your powder.

Next consider your general type—your hair and eyes, whether your skin is mature or youthful, whether there are any blemishes to conceal. Obviously a golden blonde or a red head will wear warmer tints of powder than, say, an ash blonde or a brownette. And the mature or blemished skin will find the darker powders not so revealing as the delicately tinted ones.

AND now to the question of how to apply your powder. But wait a minute—let me see your powder puff! Is it as dainty as that exquisite powder deserves? You will never get that petal-soft look good powder gives the face if you are going to dab it on with an old puff that you have used for some other powder. Puffis get discolored with traces of cosmetics. They should be changed frequently, or washed.

If you cannot remember to keep on hand a fresh puff devoted to each shade of powder, there are always the little cotton pads which have so many uses in beauty care.

Take a fresh puff or pad, and apply your powder to lower cheeks and chin first. Of all things, do not begin with that too-much-powdered nose! The nose comes last. Work upwards. And finally, remember that you have a neck. Powder from dress line to hair line, if you want a natural effect.

Next, the powder brush. That is important. I promise you it is not a mere gadget. A good powder brush lasts for years, with frequent washings. It makes all the difference in the world. Having patted on your powder generously, you brush up and out, clearing the lines of brow, mouth and nose of any excess. Now the dry rouge, blending skilfully with the powder. Powder again, and again use the powder brush.

There you are, with a lovely flower-petal complexion. The right color lipstick, mascara for the lashes, and mascara or pencil for the brows, and out you go, ready to be admired.
Off to ask a personal question. These girls are all professional investigators. Between May 23rd and June 9th of this year, they conducted a softness test in Erie, Pa. Over a thousand women made the test. They were asked to feel two napkins—and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess, a "fluff-type" napkin. All these women were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Yet 870 out of 1036 said, "Modess is softer!"

These Girls Ask Questions for a Living!

In Erie, Pa., they found that 870 out of 1036 users of another napkin said, "Modess is softer!"

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually trying Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

SEPTEMBER, 1941

Modess

870 OUT OF 1036 ERIE, PA. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"
her great happiness to make them, once more, part of herself. But Dick was different. He was a boy—a man, really—and he would soon be taking his place beside Cyril in the Worthington firm. It was desperately important that no influence should come between him and his father.

Her thoughts turned suddenly aside. Why did she feel that she was being followed? There was another reason why she did not want to interfere in this matter—a very personal reason. It was simply that interference would make a very more step along the path she had set out upon the night she first visited Barbara and Alex in their tenement apartment, that path which led directly and inexorably to another meeting with Cyril Worthington. And her soul turned sick at the thought of such a meeting.

Say Hello To

EDA HEINEMANN—who plays Doctor Molly on CBS' Joyce Jordan. Girl Intern serial. Edo was christened Ida when she was born in Yokohama, Japan, but when she grew up she disliked the pronunciation of the long i and changed the first letter to E. Her family moved to New York when Edo was young. She attended New York schools and went to Smith College. Her college degree has frequently come in handy when stage jobs weren't available, making it possible for her to teach at Wellesley, Vassar, Western Reserve and Lake Erie Colleges. She was a featured player in the Broadway stage success, "Watch on the Rhine."

But there was something so strange about this business of the prizefighter, For Cyril, how she would love to see Cyril, she could not see it as merely a financial transaction which might or might not be ill-advised. An instinct too deep for logic told her it was more important than that.

At last, hardly knowing why she did so, she asked Gregory Pearson, her employer, to make inquiries through his Pacific Coast office about Patsy Norris. And when, after twenty-four hours, the telegraphed answer arrived, saying that there was no record whatever of a fighter of that name, she could hardly be surprised. It was as if she had known all along that there was fraud here—deliberate, cheap fraud.

IN HER own room, she stood by the window, staring unseeingly at the scarlet-leaved trees below. She knew what she must do now, well enough. It was quite plain. Stuart Fields was Julie's! With friend! Ida had helped him in urging Dick to invest money in a non-existent fighter. Then she, too, must be implicated in the scheme and for what reason, Nora could not imagine. It was hard to believe that Cyril Worthington's wife needed money so badly she would stoop to it from an inexperienced boy.

Moving wearily, she put on coat and hat, picked up her bag and went downstairs. She was about to leave. To the driver of the car that answered her hail she gave the address of Cyril Worthington's house.

When she entered the house where she had never been before she felt as though she were seeing for the first time in reality something she had seen again and again in dreams—the long panelled hall with its massive staircase curving at the end, the tall double doors on each side, the whole scene of heavy, ostentatious wealth—it was all exactly what she would have expected. Then she was facing Cyril in the library and memoria
cy was adorably modern in every way, but some other emotion which had nothing to do with memory, and emotion which had not existed in Nora Kelly Worthington but was born now in Nora Knight. This was the man who had been her husband for twenty-five years, had become a man of wealth. To get money, to be beloved, she had not hated him, although he had hurt her so. Desolately, she could only pity him for his shortcomings.

C Y R I L—" she began, and stopped, for a slim figure in a white hostess gown had risen from a deep chair near Cyril and put her hand on his shoulder. She was curving body taut with the same hostility that flashed from her amber eyes.

"Well, Nora, how are you?" the younger woman said insolently. "Since Cyril seems to be too overcome to say hello, I'll do it for him."

"I'm well," Nora said levelly. "I came to talk to Cyril about Dick."

There, she thought, is Juliet's cue. She may stay or not, as she likes. But while she waited, Juliet made no move to go. Only a spark flared and died in her eyes. It might have been the indolent of the Worthingtons being no more than wariness.

"Dick?" Cyril said in a husky, surprising voice. "What about him? Have you told her?"

"No—though perhaps I should have. He's being swindled by Stuart Fields."

"Swindled?" he repeated dazedly, and then turned to Juliet. "Why, Fields is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

It seemed to Nora that he was asking into theSecrets with which—Juliet?—he had defended Cyril. As if to say that if he were a friend of Juliet's he couldn't be guilty of swindling. But Juliet read his tone differently and was angered as if it had been an accusation.

"Well, what if he is? I don't know everything he's doing," she said truc
mullingly. "I'm sure he didn't believe in it."

"He wants Dick to invest five thousand dollars in a prizefighter that doesn't even exist," Nora said quietly. "I investigated, and got this telegram an hour ago." She held the slip of paper out to Cyril, watched the dark blood of anger mount in his lean cheeks, glanced swiftly at his face and smiled. "The young idiot!" he muttered. "Juliet, you've been seeing a good deal of Dick. Do you know anything about this?"

"Oh—I don't know," she said impatiently. "Maybe—something else was said about a fighter out on the Coast."

Cyril's hand went out to the telephone. "I'm going to talk to Fields about this right now," he said grimly. "No!"

The single word was almost a scream—forced out of Juliet by terror. At last she saw Cyril's glance had hardened, but Cyril's eyes had narrowed.

"Why not?" he asked. "Let me talk to him—I'll fix it all up."

"I couldn't let you do that," said Cyril. "I couldn't let you be bothered with all this nonsense. It's probably just a misunderstanding—"

Her voice trailed off. Into the silence Cyril's words dropped like stones.

"Why don't you want me to talk to Fields? What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know why. It's simply a hussing sound. 'I'll tell you myself,' she said. "It'll be a relief to tell you. I'm sick of pretending—pretending to yourself, pretending to that beautiful wife, when all the time I've hated the sight of you!"

S H E LEANED forward, hands clutching the edge of the desk, eyes staring, splitting hatred into his face like some enraged jungle animal. Cyril shrank back as if her fury were some form of contagion.

"For months I've been in love with Tiger Kelly—meeting him when you thought I was out shopping. Stu found out about it, and then you should have told me if I didn't give him money. For a while I did, but then you gave Dick the thirty-five thousand and couldn't see why I should go on shell-

But Cyril didn't say anything. The racket of the office made it impossible to hear anything he said. She leaned forward, hissing sound. "I'll tell you myself," she said. "It'll be a relief to tell you. I'm sick of pretending—pretending to yourself, pretending to that beautiful wife, when all the time I've hated the sight of you!"

"Juliet!" the girl mimicked veno
mously. "Thank God it's over now. I've investigated, too. I've been making plenty of money and he's been trying to talk me into going to Reno. And I'm going. I haven't anything to lose now."

Cyril put out one hand in a wordless effort to stop her. But she ig

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I carried her swiftly out of the room."

When the sound of her footsteps had died away Cyril slowly raised his head to look at the empty desk. He felt ill, and his face seemed drawn, his body shrunken as from long illness. He seemed completely unaware of Nora and all last thing. He was unable to cry any longer to bear the sight of his pain-glazed eyes, the tortured, noise

Edward J. Deitch
as though compelling himself to remember something out of a long dead past, "You needn't worry about Dick, Nora—needn't worry about him anymore. I'll take care of everything."

"Thank you, Cyril." She started to leave then, but he stopped her. "You've been seeing the children, haven't you?"

"Barbara and Joan," she answered gently. "They seemed to need me—Barbara especially."

"I should have realized that, when Barbara refused to come home, and when Joan told me how Alex had pulled himself together. I've been thinking of giving him a job in the office. He and Dick could start in together."

His voice held a wistful note as though he were conscious not only of his previous neglect of his family but also of the fact that with Juliet gone he would need their companionship, and he looked at Nora, pleading silently for her sympathy. But before she could answer, there came the unmistakable click of Juliet's heels on the staircase, and instantly he was again oblivious of Nora's presence. He leaned forward in his chair, his eyes no longer dull but alight with hope. The footsteps continued determinedly across the hall. Then came the soft faint thud that meant the closing of the outer door and a moment later the roar of a taxi getting under way. And then, for the second time that evening, Nora saw Cyril crumple under defeat.

She saw too, as she had seen but a few minutes before, his unspoken appeal for sympathy, for encouragement to bear the loneliness that lay ahead of him. She felt a sharp stab of compassion . . . but the past was past. Cyril must fight his loneliness without her help.

She was walking slowly, thoughtfully down the outer steps of the house when a taxi drew up and a tall young man jumped out. She caught her breath sharply—knowing that it must be Dick, unable to believe that it was really he, so long-legged, so vital and decisive in his movements, with all the adolescent coarseness she remembered gone. She stepped back swiftly, but the brightly lighted avenue offered no concealing shadows, so she stood where she was, waiting for the sharp, sweet pain of the moment, when Dick would turn and face her, "Mother!" His shout must have roused the neighborhood, but it was glorious music to Nora. Half laughing, half crying, she held out her arms.

When at last he released her it was only to pull her down onto the steps beside him where, completely unconscious of the stares of passersby, they sat engrossed in talk—the kind of talk Nora had known so many times in her thoughts, but not, for so long a time now, in reality. And when, long after midnight, she rose to go, she had told him about the scheme Stuart Fields and Juliet had prepared to swindle him; and quieted his first anger and chagrin and let him see that to her the episode was nothing for him to be ashamed of.

"You were trying to be a good businessman, and the best business men often get fooled," she told him. "Just forget it, Dick, forget all about it; and move back here with your father."

He nodded, and then brightened at a sudden idea. "No—I've a better idea, now that I've found you again. Why don't we get a place where we..."
can live together? Joan could come too, if she wants to. She doesn’t,” he added thoughtfully, “like things around here any better than I do.”

An apartment, with Joan and Dick, free to be with her all the time! Nothing in the world could bring her greater happiness than that. But the memory of Cyril, broken, lonely, rose up in her mind. She shook her head.

“Now, Dick. You and Joan must stay with your father. He needs you, now that Juliet is gone.” She started away, but Dick pulled her back.

“Yes, Dick,” she urged. “I’ll see you tomorrow—but please go to your father now.” And not daring to look again at him for fear she would give in and let him come with her, she raced across the sidewalk and hurriedly got into a taxi parked at the corner.

WINTER closed in, bringing with it snow and bitter cold, but in Nora’s heart there was no more bitterness, only joy and contentment. For now Dick, as well as Joan, was visiting her almost every day. For the first time, she was free to accompany them on excursions about the city; she had always refused to go out with Joan or Barbara, afraid that they might run into Cyril or Juliet. Now, though, there were shopping trips, matinees, concerts, art galleries—even tea in a little Chinese restaurant which had been Joan’s and Dick’s favorite treat when they were children—a hundred delightful moments which were delightful only because they were shared with the children.

Sometimes Penelope went with them, and in the things she said was usually one of the party. Occasionally Barbara and Alex asked all of them to their apartment and these were the hours which were dearest of all to Nora. There in front of the tiny fireplace with all the children gathered around her and her tiny grandson asleep in the adjoining room, Nora could feel that sense of completeness, of fulfillment which she had dreamed of.

Surprisingly, too, Cyril was a frequent addition to these little family meetings. Soon after Juliet’s departure, he had, as he had suggested to Nora, taken Alex into his office, and following this he began to visit their apartment, and at first Nora saw him only when their visits to Barbara happened to overlap. Not long after that he began to join Joan or Dick on their calls to see their mother, and before long the children, if not Nora herself, began including him in their plans quite as a matter of course.

After her first embarrassment at seeming him had worn off, Nora never begrudged his presence. She might have argued and quite loudly, that since she had left the children to his care at an earlier day, he should leave her free now to enjoy their association alone, but her heart was too filled with happiness to want to deny happiness to him. After all, he was lonely; lonelier than he had ever been in his life, lonelier, she knew with sure instinct, than he had been when she was separated from the children. She had had pleasant memories for consolation; Cyril’s memories must be only bitter ones.

Not that Cyril ever mentioned his loneliness. On the contrary, ever since he had received a brief note from Juliet’s lawyer telling him that she had established residence in Reno, he had been building up the belief that he was glad she was gone. Nora saw this and saw in his words an effort to hide the desolation which was swelling him and which he would not admit even to himself, but she never let him suspect that she knew the truth.

She gradually found herself slipping into a strange routine, made up of many contradictory factors. She was still, of course, Penelope’s governess and overseer of the Pearson household, but in addition she was part time mother to her own children and she found to her dismay that she was beginning to play an increasingly important part in her former husband’s life.

She didn’t know how important a part, until a night about a week before Juliet’s divorce was granted. Cyril asked her to have dinner with him and although Nora avoided, as a rule, the presence of the children in the hotel, if only one of the children was present, she couldn’t on the spur of the moment think of a plausible excuse for declining.

All during the early part of the evening she was aware, by countless small thoughtful attentions he paid her, that there was something of importance on his mind. They went to a small restaurant in the East Fifties. It wasn’t smart or showy but the food was superb and they had dined there frequently in the past—not so frequently that returning brought up unpleasant associations, but frequently enough for her to be sure that he recalled her liking for the place and was trying to please her by taking her there again.

He had ordered dinner in advance, remembering the dishes she preferred. During dinner he talked of such a blend of entertaining impersonalities and tender reminiscence that Nora was both touched by his efforts to make her happy and consumed by curiosity as to what they
were leading up to.
But it wasn't until they had finished eating that there was an answer to her questions, for it wasn't until then, while they sat with coffee before them, that he astounded her by asking her to marry him after Juliet secured her divorce.

"I've been thinking things over, Nora," he said, "and I know that I made a mistake in marrying Juliet, in ever asking you for a divorce. And I want you to marry me when I am free again."

Shocked indignation overwhelmed her. She wouldn't marry him again—she couldn't—it was outrageous for him to assume that she might even think of it. And then, to her surprise, she found that she was thinking of it—and very seriously. Thinking what it would mean to have her own home, and her children in that home. Thinking of the children and wondering whether remarriage might be best for them, whether she ought to consider it for their sake. Muddled, disordered, hurried thinking—but when at last she spoke, instead of refusing him as at first she had intended to do, she said slowly, "I don't know, Cyril. It's too big a question to decide at once. I'll have to wait until tomorrow to give you an answer."

SHE COULD see that Cyril was surprised and annoyed, but he answered with what for him was great patience, "Very well, Nora. Think it over, of course, if you feel that you need to."

Thinking it over, Nora reflected hours later as she lay in bed and stared into the darkness above her, was a longer, more difficult process than she had expected it to be. She had believed that her decision to give Cyril a divorce and the later decision to leave the children to his care involved more problems than she could ever solve; now she was beginning to realize that the prospect of remarrying him involved just as many and just as complicated factors.

First there was the question whether a marriage that once has been broken can ever be put together again satisfactorily. It wouldn't be the same as it had been in the beginning of course—she and Cyril had traveled too far on their separate paths for her to have any illusions about that. Then they had had youth and love and understanding. Now they were older. But surely, she reasoned, age must have brought them wisdom and tolerance; perhaps these would be as good a basis for marriage, now that they were in their fifties, as youthful love had been for that earlier marriage.

But if their youthful love hadn't held their first marriage together, was there any chance that even tolerance and wisdom could hold a second one fast? She remembered what Cyril had said; that he knew he had made a mistake in asking for divorce. That admission certainly must mean that he was sorry for the mistake and would make every effort in his power to make a second marriage a success.

There crept into her mind the possibility that perhaps Cyril had asked her to marry him out of a selfish desire to escape the loneliness of the past few weeks. Well, she couldn't find it in her heart to criticize him too harshly for that. No one knew better than she the devastating misery of loneliness; the even more devastating misery of knowing that that loneliness will never end. Yes, if Cyril

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Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.
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MRS. HOCKENBERRY'S HANDS ARE THE
HOME-LOVING TYPE

"This lovely hand shows generosity, success in human relationships, a marked sign of happiness," says Sonia Barrington, well-known palmist.

Mrs. Hockenberry, New York City, says, "I use Jergens Lotion to keep my hands soft."

was reaching out for companionship that would comfort his middle age, Nora could sympathize for she, too, would be glad of companionship—glad to offer it as well as receive it.

There were practical questions to be considered too; financial security instead of working for her own living. And there was the luxury of having her own home. The Pearson household had been a heaven—sent refuge to Nora and in it she had found peace and a measure of happiness, but no woman can ever be completely content in somebody else's house with somebody else's child—even as sweet a child as Penelope—after she has once known the joy of her own home and her own children.

The children. In the final analysis they were the ones—the only ones—who counted. It was their welfare and happiness she had to consider now, just as she had in the past. The arguments which had been whirling through her mind ever since dinner time were unimportant, meaningless beside the vital question: Would remarriage be best for the children?

That question was still unanswered when dawn drove the blackness out of her room and filled it with soft gray light. At times she was ready to believe that a reunited home was the best, the only thing for them—then there would be the uneasy doubt that perhaps this was only wishful thinking. She had told Cyril that she couldn't give him an answer at once; now she began to feel that she could never give him one. The children would have to decide for her—she couldn't decide alone!

As soon as she finished breakfast next morning, she telephoned Barbara and Joan. She didn't tell them what was in her mind, but asked them to come to see her that afternoon.

They came trooping in shortly after lunch. Joan and Dick had stopped to pick up Barbara and Baby Sandy, who rode in, very gaily, on his young uncle's shoulder. Nora lifted him into her own arms, and led the way to her room where they could talk without interruption.

And then, quite simply, she told them that her father had asked her to marry him again.

Their responses were instantaneous and Nora smiled inwardly, quite characteristic: Joan's rapturous, "Oh, Mother, that will be wonderful—we'll all be together again," Dick's, "Good for him! What did you say?" and Barbara's wiser, maturer, "Could you marry him again, after everything that's happened?"

When their first excitement died down, Nora explained why she had asked them to meet her. She told them the questions that had occurred to her and that the problem was too much for her to decide alone. "Since your futures, maybe even more than mine, will be affected," she concluded, "I think the decision should be up to you. I'll do anything you decide."

At last they reached a decision, reached it after a long and animated discussion, during which Nora sat quietly by, smiling over Baby Sandy's fuzzy hair at the three who sat in a little ring on the floor at her feet. Whether it was based on their own hopes and desires, on their realization of their father's loneliness or on their understanding that their mother's need for security was as great as their own, it wasn't quite clear, but the de-
cision was unanimous. They wanted their parents to marry again.

Nora had told Cyril that she would give him an answer at his home that afternoon, and as soon as the children left she went back to her room to dress. It was silly, she told herself, for her cheeks to be so pink, her eyes so bright; foolish for her heart to be singing within her as it was singing, and utterly absurd for her to stand so long in front of her mirror, making sure that her smart gray hat was tilted at its most becoming angle.

All the way up Fifth Avenue in the taxi she tried to convince herself that her excitement was only relief from the long hours of doubt and questioning, but by the time she reached the house she knew this wasn’t the case at all. She would have accepted the children’s wish if they had decided the other way, but that other decision would have never brought her this sharp, sweet happiness, that filled her now.

The servant who opened the door was strange to her and for a moment she thought he was being stupid or inefficient when he told her that Cyril wasn’t at home. But the man was positive. Mr. Worthington had left early in the morning by plane on a business trip.

NORA’S bright confidence melted, leaving her more angry than she had been in years. This was monstrous of Cyril, really inexcusable. No matter what business had called him out of town he should have gotten in touch with her somehow, even if it was only a hurried telegram from the airport. He should have known how hurt she would be; should have prevented that hurt, not left her to arrive at his house and stand in his hallway like a beggar.

“Would you care to leave a message?” the man servant asked.

“No—yes—no”—what kind of message could a woman leave her former husband in such a situation as this?—From somewhere back in the house a telephone bell rang. “That might be a message for me from Mr. Worthington.” Nora said relievedly and the man bowed and disappeared down the hall.

Left alone, Nora stood with her forehead wrinkled in thought, looking about the hall. The servants were slack, she noted. The hall needed dusting and there were even papers scattered on the floor. It was her instinct for tidiness which prompted her to pick them up—a yellow envelope, torn across one end, and the telegram it had contained. And it was a subconscious wish to find some clue to Cyril’s unaccountable absence which made her read the message. It had been sent from Reno the night before and it said simply: “All right, come ahead if you want to, but you’d better make it soon and you’d better make it worth my while.” The insolence of the words would have told Nora who sent it, even without the name “Juliet” which appeared at the end.

Waves of faintness, of stunned disbelief, of humiliation greater than she had ever known, swept over her. How long she stood there with the telegram in one hand while the other clung to a supporting chair, she never could remember. But the waves receded at last and she could stand proudly erect without the need of support; and when the servant returned she was able to leave as casually as though she were an ordinary caller and this an ordinary

"and your little satin-smooth FACE is mine to kiss!"

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Name______________________________
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call; as casually as though the tele-
gram were not a most embarrassing
item in her purse where she had thrust it
after those waves of misery had dis-
appeared.
They came back to overwhelm her
again, though, as soon as she had left
the house, so that she walked, half
dazed, all the way home, pushing her-
self blindly through crowds of hurry-
ingshoppers, past large gap signs which
announced that there were only
five more shopping days until Christ-
mas, until at last she reached the
sanctuary of her own room.
And there alone she gave way to the
heartbreak within her. It was more
like physical pain than any emotion to
her she had ever known. Her pride, her
dignity had been wounded by divorce;
she had endured almost unbearable
unhappiness when she was separated
from the children, but never before
had she known such shame, such
self-contempt as she could feel now
burning into her very soul.
She should have known, she real-
ized now when it was too late, that
Cyril hadn't changed; that he would
never change. He was dominated by
arrogance and greed—strange that she
had never known that until so late and
that she would have forgotten it so quickly—and he would go to any
lengths to get what he wanted.
"I want you to marry me, Nora," he
had said last night. But he hadn't
really wanted her to. It was Juliet
he wanted, as he had from the be-
ginning; he had wanted her so badly
that even when he was asking Nora
to marry him he must have been
hoping, praying that Juliet would let
him come to her as he had been beg-
ning to. Nora told herself wearily. There
was no escaping the fact that Juliet's mes-
 sage was an answer—a gruesome,
searching answer—to his pleas of re-
conciliation.

MERCIFULLY, the children had ex-
pected to have dinner with Cyril so none of them telephoned her
that evening. Mercifully, too, for
Nora, that by morning Penelope had de-
volved a cold which kept her in bed, for
it gave Nora an excuse, when first
Joan, then Barbara, and Dick,
telephoned her to have the maid tell them
that she was too sick to care for Penelope
and couldn't be disturbed. For she
couldn't talk to them; she couldn't
admit, even to her own children, the
shame and bitterness that filled her,
couldn't even let herself think how
their sympathy might ease her sorrow.
Dick and Joan would have discover-
ed by this time that the father was
not at home, that he had gone away
without waiting for her answer. They
and Barbara as well would be frantic
with worry, entitled to some explanation, but she couldn't
give it to them. Cyril could do that
when he returned, bringing Juliet
with him.
All that Saturday and Sunday she
kept close to Penelope's room, thank-
ful that her duties provided at it. Nora had to
share. And with Penelope's uncon-
scious help Nora managed to get
through the dreary day, putting out
her end of the room, on the right of
Christmas Eve and she and not heard from
the children. Then, late at night,
there came the miracle of Barbara's
telephone call. "An hour ago, Nora," she
added, "and I came here straight from the airport, so you
see how anxious I am to have you over here again.

So Juliet had refused him after all.
And after he had gone crying to Juliet
for reconciliation and had been re-
jected, Cyril had talked it over with
Barbara, and then had called him out
of town, he explained without meet-
ing her eyes, and there had been
no time even to leave her a message.
"My dear Cyril," he said, "I have
mercy, you know. I want to marry you again.

The moment sheer amazement held
him speechless, then he began to blus-
ter. Yes, he admitted, he had gone to Reno. Something had come up about the divorce. "I didn't even know, Nora," he sounded almost con-
vincing, "because I was afraid it might upset you. But it's all taken care of now. Juliet will marry me and we can be married as soon after that as you want to.

"But I don't want to, Cyril," she
went on in that same quiet voice.
"That's the answer I have for you. I
don't want to marry you."

"Nora!" The word held disbelief.
Then he said reproachfully, "You
know how I hoped—"

"Exactly!" Nora broke in with final-
ity. "I know you hoped that Cyril would come back to you, when you went to her in Reno. He started to
speak then, but she shook her head.
"There's no use pretending any more, Cyril. I read Juliet's telegram. I know now that it would always be the same.
You would run to her whenever she
called you—and you would live in
hope that she would call.
And against Nora's knowledge of
the truth about him, against his own
knowledge of this truth, he had no argument. Just as he had been trans-
formed, the night Juliet left for Reno,
to old age, he was transformed again
by this knowledge of himself, and it
was with the tone of a man that he
walked out of the house.

NORA tried to forget the unpleasant
scene by throwing herself, the next
day, into Penelope's plans. Now
that she was well again, there
were last minute shopping and gift
wrapping to delight her 12-year-old
head, and all duties provided at it. Nora had to
share. And with Penelope's uncon-
scious help Nora managed to get
through the dreary day, putting out
her end of the room, on the right of
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added, "and I came here straight from the airport, so you
see how anxious I am to have you over here again.

"And I want you with me."

"Alex and I want you," Barbara had
said. No word of Joan or of Dick. Perhaps they didn't want her. Perhaps it was only Barbara, with her more mature understanding, who sensed her mother's loneliness and wanted to ease it.

But when she reached their apartment on Christmas day, they were all there. Dick and Joan and Michael. And Cyril was there too. That was the incredible thing—that Cyril should be there as though this were an ordinary Christmas, as though they had spent every Christmas with the children and would continue to spend them together world without end. Weil, if he could pretend that that was the way it was, so could Nora—for a few hours at least. And she would enjoy those hours—there would be no pretense about that. No matter what the past had held, no matter what the future might bring she was with the children she loved and nothing could spoil that joy.

It was Cyril who brought up the past. They had finished dinner, a delicious, beautifully managed dinner in spite of the fact that it was Barbara's first attempt at a meal of such proportions, and were sipping the fine old brandy which was Cyril's own contribution to the meal when he rose to his feet and asked permission to speak. Nora tensed with alarm, then quickly stifled it. The day had been so pleasant; surely Cyril wouldn't do or say anything to spoil things now.

As if he had been reading her mind he smiled at her half in assurance, half in pleading, then speaking to the entire group gathered around the table he said, "I can't tell you how much it has meant to me, having all of you around me again, as a family, as you used to be on Christmas Day. We had many Christmases like this when you children were little and I know how happy you were then, as your mother and I were." He paused, then went on as though he was finding speech difficult. "I know too that the past few Christmases, the past few years, instead of being happy have been sad ones, for all of you—for your mother especially—and I want you all to know," his eyes traveled slowly around the table, "that I realize now that all the sadness of the past was my fault."

Nora felt a quick sting of tears against her eyelids. She knew what it must be costing him to make this admission and she couldn't keep down a sharp feeling of compassion for him. "I made a mistake," he went on, "in asking your mother for a divorce. I'm sorry for that now and you can be sure, all of you, that in the future I'm going to do everything in my power to make up for that mistake." He smiled a little wryly. "I tried to make up for it by asking her to marry me again, but she refused—and I can understand very well why she might feel that marrying me again, after all that had happened was impossible."

For a moment, then, their eyes met and in that moment Nora knew many things. That he was genuinely, as he had said, sorry for the past; that he was sincere in his intention to make up for it. She knew too that he had never told the children the real reason for her refusal to marry him and that he was relying on her silence to tell them, and her answering glance promised that she would keep silent forever.

When he spoke again, after the silent message their eyes had exchanged, he was more confident, more at ease.

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SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"
"I don’t know what your mother plans for the future," he said then, "but I want all of you to know—and Nora too, that was what she wanted she would have. Financial independence, of course. A home of her own where she can see you whenever she wishes. And if she should want to see me—well, I don’t have to tell you how happy that would make her."

She felt his eyes on her again, and she knew they held a new plea for forgiveness. Involuntarily the old question rose in her mind: For the sake of the children you want now, put their marriage together again?

She looked at the children—and then suddenly she realized that they weren’t children anymore. They were grown, now. Barbara, here in her own home with her husband and her baby; Joan, who couldn’t—and didn’t even try to—keep them together. At last night they had placed on her finger on Christmas eve; Joan soon would be making a home in Hollywood for Michael. And Dick—it would be only a few years at the most until he too would move into a new independent life of his own.

They would always need her love and understanding, and they would always have that. But they didn’t, and

that isn’t all. I never told you about myself. I got to tell you, and then if you want to kick me out of New Chance, I’ll go... I was running away from the cops the night you found me in L.A., 'cause I’d just killed my father.”

Joe took his pipe from his mouth and knocked it out against the step. “Better tell me how it happened, Ca-sino,” he suggested.

“I hated him!” she said. “I’d always hated him, and been scared of him. I don’t even know if he was my father. He always said he was, and I don’t remember no other. He used to make me bag and run that last night he tried to make me do—some-’thin worse. I said I wouldn’t, and he started in to lick me. I went out crying, I was so mad and scared, too. There was a big heavy iron pot on the stove and I picked it up and banged him over the head with it. It—it killed him. And when you brought me up here I was willin’ to come just because I knew, the cops were after me. But now—"Yes?” he prompted.

Well—I can’t stay here and let ’em find me here. It’d get you— and New Chance—into trouble, wouldn’t it?”

Joe’s big arm went out to encircle her shoulders. “Casino,” he said, “I’m glad you told me this. I been waitin’ for you to talk about yourself without me havin’ to ask. But you didn’t kill your father.”

She twisted only under his grasp. “But I did! He fell down, and I tried to bring him to, but I couldn’t!”

“No, he insisted, in the same quiet way. “And he never killed him because he was found drowned just the other day, in the Bay. I got a friend there in Frisco; before we left I told him to ask around about a girl named Casino. I wanted to find out about you—not because I was pokin’ into your business, but I thought you’d never again need the additional assurance that she was their father’s wife living in their father’s house; you didn’t even need to know why she wasn’t.”

Casino had said that the future should be as she wanted it, and now she knew what that future was to be: She would have her children close to her, not dependent on her as little children are, but free to enjoy their grown-up problems and interests as any other mother of grown children would.

As for Cyril—a rather bitter little smile crossed her face. A moment ago she had been telling herself that he was sincerely sorry for the mistakes he had made in the past. And that was no doubt true. But this was also true: Cyril was so plausible that he could fool himself as easily—perhaps more easily—than he could fool her. He had been, after all, at times such as this he might wish to. The best relationship she and he could have must be a kind of armed truce. She must not allow herself to be led into making herself vulnerable again to his arrogance, his thoughtless cruelty and selfishness.

With that understanding, she was able to smile across the room at him quite calmly.

Home of the Brave

(Continued from page 37)

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Well—I can’t stay here and let ’em find me here. It’d get you—and New Chance—into trouble, wouldn’t it?

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maybe I could help you. And yesterday mornin' I got a letter from him, tellin' me who your father was, and how he’d be’n fished out o’ the Bay, dead. So you see you couldn’t of killed him. He was seen walkin’ around after we left Frisco."

She was shaking her head as if she couldn’t understand his words. "Pa didn’t kill him! Why—why, it’s like bein’ born all over! Then I can stay here!"

"Yes, if you want to. Because nobody but you and me knows about the fight you had with him."

"Nobody."

Doc's voice was sharp from the bedroom.

She sprang to her feet with the lightness of a bird and was gone. Joe sat there, musing, while the moon sailed overhead to the peak of the sky. It was then that he heard a tiny, thin cry from the cabin, and he got up and went in.

Casino came out of the bedroom, carrying a blanket-wrapped bundle. To a frantic Neil, she said, "Doc's still with Lois. He told me she's fine, and you can see her in a minute. Right now—well, maybe you'd like to see your son.

Unnoticed in the background, Joe watched Neil peering, awestruck, at his first-born. Then Casino raised her head, and he met her eyes. Over Neil’s bent head they looked at each other steadily, and Joe saw something in her face that had never been there before—a tender, inner sweetness—shimmered, and the remembered first startling loveliness of dawn light striking a distant peak.

"Oh," she said, "It isn’t—It’s wonderful."

Casino was becoming a woman.

Listen to the further exciting adventure of Casino, Joe, and the other gallant people of New Chance on Home of the Brave, Monday through Friday on NBC-Red, 5:00 P.M., E.D.T.
If You Were Mrs. Ralph Edwards

(Continued from page 31)

remains in the living room. Barbara has substituted her own rug, a handsome new breakfront, antique end tables and lamps on either side of the divan, and a coffee table made by her grandfather.

But when you step into the sitting room, you see on one side the very practical day bed and radio that belonged to the boys—and on the other side the dainty drop leaf table, the rocking chair that any man would feel a perfect fool to sit in, and a Steuben glass bowl and two lamps that no man in the world would select.

The bedroom furniture is held over from the masculine era. “Some day we’ll move it into a guest room in the country house we plan to have,” Barbara tells you confidentially. “Then I’ll have my own dressing table—with ruffles!”

Since Ralph’s program, Truth and Consequences, heard at 8:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., Saturdays over NBC-Red, has been traveling for theater appearances, the Edwardses haven’t had much chance at the tranquil home life they prefer. But when they’re in New York, they usually get up around ten and have a leisurely breakfast on a card table. Barbara has a maid to do most of the housework, but breakfasts she does herself. Now that Ralph has an office of his own, his work seldom intrudes in his home. Except Saturday mornings. Then the agency man comes to breakfast. Barbara serves them in the sitting room—and then shuts the door on them while they tear the script to pieces for Saturday night’s broadcast.

The Edwardses are fond of Chinese checkers, their own home movies, each other, and, of course, Truth and Consequences. Mrs. Edwards figures out a lot of the consequences. “But she always thinks up expensive ones,” her husband wails, “that involve a lot of actors and props!” She also likes to work on hammered copper, and has made a whole set of ash trays.

Ralph is the kind of guy who gets a big kick even out of his office routine. Once he and an Australian assistant got the girls on the office staff to throw a big farewell party for the assistant who, Ralph said as a joke, was going back home to Australia. But the girls got even with those two. One of the girls announced her engagement and the rest persuaded Ralph to give her an office party, too. When the engagement gift was unwrapped, Ralph read a note inside which said, “Australia is a long way off—and so is my wedding!”

He’s still trying to think up a consequence to that one!

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS
GIVES YOU 50% TO 100% MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE
THE STORY OF AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL
The Popular Radio Serial of Romance in the Mountains of the South
"Pigtails, Buck-Teeth and Freckles"

I had 'em all

"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...Tangee Natural. And I've used Tangee Natural ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."

"ON MY WEDDING DAY I gave each of my bridesmaids a beauty kit...a Tangee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge, and their own correct shade of Tangee Face Powder. To each of them Tangee Natural Lipstick gave a different lip color."

"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"

TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Loft Co., Dist., 415 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please send "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 15c (English coin). 15c in Canada.

Check Shade of Powder Desired: 
- Flesh
- Light Rachel
- Dark Rachel
- Tan

Name                  
Street
City State

Tell Me You Love Me

(Continued from page 11)

This is Ted Trommell, returning you to—"Skeeter snapped off the radio.
A man came into the dressing room.
"Russell?" It was the manager of
the Western Giants.
"Yes," Skeeter said warily.
"How'd you like to join the Giants?"
Skeeter stared at him. "Join the
Giants, Mr. Lane?"
"Sure," Lane said. "Get in on
Spring practice, right away."
"Well—gee—" Skeeter said. "Sure."
That was all, but it changed every-
thing. Skeeter hadn't intended going
to the dance at the Lake Tavern that
evening. But this changed his mind.
He didn't care whether people laughed
or not, any more. He had this. It
made a difference. Let them laugh.
He was way ahead of them. Besides,
Lynn would be at this dance. It was
too much to hope for that she would
notice him, much less dance with him,
but, at least, he could see her, watch
her.
The crowd was having a pretty
high time. It was a celebration, Skeet-
ter came in for his share of back-
slapping and congratulations. He
edged around the dance floor, looking
for Lynn and Pat.
"Yay! Skeeter!" Pat was a little
tipsy.
"Hello, Pat. Having a good time?"
"Swell," Pat said. "How about you,
hero?"
"First rate," Skeeter said. "It's nice
to see so many people enjoying them-
selves."
"Well, have fun," Pat said, turning
away unsteadily.
S KEETER put a restraining hand on
Pat's arm. "Say, Pat, it's none of
my business, I know—but well, don't
you think you've had enough to
drink? You're getting a little wobbly
on your feet."
"So what?" Pat demanded boister-
ously. "I came to have a good time
and I'm having it."
"And Lynn?" Skeeter went on.
"You came with her and you're neg-
lecting her. Don't you think it's silly
to take a chance on losing her?"
"Look, Skeeter," Pat said. "Nobody
can lose Lynn, because nobody has
her. And you can't neglect her, either,
because as soon as your back's turned
there are ten guys ready to take your
place. Take it easy, Skeeter. You're
a funny guy, don't try to be serious.
Just makes you look funnier!" Su-
ddenly, Pat doubled up with laughter.
"Skeeter, cut it out! You look—you
look—like a clown with the cramps."
Pat laughed himself away.
Skeeter looked after him. Guess
people don't realize clowns do have
cramps, he thought glumly.
"Skeeter!"
He turned around and found him-
self looking into Lynn's eyes.
"I've been trying to get hold of you
all evening," Lynn said.
"Me?" Skeeter asked.
"Yes, you," Lynn smiled. "I want
to tell you what a grand game you
played this afternoon."
"Oh—game?" Skeeter said. "Yes,
I guess people had a good time. At
least, they got a few laughs out of it."
"I didn't," Lynn said. "Get any
laughs, I mean. I thought it was a
thrilling performance—on your part."
"Gee—thanks, Miss Lynn," Skeeter
didn't know what to say next. "Look-
ing for Pat?"
"No," Lynn said. "I was looking
for you. Would you like to dance
with me?"
"Who, me?"

SEPTEMBER, 1941
"Yes," Lynn smiled. "But—I you mean that, Miss Lynn?"

"Of course. Wouldn’t you like to dance with me?"

"Wouldn’t I like to—Gosh!" Skeeter breathed. "Sure—only—I really don’t know how to dance. I haven’t had much practice."

"I’ll teach you," Lynn said. "Come on, Skeeter. There’s nothing to it." Skeeter felt as though he were floating. His arm was around her slender waist. This way, she seemed even smaller than he’d thought. The top of her head was under his chin and he could smell the fragrance of her hair. It made him think of fields of new cut hay and Spring flowers. She looked up at him and smiled and the rest of the world disappeared and he was lost in the depths of her eyes.

"Well! Look, look!" Pat broke in on them. He grinned. "The goil what I brung, dancein’ with the guy what I room with!" he clowned.

"Pat, you’re drunk," Lynn said quietly. "Go and sit down."


"Gee, Miss Lynn. I’m sorry," Skeeter said. Pat must be very drunk, he thought, to be jealous of him. "But Pat—" he added, "you mustn’t hold it against him. He’s pretty well salted, I guess."

"That’s all right, Skeeter," Lynn said. She was smiling. "It gives me a chance to do what I’ve been wanting to do all evening. Skeeter, will you take me home, please?"

"Huh?"

"Take me home."

"Er—that’s what I thought you said," Skeeter gulped. "But—you see—I haven’t a car. Miss Lynn, and—"

HOW did you get here?" Lynn asked.

"On my bike."

"That’s how we’re going back, then," Lynn said.

"On my bike?"

"Certainly. I haven’t ridden the handlebars since I went to grammar school."

And then it was like a dream. Skeeter pedalled along the dusky road, Lynn on the handlebars, leaning back against him. Her hair was ruffled by the wind and the sweet smell of her made him a little dizzy. Her hands, close to his on the handlebars, sent waves of thrills through him.

The road dipped into a ravine and Lynn suggested they stop by the river wall. And then, she asked Skeeter to lift her up on the wall. He put his hands on her waist and she was very close to him and he forgot what he was supposed to be doing.

"Lift me up," Lynn said softly. He moved, at last. Lynn settled herself on the wall and offered her hand to help him up beside her. He didn’t need any help. He felt as though he had wings.

"Oh!" Lynn cried. "You almost jumped clear over."

Skeeter looked down in back of him and laughed. "Be a long drop," he said. "Guess I’d look just as funny falling down there as I do at anything else."

"Skeeter, please," Lynn said.

And Skeeter was ashamed. "I’m sorry, Miss Lynn," he said.

"And I think it’s time for you to drop the Miss," Lynn said. "Just Lynn will be a lot easier."

"Lynn," Skeeter murmured. "That’s the prettiest name I’ve ever heard. Wish I could tell you the things it reminds me of."

"Tell me," Lynn said softly. She slipped one of her small hands into his coat pocket, murmuring that it was cold.

It was so easy talking to Lynn, that he found himself telling her about the way he loved to watch the boats on the river and wonder where they went and how he used to like to imagine they sailed far away into a place no one had ever seen, a land of little people and tinkling bells and girls, all of them named Lynn.

"Why, Skeeter," Lynn said. "That’s lovely—like poetry."

And she didn’t seem surprised that he should have dreams like that.

SKEETER felt he had to tell her about Mr. Lane’s offer.

"That means you’ll be in the line-up next season," Lynn said.

"Guess so," Skeeter said a little sadly.

"That’s wonderful, Skeeter!" Lynn said. "I know you’ll pitch with the best of them."

There was encouragement, belief in her voice and, suddenly, Skeeter’s heart was filled with gratitude. He was thanking her, haltingly. Thanking her for being kind to him, for dancing with him, for letting him take her home.

"Skeeter," she stopped him. "Is that why you think I did it? Just to be kind? Don’t you believe a girl might want to dance with you for any other reason?"

Skeeter was afraid to answer her.
He was afraid he might say too much, might make her laugh at him. He was glad the town bell began tolling midnight. It was late. He had to get Lynn home.

He helped her down from the wall. Again, he was aware of her closeness, her sweetness. His arms ached to hold her to him. He let her go.

"Home is a good place," Lynn whispered. Then, so low he almost didn't hear. "But, you know where I'd rather be going? To that land of little people and tinkling bells—"

All that Spring, Skeeter's head was full of Lynn. He worked very hard at the training camp. He spent his evenings alone in his room, writing long letters to Lynn. He never sent them. He poured out his heart in those letters, he dared hope, dared make plans that included her. But Lynn never saw them. The letters she got were humdrum affairs, about camp routine, the weather, things like that. Things any man might write to anybody.

Skeeter felt he had to wait. He wanted to make sure he had something to offer her, something besides himself in the role of a clown. He wanted to accomplish something, make a little money so he could settle down and do agricultural research, which was what he'd studied for. He wanted to show Lynn—and himself—that he could do something besides make people laugh.

The training ended and the team went East for the opening of the baseball season. For three weeks, Skeeter sat in the dugout, waiting for his chance. And then, in the seventh inning of their last game in New York, it came.

"Skeeter!" Mr. Lane was calling him. Skeeter jumped up. "Okay, get in there, Russell," Mr. Lane said. "Don't let them get away from us. The game's already in the bag. Just hold the ground, that's all!"

"Hold the ground?" Skeeter was feeling good. "Mr. Lane, I'm going to shut out the best they've got—unless I break an arm."

Lane patted his shoulder. "Don't worry about the game. We're too far in the lead for them to catch us up now. Just go in there and be yourself."

"Be myself?"

"Sure, sure," Lane said. "Lighten the game up a bit. Give the crowd a few laughs."

"You're sending me out—just to make the crowd laugh?"

"So what?" Lane said. "But—I'm a ball player." Skeeter was panicky. "Look, Mr. Lane, I didn't join the Giants to—"

"Wait a minute," Lane said. "I don't care why you joined the Giants. I hired you because you can make a crowd laugh. We need a crowd pleaser, just as much as we need players. Now, scram out there and do your stuff. Get funny!"

Something went wrong in Skeeter's head then. "Get funny!" He passed the dugout without seeing it. "Get Funny!" He pushed past the doorman to the dressing rooms, "GET FUNNY!" The man tried to stop him, send him back to the field, where his name had already been announced, but Skeeter hardly heard him.

"Look at me!" Skeeter yelled, pushing the frightened man back against the wall. "Look at me! I'm funny! Go on and laugh. No? I'll make a face for you. How's that? What's..."
Break Headache's Vicious Circle
this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach, in turn affecting your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time: helps stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.

*A list as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

How to Fight Headaches
3 Ways at Same Time!

THEY shook hands. There were the usual questions. Where ya been? Bummimg around. What are you going to do? No plans. Then, Skeeter asked him.

"How's Lynn?" and he found the words sticking in his throat.

"I don't know," Pat said. "Haven't heard from her in over a year. She quit the beauty parlor and went East."

"Too bad," Skeeter said. "I thought I'd look her up." He was trying to sound cold, casual. "Swell girl, Lynn." Suddenly, Pat was angry. "You're a fine one to say—that after the way you treated her?"

"After—the way I treated her?"

"Oh, come off it," Pat said. "If it weren't for you, Lynn never would have left Brewer City."

"Pat, what are you talking about?"

"You broke her heart," Pat said.

"She was in love with you and you—"

"Skeeter, you're shortsighted. What are you talking about? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Sure. She told me herself. She cried it all out on my shoulder, when she came back from New York."

"She was in New York? When?"

"Then you went East to play with the Orch," Pat said. "We'll be back. We'll see you play. Only you didn't. They announced you, one game, but you never appeared on the diamond. And, when she went back to the dressing rooms, the man there said you'd left."

"Pat, you wouldn't kid about a thing like that?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

"No. But it's impossible," Skeeter said. "Lynn is so beautiful. She could have had her pick of the roost. How could a girl like Lynn fall for someone like you? She was sorry for me, that's all."

"Call it what you like," Pat said. "Pity's not what Lynn called it. She was in love. Well, that's water under the bridge. She's gone—Lord knows where." Pat looked at his watch. "I've got to beat it, Skeeter. Be seeing you."

Skeeter stood there on the bridge for hours. He remembered Lynn. He remembered every word she had ever said to him. He remembered how she had said it. And, after awhile, he began to understand.

That night at the dance—it wasn't pity he had told her so; only he was too blind, too wrapped up in his own desire not to make her laugh at him, that he hadn't time to notice how she felt, to see her. She wanted to be with him, that's why she had asked him to take her home. She wanted to be in his arms, she wanted him to kiss her, that's why she asked to be lifted up on the wall. She knew he loved her and she wanted him to tell her so. But he had been afraid.

Skeeter hated himself. "It wasn't enough that you were made so people laughed at you," he muttered to himself. "You had to be blind, too." He had to do something—now that he knew. Maybe it wasn't too late.

He had gone to Bonnie Simmons, right away, and asked her for Lynn's address. "I've got one," Bonnie had said. "But it's almost a year old. She might not be there anymore." He had written, at once.

Skeeter Russell pulled himself back out of the post, the corner of the envelope was a little crumpled. He had been holding it very tight. Now, here was his answer and he was afraid to open it.

Steeling himself to face whatever was in the letter, he tore open the flap. His hands shook a little.

"Dear Skeeter,

"I'm not sure about your letter; but please read. "You'll never know how happy I was to hear from you—and to read the things you told me in your letter. I've always written about the things that seem like ages. I begin to see the things I was afraid we'd miss—the land we never saw—the tinkling bells. Oh, I think we'd both have the happiness that's been so long delayed. I can hardly wait until I'm on my way home to you."

"Skeeter looked up. The room was somewhat filled with sunlight. And suddenly, deep inside him, laughter was born. Laughing so much like that he had never known before. Good laughter, happy laughter that welled up like singing inside. Beautiful laughter.

---

Say Hello To

John 'Bud' Hiestand—whose breezy, informal way of announcing adds to the pleasure of Kay Kyser's Musical College program on NBC-Red every Wednesday, Bud passed his first radio audition at 13.

SKEETER Russell, snare drummer for WABC, tied the knot two, already married, and played the role of radio announcer in many a movie. Bud's married to Joane Wood, radio actress and writer, and the daughter of movie director Sam Wood. He plays piano, banjo, guitar and drums.
in a night club. All my work before that had been on the stage. I was terrified to think of singing to people so close they could reach out and touch me. I was accustomed to having footlights and an orchestra between me and my audience. So I was scared to death and he was probably justified in shaking his head the way he did.

“You'll never make it,” he said.

But he didn't fire me and before a month had passed, we were working on original songs together. I was never frightened when he was at the piano. Then, of course, we discovered that we liked each other. In fact, we loved each other. We decided to get married.

Think back on your own first year of marriage. Remember all those things that used to drive you wild? The way he read the paper at the breakfast table. The way he left his clothes all over the place for you to pick up. The casual way he dropped ashes in his coffee cup—what a mess! That was the bad year of getting adjusted to each other. Sometimes you felt you had married a complete stranger. That's when you said, “I've had as much of this as I can stand. I'm through!”

It was no different for us.

I REMEMBER I used to get so mad I would flounce out of the house. I'd get so mad I'd throw things. Don't smile. If you just think back, I'll bet you'll remember you felt the same way. Maybe you didn't actually throw things, but I'll bet you often wanted to. Maybe you cried instead. Or nagged. Or bought a hat you couldn’t afford.

Now of course I didn't mean any of those things seriously any more than you did. I always meant to come back when I bounced out of the house and I never meant to hit anything when I threw. They were emotional outlets to express something I had not yet learned to express any other way.

They had their inevitable result. Everything went wrong. Friends, finances, work, home fell all to pieces because we were creating a bad environment—an environment in which good could not operate. We were brought up short the day we realized we had no jobs, no money, no prospects, no happiness. We were forced to try to understand what the trouble was and try to correct it. Not to blame each other or the world or Fate, but to see where our own faults lay and to change them.

The trouble was that we were not talking things over together—calmly, frankly, intelligently. We were acting like children, as so many married couples—and not always young ones, either!—do.

Why is it that people find it so difficult to talk to each other as human beings and not just as man and wife? Often I think it is because of pride. The woman is too proud of her mystery, her allure for her husband. She is afraid that if she talks to him frankly—man to man—he will see that she is just another person like himself and will lose interest in her as a woman.

The man, on the other hand, is often too proud of his importance. He is afraid that if he frankly admits his
RARE is the skin that comes home from a summer vacation without a hangover of suntan, windburn, skyshine, and a general weather-beaten look.

Now's the time to get after that summer skin hangover. Put Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams to work on it!

And also give these special creams a chance to help if you are bothered with such blemishes as rough scaly dryness, oily shine, and enlarged pore openings.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM**

(Formerly Texture Cream)

Get the full benefit of this cream by using both as a night treatment and as a day foundation. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. It also contains cholesterol which by retaining moisture acts to keep your skin more supple and pliant.

As a foundation women agree that Phillips' Skin Cream "does something extra." It removes excess oiliness and softens dry rough skin so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM**

A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

Congratulations to radio's June bride—Alice Frost, star of CBS' Big Sister serial, who married her director, Willson M. Tuttle.

troubles, his mistakes, his problems, she will lose respect for him as the perfect, all-powerful male. He will lose his position as head of the house. There's no place for false pride in marriage. Such false prides as these are as dangerous to happiness as they are pathetic in human beings. How can two people live intimately together unless they do talk freely and frankly to each other, try to understand each other?

But it is not always possible to achieve such frank understanding between man and wife. I know at first I tried all the feminine tricks—scolding, teasing, flirting, crying—to get my husband's confidence. It hurt me that he found it difficult to tell me things—things I felt I had a right to know. Naturally a more volatile person, I felt I was being cheated when I poured out my heart and met no answering response.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS**

Then, when the crisis came, and we found ourselves faced with bankruptcy—emotional as well as financial—I made a great discovery. I realized that it was hurting Sylvan as much as it was hurting me. It was making him even more unhappy than it was making me. Actually I was not the one who was suffering because I was able to get emotional relief by getting mad or throwing things—which was just as bad. I saw that I was wrong. I wanted to help him.

So we learned to talk things over. We had to. We had to learn to say, without sulking or without being angry, "Can't we talk this over?" And it worked. And not only our marriage, but everything else we did, was happier and more successful for it.

If you can learn to say "Can't we talk this over?" without nagging or crying or scolding or teasing, you will be a long way on the road to a successful marriage. And don't, for heaven's sake, spoil it by saying, after you have tried it and it has worked, "I told you so!" You are not doing it to show how smart you are, but to help build a solid foundation for a happy life together.

Then, what about those little things that everybody in the world does, lit-
tile habits that are so annoying to the people who live with them? We had to face those, too, just as you all have to do.

My husband, for instance, loves to come into the house, drop into a chair, and fall asleep. I have never been able to understand why he wouldn’t rather go upstairs, stretch out on the bed, and take a comfortable nap. But could I persuade him to do that? You know—I believe you probably does something like that, too—that I could not!

On the other hand, I like to lie abed late in the morning, or just set out to read or relax. It's a habit I fell into from being in the theater all my life. After working late hours, you just don't get up in the morning, you just don’t, even now, when I am not working theater hours, I still have the habit. I don't want to get up in the morning and go for a walk. Sylvan often does. He can’t understand why I don’t want to get up and go with him.

These two little habits caused us a lot of trouble at first. But we have come to see that such little things are far from being essential in a happy marriage. Neither of us likes the other’s little habits, but they are not important enough to fight over and we don’t fight over them. You can always try saying pleasantly, "I wish you wouldn’t do that, dear." But if it is a habit of such long standing that it is impossible to break, the best thing you can do is put up with it.

Such habits are small things. But what about that big threat to any marriage—jealousy? Jealousy can grow out of a lack of trust or a lack of frankness or out of nothing at all. It can be used as a technique by a frightened woman who thinks her husband is losing interest in her. Or by a restless woman to have a little fun. Or it can be created out of a habitual friendship by a suspicious man or woman.

I THINK there is only one way to defend oneself against a feeling of perfect trust. I have been accustomed to the friendship of many men with whom I worked in the theater. They are men I like or admire, men I see constantly, pals of mine and co-workers. Should I give up seeing them, being gay and friendly with them because it might make my husband jealous? I say, decidedly not! It seems to me that such restrictions do nothing but close a person into a frightened, fear-full existence where any natural remark or act may be considered improper. It's not fair for a woman—or a man, either—to have to live that way. Let her have faith in her own character so that she can say to her husband, "I will not allow you to think of me in that way. If I have ever given you any cause for real suspicion, you would have the right to distrust me. But I have not and I do not intend to. You must believe me. You must trust me. And I will not cause you any heartache because of that trust."

Would I be jealous myself? Certainly, if there were any cause. If my husband was seen in love with somebody else, I know I would be ill—physically ill—with jealousy. But I pay him the compliment of trusting him. In his work as a pianist, he sees many pretty girls. When I worked at Billy Rose's "Diamond Horse Shoe" club in New York, many of the chorus girls there insisted they were crazy about my husband. Naturally, I could not blame them. I'm crazy about him myself. But should it worry me and make me unhappy when another girl says, even in a joke, "When are you going to let me go out with your husband, Bea-

TRICE?" Not at all. The more restrictions set up around such outside friendships, the more dangerous they become.

REMEMBER and apply your child psychology. Children always seem to want most the things that are for-

bidden them. Why? Because they seem so much more attractive. Apply a little of this psychology to your husband. Why make one woman seem more attractive to him by sur-

rounding her with the attraction of forbidden fruit? All you succeed in doing is to make her seem a goal to be gained, not just a friend who is pleasant and interesting but not par-

ticularly desirable. And remember, if your own marriage is a satisfying one, there is little temptation for your husband to find satisfaction elsewhere.

I am not talking now about the problems of a physical adjustment about which a doctor should be con-

sulted. Or about the problems of where you will live, how much you will be able to live on, what kind of family you will have and when. These problems are as individual as people themselves. Nobody can make any hard and fast rules about them. Nobody can foresee what is around the next corner and every new problem has to be met by itself as a special case.

But remember this. It's worth it—solving every problem the grownup, sensible way. For there's an even deeper satisfaction, a greater joy in marriage after the honeymoon is over if you do. Believe me, I know. And you can find out.

Say Hello to—

LIONEL STANDER—the sandpaper-voiced star of The Life of Riley over CBS Saturday mornings. You've seen him in the movies, but just now he's devoting him time to radio and to producing plays on Broadway. Lionel became an actor when he left college. Before that he was interested mostly in football, but had difficulty staying in one school long enough to play it much. He explains that the faculty thought he ought to attend classes, but he disagreed. Acting wasn't very successful either, for a while, and he supported himself doing various other jobs. In 1934 he made a hit in a Noel Coward

movie, "The Scoundrel," which was filmed in New York, and Holly-

wood snapped him up. He's not half as tough as he sounds on the air.

"I wonder!"

"I WONDER if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the girl or woman asking that ques-

tion about Midol, there is an emphatic answer: It will not.

But in most cases where there is no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol does relieve the func-

tional pain of menstruation to some degree, and should for you!

Understand, Midol may give you com-

plete comfort. It has done this for many.

But others experience only an easier time.

Even so, isn’t the measure of relief you re-

ceive well worth while—compared with the unchecked pain you’ve often suffered?

"Yes, but won't Midol form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering that is needless! Midol contains no opiate. One ingredient is prescribed by many doctors for headache and muscular pain, and another—exclusively in Midol—increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

So don’t keep Midol for "emergencies." Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Trust it to help you break the shackles of the calendar—to give back "lost days" for active, carefree living!

That, exactly, is what Midol means to many up-and-coming girls and women. Among thousands recently interviewed, more re-

ported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

Look for these tablets on your drugstore, or just ask for Midol. The large size, a thin aluminum case that tucks into purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.

Relieves functional Periodic Pain

September, 1941
Once outside, I had a quick revulsion of feeling. It had been a lie, all that he had told me. Philip had not believed him. Even now he was trying to find me. He had stayed, and let the ship go out to sea without him, I called at the steamship office and waited while the clerk checked the lists. I never had needed more strength than I did to wait there, because I looked to see. I still couldn't believe, not even when he had said, "Yes, madam. Philip Turrell sailed. An hour ago. On the SS. Rio."

I went back to singing at the night club. Because I could think of nothing else to do. And I had to have something. I sang the same songs, but they were different now, more sad, more like tangos. Some, it seemed, preferred the songs that way. Other clubs that had not noticed me until then began to make me offers. A radio station asked me to broadcast. My associates, my friends, my manager urged me to accept one of these offers. But it didn't matter where I was and it was easier to refuse.

It was Brenda who would not accept my heartbreak. She said I was more lovely and my voice better than ever and that I must accept the radio station's offer. But I shook my head. I didn't care. Until Brenda cried. I had forgotten that anyone else could have grief. I thought all of it was in the world wide mine now. I reached out and took her hand.

"Brenda, I will sing anywhere you wish."

I no longer felt completely chilled. Someone loved me enough to cry. I accepted the radio offer. I chose my programs carefully so that I would be a success. It was all like a dream, the studio applause, the mail showering in, gifts for me. There were offers too, from other bigger stations, and my station even arranged to have my broadcast carried to the United States. My manager saw money, gold and silver, shining through the applause. But I saw a young, clean face with a boyish and daring mouth.

I MUST have known what would happen when my manager read me the cable; he was provoked because I showed no more excitement. "You would think it was nothing," he stormed. "Just an offer from one of the most famous night clubs in the whole United States, that's all."

I was not more excited because nothing would be real again. So I did not explain to him, but left him to arrange the contracts and the reservations on the ship and I let him think the tears in my eyes were from pleasure.

So that was how I sailed from Buenos Aires. My heart caught when I went to the pier and saw the luggage piled high alongside the sleek side of the beautiful ship. Once before my luggage had been there and the purser had reserved a honeymoon suite for a bride who was never met by her groom. Slowly we steamed out toward the foam flecked broad high-way of ocean and the salt of the spray from the waves was less than from my tears.

Then I was in the United States—a great lady, a famous singer to whom crowds flocked every night, applauding, demanding encore after encore. So famous that one day I sat in the cool, paneled offices of a big network and read a contract that a cigarette sponsor was asking me to sign, for a series of weekly broadcasts that would carry my voice from coast to coast.

I sang—oh how desperately I sang—to a radio audience of millions, for each thing now that I did I must do well. I broadcast from the network's largest studio so that a few thousand of our listeners each week could come and see in person the program as it went out on the air. I sang, while my heart whispered "Philip—Philip," and my sadness carried the songs to my listeners. Sometimes I wondered if I were a little mad, because I'd look at my audience, sitting there in front of me, row after row of faces all staring up at me, and I would see—him, only him, not a roomful of people at all, but clearly and perfectly just him, exactly as I saw him whenever I closed my eyes.

But finally one night I stood there in front of the microphone ready for my song, looking out over the studio of people smiling welcome, applauding with delight, and among them I really saw—him. Not a roomful making up his face but his face among all the others, so that it could not be a dream,
but must be reality.

Habit, shock, the numbness of sur-prise! I began to realize, at last, in time with the melody of music from the orchestra behind me. The hall was a whirling mist. There was no feel of ground beneath my feet. But I continued to sing, through to the final note of the last violin. And then in the space of a single breath I was off that stage and through the ropes and backdrops of the theater, and out of the studio. He would be waiting at the door and I must not keep him. But he hadn't arrived when I got there. I darted back to the audience entrance. Trembling, I was at the door in half a dozen fleeting seconds.

I moved soundlessly into the studio. The broadcast was not quite ended yet. I looked up the aisle and saw, where he had been, only a vacant chair. Had my eyes, my mind, my wish created for themselves that image of him that I had seen? Terrified, I crept out of the studio. Down the hall, across from me I saw the man again that I had thought was Philip. He glanced back once, then disappeared into the elevator he had summoned. And he—he was Philip. I had not imagined him. But now he had fled, had not wanted this meeting.

That sight I knew desolation. I shall never again live such another week as that which followed. Because should I ever have all hope crushed from within, again, I will never find the courage to live. I went to rehearsals with my head aching so that I couldn't see the faces I was trying to sing. And then it was the night of the broadcast again and I was on the stage, the blinding whiteness of the spotlight flooding my white face, accentuating the red smear of my lips, and the ebony blackness of my hair. Only when my song ended did I dare to look to see if he was there. But by then I knew my song seemed to the boy to be. I knew it to be better for the boy's career. After the boy had left, this man admitted what he had done. The boy still believed the lies. The song I was going to sing to you now, is the song the girl would have written to the boy if she could have written songs. But she could only sing them."

I thought it the most beautiful of all my love songs that I sang then. Sang it and then was running off the stage, the fear of desperation lending me the speed that would keep Philip from disappearing without a word. But I had no need of this fear or this frantic running. For he came striding up to the door just as I opened it and he spoke my name and I answered: "Philip!"

He flung out his hands but I drew back. I was afraid. And he said, his hands dropping at his sides, "I don't blame you. I thought you would never forgive me. But your song seemed to say that you could and I thought..."

He broke off abruptly, then said, "That you had forgiven me. Though I don't know how you could. Last week I only meant to come and look at you again just once. I couldn't help it. I had to see you again. And when I did, I realized how much you still meant to me. But—I couldn't trust myself to risk meeting you. I ran away. I didn't mean to come again. But I did. I came to tell you that no matter what I did or what anyone said, I love you, and always have."

"But that day you sailed"—I began. He paused, then said, "I don't know why I believed him. Except that he always had been a good friend. I'd never known him to lie about anything. And at first I was angry and hurt and disappointed. So I went without calling you. And ever since I have been fighting against what he said, against what I thought I should believe and finally I had to come back to you. Not because I thought you could forgive me, but only to ask you to."

"Perhaps it would have been more polite if I had waited for you to ask," I said. "But I didn't dare wait. So instead, I gave an old song a new introduction and changed the old words around so that I could tell you that I forgave you long ago."

With a twisted smile, he held out his arms again and this time they closed around me, shutting me in happiness and shutting out loneliness.
Akron, Ohio. His dad was in the rubber business. This took the family around the country often and by the time he was ready to study medicine at Carnegie Tech, he had lived in three other states.

Depression came and Vaughn was forced to leave his studies and get a job with Austin Wiley's band after three years at the university. He tooted for Wiley until the band folded six months later.

Then came three years with Larry Funk's orchestra. For the most part Vaughn concentrated on playing his trumpet. Then one night, annoyed with the band's often inebriated vocalist, Vaughn asked Larry for a chance to sing. Funk was dubious but finally agreed. Once Vaughn's resonant baritone rang out, the dancers huddled near the bandstand. The applause was deafening and Funk almost dropped his baton. Vaughn was given more opportunities, kept stopping the show. Funk then dismissed his other vocalist.

But Vaughn realized that he was making little progress and in 1937 left Funk, to join Jack Marshard's band in Boston. Marshard was an alert business man. When two simultaneous offers came for the band's services, Jack accepted both. He took his regular crew to Bar Harbor, hastily rounded up a patchwork ensemble for the other job and gave Monroe the baton. This was for a summer run at Cape Cod. The social set there liked the singing substitute well enough to treat his pickup band gently.

Marshard saw Monroe's possibilities and hired Johnny Watson, John Savitt's able arranger, to develop a real band behind Vaughn. Leonard Joy of RCA-Victor heard the band, approved four test records, and signed them. Vaughn had a hunch this was the break he was waiting for and sent for his schoolboy sweetheart, Marion Baudman. They were married a day after she arrived.

The records clicked immediately. Some of the hits were "I Don't Have to Be Rich," "Donkey Serenade," "Pagliacci," "Take It Jackson," and the sensational "Salud, Dinero y Amor," which sold 150,000 copies. The jukebox patrons yelled for more. It was refreshing to hear a leader who could sing.

After a trial spin in Boston's Hotel Statler, the band played the New York Paramount. After three successful weeks there, they were ready for any and all comers.

Added to the band was 23-year-old, blackhaired Marilyn Duke. Marilyn stands five feet nine in her stockings feet and is the tallest girl vocalist in the business.

If Vaughn's movie possibilities materialize by December, here's a tip to Hollywood real estate agents: submit a nursery in the blue print plans. Mrs. Monroe, a tall girl who received a master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh, was febrilely knitting a baby sweater all during my interview.

"Everyone someone in the band strikes a sour note in rehearsals," Vaughn remarked wryly as he gazed at his blonde wife, "Marion drops a stitch."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Bobby Byrne: (Decca 3773) "Nighty-Night," "I Don't Want You"—A simple summer tune that will get you whistling. The turnover is an expert ballad that is also well played by Claude Thornhill on Okeh 6178.

Eddy Duchin: (Columbia 36089) "Maria Elena"—"Time and Time Again"—The nimble-fingered pianist sets the first song in waltz setting.

Jimmy Dorsey: (Decca 9348) "My Sister and I"—"Hush of the Night"—There have been carloads of new songs taking for their themes the glory that was once Europe, but this refugee ballad continues as the cream of the crop, especially when Bob Eberly sings it. Reverse is a moden treatment of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scherchen".

Tommy Tucker: (Okeh 6211) "You Are My Sunshine"—"New Worried Woman"—Stickily sentimental reminder of "I'll Never Smile Again." (Recommended Albums: The Andre Kostelanets-Ale Templeton all for Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (Columbia); Eddy Duchin's Gershwin piano package (Columbia) and Joe Reichman's Victor keyboard collection of memorable melodies.)

Cocktail Jacketing:

Andrews Sisters: (Decca 3732) "Aurora"—"Music Makers"—Another Andrews accomplishment.

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27421) "Yes, Indeed"—"Will You Still Be Mine"—T. D. pours everything into the "A" side for an exciting reproduction.

Harry James: (Columbia 36160) "Trumpet Rhapsody"—The advance ballyhoo was a handicap for this one, despite James' dynamic trumpeting.

Count Basie: (Okeh 6157) "Wiggle Woogie"—"Jump the Blues Away"—Played in the accent Hunter manner.

Ozzie Nelson: (Bluebird 11155) "15 Out of 17"—"Whenev'r I'm Wrong"—Fast and clean are these tunes from the film "Sweetheart of the Campus" but Harriet Hilliard's vocal is disappointing.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

LOUISE KING—oldest of the four beautiful King Sisters who sing with Alvina Ray's dance band on the Mutual network. She's also Mrs. Alvina Ray in private life, and she definitely isn't to be confused with Louise Ray, the band's 17-year-old. She was born in Payson, Utah, and started singing with her sisters in high school entertainments. After a year or so of doing this as hobby, it suddenly occurred to her that here was a good way of earning some money, to put together her own clothes, and her biggest ambition is to have a baby girl with brown curls. The other three King Sisters are the air Donna, Alyce and Yvonne; two other sisters and two brothers are non-professional.
She shrugged expressively. "I'd like to tell her that, too, but I think she'd resent it... I won't try to see you again, Jerry, until and unless you make the first move."

Even in his embarrassment, he was stirred to admiration for her complete honesty. Only later, and then doubtfully, was it to occur to him that an even more honest course would have been to drop silently out of his life, denying herself the bittersweet pleasure of confessing her love for him. But just now he did not think of that.

"I don't know—quite what to say," he stammered.

"This, don't say anything at all," she advised briskly, with an abrupt return to her usual brittle manner. "I've spoken my piece, and it's getting late, and we both would stand up, offering her hand. "Goodbye, Jerry."

He watched her walk away. It was like her not to prolong a scene. But satisfied her sense of drama by waiting while he paid for their tea, saw her to a cab.

Jerry said nothing to Ann of Veronica's return; she saw the news in the society column of a newspaper, and wondered if Jerry knew, if he had seen her. But she did not ask.

He could not quite analyze his own feelings about Veronica. As the days went by he was conscious of a vague fascination. There seemed to be no one, now, with whom he could be entirely natural, and he remembered the easy comradeliness of that sunny afternoon on the island, before the storm came up and held him and Veronica there. It was disloyal to Ann, of course, to think of that afterward, and put it out of his mind. But the necessity of doing so only increased his irritation.

It was with a definite start of pleasure that he realized the thought at the apartment one evening about nine o'clock, and recognized Veronica's voice.

"I'm not breaking my promise," she said. "It's just that something has happened that requires the services of a doctor, and I can't seem to locate that brother-in-law—of mine. Do you know where he is?"

Dunham had left that morning for Washington, to be gone several days, Jerry told her.

"Then I guess I'll have to beg you to come," Veronica said. "It's rather a delicate business—not something we could call in just anyone for. I'll tell you when I see you—I'm still at Jessie's, and I'm calling for her, really."

"I'll be right over," he promised.

"And Jerry—" she said oddly, "we'll have to drive up to Westchester. It may keep you out quite late."

"A doctor's used to that. As he hung up he felt the beginnings of curiosity. Veronica's guarded words, the hint of "delicate" in the case, the warning of a late night—what could all this mean? In any event, it would be impossible for him to refuse a request of Jessie Hughes's; he owed that imperious old lady too much for introducing him to Dr. Dunham and thus helping him in his present prosperity.

Entering the living room, where Ann sat with Penny and Bun, he involuntarily began to express some of...
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at her Westchester home. His explanation had been elaborately brief, it seemed in retrospect.

And why should he go all the way to Westchester to see a patient? Weren't there plenty of doctors there?

It was not anger, it was not jealousy, that welled up in her as she stood holding the cigarette case; it was simply an infinite weariness and hopelessless. She did not want to confront Jerry with the case and watch his face as he hurried to manufacture an explanation. She did not want to see him being guilty and ashamed. She only wanted to go away somewhere and think. Their marriage had changed from something gay and lovely into a precarious arrangement that could at any moment wither away and wither completely. If I could just take a few weeks, she thought, and stay with Aunt Ellen in Chicago. Then I could get hold of myself again, find some solid ground on which to stand. Everything whirls around me here. Once, when I was a little girl, I went in wading in a mountain river, and I stood out too far, and gave in at once the current caught me and began pulling at my legs. I couldn't stand up, my head in the current whirled my feet out from under me, and if Dad hadn't come out and helped me I might have drowned. It's like that now with the same sense of helplessness. But this time there's no one to come out and help me.

I SUPPOSE it is cowardly to run away, not to fight for my home and my husband. But I can't fight, not now. I haven't the strength, nor the desire. And if I do, I've never told Jerry, I don't want him. I don't want a husband who isn't so much a part of me that there's no question of fighting. All day her revolution hardened, and that evening she told Jerry she wanted to go to Chicago.

"Chicago!" he said in amazement. "What for? And how long?"

"I don't know," she answered. "A few weeks. Maybe longer."

"But why?"

They were in their bedroom; she turned and took the cigarette case from a bureau drawer. Trying to speak quietly, so she wouldn't be in the pocket of your suit.

She had thought he would look guilty, caught. Instead, after the first surprise, his face hardened. "Yes," he said. "What of it?"

"You were with Veronica Farrell last night. You told me you were out on a case."

Oh, stop it, stop it, something was screaming inside her. What makes you act this way—so cheap, being the prying, suspicious wife? But she couldn't stop.

Jerry's face had gone quite white. His nostrils stood up pined. She had never seen him like this, and at first she did not realize he was furious angry.

"Didn't it occur to you that it's just possible I might see Veronica at Mrs. Hughes? If you like, I'll give you an itemized report of last night. I met Veronica and Mr. Hughes' town house and we drove together to the estate in Westchester. She stayed there. I came home alone, I picked her cigarette case out of the drawer where she'd left it there by accident. Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

"Yes!" she blazed at him. "Why was it necessary for you to go up there at all? Why couldn't Mrs. Hughes call the revolution hardening, and that evening she told Jerry she wanted to go to Chicago.

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(309)
some Westchester doctor?"

He opened his mouth to answer, then closed it again into lines of stubbornness. "I could tell you that, too," he said at last. "But I don't intend to. You'll have to take a few things, at least, on trust."

Their eyes locked, and held. Ann was the first to give way. One hand went to her forehead, pushing back the curls of dark brown hair. "I've got to be alone, Jerry," she said dazedly. "I'm all confused. I find myself doing things I never would have done before. But they are not all bad. I mean, I mean, they are not all. . . ."

"That's nonsense," he said in a gruff voice that she knew his fury was leaving him.

"No, it isn't," Ann insisted wearily. "For your sake, too, I'd better go. We haven't been happy together lately, why pretend we have? Let me go, Jerry. Think of it as a marriage vacation, if you want to. But please let me go."

"Ann—" One hand went out to her, but then it and his voice both dropped. "All right. If you think that's best." Very, very, empty a city of seven million people could seem when one left it.

He had his work, of course, but it no longer was completely absorbing—perhaps because he had done at Franklin Hospital, perhaps only because he could never approach it freshly and happily. Frank had to make the apartment seem as if Ann were away for only a day or two. She cooked his favorite dishes and chattered merrily with her church friends. And Bun, who had accepted Ann's departure with puzzled concern, was amusing and pathetic in his efforts to be and do everything Jerry desired.

Letters came at too-regular intervals from Ann, friendly, cool letters which Jerry could read over and over again with only the hint of a change in her feelings toward him. She was living with Aunt Ellen; it was cold in Chicago, she was well.

And then she wrote that she was thinking of going back to work, taking a nursing post at the Medical Foundation.

On an impulse of irritation, after reading this letter, he telephoned Veronica Farrell at the small apartment she had taken on Washington Square. Even as he heard her voice saying "Hello, he knew she should have let her stay out of his life, but it brought unexpected comfort when she urged him to come over right away. "There's someone here I want you to meet," she said.

A tall man with a lined face stood up when Jerry entered Veronica's living room. His name, as Jerry heard it in Veronica's production, was Jim Farrell; they were shaking hands before he realized that this must be Veronica's former husband.

"We have a few words to say in a voice edged with nervousness. "Jim and I are trying it again—we were married yesterday afternoon."

Farrell was smirking, even white teeth under a small, dapper mustache. He said, a little fuzzily, "Surprised, Malone? So was I, when Ronnie said yes. You'd think she'd learn, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe we've both learned something," Veronica said quietly. She accepted Jerry's statement of good wishes with inscrutable poise, only once, when she looked straight into his eyes, did he think she was trying to send him a wordless message.

Farrell did most of the talking during the half-hour they remained. He had recently returned from some vague business in South America; now he intended to remain in the United States. "Perhaps I can write," he laughed. "Keep me out of mischief. Got to look around for something interesting, I guess, or Ronnie'll give me the Chicago shakes again!"

On the whole, Jerry found him quite unpleasant. He made his escape as soon as he could, sick at heart over the act of hopelessness and despair on Veronica's part. Surely she could not have believed Jerry would be happy with Jim!

She had believed just that. He learned three evenings later, when he met her at a restaurant in response to a telephone call.

"I was insane, I suppose," she said. Her poise was gone now. Lipstick showed in a dark smear against the paleness of her face, and she was busy constantly, picking up knives and forks and putting them back down upon the table, lighting cigarettes and offering them over one puff, eating almost nothing.

"I must have been insane, to think he had changed. But he was so different. I'd never had a hard time, I could see that. He sounded sincere when he said all he wanted was to marry me again and in New York. Things had been decent out of his life. And I—" She faltered, hating to say it. "I thought, why not? I had to attach myself to someone. It seems like a good opportunity to take myself out of your life."

"Veronica! Why didn't you tell me first—ask my advice?"

I DON'T know," she said helplessly. "I didn't want to. In my heart I know we can never be happy again."

There was fierce determination in the short, bitter sentences. Then her voice softened. "It's been good of you, Jerry, to let me pour out my troubles to you. I should have kept them to myself, but I felt tonight that I needed a sympathetic ear to keep from going mad. . . ."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry, Jerry," she laughed, a lightening changes of mood, "let's talk about something else. Something gay."

They lingered awhile over their coffee, and by then the slight which the restaurant Veronica seemed happier. She refused Jerry's offer of a lift home, and as they waited for a cab he drew up at the curb and acted like a man.

"Bless you, Jerry," she said. "You've done me good."

"You're a good person, Jerry," she said with her usual frankness, "I'm just sorry that you had just let himself into his own apartment when the telephone jangled. It was Veronica."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry," she laughed. "I guess that happened to me. When I got home I found Jim here—dead. Somebody's killed him."

A murder has been committed that will trail its scandal through the lives of Jerry, Ann, Veronica! Don't miss the tense conclusion of Young Doctor Malone in the October Radio Mirror.
Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 40)

and hauled them back to safety. Quickly, before they could regain consciousness, Superman assumed the guise of Clark Kent. Lois’ abductor groaned as he came to his senses but Kent wasted no words with him.

"Who's there?"

The man hesitated, then talked eagerly when he noticed the grin, threatening look on the reporter’s face. "Oh, you’re the mayor—is the mayor? Sure, he fooled you!"

"But what about the Pillar of Fire—why is it being used to frighten people?"

"Cause we found a silver mine under it. By rights it belongs to the town. Weiggered to drive away the mayor and have it for ourselves. And I had orders to get rid of you two."

"About that fire—it comes from natural gas and the Mayor can make it burn as high as the mountain."

"Where’s the Mayor now?"

"He’s down in the gas house with the machinery. He’s goin’ to set the flame goin’ full blast and burn up the village!"

Kent waited for no more. Quickly he removed his prisoner’s belt and bound his hands. He used his own belt to bind the man’s feet. Then: "Miss Lane, here’s this fellow’s gun. Don’t let him get away. I’m going down to the cavern. Maybe it’s not too late to stop the Mayor."

In another second he was out of sight and, in a flash, Clark Kent became—Superman! Uncashted, he cut through the flames. As he reached the cavern, he saw the fire shoot higher and higher. Then he heard voices: "Mayor—watch the pressure gauge. Those tanks can’t take more than 7000 pounds—they’ll explode!"

"Don’t worry, I’ll throw the switch in time. Now we all have the pressure we can get to spread the fire!"

But Superman was already in the cavern: "Take your hand off that switch!" His steel hands held the two men tight.

Hysterically, the Mayor screamed: "Let go of us—if this switch isn’t released we’ll all be killed here!"

But he was too late. Even as he spoke the compressor needle reached 7000 pounds and then, tremblingly, began to rise. As the man relaxed his grasp and, frantically, the two men began to run. But in that second the cavern walls rocked with a gigantic explosion. Unheeding, Superman felt the rocks fall about him.

"So the compressor tank did explode—caught the Mayor and his helper in their own trap. But that explosion wrecked the fire and saved Gravesend. The only thing I have to do now is to get here. Just have to force a few of these huge boulders out of the way. By heavens—they weigh tons—but one good hit should get the one clear—Good—now back to Miss Lane!"

In another minute, mild, spectacled Clark Kent was standing beside his fellow-reporter. The job was done. Once again, Superman had conquered the forces of evil.

Next month, another thrilling episode in the life of Superman, the man who came from another world to help save the earth from being destroyed by maniacs and gangsters.

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Gives Continuous Action for Hours

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DON’T DRAG YOUR FEET.

LUCES'GOLD NUGGETS

For the final test, these small refreshers (其中一个 worth $80,000) were placed next to the townsfolk in the fountain at the center of town. The mayor was overcome with joy. "Yes, my dear friend," he exclaimed. "You have given me the greatest gift of all—peace and prosperity for generations to come!"

But the mayor had not fully grasped the situation. As he turned to leave, he was grabbed by a powerful arm and lifted into the air. "What do you think you’re doing?" asked Superman,早已

"What do you think you’re doing?" asked Superman,早已
When historians look back on the first forty years of this century they will see two totally different pictures.

One shamefully dark. The other gloriously bright.

On the one side they will see war, suffering and ignorance. On the other they will see the dawn of a new age... an age of greater health and happiness for millions.

A contradiction? Yes, but history is full of them. During the darkest days of the Napoleonic Wars the vaccine for smallpox was made famous. Pasteur and Lister revolutionized medicine while armies were marching in Europe. Some of surgery's greatest advances were made during the last World War.

Today the world is again torn with strife. Yet here in America we are taking our first steps toward that better, happier life of which humanity has always dreamed.

No one man is responsible. Hundreds of "hunger fighters" in hundreds of laboratories have worked for years at the problems of nutritional chemistry. Since the turn of the century they have learned more about our food and its relation to health than in all the centuries that went before. And now, what they found is beginning to affect the lives of one hundred and thirty million people in this land.

Americans are going to be the first national family of buoyantly healthy people that the world has ever known.

People are being educated to eat the right foods. New methods of processing are helping to keep many good foods good. Scientific methods are being applied to improve the nutritive value of the staples. The farmer, the manufacturer, the distributor, the scientist are joining hands to put abundant health within the reach of all.

It's a big job. One of the biggest that America has ever undertaken. But from it will come the biggest of all possible rewards. We are building an impregnable defense of national health today and ensuring for our children the greatest heritage that one generation has ever bequeathed to the next.

Every child in America today has inherited a fortune... the fortune of better health.

FOOD WILL BUILD A NEW AMERICA

This advertisement is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Coordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities; and donated by RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR as its contribution to national nutrition defense.
What's New From Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 7)

hand and to his microphone with the other. The rescue work went on while Jack, sea sick to an unendurable degree, was called to pay the price for just one square foot of solid ground to put his feet on—if only for two minutes.

But in spite of his misery, he turned in a broadcast over CBS that the whole country talked about, and which radio and newspaper men will remember for many years. It brought him the National Headliners Club award—plus an offer from CBS to come to New York and join the network's evening staff.

Strange as it seems, all the excitement and glamour of being at broadcasting headquarters, of associating with Elmer Davis and Bob Trout, pale beside Jack's dislike of the big city hustle and bustle. At last he went to Paul White, the CBS news director, and said he appreciated a lot that had been done for him, but he couldn't be transferred to a saner, quieter place. Somewhere, for instance, like WITL in Wilmington, Del.

White rubbed a magic lamp, and in a very short space of time Jack was whisked to Wilmington and into the best of news desks. He's now had it harder than he's ever had, with an acre of ground for his children and vegetables to grow on and with the slopes of the Kruse Mountains to look down upon.

He takes his action and excitement during working hours, and relaxes when they're over. He lives in a large five-room house in Somerville, Mass. He was a nephew of Neil Burgess, star of the old play, "County Fair," and his ambition almost before he was out of kindergarten was to be a newspaper editor. At the age of fourteen he played the part of a sixty-five-year-old man in an amateur play, and from 1925 to 1932 he worked in various stage productions. In 1932 he joined CBS as an announcer at WEEL.

Today, as WITL news editor, Jack has a fine chance for his nightly Views of the News program. A good deal of his time is taken up with talks about radio newsgathering in Wilmington and neighboring cities, but his family and his hobbies are his main interest. Mrs. Knell and three stalwart youngsters—Dane, Donald, and Derek—keep their dad busy at competitive badminton, horse-shoe pitching, tennis and swimming.

Eddie Cantor plans to broadcast from Hollywood most of next season. He's forming a company to make his own movies, and will appear in one or two himself if he finds the right stories. Meanwhile, he has a clever idea—a Broadway musical comedy, but the show hasn't been written yet. It's about an obscure little tailor who is suddenly discovered, by a search of old records, to be the whole of Manhattan Island.

George Burns and Gracie Allen with Paul Whiteman's band, are all set to head a new Hollywood variety program beginning in the Fall.

PICTURE, Pa.—Although he's one of the most popular radio stars in Pittsburgh, and a skilled writer and producer of programs, station KQV's John Howard is really just a friendly, down-to-earth young man. Really young, too—only twenty-three.

John came to KQV five years ago, a new high school diploma under his arm. Since then he's increased a large following of admirers by announcing and writing programs in the romantic, confidential style listeners enjoy. At present he writes and announces the Tri-State Folies, a musical revue sponsored by a local chain of dry goods stores; the Human Side of Hollywood, a feature which is part of an early morning program sponsored by the city's largest department store; and We're in the Army Now, a program dedicated to America's soldiers which is on the air three half-hours every week.

John was born in Pittsburgh and educated in the public schools there. Along about his twelfth birthday he became interested in radio and began to plan a career in the business. When he was sixteen he went on the air for the first time, singing on a local station. A year later he began announcing high school sports on another station. When he was eighteen, in August, 1936, John went to work for KQV as assistant news editor. Four months later, on December 23, he became an announcer, and still says that was the best Christmas present he ever received. He'd always been interested in writing, and it wasn't long before he was turning out a weekly half hour show called Night on the Old Circle-L, a series of stories about the old west. His most famous writing effort to date is "The Unknown Soldier Speaks," which he wrote and produced last Memorial Day. Fifteen hundred copies of the script have been mailed to listeners who wrote in and requested them.

His hobby outside the studio is horseback riding. He's still a bachelor, but won't be for very long, his close friends say. A very beautiful young actress came into his life a few months ago, and he hasn't recovered yet.
YOU GIRLS!
WHO SUFFER FROM
DYSMENORRHEA
which makes you
WEAK, NERVOUS—
If you suffer headache,
cramps, backache, feel
"dropped out," blue,
craky, with dark circles under your
eyes—due to functional monthly dis-

turbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound!

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TS "Rainey" day every day at
WTIC, Hartford, Conn., and the
listeners love it. Bud Rainey originated
from Florida and got into any and
everything theatrical, until radio came
along. And now, his program, Day
Dreams, is presented over WTIC Mon-
day through Friday at 12:35 P.M.,
E.D.T., and on Sunday at 11:15 A.M.
It's a poetical-philosophical program
of Bud's own design perfectly suited
to his folksy southern voice and
presented with a low organ back-
ground.

The increasing popularity of the
poems caused the Travelers Broad-
casting Service Corporation to publish
them in book form. "Day Dreams"
was the first volume, "Jes' Dreamin',"
the second. We are happy to publish
one of Mr. Rainey's poems here for
Radio Mirror readers.

FOGIVING FATHER

By "Bud" Rainey

The hardest thing a feller ever has to do, I guess,
Is when he has to discipline his kid,
An' punishin' my Punkin' for his childish ornerness,
Is 'bout the toughest job I ever did.

I guess I'm just a softy, when it comes to bein' tough,
An' makin' him toe every little line;
I know I let him get away with heaps an' piles o' stuff,
Because I'm ever mindful, he is mine.

Sometimes when I come home at night, I'll hear his Mommy say:
"You'll simply have to take this boy in hand!"
I'll hear then of the mischief he has done throughout the day,
An' then I'll get all set to reprimand:
I'll tell myself: "I must be firm—this time, I won't give in!"
An' then I'll see a tear well in his eye,
An' then I'm licked—he's captured me before I can begin—
It happens every dog-gone time I try!

About the livest things on earth, I guess, are little boys,
An' they can't stand the thoughts o' bein' still;
It seems they're never happy, 'less they're makin' lots o' noise,
'Cause they've been that way—an' always will!

A boy is like an engine with a boiler full o' steam,
An' like a swarm of bees, beneath the crust;
The only time he's still is when he's driftin' in a dream—
He has to let off steam, or else he'd bust!

His Mommy says that I'm an easy mark—perhaps I am,
But I know boys, and just what they enjoy;
She can't see why I weaken when he gets into a jam,
But Mommy, she ain't never been a boy!

I reckon I'm to blame for all his naughty, noisy play,
But he is such a cussin' little elf,
That I can't quite make up my mind that I should make him pay
For doin' things, I used to do myself.

Sometimes I act as though I never see his roguish tricks,
An' let them pass as though I didn't know;
I don't believe in clampin' down on kids 'tween five an' six,
I guess, perhaps, it's 'cause I love him so.

I wonder if all Fathers feel the same, regardin' this,
Or if alone, I'm guilty of a crime;
But when he says he's sorry, with a big hug an' a kiss,
He's sure of my forgiveness, every time!
When city-bred Christine Lawson settled down in Oakdale she detested the straight-laced traditions, the prying eyes of this dreary town. Why, she asked, must everyone know what she eats, how she lives, what she does? Her good-natured neighbors were ready to accept her, but they were small town folk and she snubbed their offered friendship. But disaster was inevitably hers ... and when death threatened to crush her entire world, how did those neighbors answer her frenzied call? What did they say to the woman who ridiculed their most sacred customs? And how did Christine Lawson painfully learn that the love of a neighbor is the greatest asset a man or woman possesses?

Don’t miss “LOVE THY NEIGHBOR” a stirring, meaningful, and true story, combining heart-warming devotion and heartless bigotry. Read it today in the September TRUE ROMANCES Magazine, and thrill to the heroic proportions of small-town simplicity!

She Scorned the Neighbors Who Loved Her...

AIR CORPS SWEETHEART
Here is a story of the courageous women behind the pilots who man our great air defenses ... about the women who are taught to swallow all tears and defiantly grin over broken bodies, broken planes ... and broken hearts. This is the human side of the air force, a picture we seldom see. And we see it from the inside, for this is a tale by a gallant colonel’s daughter so madly in love with the most reckless flyer in the force that she challenged the very creed she was reared on to keep him near her! It is truly a great tale of great 

HONEYMOON FOLLY
It’s usually customary for a girl to make up her mind she loves a man before she marries him. But once, with her new husband beamingly sitting beside her, a two-hour-old bride thought of things for apart from her honeymoon—sat longing for the arms of another man! And she thought: “How can I ever answer that yearning look in my husband’s eye when I know I don’t love him?”

But do not miss the whole thrilling story of what happened on this strange and awkward honeymoon. Read “HONEYMOON FOLLY” in September True Romances Magazine and know from her own lips how this young bride who thought she had stumbled into a loveless marriage learned that the matchless devotion of a good man can crash the portals of a woman's heart.

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Send for your free copy and see why

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Like millions who have read it, Chesterfield believes you too will enjoy TOBACCOLAND, U.S.A., the only complete picture story telling you all about the making of a great cigarette.

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Read — AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL
RADIO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

AGAINST THE STORM

See Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs
**Canaries**

**HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HOBBY SENSATION!**

Canaries for companionship... canaries for cheer... canaries for sunshine and song! Canaries in the home—in studio dressing rooms—in movie sets! Canaries! Canaries! Hollywood's newest and most fascinating pet hobby—one that you, too, can enjoy!

Another Hollywood favorite is French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—the time-tested, proven recipe of 11 aids to song and health: Canary, Poppy, Rape, Sesame and Millet Seeds; Soy Bean Grits, Yeast, Wheat Germ (B3), Corn Syrup, Cuttlebone and Charcoal. In every package of French's Bird Seed is French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). It gives the diet an extra lift and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply your Canary an 11-course balanced meal—all in one package!

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An actual reproduction of the lovely 4-color specially-speed photograph shown at the left. An autographed picture that Penny Singleton "owns" everywhere will be proud to own 4" x 10". Suitable for framing. No advertising printed on it. Yours for the asking! Simply post coupon on penny postcard and mail with your name and address—or, write a letter. Hurry! Write today! You'll be thrilled!

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Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—

YOU’LL WIN HEARTS... if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Every attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. See your dentist! His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Try Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

“A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!”

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened.”

Start Today with

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

OCTOBER, 1941
MENENN
BORATED POWDER
(ANTISEPTIC)

"I Paid HITLER'S Way to
POWER!" Fritz Thysen, who as
Germany's
greatest industrialist poured millions into the Nazi regime, almost single-handedly financed Hitler's monochromatic scheme to bring chaos to the modern world. Although Thysen has mysteriously vanished, he has given the world a priceless document—his historic memoirs, and secret papers about Nazism as only he knew it.

And Liberty is now publishing this extraordinary expose for the first time in the world. Read this history-making news—the unblanched truth about Hitler—in Liberty today.

Get the Latest Issue Today
Liberty 5¢
THE LAST STRAW!

YE Gads! Today was the last straw! I have listened to Mary Marlin for years now and I have thoroughly enjoyed the story, but as I have said before, today was the last straw.

Never had I heard Hendricks has been doing for Joe Marlin and I think that Joe walks into a room that Hendricks has just left and vice versa. They are always just missing each other. I am sorry to have to have suspense but when the same situation happens five or six times, it's just plain nerve racking. I think if it happens just once more I will go nuts and I know I will have plenty of company, because I'm not the only one who feels that way. So please—

Hendricks looking before, happens plain other.

They that happens just once more I will go nuts and I know I will have plenty of company, because I'm not the only one who feels that way. So please—

IT WAS WORTH THE BOTHER

I was mad as hops when I learned of the reallocation of radio stations, for like most ladies Americans, I dreaded the bother of learning the dial all over again. However, it was worth the trouble, for I've been amazed at the clarity with which the stations are coming in.

Radio waves are still a mystery to me, but I am glad I listen to many stations, just as much Greek, but I'd like to thank whatever genius made this new clearness of reception possible.

—Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

WE'RE BEING CHEATED!

I don't know how the rest of the listening audience feels about it, but I, for one, strenuously object to the type of quiz program where the contestant has to act out a sketch, either as a punishment for not answering his quiz correctly or just as an added attraction.

We, listening beside our loud speakers, can't help feeling cheated when we hear the hilarious laughter of the audience at the antics and dress-up of the contestant.

The master of ceremonies tries to describe what is going on, but the millions who aren't privileged to witness the comical proceedings, certainly can't appreciate fully what is taking place on the stage.

Perhaps I am being selfish, but since the majority of listeners are in the homes of the country, I feel some consideration should be made for us.

Mrs. R. E. Schaefler, Sayreville, N. J.

Two office bachelors—but no date for Joan!

THE LAST STRAW!

IT WAS WORTH THE BOTHER

WE'RE BEING CHEATED!

Two attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of underarm odor doesn't get or deserve the breaks.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you'd bitterly said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!
ONE of the Fall season's big league radio shows will ride over Mutual Friday nights, beginning September 19. It marks the first top sponsored musical for the youngest of the networks. Milton Berle has been definitely set and the comic might have Charles Laughton and Shirley Ross as running mates. The band spot is wide open.

Mel Marvin, whose "Take It Easy" music is heard over MBS, will shortly wed Esther Silsbee, Vincent Lopez's Girl Friday. Marvin, a 23-year-old midwesterner, has an eleven-piece sweet band that closely resembles Guy Lombardo's style.

Tragedy came to the King of Jazz when his three-year-old son, Dick, died last month. Whiteman made a vain effort to reach the child's bedside, flying to Jersey from Chicago. Paul's wife, the former silent screen star, Margaret Livingston, brought the boy to a Trenton hospital from the Whiteman estate in nearby Stockton. Dick had suffered from nephrosis. The Whitemans have a ten-year-old daughter, Margo.

Marion Hutton, Glenn Miller's former vocalist, became the mother of a baby boy. The daddy is Jack Philbin, Johnny Long's manager.

As predicted in this column, the romance between Johnny Long and radio actress Patricia Waters is quickly reaching the altar stage.

Glenn Miller's 55-acre ranch, recently purchased in California, is called "Tuxedo Junction," named for the trombonist's biggest recording hit. The ranch produces 12,000 cases of oranges a year. Incidentally, Glenn has been renewed on the Chesterfield show for thirteen more weeks.

This Changing World
Mildred Law, lovely young tap dancer seen in the musical show, "Pal Joey," has forsaken her dancing shoes for vocal chores with Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. Marilyn Duke is Monroe's other canary. Harry James hired Dell Parker, a virtually unknown girl vocalist. Wayne King goes back to Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel October 2. Gail Robbins is Art Jarrett's new singer. Dinah Shore has been screen tested by MGM and the results are promising. John Scott Trotter is reported asking for a 13-week leave of absence from the Kraft Music Hall so that he can take his band on a road tour. Monte (Continued on page 80)

Pretty Mildred Law was a tap dancer in the Broadway musical, "Pal Joey," but she prefers to sing with Vaughn Monroe's band.
It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . but

infectious dandruff
is more annoying still!

The Treatment

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

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

Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

What makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

the delightful treatment
WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

The bride and groom toast each other—Alice Frost, radio's Big Sister, and her new husband, who used to direct her program, Wilson Tuttle. Left, WBT's organist and pianist is Clarence Etters.

RADIO people have been busy adding to the population of the world this summer. Dorothy Kilgallen and her actor-husband, Richard Kollmer (David of Claudia and David), have a new son they've named Richard Tompkins Kollmer. Jeanette Nolan took time off from her many acting chores to have a baby girl, while hubby John McIntyre kept right on speaking lines—maybe a bit nervously—into the microphone. The Theodore Graniks (he's Mutual's American Forum of the Air man) are expecting a baby soon at their home in Washington. So is Dorothy Lowell, star of Our Gal Sunday. Likewise Virginia Verrill, of the College Humor variety show. And Richard Stark, announcer for the Hour of Charm, Life Can Be Beautiful and other programs, will be a father in September. His wife is the former Carolin Babcock, national doubles champion.

Then of course there's Benay Venuta, who returned to the air only five weeks after the birth of her baby girl. Besides her regular weekly stint as one of the "pitchers" on Quizzer Baseball, Eddie Cantor's summer replacement, she's been singing as a guest star on different programs. She's lost some weight and looks stunning.

By the time you read this, the Aldrich Family will be back on the air and everyone will know whether or not Ezra Stone will be able to continue in the role he created and made so vastly popular. Ezra was drafted in July, and moved out to Camp Upton in New Jersey. He could probably have been deferred, considering the number of people who depend on the radio show of which he's the main support for their living, but he wanted to do his duty and don a uniform. As this is written, it looks as though a compromise will be worked out which will let Ezra leave the camp once a week and come to New York for his broadcasts. This would be less of a special dispensation than it sounds, because Ezra will be more valuable to the Army than an ordinary draftee—his long experience in both acting and directing make him a big help in camp recreational activities.

Charlotte, N. C.—Heard on this,

By DAN SENSENEY

that and the other WBT program, Clarence Etters is WBT's staff organist—and at least one of the station's star romantic attractions. As the station wag once remarked, "I can always tell who is on the air in Studio A when I see the seats there packed with beautiful girls."

Of course, Clarence is a good musician as well as a handsome young gentleman. Inspired by the melodies of Ann Leaf, Jesse Crawford and Lew White, he began studying the organ and piano when he was a boy. Now he can play them both at the same time—the organ with his left hand and the piano with his right—synchronizing them into some very fancy music. Long hours of practice have given him a repertoire running from hillbilly tunes to hymns, from swing to the classics, and this enables him to appear on all types of WBT programs, making him one of the busiest stars at the station.

It was lucky for Clarence and his musical ambitions that he had an indulgent father. He stepped right into the grocery business when he graduated from Wingate College, for his father gave him a grocery store as a graduation present. It took only a few years of trying to keep customers from knocking over the floor displays of canned peas to send Clarence to the music which he's really preferred all along. The grocery store was disposed of, with the elder Etters' blessing.

Six years ago Clarence came to WBT as accompanist, and since then has had several programs of his own, besides being in demand on other (Continued on page 48)
FIRST LACK OF DEFENSE

You hear a lot today about a shortage of aluminum.
You hear of bottlenecks in the defense industry . . . of a scarcity of planes and tanks.

But one of the greatest deficiencies in our national defense is a white crystalline powder—a tasteless, odorless, colorless food ingredient that is as vital to our national strength as battleships or TNT.

This ingredient is Vitamin B1.

Without vitamin B1, human muscles tire easily, the brain does not think well, appetite fails, we become moody, sluggish, even lose courage.

The strength of the nation lies in its man power, and the power of men, we have come to know, depends to a great extent upon Vitamin B1. A national deficiency in this essential, therefore, means a serious shortage in national energy—and we have had a national deficiency!

American bakers now have ways to supply Vitamin B1 and other members of the B-complex "family" plus food iron in "Enriched Bread."

You will find "Enriched Bread" so labeled regardless of who the baker is who bakes it. This is the signal to you that this white bread has been given certain qualities of the whole-wheat grain heretofore lost.

This "Enriched Bread" looks and tastes exactly like ordinary white bread, yet it adds to your diet precious food elements that everyone must have.

WHERE YOU SEE "Enriched Bread" displayed, where you see "Enriched Bread" advertised in counter and window signs, those bakers and grocers are contributing to our national strength.

This advertisement is approved by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Dept. of Agriculture. It is brought to you in our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio and Television Mirror

THE MAGIC FOODS

Man does not live by bread alone. But it takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add anything else you like—which agrees with you—to your table.

Milk—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

Eggs, lean meat and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-complex vitamins; eggs and lean meat also for iron.

Green and yellow vegetables—for Vitamin C, Vitamin A and minerals.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, whole grain or enriched, for Vitamin B and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure more abundant health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America
Even if you are a busy housewife, there's no need to look unattractive and tired out when the family sees you at dinner! A charming star tells how you can discover new loveliness right in your own home.

**By SELENA ROYLE**

Famous star of the dramatic CBS serial, Woman of Courage, heard every weekday morning.

It's easy enough for you," some of my friends have said to me. "You don't have a home to keep up, or any housework to do. You can spend a whole morning in a beauty shop once a week, having a facial and a manicure and a shampoo and a dozen other beauty treatments. But a housewife never has time for that sort of thing. Or the money either. She has other things to do besides keeping herself looking nice. But it's your business!"

Looking nice is every woman's business!

It isn't difficult to stay attractive, even though yours may be the task of running a household on a twelve-hour-a-day basis. I go to beauty shops because I don't have time not to—radio rehearsals and broadcasts keep me away from home most of every day and I have to squeeze in my beauty treatments when and where I can. It is the woman who can stay home during the day who can arrange for herself a beauty routine that will yield real results.

While you do your work, you can also renew and restore your loveliness. The hours you spend cooking, cleaning, sewing and washing can also be the hours in which you remake your complexion, beautify your hands, renew the lustre of your hair, restore your whole beauty energy. It's easier than you think!

By proper timing and planning a schedule in advance you can give yourself a beauty routine that will prevent any neglect of your loveliness.

You begin as soon as you are up in the morning. As you dress hurriedly before getting breakfast for the family, smooth a small amount of cleansing cream over your face. When you wipe this off, you will help remove traces of fatigue and whatever night cream may be left. In the bathroom, soak a wash cloth in hot water and steam your face to reduce the puffiness of sleep. Follow with the coldest water that will come from the tap, a light powdering and a touch of lipstick. Then wrap a scarf or a bright print kerchief around your hair, so you won't have to take time removing the bobby pins or worry about the loose ends that have lost their wave.

---

Don a bright kerchief—look fresh and gay at breakfast.

A piece of adhesive between the eyes stops your frowning.

At dinner—you've had a busy day, but you look beautiful!
As you sit down for breakfast, with your fresh make-up and your hair hidden beneath a gay wrapping, the family will be glad the lady of the house is so fresh and gay-looking.

After breakfast, your private life really begins and left by yourself, you can start part two of your beauty routine. Needless to say, you will always, after you've done the dishes, use a rich cream or lotion on your hands to prevent any possible dryness from the water. Another hand hint, for gardening in the summer is, in addition to wearing work gloves, to first dig your nails in soap. No dirt will then work into the cuticle or under the nails and the nails will not split or break.

Should preparing the breakfast have left any stains on your hands, try a bleach of buttermilk with lemon juice, or, if you are rushed for time, rub away the darker spots with half a lemon. Be sure to rub in cream to counteract the drying effect of the bleach.

Later in the day if you have a few minutes to sit and read or rest, put on some oiled cotton gloves. You can buy them specially made, or make them yourself by dipping a pair of twenty-cent cotton gloves into some olive oil. Occasionally, just before dinner, massage your hands with a touch of lemon lotion and powder them the way you do your face. Smooth hands lend beauty to any woman, and if you treat your hands like precious things, your husband will too.

Your eyes also need daily attention. After breakfast, smooth a little cream around them and on the lids, leaving it on all morning. If your lashes are dry or brittle, add a light layer of cream on them.

If you tend to frown deeply when doing close work like sewing or darning, try a plaster of adhesive cut in the shape of a diamond between your eyes. To rest them, after sewing, try bathing them in some soothing eye lotion. In warm weather, change occasionally to iced tea packs for a few minutes while you are lying down.

To keep your hair free of dust while you work during the morning, leave the scarf on that you donned before breakfast.

For a special evening hair effect, try a light brilliantine gloss just before dinner. Two ounces of mineral oil with a dash of perfume will do the trick neatly. Just pat on the oil, wipe off the surplus, and you'll have a glistening hair-do.

When the housework is finally done, the rugs swept, the floor and furniture dusted, the beds made and the shopping over with, there's only one way to feel and look refreshed. Take a tingling shower or relaxing bath. If it's a shower, next time use a cotton mitten filled with soap flakes and perfumed oatmeal in a half and half mixture. Use your regular soap flakes and the oatmeal you have on your shelf, add a dash of your favorite perfume. The glove will suds up in a second and it works wonders if you have a dry skin. If you prefer, you can make little soap pads of the same mixture by dividing an old bath towel into squares that fit neatly in the palm of your hand. Each will be good for several latherings and you'll have a whole supply in advance.

Personally, I feel that nothing really takes the place of the daily bath. Showers are quick fresheners, but a

(Continued on page 78)
Ellen laid her hand on his arm. "Don't you dare say a thing like that," she said.
GERALD GATESON said, “You sent me, Joe, and as I came through the outer office your secretary muttered something about a rush job. What’s up?”

Joe Mallaby peered at Gerald. His eyes were round and owlish through shell-rimmed glasses.

“Radio’s always a rush job, Gerry,” he said, “and this special—” he broke off. “What’s the matter with you, boy?” he asked. “You look seedy as all get out!”

“There’s nothing the matter with me,” Gerald said. His hand, groping into the pocket of his tweed coat, came in contact with a small square box, and gripped it hard. “I’m fit as a fiddle. What is this rush job, anyway?”

Joe chuckled. “It’s right down your street,” he said, “it’s a love story. We’ve hooked a new client, Gerry—and I want to show him what’s what. That’s why I sent for you.”

A love story . . . Right down his street . . . Gerald Gateson swallowed hard.

“But I was thinking,” he said a trifle lamely, “of going away. Somewhere south, perhaps—”

“At this season?” sneered Joe. “Be your age, Gerry. Nobody goes south yet.”

“Maybe I’m a nobody,” Gerald said. “Joe, maybe you’ve got something there.” (His heart cried, “Dorothy! Dotsy! How could you?”)

Joe spoke. His voice seemed to echo from a vast distance.

“You’re such a nobody that I’ve been moving heaven and earth to reach you since early yesterday morning. Where’ve you been?”

Gerald wanted to shout at the top of his lungs. “I’ve been walking the streets—that’s what! All yesterday and all last night.” Instead he murmured—

“I’ve been going places and doing things.”

“You’re just the type,” growled Joe. All at once he leaned forward and pounded on his desk with an energetic fist.

“It’s got to be terrific, Gerry,” he shouted, in his best agency manner. “It’s got to be colossal. Only a one time shot, but if it goes across it means a handsome contract . . . It’s got to be the best script ever written. You won’t lose by it, boy, if you do a good job.”

Gerald felt suddenly as if he couldn’t stand so much noise. His head was splitting, and so was his heart.

“Pipe down, Joe,” he said wearily. “Turn off the fireworks, for the love of heaven. You’re not selling something—you’re buying something. Tell me quietly about this love story.”

Joe piped down. “I’m so used to putting on the gas,” he apologized, “that I do it automatically. Listen, Gerry—get a load of this. The Kerfew crowd are talking radio, at last. I want to sell them a big weekly dramatic show, with a slick cast—and I want a year’s guarantee as a starter. Unfortunately old Kerfew insists on a test—and what a test! I’ve got to produce a bang-up play, have it written, get a real star—oh, the whole works! If it goes across, the sky’s the limit, but—well, one show to decide a fifty-two weeks program isn’t fair, Gerry.”

“Of course, it isn’t,” agreed Gerald absentely. His mind was saying, over and over, “Nothing’s fair. Nothing in all the world. Nothing in life.”

Joe went on. “If the show falls flat—and it darn right may—all the effort has gone for nothing. The campaign I’ve planned, the security of a dozen actors and actresses, your chance to make a pot of money, and—Gerry, what the devil is biting you?”

Taking a firm grip on his vocal chords, so that his voice was entirely steady, Gerald Gateson asked: “What’s biting who?”

“You haven’t been listening to me,” Joe told him accusingly. “You haven’t caught a single word. I might as well be using my wind to blow soap bubbles!”

“Sorry,” said Gerald, “but I’m so used to your tirades, Joe.” He cleared his throat. “To put the matter in a nutshell, you want a tense, gripping romance that’ll burn the ears off a new sponsor. How long is this first show to run?”

“Thirty minutes,” Joe told him a trifle sulkily, “half an hour to you.”

“That’s long enough,” mused Gerald. “How many characters am I allowed?”

Joe considered. “Let’s see. There’ll be a star, and a leading lady, and a character man or woman, and a couple of extras . . . Can you hold it down to six, Gerry?”

“I can hold it down to six—or two, if you insist,” Gerald grinned painfully. (“Two’s a company, three’s a crowd,” echoed through the empty places of his soul.) “When do you want the finished script?”

“Well,” said Joe—and, to do him justice, he spoke sheepishly—“if I could get it by noon tomorrow, we could cast the bloomin’ thing tomorrow night.”

Gerald stared at the inquisitor who sat on (Continued on page 54)
"Hullo, Sylvia," Edward exclaimed, without looking up. "So this is the reason you couldn't come over to Big House," Sylvia said coldly.

The flames from the brick kiln swept out, caught by a gust of wind, and Amanda stepped swiftly away on bare feet, shielding her face. The warmth here in this cleared space in the lee of the hill was oppressive as the sun rose high in the clear June sky. Leaning against the trunk of a great pine at the edge of the woods, she pushed the moist curls of red gold hair from her forehead.

From where she stood, she could see the valley on one side, and on the other the high mountains to the west. Far away, where the trees were less dense, there was the glitter of sun on a white house. Day after day she had looked toward it in wonder, with a vague, unformulated hope that life might be different there than it was in the Valley, different from anything she had ever known. But she had never climbed that high road. She had been told that the people of the Valley hated and distrusted the outlanders on the hills.

Amanda sighed, the blue of her eyes deepening with the question she had so often asked herself: why, with this beautiful, green world around her, with the songs of birds waking her before dawn, and the stars brighter than lamps in the night sky, should there be hate? Her hands clenched hard. She knew too intimately what hate was like, not just the kind her father, Joseph Dyke, felt for the rich families on the hill. She herself hated things that happened—the Valley girls, fresh and pretty, forced to marry so young, made to work from morning till night, bearing children year
Begin radio's most beautiful romance—the story of lovely Amanda, who fled in terror from the sordid life of the valley people into the arms of Edward who lived in the shining house on the hilltop.

Now as a vivid, romantic story read the exciting radio serial heard every weekday at 3:15 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC's Blue network, sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M-O. Photographs posed by Joy Hathaway as Amanda, Boyd Crawford as Edward, Helen Shields as Sylvia.

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Amanda
OF HONEYMOON HILL

The sun was high in the sky, and Amanda's eyes gauged its position as the only clock she could read. It was noon, and her father must be waiting in the cabin for her to cook their mid-day meal.

"Yams, turnips—I dug them this morn. I ought to have been home before this. Pa'll say I've been loafing."

Hastily she stoked the fire and shut the door and was off, running lightly through the woods. And, as she ran, she laughed; she could not be unhappy with the green glory of the world around her, filled with the scent of the sun on pine needles, and holding in her heart the knowledge that as long as she had not made her bridal quilt she could not, according to Valley custom, be married.

To her relief the cabin was empty. Swiftly, she raked out the ashes on the hearth, swung the kettles over them, and tossed in the yams and turnips. She glanced up to see her father in the doorway, and all the wonder of the day fled; her dreams had no power against the expression...
The flames from the brick kiln swelled out, caught by a gust of wind, and Amanda stepped swiftly away on bare feet, shielding her face. The warmth here in this cleared space in the lee of the hill was oppressive as the sun rose high in the clear June sky. Leaning against the trunk of a great pine at the edge of the woods, she pushed the moist curls of red gold hair from her forehead.

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"Hullo, Sylvia," Edward exclaimed, without looking up. "So this is the reason you couldn't come over to Big House," Sylvia said coldly.

Begin radio's most beautiful romance—the story of lovely Amanda, who fled in terror from the sordid life of the valley people into the arms of Edward who lived in the shining house on the hilltop.
Amanda flung out her arms to keep him away. "Don't touch me, Charlie."

on his stern, lean face.

"Amanda," he said, coming into the room, "I've been talking to Charlie Harris—he's coming up the road soon—and he wants to know when I'm keeping my sworn Valley oath for you to be his wife."

Amanda leaned back against the wall of the fireplace, her eyes wide and dark in a face suddenly white.

"I'm not going to wed Charlie, Pa! I'm not. I don't love him. I've told you and told you how I feel. And besides," with a flash of hope, "I'm not finished with my bridal quilt."

"You'll love him after you're wed. And Charlie's not waiting longer for you to do your quilt. You ought to be glad, child, he's never held your red hair against you."

Amanda shrank further against the wall. "I just can't," she cried. "I'd rather die before I let him touch me. I've never let him put a hand on me, and I sha'n't. I'll run into the woods and hide until I die, and the birds can cover me with leaves as they covered the children in the song ballad before I let Charlie marry me."

Joseph Dyke stepped toward her, his dark face flushed.

"Stop that sinful talk. Charlie's got to have help on the farm—the hogs and the chickens need tending to—all his planting is behind—"

A shadow fell across the sunlit space before the door, and a heavy man with sun-roughened face stepped into the room.

"Have you told Amanda I'm losing patience, that I'm not waiting any longer?"

"Then get another girl, Charlie, there's many that wants you—and I don't." Amanda faced him, her breath short, as she fought against this terror from which there seemed no way of escape.

Charlie moved toward her. "You'll get over your fright. I'm here to set the day."

Amanda flung out her arms to keep away the man so close to her.

"Don't touch me, Charlie—"

"It's about time you got used to romancing, Amanda," he pushed her arms aside with easy strength and caught her.

She did not scream, only moaned as she twisted her head away. "Pa, take him away—Pa—"

"Charlie's in the right," Dyke said, walking toward the door. "I'm shame for you, Amanda."

She flung herself against the wall, tearing desperately at the hands which held her. In terror she was under his arms and through the door, before he could reach her. She darted by her father, the tears running down her face.

"I'll die first—I'll die first," she was sobbing. "I'll hide in the woods—I won't come back."

Deeper and deeper into the enfolding green she plunged, as briars and underbrush tore her legs, over ground that bruised even her feet, until she stumbled, blind, unseen, into an open glen, and a hand caught and held her. She stared out of tear-filled eyes into the face of a stranger, at one whom she knew had no place in the Valley. And he stared in equal amazement at her.

"Who are you?" he asked, and neither was aware that his hand was still on her shoulder, "a woodland nymph or a dryad escaped from a tree? You're beautiful," he added, his eyes taking in her tumbled, shimmering hair, her fair skin with its wild rose color, the blue eyes so deeply fringed, and the slim young figure. "Diana of the forest—"

"Am I?" asked Amanda. "Well," her gaze had never left his face, "you're wonderful, too, the most wonderful person I've ever seen."

"Then you haven't seen many people." Suddenly conscious of the soft rounded shoulder under his fingers, the stranger dropped his hand and stood smiling at her.

"No, I haven't seen many people, just the Valley folks."

"I might have guessed you were a Valley girl. What's your name? Heavens, how I'd like to paint you—I wonder if I could make that skin come alive—"

"Amanda Dyke," she answered, moving softly across the grass, and
sitting down on a log. She was no longer crying, but she could not stop the trembling of her body. "What's yours?"

Edward Leighton and I live up on the hill." He could not take his eyes from her as he talked.

"In the white house?" her voice was eager, "a white house that shines through the trees—like a dream house?"

"You're a strange girl," young Leighton moved toward her. "Yes, it is beautiful, and it's called Honeymoon House."

"That's a pretty name," Amanda said, softly, then exclaimed, startled, "you're an outlander!"

"An outlander? Lord, no. My people have lived here for almost two hundred years."

"You're an outlander," she repeated, firmly, "we in the Valley were here before you came."

"What of it? Oh, you're cold." Close to her, he saw how she shivered, how she held her hands so they would not tremble. He pulled off his coat, and as he placed it around her shoulders and sat down on the log beside her she smiled at him with a startled expression.

"You're gentle," she said, "and kind. But I'm not cold; I've been afraid."

"Of what? Who has frightened you?" There was quick anger in his voice.

"It's nothing to tell an outlander," Amanda was looking without embarrassment at his face. "I like your eyes—gray like a winter sky—"

"Oh, Amanda," he laughed, "you're marvelous. Will you come up to Honeymoon House? I've a studio there. I want to paint you."

"Paint me?"

"I mean make a picture of you. I'm an artist. See?" He jumped to his feet and went over to where he had set up a small easel. "I was doing this when you came along."

"It's pretty. The flowers look real enough to smell—"

She stopped in surprise and jumped to her feet, her hands fluttering over her heart. From far below them came the sound of a man's angry voice, calling:

"Amanda—Amanda—where are you?"

"It's Pa!" she cried. "I've got to go. He'd be furious if he found me here. He might harm you."

Edward Leighton caught her arm. "But I must see you again. You will come to Honeymoon House, won't you? I must do your portrait."

"I can't tell," Amanda's eyes were troubled pools of blue, her lips quivered. "I can't tell. But I thank you kindly for your gentleness." She raised her voice. "Yes, Pa, I'm coming. And, Edward, please, you go home. The Valley people wouldn't like you here."

Her father caught her roughly by the arm when she ran down to him, his face dark with rage. But as he led her home he said nothing, and though Amanda knew it might have been better for her had he abused her, she did not care. Lost in a tender wonder, her thoughts with the tall young stranger, she was but vaguely aware of her outer world. Like a sleep walker, dreaming some sweet dream, she went about her evening tasks, and then sat before the cabin door, looking up at the stars as, one by one, they sprinkled the night sky. He lived there—he—Edward—lived in that white house—his fingers had been gentle when he touched her—he had put his coat around her. She saw her father light the lamp and open his Bible, and knew that soon she must go to her little room and creep into her bed. She longed to stay all night under the wide sky, lost, wrapped in this soft glory. But when her head touched her hard pillow, her thoughts slipped into a night dream, and she was once again with Edward in the glen.

When Amanda woke to another day of cloudless blue there was a new wonder to the world, but, also, a strange bewilderment. She wanted to laugh and to cry, to sing and to be very still. And she longed for someone wise enough to explain this troubled happiness within her. Aunt Maisie, she thought, I'll go to Aunt Maisie, so old no one knows how long she has lived. She will tell me what is the matter with me. Amanda hurried along the wood path before her father could ask her about the tweed coat which she had forgotten to give back to Edward Leighton and which was hanging now in her room.

But to Amanda's disappointment, the story she had to tell met with instant disapproval.

"Don't have anything to do with the outlanders; it'll bring trouble to you. It always has, it always will—bad luck and black trouble."

"Oh, Aunt Maisie," the girl pleaded, "he was wonderful—gentle and handsome. Why would there be trouble from someone like that?"

The old woman rocked back and forth on her tiny porch. "The Leightons have lived in their big houses for years and years, proud and rich—tobacco fields for miles and miles bringing money to their doors. But we were here before them in Virginia. Don't you see that young man again. You'll wed Charlie, obedient to your pa—"

"Listen—listen!" Amanda jumped to her feet, the wild rose color staining her cheeks. "That's Edward, calling my name. Aunt Maisie, I'm afraid to see him. I'm afraid—"

Amanda's eyes were wide as those of some wild animal of the woods. With a glance over her shoulder she ran into the cabin. She peered from the tiny window, her heart beating loudly in her ears, her lips parted as she saw Edward Leighton cross the clearing and come up to the steps. But she could not move as she heard him ask about her, or even when Aunt Maisie told him there was no red-haired girl in the Valley. She longed to call, but no sound came, as he glanced around, then moved away and disappeared among the trees. It was not until she saw her father on the other side of the clearing that she ran out—only to have the old, sick
terror sweep over her at his first words.

"I've taken your wedding chest to Charlie's farm."

"But—that's as good as being wed to him!" Amanda cried.

"That's why I've done it, child," he answered, his face set. "You've been meeting an outlaw, and I aim to save trouble."

Amanda lifted desperate, pleading eyes, but there was neither pity nor understanding in her father's face.

"Get back to the cabin, Amanda," he ordered, "and stay there. I'll tend the kiln today, and if any stranger comes by, he won't talk long to me." His laugh was short and hard.

There were no tears in Amanda's eyes as she walked through the woods, or when, in the cabin, she buried her face against Edward Leighton's coat. Then, suddenly, she caught it from her hook and ran out the door and up the road, until she stood, breathless, before the white house on its high hill, surrounded by flowers, shaded by trees—her house of dreams. She peered through the first window she came to, then another and another, until with a tremulous sigh she saw the tall form of Edward standing before a canvas on an easel. She crept toward the door and pushed it open, and he raised his eyes and saw her. For a long minute they looked at each other, not moving, only aware that they were together again. Then he sprang across the room and, her hands in his, drew her in.

"I've been looking for you all over that confounded Valley, and an old woman said you didn't exist. I was frightened—I thought I'd lost you. See," he waved toward the easel, "I was making an attempt from memory—and it was no go."

"Wait, Edward—I can't walk on all those flowers."

"Flowers!" Edward stared, then laughed. "That's a carpet, Amanda. It's there to be walked on. Those aren't real flowers. Come on, get up there on that platform. I can't wait to start painting you."

"It's so beautiful to walk on," Amanda said, almost tiptoeing across the floor. A sharp ring startled her, and she turned, ready to run, her hands at her ears.

"What—what was that?"

"Only the telephone," Edward picked up the receiver, and his voice was a trifle impatient in its refusal of some suggestion. When he turned he saw Amanda, her lower lip caught between her teeth, her face colorless.

"The—telephone?" she stammered. And when Edward nodded, she said hastily, "I'd best be going."

"Amanda," he caught her hands, "why? Don't be frightened, there's no danger. Won't you believe me?"

Amanda sighed, the blue of her eyes deepened with the question she had so often asked herself: why, in this beautiful world around her, must there be so much hate?
She's the teen-age girl who lives in every town of America—naive, yet so wise beyond her years. She's Pat Ryan, delightful new star, heroine of her own radio program come to life, and Radio Mirror's Cover Girl!

WHO IS Claudia?

It was eight o'clock of a June evening. In the library at New York's fine Metropolitan Club gentlemen were playing bridge, reading the evening papers, and watching Fifth Avenue's perpetual parade through the club's great plate glass windows.

Ryan, who has served here for many years, brought a millionaire ship-builder his Scotch and Soda and then hurried towards the radio. And into that room came a girl's voice, young and breathless as dawn.

"Never heard that program before, Ryan," an elderly gentleman announced. "But you have evidently, judging by your interest..."

Ryan straightened and the lamp-light shone full upon his silvery hair. "That's my daughter, Pat Ryan, sir. She's making her debut as 'Claudia' tonight. It's a new program. But they expect great things of it."

Several men came over. "Your daughter, you say, Ryan?" they said, pleased for him. "You must be very proud."

Slowly, as these rich and powerful men listened, they remembered there still were other things in the world besides Stuka bombers and vassal people and war and hatred. Mouths which had been stern curved in little smiles and eyes that had been tired took on a soft shine.

"Ryan," said a merchant king, "I'd appreciate it very much indeed—I know how difficult these things are—if you could arrange for my wife and me to see your daughter's broadcast some evening."

"I'll speak to Pat, sir," Ryan said. "She'll be glad to do what she can, I know."

Funny the way life goes along quietly, then accelerates into auspicious, unforgettable occasions. Some people precipitate more occasions than others, of course. Like Pat Ryan, for instance.

Pat wasn't much more than a baby that day her mother took her to an entertainment and she begged so very hard that they had to let her perform too.

"If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,"

she told the audience, who couldn't believe such a little mite could speak so clearly and possess such poise.

"I'll buy a squirrel in a cage,"
she went on.

"And a little rabbit hutch
And when I'm getting really old
About twenty-eight or nine,
I'll buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine."

The applause—the first to fall on Pat's ears, was tremendous. And, with the other children, she was given two peaked scoops of vanilla ice cream and a large slice of cake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and Pat's older sister, (Continued on page 76)
The Difference Love Makes

Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It was sweet and terrifying, beautiful and painful, all at the same time.
His creed was to take care of himself no matter how it hurt others but that was before he met Jane who knew what it was to feel pity for the "little people" of the world—because she was one herself

THERE wasn't a breath of air and the heat shimmered back at me from the pavement. The bag of groceries was big and heavy and hard to balance. My arms ached from carrying it. The mile walk from Middletown to the camp seemed like ten miles and, as I plodded along past the neat, small houses on the road, the thought of the dreariness that lay ahead of me made me want to cry.

The camp was dismal enough, ordinarily. Row after crooked row of rundown trailers and patched up tents and hastily thrown together shacks of corrugated metal and scraps of wood, perpetual wash-lines sagging under the weight of workmen's clothes from which the grease stains were never quite removed, screeching children and harassed, overworked mothers, the eternal smell of meals cooking, and that cramped, trapped feeling that comes from too many people living too close together.

But, after a rain like the one we'd had earlier that afternoon, the camp was turned into an indescribably ugly, vast, slippery, mud puddle. The satiated, red earth refused to drink in all that water. The rutted paths would hold the water for days and, as it stagnated, insects would breed there. And, no matter how hard we women worked, how desperately we scrubbed and cleaned, it would be days and days before we got rid of the red mud tracked into the trailers by our men folks and children.

Turning in at the camp gate, I had to crane my neck and watch the ground to keep from slipping in the mud. I had just rounded the rear end of a trailer and thought, absentely, that I didn't remember one having been there before, when I saw the big puddle. I stepped aside, just in time.

Something, someone, hit me on my blind side—the side blotted out by the tall bundle. The next moment, the paper bag had split and things were scattering and settling with a squooshy sound into the mud. I just stared, stupidly, at the mess, the flour soaking up the water, the sugar dissolving. Perversely, the two dozen eggs had landed on solid ground and were oozing stickily out of their boxes.

"Well!" a man's voice said. "I had no idea they grew things like you around here."

I looked up into a pair of grinning, blue eyes. It was a stranger's face, good looking, with a lean, hard jaw and a full, laughing mouth. Dark hair curled rakishly over his forehead. He was very tall and very neat in a cool, summer suit and his white shoes were spotless.

"Is that all you can say?" I asked angrily.

"No," he grinned. "I might add that you're by far the loveliest thing I've seen in years. And that's something."

"A touch of manners would be better than all that blarney," I said. I stooped down to see what could be saved.

"You're not going to pick up those things?" he said, as though he were astounded. "They're spoiled."

"We don't waste things around here," I said furiously. "We work too hard for what little we've got."

I started to collect the soggy, dirty packages into the front of my skirt, and he bent down to help. But I was too angry to accept his aid. All I wanted was to splash him with mud, to spoil his immaculate complacency, but I managed to control the impulse.

When I stood up, the parcels untidily clutched in my arms, he'd stopped smiling and was just looking at me. "I'm sorry," he said. "Really, I am."

"That's fine!" I snapped. "Only we can't eat it—your being sorry."

And I left him there and hurried to our trailer, the red, clayey water dripping through my dress.

I dropped the forlorn mess into the tiny sink. And suddenly, everything was too much to bear. My dinner was ruined. My 'dress was ruined. My budget for the week was ruined. What kind of a life was that, when a little accident, the carelessness of a stranger, could cause such havoc?

And we'd come a thousand miles for this kind of a life!

Defense work! That was the will-o'-the-wisp that had led up over a thousand miles to Middletown. Oh, the work was there, all right, plenty of it. But there was no place for all the workers, who flocked there from all parts of the country, to live, no houses, no apartments. Even shacks, renting at fantastic prices, were crammed full.

We'd almost turned back, that first evening three months before, but, like everyone else, we didn't dare. There were jobs here for skilled mechanics like Dad and my two older brothers, Al and Tom, jobs with good pay. And back home, in the East, there was nothing left for us, no chance of work, no home—because we'd sold our house in order to be able to get to Middletown, no hope of being able to bring up Julie and Bud decently, send them to school. Back home, the only thing that was left to us was to apply for relief. And, I think, Dad would have preferred to die before doing that.

So, we had stayed, even though it had meant sacrificing comfort and decency. We thought it would only be like that for a short while. Only it wasn't a short while. And gradually, every hope we'd had that things would change, that the rumored housing project would really get under way and we could live like human beings again, instead of like cattle herded into a camp ground that wouldn't even have made a decent pasture, every hope began to fade. Even the rumors had died down. Since the State Legislature had voted a huge appropriation for the housing project, there was a strange, mysterious silence on the whole business in Middletown. And all of us, and all the new families who arrived day after day, went right on living in the camp, hopelessly and helplessly trapped by our need to work.

I glanced at the clock above my bunk. It was late. My weeping hadn't helped much. Dad and the boys would be coming home from work soon, tired and hungry, and there was still some sort of a meal
to be made, I stripped off my muddy clothes and stepped into the shower. At least, our trailer was equipped with that.

I felt a little better, after I'd cleaned up. When I discovered that the steak—a real luxury to us—hadn't been hurt, at all, I was almost happy. I was busy scrubbing the mud off the vegetables, when someone knocked at the open door. I looked around. It was the stranger. He had changed his clothes and he was carrying a grocery bag.

"I—" He smiled ingratiatingly, "I thought I ought to replace those things." Without waiting to be asked, he stepped up into the trailer. "Where can I put these?" he asked.

I let down the tiny folding table and began laying out the things he'd bought. "Flour, sugar, eggs, coffee, soap powder, tomatoes, bread," he grinned. "I think I got everything.

"About twice too much," I said. "Look—we can't take all those things from you. After all, it was an accident."

"Did anyone ever tell you you're very beautiful, when you're angry?" he asked irrelevantly. I'm afraid I blushed. He laughed and put out his hand. "My name's Rand Ferrell. Let's be friends."

I had to laugh, too. "All right," I said. "I'm Jane Burley."

He sprawled out on my bunk and lit a cigarette. I went on with my work. He was a little in the way, but I couldn't think of how to get rid of him. Maybe, I didn't really want to. He was very amusing and there was something vaguely familiar about the way he talked, but I didn't pay too much attention to that. I put it down to his easy, friendly manner. He asked lots of questions, about the camp, about work.

"Oh, there's plenty of work," I said. "Are you looking for a job?"

"Sure," he said. "They need skilled mechanics." I said.

"Well?"

"You're no mechanic," I said.

He laughed. "How do you know?"

"Your hands," I said.

"Okay, Miss Sherlock," he grinned. "I'm no mechanic. But I can learn. If there's really so much work, they can use a few apprentices."

I could have disillusioned him on that score, but I didn't. There were too many really skilled men, for the bosses to bother with apprentices. Besides, I didn't have time to talk any more. Julie and Bud came in whooping and demanding their supper and it got pretty crowded inside the trailer, what with Rand Ferrell telling the kids about New York and Julie and Bud hovering around him worshipingly. Then Dad and the boys came home and everyone was introduced and, somehow, Rand was invited to eat with us. Of course, he accepted.

We ate outside on a large, rough table. Before we'd finished our soup, Dad and Al and Tom and Rand were deep in man-talk about the conditions in Middletown. And, listening to them, it struck me that for someone who'd just arrived in town that day, Rand was remarkably well informed about local conditions. I wondered about that. Why had he come there, then? And I remembered his expensive looking suit and the shiny, new trailer. He didn't look like someone so desperately in need of a job that he'd be willing to put up with life in that camp.

When it was time to wash the dishes, nothing would do but that he help me. I wasn't too crazy about the idea, because men can be very sloppy, even in a large kitchen. And he was unusually clumsy. He handled the dishes as though he'd never seen a plate before. Yet, I didn't want to say anything, I didn't want him to go away. He was so different from the boys and men in camp. He was lighthearted and charming—and, although I was sure it was just a line—he was flattering.

"Jane," he said, bending to look into my eyes, "are your eyes really green?"

"Only sometimes," I said. "They change."

"I've heard about such things," he said. "But I've never seen them. Let me see."

I felt like a fool, but my heart was strangely glad that he wanted to be there, saying those silly things to me.

"Like a magazine cover," Rand said. "Red hair, green eyes. You know, for years I've thought that girls with faces like yours were just dreamed up by artists. Maybe, I'm dreaming too."

I had to laugh. I didn't know what else to do. Even if it was just idle chatter on his part, it was nice to hear. I guess every girl in the world needs a little flattery, now and then, to sustain her, to make her feel alive. My heart was beating very fast and I was intensely aware of his nearness to me. And my head kept saying over and over, "Careful Janie. You don't know him. You don't know anything about him."

It made sense. It also made sense, at least to me, to remedy it. "Rand," I said at last, when the dishes were done and we'd gone outside again,

"It's no good," I said. "You don't really
port from a mine that had exploded.

"But, what are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, defense is a big thing in this country, now," he explained.

"This is a defense boom town. So, I'm here to do a broadcast on what it's like in a defense boom town. I thought I'd get better dope, if I pretended to be a worker."

"I see," I said.

"I still think I can find out more—if everyone doesn't know why I'm here," he said. I agreed with him.

"Now that's over, what can we do tonight?"

"Not so fast," I said. "I've got to put the kids to bed. Besides, there's not much to do. We can take a walk. I'll show you the rest of our 'estate'."

I'm afraid I rather rushed Julie and Bud into bed. I suspected that Bud wasn't washing too carefully, but I didn't stop to give him a thorough going over, for which Bud was, no doubt, very thankful. Then I hurried to put on my prettiest dress.

It wasn't nine o'clock yet, but already the camp was settling down for the night. Rand and I walked quietly through the camp and I showed him the communal showers and the place where the women did their washing. I told him about the store run by the camp owners, where everything was so expensive that most of us preferred to walk the mile into town to get what we needed. I showed him the wood pile, which we all used for our cook fires and which was replenished on Sundays by the mcn in camp.

We crossed a little, plank bridge to the other side of the creek. It was like stepping into another country, another world. Here, massive willow trees trailed their lacy branches in the water and the grass was fresh and untrammelled and the slope had drained and was dry and soft to sit upon.

We sprawled out on the bank of the creek and our talk drifted lazily, slowly, over many things, very much as the gurgling water trickled over the rocks at our feet. Rand told me a little about himself. And I told him about myself, about the home we'd left in the East, about the small State college to which I had gone until Dad lost his job and Mother died and I was needed at home to run the house and take care of Julie and Bud.

Finally, we got back to camp.

"And now that you've seen this place," I said, "just what are you going to tell your listeners?"

"Oh," Rand said casually, "I'll tell them all about the wonderful determination of the people to carry on the defense of our country. I'll talk about the heroism of the workers, their willingness to sacrifice—oh, you know, all the business about how they're even willing to live in trailers so the work can be done."

I COULD hardly believe I'd heard him correctly. He'd seemed so shocked by the conditions under which we all lived. "But," I said, "what about the way we're forced to live here? That's not necessary for defense. What about the housing project that's supposed to take care of us? Aren't you going to say anything about that? Aren't you going to tell the public that places like this aren't fit for people to live in?"

"Jane," Rand said, "listeners want to hear how defense work is coming along. They want to know how many tanks and airplanes and guns are being turned out."

"Of course," I said. "We're interested in that, too, or we wouldn't be here. But what about the truth? What about all these people?"

"All these people aren't any of my business," he said.

"But they are!" I cried. "It's every decent, honest person's business, when hundreds of people are forced to live like this."

"Take it easy, Jane," Rand laughed. "I'm a reporter, not a re-former. I give the listeners what they want to hear, not what they ought to hear. My sponsors like it that way—and they're the ones who hand out the pay checks and the contracts. I have to watch out for my job, Janie. I've still got a long way to go to get to the top."

"I see," I said angrily. "That's a fine philosophy—take care of yourself and the devil with everyone else!"

"Well, no, not exactly," Rand grinned. "I'm willing to take care of some people—like you, for instance."

Suddenly, he was leaning over me, his face very close to mine.

"Jane, you're maddeningly beautiful when you're angry."

He was kissing me, his lips pressed against mine. Their warmth set the blood to burning under my skin. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It was sweet and terrifying, beautiful and painful, all at the same time. With part of me I wanted to push him away, but another part of me cried out for him to hold me closer.

"Let's go back," I forced myself to whisper. "Let's go back, now."

It was insanity, I reminded myself later, when I was in bed. It was hopeless, but I couldn't stop it. My senses seemed to have fled. A part of my mind kept warning me that Rand Ferrell wasn't for me, that I was a fool, that he was probably just amusing himself with me, that, if he hadn't been kissing me, he would have been kissing one of the other young girls in the camp, because he had to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. But it did no good. I found that I didn't care why he was kissing me. I didn't care that in another few days he'd be gone and I'd probably never see him again. Nothing mattered, but that I should keep this wonderful thing that had happened to me, close and sweet, for what little time I had.

Luckily for my peace of mind—and for the health of my family, I saw very little of Rand in the next couple of days. It was possible for me to collect my scattered wits a little. Nevertheless, on the second evening, when I saw him walking toward our trailer, my heart went racing off again.

"Hello," I managed to say. "How's the work going?"

"Fine," he said, but there was no enthusiasm (Continued on page 83)
“It’s no good,” I said. “You don’t really
find a job. So what are you doing here?”

RAZOR AND TELEVISION BUDDY

ROGER RASHID 1948
Tune in Pepper Young's Family weekdays at 11:15 A.M., E.D.T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by P & G Naphtha
Pepper Young's Family

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

With these beautiful photographs of Pepper, Linda, Biff, Curtis Bradley and Hattie Williams, you can now complete your own special picture album of radio's popular family from Elmwood.

PEPPER YOUNG (left) is a typical American boy of nineteen. His name is William Culpepper, but you had better call him Pepper. Pepper is filled with amazing vitality, he excels at football, basketball and hockey, and his real passion is aviation. Pepper was only sixteen when you first met him, but even at that precocious age he was distinguishing himself. When his father's factory was flooded, he risked his life to save valuable papers. Later, when Mr. Young's fortune was wiped away, Pepper left school for a year to help the family out. Pepper has had girl trouble, crushes which every adolescent gets, but his real love is a childhood sweetheart, Linda Benton. He also loves his sister Peggy, and is forever teasing her. When he graduated from Elmwood High, he wanted to join the Army Air Corp, but he was too young. He is now learning to fly at a local civilian Air School.

(Played by Curtis Arnall)

LINDA BENTON (right) is a wholesome, pretty blonde girl of eighteen. She adores Pepper, is full of fun, and also is very practical, and Pepper's parents both feel that some day she'll make a fine wife for their son. Linda and Pepper have quarreled over other girls with whom Pepper has been temporarily infatuated. There was trouble over a young aviatrix and a girl from California named Marcella, but that's over and now Pepper and Linda have an understanding. They know that some day they will be married. It almost happened when Pepper nearly landed a job on the Elmwood Free Press. Linda feels that Pepper can't possibly love her as much as she loves him. But, as she told Mrs. Young: "You don't always expect the one you love to love you as much as you love him." As each day goes by, Pepper finds more wonderful qualities in her and loves her more.

(Played by Eunice Howard)
BIFF BRADLEY, son of Curtis Bradley, is Pepper Young's best friend. While his father was missing, he lived with the Youngs. They treated him like their own son, helped him with all his youthful problems. Biff is a very sensitive young man, wistful, easily hurt. For a number of years he was very much in love with Peggy Young, but he never did much about it because Peggy always had so many boy friends. As he grew older, he began to realize that his love for Peggy was more like that of a brother for a sister. Biff's next crush was on Edie Gray. He got over that, too. Some day he will meet the right girl, but just now he is too concerned about Peggy's troubles with the Trent family to think about himself. He wants to see Peggy happy and, now that she has broken her engagement to Carter, he is trying his best to cheer her up.

(Played by Laddie Seaman)
HATTIE WILLIAMS (right) is the Young family's maid, but nobody ever thinks of her as the maid, she's more like one of the family. When Mrs. Young was ill a few years ago, she hired this twenty-year-old girl to help her around the house. Hattie's been with the Youngs ever since and her life, in spite of their kindness, hasn't been an easy one. Her husband, a sailor named Jack Williams, deserted her shortly after her marriage, leaving her with a one-year-old baby, called Butch. Several years later, Williams came back, very contrite, and Hattie forgave him. The Youngs gave the couple a small cottage right next to their home. Then, one night, Hattie went out and left her husband to care for the baby. Pepper, passing the cottage, suddenly saw it burst into flames. He dashed into the house and rescued little Butch, but Hattie's husband is believed to have perished in the fire. Since the tragedy, Hattie, who is not unattractive, has had several proposals. Hank, a caretaker for Mr. Bradley, wanted to marry her, but Hattie said no. Hattie still loves her husband and clings to the hope that he may not have died and will return again some day. She is always a sweet and loyal person.
(Played by Greta Kvalden)

CURTIS BRADLEY (left) is a square shooter, a man with high ideals and a wonderful sense of humor. When the Youngs first met him he was quite a wealthy man, but not a very happy one. His wife had deserted him several years before, leaving him with an only child, Biff. Bradley and Sam Young went into business together, opening a factory in Elmwood. Curt was injured by a falling beam while trying to rescue money from their factory during a flood, and, after that, began suffering from amnesia. One day, he suddenly disappeared and all efforts to find him were useless until he suddenly reappeared again about a year ago, cured of his sickness, but penniless. Sam Young's business was in bad straits, but he took Curt back into partnership again. Curt Bradley, however, was not the sort of man who could be happy feeling he was a drag on others. He eventually found himself a job in Chicago and when Mr. and Mrs. Trent insulted Peggy, he went to see them and in his very persuasive and charming manner almost set things right again. But when Peggy, visiting the Treants, broken heartedly told him how Mrs. Trent had been treating her, Bradley advised her to go home and put her on the train for Elmwood.
(Played by Ed Wolfe)
Let Me Forget

Not even Bill's sweet kiss wiped out the knowledge that there was something in her past she dared not remember, something that held her back from the rapture he offered.

You see, my dear, you'll have to earn your own living now." Dr. Chase's voice was gentle and soothing. In the late-afternoon sunlight that came in through the slats of the Venetian blind, I saw through his silver-gray hair to the clean, ruddy scalp at its roots. I liked Dr. Chase so very much, and trusted him completely—although I could not seem to remember, quite, when I had first met him, or how.

This room, too, this house... how had I come here? I must have moved into it just after I had graduated from college, but... why?

Of course, I'd been ill.
That was it. That must be it. I'd been ill, and Dr. Chase had brought me here to get well. And while I was ill something had happened to the little money my father and mother had left me when I was sixteen and they were both killed in a motor accident.

"Yes," I said to Dr. Chase, nodding seriously—because, for some reason I couldn't define, I didn't want him to know there were things I couldn't remember. "Yes, I know.

I'm afraid there isn't much I could do to make money. Maybe I could teach..."

He took me up on that eagerly. "Exactly what I was thinking, Ethel! You could open a dancing school!"

"Dancing?" I caught my breath. The word had seemed to strike a piercing shaft of terror into my heart.

"Yes—you've always been such a good dancer," he said quickly. "And you always loved it so."

"Did I?" I asked, and then the brief, sharp panic was gone and I was recalling proms in college, with the music lifting me on my toes and sweeping me around the room, from one partner's arms to another's. "Why, yes, that's right," I murmured. "I'd forgotten. It seems so long ago."

"But you do remember things that happened to you in college, don't you Ethel?" Dr. Chase asked sharply. "And before that, when you were a little girl?"

"Oh, yes!" I said. "Of course I do. I remember everything!"

Something made me say it so vehemently—as if not remembering were a crime.

"Well," Dr. Chase said briskly, getting up to go, "it's all settled, then. There's a hall downtown and I'll see about renting it for you. You can go on living here, with Mary Murphy to cook your meals and take care of the house."

"It's terribly kind of you to take so much trouble," I said.

"Nonsense! It's self-interest, as much as anything else. I live here in Grayfields too—"

Grayfields! Why, that was on Long Island. I caught at the scrap of information; I hadn't wanted to admit that I didn't even know the name of the town I was living in now.

"—and I have two young devils who ought to learn how to dance," the doctor was continuing. "They'll be your first pupils."

He left, and Mary Murphy served my dinner, and the pale dusk of spring came down over the little house and the garden. I sat by a window, listening to Mary's heavy steps in the kitchen. I was content to do nothing until it was time to go to bed. That other Ethel Windsor, that girl who had gone to college and had friends and enjoyed herself so much at dances—she seemed very far away to me now, really like another person entirely. Someone I had read about or watched in a movie. I couldn't find in myself any of the zest for living which she had had in such abundance.

I must have been really ill, I thought, although I was perfectly well now, except for this strange lassitude, this unwillingness to let my mind go into the past or speculate on what had happened to me during that blank gap in my memory.
The strains of a waltz lifted us, carried us away, making us want to dance forever. "Oh, Oliver, I do love you so!" I said. "My husband!"
MARY MURPHY was worried because I never went anywhere, never saw anyone but Dr. Chase on his casual, friendly visits. She used to scold me: "Sure, it's too young and pretty you are to be sitting in the house each night. You should be meeting friends, having a good time and going to dances with some fine young man."

"I dance for a living, Mary," I spoke sharply, with that unexpected pang of fright that came to me now and then, and Mary fell silent. But late one afternoon, just as Tommy Collins was finishing his lesson, his older brother Bill came to the hall to take him home. Bill was tall and broad-shouldered, and

"Don't you see?" Bill cried. "You were afraid to remember—but that's all over now. Darling, you're free!"

when he complimented me on Tommy's progress I felt for the first time a faint stirring of that other Ethel Windsor who had laughed up into the eyes of the men she knew.

"No wonder Tommy doesn't mind dancing lessons any more," Bill said. "You know he's fallen in love with you."

Tommy blushed and stuck out his lower lip. "Aw, I have not," he protested.

"Then you haven't got very good taste after all," Bill said, not taking his eyes off my face. "I wonder—couldn't you give me some lessons too, Miss Windsor?"

"I'm sorry—I only take children as my pupils," I said nervously. "Make an exception in my case—please!" he begged. "I'm a lawyer, and all lawyers really ought to know how to dance."

I opened my mouth to refuse. And then I hesitated, because suddenly I realized that I was afraid—afraid to feel a man's arms around me, afraid to give myself to the rhythm and movement of dancing with a man. I didn't want to be afraid. I wouldn't be afraid!

"All right," I said. "But I warn you, I'm a severe mistress!"

"I'll work hard to please, ma'am," he said gravely. "Can't we have the first lesson now?"

"Right—right now?" I stammered. "Sure. Tommy won't mind waiting."

"Why, I—I suppose so," I said. Hesitantly, I went to the phonograph and selected a slow fox-trot, wishing already that I had refused to give him lessons. And yet—except for a tremor that ran over me when his arm first went around my waist—it was not so bad. He really was a very poor dancer, and that helped me. There was none of the sensation of floating that I remembered from the past; it was almost just another lesson. Almost—not quite.

Bill had taken five lessons when he asked me to go with him to a dance at the country club.

"Oh, no!" I spoke without even thinking, out of instinctive knowledge that acceptance would be perilous.

"But why not?" he asked, a little hurt. "I want to show off my dancing ability. And," in a lower tone, "I want to show you off, too. I want people to say, 'How did that goof ever persuade such a beautiful girl to go out with him?'

I twisted my hands together. "I never go out—I couldn't—"

But what was there to be afraid of? Surely, nothing. Logic told me that.

Bill was watching me narrowly. He could see that I was afraid—and I had promised myself I would never be afraid again.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry I'm acting so foolishly, I mean. Of course I'll go to the dance with you. I'd love to."

When Saturday night came, and we stood together at the entrance to the ballroom, listening to the music, hearing the music that beckoned us on, I was glad that I had been able to conquer that first senseless fear. Because it was fun—fun to be with Bill, to watch his lips moving soundlessly and so seriously while he counted the steps as I'd taught him to. After one circuit of the hall he stopped counting and said amazedly, "Why—it's easy... isn't it? Easy, with you."

He held me more tightly, more confidently, and suddenly he said, "Ethel! There's something I want to say. Maybe it'll be easier here, while we're dancing... Don't you know that I love you?"

I caught my breath. "Love? Love's something I don't know much about, Bill. I've... never been in love."

"Couldn't you love me?"

"Love's so strange, Bill," I said. "I don't know—perhaps I can't ever be in love. Perhaps I don't know how. Don't let's talk about it."

"But I want to talk about it," Bill said softly. The music changed to a sensuous waltz, and he whispered into my ear. "I want to dance and dance, and tell you how much I love you, while we're dancing."

The music was lifting me, cradling me in long rippling waves of sound, swinging me up and away until the room tilted and grew misty. Other whirling, dancing figures spun past, but they were only shadows; the music and I and the man who held me in his arms were the only realities.

I heard my own voice coming from far away. "Someone made love to me, once," it was saying, "while we were dancing... Or perhaps I dreamed it."

"You dreamed it, sweet," he said. "And the boy was me, and the girl was you, and the boy asked the girl to marry him..."

Momentarily, the whirling shadows took on shape again. I looked at his face and saw that it was Bill's, and I fought to separate reality and dream. "But I've heard all this before, somewhere," I faltered. "And I've said all the answers."

Bill stared, and then frowned in concern. "Wait a minute! Something's wrong—let's stop dancing. It's stuffy in here—"

"No, no!" I cried, holding him closer while the music picked me up again. (Continued on page 66)
Still as handsome and maritally free as he was when he was thrilling the Jack Benny audiences with his tenor voice, Frank Parker is now bringing beautiful music into your homes every weekday afternoon, at 3:15 P.M., E.D.T., on the Golden Treasury of Song program, over CBS. Frank’s serious about his music, and is planning a fall concert tour. His current hobby is golf and last summer he played in the California Open, leading pro-amateur tourney of the West Coast. When in New York, Frank lives high up in a bachelor penthouse overlooking the East River.

Frank Parker
I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN 'PAREE'

("L'argent fait le bonheur" From the film "Le Billet de Mille")

Beautiful new hit tune featured by Frank Parker on his CBS program, Golden Treasury of Song

Music by Charles Tucker
Arr. by Colin O'More

Words by Guido Vandt

CHORUS

I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN PAR - REE. That

night when you first danc'd with me,
Though man - y were

there ro - manc - ing too,
Still I was a - lone with

you, on - ly you; When I DREAM OF A WALTZ IN PAR - REE.

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Copyright, 1941, Editions Max Eschig, Paris

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That same magic steals over me—Darling, how I wish I could be once again in Paris. But you're only there in memory.

So each night I dream of a waltz in Paris.
Two hearts that had been driven apart by jealousy find in another's tragedy the complete understanding that must come to every successful marriage

The newspapers, at least, were grateful for the Farrell murder case. They told and retold in detail everything that was known about the events leading up to the moment when police arrived to find Veronica Farrell standing beside the body of her husband. They found it interesting that Veronica and Jim had been married before, divorced, and remarried only a week before his death. They found it even more interesting, and perhaps significant, that on the night of the murder Veronica had been dining with Dr. Gerald Malone—the same Dr. Malone, it was recalled, with whom she had been marooned overnight on a Georgia-coast island a few months before. Wasn't it odd, they hinted, that Dr. Malone's wife had recently gone to Chicago, where she was living with her aunt and refusing to see reporters?

On the day following the murder, readers were told that police were convinced no one had visited Jim Farrell in the Washington Square apartment that evening. He had gone out to dine alone, returned about eight, and had received a telephone call that came through the apartment switchboard. Mrs. Farrell had come home a few minutes after ten; that time was established by the elevator operator who took her up to the apartment on the second floor. But she had not telephoned Malone—and it was considered odd that her first call should be to him, rather than to the elevator boy or police—until ten-thirty. She explained this by saying that she had not known her husband was home; it was not until she went into the bedroom that she found him lying there with a knife through his heart.

There was the added testimony of a neighbor who, the night before, had heard the Farrells quarreling bitterly.

Jerry Malone went through these hours of the first questioning in a kind of drugged stupor. It wasn't possible for him to believe that anything like this could happen to people he knew. Only gradually did he come to realize that it was happening, as well, to him—that he, according to the newspapers, was one of the chief figures in a drama of hatred and jealousy.

It was Ann who brought the realization home. She called him on the telephone from Chicago the day after the murder. "Jerry," she said, "I'm coming back."

Only twenty-four hours ago he would have given half his life to hear her say this. Now he burst out, "No, Ann! You mustn't! I don't want them hounding you . . . the reporters and detectives . . . ."

She laughed a little hysterically. "The reporters've been here, too. They want to know so many things, Jerry—if you and I had separated, if we 'd quarreled over Veronica—I was fool enough to see the first two, but then I wouldn't see any more. But they stay outside the apartment house, waiting . . . ."

He clenched his teeth in futile anger. "Dearest—"

"Jerry—no matter what happened last night, I know you didn't have anything to do with it."

But behind the brave words he heard the smallest taint of doubt, and he knew she was talking to convince herself as much as him. "You don't think Veronica really killed him?"

"I don't know what to think, Jerry. You're so far away and I'm so confused."

Fictionalised from the radio serial heard daily at 2 P.M., E.D.T., over CBS (rebroadcast at 3:15 P.M., Pacific Time) and sponsored by Post Toasties. Photographic Illustration posed by Elizabeth Reiler as Ann and Alan Bunce as Doctor Malone.
"But first," Jerry said, holding Ann's hands more tightly, "we're going away, all by ourselves."

"Think just this, then—that I love you and want you with me. But you mustn't come back until all this is over. I won't have you mixed up in it any more than you are already."

Then, driven by anxiety, she asked the question she hated to ask. "Jerry, what did happen?"

"I don't know," he groaned. "I'm only sure Veronica is telling the truth. She was sorry she'd married Farrell again. He'd made a lot of promises he obviously didn't intend to keep. But she would never have murdered him."

A silence. Then— "Won't it look much worse if I stay away? If I came back, wouldn't that prove there was nothing to all the things they've been hinting—that you and Veronica were—were in love and that—that?" She stopped, unable to go on; he knew she was crying.

"No," he insisted. "That won't be necessary." But in his heart he was aware that things were exactly as Ann had said. Her continued absence would look bad for Veronica. Yet if she returned, and if it came to a trial in which Ann was called to testify, what could she say? It was true that she had left him because of Veronica. She might trust in him now, believe in his love, but she had not before. If they put Ann on the stand, and she told the truth, it would be more damaging to Veronica than if she stayed away.

But perhaps, he told himself after he and Ann (Continued on page 61)
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"You don’t think Veronica really killed him?"

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But perhaps, he told himself after he and Ann (Continued on page 61)
As Peggy came out of the doctor's office, all she could see were the bills piled so high in the desk drawer at home. How could she ever tell Bill?

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**S**HE was a small, blonde girl in a neat, plain dress. She was pretty in the typical way American girls are pretty—young, almost twenty-two, large eyes, full generous mouth, exceptionally fine legs. She sat gingerly on the edge of the office sofa, as if she expected the receptionist to disapprove of taking up more space. She held her hands tightly clenched in her lap.

"The doctor will see you, now," the receptionist said, smiling the pat, professional smile of reassurance.

"Thank you," the girl said.

The doctor was a large man and very round. Everything about him seemed round, his face, his body, everything but his hands, which were long and sure and quick. He told her not to be afraid. He told her that this sort of thing had been going on since the beginning of time—not to worry, not to be frightened.

"Go home and tell your husband," the doctor said, when she was ready to leave. "He'll understand." The doctor and the receptionist exchanged smiles. "And be happy. That is very important."

She was out on the street, now. It didn't take long. Yet, it changed your whole life. It was really a very simple statement. "You're going to have a baby," the doctor had said. It was simple, really, to say it. Just as simple as saying, "It's going to rain tomorrow." A professional observation. A statement of fact. But it was she. She was going to have a baby. She. Peggy Connant. A baby. It kept going around and around in her head.

Bill would want her to take a cab home, but she decided to walk. She had a lot of things to think about. She walked along slowly, looking into the store windows, but not seeing anything, looking at the faces as they went by her, but not really seeing them.

Bills. Bills and a baby. She could see the bills plainly, stacked in the desk drawer. She could see Bill's face when he took them out. Laundry, grocery, rent, gas and light. And Bill's face, drawn and a little tense, his dark hair rumpled, his collar open, his shirt wrinkled and soiled after a day's work, his serious, warm brown eyes troubled. Bills. A baby. You know we can't afford a baby. She could almost hear him say it. "A baby's out of the question."

**FROM A RADIO BROADCAST**

**BY ARCH OBOLER**

Illustrations by Marsh

"Hey! Watch where you're goin'!" An arm pulled her back on the curb.

"Thanks," Peggy Connant said.

"You all right?" the voice asked, the voice belonging to a man with a brief case under his arm.

"Yes," Peggy said, "I'm all right."

"Traffic is bad this time of day. People gotta watch where they're crossin'."

And you have to watch everything, Peggy. We can't afford another thing. A baby, Peggy thought. That will set us back five years. Will he be angry? Of course, he will. There'll be nurses and doctors and the hospital and he won't be able to breathe, he won't be able to smile. But she'd have to be happy. The doctor had said that. "Be happy."

"Are you happy?" Bill had asked that day in the park. They hadn't been married very long, when he said that.

"Uh-huh, I'm happy," she had said. She was, too. She had never known she could be so gloriously happy. They weren't doing anything, just sitting there and looking at each other. It was Bill's day off and they were in the park and the sun was warm on their backs. Bill had his coat off and he was lying on his side, propped up on his elbow.

"So I'm not making my five bucks,
today,” Bill had grinned. “But I’m happy. That’s the important thing.”
“I’m happy, too, Bill.”
“Are you? Honest, Peg?”
“Of course.”
“What if I hadn’t gone to that dance?”
“Don’t say things like that, Bill!”
“But, I did.” His face was warm with happiness. “And bang! You hit me!” He rolled over on the grass. “Like a ton of bricks—and bang! We’re married. It’s wonderful!”

Her mother had objected so. She thought of her mother, as she walked along towards home. She wondered what her mother would say, if she were still alive. Would she still be saying Bill didn’t make enough money? That’s what she’d said when she heard Peggy and Bill were getting married.

“Mark my words,” her mother had said, “he’ll never make a good living for you. No drive, no ambition. A worthless young man. Now, stop crying and listen to me, Peggy. Someday, when you have children of your own, you’ll understand.”

Understand? “I do understand, mother,” Peggy thought, as she stopped on a corner to wait for a light. “Bill is all right. He’s all right—it’s just that he used to laugh. He used to laugh all the time.”

How he had laughed and sung and acted crazy and wonderful that day they were driving out to Lawrenceville to get married! The little puddle jumper was hitting forty, but it seemed to be creeping along and Bill was singing, “We’re going to get married. We’re going to get married!” over and over again and his words, those crazy words, seemed to go right through her.

“Bill,” she had said, “they’ll think you’ve been drinking.”

“I have!” Bill had shouted. “Four cokes, a double malted, two kisses and a marriage license.”

She had laughed, too, and it hadn’t made sense. Then, it had started to rain and she wanted to leave the top down. She wanted to feel the rain in her face. She had felt as though she were flying, soaring high. And the things he said were like music and the rain was the background, its incessant beat the counterpoint.

She would never forget how he had looked, standing there beside her, serious and happy and a little scared and proud. And then he was her husband, this funny fellow in the blue serge suit with the warm, tender eyes that seemed to say, “All our life we’ll be together, darling, and you’ll never regret it. You never will.” And the eyes were promising and the (Continued on page 69)
Christy Allen Cameron became Phillip's wife in a surprise elopement which occurred on the eve of the day she was to have married Mark Scott. Her sensitive nature has ever since made her feel guilty for jilting Mark, although he has repeatedly assured her he would not have wished to hold her to her promise. Recently, when she learned of the existence of Phillip's son by a former marriage, she left him and went to New York, where she is living and working now.

(Played by Claudia Morgan)
Against the Storm

Presenting, in special Living Portraits, one of radio’s most appealing couples, Christy and Phillip Cameron of Against the Storm, by Sandra Michael. See them here and listen to them on NBC-Red weekdays at 3:00, E.D.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap

Phillip Cameron is a brilliant young lawyer—charming, handsome and very much in love with Christy, but with a vein of irresponsibility in his character. He was married once before, to Lucretia Hale, and last fall learned that he had a son, born after Lucretia’s divorce. He did not tell Christy of the boy’s existence for some time, and when he finally did she was so hurt by his long silence that she turned against him. Now he is finding what happiness he can in learning to know his son, who lives with Lucretia and her new husband, Pascal Tyler, and is fonder of Pascal than of his own father.

(Played by Alexander Scourby)
For a quick luncheon dish, or for that novelty to make Sunday morning breakfast exciting, banana ham rolls are just the thing, served with corn bread.

A WELL-KNOWN New York department store has as its slogan the phrase “It’s smart to be thrifty” and I think we could look for a long time before finding a better motto to tack up on our kitchen walls for our guidance in planning meals. It is smart to be thrifty, and if we are really smart our thrifty can and should result in economical meals which are as nutritious and appealing as our more expensive ones.

This is especially true in the case of meat, usually the most expensive single item on our budgets. Meat prices, of course, vary just as other food prices do, but there is no getting away from the fact that the sirloins, the loin chops and the prime roasts are always more costly than other cuts, though by no means more nourishing and flavorful. Our economy, therefore, depends not only on buying beef, lamb, veal and pork when they are at their lowest prices, but in building our menus around recipes utilizing the cheaper cuts. For this reason I am bringing you this month’s recipes based on these less expensive meats. They will not only cut down on your budget but they will add variety to your menus and laurels to your reputation for being a good cook.

First let’s consider chops. From time immemorial loin chops have been considered the choicest chops, but the lamb shoulder chops, illustrated here with cauliflower and bacon curls, are just as succulent and they are much more economical. Pan broil or broil them, as you prefer, and make the bacon curls by winding each slice of bacon around a fork or spoon handle, fastening with a toothpick then cooking in the ordinary way. For an interesting flavor experiment, season the chops with a bit of curry powder before broiling or dust the cauliflower lightly just before serving with ground mace.

I don’t believe there is a man alive who won’t go for baked spare-ribs, veal pot roast and a really good spaghetti and meat ball combination, so here are recipes for all of these.

Baked Spareribs

- 4 lbs. fresh spareribs
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. sage (optional)

Have spareribs cut into two sections as illustrated. Wipe with a damp cloth, rub with salt, pepper and sage and place in roasting pan, using rack so that ribs will not come into contact with fat during cooking. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. until tender (about 2½ hours), basting two or three times. Remove cover during last half hour of cooking so ribs will brown. Serve with baked potatoes.

Veal Pot Roast

- 4 lbs. rump of veal
- 3 lbs. shortening
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3 medium onions, chopped
- ½ cup chopped celery leaves
- 2 bay leaves
- 6 whole cloves
- 8 whole peppercorns
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 wineglass sherry or water

Melt shortening, add garlic and a small quantity of celery leaves and onion. Brown veal in the melted shortening, adding more shortening if necessary to brown meat thoroughly on all sides. Place veal in heavy kettle or Dutch oven, cover with remaining celery and onion, add remaining ingredients and cook, covered, at low temperature until tender (about 3 hours), turning occasionally so that meat will be cooked evenly and adding more liquid if necessary. In a separate pan, cook together small onions, carrots, potatoes and celery until tender, drain and serve with the veal. Combine the liquid in which they were cooked with the liquid from

**BY KATE SMITH**

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night CBS show, but you can still hear her on her daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.
Cut down on expense and give your family a treat, too, especially the men. They’ll go for this platter of baked spareribs and baked potatoes.

Cut your spareribs for especially individual vegetables, with in individual minutes). They go for 30 degrees F. until firm (20 to 30 minutes). Fill centers of molds with baby lima beans, peas, diced carrots or diced beets.

Cook the chopped onion, green pepper and celery and the garlic until tender but not brown. For both the meat balls and the onion mixture use sufficient olive oil to prevent burning but not enough to make mixture greasy. When onion mixture is tender, add remaining ingredients and simmer all together for 45 minutes.

Banana ham rolls are just the thing for a hasty luncheon dish or for Sunday morning breakfast, and they require only a few minutes to prepare.

Banana Ham Rolls
6 bananas
6 slices boiled ham
2 tbls. soft butter
2 tbls. prepared mustard

Mix mustard and butter together. Wrap each banana in a slice of ham, fasten with a toothpick and bake at 350 degrees until bananas can be pierced easily with a fork (about 30 minutes) adding more butter if they tend to stick to the pan. Place under broiler flame for a moment to brown if desired. This dish can be made more elaborate by pouring over the banana ham rolls, before baking, one cup of white sauce to which has been added 1/2 cup grated cheese. Prepared in this way and served with hot rolls or corn bread it is a delicious Sunday night supper treat.

Economy Note

Would you like to take advantage of the low summer prices of fresh fruits and vegetables by putting them up for use during the coming winter? Home canning, a fascinating as well as practical hobby, is easy when you follow the advice of professional canners as given in the booklet, “Ten Easy Lessons in Home Canning.” This booklet, giving directions for putting up fruits, vegetables, jellies, juices and even meats and fish, will be sent to you, free of charge, together with “Let’s Eat,” which contains 300 new and delightful recipes. These valuable guides to better and more economical eating will be mailed without cost to you if you will address a request for them to Kate Smith, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Clark Kent, star reporter of the Daily Planet, and Jimmy Olsen, the paper's red-headed copy-boy, stood together in the hold of the small motorboat. They were just a few miles out of Manao Harbor, the little port jutting out into the Caribbean Sea, south of Cuba. Kent turned to the boy:

"Well, Jimmy, we're finally on our way to Dead Man's Island!"

"Gee, Mr. Kent, do you think we'll really get a story there?"

"Don't see why not, Jimmy—the way the natives talk about it, we should find something special. Lucky thing I got that old fisherman to sell me his boat. Never saw anything like it. Until I found himathy other native I asked to take us out here acted like he was scared to death—said nobody ever got within 500 yards of the island and lived."

"Golly—think we'll make it?"

"Sure, Jimmy—don't worry. We'll get there—and I have an idea we'll solve the mystery of Dead Man's Island!"

The twenty mile run to the Island didn't take them long. The sun was just sinking when Kent skillfully maneuvered the small craft to within a few feet of the rocks close to shore. Suddenly, the wheel spun wildly.

"Great Scott, Jimmy! The rudder won't respond! We're headed straight for the rocks! Look out! We're going to crash! JUMP JIMMY!"

But even as Kent shouted his warning, the boat hit the jagged reef and crashed into a thousand bits. Then:

"Jimmy, Jimmy! Where are you?"

No! There he is—sinking under the water—must have struck his head—this is where Superman takes over!—There—quick dive—got him! Poor kid—he's limp as a rag. But he'll be all right once I get him to shore."

Safely on land, Superman quickly resumed his guise of Clark Kent. Jimmy had just regained consciousness when they heard footsteps, heralded by crackling twigs, coming from the forest just off the shore. The natives concealed themselves in the thick underbrush and watched, wide-eyed, as a woman walked slowly down the path. As she came close, Kent stepped out. Pretending not to notice her fright, he told her of the boat wreck, introduced himself and called Jimmy out. Calmly, then, she spoke in a husky, guttural voice:

"My name is Ilana. My brother, Boris, and I live alone on this island. Come with me. You must be tired and wet—I'll give you dry clothes."

They followed her closely up the path until, astonished, they saw before them a huge gray, stone castle. Ilana ignored their questions as she turned the heavy door latch. Silently, they followed her up the steps and into a large barren room. Promising to bring them food and clothes, she left. Kent and Jimmy waited a moment and then, tip-toeing, followed her down the hall. They watched her enter another door. Quietly they crept up to it and listened. A man was speaking:

"You heard what I said—get rid of them! They can never leave here alive and tell what they've seen. It is my order—Go!"

The reporter and the boy ran back to their room and, masking their anxiety, waited until Ilana reappeared. Her words stumped over each other.

"You must leave here at once—your lives are in danger. Quick, out of the house. You will find a motorboat hidden in a cave near the beach. But, above all, Boris must not see you!"

They followed her out and down (Continued on page 73)
There's a lyrical loveliness about nails that wear Dura-Gloss. It lends them a feminine charm, a fascinating brilliance and color that catch a man's eye and move him to murmur some very pretty things. Dura-Gloss makes your nails look like bright bits of confetti, lighthearted symbols of happy things like popping corks, quick music and the swish of dancing feet. And no other polish can match Dura-Gloss for the rich warm color, the amazing luster and life it gives the nails.

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES
Dura-Gloss is made according to an UN-PARALLELED SUPERIOR FORMULA perfected by lacquer experts for Dura-Gloss alone. Thousands of women have switched to Dura-Gloss because they've found it gives their nails ASTOUNDING LUSTER they find nowhere else, ENDURING BEAUTY, looks lovely days after it's put on, SMART NEW SHADES that are always CONSISTENT AND UNIFORM — buy a bottle of your favorite shade today, buy another six months from now the shade will be identical. Yet all these exclusive advantages are yours for just one small dime!

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD
October, 1941
Behind the Mike, on NBC-Blue at 4:30 P.M., EDT, every Sunday afternoon.

For a long time radio people just went on presenting variety shows, musical concerts, comedians, dramatic serials and quiz sessions. They were so busy putting entertainment on the air it never occurred to them that they themselves were part of a vastly entertaining industry. Then along came Mort Lewis, the man behind Behind the Mike, with the idea that radio itself and the things that go on behind the scenes in radio would make a good series of broadcasts. NBC told Mort to go ahead and try it, and Behind the Mike is the happy result.

Behind the Mike brings you all the interesting things that happen in the great world of radio. A typical broadcast might consist of an interview with a famous star, a dramatization of some thrilling backstage incident, and a reminiscence of something that happened years ago, when radio was young. For instance, did you know that the first broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House took place in 1910, when Enrico Caruso and Emmy Destinn sang an aria backstage? Or that the first sports broadcast was in 1907, when Lee DeForest, the famous inventor, described a yacht race—and was heard only by his assistant, fourteen miles away? Or that in the 1920s, when a playlet was being broadcast, it was quite the usual thing for the orchestra that was next on the program to move into the studio before the playlet was finished, making a lot of noise and completely ruining the actors' lines?

Perhaps the most heart-warming story behind the Mike ever put on the air was told by Bob Gunderson, a blind man who makes a hobby of teaching other blind persons how to make and operate amateur radio sets. Bob told how he heard of a man who was dying of tuberculosis. This man said he didn't even want to live any more. Bob traveled to see him, and suggested that he learn to be an amateur radio operator, with Bob's help. "Why?" the invalid asked. "Because if you do, you'll find friends all over the world, and be able to talk to them every day," Bob said, "instead of sitting here in your home wishing someone would come to see you." Doubtless, the sick man agreed to try it, and the two of them—the blind man and the invalid—constructed a radio broadcasting set. That was six years ago, and today the invalid is greatly improved in health and is very happy with his new interest in life.

Mort Lewis, who writes and produces Behind the Mike, is heard on the air only occasionally, but just the same he's the most important person connected with the show—even more important than Graham McNamee, the master of ceremonies. Mort's small and nervous, recently got married, collects Wedgewood china and phonograph records, takes regular jiu jitsu and riding lessons, and also writes the comedy scripts for the Molasses and January show.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 31: Walter Winchell's back on his NBC program tonight at 9:00 after a vacation.... And Fibber McGee's Gilderleeve starts his own NBC-Red show at 6:30, September 7: Welcome back another returning prodigal—two of them, in fact, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on NBC-Red at 8:00.

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac—Programs from Aug. 27 to Sept. 25
Agnes Moorehead's is the pretty face behind Maggie Jiggs' voice.

**HAVE YOU TUNED IN...**

Bringing Up Father, on NBC-Blue, is the story of D. T. (rebroadcast to the West at 7:00, P. S. T.), sponsored by Rinso.

Yes, this is the famous old veteran of the comic strips in person. Instead of just looking at the pictures of Jiggs, Maggie, their daughter, Dinty Moore, and all the other characters, you can now hear them in action on the air. And of course the story on the air is just as it has always been in the cartoons—Maggie is anxious to get Dinty. Jiggs wants to have a plate of corned beef and cabbage at Dinty Moore's, and daughter Nora just wants to live her own life without interference.

Around Radio Row, Bringing Up Father is what is called a "package" show. This means that the advertising agency which is hired by the sponsor to tell the world about a particular advertised product. In this case, Rinso—doesn't produce the program itself. Instead, the scripts are written, the actors hired and rehearsed, and then produced by a company which makes a specialty of producing radio programs and nothing else. There are several such companies—Bringing Up Father is produced by one called Henry Souvalne, Inc. It's a method of getting radio programs on the air that seems to be getting more and more popular all the time.

As Jiggs and Maggie, you hear Neil O'Malley and Agnes Moorehead, two of radio's top characters. Agnes, in fact, is considered by lots of folks who know who America. She can do any kind of part on the air, and recently in "Orson Welles' picture, "Citizen Kane," she scored a smashing success as Kane's mother. Agnes is a lot better looking than Maggie Jiggs is supposed to be. It's in the stage of the NBC studio where Bringing Up Father is broadcast that life-sized cardboard pictures of the cartoon characters. When Agnes saw one of the Maggie she remarked, "This is the first time I've ever felt I didn't have any reason to be dissatisfied with my looks."

Nora, Jiggs' and Maggie's daughter, is played by Helen Shields, a very clever young lady who looks like Miriam Hopkins and Dinty Moore is played by Dick McDonnell, who looks like the late Walter Connolly.

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

September 1: It's Labor Day, sign that summer's coming to an end.

September 8: The Lux Theater with its swell dramas and famous guest stars, comes back to CBS tonight at 9:00.
### WEDNESDAY

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<td>12:45</td>
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### HAVEN'T YOU TUNED IN . . .

Mary Mason is the portrait star of the new CBS Show, Maudie's Diary.

### DATES TO REMEMBER

**August 28:** Benny Goodman does his last broadcast tonight in his Thursday-night sponsored series, NBC-Red at 8:00.

### FOR Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time:

- Subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

- For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time.

**September 3:** Eddie Cantor returns tonight, at 9:00 on NBC-Red.

**September 4:** The Maxwell House show starts another radio season tonight—so tune it in at 8:00 on NBC-Red.

**September 11:** There's a new show starting tonight, designed to let you know what's going on in the world. It's called Andeh of the Headlines, on NBC-Blue at 10:30 P. M.
How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?

By Lady Esther

Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you sure that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the right shade of powder can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you FREE all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really different way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

Try ALL 9 Shades FREE!
Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.

FLASH! Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.
Hello musical compositions are bringing fame to Morton Gould.

H A V E  Y O U  T U N E D  I N  . . .

Morton Gould's music, either on Mutual Saturday nights at 9:30, E. D. T., or during Major Bowes' illness on CBS Thursday nights at 7:00.

For some time now a young man named Morton Gould has been quietly spinning his business, composing new tunes, arranging old ones in an exciting and clever way, and broadcasting the results with an orchestra led by himself on unsponsored programs over the Mutual network. Part of the listening audience heard and applauded his work, but sponsors didn't seem interested until one night this summer when Major Bowes was suddenly forced by illness to drop his famous Amateur Show. Then, with almost no warning at all, Morton found himself leading a 45-piece band on CBS, with Chrysler Motors for a sponsor—also because the Major, whom Morton scarcely knew personally, had been listening to and enjoying Morton's music for a good many months.

Slight, intellectual-looking Morton Gould took the sudden turn of affairs in his stride. All his life he's been used to having events shunt him from obscurity to fame. When he was four he astonished music teachers by being able to play the piano without ever having taken a lesson, and at six he had his first composition published. It was a Waltz called "Just Six." At seventeen he had graduated from New York University's School of Music and was giving lectures in music conservatories and colleges.

Morton is only twenty-seven now, and is a full-fledged composer of symphonic music as well as a radio star. He prepares all the distinctive arrangements of popular music you hear on his programs, leaving New York and hiding away at a summer vacation resort where he has no friends, in order to have complete privacy while he works.

He isn't married, and admits it probably because he's always been too busy to fall in love.

FOR EASTERN STANDORD TIME OR CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME SUBTRACT ONE HOUR FROM EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME.

DATE S TO REMEMBER

August 29: For horse-racing fans—Mutual broadcasts the Saratoga Steeplechase at 2:30 this afternoon.

August 30: More horse-racing—the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, both on Mutual at 5:15.

September 5: Buddy Baer and Abe Simon fight tonight, and Mutual broadcasts the battle at 10:00.

September 19: Bob Burns is scheduled to start his new comedy series tonight, 9:30 on CBS.
"I do solemnly swear..."

BOSTON, MASS.: INVESTIGATORS TESTIFY THAT 892 OUT OF 1019 USERS OF ANOTHER NAPKIN SAID, "MODESS IS SOFTER!"

Professional visitor. This woman is a professional investigator. She is swearing to the results of an amazing "softness test" conducted in Boston, Mass.

1019 women made this test. Each was a user of a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. Not a single user of Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was allowed to make the test. Yet 892 of the 1019, when asked to feel these two napkins, said Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was softer!

Those little kits carried by investigators held the napkins so that all identifying marks were completely concealed. Women making the test could not see which was which. The investigators themselves did not know for whom the test was being conducted.

What could be simpler? "Just feel these two napkins and tell me which is softer." That's all there was to the test. The only napkin these women might possibly recognize was the one they habitually used, and no Modess user made the test. Yet Modess won by a staggering majority.

On the night of May 27th, when the final results were in, 892 of the 1019 women had said that the "fluff-type" napkin (Modess) was softer. And remember—these were all women who were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Amazing, isn't it, that women could go along, overlooking the fact that another and newer type of napkin might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually trying Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

Modess

892 OUT OF 1019 BOSTON, MASS. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"
What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

shows as a special star feature. Away from the broadcasting studio Clarence piles up work for himself. He is organist at the Myers Park Methodist Church, has a twelve-piece dance band that plays at local affairs, composed many songs which he plays on request, and is musician's contractor for WBT. With all that activity, he's still seen around Charlotte, even though he's always escorting a beautiful girl—a different one every time. It's a swell hobby, this one of escorting pretty girls, and Clarence is to be envied because he's so successful at it.

* * *

Dinah Shore, the songstress, has two heart-interests and can't choose between them. But she's patriotic about the whole business—one of her beau is Lieutenant Marvin Schaefer of the Marines; the other is Corporal Allan Grieve, of the Army.

* * *

The yen for a home of their own got both Ralph Edwards, the Truth or Consequences master of ceremonies, and Jay Jostyn, who plays Mr. District Attorney. Ralph bought a farm and ranch near Valdese, New York, and is commuting for his radio shows and rehearsals. Jay, who used to live in an apartment suburb, moved farther out on Long Island and bought a big house and two acres of ground. He discovered that he was the proud owner of many different flowers, none of which he could name, so now he's deep in the study of horticulture.

* * *

Joe Boland, an actor you've heard on many daytime programs, was the victim of too much wisely zeal this summer. Mrs. Boland, who works for CBS, spent her two-week vacation visiting her parents in Ohio, and since some of the furniture in their apartment needed reupholstering and refinishing, that's what he had to do while she was away. So she sent the furniture out—quietly forgetting that Joe, who was staying in town for the two weeks, would be left without a place to sit down in his own apartment. Luckily, the bed didn't need to be reupholstered, so at least Joe could sleep.

* * *

Dick Todd, handsome but hefty, young baritone of the Saturday morning Vaudeville Theater program on NBC, is trying to get rid of twenty pounds. He's been promised a Hollywood screen test if he can make it.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—There aren't many radio personalities who are as colorful as George Dewey Hay, the Solemn Old Judge of station WSM's beloved program, the Grand Ole Opry. He is known as the program's master of ceremonies and guiding spirit for the full sixteen years of its existence, stepping up to the microphone every Saturday night to greet his friends who sit in the studio audience and the many thousands who sit listening in their homes.

He's not really a judge, but he has become so closely identified with his air character that all his friends have forgotten his first name and call him, simply, "Judge."

The Judge was born on November 5, 1885, at Attica, Indiana, but his parents were Germans, just ready to start his career, when the United States entered the World War, and he enlisted in the Army in 1918. After the war he started out to be a reporter on the Memphis Commercial Appeal, and something that happened while he was on this paper probably gave radio listeners their Grand Ole Opry show. As a reporter, he ran across a log cabin in the hill country that gave a square dance and sang every Saturday night. People from miles around would come to take part in the festivities, and the young reporter was deeply impressed by the simplicity, sincerity and good humor of these gatherings.

That was in 1923, and radio didn't amount to much in those days. But later, while George was still working as a reporter and studying law in his spare time, radio seemed more interesting to him, and he left the newspaper to become director and announcer at WMC, Memphis. After nine months there, he went to WLS in Chicago, and when the radioLog Cabin Festivals crystallized in the WLS Barn Dance, on which he became the first Barn Dance announcer and master of ceremonies. He spent almost two years at WLS and then came to WSM in Nashville, where he's been ever since.

The first Grand Ole Opry program was quite a different thing from the ones WSM listeners hear now. The cast consisted of one fiddler, named Uncle Jimmie Thompson, and the Judge, and a steamboat whistle—plus a sincere desire on the part of everyone concerned to play American folk music that would please anyone who happened to be listening in today. The cast numbers sixty-five, and Uncle Jimmy Thompson has long since passed on to his final reward, but the Judge, the steamboat whistle, and the sincerity remain.

The Grand Old Opry got its name through a change. It happened that the first program went on the air right after a network show which had Walter Damrosch talking about Grand Opera. When the Judge and Uncle Jimmy took over the mike they temporarily christened their program the Grand Old Opry, and the title has stuck for sixteen years.

The Judge has been married since March 29, 1918. Mrs. Hay was Lena M. Byrd, and they have two daughters, Cornelia, 21, and Margaret, 17.

Whenever the Judge isn't busy at the WSM he drives a large truck to one of Nashville's golf courses. He goes over all the courses at better than par. His hardest job, he says, is living down the title, Solemn Old Judge, and convincing people that in spite of it he isn't really an old man. His health is an asset, not a handicap, and once people have seen him in person.

* * *

SIT LAKE CITY—Ed Stoker, musical director for station KDYL since national defense caught up with "By" Woodbury last spring, is an ex-child prodigy who lived up to all expectations.

From the time he was able to climb up on the piano bench until he was nine, Ed was a strictly self-made musician, playing entirely by ear. His mother was an accomplished pianist, and he soon learned to play every number in her repertoire; but before he was ten the decided it was high time he learned to read musical notes instead of going by ear and instinct.

One year of serious piano study, and little Ed had made up his mind to follow a musical career. Since he thought he wanted to be a conductor, he started to study the violin, but three years later he returned to his first instrumental love, the piano, and became a pupil of Frank Asper, the Mormon Tabernacle's world-renowned organist.

By the time he was out of high school, Ed had organized a small orchestra and started barnstorming with it through the wilds of the still "woolly" West. The little band went into remote settlements that were never visited by any other musical group, and the stories Ed tells of his experiences in these out-of-way spots make Western thriller-fiction seem tame by comparison.

In 1937 Ed joined "By" Woodbury's band, and the following year when the band signed a contract with KDLV, he became "By's" assistant director. Now that "By" is serving the cause of defense, Ed is a full-fledged musical
director for the station.

Ed spent his vacation this summer right in Salt Lake City, although he'd been invited to come to Hollywood and visit some music publisher friends. He had a very excellent reason for giving up the Hollywood trip. A couple of years ago he and Woodbury went to Hollywood for a few days' rest, and put up at an expensive hotel on Wilshire Boulevard. One night, late, Ed was walking home alone and was within two blocks of the hotel when he found his arms pinned to his back, and a trio of thugs quickly took his money, watch, and rings. They were about to let him go when one of them said, "Wait a minute—that suit'd look good on me." Whereupon Ed was pushed into an alleyway, undressed, and made to continue his way home in the shabbiest pair of corduroy trousers anyone ever wore.

All this explains why Ed Stoker decided he'd have a better time this summer in Salt Lake City than in Hollywood.

Ed Stoker, musical director for KDYL in Salt Lake, refused to visit Hollywood—for a reason.

Have you missed the voice of announcer Jean Paul King? He's given up announcing, and has returned to his home town, Tacoma, Washington, to be director of public relations for a big firm there.

Jo Ranson, radio editor on a New York newspaper, has spent quite a few years writing nice things about the different shows he heard on the air—and now radio people are having their chance to pay him back. Collaborating with Oliver Pilat, Jo has written and had published a book about Coney Island, "Sodom by the Sea," and several air shows have commented favorably on the book or invited Jo to guest-star at the mike. Aspiring authors needn't think, though, that they need only be radio editors to get their books mentioned on the air—the books have to be good ones, too, like "Sodom by the Sea."

If you want to keep Rudy Vallee's friendship, don't tell him how good his air show has been lately. Too many people have done that, and it usually turns out that what they really mean is "since John Barrymore has been on it." (Con't. on page 60)

At least you are while that wise mother of yours has anything to say about it...

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naphtha and richer, golden soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be 'Fels-Naptha'!
Rooking the Radio Buyer

Before you buy that new radio, or have your old one repaired, read about the methods unscrupulous dealers use to rob you of your money!

Do YOU own a radio? Do you plan to buy one, if you don't have one already? Yes? Then watch out! You're the logical prey of the many tricksters who fasten on the radio trade, while honest dealers weep.

The chances are that you don't understand very much about radio. How it works and why—that's all pretty much a mystery to you. That's all right—even experts don't know exactly what electricity is. But it's this very ignorance on the part of the layman about the inner workings of radio sets which makes their sale such a rich and juicy field for unscrupulous racketeers. Repairmen with lazy consciences and glib tongues get their share of the booty too, when you call them in to fix your ailing radio.

You simply can't afford to buy a radio set or have your old one overhauled, without finding out in advance about some of the tricks that may be pulling on you. To expose these tricks is the purpose of this article. First, though, let's make it plain that we're not referring to reputable, well-known manufacturers or repairing firms. We're only pointing out how important it is for you to make sure that you patronize these well-known, trustworthy companies. When you're shopping for a radio, don't worry too much over how many tubes your prospective set has—put more thought into finding out how many years the man you're buying it from has been in business, and how well he stands in the community.

Did you think that bootlegging went out with the Eighteenth Amendment? But the radio set you were looking at only yesterday may be a "bootleg" radio—particularly if it seemed to be "such a bargain."

The bootleg radio industry, which has snared many a bargain seeker, began when a New York man—call him Joseph K. Blank—had a great idea. He had friends who owned radio stores, and with them he formed a company to buy transformers and coils, dials and cabinets, and other radio gadgets at wholesale auctions of radio parts. These miscellaneous parts were shipped to a loft and Joe and his friends began manufacturing radios from them. The Blank radio was a piece of junk, but it made a noise and dealers could buy it cheap. Sales were only fair.

Then Joe enlarged on his original idea. One day he emerged from an auction with a boxful of gilt nameplates which had been etched for a famous manufacturer. They'd had to be put up for auction because the well-known firm that had ordered them was close to bankruptcy and couldn't use them. Joe took the nameplates and slapped them on his own sets. This made them counterfeit, but Joe didn't care—they sold like mad.

When the phoney nameplates were all used up, Joe went to a Brooklyn metal shop and ordered some more. But this time he didn't copy another trademark exactly—too much risk. He just borrowed names. Here, as discovered by the Federal Trade Commission at Washington, are some of the names that Joe and other radio bootleggers have borrowed: Marconi, Edison, Bell, Victor, RCA and Majestic. There has been an RSA in spaghetti script like an RCA, and an EB which was a lot like a GE. A "Bronswick" looked altogether too much like Brunswick. Longer names were invented, affairs like Victor International and Edison-Bell. Some labels employed large and small type:

**EDISON**
Radio Stores

An Edison radio? Not at all—an "Edison Radio Stores" radio. The cutest label of the lot went like this:

**LITTLE GENERAL ELECTRIC**

When the maker was politely asked what right he had to borrow the name "General Electric," he retorted righteously, "I did nothing of the sort. My radio is the 'Little General.' The word 'electric' means it isn't a crystal set."

The Federal Trade Commission people in Washington point out that it isn't a crime to make a cheap radio, but to borrow a man's good name is a form of robbery. Radios like these
are still being thrown together out of cheap materials. They can legally be shipped to dealers without nameplates. Dealers can buy fake nameplates and put them on. Which is against the law—but there are so many dealers!

Remember that a dishonest dealer doesn’t like to use a famous trademark exactly. Make sure that the name on the set you’re thinking of buying is exactly like the name in that company’s advertisements, and you’ll be safe from this particular branch of skullduggery, at least.

There are “bargain” radios, however, that don’t make any effort to carry a famous trademark—and still they may not be worth their dealers’ asking prices.

One spring day five years ago a radio expert picked apart one of Joe Blank’s radios. He was startled to find that one tube was a dummy, wired so that it glowed (all tubes give a dim light when they are working) but not connected to the operating circuits of the set. The maker had spared himself some expensive wiring and parts.

Last year the Chicago Better Business Bureau tore a certain bargain radio limb from limb. This was what they found:

The advertisement indicates that the radio contains fifteen tubes. Experts who examined the set state that eight of the so-called tubes are so connected that the filaments light, but the other elements of the tubes perform no useful function. These tubes could be removed without stopping or interfering with the performance of the receiver.

A seven-tube set, and they were selling it as a fifteen-tube! Here was the conclusion: “The public can no longer always depend on the number of tubes in the set as an indicator of its value.”

Some salesmen may casually mention “balance” or “ballast” tubes. Look out. These are likely to be dummies, as useful to the set as false teeth would be to a robin.

The radio expert in your family may ask how big the loudspeaker is. He knows that a twelve-inch speaker is better than an eight-inch. But on line one of cheap radios, investigators found six-inch speakers disguised with fourteen-inch metal hood.

There is a branch of the furniture trade known as “borax.” It’s a racket. The idea is to sell wretched furniture at high prices by tempting the unsuspecting customer with lures. A few radio dealers use the same old bait.

Elderly Mrs. Lewis in New York saw a well known table radio advertised at a low price, ten dollars. This was all she could pay. She showed the advertisement to a friend who was a trade investigator.

“She’s the worst store in the city,” he snorted. “Better let me go with you.”

The salesman turned on the advertised set but it was rough and fussy. When Mrs. Lewis expressed her disappointment, the salesman snapped the set off and tuned in a “Get the Giant International.” It was much better.

“Here’s a real radio. We get $19.50 for the set, but this one is shopworn. You can have it for $16.50 if you’ll take it with you.”

The old “switch” trick. Advertise a famous item at a low price, try not

**Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!**

**PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .**

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you’ll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spraying vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we’re sure you’ll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That’s why we hope you’ll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail it to FRESH. Dept. 6-D, Louisville, Ky. We’ll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.
What is the "Age of Romance" for a Woman's Hands?

There's Sally in her "twenties"—but don't her hands look older? That's because they're so often rough. But busy Mrs. B. in her "fifties" has the gracious soft, smooth hands that are charming, romantic, at any age. Her secret? Just—simple, regular care with Jergens Lotion!

It's almost like professional hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are used by many doctors to help hard, harsh skin to rose-leaf smoothness.

Your poor hand skin—so often water-dried, wind-dried! Jergens Lotion furnishes new softening moisture it needs. No stickiness! Easy and quick! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters. Start now to use this favorite Jergens Lotion.

WELL-KNOWN PALMIST "PSYCHOANALYZES" MISS WATSON'S HANDS

"This life line is very interesting," says Sonia Barrington, well-known New York palmist. "It indicates a changeful, colorful life."

Miss Margaret Watson, herself, writes from Chicago, "I had a problem to keep my hands smooth until I began to use Jergens Lotion."

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
(Poste on a penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3524, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.
Name
Street
City State

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

to sell it, persuade the prospect to buy a piece of junk at a higher price. A dealer can easily ruin the tone of a good radio so that you won't want it. This particular radio had been "gimmicked" by stuffing cotton around the loudspeaker. The trick would have worked with Mrs. Lewis, if her friend hadn't said sternly:

"We don't want a 'Little Giant Whatnot.' We want the set you advertised—a new one out of a sealed carton." Mrs. Lewis has enjoyed her radio ever since.

Mrs. Klen of San Diego is the wife of a doctor. She bought a table radio at a gypsy store for eleven dollars and hurried home to put it in the kitchen. Mr. Klen came in, spied the receiver and turned it on. From the wry expression on his face, the lady saw that she'd picked a lemon. Back she went to the store, where the salesman was delighted to be helpful.

"You have a musical ear, madam. Why don't you pay five dollars more—what's five dollars?—and take home this Midget Marvel?" So Mrs. Klen found some money in her handbag and took home a Midget Marvel. A better set, she thought, but it was merely in better adjustment. This sales idea is old, but still thriving; a radio is put out of whack so that the customer will bring it back and pay more. A sharp dealer then sells something which costs him less.

DON'T believe the dealer who promises too much. Be shy when a store advertises, "Get foreign stations clearly any time you want them." Not even the National Broadcasting Company can do that, as you'll remember from some trans-Atlantic broadcasts you've heard.

But let's suppose you've successfully weathered the radio-buying period, and by sidestepping false claims and shifty dealers, have acquired a set that was worth the money. Now you become a target for all sorts of gadgets meant to clarify, revive, cut out noises, and eliminate the aerial. One morning a Wichita woman heard her doorbell. The man outside looked like a peddler—and was.

"Everybody needs this radio attachment," he said, holding out a simple plug. "Takes the place of wires strung in trees, brings in all the stations. Makes a poor radio sound like a bell. You'll never be sorry."

She was, though. The price was a dollar and a half—not much for such a miracle. The lady had only $1.36 in change, but the peddler took that—eagerly. She and her husband gave the device a trial. It might as well not have been in the radio at all. Noting a Chicago maker's trademark on the plug, they sat down and penned a scorching letter. The firm's reply was wonderfully polite, at least:

"We never sell to agents. If this man sold you our eliminator, he must have bought it at the ten-cent store."

Another marvelous little device is the noise filter, to strain out harsh blasts caused by X-rays, telephones or elevators. A few expensive filters work. Thousands that don't are sold by fast-talking gentlemen on street corners for a quarter or half a dollar. These filters have been torn apart. What do you suppose is inside them? Nothing.

You've seen the street-corner salesman with his big radio on wheels. On the top are a plug on a wire, switches, lights, a telephone dial, an electric.
fan. He turns on the fan and the radio roars.

"The fan motor causes static," he explains. He pulls out the plug and waves the gadget—then plugs the gadget into the socket and the set into the gadget. Ah, the noise stops.

But yours won't. The salesman has a special radio. In it there is a special "gimmick" or buzzer to make static. Note the length of the prongs on the plug to the set and on the filter. Those on the filter are short. The usual plug, with long prongs, reaches down to a wire and connects with the buzzer. The filter plug doesn't reach to that wire. No contact, no noise, no static. The salesman pays a lot for his gimmicked radio—$85 or $90. But he also sells a lot of filters.

Your radio needs repairing? Now more troubles begin. If radio repairing has a bad name, no one regrets it more than the honest repairman. He'll probably tell you to be shy of the man who offers an "estimate free."

Men who were cleaning up business in Kansas City laid a trap. They planted a perfectly good radio in a private home, loosened a single wire, and sent out a call to twenty-five "free estimate" repairmen. Only a few were honest enough to fix the set for a nominal charge. Others wanted to do all sorts of interesting, creative work. One would like to install a "voice coil" at $3, another a cone and field coil for $5.75. First prize, if any, went to the repairman who advised a new filter condenser at $7.25.

THERE was a call sent to repairmen who made service charges of from seventy-five cents to $1.50. Ninety per cent of these men found the loose wire at once and put it back, none charging more than $1.50. Only one bad visions—he saw a "burnt-out condenser" and other horrors, which he would fix for $6.25. When he had gone, the experts found that he had helped matters along—he'd cut a few wires. They gave him the job. The radio came back the wires had been neatly mended. There were no new parts. Accused of faking, he confessed that the repair work was imaginary.

Chicago is the home of the Institute of Radio Service Men, whose members have a good reputation. In some cities you will find some of its members. Or you may be lucky enough to know a young man who is a radio enthusiast; they grow in every neighborhood. He can name a dozen good repairmen.

There are upright dealers and repairmen—plenty of them. There are also plenty of the other kind. If this article has helped you to distinguish between the two, that's a big step forward in getting rid of the gyps.

FACIAL CARE

"Your little FACE feels like satin to kiss—"

Easier to act against Dry-Skin Wrinkles before they start—

Wrinkles may seem a long way off. But—suppose you have dry skin! Very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early. And it looks drab and unattractive.

So—hurrah for Jergens Face Cream! Made by Jergens skin scientists—it helps your skin to fresh satin-smoothness.

Use Jergens Face Cream serenely for all these purposes—

1. expert cleansing; 2. softening your skin; 3. a "good grooming" foundation for your powder and make-up; 4. a fragrant, smooth-skin Night Cream.

Really a "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment, isn't it? Try Jergens Face Cream yourself for just 10 days—and you'll see! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—75¢, $1.00, $1.25 a jar, at beauty counters. Say you want Jergens Face Cream.

ENDORSED BY ALIX
Famous Fashion Creator
"SENSITIVE SKIN NOW SMOOTH AND SOFT..."
"I am delighted with Jergens Face Cream," writes Mrs. Ella Cobb Beutancourt, Atlanta, Ga.

"It cleanses thoroughly, leaves my skin smooth and soft, and makes a lovely powder base."

JERGENS FACE CREAM
FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

JERGENS FACE CREAM
FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

WARNING! You'll split your sides laughing when you read the fictionalization of the new R-K-O movie, "Look Who's Laughing," starring radio's Fibber McGee and Molly—in the November issue of RADIO MIRROR

ALIX

FREE! Generous sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.
(Paste on pony postcard, if you like)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 1668 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perb, Ontario)
Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.
Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Why I switched to Meds

— by a doctor's wife

As a doctor's wife, I've known about internal sanitation protection for a long time—and used it. Then, I recently heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon! I tried Meds—and believe me, they are a discovery! Such comfort! Meds make you feel as free as on any other day. And such grand protection—because Meds are the only tampons, with the "safety center." And best of all, Meds cost only 30¢; a box of ten, an average month's supply—only 98¢ a bag of thirty. No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little!

NEW FOOT RELIEF

Where You Need It Most—
AT THE BALL OF YOUR FOOT!

Now you can have quick relief from pains, cramps, callouses, burning or numbing sensations at the ball of your foot.

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD does this for you. It is a new feather-light foot cushion for relief and support of Metatarsal Arch.

LIKE WALKING ON AIR—that's how it feels when you slip it over the forepart of your foot. Has a soft padding underneath to cushion and protect the sensitive spot. Makes small, low heels shoes joy to wear. Washable. Suits for men and women. Only 1.00 pair at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. If your dealer is not supplied, ask him to order a pair of Dr. Scholl's LuPADS for you or send $1.00 direct to us and mention size and width of your shoe.

Money back if not satisfied. FREE—Dr. Scholl's FOOT BOOK. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. LB, Chicago, Ill.

"Love Story"
(Continued from page 11)

the other side of the desk. "Simon Legree, 1941 model," he said. "I suppose I can do it if I work like hell, but why should I?"

Joe's voice took on a wheedling note. "Why shouldn't you, Gerry?" he queried. "After all, you're in the business to earn money. Money can buy the things you want!"

Money can buy a lot—the dukes of a lot... It can buy love and reputation... Gerald Gateson rose hastily, and a trifle unsteadily, to his feet.

"I'll see what I can do," he promised—and hastening to get away from Joe Mallaby's over-gleeful and his vengefulness. "I'll give you a call in the morning."

Joe said, "You're a prince, Gerry, and I'll see that you don't regret it. I'll do as much for you, next time—"

He hesitated, a shade self-consciously. "Say, I've jotted down a couple of slick ideas—they may give you a lift with your plot!"

Gerald's voice was bitter when he said, "Well, you—Joe," he grunted, "I don't want them—or need them. I've got too blame many ideas, as it is!"

TOO many ideas, eh? As Gerald left the towering office building and stepped into an avenue that was painted yellow with hot, late afternoon sunshine, the ideas buzzed around in his brain, like angry hornets. They hopped up and down and stung him. He pulled his hat, viciously, over one eye and started walking in the direction of his flat, and the ideas beat a sharp staccato marching tune. Unfortunately, they weren't ideas that would jell into the form of a dramatic romance. They were ideas that wouldn't jell at all. They were impossible ideas of letters that a fellow might write to a girl who didn't give a hang, any more. They were for impassioned, purposeless speeches that a seasman aside from his fixed desire to marry a thick-necked, thick-woolied, multi-millionaire.

"Be your age, darling," Dorothy had said, "this is the sort of chance a woman only gets once in a thousand lifetimes. And Albert is a perfectly nice guy, at that."

Albert. Middle-aged. Twice divorced.

"But you said you cared for me," Gerald told her blankly. "I bought you a ring, today. It's in my pocket."

"Albert gave me a ring, today," Dorothy told him impatiently. "I'd send it to you—only it's out being appraised... A square emerald—it's huge. Oh, Gerald, don't look so tragic. We've only known each other a month."

A month or an eternity?

Gerald Gateson, staring at Dorothy, remembered they were at Kirk's penthouse studio. Dorothy, in filmy green, looking as cool as a lettuce leaf on that drowsy, torrid night. Dorothy, in her corn silk hair—drawn back so tight, over her ears, that the curls on the nape of her neck seemed trying, prankishly, to escape. A month? Gerald had known Dorothy for a century after their very first chance of a glance.

They had crossed against the parapet at the extreme end of Hal's terrace, and talked—while in the background a roocco fountain splashed gently. The sky until the sky was faintly pink. Dorothy was a model, but she had plans for the stage. Gerald wrote radio scripts, did he—how low, too wonderful! He must write a play for her, some time. No, she wasn't interested in radio. It was more fun to see your audience. She use you. Gerald remembered how he had told her, fatuously, that it would be cheating—not to let an audience see her.

They had been together constantly from that time onward. Breakfast, lunch, dinner... Gerald's radio scripts had suffered—more, perhaps, in quantity than in quality. Agency men declared that Gateson had gone haywire—you couldn't get your hands on him. But Gerald didn't mind. What was work at a time like this? He was in love—madly, insanely, burningly in love. When Dorothy looked at him as though she might marry him—this at the end of the first week—he was in the seventh heaven of delight. When at the end of the second week, she grew very and artful, he was in the depths of despair.

"I'm a fool to go on this way," he told himself savagely—and continued to go on.

"You've got to marry me," he raged at the end of the third week, "or I'll kill myself!"

"We've had taken to looking wistful by the end of the third week. Her eyes stared vaguely through Gerald—and beyond him.

"Men don't kill themselves because of love," she said with the serene air of a child reciting a text. "You're a writer, Gerry—could you support me, do you suppose? I mean really support me?"

Gerald almost felt as though he were talking to some tax collector. He wanted to lie magnificently about his earnings—and found himself telling the truth, instead.

I'm not a rank beginner, you know," he said. "I can give you a nice apartment and charge accounts at the best shops, and jam for your bread and butter. And I can give you a love that will go on forever, piling up dividends."

But Dorothy murmured, "What a sweet thing to say, Gerry," She added, "I met a man a few days ago. His name is Albert Kelsey. He's a multi-millionaire."

Gerald nodded. "I've seen the chap around town," said Gerald. "Looks rather like a toad, at times... Dot... Let's go to Rio on the honey-moon—they're running some swell boats to Brazil—now that the European tourists showed up!"

But Dorothy had spoken a shade petulantly. "Bert has two yachts," she said... Bert.

NEXT MONTH: A complete Radio Novel!—Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern—The Exciting and Thrilling Story of a Woman Doctor—in the November RADIO MIRROR
The blow fell swiftly. So swiftly that Gerald's heart was cut out of his body before he was aware of the knife. Dorothy, meeting him for cocktails, had demanded champagne, instead.

"This is an occasion," she told Gerald.

"Any time when I'm with you is an occasion," Gerald rejoined. He wondered why Dorothy made his every remark seem so ponderous.

Dorothy said, "But this is a special occasion, my pet. I'm engaged."

It was then that Gerald mentioned the presence, in his pocket, of a newly bought ring. And it was then that Dorothy told him about the square-cut emerald that was out—being appraised.

At first—at the very first—Gerald thought it was a joke. He laughed until his shoulders were shaking and there were tears in his eyes. Then he stopped laughing, but the tears remained.

"'Tis really not funny," he said. 

"That's a cruel form of humor, Dorothy."

Dorothy told him, "I'm not being funny, I'm being very serious." She regarded him gravely. "Of course, Gerry, we can go on being friends. We can see a lot of each other." Finally, when Gerald didn't make any response, she suggested, "Why don't you go out and take a nice long walk, Gerry, and clear the cobwebs from your brain?"

So Gerald went out and walked. He walked through the afternoon and the twilight and until the dawn came up like thunder over the East River—where he happened to be at the time.

When he dropped in at his flat, late in the morning, to get a clean shirt, he found seven telephone messages, five telegrams and a special delivery letter—all from Joe Mallaby's advertising agency.

And so, having realized that life—oddly enough—goes on, he obeyed the baker's dozen of summonses. And not more than an hour later he was saddled with a rush order to write—irony of ironies—a love story.

Sitting in front of a typewriter, trying to compose, is not easy when a hornets' nest has been let loose in the region between one's ears...Gerald Gatson covered a page with variations of her name—Dorothy, Doty, Dotsy darling, Dorothy Gatson, Mrs. Dorothy Kelsy, Mrs. Albert Kelsy...Then he tore up the page and started another one. On the second page he wrote the vivid description of a girl who had pale hair that lay in curls, like silver gilt bells, at the nape of her neck. That page wouldn't do, either. The third page was an impassioned letter—but it sounded so unreal, so sophomoric, that Gerald ripped it into shreds. After the third page he merely sat back—with his hands idle on the keys—and wondered what he should do.

There seemed to be several alternatives. First, there was always suicide. Of course, Dorothy had told him that men didn't kill themselves for love...but he'd show her! No, by God, he wouldn't!

Next there was the trip south. People weren't going south now, eh? Then he'd go north. His direction didn't matter much—neither did his destination.

Perhaps—he toyed with this thought—he would kill plum, complacent

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TANGEE'S NEW
Red-Red...THE RICHEST
AND REDDEST OF ALL
LIPSTICK SHADES

The jewel-like clarity of Tangee's New Red-Red will liven your lips with a glowing new vivacity, soften them with a subtle new smoothness. For Red-Red is true red...the lipstick shade so rich and pure it goes with anything you might wear, a perfect foil for both your gowns and furs. Tangee's unique cream base helps prevent chapping or drying. Of course, there's a matching rouge. And Tangee's famous Face Powder: So clinging, so flattering, so un-powdery!

Another Tangee Lipstick—THEATRICAL RED...a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge.
Albert Kelsy—that would be a logical solution. But, reason argued, why go to the electric chair for erasing such a rotten? However, if he could see Dorothy and threaten her with this plan, it might be—effective... All at once his pulses were hammering—if he could see Dorothy.

As if he were a marionette worked by wires, Gerald was up from in front of the typewriter. He went to see Dorothy. Not to threaten—not that—but to plead his cause once more. Perhaps now that more than a day had passed, he'd made more progress. Anyway, it was worth trying.

Dorothy lived in Greenwich Village. On the outskirts of the village, rather. She lived in one of those old, dark houses that crowd their way into every downtown street; houses cut up into tiny, one-room, three-room and four-room suites. As he rang the bell marked with her name, Gerald was aware that he seldom called for Dorothy in her own home—it was always at a restaurant, or a roof, or at some one's studio that they met.

The bell echoed off into the dim distance of a dark hallway and the echo died. Gerald waited, while a lost, hungry feeling made his digestive apparatus quiver and uncertain.

And then, just as he was about to turn away—no power on earth could have made him ring again—there came that eerie clicking sound which stands for open season. So Gerald turned the polished brass knob and went into the house.

Dorothy lived upon the second floor in the back of the house. As Gerald climbed the uncared-for stair he wondered whether it were the weight of his shoes or the pounding of his heart that made so much noise.

One flight—and a pause. Not for breath, for composure. Two flights, and her door, staring him in the face. Gerald caught himself muttering sentences—foolishly, almost hysterically—before he ventured to knock. What would he say, he wondered? Something bland and casual, like "So this is Paris?" Or should he say in a stern voice, "I've come to deliver an ultimatum!" That the door flew open abruptly and he blurted out, "Dear—" and stopped dead, for it wasn't Dorothy, who stood upon the threshold. It was a slim, handy-girl in a straight gray frock. A girl who held a froth of orchid chiffon over her arm, and whose right middle finger wore a thin band.

The girl regarded him in a puzzled fashion and then she smiled and said—"You must be Gerald. Come in." Almost before he knew it, Gerald was in a room filled to overflowing with odds and ends of lingerie. And the girl was saying—"Sit down, if you can find a place to sit. I'm Dot's older sister."

As he stared at the slim girl Gerald found himself speaking. He said, "But I didn't know that Dorothy had a sister."

The girl laughed. "Dorothy is one of those people," she told him, "who seem entirely disconnected with such commonplace things as kinfolk. I know what you mean, exactly. You never felt she had parents, or had been born, even. You were too sure that she appeared out of a birch tree in a forest. Dryad stuff."

"Exactly," admitted Gerald.

"As a matter of fact," said the girl, "there are the two of us. Dot and myself. My name is Ellen—"

"You're her kid sister?" queried Gerald. He wondered if his fight for articulation were noticeable.

"Heavens, no," laughed the girl. "I'm Dot's older sister. I'm a school-marm—but the school is in the throes of a measles epidemic and I'm having a vacation... Lucky the vacation should happen right now, too, what with Dot's getting married—Her voice became stifled. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "That was stupid of me."

"Don't be sorry," said Gerald. He added quite against his own volition. "She's surely getting married?"

"Uh-huh," nodded the sandy-haired girl. "Do you mind very much if I get on with my sewing? I must put every bit of this underwork in order."

"Why no—ahead," Gerald muttered. "I suppose it's a troussée?"

Ellen laughed. "Not exactly," she said, "but it will tide Dot's over until she and Albert get to a place where bigger and better trousseaux can be bought."

The thought of Albert Kelsy—thick-necked Albert Kelsy—buying Dorothy a trousseau was almost more than Gerald Gateson could bear. "It's rotten," he burst out. "Of course she Dot's realize—but she's selling herself—"

"She is," agreed Ellen. Just that, nothing more.

As he once Gerald was up from his chair—was striding across the littered space that separated him from Dorothy's older sister.

"Clothes," he grated, "we've got to do something. We can't let this go on. It's—it's an atrocity. A crime... We can't let this go on."

Ellen looked up briefly from her sewing. "Why can't we?" she queried. "Dorothy's got something to sell—youth, glamour, beauty. Albert has bought up her name."

"But Dot's loves me," Gerald heard himself shouting. "We were going..."
to be married. We'd have lived together until we were old, old people...

Ellen bit off a thread with the click of firm, white teeth.

"Don't you believe it," she told Gerald. She added after a brief pause, "I shouldn't bite threads, really. All the dentists say that it breaks the enamel."

Gerald's voice had quieted down, miraculously. "Do you think Dotsy didn't love me?" he asked. "Why, one night at the Rainbow Room she said—"

"Forget it, Gerry," advised Ellen. "You don't mind if I call you Gerry, I hope?" She hesitated slightly and then—

"I don't believe you understand Dotsy," she said slowly. "I don't believe that you ever did understand her... Maybe I'd be doing you a kindness if I explained—"

Gerald started to speak and changed his mind. He stared vaguely at a spot on the wall, above Ellen's sandy head. As if in a daze he heard her voice going on.

"My sister," said Ellen, "was always rather—breath-taking. Even as a youngster, in school, she was—a flirt. Her hair, for instance—it's natural. She scarcely uses a drop of peroxide—"

"Dotsy's hair—" muttered Gerald.

ELLEN went on. "She always had charming clothes to wear to class—"

"Ellen, Mother went without necessities so that Dotsy could look like a little princess. I was only three years older, but pretty soon I didn't mind thinning patched elbows—" if it meant that Dotsy might own an extra dress... When I was nineteen, and she was sixteen, I didn't even mind having her steal the only sorbet ball that ever happened to me... She didn't really want him—the excitement was all finished in a couple of weeks—and I got over wanting him..."

Gerald said, "A girl of sixteen doesn't know what it's all about."

Ellen laughed. Her laughter was easy, tolerant.

"Dotsy was born knowing what it's all about," she said. "When she decided to come to New York she was only eighteen, but she had any scope for her talents in our little midwestern town... My father was dazed for days, and mother was rather ill. We'd been saving money for an operation—" She stopped, and sewed furiously for a space of minutes. Finally Gerald, unable to endure the thick silence, said—

"For God's sake don't stop in the middle of a sentence!"

Ellen told him ruefully. "It's one of my worst habits, I'm afraid. You see, I was crazy about my mother... Well, you can't send a girl to New York without some sort of a stake, and mother might have died, anyway. Some people even die on the operating table—"

There was another long, throbbing silence. Out of it Gerald spoke.

"If you're trying to imply that Dotsy selfishly took the money you'd saved for the operation," he began, "well, I won't..."

Ellen interrupted. "Oh, of course, my sister didn't realize," she said. "Dotsy isn't selfish—she just doesn't think. She didn't think when she got in a jam over buying a mink coat on the installment plan... It was lucky I was planning a cruise at the time. I had nearly enough cash to settle up."

WISHING won't make it so!

JUST your luck, you moan... You've looked forward to this jamboree for weeks, but the day that suits everybody else doesn't suit you one bit! For it's the wrong time of the month for you.

If only you could smile and laugh and be gay—be the life of the party! You wish it with all your heart.

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WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW about what to do, what not to do, on "difficult days." Send for the new FREE book: "As One Girl To Another." Just write P. O. Box 5434, Dept. MW-10, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

A cruise! Rio de Janeiro with—
"We'll go to Rio on our honey-
moon," Gerald had told Dorothy.
"They're running some slick boats—"
And Dorothy had murmured, "Bert
has two yachts —"

Two yachts. Gerald's voice was
harsh and strident. "I've no doubt
that Albert Kelsy will pay you back,
with interest, for the mink coat," he
told Ellen. "And he'll probably take
you cruising on one of his yachts.
You're the bride's sister."

ELLEN laughed—she was given to
laughter, this Ellen. "Oh, my dear,"
she said, "I'll never meet Albert! I've
never met any of Dotsy's men, since
she left home. That is, except you ...
And you must admit that you
were an accident!"

You were an accident ... Strange
how words can eat, like acid, into a
man's ego.

"Oh, I was an accident, all right,"
said Gerald slowly, "Listen here, Ellen...
When is Dorothy planning to
marry that oaf, Kelsy? Maybe if
she waits a month she'll be tired of
him. Maybe, if I just sit back and
don't butt in, she'll change her
mind—"

Ellen laid aside the fluff of chiffon
upon which she was sewing. "Gerry,
she said, "you might as well know
now, instead of later. Ellen and Al-
bert aren't going to wait—neither of
them wants to wait. And, after all,
there's no real reason why they
should—" She paused and after the
space of a dozen heavy pulse beats,
Gerald spoke.

"Then?" breathed Gerald. "Then?"

Ellen's voice was very gentle when
at last she made answer. "They're
probably being married at this very
moment," she said. "Don't feel too
badly, Gerry. Dotsy wasn't for you ...
If you'd written a 'Gone With the
Wind,' perhaps, it might have been
different. Or if you had a private in-
come or a Hollywood contract—she
was always a little movie struck."

Gerald heard himself saying,
"She'd film like a million dollars,"
and Ellen nodded.

"Maybe Albert Kelsy will buy a
producing company for her—or a
Broadway production," she said.
"He's got money enough to buy—
anything ... Why, Gerry ... Why,
you poor boy ... Come here!"

Oddly enough, Gerald Gateson
found himself with his head pressed
against a shoulder that wasn't as
slim and rigid as a severe gray frock
would make a fellow believe. After
a long time he gave a shuddering
sigh and heard a voice saying, very
tenderly—

"Here, use this for a hankie."

Gerald clutched at something as
a drowning man clutches at a life pre-
server. He didn't realize until much
later that the something was an inti-
mate chiffon garment in a delicious
shade of orchid.

It was quite a while later that Ger-
ald said huskily, "You're treating me
like one of your scholars—"

Ellen patted him briefly on the
cheek. "Oh, no, I'm not," she said.
"I wouldn't dare touch one of my
children, right now. You see they're
quarantined—and I've never had the
measles."

Gerald spoke slowly. As he spoke
he scrambled to his feet. "You have
a way of rationalizing things," he
said, "haven't you? Of making
maudlin speeches become sensible. Of
putting the skids under sentiment."

Ellen didn't get angry. She merely
nodded in thoughtful agreement.

"I suppose I have," she said, "You
see, my whole life's been made up of
rationalizing things—" She hesitated.
"When Dotsy was born, a neighbor
woman had me out on the porch—I
was only a wee tot. We sat there—
I was on her lap. And then suddenly
a little cry—a demanding, imperious
little cry—cut through the silence.
And I said. 'I'm not, any more.' It was
my first attempt at being rational."

"What did you mean?" asked
Gerald.

Ellen said, "That's what the neigh-
bora woman wanted to know, and
years later I was able to explain.
Why, Gerry, I meant that I wasn't
the baby any more. I'd been an only
child until then."

Gerald Gateson laughed. It was a
rough, mirthless laugh.

"I'm not the baby any more, either,"
said Gerald. "And I guess Dotsy is—
is married, by now." His voice lowered
an octave. "She's so sweet," he said,
"so darn sweet! I'm the unluckiest
guy in the world ... I wish I were
dead."

Ellen told him, "Don't you dare
say a thing like that. Why, you're
lucky!"

FOR a brief moment Gerald was
shocked into silence. Then he spoke.
"If you were a man and said a
thing like that, I'd knock you down,"
said Dorothy's sister.

Gerald reached forward and laid her
hand on his arm. Gerald was
astounded to see that her fingers
were shaped like Dorothy's fingers—slim
and tapering. Struck by a new idea,
he raised his eyes to Ellen's face and
saw that her nose—save for a nut-
meg sprinkling of freckles—was like Dorothy's nose. The way in which her hair grew against her forehead was like Dorothy's hair line, except that Ellen's hair was sandy instead of pale gold. But Ellen's eyes—they weren't Dorothy's. There was something warm and honey about Ellen's eyes—they weren't jewel eyes like Dorothy's, sparkling between long black lashes. They were cozy, comfortable eyes, the color of freshly made gingerbread.

"If you were a man," he began again lamely, but Ellen interposed.

"Oh, you misunderstand me," she told him hurriedly. "I didn't mean lucky that way."

GERALD stared into those warm eyes. "Oddly enough I believe you," he said. "You're not a cat, Ellen. Just how did you mean it?"

Ellen explained. Simply, as if she were telling a lesson to a class.

"Dotsy has always been beautiful," she said. "She's always been radiant. She's like a candle, Gerry. You know, luminous . . . She deserves a perfect setting for her beauty—because such beauty is rare. She deserves something like a—a solid gold candelabra. We, you and I, are only a pair of pewter candlesticks!"

"So what?" asked Gerald. He didn't intend to sound slangy—"So what?"

Ellen went on with the lesson. Gerry felt that she was reducing it to words of one syllable for his benefit.

"We're a pair of pewter candlesticks," she repeated, "too dull and un-exciting and everydayish to hope to hold Dotsy for very long. But we were lucky to have held her for a little while. She's exquisite, Gerry. There aren't many people as exquisite as Dotsy—and the world is full of people like us!"

Gerald said, "I don't see—"

Ellen told him, "Let me finish. Gerry. Certain people, in this life, are destined to be Interlopers. Their purpose is to hold up a glowing torch for the rest of the world to see . . . And, when the torch is gone, the candlesticks aren't resentful."

Her voice quickened until the words were tumbling over one another. "I don't regret my drab childhood, with the patched dresses, or the beau I lost, or the trip I didn't have. Since years have softened the blow, I know that mother is happier in heaven. . . . Maybe, now that Dotsy is settled, if she stays settled, I'll find some way to create a little synthetic light on my own hook. Maybe you'll be a better writer because the hem of beauty's dress has brushed you, in passing."

A better writer—a better writer? Because the hem of beauty's garment had brushed the soul, in passing . . . All at once, and as if from out of nowhere, Gerry saw the outlines of a story that he—a better writer already—was aching to set down on paper. It would be the story of a girl, an older sister . . . Given a chance, at last, to produce her own light and warmth . . . No longer carrying the candle high for someone else! Gerald Gateson was thinking of the directions that Joe Mallaby—the agency man—had sketched for him earlier in the day. "A love story," he had said. "And it must be colossal! . . . The best ever . . . You won't lose by it!"

"A love story? Would Ellen—Doro-thy's sister—have one of her own? What would happen to Ellen now that she no longer dwelt in a reflection of glory? Would a hairdressing shop, and smart new clothes create for her a new personality and a wider horizon line? Would some man learn to care for her, perhaps? Marry her—perhaps? Well, thought Gerald savagely, that man had better be pretty regular—or else! Already he felt the vague stirrings of a keen jealousy for the interloper.

Ellen asked, cutting his reverie into fragments—"Where are you going, Gerry?" and Gerald Gateson realized, with a slight sense of shock, that he was halfway to the door.

"Why," he said briefly, "I'm going back to my flat. I've a job to do, Ellen—a rush job. I must deliver it by noon tomorrow."

"I see," murmured Ellen. She threaded a needle with orchid colored silk. She held the needle very close to her eyes and bent her head over it—"I see . . ."

Gerald said, his hand on the door knob, "Ah, but you don't!" He added, as he swung open the door, "How long will you be here, Ellen? In town, I mean?"

ELLEN told him, "There's no way of knowing, Gerry. But I'll be here until the quarantine is lifted."

"So!" said Gerald Gateson. He heard himself laughing. An alien sound, maybe—but still it was laughter. "Well, when I've finished my job tomorrow, I'll give you a—" he started to say a ring and changed hastily to phone call . . . "Maybe," he added, "we can have dinner together."

---

Exciting New Beauty in Three Minutes

FOR 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS

Richard Hudnut offers a new and exciting idea in cosmetics—"matched makeup"—designed to give the added glamour of harmony in makeup!

- Beauty experts say your powder, lipstick and rouge must "go together." Yet recent studies reveal that 5 out of 7 girls use makeup that lacks this color harmony—the secret of natural beauty.

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The color of my eyes is . . .

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[Stamp: S1]
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 49)

Jack Logan of station WJAS in Pittsburgh is a success as both an announcer and comedy stooge.

PITTSBURGH—Jack Logan, station WJAS' popular announcer, made a whirlwind entry into radio—and then almost found himself out of it before he'd really got in.

Eight years ago some amateur actors sat in a small radio studio in Charlottesville, Virginia, waiting for their director, who was going to organize them into a radio stock company. But the director was critically ill, and sent a substitute instead—Young Jack Logan, a student at the University of Virginia who knew a little about acting but nothing at all about radio. His lack of knowledge didn't bother Jack, though, and he organized the group and in two weeks was directing them in scripts he'd written himself. The station management was impressed, and hired him as a staff writer.

Being a staff writer wasn't as good as it sounded, Jack soon discovered. He worked twelve or thirteen hours a day for fifteen dollars a week. Finally he told the boss he'd quit if he didn't get a raise. The boss countered by refusing the raise but putting Jack on the air as an announcer. Just about this time the depression put an end to Jack's college career, so he stayed with the station, realizing that in the long run announcers made more than writers—in Charlottesville, anyway.

From Charlottesville he went to one or two other stations, but in 1935, when he was in Pittsburgh on a visit, he heard that WJAS, the CBS station there, needed an announcer. He applied for the job, and got it. Now, after six years at WJAS, he's Pittsburgh's most popular announcer, best known for his work and comedy stooging on the Wilkins Amateur Hour. He also writes and broadcasts news, and does educational and special events shows.

Jack was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1916. He's been completely bald since his thirteenth birthday, but doesn't feel sensitive about that fact since his bare pate is the object of frequent comedy on the Wilkins program. People who think they're "big shots" make him yawn and per-

sons with bad postures irritate him, but it takes a lot more than that to make his hair stand on end.

Pity the staff of KNX, the CBS outlet in Hollywood. Every Friday KNX is the scene of broadcasts by Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler—rival Hollywood gossip columnists all. It's the CBS people's duty to keep the three from getting into each other's hair, lest the three-cornered feud that slumbers there burst into open warfare. Because, while the fireworks would certainly be pretty to watch, somebody might get scorched.

Styles this summer have been strictly feminine, according to scouts posted in the lobbies of NBC's Chicago studio. To date, not a single pair of slacks has been spotted on the limbs of feminine radio stars. This is a complete reversal of last season's fashion, when an average of two out of five girls wore them to daytime rehearsals.

In the hat department, most favored style is freckle-faced, blonde Audrey Totter, of the Ma Perkins and Road of Life casts, has a big black felt which she ties, Gibson-girl fashion, with a sheer bit of yellow tulle. Which is all very well, but those big hats cause trouble in the studio. When two or three girls, each wearing one of them, cluster around the microphone they interfere with each other and cast such a deep shade that they can't read their scripts. Not only that, but the sound engineer claims to have traced a disturbing echo to a cartwheel hat that was acting as a sounding board.

Several of the girls have showed up in smart tailored suits. Back from a California holiday, Mrs. Mel Williamson, wife of the Wings of Destiny director, flaunts a "sweetheart" suit cut from the same material as the gray flannel worn by her husband, and with the jacket patterned after his. She carried out the idea by wearing a shirt cut like his, and a small copy of his lapel buttonnqre. Evelyn Ames, the Contended Hour's Lullaby Lady, is another suit wearer, setting off her long brownet bob and summer tan with rose linen and a white silk blouse.

Ilka Chase, mistress of ceremonies on the CBS Penthouse Party program, just couldn't bear to turn down the chance of playing a leading role in the summer-theater tryout of a new stage play, "Love in Our Time." And that explains why an early-August broadcast of Penthouse Party came from Westport, Connecticut, where there isn't a penthouse for miles around. Ilka persuaded her sponsor to move the show there for one program, and was able to act in the new play without disarranging her radio schedule.

Bob Burns will have a new kind of program—new for Bob, that is—when he returns to the air in the fall for a different sponsor. In place of just telling tall stories, he'll play the leading role in a half-hour comedy drama. He'll be missed on the Kraft Music Hall, but it seems he and the sponsor just couldn't agree on the salary question any more.
had said goodbye, the police would find the real murderer and everything would be all right.

Instead, on the following day, they arrested Veronica and formally charged her with the murder of her husband.

"But it’s impossible!" raged Laurence Dunham, Jerry’s partner in the Sanitarium and Veronica’s brother-in-law. “No one that knows Ronnie could ever believe she’d commit murder. Jim Farrell had a wide circle of acquaintances—people of all sorts. Aren’t those stupid police investigating them?"

“They say they are,” Jerry said wearily. “They’ve traced that telephone call he got the night he was killed. It was only a Mrs. Thomas—she and her husband met Farrell on the boat coming up from Rio de Janeiro last year—inviting him and Veronica to dinner. She says he accepted, and sounded very cheerful and ordinary. . . . It seems he saw almost none of his old friends after he got back from Rio.”

Dunham pulled agitatedly at one end of his neat mustache. “Damn bad luck, you having dinner with her that night,” he murmured, avoiding Jerry’s eyes.

JERRY walked to the window and stood for a moment gazing out at the congested cross-town traffic. Finally he said, “I’ve been thinking. Jerry—maybe it would be better if I resigned, here at the Sanitarium.”

“Resign? My dear boy, nonsense!” Dunham said with unnecessary vehemence. Without turning, Jerry said:

“It isn’t nonsense. You know well enough what a scandal can do to a high-society place like this. It’s bad enough that Veronica is your wife’s sister, without having your partner mixed up in what looks like a particularly sordid love-affair.”

“But Veronica is my wife’s sister,” Dunham pointed out dryly. “We’re in this thing—bad luck though it is—together and we’ll stick together. The point is that you and Veronica have nothing to be ashamed of—and Veronica didn’t kill Farrell—and sooner or later the truth’s bound to come out. That’s what we’ve got to keep remembering—the truth will come out.”

But this was not so easy to keep in mind throughout the nightmarish weeks before the trial. The case against Veronica fitted together with horrible precision. The elevator operator stuck tenaciously to his story that no one but Farrell and then Veronica had entered their apartment. There was a service entrance which might have been used without his knowledge, Veronica’s lawyer admitted, but that was a negative point. He could only make the most of it at the trial.

Worst of all was the fact that Veronica’s fingerprints were the only ones found on the paper-knife which had been used to take Farrell’s life. She could not remember how they had got there, she said; she supposed they might have tried to pull the weapon on.

Jerry did not see Veronica until the trial began. Her lawyer, George

"A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

“WONDER if GRANDMA could have forgotten the rubdown after my bath this morning!!!

“I’ll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

“By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I didn’t get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson’s Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

“I remember now—I thought ‘This dressing business is going mighty fast’ . . . Fast—I’ll say it was!

“The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson’s! I’d just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I haven’t been feeling all day!

“Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson’s clutched in my fist. A baby can’t be too careful!”

“NO dOUBT about it—Johnson’s Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby’s prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive.”

JOHNSON’S
BABY POWDER
Cape, had hinted that a visitor to her would not look well to reporters and the public. Dunham and her face was her frequent, but their reports were not cheerful; she was beaten and discouraged, convinced that in remarrying Farrell she had started a chain of events that would end by ruining not only her own life but Jerry's as well.

Oid, valued patients of the Dunham Sanitarium were transferred to this allegiance to the other nurses of other doctors. Hardly a day passed that Jerry did not find on his desk a memorandum asking him to furnish some other physician with someone's case history. Once more he made an effort to resign, but when he saw how harassed and upset Dunham became at the suggestion he agreed to wait, at least, until after the trial.

One afternoon he returned home unexpectedly to find a woman reporter with Penny, firing questions at the unsophisticated and flustered old lady. Later, after he had sent the woman away, Penny confided that Bun had not gone to school in two weeks, ashamed to face the barrage of curiosity from his fellow students. In resignation, Jerry made arrangements to send them both to an Adirondack hotel until the trial was over.

So then he was alone. He spent long hours at the Sanitarium, returning to the apartment in the evening after a meal taken at some restaurant—in coming, switching on the lights hurriedly to banish the darkness of the rooms, trying to read and finding himself after a time with the book forgotten on his lap, his thoughts far away.

He missed Ann terribly. She was writing every day now, and he read and re-read her letters, longing to have her back with him. Still he stubbornly told her to stay where she was. His own experiences with reporters, with the police sergeant who had questioned him at Veronica’s apartment the night of the murder, and afterward, even with Veronica’s lawyer and his searching questions—all these told him that Ann must not return. He would not subject her to that. And there was another reason as well—an obscure one, which he himself could only feel and not reason out. Ann had left him because of Veronica, so now he must vindicate himself before she came back. And nothing could bring that vindication but Veronica’s acquittal. He did not look beyond that. He did not think what might happen to himself and Ann if Veronica were not acquitted.

Suddenly, the trial was beginning. He sat in the courtroom while a jury was chosen, while the Prosecuting At-
But pretty, nega- a knew," perfume than with believing put Cape's hands, question."

Abruptly, over the witness stand giving testimony in a sensational murder case. George Cape's question, like those he had put to Veronica the day before, were politely phrased, easy to answer, but the Prosecutor in his cross-examination was arrogant, ironic, openly disbelief of everything Jerry said.

"Didn't you and your wife, Dr. Malone, quarrel over your friendship with Mrs. Farrell?"

"No!"

"Yet you are separated?"

"Mrs. Malone is living in Chicago, just now, yes. We are not separated."

"She has been in Chicago for more than two months, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

"Dr. Malone. You heard Mrs. Farrell say yesterday that she was in love with you. Had you been aware of her feelings toward you before then?"

GEORGE CAPE answered Jerry's agitated gaze; he was on his feet protesting to the judge, "This line of questioning has nothing whatever to do with the case!"

"Objection overruled," the judge said dryly. "Witness will answer the question."

"Yes, I knew," Jerry said, every word an agony. "But Mrs. Farrell understood that I did not love her."

"Yet you invited her out to dinner only a week after her marriage!"

Jerry did not lose his temper. He did not create a sensation by "breaking" on the stand. But it was only through the most rigid self-control that he refrained, and he stepped down at last feeling bruised and stiff all through his body.

There was only one more witness, the Mrs. Thomas who had called Jim Farrell the night of his death to invite him and Veronica to dinner. She was a pretty, faded little woman whose manner was so unimportant that introducing it at all impressed the jury as a sign of weakness, of desperation, on the part of the defense.

A black fog of depression settled over Jerry as the attorneys began their summimg-up. The room was stifling; the sound of the muted murmur of the crowd rang in his ears. Abruptly, he stood up and left. There was nothing more he could do—nothing of them could do—but wait for the verdict.

The next day their waiting was over. The verdict came—"guilty."

Jerry saw Veronica, standing to bear the verdict, sway and put a hand on the table to steady herself; then stand perfectly still, the immobile center of a swirl of movement all about her. Suddenly, Jerry was shaken by fury. The fools! Couldn't they have seen past the carefully interlocking structure of evidence and find the truth?

The clamor in the courtroom
What skipper wouldn't find smooth sailing with a crew like Katherine Fitts, young CBS actress of Hollywood Premiere? The Captain is Felix Mills, west coast director, and he's named his yacht "Burrapeg."

mounted, the sharp raps of the bailiff's gavel impotent against it. At its height another, sharper sound from him. Always out all the more off for an instant as if by a knife. A woman screamed, and a blue-coated policeman burst through the swinging doors.

"One of the defense witnesses—Mrs. Thomas! She's shot herself!"

George Cape was on his feet, shouting to make himself heard. "Your Honor! I request a recess at this time until tomorrow, when I hope to have new evidence to offer!"

Swiftly, the judge granted the request, rose and left the courtroom. Police surrounded the quiet figure of a pretty, faded little woman in the hallway.

In an oddly hushed, sober courtroom, the next morning, Austin Thomas told the story of why his wife had killed Jim Farrell.

"It is my fault she is dead," he said in a voice that shook with emotion. "I advised her not to take the blame for the murder because I thought Mrs. Farrell would be acquitted. I should have known—"

He licked his dry lips, gazing out over the attentive, uplifted faces.

"We met Jim Farrell on the boat coming up from Rio last year," he resumed. "I was older than my wife, I was glad to see her dancing and having a good time with Farrell. I didn't realize that things went—farther than that.

"Two months ago Farrell tried to blackmail Helen—my wife. He had letters that she had written to him, and he threatened to let me see them. She was terrified—tried to convince him she couldn't get the money for him. He kept it up, threatening, particularly after he married Mrs. Farrell again. But she didn't. She called him, that night, and arranged to meet him in his apartment, hoping she could get the letters from him. I guess she didn't know exactly what she could do. He told her to come up the back stairs, and she did, waiting till the elevator boy was out of the way.

"Farrell wouldn't listen to her. He said he'd send me the letters the next day if she didn't pay. And Helen was desperate—out of her mind. She snatched up the paper-knife and stabbed him. Then she ran away. When she came home she was hysterical, too upset to keep from telling me the whole story. And I—I told her not to confess, but to wait. I said no one would ever be accused of the murder, and when Mrs. Farrell was arrested I said they wouldn't convict her. It's my fault!—"

His face working, he was unable to go on, and the case of the State vs. Veronica Farrell was ended.

JERRY saw Veronica for a few minutes in an anteroom. Her quiet gravity was in startling contrast to George Cape's beaming excitement. "Aren't you glad?" Jerry asked.

"No—not particularly," she said simply. "I don't seem to have any capacity for emotion left. I keep thinking of that poor woman, too—"

"You mustn't think of her, or of anything that's happened."

"No, of course not," she said mechanically. Cape had moved away to the other side of the room; she asked in a lower voice, "Has Ann come back, Jerry?"

"She'll be here tomorrow. I telephoned her last night, and she's taking tonight's train."

"I'm very glad," she said, and for a few seconds she laid her hand on his. "You had something very precious to you and Ann. I hope you still have it. Without meaning to, I did my best to take it away."

"It wasn't you entirely," he told her. "I think things first began to go wrong when I gave up my work at the hospital to join Larry in his Sanitarium. I wasn't being true to myself, and Ann knew it. And you—",

"Perhaps," Veronica agreed. "Don't let her wonder that any more, Jerry. Goodbye, my dear. I'm going to leave New York tomorrow. I may not be back for a long, long time."

"Goodbye, Veronica."

When he came out of the Criminal Courts building he went automatically toward the first in the line of parked taxicabs. But before he reached it he swerved and went down the steps of a subway. Somehow, he wanted to be near mankind—in the midst of it, as he had been in the old days when he worked in the charity clinic of the hospital.

Some of this feeling he tried to express to Ann, the next evening, when they sat alone in front of the fireplace. Penny and Bun had returned to New York, but immediately after dinner, with elaborate tact, they'd gone off to the movies.

WITH Ann on a hussack at his feet, Jerry felt once more that closeness—not at all physical, but a complete and satisfying communion of their thoughts and emotions—which had once been so important a part of their life together. They'd lost it in the last year, but now, miraculously, it had returned. And Ann understood what he was trying to say, even without listening to his words.

"You were so worried, she confessed, "when you wanted me to stay at the hospital, not go in with Dunham—"

Ann pressed her fingers against his lips. "Don't do that," she begged. "I don't want to be right— I don't want even to appear to have that cheap triumph. And I'm not even sure that I gained a good deal. We've made an adjustment that some couples never make. I don't know," she wrinkled her brow in concentration. "but I feel as if our marriage had moved into a new phase. A better one, one with more understanding. I mean—oh, I seem to think of you not as a human being, but just as my husband!"

Jerry nodded. "It's hard to express. But I know what you're trying to say, because I feel it too!"

For a while they were silent, content to enjoy this new sensation of completion. Then Jerry said, "All the sights were new, from the Sanitarium and going back into real work. I don't know just what kind of work, but I know it's real."

"Yes, Jerry. I'm glad."

"But first," he added, holding her hands more tightly, "we're going away. We're just getting to know each other—let's make a good job of it!"

"Go away? Where?"

"What's it to you?" he said with boyish eagerness. "Florida—the Caribbean—anywhere so long as we can be together."

"Of course Ann, with invincible common-sense, would have pointed out, "We can be together right here."

But seeing her hesitate, she too caught fire from his enthusiasm. Her eyes shining, she said:

"Jamaica."

"And Haiti!"

"And Port-au-Prince . . . Cartagena . . . Caracas . . . "

But all the magic names they recited were not half as thrilling as the single word—"together."
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Let Me Forget

(Continued from page 28)

"No—we mustn't stop. Dance faster—faster—"

Bill stumbled.

"Sorry! That's what I get for not counting when I dance!"

"It's not your fault, Oliver," I said.

"It's this long veil—you caught your foot in it, didn't you?"

"You've no veil," he said. "You've—what did you call me? Oliver?"

He stopped dancing. The dream shattered. We were in the middle of the floor at the fraternity club. And the man was Bill Collins. Unreasoning terror tore at me.

"You called me Oliver!" he repeated.

"No!" I cried wildly. "I didn't! I couldn't! I called you Bill—your name's Bill—why should I call you anything else?"

He began to lead me from the floor, while people stared, and I clung to him, sobbing. "I didn't call you Oliver!" I said. "I mustn't remember—I mustn't! Bill, don't ever let me remember!"

Then the room tilted again, and grew dark, and everything was blotted out.

I was in my bed at home when I woke up, and Bill was gone but Dr. Chase was there. The next day he took me to a strange land—bought the country and left me there with Mary Murphy. I felt just as if I had in the weeks before I opened the dancing school—limp, unable to think or plan for myself, drained of every emotion or desire. I knew now that there was something knocking at the doors of my mind, demanding the most abnormal of unimaginable horror. As long as I lay still and let other people manage my life, I was safe. But once I began to remember.

Perhaps I was.

Dr. Chase visited me once a week. He was always kind and friendly; always very casual, but I knew why he came. It was to watch me.

"You said I'd have to pay for my living," I reminded him once. "Who is paying for this house? And Mary's wages?"

He avoided my gaze. "Don't worry about that right now," he said. "You've been too ill to take care of yourself, but soon you'll be well again and then you can go back to work."


"He mustn't!" I said in agitation. "I won't let him go back to work now—right away. There's no reason I can't, I'm perfectly strong and well."

"Perhaps you are. But I want you to stay here, for a little while longer at least. And Bill does, too."

My brief burst of energy had already spent itself. I sank back. "All right," I said listlessly. "But each day brought, imperceptibly, an added impulse to face the world again, and by late December I had made up my mind to return to Grayfields and the dancing classes after the first of the year. I couldn't, I told myself, remain here, on the scant fringe of life. I must leave, no matter what effect leaving would have upon me."

Then, on Christmas Day, Bill came to see me—his arms loaded with parcels, his eyes begging for understanding and sympathy after the first of the year. I couldn't, I told myself, remain here, on the scant fringe of life. I must leave, no matter what effect leaving would have upon me.

"I couldn't come sooner," he said. "Dr. Chase wouldn't let me. He said you wanted to be alone until you were feeling all right again. So I obeyed orders, but—" he gave a rueful grin—"it wasn't easy."

Happiness and relief-flooded me. "Then it wasn't because—" I exclaimed. "I mean—I thought you didn't like me any more."

"Like you!" He'd dropped the parcels, and raised his hand in my direction. "Like you!" he repeated tenderly. "Don't you remember I said I loved you? And I meant it, and still mean it. I want to take care of you, Ethel—forever."

I PULLED myself away. Trying to keep my mind steady, I said, "But there's something—strange about me. Bill. I don't know what it is, myself. You must have realized it—and now you're only trying to be kind."

"I'm only trying to be kind to myself, because I love you so."

"No, wait," I said. "You must wonder how much I remember about... about the past."

"I don't think so. Of course not! But I'll be paying you, Bill. There are many bills to be paid."

"I do!" I sobbed, pressing my face against his shoulder. "So very much!"

"Only nothing, darling," he insisted. "That's all I wanted to know."

"Dr. Chase didn't want us to be married."

I realized that later in the evening, when he came in to wish me Merry Christmas and found Bill there. When Bill told him our news the briefest possible expression of alarm flashed over his face and was gone, succeeded by his usual friendly smile. "Will it be a brief engagement?" he asked after a while.

"Not any longer than I can help," I said. "About three days would be right, I think—and we all laughed. But I thought Dr. Chase seemed relieved when I protested that I need at least a month."

Only after they'd left did I feel a moment of that old fear. It wasn't right, no matter what Bill said, to marry him while there was still that disturbing thing waiting outside the closed doors of my mind. Dr. Chase knew it, too—that was why he didn't really want us to be married.

What if I opened the doors, and let whatever it was—in? Could I
face it down—or would it devour me?

I knew I did not have the courage to find the answer to that question.

In the morning I put all my doubts aside. It was easier, then, to tell myself that it didn't matter—I could keep the doors closed forever, and be happy.

Back in Grayfields, Dr. Chase and his wife asked me to stay with them until the wedding, and Mrs. Chase helped me with all the shopping I had to do. We didn't buy a wedding gown, for she insisted on giving me one that she had. "It was worn by a very dear friend of the doctor's," she said, "and I know he'd be very happy if you'd wear it too."

Busy with my preparations, enfolded in Bill's love, I was no longer afraid.

A few days before the wedding, Mrs. Chase brought the white lace gown and delicate veil to my room. Eagerly I tried it on to see if it would fit. The dress was rather unusual in style—a close-fitting bodice above a tremendously full skirt of exquisite lace.

"It fits you perfectly, my dear," Mrs. Chase said. Struck by a smothered quality in her voice, I looked at her and saw that she was not smiling, and that spots of rouge stood out queerly on her pale face. Hurriedly she went on, "Come over to the mirror and see."

Wonderingly, I obeyed, and stood for a long moment staring at the girl in the glass. At last I said in a far-away voice, "Please, Mrs. Chase—will you leave me alone for a little while?"

I SCARCELY heard the door close behind her.

Now memory was coming back. I closed my eyes, pressed my hand over them, but I was powerless to stop it.

This was my wedding dress. I had worn it before. In the incense-haunted air of a cathedral, beside the man I loved. And afterwards—dancing...

The strains of a waltz drifted through the room, growing louder, stronger. Oliver and I were together, carried away on the sound, wanting to dance forever.

"Oh, Oliver, I do love you so!"

"My wife—"

"How wonderful to hear you say that. My husband!"

The melody lifting us, driving us, faster and faster...

Oliver's voice, breathless—"Rather nice, making love to you while we're dancing. I must do it often, during the next fifty years."

"Yes. You must. We'll dance and dance, and you'll tell me how much you love me, and I'll—Oh, Oliver, I'm sorry. It's this long veil—you caught your foot in it, didn't you?"

"No, I—"

"Oliver—you're trembling! Let's stop dancing!"

"No—I'm all right. Only a little-dizzy. Help me, Ethel! Don't let me fall!"

But I was trying to hold him while he slipped from my arms and the music stopped in a sudden jarring crash and people clustered around us.

"We were so happy," he whispered. "Dancing...I love you so—don't let it stop..."

"No, darling, I won't."

A man was kneeling beside him, ripping open his collar. "Heart failure," I heard someone say. "He's...dead!"

---

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Mrs. Chase's neat, comfortable guest-room swam slowly back into place. I was still in front of the long mirror, not knowing how long I had stood there. My ears rang with the pounding of my heart.

Suddenly, with snapping fingers, I began to undo the fastenings of the wedding gown. My suitcase was in the closet; I tore the door open and snatched it out, opened it and filled it with clothes. I dressed in the first things that came to my hand. I must go away—at once! The past had come back to me, and now I knew why I had feared it so: because I must live with it, forever. The past and I, all alone together. Bill would not want to join that lonely little company now—we could not let him, the past and I, because he was the future, and for us there was no future.

The suitcase in my hand, I turned toward the door. It opened, and Bill was standing there.

"Oh! Dearest—Mrs. Chase told me you had recognized the wedding dress—she sent it for, And now you remember, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember. I remember everything, and I've got to go. Don't try to stop me, Bill—please!" I tried to force my way past his outstretched arms.

**WHY should I let you go?** I've been waiting for you to remember, hoping that you would. Dr. Chase told me everything after that night we went to the dance together. He said you'd had a terrible mental shock, that you'd never be cured until something forced you to remember. That's why he made me stop seeing you. He thought loneliness would bring things back.

Bill was talking rapidly, as if the torrent of words could hold me in that room.

"But we left you alone, and nothing happened. So I persuaded him to let me marry you. He didn't like it. He was afraid you'd break down at the ceremony. That's why we gave you your old wedding dress. And it worked! Darling, it worked!"

"Yes," I said hysterically. "It worked! I remember everything now—everything I wanted to forget."

"But don't you see? You're free now! You were always afraid—afraid of remembering. But now you have remembered, and there's nothing more to be afraid of. You were haunted, and now you're not!"

I fell back a step. "Haunted..."

I said. "Yes. You're right. I was."

"Do you— For the first time, there was apprehension in his voice. "Do you still love Oliver so much you can never love me?"

"Oh, no!" I said without hesitation. "No, that's all over."

"Then—"

At the question in his voice, the eager love in his face, all the troubled confusion of my mind seemed to melt away like the mists of night under the brave sun.

"Then," I said strongly, "of course I don't mind remembering. Because this is yesterday—and today—and tomorrow—and forever. For you and me."

Meet Henry Aldrich's Sister on Next Month's Cover of **RADIO MIRROR**
eyes were loving.

We've been so happy, Peggy Connant thought. On nothing, actually on nothing. Not even a yacht between us, though she walked along the street where people turned to look at her. Not a million dollars in the bank. Not even ten sometimes. What had she said to him, that day at Luna Park? Oh, yes.

"I used to think," she had said, "that when I got married, I'd be going to Bermuda, places like that. And here I am—" and then she had broken off, suddenly, because of the look on Bill's face and because that wasn't what she had wanted to say, all. "No, darling," she had said quickly, "you don't understand it. What we are. I bet there are thousands of women, who have been to all those famous places, who'd give every one of them to her for love, to her, to someone who loves them. Women are really awfully simple people, darling. They want love. And I want you and I'm happy. Terribly happy."

And she was. "Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell. Baby. Bill was always humming that over and over. That was their theme song. And it meant something and they'd look at each other and understand. What was a diamond bracelet compared to her Popeye? Bill had knocked over all the balls at Luich that day and won Popeye for her. They had debated a long time between a Kewpie Doll and Popeye and Farm Girl. Now, it was the last of them. Bill. Bill's shirts and socks and dimes and dimes. She had never been happy without them. And Bill was always missing up her things, looking for something of his that shouldn't have been in her drawer, and said, "Bill, will you get out of that drawer?"

That was the honey. Just looking for something.

"Bill! Look at that drawer!"

"Aw, I don't like you when you frown."

Smile. It was so easy to smile, then. But now! What will he say when he's told about the baby? Just the other night, he was talking about rent and gas and dentist and light and carfare and clothes and so on and so on. It never seemed to end. There just didn't seem to be any way out of it now, this. The final blow. A baby.

Where will we get the money? Where will we get anyone be wonderful at making money? Isn't there a place for the little people who don't want a great deal? Isn't there a place for the simple people? Why must he be unhappy? Why must he always be smothered with bills and bills and bills? We're in such a mess, darling. We're going to be miserable.

Peggy Connant forced herself to stop thinking about it. She had walked three blocks out of her way. She found the shop, the shops, said Peggy Connant, think about the baby. What will he be? Just what sort of a baby. What sort of a house? What sort of a man? What did she want him to be?

She began to notice the people passing her on the street. Her baby would be one of the people on the street, some day, maybe like one of those passing her. She watched their faces, intently. A young woman came toward her, a tall, sensitive-faced young man, carrying a violin case under his arm. His head was down, he didn't seem to be noticing anything. He seemed to be way out of the world of Peggy and the people around him. A musician, possibly a great, young musician. Peggy Connant swore to herself that it couldn't be somebody Peggy observed, as she went by. Her baby, David, a musician. David Connant, world's premier violinist. Maybe.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. That was the way she had said it as a little girl. Doctor? Yes, maybe. That would be nice. David Connant, surgeon. "Oh, yes, he's undoubtedly the best doctor in the city, Mrs. Connant. Would you have any complaints of him?"

A man brushed against her. His nose glasses were tight against his face, his mouth was thin and hard, his eyes were worried. Peggy Connant saw all that in the second he brushed against her, muttered an apology and hurried on. He was carrying a briefcase. A lawyer, a stock broker, perhaps. She decided he was a stock broker. David Connant, Connant and Company, Wall Street. No. No, she wouldn't tell them you lawyer, either. People had so many troubles and you became hardened to them and her David would never be happy with that.

But some lawyers became Presidents. David Connant, solemnly taking the oath of office, riding in a car and waving at the people. Millions and millions of people at the radio waiting for his voice, waiting for the words of someone she had known as a baby, a boy, a young man. Now, a President."

She stopped in front of Conn's Book Store. In the window were books and books. She could do a lot of reading later on. She had always wanted to read. But had never read. So many fine things she hadn't read, so many wonderful writers. Writer? What was it Bill had said once? Oh, yes, you have a book about "us." And she had asked him laughingly why he didn't and he had said, "Oh, I guess I wasn't made to be a writer." But David? Yes, maybe.

Silly to think of it like this. It, it was really only it. It wasn't anything yet. And why not be happy and happy about it? The pain wasn't really anything. Mrs. Cohen had said once, "You forget about the pain as soon as you're born." Mrs. Cohen should know, she had seven of them. But what would Bill say? Would he be happy?

She was walking very slowly now. She was thinking of all the things she would have to tell David. All the things that had given her so much pain, which she could help him avoid. She was so much wiser than when she had first married Bill. She had somehow managed to pull him, all the way to her son. He would be a beautiful child. A beautiful name, David Connant. A beautiful child.

A newscast was shouting near her. She wasn't listening to the words, only to the hoarse, plaintive cry. And then the headlines of the paper seemed

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Good Peggy Connant thought, in their was about being young and a girl, screaming? thought, I'll tell her. Peggy Connor
to scream out at her, scream louder than the voice of the ragged, little boy, War! 700 Lost at Sea, Berlin, London, Rome! War! Captain David Connant. But it would be all over by then. Or would it? She saw him now, sailing through the waves. She heard the whine of the machine gun and saw the plane wobbling and then, plunging crazily, dizzyly, down! He was calling for her, calling in a far off voice. "Mother! Mother!"

"David!" She felt someone catch her by the arm. She saw faces blur and then come back into focus again. Her legs felt weak, the hand gripping her arm hurt.

"I'm all right," she heard herself say. "You sure?" a male voice, gruff but concerned. "Oh, yes. I'm fine."

"What was it, Mister?"

"This young lady gave me quite a start. She screamed and started to weep. I thought she was gonna pass out."

Screamed? Had she really screamed? She had to get away from them. She thanked the man and walked away faster and faster. David! It had all seemed so real. War! How Bill hated war, how he hated bloodshed and killing. "Raise 'em up and blow 'em up." What would she say if Bill asked that? She felt desperately that she needed something to say to him, some answer. A girl, that was it!

PEGGY CONNANT almost stopped still. A girl. Funny she hadn't thought it might be a girl. Yes, not a girl. She remembered her own childhood, now. She tried to think how it was being young and a girl. What did you do? What did you need? She remembered, now, in chaotic snatches, some of her own little-girl speeches. "Mother, do you think my dress hangs right? Don't you think I ought to have it let out a little here? There's the freshet boy in my class. Of course, I don't like him. Mother, can't I go to the party Saturday? But, Mother, Mary is a year younger than I am and she went to lipstick! Peggy Connor turned off Elder Street into Paxton Avenue, thinking about it being a girl. They couldn't blame it on her. If it was a girl, they couldn't kill it in their war. Ruth? No. Nina? No. Betty? No. How about Carol? Yes, Carol. Carol Connor. She sounded lost.

What would she be? A debutante? Well, hardly. A singer? Carol Connant. There was something stagey about singer, something not about them. Or the movies, maybe. The beautiful Carol Connant, now starring in— But why not just an ordinary girl, like her mother, somebody to worry about babies? She'll ask me about formulas and feeding, Peggy Connant thought, and I'll be very wise and I'll know just what to do and what to tell her. Bill will be proud of her. Our daughter, Bill.

"Hey, there, Mrs. Connant!"

Peggy Connant stopped. She looked around. It was her block. She turned around, confused. She'd walked right by the house. What a foolish thing to do. The janitor, Mr. Swenson, was standing there, smiling. She felt a little silly.

"What's the matter?" the janitor asked. "You walked right by. You forget where you live?" He was-
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I WAKE UP SCREAMING

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HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE

—“Fearless” gives some new twists to well-known Hollywood feuds and reveals some that have never before seen the light of printed word.

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"Wait," Bill said. "I'm going to tell you something. Here," he pulled her over to the window. "There, a nice breeze to keep you cool, while I give you some news hot off the press." Peggy tried to break in, but Bill kept talking. "Flash—Bill Connant gets ambitions. Listen, sweet, little funny face. Today the great lords of industry opened up the pearly gates long enough to give your husband—me—Bill Connant a raise."

"Bill—I—"

"Speechless? So was I. Baby Five bucks a week more. Isn't that terrific? We're in the upper brackets, Baby. Get anything we want."

"Bill," Peggy tried again. She felt the tears coming into her eyes. She fought to keep them back. "Bill, I've got to tell you something."

"Sure, darling. As soon as I finish. I've got to say it, funny face, before I lose my nerve. If I stop talking, I may not say it, Peggy," Bill paused and looked at her, that old, adoring look that Peggy had prayed for for weeks now.

"Peggy—this five a week—that's over $300 a year. I began to think of how we could spend."

Peggy felt her heart pounding.

"Spend, Bill?"

"Sure, you know me. By God, I said."

Peggy looked at the old jalopy's still pretty good. A cottage maybe this summer? But what the heck, I don't get a vacation until next year. Peggy?

"Bill, Bill?"

"Gee, this is crazy, Peggy. I'm afraid to tell you."

She would always remember the way he looked when he said that.

"Afraid, Bill? There's no reason to be afraid, is there, Bill?" She said it as if she wanted him to say it back to her.

And he said, "Of course not, darling. What I'm trying to say, Peggy, is well—look at the newspaper headlines."

Peggy felt herself going again. She was very afraid now.

BILL went on, "World's going smash—maybe. There isn't time enough to go anywhere or plan anything, so how can we spend it to make both of us really happy? I mean, we do have some work, why not make them mean something?"

Peggy looked at him. She wasn't thinking, now. It felt as if she wasn't even breathing.

"Peggy," Bill said, "I've got to say it fast, or I won't be able to say it, at all." He took a deep breath. "Peg, let's spend the money on having a kid."

Peggy heard a shout in the street. Bill's face seemed to go far off and then it came very close. Then away and the year and all time seemed to merge into that one moment. She held on to herself, holding Peggy Connant all in one piece by a tremendous, glorious, supreme effort.

Bill was frightened. "Peg, what's the matter? Why do you look like that? Peg! I know—we never talked about it—but I was scared of the idea, Peg—and and I didn't know whether you wanted a kid. Peg! For Pete's sake, say something!"

"Say something—oh, Bill!"

She was in his arms. She was crying and she didn't know why and she didn't care why. "Bill, wait until you hear!"

The End.

Cuticle Look

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or this?

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• Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! It's non-drying, contains no acid. All you do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel!

Get a bottle today!

Saturday IS "Manicure Day."

Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

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SaturDaY is "MaNicaUrE DaY"

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it Stays On—new

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Looks Better

...stays on though you eat, smoke, drink or kiss, if used as directed. Lasting loveliness for your lips...naturel and soft looking, appealing...Not annoying—not drying.


Torriss Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

("Underarm Perspiration Odor"

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A. D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade.
3. Examined nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P. O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Actually soothing. Jars 10¢, 25¢, 60¢. Tubes 25¢—handy for masculine use!

YODORA

DEODORANT CREAM

Jars and Tubes

RADIO AND TELEVISION Mirror
a hall. But then, the death-like quiet was broken as a sudden muffled cry for help echoed through the stone corridors. Ilana turned white and vainly tried to hold Kent back as he ran in the direction of the sound.

"Come on Jimmy—don't these steps. That cry came from the cellar!"

They entered a tunnel and followed the sound of a gurgling which grew louder by the second. Then—a room. And, chained to the wall—a man, unconscious.

"Quiet, Jimmy—go out and fill your cap with water from that brook outside—hurry!"

A LONE again, Superman snapped the chains as if they were string. Jimmy returned and the water soon revived the prisoner. Haltingly, he told them his story. He had been the officer of a private yacht. One still moonlit night his vessel had sailed close to the island. They had seen the rocks close to shore but had thought they were in safe, deep waters. But, suddenly, there was a crash—a tearing, rending noise as if the bottom had been torn off their ship. Then, as hidden rocks cut deep, the vessel began to sink and break up. He, Carl Edwards, the only survivor, had been washed up on shore. When he awakened, he was a prisoner in the big house. Boris let him live only because he needed an assistant. Why, and to serve what purpose, the madman had not yet told him.

When he finished, Kent, eager to get at the bottom of the mystery, asked Jimmy to lead Edwards to the hidden motorboat and wait for him. He was about to go back through the tunnel when he heard footsteps come softly down the stairs. It was Ilana, searching for him. Minutes went by as she began to tell him the history of the Island. Her brother had been the caretaker for an eccentric millionaire who had built the place. Then he died and Boris was alone. One day—

"I received a cable to come at once. He said he had discovered untold riches and needed my help... I arrived and found my brother mad with a lust for what he had. He was determined to kill anyone who came near the Island, he removed the harbor markers which warned ships off the hidden rocks. He did that with a horrible purpose—he wanted no ship or its passengers to come anywhere near him. That's how Edwards' vessel—and yours—crashed and sank. He needed Edwards to help him—but he kept him in that cell to beat him into submission. He'll go on any lengths to protect his secret. And that secret,

She never finished. From far off came a cry for help which reached only the sensitive ears of the Man of Tomorrow. He whirled and sped through the tunnel. As Jimmy's frantic cries carried over the Island, the powerful figure in blue costume and flying cape emerged from the camouflage opening to the tunnel. He flew over the water, saw the smashed bits of a boat—bodies and debris, sprawled on a sand-bar—and, deep in the water, Carl Edwards was helpless—his leg was caught in the powerful shells of a giant tropical clam!

Superman dove deeply: "Good thing the water's clear—but I've got to work fast before Edwards drowns. If I can only get my hands between those shells, I can pry them open—Got it! Now to wrench the shells apart and free his foot—Great Scott these things are powerful!" The great muscles bulged. Then—"There—that does it. And I think we've solved the mystery of Dead Man's Island!

Effortlessly, Superman carried Jimmy and Edwards back to the beach. When they came to their senses, he was waiting for them as Clark Kent. Sure now that the clams held the secret, he led the way back into the house. Quietly, they stepped into the room in which Boris had ordered his sister to kill the intruders. But the madman was there waiting for them. Gun raised to shoot, he ordered them to halt. But Kent, ignoring the threat, threw himself at the murderer. He caught his wrist just as Boris pulled the trigger. The shot didn't go wild—an unseen Avenger guided the bullet into Boris' heart. Ilana breathed softly: "May he rest in peace." The tortured look left her face, and silently, she guided Kent to a steel cabinet in the wall. She spun the dial. The door swung open and Kent gasped: "Whew! There's a king's ransom! That whole cabinet is full of pearls!"

"Yes," said the girl, "there lies Boris' secret. He got them from the big Island. But they're under them here—they have caused enough sadness—enough grief. Let them remain here forever.

Kent swung the door shut. Tight-lipped, they all followed Ilana to the small sailboat she had concealed in a cove. As they cast off, Kent and Jimmy looked back just once at Dead Man's Island to which Superman had brought Justice.

Say Hello To—

EDNA ODELL—the statuesque songstress who is featured on the Hop! Zatord Revue over NBC Tuesday nights. She's a natural singer, and has never taken a voice lesson in her life. Her home town is Fort Wayne. Indiana, where she started her radio work over station WOWO seven years ago. Two years later, she moved to Chicago, where she is now. Edna is tall and attractive, and has the reputation of owning one of the most cheerful dispositions in Chicago. She can play the piano or well, she's a good dancer, and will accompanying songs herself on the Hop Zatord show her ambition is some day to have her own program on which she will play, sing, and announce her own numbers. She can do any kind of song—torch, swing, or ballad.
Amanda of Honeymoon Hill

(Continued from page 16)

would see her tearing through the woods toward the whiteness of that house, clear in the night, in such anguish as she had never known. She did not know that a grim-faced father would seize her as she entered the cabin and push him into the room after she threw the bolt across her door, telling her she would never leave that room until she went to Charlie's house to be his wife. From that dreadful minute when she crawled through her tiny window, tearing her dress, bruising her body, and cursing on the studio door and it was opened to her by Edward, there was but one emotion driving her—to be with him, and being with him, to be safe at last.

She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and moaning as if in pain, and he held her gently, and smoothed her hair.

"Edward, Edward, keep me—save me out. I guided her over to a chair and forced her into it. Her face was that of a tortured child and she lifted it to his, and a furious anger filled him at whoever had done her wrong, and he jumped to his feet and walked around the room with such bitter rage chocking him that he could not speak.

"It's awful in the Valley," Amanda whispered, her delicate features strained and tired, "awful when you're married. Why don't you send me away?"

With sudden cry she held out her hands to him, "I can't bear to have Charlie marry me. Keep me here. I'll work for you. I'll scrub, I'll cook, I'll—"

"Hush, dear Amanda." He knelt beside her, and he held her shaking hands against his cheek. "You're safe. I won't let them take you away."

Then Amanda sighed and smiled. "I knew you would save me."

Amanda made the decision she said, "I know—I'll take you over to Mother at Big House."

"No—no—don't send me away. Let me stay with you. You dear innocent," Edward explained, and drew her to her feet, and looked into her eyes. "You can't do that. Amanda, you trust me, don't you?"

"I trust you until death," she answered.

The words hurt in their simplicity. He spoke quickly to hide his emotion. "Then you must do as I say. I'll take you over to Mother."

He tucked her hand under his arm, and together they went across the dew-wet grass toward the lights of Big House glimmering behind massed trees of maple and live oak.

But Amanda shrank from the vast rooms of Big House, from the beautiful, gracious woman. Susan Leighton, who hid under a kind manner her surprise at this strange guest. She felt a little easier with Colonel Bob, Edward's master, who had been delighted with her and did his best to make her feel at ease.

She slept that night in a bed so soft she was almost ashamed of theness of it, and a negro servant showed her how to wash in a mysterious room where one turned handles and water appeared like magic. She knew she was doing right in staying here, because Bob liked her. And she was frightened in the morning until he came to get her. Then they spent most of the day together in the room, and when he asked her to go to her room, saying that he and Sylvia were bringing her a dress to wear to the dance that evening.

"A dance—a dance—" Amanda clapped her hands. Then a shadow fell over her face. "That's when you and Sylvia are to announce that you're going to be married?"


Amanda, moving around her room and humming softly to herself, heard the door open and turned, her eyes bright with anticipation. Then she stiffened, with a swift, almost defensive motion. It was Sylvia, not Edward, who was entering the room.

"Oh, Amanda, I'm so glad you're alone," Sylvia smiled brightly. But there was no answering smile on Amanda's face. "That's when you and Sylvia are to announce that you're going to be married?"

You really need a friend to advise you—"

"I have a friend—Edward—and he is all I need," Amanda said.

"But that's just it, Amanda," Sylvia said softly, deliberately. "There are so many things you don't understand. You are saving for saying this—but you're only a Valley girl. You shouldn't come to this dance tonight. You'll be terribly out of place, and sure you'll be miserable and unhappy."

Amanda looked directly into the beautiful face and hard eyes. "Edward has asked me to, and if you want to be a dutiful wife you wouldn't say anything against his wishes. Besides, to tell the truth, I don't like you, Sylvia, and I don't trust you."

You dare to speak to me like that?" Sylvia's voice was a poor, foolish girl! Now I will tell you the truth. Edward has asked you out of pity. He's too kind for his own good. He's turning you into a pitiful little woman. If you go go you'll shame him before all his friends. Of course, if you're willing to accept pity I can say anything more—and she was out of the room.

Amanda turned away to the window, her back very straight. Fierce pride of the Valley flamed in her. Fifty she would die before she would take pity from anyone. But, when Edward returned, exclaiming eagerly as he opened the door: "Amanda, Uncle Bob has found the perfect dress for you," all she could say was, "I'm not going to the dance, Edward. It was kind of you to ask me, but I'm not going."

"Of course you're going," Uncle Bob said from the doorway, "Just look at this."

And he handed her a shimmering gown of lace and chiffon. "I found it in one of the trunks, and there's a veil and shoes to match." And he opened the two open pages and pictured her eyes were like stars as he placed the dress in her arms.

Edward was puzzled. "Don't be silly, Amanda. It's all happened. My evening will be ruined if you're not there."

"Edward," Amanda said, and her
face was so serious that both men stared at her in surprise, “give me your oath that you are speaking the truth.”

“Of course I am, you amazing child. Now run along into the dressing room and put on that dress.” When Amanda returned to the room Edward stood breathless at the beauty and dignity of the girl smiling at him in her new joy, and Colonel Bob gently touched her red-gold hair.

“You are lovelier than any of the Leighton women, and that’s the greatest compliment I could make you,” he said. “Now let me help you with the veil.”

But even as he placed it on her head, there was the sound of running feet, and Sylvia, her lips a thin line, her face white, spoke from the open door.

“Take off that veil. Mrs. Leighton gave it to me to be my wedding veil. What right have you, Edward—or you, Colonel Bob—to put it on her?” Amanda whirled; her fingers shook as she caught the delicate web of lace from her hair and tossed it into Sylvia’s hands.

“I wear no other woman’s wedding veil, and if you think I’d do it, you’re mistaken. Take it and keep it. I’m Valley born, and I’m proud of the Valley and don’t you ever speak to me like that again.” She turned to the window, her head high.

“Now, Edward,” Sylvia’s voice had a deceptively quiet in it, “it’s time we went down to our guests.” She held out her hand.

For a second he hesitated, and as Colonel Bob watched him with a curious smile, he said, almost gently, “I’m sorry, dear, but I’m taking Amanda down. She is our guest, too, and I think something is due her after what has happened.”

LIKE a child, tremulous with excitement and clinging to Edward’s arm, Amanda came down the stairs into the great hall. The men and women crowded around her, fascinated by her great dignity, her frank delight, her quaint speech which was part of her charm.

The hour slipped by, as light and happy as the music and laughter which gave it wings. The soft, summer night pressed against the windows, a light breeze rustling the trees, carrying the sweetness of flowers through the rooms.

“Amanda,” a sudden thought struck Edward, “can you sing any of the old ballads?”

She nodded. “I’ve known them since I was a child.”

He handed her his lute, and her fingers touched the strings. Then her voice, clear and sweet, rose in songs that were old when England was young. 

“Helen of Kirkconnell,” “The Two Corbies,” “Robin Adair.” Suddenly her fingers faltered, her voice broke, and all turned to follow her wide horrified gaze to where a tall man, coming out of the darkness, was striding across the floor toward her.

“Edward!” The lute clattered to the floor, and both hands caught his arm.

“You’re coming with me, Amanda,” Joseph Dyke’s voice was hard and harsh; “and I’ll strip those devil’s clothes from your back before you go to Hell.” His great hand pulled her from Edward’s side. “A daughter of mine, dressed like Jezebel, standing in the house of an outsider, and singing to—em—”

Amanda’s voice rose in stark terror: “Don’t let Pa take me—don’t let Pa...
HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES
3 ways at same time!

* A headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves, vision goes an upset stomach; in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time; helps stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

* Just as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headache, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

WHO IS CLAUDIA?

Peggy, were agog over this incident for days. "You would have thought, to see Pat talk. Ryan never tired of telling them, "that she stood before audiences and recited every day of her life."

Even Pat's appearance at the local movie theater in a "Kiddie Revue," for which she was paid two dollars an evening didn't cause as much commotion. Because sometime during the day, she recited that little rhyme her mother had brought from England, they all sensed it was a beginning. They were ready for anything after that. And it was just as well.

Otherwise not even as sane a family as the Ryans would have known quite how to adjust to this summer with their daughter suddenly become a star. Just having her grow up to be nineteen had seemed enough, especially when she was such a beautiful nineteen, with her cool gray eyes, smooth blonde hair, and fresh young face with so much pertness that it seemed almost be saying, "Hi." But to be a star—

I T HAPPENED, though, whether the Ryans were prepared or not. The beginning was several years ago when Rose Franken began writing stories about a captivating heroine named Claudia and her young orchestra band. David, later writing a play about the same Claudia. Last spring radio decided it wanted a Claudia program on the air. So Rose Franken wrote some scripts that were auditioned by a sponsor who said, "Wonderful," and who arranged for them to appear right away on the Kate Smith program, with the plan that they would continue this summer when Kate began her regular vacation.

All that was needed was to find someone to play Claudia. That's all, just someone young enough be light and charming enough to sound as fresh and as romantic as the made-up character named Claudia.

Pat Ryan won out over a hundred competitors. Nineteen-year-old Pat Ryan. The very first broadcast proved

speaking in a low, commanding voice. He watched the white glimmer of Amanda's dress until the darkness hid it. She, no longer struggling; Edward had broken his promise. The one person to whom she had looked for help, the one person in whom she had placed her trust because he had been gentle and kind, had betrayed her. And the numb despair of her heart crept like a cold wave over her body. She did not see and pick up the broken lute, or see him walk away from the whispering guests, away from his mother's hand and voice. No, she knew that he stood, staring down the Valley Road, his face as white as hers, but on it a new determination which made him look old and stern.

With her pride so terribly hurt, must Amanda put aside all her dreams of a better, more beautiful life, and obey her father's stern orders to marry Charlie Harris? Be sure to con-

Who is Claudia?

(Continued from page 17)

continued
the ball-game together—it's through father I've come to love baseball, as you can imagine, mother feeling the way she does about it—or not feeling any way about it, to be more exact—well, when father and I go to see the Yankees play he talks all the time we're in the subway to keep my mind off it.

"All the boys I know simply adore my mother. I've known only one who didn't like her. An acrobat dancer, when I was six, who had the most surprising muscles. His mother made trouble between us. She insisted he be nice to me. We were in the same 'Kiddie Revue.'"

EVERYBODY says, when you have a career," Pat explained, "that it's important to keep life from getting in the way of it. I think it's more important not to let your career get in the way of your life. I was lucky to learn this as young as I did, when I was in the 8A and I got left back because I was absent so much doing 'Skippy' recordings that I didn't pass Latin. Being left back was much more unhappy making than doing 'Skippy' recordings was happy making if I make myself clear at all.

"Of course now that I'm 'Claudia,' I don't think about much of anything else. But in my secret heart I know I want to marry some day and live as normally as possible. No one can go on being a star forever. I know I need something substantial. I realize a well-balanced life is best. As mother always says when she hands me the dish-towel, 'You can't tell how long this will last. You'd better be prepared to be a poor man's wife. There always are so many more poor men than rich men in the world and girls always seem to find the poor men so much more charming. Maybe they are; there has to be a law of averages.' Oh, you'd just love my mother!

"My older sister, Peggy—who's married and has a two-year-old, Dennis—they live with us—talks to me the same as mother. Because she wants me to take Dennis to the park mornings. And I like doing it. It's so comfortable to sit in the sun and watch Dennis play with the other little boys and girls and compare notes about when he walked and talked and what he weighed and what he eats for dinner with all the other mothers and nurse-girls.

"Did I tell you how I lost four pounds?" she asked.

"I was one out of two hundred and fifty when I auditioned, you see. I felt certain they'd choose someone with a big Hollywood name in the end. I did my best, naturally! But really I concentrated on and counted on the role of 'Peggy' in 'Meet Mr. Mee' which I tried out for at the same time. When I heard I'd been ruled out on 'Peggy' because I was too young, I was desperately disappointed. Little did I know what was ahead—you never do know, I guess...

"It was after I learned that it was between me and four others who got the part of Claudia that I lost the four pounds," Pat supplemented. "The agency kept telephoning. They're down to four . . . they're down to three . . . they're down to two . . . we'll let you know at five o'clock . . . we'll let you know in the morning . . ." Finally, I simply couldn't stand it another minute so I went to the beauty parlor and had a manicure and mother telephoned, It's definitely set. You're Claudia! and I could hardly wait for the polish to dry; I ran all the way home and bought mother flowers.

"I thought the excitement would be over then until I played Claudia for the first time. But it wasn't. 'You'll have to move,' our friends told us. 'Now you'll have to do this! Now you'll have to do that!' But we didn't. We stayed right where we were. Mother even talked me out of getting a car.

"About this time the elevator doors clanged open and a young man from the CBS publicity department appeared and joined us on the long leather lounge. Very casual, he was, and you could say that he was there only in the line of duty, being the conscientious young CBS representative watching over an interview and seeing that it went well.

But I wasn't so sure about all that, and when he'd left us—reluctantly—I asked Pat about him. She confessed then that he's one of three young men she dates with these days. And from the look in her eye I gathered that he might have just a bit the advantage over the other two.

BUT I guess," she said a little wistfully, "I'm so busy now thinking about Claudia I don't really have time to think about anything else—not even boy friends."

The question of romance safely out of the way, Pat went on, at her usual breakneck speed.

"Ten percent of my salary I save—for a trousseau some day; ten percent I use for spending money, to buy


THREE STARS ENJOY A★ ★ ★ ★ ★ DRINK

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OCTOBER, 1941

77
clothes, to fill all my church envelopes; and the rest I give to mother. The two events are a religious family in the church going sense. Mother sent her sister Peggy and me to Sunday School when Peggy was eight and I was four as a matter of routine. Peggy quit Sunday School at eighteen. My younger sister, Junie—she's sixteen—and I will always go to church, I believe, for it means a lot to us.

"I sing in the St. Cecelia Choir and I'm manager of the church's basketball team. Most of the girls on the team have full-time jobs and it's easier for me to handle the business end, make arrangements to play different teams, things like that. I work time on Saturday and Thursday mornings when we rehearse and I have to meet people and have pictures taken in between. But I couldn't say I work more than two whole days and one evening a week altogether. I like being manager better than being captain. Because when I was captain I was always afraid to give orders, to tell any girl she had to get her uniform on, to put anyone off the court or take someone else on. And when I found the courage to say, 'Let's take Dorothy out of the game and put Ethel in,' some of the girls questioned me right out there on the floor. Just because you're on the radio you think you're somebody,' one of the them said later in the dressing-room. I think anybody who uses your work to put you down is terribly unfair. Almost every time it has happened I haven't been able to answer. I've just walked away. But that time I was very angry and I screamed a little. I think. Anyway I told the girls I didn't think it was any honor to be captured. I think I've been a soldier. I served in the Spanish-American war and it was when I was a dough-boy in London, years ago, that I met Pat's mother—during an air-raid. And we were married a few weeks later."

"Which goes to prove you can't believe everything you hear. Pat is a gentleman with the Walt mustache. "What about all these people who insist no good ever comes of a war someday?»' Ryan, you ought to introduce them to Claudia—I mean, Miss Patsy."

### Beauty While You Work

(Continued from page 9)

bath full of warm, soft water is more definitely a beauty and health aid for me. No nearly as much of us are as careful about this daily routine as we should be. For a more effective bath, next time do the real work first. Cover yourself with suds head to toe, using a soapy wash cloth. Then fold a towel for a head rest, climb into the tub and stretch out full length and really relax.

Now is the time of day for a facial that you can give yourself with a minimum of time and a maximum of effect. There is a surprising variety you can try at practically no expense. There are the beauty masks that you can buy at any drug store. They will re-draw the blood to the surface, tighten the skin and remove all excess and dead skin. Then there is the home-made that time proved, and use them when you're behind schedule or when your husband calls at the last minute and says there'll be company. Do this and you'll have your face in a flush.

**FORM a soft paste with one or two yeast cakes and enough white hizzel to soften. Spread and dinner is almost to leave for a minute or two until it dries. Remove it with cold water. Your face will feel as bright and peaceful as it looks.**

By timing yourself right up to the minute, you can make your every-day beauty routine as automatic as brushing your teeth. Be consistent. Consider how much of us are as careful about this daily routine as we should be. For a more effective bath, next time do the real work first. Cover yourself with suds head to toe, using a soapy wash cloth. Then fold a towel for a head rest, climb into the tub and stretch out full length and really relax.

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Now is the time of day for a facial that you can give yourself with a minimum of time and a maximum of effect. There is a surprising variety you can try at practically no expense. There are the beauty masks that you can buy at any drug store. They will re-draw the blood to the surface, tighten the skin and remove all excess and dead skin. Then there is the home-made that time proved, and use them when you're behind schedule or when your husband calls at the last minute and says there'll be company. Do this and you'll have your face in a flush.

**FORM a soft paste with one or two yeast cakes and enough white hizzel to soften. Spread and dinner is almost to leave for a minute or two until it dries. Remove it with cold water. Your face will feel as bright and peaceful as it looks.**

By timing yourself right up to the minute, you can make your every-day beauty routine as automatic as brushing your teeth. Be consistent. Consider how much of us are as careful about this daily routine as we should be. For a more effective bath, next time do the real work first. Cover yourself with suds head to toe, using a soapy wash cloth. Then fold a towel for a head rest, climb into the tub and stretch out full length and really relax.

Now is the time of day for a facial that you can give yourself with a minimum of time and a maximum of effect. There is a surprising variety you can try at practically no expense. There are the beauty masks that you can buy at any drug store. They will re-draw the blood to the surface, tighten the skin and remove all excess and dead skin. Then there is the home-made that time proved, and use them when you're behind schedule or when your husband calls at the last minute and says there'll be company. Do this and you'll have your face in a flush.
WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS

FACING THE MUSIC
(Continued from page 4)

Proser’s Dance Carnival in Madison Square Garden was an ill-fated venture. It folded after twenty-two days. The heat kept the dancers away.

Fourteen members of Skinnay Ennis’ crew were in a bus accident and some of the men were seriously hurt. Ennis and his vocalist, Carmine, escaped the crash. There have been a number of these accidents lately and talk is circulating that the musicians’ union will prohibit leaders from taking their bands on long tours, via bus.

Claude Thornhill will succeed Charlie Spivak at Glen Island Casino in September and inherit the MBS wire.

Larry Taylor who was one of the better band vocalists, is now a music publisher. Larry used to sing with Charlie Barnet and Morton Gould.

“Facing the Music” salutes Freddy Martin for getting the coveted Lady Esther CBS commercial. It is high time this excellent orchestra received proper attention.

A Correction

Several issues back I stated that Canada Lee’s new record, which scored a hit in Orson Welles’ “Native Son,” was developing a dance band. I stand corrected. Lee expects to devote himself entirely to the stage and radio.

Raymond Scott is going to have another small band beside the Quintet. It will be called the “Secret Seven” and will devote itself to the discovery of “mystery music.” Figure that one out.

From the day of its conception, the Hit-Suit Song had a history as screwy as its own lyrics.

Although whipped into commercial shape by singer Jack Owens and Ted MacMichael, the song “The Merry Macs,” it was originated by an attorney for the California State Legislature, Leo Killian, with whom MacMichael had one attended school.

Finding it amusing, MacMichael persuaded his outfit to do it on the air, and turned it over to 20th-25th arranger Walter Schumann, for preparation.

Schumann, seeing its potentialities, submitted it to established music publishers, who, in a body, turned it down. So Schumann went into the publishing business himself.

Experienced Tin Pan Alley executives estimate the cost of promoting a song into the hit ranks, somewhere between 20 and 30 thousand dollars, divided between office overhead and salaries for field men in key cities.

Schumann operated single-handed, from his small office in the same flat where he used to run the little house in Hollywood. Replacing the expensive “contact” method, and using his own ingenuity and a belief that the song was a good one, he called upon friends of his in radio, asking them, as a favor, to use it on their programs.

To date it has been played by every band in the country, and has been recorded by Horace Heidt, Freddy Martin, the King’s Men, the Merry Macs, Joe Reichenbach, Frankie Masters,

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Ella Logan, The Jesters and The Three Sons.

So far his profits amount to 75 thousand dollars, divided among the three co-authors, and the publisher. This is one time that double-talk has made cents.

Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie

When Charlie Spivak was told that his parents would take him to the neighbors' wedding, he looked forward to the event with all the enthusiasm a fourteen-year-old boy can muster. He was certain that it would surpass in thrills such red letter dates as the closing of school, the measles, and the annual visit of the circus. The boy was right. Although more than a decade and a half have passed since then, Charlie will never forget it.

"Don't ask me to tell you the names of the bride and groom," he said, as his band paused between dance sets at Glen Island Casino, "but I can still hear the strains of the soft, muted trumpet that played for them.

The magnetic music Charlie heard that night decided his career. For years, the trumpeter had been eager to make his son a doctor. It wasn't a well-known orchestra that attracted the boy; just one of those makeshift groups one hears at such functions. Only the trumpet stood out, clean and sharp, waiting impatiently for the rest of the band to catch up.

Next day the boy went to see his Pied Piper. He didn't have to go far. Trumpeter Milton Stein was a local musician who lived a few blocks from the Spivak grocery store in New Haven, Connecticut.

"I heard you play last night," said Charlie worshipfully, "and I can't get the music out of my head. Would you teach me to play like that?"

Stein was inclined to ignore the boy's strange request. But something in Charlie's manner made him pause.

"Tell you what, kid," suggested the musician, half-heartedly expecting his offer would discourage the lad, "I'll give you a few lessons. But it will cost you a buck a piece."

"Gosh," replied his future pupil eagerly, "I'd be glad to pay that even if it means doing without the movies."

Although Stein weared of his task after a dozen lessons, Charlie was a confident. He seemed out. George Hyer, trumpet virtuoso with the New Haven Symphony and made arrangements to continue his study. Lack of funds made the going difficult.

My first cornet was so small," Charlie explained, "that I was always getting the furthest place."

However, Charlie overcame these difficulties and by the time he was graduated from high school he had no trouble getting a job with a local band known as the Paragons. Paul Specht heard him and added the youngster to his band. He stayed with Specht five years and acquired a small reputation. Like other fast rising jazz instrumentalists, Charlie got offers from a dozen other bands, linked up with the famous Brandy Ray, Bob Crewe, Ray Noble, and Ben Pollack. It was while with the latter on a road tour that the trumpeter met his wife Fritzie, a St. Paul librarian.

When the baby came, Charlie decided it was his duty to stick close to home and he concentrated on jobs with network studio bands.

It was Glenn Miller who suggested that Spivak form his own band. The bespectacled trombonist was so positive that his friend would click that he helped finance the undertaking.

That was a year ago. The band has developed quickly, thanks to a stream of Old Songs recorded in thebuildup on Mutual from Glen Island Casino, known as the cradle for new swing bands. Tin Pan Alley thinks the Spivak crew is destined for big money brackets; points to the night last July when 1,700 people packed the St. Louis Coliseum to help Charlie beat his friend Glenn Miller's record there.

The band is heavily staffed. There are 21 people. Staff singers include Garry Stevens, who hitch hiked to Glen Island to get the audition, and The Debs, a trio of girl singers. Most of the musicians are from Washing- ton, D. C., and were recommended to Spivak by Miller. Although the organization is not making real money at the present time, Charlie believes profits will come once the band embarks on a lengthy road tour this Fall. He has paid back Miller.

It delighted Charlie, when this Charlie's exciting trumpet solos. His style of playing sweet and not without blasting the roof has caused much commotion to accommodate. He inven- ted a mute designed especially for microphone and recording work. It is patented under the name, "Spivak", and "will be on the market some time next month.

"Using this mute I could blow my trumpet into your ear without piercing it and the person sitting next to you would be unable to hear it," he explained proudly.

Next to his wife, Charlie, his wife, and six-year-old son, Joel Allyn, live in a rented house in New Rochelle, N. Y., near Glen Island. Pride of the household is the Spivak heir. But father
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and son disagree on music quite often, of
Joel prefers to follow in the wake of Gene
Krupa and plays his drums from synup
sundown.

One night, Buddy came home and
heard his young son viciously attack-
ing the skins.

"Say, you aren't playing that right," reprimanded Charlie. "You'll never be the greatest drummer in the world if you
continue that way."

"Well, I answered the boy, "you
don't play the sweetest trumpet either."

"If I don't, who does?"

"Oh, that's easy," piped the boy, "Harry James."

Off the Record

Some Like It Sweet

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27461) "Kiss
the Boys Goodbye" and "I'll Never Let
a Day Pass By." Sprightly package of
tunes from the new Paramount pic-
ture vocally decorated by Frank Sina-
tra and Connie Haines.

Harry James: (Columbia 36146)
"Don't Cry Cherie" and "La Paloma."
Another for a Prince that was.
But Harry James' soothing trumpet and Dick
Haymes' singing give it the necessary impetus for hit
classification. Victor also comes through with
just about the best recording of "Daddy" I've heard.

Guy Lombardo: (Decca 3709) "My
Girl Said" and "On the Boulevard."
Lom-
bardo is favoring the old timers with the
proper sentimental setting.

Mitchell Ayres: (Bluebird 11179)
"Time Was and Anything." Mary
Ann Mercer turns an understandable
singing performance on a platter that
shows off her band better than on
previous occasions.

Barry Wood: (Victor 27478) "Any
Bonds Today" and "Arms for America."
What Lucille Manners is to the national
anthem, this Lucky Strike singer is to
Irrving Berlin's two new tributes to
defense savings. He punctures them
solidly and with a plain pail.

(Recommended Albums: Xavier Cu-
gat's romantic Rumba Album for Vic-
tor, Ozzie Nelson's Prom Date, which is
filled with rolly-poly tunes and serves as
a herald for the approaching football
season, and Columbia's colorful circus album
recorded by the Ringing Brothers-Barnum and Bailey band.)

Some Like It Swing:

Charlie Spivak: (Odeon 6246) "Charlie
Horse" and "When the Sun Comes
Out." For a mild mannered fellow,
Spivak can certainly turn out a
plenty of exhilarating music. A well bal-
anced platter that should head your
record list.

Jimmy Lunceford: (Decca 3807)
"Chocolate" and "Rattle Axe." Here's
your boogie woogie potion for the
month.

Will Bradley: (Columbia 36182)
"When You Feel Like You're Maggie."
and "I'm Misunderstood." Probably
one of the best disk tunes turned in by
this band in many weeks. The old timey
air of this band is prevalent while the
reverse turns out to be a glorious
ballad properly interpreted by singer
Terry Allen.

Glenn Miller: (Bluebird 11187) "Take
the 'A Train'" and "I'll Have to Dream
the Rest." An instrumental novelty
taken in slow stride and welcomed by
Miller fans who have weared of the
over abundance of ballads this band
has made.

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Fresh AS A Daisy

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

WHAT is the first requirement for beauty? Simple! Plenty of soap and water—and we mean plenty. Also, time to use them properly. Only when you have made the fullest use of these essentials are you ready for all the rest of the exquisite toiletries and cosmetics which are now available.

Paula Kelly, the beautiful and popular soloist heard on Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 10 P.M., E.D.T. over CBS, admits frankly that she is a soap-and-water girl. Her beauty routines begin with proper bathing. And she looks always refreshed and relaxed, in spite of the strenuous demands of her career and her home.

Paula's mother was a singer, and little Paula faced her first audience at the age of ten. She and her two sisters appeared as a trio with local dance bands, until they won a prize on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. They traveled for fourteen weeks as headline act of a Bowes' unit.

At this point Paula, at the impatient age of sixteen, decided she must begin her career as a soloist. She had an audition with two orchestras. Both of them wanted to sign her immediately. She liked them equally. So—believe it or not—she had two distinguished orchestra leaders flip a coin to decide which was to have her.

Fate apparently looks out for Paula when she flips coins. She went from success to success, and finally met and married Hal Dickenson, one of the Modernaires who recently became permanent members of Glenn Miller's band. For a while she seemed more interested in marriage and her baby daughter than she was in professional music. But again fate took a hand. Paula joined Glenn's orchestra, taking the place of Marion Hutton, who was leaving in anticipation of her baby.

Paula believes that there's just one thing will keep your skin in top condition—plenty of the right kind of baths. Plenty of soap and water.

You will of course choose your soap carefully.

If you like perfumed soaps, or tinted soaps, that is your privilege. Anything that helps to make the daily beauty bath a joy to be anticipated and reveled in is a thing to be commended. If you like one of the pure white soaps, you can add your perfume to the bath in many other ways.

In any case, use plenty of warm water, softened, and cover yourself with rich suds. Relax in your bath, and give yourself a sudsy rub-down all over. Give special attention to a detailed soaping and massage of the feet. Always keep a pumice stone handy. You will be amazed how many foot troubles can be helped or avoided by massaging off dried or hardened skin with pumice.

If you are a busy woman in the morning (aren't we all!), have a freshening shower when you get up, and plan for fifteen or twenty minutes of leisurely bathing at some other time. For the business girl, it is a fine idea to take that relaxing tub when you dress for the evening. You'll feel like a different person, all nerve strain washed away.

Another good time for the beauty bath is bed time. It is a great help toward genuinely refreshing sleep.

There are all sorts of gadgets to make the bath luxurious and effective. There are bath brushes and complexion brushes and big rubber sponges. There are seats across the tub if you want to let the latter stay on awhile (a very good idea). There are even bath pillows to fasten at the head of the tub for those who have discovered what an excellent place is the beauty bath for thinking things over. There are bath salts and bath oils and bubble baths for those who like perfume and variety. And when you come out, there are toilet water and dusting powders in your favorite odours, to give the finishing touches.

In short, your bath can be a ritual of the utmost luxury. But the essentials for beauty, health, and refreshment are plenty of pure, mild soap, plenty of warm, softened water, and leisure for their proper use.
in his voice. He seemed very tired. "It'll be a good, routine broadcast," he said from out of the side of his mouth. "Well," I said. "That's what you wanted." "Let's go for a ride, Jane," he said, suddenly. "I want to get away." There was no change in his tone. I couldn't quite analyze it. Disgust? Unhappiness? We drove high into the hills in the north, where it was cool and the air was heavy with the smell of fir trees. Far below us, the valley stretched out and the Midtown was a mass of tiny, glowing lights.

"It looks lovely from here," I said. "You should see New York, Jane," Rand said, and he began telling me about New York. He spoke of it that way some men speak of a woman, the woman. He described it, excitingly, the tall shafts of steel and glass scratching at the clouds, the rumbling of the streets where movement never ceased, the theatres with the dingy fronts and the wealth of the world's drama inside.

"I'd like to see you there, Jane," he said. "Why, a girl with your looks, you could take that stone city by the heart and wring anything you wanted out of it." That was when I realized that I had let myself fall in love with him. It was the way my heart contracted with pain that made me know. It hurt so much because he hadn't said he loved me with him, hadn't even hinted that he'd like me to be in New York, because then I'd be near him. "No, Rand," I said. "That's not for me. There's nothing in New York that I want." And inside, I cringed from that lie. In a few days, the only thing I really wanted would be in New York. Rand, I belong here," I said, "with my family, with my kind of people. They need me—and—and I need them.

He looked at me quizzically. "Don't you ever think of yourself, Jane? Haven't you any ambition?"

"I don't know that I haven't," I said. "I guess all I want is a decent sort of life for myself and for other people."

"You're a funny girl, Jane," Rand said. "You're certainly a new type of female for me." And he was unusually silent, as we drove back to the camp. I expected him to try to kiss me goodnight. He didn't.

It was the next afternoon that everything turned topsy-turvy. Rand had stopped by to offer to drive me into town to do my shopping. I was just putting on my hat, when little Mrs. Liebowitz stuck her head in the doorway.

"Janie," she said, "are you going to town?"

"Yes," I said. "Can I bring you something?"

"Please, Janie," she said, "bring for my Benny a doctor."

"What do you want with Benny?"

Rand called from his car.

"I should only know," Mrs. Liebowitz said. "I'm afraid."

"Let's take a look at him," Rand said. "Maybe we ought to take him with us—save time.

Benny was sick, all right. He lay on his bunk in the shabby trailer, groaning. His hands and feet were like ice and his thin, little body was clammy with sweat.

Mrs. Liebowitz was helpless. She cried and wrung her hands, while Rand and I bundled Benny into some blankets and carried him to the car. We put him in the back seat with his mother. We were just about to start off when Mrs. Marino came running up to us, her newest baby in her arms. "Please—I go, too?" she pleaded. "The bambino—"

"Get in the back," Rand said, without any hesitation.

RAND wasted no time in getting to the hospital. He turned in at the ambulance entrance.

While we waited in the clinic, Benny moaned and tossed in his mother's arms. Mrs. Marino cooed tearfully over her baby. We waited a long time, but the house physician didn't come. An intern came, instead. He examined the children.


"Well?" the intern repeated. "I'm afraid you'll have to take them to the County hospital."

"That's sixty-five miles from here."

"I'm sorry," the intern said. "But we can't admit them here. They're isolation cases and our wards are full. Besides," he added, as if it were just an after-thought, "they're not residents of the town."

"I get it," Rand said ominously. "That's lovely. And what about the other two hundred odd children in that camp? What about inoculating them? What about cleaning up that place?"

That's the County's affair," the intern said.

Rand's jaw was working and I was afraid he was going to hit that intern. Somehow, he managed to control his temper. "I suppose you've got private wards here," he said coldly. "Oh, yes," the intern said, "but you have to pay in—"

"Never mind that stuff," Rand said. "Here—" he snatched a wad of money from the table. "You see that these kids are attended to, right away!"

Rand waited at the hospital until I had taken my first injection against typhoid. Then he took my hand and hurried me to the car.

"Where are we going?" I asked.


He ground the gears in his anger. "These crummy, small town grafters," he muttered. "I'll show them!"

And suddenly, the story was pouring out of him. He knew why nothing was being done about the housing project. He'd known, almost from his first day in Midtown. In such a small place, it didn't take long for Rand to discover who was stalling the project. It was a clique of real estate dealers, who were cashing in on the housing shortage. They were coming money on exorbitant rents. They also owned the large tract of otherwise worthless land on which the trailer camp had been set up. Their income from that alone was over three thousand dollars a week. And these same men controlled the politics in Midtown. They owned the Mayor. They owned the newspaper. They owned the bank. They owned the police.

"I didn't care before," Rand said. "Such penny ante racketeers! But
While all this was going on, I gave Dad and Al and Tom something to eat. Afterwards, I was tired and my arm ached from the injection, so I went inside the trailer. I lay down. I must have fallen asleep. I don’t know how long Rand had been standing there, watching me. He handed me a complicated and without a word went outside.

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I got up dazedly and went outside to him. He was leaning against the side of his car. I gave him the telegram.

“Next season’s broadcast—what is it?” I asked.

“The biggest news show on the air,” Rand said. “I’ve been angling for it for three years.”

It almost choked me to say it, but I had to. “You’ve got to go back then.”

“Jane—you’re sending me away? Now?”

“What good would it do for you to stay here, now?” I cried. “You can’t make the broadcast. And, you can’t afford to throw over the big break you’ve been waiting for.”


“What difference does that make?” I said, trying to keep back my tears.

“How can I keep you here? This isn’t your kind of life. This isn’t really your fight. I haven’t any right to ask you to give up something you value.”

“You could come with me.”

“No—no. I couldn’t. I don’t belong in New York. I’d be lost there. Even with you, I don’t belong there. How could I ever forget my family—all these other people? How could I ever be happy, knowing that I’d walked out on them and left them behind of some use to them. Because, Rand, now that we know what’s going on, we can do something all of us together.”

“Jane,” Rand pulled me close, “you haven’t answered my question. Do you love me—a little?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “But that doesn’t make any difference. We’ve got to get the job we can stand with you and you can’t stay here. You’d get bored and dissatisfied and, after awhile, you’d hate me, because I’d ruined your career. I—I’d rather lose you now—before it hurts too much.”

Rand lifted my face up to his. “Jane, darling, listen, he said, told you I’d have to say that. And you—you remember? I know why now. I was never in love with anyone before. You don’t know what you’ve done for me. You’ve given me a free, Jane, free of a lot of false ideas and shabby ideals. I never realized how hollow and artificial my life was, until I got so close to you. And I think it was a good feeling. It was the most honest, decent emotion I’ve had in years. It was like being born again. And now that I feel alive again—the way I used to be before I turned myself into a walking lump of ambition, do you think I could go back to that? What good would that job—or any other job—be to me, without you, without your love, your respect? Oh, Jane, honey look in my throat, “I sound crazy, even to myself. But it feels wonderful.”

He buried his face in my hair and kissed me. “I fell in love with you. I fell in love with you while.”

“Jane,” he said, at last. “This is local stuff—I’ll use the local radio station. I’ve talked to the owner and I’m sure he’s honest. He’ll give me air time.”

Things certainly happened fast, after Rand’s broadcast. He blew the lie. Jane’s escape. I can’t graft in the County. It was a sensation and newspapers all over the country picked up the story.

The day after the broadcast, Middletown was full of reporters and newspaper photographers, and remarkably devout politicians. In a few days, the housing project went under way. Rand was supposed to break the ground for the project, but we weren’t there, by then.

We were flying to New York. Rand didn’t lose his job, after all. Right after we were married, he got a telegram from his sponsor, begging him to come back—at twice his old salary.

“I don’t know,” Rand said. “What do you think, Jane?”

We both talked it over, weighing the possibilities pro and con, and finally decided to do what would go the best work on the radio, important work, if his sponsors would allow him to do it. Middletown was probably now the best things, to do, because Rand needed a little fixing up, where little people were trapped by circumstance. So Rand wired his sponsor that he’d take the job, in the meantime, for a little blanche, provided he avoided idle gossip and libel suits.

So, now, Rand and I spent most of our time, flying place to place. I’ll have to stop for awhile soon, though, because someone has to stay home and fix up a nursery.
In Hollywood, one of the first rules of beauty is soft, natural-looking eye make-up. Film "heart-stealers" could tell you, it's easy—with Maybelline! For Maybelline gives your eyes beauty you never even suspected. It gives your face a new personality, vivid and vibrant—inviting "the man in your life" to discover a new, young, irresistible You!

Tear-proof Maybelline Mascara darkens lashes safely, without smearing or smudging—makes them look long and luxurious. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil brings grace and character to your brows, while Maybelline Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes.

Today, awaken your beauty with Maybelline as so many Hollywood beauties do. Be sure you insist on genuine Maybelline... dependable, long-lasting, truly natural-looking — the Eye Make-up in Good Taste. All popular harmonizing shades. At drug and department stores, or attractive purse sizes at any 10¢ counter.
A check-up with nurses shows

3 out of 5 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

The delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum is preferred by 420 out of 634 nurses! This fact is based on a recent survey made by an independent fact-finding organization.

Here's how they made the test: Various brands of chewing gum of the same flavor were bought in local stores. All identifying wrappers were removed. Each nurse was given two of the different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick she preferred. 3 out of 5 nurses said they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brand.

Most people seem to prefer the fine, distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. Get a package. See if you don’t too!

The yellow package with the red oval...
STELLA DALLAS—See Your Favorites in Full Page Photos

Thrilling Romantic Novel Complete in This Issue

—JOYCE JORDAN, GIRL INTERNE

CHARITA BAUER
“Mary” of The Aldrich Family
(See page 19)
"I get a lot of fun out of smoking Camels... Grand-tasting and mild as can be!"

Mrs. Martin Osborn
of Santa Barbara, California

I'm busy every minute of the day," says Mrs. Osborn. Besides running a household, Mrs. Osborn finds time to do Red Cross work...enjoy sailing, golfing, riding. She entertains occasionally with garden parties, frequently with barbecues. "Camel cigarettes are such a favorite with my guests," says this California matron, "that I order Camels by the carton. Of course, 'I'd walk a mile' for my Camels, but I prefer to have them handy!"

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains
28% Less Nicotine
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

A few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
- Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. John Hylan Hemingway, New York
- Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati
- Mrs. Kilaen M. Van Rensselaer, New York

Camel
the cigarette of costlier tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Beauty editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a bright, sparkling, appealing smile."

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your gums to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately. He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.

“A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!”

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened.”

You can be Plain and still be Appealing

LUCKY, LUCKY YOU .. if your Smile is Right!

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ON THE COVER—Charita Bauer, heard as Mary on the Aldrich Family, over NBC

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood
Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy
Girl guards her Charm with Mum!

Keep your Charm your winning asset—
prevent underarm odor with Mum!

**SOME GIRLS** live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart’s desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl must have. And every day she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can’t prevent risk of underarm odor to come. Mum does. A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You’ll like it, too, for—

**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 CHARMS**—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist’s today.

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**FAN CLUB NOTES**

Mrs. E. K. Robinson, president of Mother Young’s Circle, has moved to 182 Linden Avenue, Middletown, N. Y.

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For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it’s gentle, safe... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
The New York dance band season is in full swing. A baker's dozen of top-flight orchestras have been booked in to the leading hotels and the network wires of NBC, CBS, and MBS are plentiful, thus insuring you of many evening band broadcasts. Here is the line-up; Glenn Miller's band is installed once more in the Hotel Pennsylvania. He'll stay there until January when Jimmy Dorsey takes over. Harry James has returned to the Lincoln and Blue Barron is back at the Edison. Johnny Messner is airing from the Hotel McAlpin.

October will find Vaughn Monroe at the Commodore; Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt (practically a permanent Fall fixture there); Benny Goodman at the New Yorker; Sammy Kaye at the Essex House; Eddie Duchin at the Waldorf-Astoria, and either Horace Heidt or Orrin Tucker at the swank Biltmore.

The fourth annual Radio Mirror "Facing The Music" popular dance band poll to determine, by our readers' votes, the cream of the 1941-2 dance band crop, will begin in next month's issue. Here is your chance to cast a ballot for your favorite band—sweet or swing. The December column will include a ballot form. Fill it out, send it in! The results will be announced early in 1942. Sammy Kaye, Eddy Duchin, and Benny Goodman are former winners.

Latest news from the Charlie Barnet marital front: The madcap musician and his fourth wife, Harriet Clark, a band vocalist, have split.

Bob Allen, who sang with the late Hal Kemp's band for eight years, has formed his own orchestra, crushing the rumors that he would join Tommy Dorsey's band and possibly replace Frank Sinatra.

Xavier Cugat is taking a leaf from the notebooks of Paul Whiteman, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. He will give a Latin-American concert at Carnegie Hall October 5. A road tour follows, winding up Jan. 1, at Los Angeles' Cocolnut Grove.

Helen Forrest has quit Benny Goodman's band. . . . Marian Hutton is back with Glenn Miller, replacing Paula Kelly. Marian took time out to have a baby. . . . Will Bradley should be at the Sherman, Chicago, at this writing, airing over NBC. . . . Louise King, Hit Parade songstress, flies home to Chicago after each New York broadcast. . . . Johnny Long was a solid pick at the Hotel New Yorker and has been set for a return engagement. . . . Bobby Hackett, an excellent trumpeter, joins Glenn Miller's band, scrapping his own. . . . Shep Field's new vocal find, Pat Foy, is an 18-year-old New York boy. . . . Diana Mitchell is Sonny Dunham's new warbler. . . . The Mitchell Ayres expect a young addition to their family.

It took more than nerve for Shep Fields to discard his rippling rhythms. He had to replace a costly music library, forfeit many booking dates, and lose time hiring new men and rehearsing them. The new band has nine saxophones, no brass section.

John Kirby, Negro band leader, eloped last month with Margaret Cloud. He was formerly married to Maxine Sullivan.

Dorothy Claire has recovered from an appendectomy and left with the Bobby Byrne band for a road tour.

For several weeks, Sonny Burke, Charlie Spivak's arranger, had been boasting to his fellow musicians that he was about to become a father. The boys heard it so often that they decided to form a pool, betting on the sex of the expected infant. Burke did

(Continued on page 6)
Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of trouble* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of *halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself: How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, never omit this delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath.

NOVEMBER, 1941
Benny Goodman, still a swing favorite, opens the fall season at the New Yorker Hotel. But Benny hasn't forgotten his concert ambitions.

Dawn of a New Day

The fateful day George Hall turned over band and baton to his dimpled discovery, Dolly Dawn, was July 4, 1941, but the decision was made two years before as the veteran leader tossed restlessly on a hospital bed. Heartstir over his wife's untimely death, which brought to a tragic climax eighteen years of constant companionship, the heavy-set musician was determined never to give another downbeat again. The work he had loved ever since he left school to play violin in Victor Herbert's orchestra, was now an empty shell. Without Lydia, who had shared his successes and reverses, things could never be the same again.

Then as time healed his invisible wounds, and the memories of days past grew dimmer, George realized he had an obligation to a very young girl with a song in her heart. Ever since he had plucked her from an amateur contest in 1933, Dolly had become a very important part of his life.

George recalled the day she joined the band. He had been sitting in the empty, table-cleared grill room of New York's Hotel Taft, pleasantly deciding which of the dozen able applicants he would select to replace vocalist Loretta Lee. The job was eagerly sought because Hall, one of the first bandleaders to employ girl singers, had the knack of developing them into accomplished performers on his numerous CBS broadcasts.

"Don't you remember me?" asked a peep-squeak voice.

Hall looked up and saw a plump, pert, pretty young kid, scared to death, and clinging cautiously to her mother's arm.

"No," he snapped, "lighting his inevitable cigar, "I never saw you before in my life."

Tears began to trickle in the girl's eyes.

"But, Mr. Hall," she countered, "two years ago I won $30 first prize in a Newark amateur contest you directed. Why, you even got me a job singing on a radio station."

This refreshed Hall's memory. Yes, there had been a young girl, very, very young; couldn't have been more than fourteen, who could sing a song with childish enthusiasm.

Hall signalled to his pianist, led the girl to the bandstand, and ferreted out a piece of music from her worn briefcase.

The girl hadn't finished a half-chorus when Hall jumped from his chair, turned to his ever-present wife, Lydia, and said: "This is it!"

"What's your name, child?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Theresa Anna Maria Stabile," the girl blurted out.

"That will never do," said the Halls in unison.

When the happy youngster left the hotel some hours later, she not only had a job but the name of Dolly Dawn. George, Lydia, and a group of helpful songpluggers had a part in the re-christening.

In a few months, Dolly Dawn won a permanent place in the hearts of George and Lydia Hall. Childless, the couple became devoted to their "girl." Dolly began calling George "Popsy" and wouldn't make a move without him. Lydia picked out her clothes, made her cast off some unnecessary poundage, and devised a new coiffure.

Dolly was an immediate success. Fan mail poured in. Business, always plentiful at the Taft, a virtual George Hall stronghold (he played there eight consecutive years), increased. Hall wanted to make sure his newest prodigy wouldn't leave him. This unhappy experience had occurred too often.

Because Dolly was fifteen at the time she joined the band, and the laws of New York State prohibit a minor signing a business contract, it was decided that George become Dolly's legal guardian. This was acceptable to Dolly's parents. Dolly became the bandleader's adopted daughter. Nevertheless, Dolly is still very attached to her real parents, visits them regularly, and contributes to their support.

When George Hall was discharged from the hospital, his spirits were brighter and his plans promising. They evolved around Dolly. The name "George Hall and his Orchestra" might never light a ballroom marquee again, or spin dizzyly across a phonograph record's face, but "Dolly Dawn and Her Dawn Patrol Boys" would carry on.

"I developed the idea slowly," George told me, "I taught her all I knew about conducting. She was a good pupil. And five years of voice study helped considerably. Dolly reads music and can play piano. In a few months she was able to take a test and get a card from our local musicians' union, 802."

This local will not give a leader a card unless the person is able to play an instrument.

A few changes were made in the band's personnel in order to make it more youthfully streamlined. The boys in the band liked the change. "Gosh," explained Dolly, "those kids are all my friends."

(Continued from page 4)

most of the betting that it would be a girl. And the proud papa wound up the big loser. Mrs. Burke presented him with twin boys!

Robert, Raymond Scott's vocalist, comes from Dayton, Ohio, is twenty-one, and has a voice that's equally at home with swing and ballads.
George had little trouble convincing his booking office and others that the new order would click. Bluebird records gave Dolly a contract and the band was immediately hired by New York’s Roseland Ballroom and began broadcasting from this spot on NBC. After a short excursion to Baltimore, the Dawn Patrol returns to Roseland in November.

Dolly is getting the thrill of her life. I watched her put the band through its paces and realized this 22-year-old, five-foot-two, auburn-haired girl meant business. She maneuvered her baton with professional adroitness. She had a good teacher. To George it is a new and pleasant experience. He directs all the band’s business details, is head man during rehearsals, and is painstakingly careful about the broadcasts.

Only when the lights dim in the ballroom and the dancers applaud enthusiastically, does a tall, kindly man, eyes glued on Dolly, stand silently in the shadows of the bandstand, and make a forceful admission.

“I guess this is the only time when I really miss not being up there.”

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Bing Crosby: (Decca 3840) “You and I” and “Brahms’ Lullaby.” An engaging ballad written by Meredith Willson, coupled with an intelligent treatment of a soothing classic. Glenn Miller (Bluebird), Kay Kyser (Columbia) and Dick Jurgens (Okeh) give the Willson tune “hit” endorsement.

Charlie Spivak: (Okeh 6291) “So Proudly We Hail,” the world premiere performance of the Willson piece.


Enric Madriguera: (Victor 27487) “Danzas Lucumi” and “Moon In The Sea.” The rumba record market is bullish but I’d buy this stock and hold on to it.

Kay Kyser: (Columbia 32523) “I’ve Been Drafted” and “Why Don’t We Do This More Often?” The best of the conscription tunes and practically Sully Mason’s one-man show.

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27508) “This Love of Mine” and “Nelani.” Tommy Dorsey gets the billing on this platter but it’s Frank Sinatra from start to finish. The reverse is Hawaiian. Now, how did you guess that?

Some Like It Swing:

Gene Krupa: (Okeh 6278) “After You’ve Gone” and “Kick It.” Roy Eldridge’s trumpet ride on this oldie is spectacular. Exciting swing.

Shep Fields: (Bluebird 11295) “Hungarian Dance No. 5” and “Don’t Blame Me.” No more ripples, no more straws. Subtle swing featuring nine saxophones. Interesting. You’ll never miss the brass section.

Jimmy Lunceford: (Decca 3892) “Peace and Love For All” and “Blue Prelude.” Interesting slow swing, with the first tune obviously based on the Jewish chant, “Eli Eli.” String for curiosity seekers.

Find your way to new Loveliness
Go on the Camay
“MILD-SOAP” DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: “I’m thrilled by what the Camay ‘Mild-Soup’ Diet has done for me. It’s simply wonderful! I’m telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexion beautiful.”

Try this exciting idea in beauty care—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

You CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a “Mild-Soup” Diet.

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That’s why we say—“Go on the ‘Mild-Soup’ Diet!”

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay’s gentle care. Be constant—it’s the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay’s greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!
WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

Shirley Ross co-stars with Milton Berle and Charles Laughton on the new MBS program, Three Ring Time.

It looks as though comedy will be the style this radio season. Not only are all the old favorites returning after their summer vacations—Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, McGee and Molly, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy with Abbott and Costello, Bob Hope, Al Pearce—but there are several new entries. Frank Fay, undiscouraged by sad memories of a few years ago, will have his own show again, starting in late October. Bob Burns blossoms out as a full-fledged star in a weekly half-hour series, The Arkansas Traveler, which advance news says will be a combination of comedy and drama. Hal Peary, the Mr. Gildersleeve of Fibber McGee's shows, is star of The Great Gildersleeve Sunday nights. And Ransom Sherman, who changed his radio name to Hap Hazard last spring to become Fibber's summer replacement, did so well that he's continuing under the same sponsorship, as an additional show, after Fibber returns to the air.

Then there are comedy-dramas—humorous continued stories as distinguished from a collection of gags. Several of these seem to have caught sponsors' interest. The most promising of the new lot, perhaps, is Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe—a continuation of the adventures of these two hardboiled "What Price Glory" heroes. You can tune them in Sunday nights on NBC-Blue. Another likely prospect, although time and network haven't been set yet, is Mr. and Mrs. North, based on a hit Broadway play. It's about a slightly dimwitted wife and her long-suffering husband—but of course the wife always solves the problems that beset the couple.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Roy Acuff, leader of the Smoky Mountain Boys on station WSM's famous program, the Grand Ole Opry, might have turned out to be a baseball player instead of a radio star if his parents hadn't been so anxious to keep him at home.

Roy was born in Maynardville, Tennessee, in 1907. His father was a minister, and the family was constantly being transferred to new parishes, so that Roy seldom went to any one school for more than a couple of terms. Maybe this was a good thing—anyway, it taught him to make new friends quickly, an ability that has helped him in his radio career.

When he was in high school, a baseball scout saw Roy playing with his team, and offered the boy a tryout with the New York Yankees. He was wild to accept it, but his parents didn't want him to leave home and go to the city, so they very cleverly offered him a fine new violin (costing $25) if he'd refuse the chance. The violin won, as music has always won with Roy. Since his earliest youth he'd had music in his soul, and used to spend hours with his grandfather, learning Tennessee mountain songs.

Roy started his radio career near his home town at station KNOX, Knoxville, Tenn. About four years ago he came to WSM to join the Grand Ole Opry cast, and was a big hit from his very first appearance. Today, in many places, his phonograph records outsell Bing Crosby's. Last year Roy and the Smoky Mountain Boys took time out to appear in the movie called "Grand Ole Opry."

The Golden Rule is Roy's main philosophy of living, and his friends are all intensely loyal. His contagious personality endears him alike to people he meets on the air and in person. He's married but does not have any children.

The Smoky Mountain Boys include Rachel Voach, who plays a lot of five-

(Continued on page 10)

By Dan Senseney
Here Is Such A Special

Introductory Offer To Readers of
Radio Mirror

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

LADIES ... have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to their knees. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams came true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire replica diamond ring, nearly 3/4 karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

Have You Ever Wished To Own A Beautiful
Expensive Looking Replica Diamond Solitaire?

JUST think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a Solitaire ... a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty ... exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger ... the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment ... an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

SEND NO MONEY ... MAIL COUPON TODAY

—TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

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THE solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, is offered at $1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 50c extra, both, the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $1.69. Mail the coupon today.

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Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay postage amount indicated plus postage arrival on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

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Sterling Silver

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Name

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City

State

November, 1941
Anita is her name—just Anita—and she's the tiny brunette who sings for listeners to WLW in Cincinnati. Only twenty-one, she's been in the movies as well as radio.

News from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

stringed banjo, sings, and does comedy bits; her brother Oswald, who plays the guitar and the steel guitar and does comedy with Rachel; Lonnie Wilson, playing guitar and bass and impersonating the character known as "Pep"; Oral "Cedie" Woods, who plays bass fiddle, guitar, fiddle, and does a one-man band with a wash board and all the trimmings; and Jesse Esterly, another man of many talents who plays mandolin, guitar, violin, and bass. With such a versatile bunch of performers, no wonder the Smoky Mountain Boys are one of radio's most popular acts.

* * *

Meredith Wilson has a new alarm clock. Instead of clanging harshly in his ear of a morning, it plays a Swiss music box arrangement of the song hit, "You and I," which he composed. All Mrs. Wilson's idea—she gave it to him on their wedding anniversary.

* * *

Leopold Stokowski may direct the NBC Symphony Orchestra this winter, at least for several of its Saturday-night broadcasts. Since Toscanini and NBC parted company at the end of last season, the network's been looking around for a big-name conductor to take the fiery little genius' place.

CINCINNATI—If your heart throbs to melodies that are sweet and low, you should know Anita.

That's the name she prefers to be known by—just Anita. She's a tiny brunette, standing only five feet, one and three-quarters inches in her stocking feet and weighing just 102 pounds. For the past year she has been at Cincinnati's station WLW, featured on the Moon River and Scrambly Amby programs.

Born in New York City twenty-one years ago, Anita lived in the east and in Canada for some time and then went to Hollywood with her parents soon after her ninth birthday. Her skyrocketing career began when she was sixteen and was successful in an audition for a Mutual program called Juvenile Revue. Other jobs on the air and in night clubs followed so fast that when she was eighteen Anita gave up college to concentrate on singing.

She came to WLW direct from Hollywood after appearing in such movies as "Babes in Arms," "Dancing Co-Ed" and "Forty Little Mothers." Anita names her mother, Mrs. Lillian Kurt of Hollywood, as her guiding genius. "If it hadn't been for her," she says, "I'd probably be a stenographer today. I was studying shorthand and typing when Mother dared me to try for the audition for Juvenile Revue. Well, I made it and here I am. So far as I'm concerned, Mother always knows best."

Her plans for the future are very definite. She wants to sing for another few years, in New York, Hollywood, and even abroad if possible, until she's at the top of the ladder. Then she plans to sing no more, professionally at least, but devote her time to being a talent agent, helping other people to be successful.

Publicly, Anita doesn't intend to be married. Privately, she confesses to more than ordinary interest in a young man back to California. Her hobbies are reading and music—the latter from the works of such composers as Debussy, Sibelius and Grieg. Whenever she gets nervous she takes a long walk, over windy hills preferably.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—When pianist-singer Dave Lane pulled up stakes at Charlotte's station WBT and headed for Hollywood, the Duke Power Company couldn't seem to find anyone to take his place as star of its programs on WBT. There just wasn't anyone in the immediate vicinity who was good enough, so talent scouts went looking over a wider circle, all the way across the North Carolina hills, and finally turned up with Tom Pyle.

Tom's a young baritone who had been rocking the Tennessee audiences with his songs for several years. He could sing difficult German lieder with as much ease as he could swing
“My Husband fell out of Love”

How a wife overcame the "ONE NEGLECT that often wrecks romance"

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. ... But now he treated me as if ... as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. “Your marriage problem is quite a common one,” he told me.

“Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

“In cases like yours,” the doctor went on, “I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues.”

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And... as for Paul and me... we're closer than ever before.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREAD-ING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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What Every Woman Should Know

What Every Woman Should Know

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
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Lysol 

DIETETIC

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

Copyright 1941 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Remember the Night

It was only one o'clock, and Tommy Brown wasn't due until three, but the store was already full of high school kids. I wasn't the only one, I thought, to whom this day was something special—something so exciting that I'd worn my prettiest dress, so exciting that my feet danced on the floor in uncontrollable little steps and laughter bubbled up to my lips over things that weren't funny at all.

There was only one difference between me and these kids. They weren't scared because they were going to see Tommy Brown in person, and I was, a little. Maybe, to tell the truth, more than a little.

I wanted to keep busy, so I wouldn't have to think about the moment he'd come in at the door, but there wasn't anything left to do. Tommy's newest records were stacked carefully on the counter. A desk with fresh blotting paper and a couple of fountain pens was neatly set up in one corner, where Tommy could sit and autograph the records as they were brought to him. Mr. Wiscinski, who owned the music shop, peered down disapprovingly from his tiny office on a railed-in gallery above the front of the store. Mr. Wiscinski hated popular music and high school kids made him nervous, but he knew this scheme of mine would sell a lot of records so he'd let me go ahead with it.

He didn't know that the main reason I'd arranged to have Tommy Brown come in and autograph records was to give myself an excuse for meeting him again.

There were plenty of people in town who said they remembered Tommy, now that he was rich and famous. But I really remembered him so well...

He'd been a thin boy, in clothes that were shabby and ill-fitting, so that you saw a length of sinewy wrist above his hands before the cuff began. It was easy to tell why his clothes were always so small—because he was still growing too fast, and his mother couldn't afford to buy new ones to keep up with him. He didn't play on the football or basketball teams, and he wasn't on the staff of the yearbook, and he didn't go to the dances in the gymnasium. Every minute he wasn't actually in school, almost, he was working in Thomas' Grocery Store.

Not many of us paid any attention to him at all, not even enough to notice that he was a good-looking boy in his shy, gawky way, with taffy-colored hair and strange eyes, brown with gold flecks in them, and full, too-sensitive lips. I hardly noticed him myself, because it seems I was violently in love, just about then, with a muscular half-back named Spud Donovan...

And now, I thought while the kids in the music store put another of Tommy's records on the big machine, Spud Donovan was married to that funny little Marge Harris, and they had two children, and I was still Alice Carr, twenty-six years old and not getting any younger. Not that I regretted Spud Donovan, not for a minute, but—

"You're too hard to please," Mother had said once. "Every young man you meet seems wonderful to you for a little while—and then you find out he's only human and you don't like him any more."

Well—I forced my thoughts back to Tommy Brown—I hadn't paid much attention to him either, until one night, late, after the rehearsal of the Senior Play. I'd gone back
Ten years had passed. Alice never forgot the fine, thin boy with the ill-fitting clothes. But this wasn't the Tommy she used to know. This man was so different!

He was as arrogant as ever; but he did the last thing I'd ever have expected.

To the gymnasium to get a book I'd forgotten, and as I passed the music room I saw a light and heard someone playing the piano. I opened the door and there he was, head bent over the keys, his fingers flying, and the room filled with a melody I'd never heard before. It lasted only a few seconds, and then he looked up and saw me. He jumped to his feet, tearing his hands away from the keyboard as if it had burnt them.

"Miss Thatcher said I could use the piano," he said defensively—and then just stood there, waiting until I realized he wanted me to go and wouldn't start playing again until I had. So finally I closed the door and went on down the hall, a little angry, a little curious.

After that, for the few weeks of school that were left, I used to smile and say "Hello" to him when we passed in the halls on our way between classes. But I didn't talk to him again until the night of the Senior Ball.

Spud took me to the dance, but after we got there we had a fight, and to show his independence he disappeared entirely—joining, I suspected, some stags in the locker room of the Country Club, where the Ball was held. I wouldn't let the others see that I'd been deserted, so I walked out of the clubhouse. Rounding a clump of bushes at the far end of the terrace, I almost ran into Tommy Brown.

He muttered something and started to go away, but I put out my hand to stop him. He was in the graduating class too, and he should have been inside with the rest of us. But of course, as usual, he wasn't.

"Don't go away, Tommy," I said. "Stay and talk to me."

"I was just going by—" he said stiffly.

"It's such a beautiful night," I said. "I don't want to go back inside, anyway."

He looked up at the sky, and around him at the wide rolling stretch of the golf course, as if he were seeing it all for the first time. Everything was black and sliver, and there was the scent of honeysuckle in the air. "Yeah," he said wonderingly, "it is pretty, all right. I could—I could play it on the piano."

"You play beautifully," I said. "Do you take lessons?"

"No,—just picked it up. We used to have a piano at home, before—"

But he didn't finish that sentence. I suppose he'd been going to say, "Before we had to sell it."

"No lessons!" I marvelled. "Why, that's amazing! What was that piece you were playing the other night, in the music room? It sounded awfully difficult."

"That? Oh—nothing. Just something I made up."

His voice sounded uninterested, almost sullen, but just then he moved, stepping to one side a little so that some light from the terrace fell on his face. And it wasn't sullen at all, it was lonely, and wistful, and full of the knowledge that he'd been shut out from the rest of our smug, thoughtless high-school world. Although my pride wouldn't let me show it, that was the way I felt too, since my quarrel with Spud.

"I'd like to go home," I said impulsively. "Won't you take me, Tommy?"

"Why—why, sure," he said. "Only—we'll have to walk."

"That's all right," I told him. "It isn't far." (Continued on page 52)
Tommy, now that he was rich and named Spud Donovan, of the Senior Play. I'd gone back
Remember the Night

I was only one o'clock, and Tommy Brown wasn't due until three, but the store was already full of high school kids. I wasn't the only one, I thought, to whom this day was something special—something so exciting that I'd worn my prettiest dress, so exciting that my feet danced on the floor in uncontrollable little steps and laughter bubbled up to my lips over things that weren't funny at all.

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Not many of us paid any attention to him at all, not even enough to notice that he was a good-looking boy in his shy, gawky way, with taffy-colored hair and strange eyes, brown with gold flecks in them, and full, too-sensitive lips. I hardly noticed him myself, because it seemed I was violently in love, just about then, with a muscular half-back named Spud Donovan.

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Well—I forced my thoughts back to Tommy Brown—I hadn't paid much attention to him either, until one night, late, after the rehearsal of the Senior Play, I'd gone back to the gymnasium to get a book I'd forgotten, and as I passed the music room I saw a light and heard someone playing the piano. I opened the door and there he was, head bent over the keys, his fingers flying, and the room filled with a melody I'd never heard before. It lasted only a few seconds, and then he looked up and saw me. He jumped to his feet, tearing his hands away from the keyboard as if it had burnt them.

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"That's all right," I told him. "It isn't far."

(Taken on page 52)
This is kind of a celebration," Paul said. His tone was light and diffident, much too casual, which should have warned her. But even the deep look of his brown eyes as he leaned across the table to her only made her wonder for the thousandth time just what peculiar quality of shape or shine about those eyes made them so different from all other eyes, so unbelievably exciting. And again the thrill surged through her that this tall, wide-shouldered man was miraculously her husband.

Yet even in the physical closeness that warmed her and quickened her pulse, her mind clung stubbornly to the scene at the hospital she had just left. That was how the trouble began.

"Celebration?" she said vaguely. Her soft lips smiled in the gentle way that made patients settle down and breathe more easily, but behind the calm blue of her eyes she thought intensely about the perplexing problem that had confronted her.

Paul continued to speak, but more tensely, as though he instinctively felt the need to break through her thoughts.

"Yes. I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do for years." "Really?" Joyce said. "That's swell, Paul." But still she was thinking of what the Superintendent of Nurses had said—

"You don't ask me what," Paul said, and afterward Joyce could remember the edge his tone had taken.

"I'm sorry, Paul. What?" "I'm going to write a book." "A book?" Oh how wrong that kindly, absent-minded tone of hers had been. "Why, that's fine." And she continued to think how very strange it had been, all the same, that when she, a doctor, had gone out of her way to try to fix things up with that nurse, she had got simply nowhere.

"I guess you heard wrong," Paul said and the distinctness with which he spoke still had not impressed her. "I said I'd quit my job!"

She heard that. "Quit . . . Oh Paul . . ."

In her instinctive pause, she lifted her eyes to him. His mobile red lips had tightened at the corners and he studied her with an intentness very different from the look of incredible appreciation she had seen so often during the six months of their marriage.

"Are you so sorry?" he asked.

"Sorry?" she repeated. "Oh no, it's not that, Paul. It's just that—" She stopped awkwardly, the rush of her thoughts holding her back from saying anything more.

Paul had quit his job! In the half year that she had been Mrs. Paul Sherwood she had resolutely closed her mind to the problem of money. Marriage had been enough, gloriously so. The fact that she must continue to live at the hospital until she had finished her internship, while Paul went on keeping house at his bachelor apartment, had not been enough to prevent their falling in love so desperately that they'd married in a wonderful, exciting rush.

The hospital paid Joyce exactly $25 every month, barely enough for a single girl with no need for a wardrobe, pitifully inadequate for a bride who dreamed of a home of her own. Paul's newspaper paid him what it had always paid its reporters—enough for Paul to continue as a bachelor, hopelessly short for a bridegroom who pictured an extravagant future for his wife.

So Paul had quit.

"Darling!" His hand came over the red and white checked table cloth to cover hers. "I've—I've got some money saved. It won't be so bad." The love had come gleaming back into his eyes, giving them a sweetness that caught her breath and made her feel almost faint.

"But now tell me," she said firm-
They had fallen in love, so desperately they had married in a thrilling rush. But had such need for each other blinded them? Joyce felt the chill of sudden terror as she realized she was losing her husband.
They had fallen in love, so desperately they had married in a thrilling rush. But had such need for each other blinded them? Joyce felt the chill of sudden terror as she realized she was losing her husband.
back a lock of the gleaming black hair that would not stay in a proper pompadour and tried to push the thought away with it.

"You really think I'm good?" Paul's hand gripped hers with sudden painful strength.

"The best reporter in the world," Joyce repeated, wondering if he noticed that she kept it strictly in the realm of newspapers, not books. Afterward she scorned this half honesty. Why hadn't she come right out and put it into so many words, straight and clear between them? And it was easy to figure out the answer. Because she had been so careless of his words at first, hardly hearing his big news, she did not dare. Her inattention had made him think her own work was more important to her than his, and she couldn't add to that the crowning insult of expressing doubts about the kind of ability he had.

But it would have been better. Anything would have been better than his dark, half-formed doubts, unexpressed and all the more troubling because of that. They were in his eyes now.

"Then it's all okay?" he asked her.

"All okay," she said. "If you felt you should quit, why—"

"Why what?" he said. He narrowed his eyes at her. "You're still not sure," he challenged.

INVOLUNTARILY her lashes flicked down. He said, "Ah, I was right. It couldn't be that salary check you were thinking of, could it?"

"Of course not," she said quickly. "We'll manage."

They would too. But how?

"It won't take me so long," he said. "With my background it ought to be a cinch to turn out—"

"A cinch!" Joyce stared.

Instantly the dark frown came back, tensing his thin face. "You don't think I'm up to it, do you?"

"I just meant that I didn't think any book could be a cinch—" Joyce floundered miserably.

"I see." He paused a minute. Then he said, "Suppose we skip all this. I didn't mean it to take so long, anyway. It's your turn. What was this hospital thing that's worrying you so?"

Joyce shook her head. "It wasn't important. Nothing like so important as your big news—"

"If it could compete with that big news of mine," Paul said, "I guess it's important enough to tell me." Was there a barb in that? At the time she had not felt it. She had taken him at his word, and her thoughts had flown back to seize on the problem she had left unsolved—relieved, perhaps, to drop a subject that seemed so dangerous.

"It's the queer way I've got involved in a nurse's affairs," Joyce said, thinking of the scene in Dr. Simon's office an hour before. "It's not a bit usual for everyone to get stirred up because one nurse made a mistake and got bawled out for it. But in this case they asked me to go back and square it with the nurse. And she's a strange girl, this Hope Alison—"

Joyce tried to remember and recapture for him the extraordinary luminous whiteness of the girl's skin, the way the widow's peak of rich bronze hair cut sharply into the white of the high forehead, the queer long gray-green eyes that turned up slightly at the outer corners to give an air of mystery to them, increased by the heavy shadowing of lashes so dark as to look black until the light caught their coppery glint; the sensitive mouth so beautifully shaped and yet somehow—yes, somehow wrong: tortured, unsatisfied, perhaps even cruel, if only to herself. "She's hard to describe," Joyce said, giving up.

"Sounds like a common or garden variety of redhead to me," Paul said. "They're always trouble makers, full of themselves—"

"Oh, she's more than that," Joyce said quickly. "Ever since she came here from the Canadian hospital where she trained, they've put her on the most difficult cases in the Children's Wing. She has some curious kind of sympathy for kids that's like magic; practically mesmerizes them. Everything went fine till she took on this seven-year-old girl who couldn't seem to get well, even though all the typical organic symptoms had cleared up. It

Tiny's jaw was set grimly, his big hand shaking off her restraining one.
They heard Hope's voice, high and excited in unashamed flattery: "Why Paul, that's simply marvelous. The book'll make you famous!"

That was the way they left it.
She called Hope Alison down to the interne's lounge to meet her at six. "Dr. Collins is coming to dinner at our place," she told the nurse. "I think you might like him. Won't you do us a favor by making a fourth?"

The girl's lips tightened and she made an involuntary movement toward the door as if she wanted to run away. "It's awfully good of you, Dr. Jordan, but I'm afraid—"

She stopped then, her eyes staring at the door toward which a moment before she had been trying to escape. Paul was standing there.

The sight of him did something to Joyce. It always did. A wave of heat left her weak, and the back of her head pricked as if she were about to faint. He looked marvelous in the soft light gray homespun suit, and the warm spring weather had flushed his thin cheeks, so that his eyes shone even brighter than usual. Yet it was not just his looks, it was his whole presence, the light, easy way he carried his wide shoulders, the liveness of his expression as he gave her a quick smile.

Then his eyes met Hope Alison's. There was a moment of silence while they looked at each other. Something about it, some electric, breathless quality of importance, kept Joyce from speaking. Maybe it was just a minute, but it seemed an age till she got her voice and said, "Hope, this is my husband."

It was over, then. Hope Alison's smile was conventional as she made her acknowledgment. Paul said, "What's the program? Have you given in yet to my

ANYWAY," Joyce said, her voice a little flat, "it seems she couldn't take it. She tried to resign. They didn't want to lose her, especially when this was just one mistake on a fine record. Miss Richards can't bear to see talent wasted. So they asked me to try to straighten her out. And tonight I tried—" She broke off, her eyes clouded again.

"No luck?"

"Well, as long as we stuck to the case, she was fine, very mirthful and surprisingly wise. But the minute I tried to get to her personal side of the situation, I couldn't touch her. I even invited her to come and see us, but she declined, with thanks. There's something queer—wrong—about that girl, and it's my job to do something about it. I can't rest till I do!"

Paul laughed. It was not an unkind laugh, but not a mirthful one either. "I know," he said. "That's Dr. Joyce Jordan. That's my—wife—" He let his voice trail off, frowning. Joyce felt a queer little pang of fright. She said quickly, "But that's all. There isn't any more. I'm going to drop the subject."

"Oh, no, you're not," Paul said. "You'll pretend to, but you won't fool me. Until you crack that nut, there won't be any Mrs. Sherwood. There'll just be Dr. Jordan. So I guess it's up to me."

"To you?"

"Sure. Turn me loose on her. Takes a man to cure her sickness."

"Her sickness?"

"Of course. It's a clear case of man trouble. You'll see."

Joyce laughed. "All right, Dr. Sherlock Sherwood, I'll call you on the case. You pick me up at the hospital tomorrow for dinner and I'll have her there waiting, needing only your expert diagnosis and prescription."

wasn't two days till she had the case figured out. And right, too. Only her mistake was in telling the wrong person. The mother had been coming in every day filling the girl's head full of spite about the father whom the mother was divorcing. The child apparently loved her dad, and every afternoon when Mama left her temperature was sure to be up. Miss Alison spoke right up to the mother and practically accused her of murder."

"That doesn't sound like the wrong person," Paul said. "She was the one that had it coming to her, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but a hospital can't have nurses talking that way to patients' relatives. And in this case all it did was to start the woman tearing the building down around our ears. Naturally I had to speak pretty sharply to the Alison girl—"

"Poor kid."

Joyce opened her mouth to answer, but her voice didn't come. She sat looking into Paul's face. Of course it had been hard on the nurse. But for Paul to see only the nurse's side, not hers—
masterful wife, Miss Alison? Let me warn you, you might as well do it now as later.

It was then that Joyce felt the almost physical discomfort that was to last through this strange evening. Why should she mind if Paul joked about her being "masterful"? But she did. In that moment she almost wished that Hope would hold to her refusal.

But she didn't. "If you say it's useless to resist—" She made a graceful little shrugging motion of her slender shoulders.

"It is, I guarantee. How soon will you be ready?"

"Don't wait," Hope said. "I have to change out of my uniform. I can find my way—"

"Nonsense," Paul said. "I'm so used to waiting around this hospital that if I walked out of here within half an hour it would put me off my stride all evening."

Again Joyce felt that wincing discomfort. It was true that he did a lot of waiting for her, because interns never could get away quite on time, if at all, but that was not her fault. Paul understood that, and it was implicit in the jokes that were just between them. Why did it seem so different now? "Tiny's coming at seven," she said cheerfully. "He can show Hope the way—"

"Tiny?" Paul made a face that sent Tiny into the realm of unimportant details. "We can't trust this important matter to him."

"All right." Joyce spoke brightly from the door. "I'll run ahead and get the potatoes in to bake."

Strange how forlorn she felt, though, as she left the hospital alone. Strange and silly. She told herself it was nonsense to feel martyred when she carried the big bag of groceries up the four flights to the apartment. She had brought Paul this problem and he was helping her with it, that was all. He had made an effective start, that was clear. He had got Hope to accept, and now it would be a good party. With Tiny's gayety, his wholesome bigness, his bubbling fountain of absurd conversation, they'd have Hope out of the despondency that had made her wish to resign.

Something went wrong, though, with Tiny's cheer. He was fine when he arrived. Seeing him, having him there helping her, made Joyce relax and know that all was right with the world. He even made a story of three lost appendices very funny, while he set the table. "I bet the famous Dr. Conroy is grinning his teeth that he got only three of them, though," Tiny chortled. "The fourth at that bridge table got away. She went to another doctor and found her tummy ache was only a mild case of food poisoning." He stood balancing a plate on one finger, his gray eyes a merry gleam of light in his solid face.

Joyce looked up at him from the onions she was slicing. "It's the first time I ever laughed at Conroy's unnecessary butchering," she told him.

"Nuts," Tiny said. "You're not laughing now. That's a case of onion hysterics."

Joyce wiped her streaming eyes on the sleeve of her blue smock. "Not altogether—"

It was then that the change came over Tiny. He had been grinning when the door opened to admit Paul and Hope. But the grin dis- appeared, wiped off with comic completeness, leaving a look of blank amazement on his round face. The plate began to tip, and with a wild ducking motion he caught it and got very busy setting the table again.

"Miss Alison, this is the wit of the internes' lounge, court jester to Dr. Simon," Paul said. "In other words, Dr. Tiny Collins. Tiny, Hope Alison."

Tiny made a sort of gasping gulp and rushed to the kitchen for more dishes. Joyce in the doorway had dodged his blind dash. "What's come over my blithe giant?" Paul asked. "I never saw him struck dumb before. Quite the contrary—"

But Joyce had guessed. And it was plain to everyone before the evening was over. Something had happened to Tiny that had never happened to him before. And it was Hope.

"I wish it hadn't hit him quite so suddenly," Joyce said to Paul when the others had gone. "If he could have been himself, let her see him that way a while, first, then—"

"Then what?"

Joyce looked up to see that Paul had stopped in the midst of untying his tie and was frowning at her. Joyce looked at him, puzzled. "I mean he'd be wonderful for her. His good humor, his healthiness—"

"His dumb insensitivity, you mean!" Paul's almost angry voice made Joyce stare in astonishment. "How do you think a big lug like Tiny could help a girl whose trouble is caused by too much sensitivity?"

At first Joyce couldn't answer. Then she asked quietly, "What is her trouble, Paul?"

"Well, maybe it'll sound trite to you." Paul still frowned, staring at his big brown brogues, his voice almost defensive. "The same old story: a young doctor in this Canadian hospital where she trained—" He told it, and it did sound trite to Joyce. Hope's certainty that what was between them meant marriage, and then the sudden announcement of his engagement to the daughter of the Chief Surgeon.

"You were right, then," Joyce told him. "It was man trouble, after all."

"Yes, but not just that," Paul said with a faraway look in his brown eyes. "It's a lot more complicated. I think it started way back in childhood with her relations to her family, the way her mother and father split up, neither of them giving a damn about her—"

"That must be why she slipped up and told (Continued on page 69)
Theirs to have one last enchanted evening before he left to rejoin his air corps training in Canada—but that was long enough for Charita to know that this was love in her heart

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Charita slept with goggles on so the morning sun coming through the windows hung with white chintz in which big red strawberries grew wouldn't wake her. She was in a hurry to read the notices of the play in which she had opened the night before. The director, the star, and all of the company had done their best but they hadn't been able to bring it off. And they knew it.

Following the opening there had been a party. It had been three o'clock when Charita reached home. And she had lain awake for hours thinking about the young man who had been her escort and comparing him with Charlie Wicker. It was nothing new for her to think about Charlie far into the night. She had thought about little but him for four years and more, ever since she was fourteen and he was fifteen and they had met at one of his mother's broadcasts. It had been hard to tell then which had been the greater shock, meeting Charlie or trying to believe that lovely Ireene Wicker could have such a grown up son.

The young man with whom she had just spent the evening had been very kind. He had done his best to convince her there still was hope for the play, that it had good spots in it, really. Charlie wouldn't have hovered over her that way in a million years. He would have expected her to know she had a flop, to be (Continued on page 55)
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Presenting, in fascinating album photographs, the people you love to listen to on one of radio's most human dramas, sponsored Monday through Friday on NBC's Red Network by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

STELLA DALLAS (right) is a woman of rare beauty and courage. She was born of poor parents and her life has been one of continual hardship, yet Stella has been able to keep a shining spirit. She has a daughter, Laurel, whom she left with her husband, Stephen Dallas, after their divorce. When you first met Stella, she had come back to her daughter again after years of hardship and toil. She had left the child in care of her husband because she felt that his wealth and social position would give the girl advantages she could not afford. Stella won the respect of her daughter and then her love. Ever since, she has been fighting to keep it against the will of the very socially prominent Mrs. Grosvenor, Laurel's domineering, aggressive mother-in-law.

(Played by Anne Elster)

BOB JAMES (left) is an intelligent, sensitive boy of twenty. He was born in the slum district of New York, but this background could not stifle his desire to make a mark in the world. When Stella first met Bob, she pitied him with a kind, understanding pity, because his background was not unlike her own. They became fast friends and when Stella made some money she very generously offered to put Bob through the finest law school in the country. In spite of his scholastic ability, Bob, like most boys his age, gets into trouble now and then. Not long ago, he went to Washington, became innocently involved in the slaying of a gangster and was accused of murder. He was cleared, but not before Mrs. Grosvenor was able to cause Stella trouble.

(Played by Albert Aley)

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
ED MUNN is a loud, boisterous, free spending fellow, always in search of a good time. He loves Stella Dallas and has proposed many times, but, while Stella values him as a loyal friend, she has never seriously considered his offers of marriage. Ed often causes Stella embarrassment because of his lack of social graces and Mrs. Grosvenor looks upon him as quite uncouth and blames Stella for his conduct. But Ed is a fine man at heart and those who love Stella are deeply attached to him.

(Played by Arthur Vinton)
Minnie Grady is a sharp-tongued, slightly unkempt but very lovable old Irishwoman. Minnie first met Stella when they were both working in a Boston sweatshop and ever since then she has been a very loyal and wonderful friend. The years haven't been too hard on this big-hearted, vehement little woman. She and her husband, Gus, now own a farm in Massachusetts and it has often proved to be a haven for Stella, a place where, in Minnie's good care, she can forget the cares and troubles that befall her.

(Played by Grace Valentine)

COMING NEXT MONTH: see beautiful photographs of Laurel, Dick, Stephen Dallas and Mrs. Grosvenor
Amanda

AMANDA sat huddled on the edge of the corn cob bed in the back room of Aunt Mattie's cabin. Her eyes, dark with hopelessness, strayed from her clasped hands to the bolted door. It did not matter that her father had placed her in the old woman's care, or that he had locked her in; freedom was now stripped of any meaning. I have no place to go, no one to help me, she thought with sick despair; I trusted Edward, I believed him when he promised to save me from all I hated. She jumped to her feet, anger adding its burden to the pain, which, deep, persistent, kept hurting, hurting like a physical bruise. She did not see the green trees, or the flowers, or the blue sky, as she stood, staring out through the tiny slit of a window at a world bereft of hope because it was bereft of dreams.

And pride sent the color sweeping into her white face, because she, Amanda Dyke, of old Valley stock, had sought help, and had failed to receive it, from one whom her people scorned as an outlander. Her hands caught and held the narrow sill before her as memories of the last few days held her motionless. Born in the Valley, knowing nothing but its ways, she had always longed for something more beautiful—different—and no one had ever understood her desires. She believed her father, in his stern manner, loved her, but he had seen no reason why she should not be married to a man she hated.

Amanda forgot for a few minutes her present hopeless situation, as she thought of the day she had fled from her father's cabin and the unbearable touch of Charlie Harris' hands; crying she would die before she would be his wife, and in a secluded glen on the hillside, had first seen Edward Leighton. How kind he had been, how gentle! He lived on Honeymoon Hill, in that white house she had so often watched from the distance, glistening through its encircling trees—a place of dreams. He had begged her to come to him there, so he could paint her; he had said she was lovely—he had been the first to tell her that her red gold hair was a thing of beauty, not something of which to be ashamed. And she had gone—oh, now she knew she should not have done so—and he had started her portrait in the peaceful stillness of Honeymoon House, and she had seen the white, golden and cold girl Sylvia Meadows, whom he was to marry.

Amanda moved restlessly over the uneven floor and the rag rugs of the little room. Then—then—to have rushed up the hill in the darkness of that same night, when her father, having learned she had been to Honeymoon House, had declared she would never leave his cabin again until she went to marry Charlie. To have begged Edward Leighton to save her, to protect her—she should have known, but he had been the only one to whom she could turn, he had been the only one who had ever shown her consideration and kindness.

The color mounted across her neck, staining her face. He had promised that he would never let her go back into the Valley, that she would be safe. He had taken her to his mother, Susan Leighton, at Big House, and she had been so utterly, so wonderfully happy. But at the very height of her happiness, at the dance, in the beautiful dress Edward and his Uncle Bob had found for her... Little pictures flashed before Amanda's eyes, and she pressed her hands tight against her face to shut them out, but could not. The great hall of Big House, the guests watching her, Edward beside her, her voice singing the words of an old English ballad, and out of the night, the tall, dark figure of her father, coming to take her home, to the man she hated, to the life from which she had escaped. Edward had let her go; he had broken his promise. How clearly she remembered the satisfied expression of Susan Leighton. The cruel, little smile on the lips of Sylvia Meadows; she felt again the cold, numbing terror as Edward failed her; now she felt only a sick hopelessness, a bitter resentment.

She found her way back to the bed, and dropped down on it. What did it matter now that she would be wed to Charlie? She was an ignorant Valley girl who had never gone to school; she had been told that black trouble came if one of her people had ought to do with the rich tobacco planters who lived on the surrounding Virginia hills, but she had trusted her heart—and her heart had been wrong.

"Hi, Amanda," a low voice called, and she lifted her head. At the sight of the pert, child's face looking in through the narrow opening at her, she tried to smile. "Come here, come here, so as I can talk to you." She rose to her feet, wearily, and

Now, in exciting fiction form, read the story of lovely Amanda and tune in every weekday to NBC's Blue Network, sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M-O. Illustrated posed by Joy Hathaway as Amanda and Boyd Crawford as Edward.
A moment before she had known the first sweet rapture of love, but now there was only the bitter memory of a broken promise. Continue radio's beautiful love story of a girl from the Valley and the man she should never have met.

crossed to the tiny opening, crisscrossed with slats which served as the room's only window.

"I heard the news." The boy's eyes were big with excitement. "All the Valley's talking about how you run away so as not to marry Charlie, how your Pa had to get you, and how you're locked up here. If you want, Amanda, I'll find that there Edward Leighton and tell him where you are."

"No, no, Jim. I'll never trust an outlander again—never—never—"

"Amanda, don't you look so white and woeful; you let me help you," Jim pleaded. "I don't like that Charlie Harris nohow."

Even in her deep distress, Amanda smiled. Dear, little Jim, with his cruel father; how faithful he had been since the day she had saved him from a wicked beating. But no one could help her. All she said was: "Thank you, Jim, but I don't want ever to see Edward. And he wouldn't come if I did. Don't shame me by asking him."

Jim's sharp eyes twinkled; he shook his head.

"Still, if I see him I'm going to tell him where you are."

He dropped to the ground, and disappeared in the thick undergrowth behind the cabin. Amanda

Amanda's rippling red-gold hair, her fair skin and deep violet eyes, made Edward forget she was only a Valley girl.
looked after him for a second, but even as the bushes stopped rustling, she turned and flung herself across the bed once more. How different this was from that wonderful, soft bed in which she had slept for one night at Big House under Susan Leighton’s roof. She tried to force her thoughts away from what had happened, but to think of the future was even worse. At any minute, now, her father might take her to be married to Charlie Harris. She turned her head on the hard pillow as tears forced themselves under her closed eyelids. She would grow old like all the other Valley girls, worn out with heavy work and child bearing; it was her fate. But as she heard a sound, she twisted her face farther into the pillow, and shut her lips to keep back the rising sobs. It would be Aunt Mattie, or, perhaps, her father. How could she face it if they had come to get her—

**Amanda—**dear Amanda—" She sat up in bed, wide eyed, quickly wiping away her tears. Her face became set as she swung her feet to the floor, and walked to the window. "Amanda, oh, my dear—" It was Edward calling her name, it was Edward singing in her, it was he who reached his hands through the slats toward her. "I’ve found you. That little boy was right. Thank God, you’re safe— I’m in time."

Her heart was beating, beating very fast, but her voice held no emotion as she said: "You broke your word to me. You let Pa take me away. Go back to your own home, Edward Leighton, and don’t ever come to the Valley again."

"You don’t understand," his words were hurried, desperate; "Amanda, let me talk to you. I can explain." He leaned closer toward her, but she stepped quickly aside so he could not touch her.

Why, why had he come to add more to her already heavy burden? "Go away, Edward," she repeated, "go to that Sylvia who is to be your wife. It hurts that I should have asked you for help, and for you to have failed me. Go home, Edward—"

"I will not," he cried. "Amanda, you must listen." There was a new quality in his voice, a certainty that had not been in it before. "I didn’t fail you. Suppose, Amanda, I had kept you, had forced your father out of the house before all those people? Everyone in the Valley would have known of his disgrace—he’d have been shamed before his friends, and the hate between the Valley and the Hills would have been worse than ever. That’s what I thought, Amanda. I may have been wrong, but I was thinking of you. You wouldn’t have wanted your father to be insulted by the Leightons, would you?"

His words were broken, filled with tension, and Amanda moved slowly nearer, light creeping into her eyes. He caught her hand.

"If you speak truth, Edward, it was kindly done. Can I believe you?"

"You can, you must." He held her fingers tightly in his. "I’ll never let you go again. Come into the woods with me, I—I have so much to say to you—"

"But I can’t—I can’t get out. Pa brought me here to Aunt Mattie’s, and they’ve bolted the door and—" Her head dropped forward on the worn sill, and he smoothed the rippling curls with gentle fingers. Suddenly, she looked up, with a startled gasp.

"But you must go, Edward. If Pa found you here, he’d—you’d be in danger—" She caught his arm, trying to push him away.

Edward Leighton laughed. "Stop worrying, my dear. I’ll have you out in a minute."

He was around the side of the cabin, and Amanda strained her ears, her hand at her throat, where the pulse beat rapidly. Aunt Mattie was due at any second, her father might come—Edward, Edward, she whispered. There was a crash, the splintering of wood; the bolt of her door was thrown back, and Edward, laughing into her wide eyes, had her hands in his, and was drawing her out into the bright sunshine of the summer morning. Fear for him, terror of what might happen if he were discovered, mingled with a wild, tremulous rapture, sent her running beside him through the woods. Breathless, flushed, she stopped at last, to see she was in the glen where she had first met the man now smiling so reassuringly into her eyes. He took her hands, and his face was grave, tender and eager. Joy surged into Amanda’s heart, for her faith had been restored, and the whole world held, once again, beauty and meaning.

"Amanda," he spoke, slowly, never taking his gaze from her, "Amanda—my beautiful— You don’t know all that’s happened. I am not going to marry Sylvia."

"Why?" she asked, direct as a child. And the excitement within her kindled to a sudden exaltation. Somewhere a bird sang, and the song was hers. His hands were pressing on hers; he was very close to her.

"Because I don’t love her, any more than you love Charlie. Our marriage was arranged, just as yours was."

She nodded, her eyes still direct. "I talked to mother and Sylvia last night. They understand." Edward smiled, a trifle grimly. There was no need to tell Amanda any details of that scene, of Susan’s shocked disappointment and disapproval, of Sylvia’s cold anger, the resentment in her face, but no hurt, thank God for that, no hurt. He had won his battle; the future was his and Amanda’s. She read the deepening passion in his eyes, even before he spoke. "Ify dear, I love you. You will marry me, won’t you?"

"You want to wed me?" Her voice was low; joy ran through it. Dazed with wonder, Amanda caught her breath. "I love you," she said.
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And he drew her to him, and kissed her lips, and held her close. The bird song rose triumphant on the summer air, but they heard only the beating of their hearts, the whispered, broken words they murmured and knew nothing of the world around them, lost in the wonder of their first kiss. Amanda’s head rested on his shoulder, and, at last, she spoke:

“Your mother, Edward. She doesn’t like me.”

“Hush, dear, hush, no worrying. Tell me, Amanda, what is the first duty of a wife?”

“To obey her husband, to please him, and to always do as he says, of course.”

Edward laughed; his fingers smoothing her hair, his eyes on the long, dark lashes brushing her cheeks. “I thought you’d say that. Now, you must obey me, and leave everything to me. We are to be married; it’s all settled, mother knows.”

Amanda sprang to her feet with a sudden cry; all the lovely color drained from her face.

“Then, come, Edward, come now, and don’t delay. When Pa finds I’m gone, he’ll get the Valley men, and if he finds us here—oh, my love, it won’t be safe for you.”

He stood beside her, and put his arm around her, once more holding her to him.

“I love it here,” he said, softly, “for this is where I first saw you, running out from among the trees, so beautiful I couldn’t believe you were real. And in my heart, I knew I loved you at that minute, though I didn’t understand.”

“I must have loved you, too, Edward, or I wouldn’t have come to you to aid me.”

His hands on her shoulders, he looked at her: the rippling red-gold hair, the fair skin, the deep violet eyes. He bent and kissed her, and then, hand in hand, like two children, they passed from the glen into the woods, and up the hill to where, white in the distance, glimmered Honeymoon House. At last, they stopped before it on the green, sweeping lawns, and Amanda’s eyes were wide with the awe of dreams come true, as Edward said:

“This will be your home, my dear—our home.”

She clapped her hands together.

“It is so wonderful, just as you are wonderful, Edward. I’ll be a good wife. You must tell your mother that, and then, maybe, she’ll be glad we are to be wed.”

“She’ll love you when she learns to know you, dear. We’re going to her now. Don’t be afraid.”

“I’m not afraid of anything if you’re with me, Edward.”

And there was a lump in his throat as he led her through the door of Big House to where his mother sat alone in the cool, shadowed living room. Her greeting was friendly; she drew Amanda down beside her on the couch; she looked from the girl’s face, flushed like a wild rose, to her son’s bright eyes, and sighed.

“Oh, Mrs. Leighton,” Amanda exclaimed, her voice vibrant with the happiness in her heart, “I am so joyful. And I’ll be a good wife to Edward. I’ll do what he says; I’ll care for him. It’s all so wonderful I can’t think straight. I don’t rightly know whether I’m here or there. It doesn’t seem true unless I look at Edward, and then I know—I know—”

“Yes, I’m sure you do want to make Edward happy.” Susan Leighton spoke slowly.

“Indeed, and indeed, I do. It’s the one wish of my life.”

Mrs. Leighton nodded. “For that reason I would like to talk to you alone for a little while. I have so much to say. We must learn to know one another better—”

“That’s fine,” Edward exclaimed. “It’s what I want more than anything—for you two to know and love each other. Mother, you’re being splendid.”

Susan smiled, not a happy smile, but neither noticed it; they saw only the other. Edward bent and kissed Amanda, and she clung to him like a (Continued on page 57)
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"That's fine," Edward exclaimed. "It's what I want more than anything—for you two to know each other well. Mother, you're being splendid."

Susan smiled, not a happy smile, but neither did the tears she saw only the other. Edward bent and kissed Amanda, and she clung to him like a (Continued on page 71)
You will be, when you read this gay story of Wistful Vista, where Fibber McGee and Molly meet Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and get involved with airplanes, electric washing machines, romance, and high finance.

That guy Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, Fibber McGee fumed, was at it again. Here Fibber, as President of the Wistful Vista Chamber of Commerce, had a honey of an idea—and Throcky was trying to queer it.

Fibber, looking authoritative, sat on the platform at the Chamber of Commerce meeting and wielded the gavel, but Gildersleeve was trying to do all the talking. It never pleased Fibber to listen to somebody else, and Gildersleeve should have known it.

“Fellow members,” Gildersleeve was saying, “as you all know, this city owns a piece of useless property, laughingly known as the Wistful Vista Flying Field. As you also know, Mayor Duncan has asked the Chamber’s advice as to how to dispose of this property which the city has never been able to turn over, even with a plow.” He smoothed his black moustache and laughed happily at his own witicism. “Now, I have a friend who is offering the city a two thousand dollar profit on its investment, and I hereby move that we urge the city to accept the offer.”

Mrs. Uppington seconded the motion. Mrs. Uppington was always seconding Gildersleeve’s motions.

“Now, listen here!” Fibber’s square face, with its high forehead where the sandy hair was beginning to give up the struggle, was red with impatience. “We won’t do anything of the kind. Everyone knows the Horton Airplane Company is going to build their new factory in this vicinity. The choice is between us and Ironton, across the river. We gotta do everything in our power to get Horton to build in our flying field!”

“Pipe dream,” Gildersleeve sneered. “Horton has already decided to build in Ironton. I learned that from an unimpeachable source.”

Molly and Fibber were the first to recognize the famous visitors who came flying down.
“Unimpeachable applesource!” Fibber snapped, and took a letter from his pocket. “Get a load of this, Throcky, old boy. It’s from the Horton Airplane Company and it says, ‘My dear Mr. McGee—We think you should be made cognizant—Get that, folks, they want me to be made cognizant.”

Molly McGee, sitting in the auditorium, straightened her shoulders proudly. “And I think he’d make a very good one, too,” she said to the woman beside her.

Fibber went on. “—cognizant that we categorically repudiate any implication of partiality in determining the site for our prospective expansion. Exhaustive technological investigation predisposes us preponderantly toward your neighboring municipality. But we might conjecturally contemplate an alternative situation in the immediate proximity, Cordially, Hilary Horton. What do you say to that?” he inquired triumphantly.

“Extremely noncommittal and nebulous,” Mrs. Uppington said.

“You’re darn right it is!” Fibber said even more triumphantly. “And I say we should hold on to that field and go after Horton!”

Gildersleeve’s voice cut through an excited buzz of comment running through the hall. “I think my opinion on real estate is worth a little more than yours, McGee.”

“Oh yeah?” Fibber shouted. “What about that property you advised me to buy two years ago?”

“I told you that was a good investment for a long pull.”

“Sure,” Fibber said bitterly. “A long pull in a rowboat! I asked the bank what that hunk of swamp was worth and they offered me six cents a gallon!”

“That’s beside the point,” Gildersleeve said. “I demand that you put this matter to a vote.”

Molly McGee, comfortable and solid in her flowered print dress, stood up. “I move,” she said loudly, “that the meeting be adjourned.”

“Do I hear a second?” Fibber asked.

Someone sneezed.

“Thanks, Mr. Sinus,” Fibber nodded. He rapped on the table. “The meeting stands adjourned.”

Gildersleeve caught up with the McGees as they tried to escape from the hall. He was blusteringly angry. “You can’t get away with this, McGee!” he yelled. “You’re railroading this thing through!”

Fibber’s gray eyes twinkled. Now that he carried his point, he was his usual vague, mild self again. “I’m surprised you could follow it, you big caboose,” he said. “Besides and furthermore, Throcky, I dunno what your angle is, but that offer you got from a friend is a fake. It must be a fake—you ain’t got a friend.”

“Why, you anemic little anthropological aberration! You bumptious little bot-fly, I could smash you down with a wet noodle!”

Fibber turned to Molly. “You think he could?”

After consideration, Molly said, “No.”

“I don’t either,” Fibber decided. “I ain’t scared of you, Gildersleeve, and I’m gonna protect the citizens of Wistful Vista. I’m gonna see that Horton sees our site before he settles on any other site he sees.”

It was about this time that Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy dropped out of the sky.

They hadn’t meant to come to Wistful Vista at all. They had done their last broadcast, and were on their vacation, which they’d planned to spend in Pinehurst, but Edgar was piloting his own plane and somehow he couldn’t seem to find Pinehurst. But, as Charlie told him, he was always absent-minded. “You’d lose me,” Charlie leered, “if I didn’t make a living for you.”

Anyway, just before they ran out of gas they landed plump on the Wistful Vista Flying Field. Fibber and the rest of the Chamber of Commerce had rushed out to the field upon sighting the plane, thinking maybe Mrs. Roosevelt was dropping in for a visit; and it was
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ning in for a visit; and it was..."
Molly who first recognized Charlie McCarthy and was able to invite the new arrivals to her home before her social rival, Mrs. Uppington, had realized they were celebrities.

Fibber and Molly's house was like its owners—middle aged, friendly, and unpretentious. Like Fibber, it was always a bit untidy, although Molly did her best to keep it neat. A hall closet was so crammed with discarded furniture, clothes, crockery and tennis rackets that it overflowed every time the door was opened. When this happened, Fibber would mumble, "Got to clean that closet out one of these days"—mine," Edgar said casually. "He'd come and look over your field personally if I asked him to."

Fibber jumped up. "He would! Well, gee—golly, Mr. Bergen, if you only would—"

"Would this factory mean so much to your community?" Edgar asked.

"Would it! Why, look at the jobs it would make, the people it would bring to town, the business it would assimilate!"

"But what would you get out of it?"

"Who, me?" Fibber asked. "Not a darn thing. I want it for the good gen toward the kitchen, "when I was in charge of the Precision Division of the Biggs Thrasher and Belting Company. 'Biggs' Tinker McGee' I was knowed as in them days. Biggs' Tinker McGee! The brawny and brainy Bonaparte of benzine-buggy blacksmiths! Busy as a beaver and bright as a beacon at bolting bumper brackets on bus bodies. Boosted as the best boss in the business at boring bronze bearings in boat boilers. Bringing back the bacon as the boss of the brake-band, bumblebee of the brace and bit, and big bullfrog of the brass bicycle bell bongers. A breezy,

but he never did. Instead, he spent his time making labor-saving gadgets, usually electric, of his own invention. These always added to Molly's work instead of cutting it down, and usually blew every fuse in the house.

Edgar Bergen liked the McGees and their home at once, and after an excellent dinner he listened sympathetically while Fibber told the sad story of his efforts to bring the Horton Airplane factory to Wistful Vista.

"But Horton's an old friend of the city. I love this town and the folks who live here. They're a fine, loyal, intelligent bunch of people. And if I put this thing over and the ungrateful dumbbells don't re-elect me President of the Chamber of Commerce, I sometimes wonder why I go to all this trouble."

Edgar grinned and started to answ er, but Molly came out of the kitchen with the news that something was wrong with Fibber's newest invention, the dishwasher.

"I started inventing years ago," Fibber said, strutting ahead of Ber- brilliant bozo for beginning boys to copy—But just take a look at our dishwashing jalopy."

It was a big box, painted white. McGee waved a proprietary hand, and turned the switch. The machine started with a groan, but rapidly accelerated its speed until it was trembling and leaping on its foundation. The lid flew off, and a plate whistled out of the box, past McGee's ear.

"Why didn't you tell me it was loaded?" he screamed reproachfully. (Continued on page 60)
Bewitching Gladys Swarthout, whose enchanting contralto voice carried her to stardom in the Metropolitan Opera Company, has returned to the air on a regular weekly program. Hear her every Sunday afternoon on CBS, sharing musical honors with Deems Taylor, baritone Ross Graham and Al Goodman's orchestra. Between broadcasts, Gladys is Mrs. Frank Chapman, happy wife.
WE'RE ALL AMERICANS
(ALL TRUE BLUE)

Here—free to all Radio Mirror readers—is the patriotic song hit that makes your heart beat to a marching rhythm every time Kate Smith sings it on her Friday evening variety shows on CBS.

Words and Music by
JAMES T. MANGAN

March tempo

We're all A - mer - i - cans!

If we're A - mer - i - cans,

Here come th'A - mer - i - cans!

We're proud to bear the name, Our

Deceived by no ones tricks, We'll

A march of age and youth, We'll

nation's fathers wove a flag, By the

talk and think and act to - day, In the

fight to keep our lib - er - ty, And pre-

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JOE MALLABY said to Hallam Ford, who was by all odds his favorite director, “What do you think of Gerry Gateson’s new script?”

Hallam Ford riffled through the sheaf of typed pages. “I think it’s a wow!” he answered. “It should play like a million dollars.”

Joe said, “Gerry Gateson’s a good writer— Hal, do you think the client will go for ‘Love Story’?”

“If the client doesn’t, he’s a goon,” said Hallam. Once more his nervous hands flicked back page after page. “Gateson can write rings around the rest of the boys.”

“You’ve taken a load off my mind,” said Joe, fervently. “In this agency game a fellow gets so he doesn’t trust his own judgment. Somehow I thought you didn’t like the script.”

“Why in the name of common sense,” queried Hallam, “should you think that?”

“Your face,” said Joe. “It’s a study in gloom. In fact, Hal, you look as sour as all get out. What’s biting you?”

Hallam Ford sighed. “Donnie’s got the sniffles,” he told Joe, “and naturally I’m worried. My mind’s been running in circles all afternoon. Donnie’s such an awfully delicate youngster—the least little thing shoots up his temperature. His mother died when he was born, you know.”

“Yeah, I know,” nodded Joe Mallaby. His gaze had grown sympathetic from behind owlish tortoise shell-rimmed glasses. “How old is Donnie, anyway?”

Hallam told him briefly—“Five,” and Joe smiled.

“I wouldn’t get in a dither about a five-year-old,” he replied. “Donnie’s probably growing too fast—or something. Give him time and he’ll be a regular prize fighter.”

“I hope so,” replied Hallam, but his voice lacked conviction. “Of course, Donnie’d be a heap healthier if we had a suburban house—or even a sunny flat near the park. A hotel is no place for a kid, but it seems the best proposition, with me on the job day and night—” He broke off. “Oh, what the devil, Joe! You’re not interested in my troubles. . . . Let’s get on with the script.”

“Okay,” agreed Joe briefly, but his voice was crowded with understanding, “let’s.”

Hallam drummed on the arm of his chair with tense fingers. “We have four main characters,” he mused, “the others are background. There’s the older sister—she’s the real leading lady—and there’s the glamour girl. Lord, how I hate the word glamour! And then there’s the leading man and the character woman.”

“The whole show depends on the older sister,” Joe threw in, “the rest can go hang. At least, that’s my slant.”

“Mine, too,” nodded Hallam.

Joe went on, embroidering his theme. “I fancy you’ll agree with me, Ford. We usually see eye to eye when it comes to casting—” he hesitated. “D’you know, I think Millicent Barry should play the older sister!”

Hallam laughed, but there was an entire lack of mirth in his laughter. “Now, Joe,” he protested, “we’ve less than a week to get ‘Love Story’ on the air!”

“So what?” queried Joe.

Hallam explained patiently. “Millicent’s always on the go,” he said. “You can’t pin her down. She’s invariably late for rehearsals. She’s forever on her way to or from some shindig. I wouldn’t care to use her on a rush job.”

Joe argued stubbornly. “With Barry the script is sure fire, and without her—” He paused and Hallam picked up the conversational thread.

“Millicent’s a fine actress,” he said, “I’ll grant you that. She’s got what it takes, even though she is—shallow.”

Once more Joe fixed his owlish regard on the man who sat opposite him. “You and Millie had a fight?” he questioned. “Last spring I kind of thought you had a yen for the girl—”

Hallam replied carefully. “Millicent is very attractive, but she hasn’t time for a mere director—I found that out . . . She’s like one of those bright insects that you see on streams in the country. She goes skittering over the surface—she never gets below, where there’s any depth.”

Joe chuckled and said, “Don’t be caustic, my boy. I take it back about the yen. You only have to direct the girl—you don’t have to marry her.”

There was a moment of silence—silence as thick and enveloping as wood smoke—and then Hallam said,
His arms encircled her, and Millie stood up to offer him lips that were still salty with tears.

“I'm a sap to let my feelings run away with me. Millicent Barry will be swell in the part—I'll put in a call for her, at once. Incidentally, Joe, I'll start casting tonight in my office at the Radio Mart. At eight o'clock or thereabouts. Want to drop in?”

Joe shook his head. “Can't do,” he said. “I've other fish to fry. But if you'd care to eat dinner with me before you go over to the Mart, we can gab about this and that.”

Hallam shook his head. “No, Joe,” he said, “not tonight. I want to look in on Donnie before I start the grind, and I'll stay with him as long as possible—even if I have to miss dinner.”

As he sat in his office, sorting through the multigraphed copies of “Love Story,” checking over his list of names and telephone numbers, Hallam Ford had the feeling of a man who stares at a parade through dark glasses. Everything was a little blurred and uncertain before him. Gateson's script was vague, and so were the people who would so soon make it come to life. His mind was in a hotel room—a stupid, over-furnished, average hotel room—with a little boy who lay listlessly in a veneered mahogany bed. Hallam's hand, resting quietly on the cool glass top of his desk, could still feel the dry touch of small, hot fingers.

“Perhaps,” he thought, as he read a speech without being aware of the words, “I should have sent for the doctor or a nurse. Maybe it's more than a cold.”

More than a cold ... The thought sent ripples of goose flesh up and down the column of Hallam Ford's spine. Donnie was so little, so frail. A real spell of sickness could so easily erase his young eagerness.

If only Donnie had a mother. A mother would supply not only affection—she'd arrange for a home and naps and balanced play and all the calories that a growing child
"Why am I so rude to Millie?" Hal questioned savagely of his heart.

"Why does the very sight of her make me forget that I'm—a gentleman?"

needed. How could a man alone, living in a hotel suite, give a small boy the proper attention?

"When he's old enough," Hallam told himself, "I'll send Donnie to a boarding school." But the idea, practical though it was, cut into his soul with the rasping pain of a rusty knife. Donnie was all he—had—all. Donnie was a part of his brief, sweet marriage, and a part of his lost romance, and the whole of his future.

On sudden impulse Hallam reached for the telephone and pulled it toward him. He dialed the number of his hotel and waited impatiently until the operator's familiar voice came over the wire.

"Bertha," he said, "give me the maid on my floor, will you?" and at her "Sure, Mr. Ford—" he held his breath in actual discomfort. When at long last the good natured Irish maid took up the receiver, he found that his palms were damp with perspiration.

"As I left to come down to the office," he said almost sharply, "I asked you to find Donnie and see Donnie every ten or fifteen minutes. You haven't forgotten, have you?" He listened for a moment and then—"You say he's asleep, now, but that his face is sort of flushed, eh? Okay, Maggie, I'll be home as soon as possible. And don't forget to keep dropping in."

Hallam Ford hung up the receiver and slumped back in his chair, and stared vacantly through the impassable window. Almost level with his eyes, the enchanted skyline of the city laughed at him and winked at him and mocked him.

"My Lord," he said aloud, "I wonder if Donnie's really going to be sick? I wonder what a flushed face means? That fool of a Maggie—"

"What fool of a Maggie?" queried a voice from the door. It was a cool voice—cool and low and slightly husky. "Have you started talking to yourself, Hal? Isn't talking to oneself a sign of insanity or senility or something?"

Hallam Ford jumped—actually jumped—and his eyes, focusing accurately for the first time since he had left Donnie, fastened themselves upon the girl in the doorway. She was well worth looking at, that girl. She might have stepped from the pages of a next month's fashion magazine. Her dark, shiny hair was dressed away from her cars and high on her head, in the mode of to-morrow. Her sleek, hipless body was sheathed in a white satin dinner gown that broke into icy blue ripples at the full hemline. The dress stopped just below her armpits and it hadn't any shoulder straps.

"Good grief," Hallam himself asking, "how do you keep it on?"

Millicent Barry stepped into the room. She murmured, "A trick—one of my best." She added, "How're things?"

Hallam told her, "About as usual..." And then, after a pause, "I take it you're going somewhere?"

Millicent crossed the room and seated herself on the corner of his desk. "I'm on my way to a party," she said.

Hallam groaned. "I knew it," he told her. "You always are."

With eyes not quite as cool as her voice, Millicent stared at a picture that decorated the cream tinted wall in back of Hallam. Her unwavering regard disconcerted the man.

"Well," she said finally, "why shouldn't I go to parties? I'm a party girl, aren't I? You told me so, didn't you?"

Hallam had told her just that—there was no denying it. He changed the subject hastily.

"Did you come all the way down here without a coat, Millie?" he inquired.

Millicent Barry chuckled—her chuckle was deep and throaty and exciting. It registered awfully well on the air.

"I left my coat in the outer office," she said. Hallam. "I wanted to give you a thrill."

"Well, you did," Hallam told her. All at once he was desperately, achingly weary. "Now suppose you go back to the outer office and put on the coat and beat it."

"Beat it?" echoed Millicent. She reached forward languidly and rumpled the thick, slightly graying hair which swept back from Hallam's suddenly creased forehead.

"Why, I only just got here," she cooed. "And, oddly enough, you sent for me. Don't tell me you're going to break down and give me a job, Hal, after all these years?"

"I was thinking of it," Hallam said guardedly.

"Is everyone else out of town?" jeered Millicent. "You've been neglecting me shamefully, darling, for the last century or so. What's it all about?"

Hallam felt hot anger surge over him. Talking to Millicent invariably had that effect upon him—he didn't exactly know why. He said—

"You're wrong, Millie. Every name is wrong. Millicent's as sweet and old-fashioned and sane as a country garden. And you're as sophisticated and flippant—" He found himself floundering, much to his own annoyance, for a suitable, simile.

Millicent Barry chuckled again. She was appallingly good-humored.

"Now let me think," she mused. "What is insufferably sophisticated and flippant?"

Hallam told her, "You are!" and knew that the retort was a childish one. "And you haven't any right, either," he added, "to say that I've been neglecting you: The last three times I asked you for lunch—"

Millicent murmured, "I didn't mean socially, my pet."

Hallam was completely let down.

"It's just that I can't depend on you," he growled. "Nobody can!"

"Ah, now, Hal," protested Millicent, "you're in a frightful mood.

You know I'm dependable. I've never been late for a date, yet—if it was hot... You mustn't glare at me, Hal—" her voice grew mockingly—"don't you love me any more?"

Hallam Ford pushed back his chair. He shrugged away from Millicent Barry's outstretched hand and walked toward the window and stood staring down into the night.

"I was only interested in you—as an actress," he said at last. "If you worked at your job, you'd be amazing... I never did—love you."

"So you never loved me," Millicent cut in. "Well, big boy—"

Hallam grunted. "Don't call me big boy! Millie, I'm in no mood for you, this evening... Run along to your party; go sell your darned violets."

Millicent reached into her evening bag for a slim cigarette case. She snapped it open and selected a cigarette with exquisite care.

"I still insist," she said finally, "that you sent for me—ostensibly to give me a part in a show. They tell me outside that you're casting for a Gateson number. I hope it's the truth—he can write."

"I'm sure," growled Hallam, "that Gerald Gateson would be pleased to hear you say so."

Millicent went on reflectively. "I met Gerry Gateson, once, with a beautiful blonde creature, in green. It was at a studio brawl."

Hallam said, "It would have been at some sort of a brawl—"
Millicent Barry swung herself down from the desk and walked over to the window to stand beside Hallam. Her gaze was troubled, but her arm—bare and warm and fragrant—was nonchalant as she linked it through his.

“What's the matter, Hal?” she queried. “Don't you feel well?”

“I'm well enough,” Hallam told her, “but my little boy isn’t. Donnie's got a cold and he's running a temperature.”

Millicent said softly, “That's so—you have a kid. You spoke of him—a couple of times...I remember.”

“Nice of you,” muttered Hallam, “to remember.”

Millicent went on. “I remember quite a lot,” she said. “I wanted to meet your kid...In fact, I wanted to take him to a May Pole dance or to the movies—or was the circus in town?”

Hallam said, “There was a circus—and circuses are always full of whooping cough and measles and things. I didn't dare send Donnie off with an irresponsible—”

“In other words, with me,” nodded Millicent. “Yes, I got that, at the time.” She added after an infinitesimal pause, “Where have you left the youngster? Is he in a hospital?”

“No,” Hallam told her, “he isn’t. He only has a runny nose, so far. At this moment, Donnie's in a gloomy hotel room, with a floor maid looking in on him every ten minutes. I hope she'll have enough sense to send for me—if he grows worse.”

“I hope so,” echoed Millicent. She sighed and asked irrelevantly, “Got a match?” and Hallam snapped, “No!” and she laughed and told him, “Then I won't smoke for a while.”

With the flip of her slim wrist she tossed the unlit cigarette out of the window and Hallam watched the white flicker of it sweeping down through the darkness, like a little lost dream.

“I don't think,” said Millicent slowly—her eyes also following the descent of the white particle—“that you should leave a sick kid to the tender mercies of a maid in a hotel. I don't, Hal—really.”

“I suppose,” grunted Hallam, “that you've a better idea?”

“Oh, no,” answered Millicent. “I was merely making a remark, in passing...It just happens that I like kids.”

Somehow Hallam Ford felt that he must defend himself. “You like kids!” he mocked. “Why, you wouldn't touch a youngster with a ten-foot pole—unless it were a gag.”

Millicent withdrew her arm from Hallam's. He felt strangely deserted and forlorn.

“My word, Hal,” she said, “you are in a filthy mood! Maybe I had better leave—while the going's good. Give me a copy of the script and I'll tuck it into my reticule and be on my way.”

Hallam told her, “I don't think I want to give you a copy of the script, Millie. The part I had in mind for you—well, I'm no longer sure that it's down your street. It's about a girl who has to be gentle and womanly and understanding.”

“I take it I'm none of those things?” (Continued on page 48)
Oven Varieties

Baking and roasting have always played such an important part in our national tradition of home making that it seems particularly important, now when we are so keenly aware of our American way of life, to emphasize the advantages of oven cooking. There is something in the very words "oven prepared" which brings up visions of cozy kitchens and happy, contented family life and on the practical side oven cooking is an economy of both time and fuel since two or three dishes may be prepared at one time. During the summer, when we were interested primarily in cooling foods and cool kitchens I've been filing in the back of my mind new oven recipes for you to try later on and now, as the Walrus said, "The time has come"—so here are the recipes:

**Old Favorite in a New Role**

A favorite breakfast cereal, Cream of Wheat, now makes its appearance in a casserole dish, an excellent fix-it-in-a-hurry selection for lunch or supper.

1 1/2 cups cooked Cream of Wheat
2 cups diced cooked ham
1 cup condensed cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup water
1 tbl. minced onion
3/4 cup grated American cheese
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
2 tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. marjoram

Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered casserole. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

Oyster Pie

1 qt. oysters and liquor
2 tbls. cornstarch
1/2 cup cold water
3 tbls. melted butter or margarine
1 tbl. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. red pepper
Biscuit dough

Blend cornstarch and water into smooth paste, add to oysters with...
melted butter, lemon juice and seasonings then mix well and turn into buttered casserole. Top with small biscuits and bake at 400 degrees F., about 50 minutes. Cup cakes to be served warm with whipped cream or chocolate sauce may be baked at the same time.

Shrimp Casserole

2 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tbls. flour
1½ cups milk
½ tsp. salt
Dash cayenne
1 cup grated cheese
1 No. 1 can shrimp
1 cup cooked rice or half rice and half cooked peas or carrots
1 cup buttered crumbs

Make white sauce by melting butter, stirring in flour and adding milk, then cooking slowly until thickened. Add seasoning and grated cheese and stir until cheese melts. Add rice (or rice and vegetables) and shrimp which have been flaked, reserving a few whole shrimp to garnish top. Turn mixture into buttered casserole, place whole shrimp on top, cover with buttered crumbs and bake at 375 degrees 25 to 30 minutes. Tomatoes may be baked at the same time and are delicious served with the shrimp casserole.

Ham Casserole

1 slice ham, 1½ to 2 inches thick
2 tbls. prepared mustard
2 tbls. tart jelly
1 tbl. minced onion
¼ tsp. ground cloves (optional)
¼ tsp. sage
¼ tsp. pepper
1 bay leaf
3 tbls. brown sugar

Milk

Freshen ham by covering with water, bringing to boil and cooking for 3 to 5 minutes, depending on thickness. Remove from boiling water, place in buttered casserole. Mix together mustard, jelly, onion and dry ingredients and spread evenly on ham. Cover with milk and cook in 350 degree oven until tender (1 to 1½ hr. depending on thickness), adding more milk if original quantity cooks away. The milk will curdle during the cooking but this will not affect the flavor. Serve with baked sweet potatoes. Apples or Brown Betty may be baked at the same temperature.

Banana Butterscotch Pie

¾ cup brown sugar (packed firm)
3 tbls. flour
½ tsp. salt

Another sea food treat is Shrimp Casserole which utilizes left over vegetables.

BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon, and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

If you're having a roast for dinner, prepare this Brazil Nut Coffee Cake at the same time.

Brazil Nut Coffee Cake

2 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
3 tbls. melted butter or margarine
1 egg
1 cup milk
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts

Measure and sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg well, beat in milk and beat into dry ingredients, together with melted butter. Add Brazil nuts which have been rolled lightly in flour. Bake in well-buttered loaf or ring pan and bake at 350 degrees F. until baked through (about 45 minutes). This may be baked with a roast after the high temperature has been reduced.
Superman

SUPERMAN stood in the prow of the sturdy little vessel, the Juañita, and watched the brilliant blue of the Caribbean Sea as it gleamed brightly under the setting sun. He wondered about this strange little bay on which he had embarked—wondered where this latest assignment he had been given as Clark Kent, star reporter of the Daily Planet, would lead him. But he was not alone for long. He turned as he heard footsteps on the deck and smiled at the small, silver-bearded old man who joined him.

"Hello, Professor Thorpe—thought I'd enjoy the scenery for a while." "Ah, Kent. The professor addressed Superman by the only name he knew.

Superman's tone suddenly became serious.

"Professor, I'm glad you came out. I've been meaning to talk to you. I know this voyage must have been made for some reason of which I know nothing. Professor, don't you think you can trust me enough to tell me the whole story—now?"

"Yes, Kent, I think I can. When my old friend and your editor, Perry White, told me about you he said that you could be trusted completely. I have waited only till we were safely on the way before telling you.

"You know, of course, that the outward purpose of our trip is to test my new type of bathysphere—my deep-sea diving bell. You know, too, that it can go deeper into the ocean than any man has gone before and lived. And it is equipped with a system of safety doors and divers can walk right out on the bed of the ocean. You know all that—but you don't know why we're here. Tomorrow morning we will have reached the little-known spot called Octopus Bay. There—300 feet down—lie two million dollars in gold!"

Superman whistled involuntarily. "But professor—how do you know?"

Thorpe's tone was calm.

"Thirty years ago, when I was diving for tropical fish, I saw the hull of a ship beneath me. But then it was impossible to go any deeper. I returned to the surface and began to search for some clue to the identity of the old vessel. Finally, after years of research, I found it. In the year 1786, the Spanish Galleon LaQuinta sank. She carried two million in gold—and not one penny was ever recovered!

"Kent, I want that money for only one purpose—to build a laboratory—the greatest scientific institution the world has ever created. A place where scientists can work for mankind unharried by any thought of finances."

"The ship's motors pulsed steadily through the night. On and on, at a steady ten knots, the Juañita pushed toward its destination. The bright morning sun beat down and cut through the last lingering bits of mist as the treasure party finally reached their goal."

As Superman came on deck, the motors gave one last, lazy turn and then the only motion was the soft, gentle lapping of the water against the ship's side. In a few minutes the bathysphere was ready to be launched.

Thorpe and his diver assistant, Bill Gleason, were the first to enter as the steel outer door was swung open. Superman followed and the door was slammed shut behind him. From one end of the tube was the eternal darkness—farther than any man had ever gone before. One hundred feet—two hundred—three hundred. Down. Gently, the huge bell descended to the bottom. In his specially-designed diving suit, Gleason emerged like some ghostly figure from the bathysphere in search of the age-old Spanish ship. He had walked into the safety chamber with its inner and outer door, both strong enough to withstand tremendous pressure. When the outer door was opened by Gleason, the sea waters rushed in. A green light flared on the channel to the other room occupied by the professor and Superman. At the signal, Thorpe pressed a button and, immediately, compressed air forced the water out of the chamber and shut the outer door at the same time.

The minutes ticked slowly by. Suddenly, the professor coughed—softly, at first. Then great hacking sounds as if he were gasping for breath. Superman, sensing that something was wrong, ran quietly to the instrument panel. The needle in the oxygen gauge was swinging wildly to the side marked in red. Painfully Thorpe gasped:

"Kent— the air is foul—no oxygen—call Maddox—we're trapped—I—"

He collapsed before he could utter another word. Stripping off his clothes, Superman wasted no time.

He reached the great sea-beast and with untold strength hit at his human enemy. Superman held the ship against the fury of the hurricane until it was firmly anchored.
ON THE AIR TODAY:

The Prudential Family Hour, starring Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Ross Graham, and Al Goodman's orchestra, on CBS this afternoon at 5:00, Eastern Time, sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Co.
The Family Hour likes to dramatize the stories which lie back of the musical numbers it presents—and, if nobody has thought of it already, here's an idea for a dramatic episode centering around the Family Hour's own singing star.

At a recital given by a music teacher in Deep Water, Missouri, some years ago, a very small girl struggled manfully to sing a very big and very difficult operatic aria. Her name was Gladys Swarthout. She was twelve years old, and she was singing this particular aria at the annual recital against her teacher's advice and wishes. On a high note half-way through the song, her voice broke and an unprofessional and unmusical croak took the place of the beautiful, rounded note the composer had written. Gladys stopped singing. But instead of retiring in a flood of tears she stamped her foot angrily and told the accompanist, who was also her teacher, to start playing the piece again from the beginning. This time she sailed through the song, hit the high note squarely on the nose, and had the satisfaction of hearing a round of applause from the audience.

That was the first public appearance of the beautiful American girl who eventually became a leading star of the Metropolitan Opera and radio. It was also the first appearance of the determined, sink-or-swim spirit that helped to make her so successful. There just wasn't any stopping the Swarthout girl. When she was thirteen she put up her hair, gave her age as nineteen, and applied for a job as a contralto soloist in a Kansas City church. Maybe they didn't believe the statement about her age, but they gave her the job and that was the important thing.

Gladys made her Metropolitan Opera debut after singing in Chicago movie theaters and in Chicago opera. Her first season at the Met she sang in fifty-six performances, many more than any other artist. In one opera she sang the part of a boy (several operas traditionally cast women in young boys' roles) and looked so attractive in trousers, with her slim figure, that it wasn't long before her nickname was "the Met's favorite boy."

While studying in Florence, Italy, Gladys met Frank Chapman, another music student, and on their return to America they were married. They gave several joint recitals together, but lately Frank has almost completely given up his own career, devoting most of his time to helping along his wife's. They're one of New York's happiest married couples.

DATES TO REMEMBER

September 28: Daylight saving time ends, if you've been on standard time all summer tune in every network show an hour later. The new season is under way, with these broadcasts arriving today: The Shadow on Mutual at 5:30. Bulldog Drummond on the same network at 6:30; The Pusey that Refreshes going back to its old time of 4:30 on CBS; Mrs. Roosevelt on NBC-Blue at 6:45; the Screen Actors Guild show at 7:30 on CBS; Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, starring Victor McLaen and Edmund Lowe, on NBC-Blue at 7:30.

October 5: More new shows: William A. Shirer on CBS at 5:45; the Wheeling Musical Steelmakers on NBC-Blue at 5:50; the Silver Theater at 6:00 on CBS; Jack Benny on NBC-Red at 7:00; Helen Hayes on CBS at 8:00; and Sherlock Holmes, with Basil Rathbone, on NBC-Red at 10:30.

October 12: The New York Philharmonic Orchestra begins another season of broadcasts this afternoon at 4:00 on CBS; and the Metropolitan Opera Auditions on NBC-Red at 5:00.

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac-Programs from Sept. 26 to Oct. 23
**** M O N D A Y ****

Joe Julian plays Michael, hero of the new Bright Horizon serial.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Bright Horizon, the new daytime serial on CBS Mondays through Fridays at 11:30 A.M., Eastern Time (rebroadcast at 11:00 A.M., Pacific Time), sponsored by Lever Brothers.

Here is a lesson in how to make two serial stories grow where only one grew before. Several months ago a new character was introduced on Big Sister—a young man named Michael West who roamed around the country singing and working in different restaurants and taverns. Listeners liked Michael so much that when the sponsors of Big Sister decided to start a new serial program they lifted him right out of his original story and wrote a new story around him.

Michael is played by a young radio actor named Joe Julian who is just as colorful and unusual as his air character. Joe grew up in Baltimore, where he used to get jobs as a walk-on or extra in traveling dramatic companies that came to town. When he grew up he went to work in a shoe factory, learned all he could about making shoes, then quit and set himself up in the shoe-repairing business with the money and the knowledge he'd saved up. But he didn't really like shoe-making, so after a while he sold out and came to New York, where he joined the Group Theater. A few small acting jobs on the stage finally led him to radio, but he didn't get a steady job until he was given a series of articles for "Variety," the entertainment business' trade paper, criti-
cizing radio for all the things it thought were wrong. The articles with some press radio executives so much he's been busy ever since.

Joe has several different talents. He writes plays, although none of them have been produced yet, and he can make music by clapping his hands together and forcing air out between the palms. However, he can't sing, so all of Michael West's singing is done by Bobby Gibson, the former CBS page boy who determined to be a singer instead, and did.

**** D A T E S T O R E M E M B E R ****

September 29: Frank Parker's Golden Treasury of Song is on CBS at a new time during August Light... Joe Louis and Lou Nova will have everybody in the country listening to their fight over Mutual tonight at 10:00... The Tom Mix Straight Shooters adventure serial returns tonight at 10:45 on NBC-Blue.

September 30: The Fibber McGee and Molly return to the air tonight—9:30 on NBC-Red... and the Tennessee Treasury Hour moves on to NBC-Blue at 8:00... Tom Brown's Mystery starts a new weekly series on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

October 7: George Burns and Gracie Allen are tonight's new arrivals, on NBC-Red at 7:30.

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October 7: George Burns and Gracie Allen are tonight's new arrivals, on NBC-Red at 7:30.
Singing idol of Latin America, Juan Arvizu can be heard on CBS.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...
Juan Arvizu, Latin-American singing star, heard over CBS every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday night at 7:30, Eastern Time, and Saturday mornings on Dunt Ives' Coffee-Time program at 11:00. If you lived in any of our sister Republies to the south, you wouldn't have to be told about Juan Arvizu. You'd know already that he's as famous down there as Bing Crosby is up here, that his phonograph records sell in the millions, that he's toured all over Central and South America with immense success, and that he's appeared in several Latin-American-made movies.

Juan came to the United States a few months ago at the request of Edmund Chester, CBS' Director of Short Wave Broadcasting and the man who is to be put in charge of running the Latin-American network CBS is planning on opening soon. Chester knew he'd need a big South American star for his network, and Juan was the biggest he could think of.

When Juan arrived in New York, answering Chester's invitation to broadcast for CBS, he didn't know much English beyond "hello" and "okay," but his friendly manners made language no barrier. His English is still pretty sketchy, but he's managing to cling with enthusiasm. His favorite expression is "Here's mud in your eye," which he uses on any occasion. Mostly, those rehearsals for his program are conducted in Spanish.

Juan himself is a Mexican—he was born in Queretaro, about 160 miles from Mexico City. He was a staff comedian for a brief spell of being a telegraph operator he embarked on an operatic career, but gave up that up to sing to the tunes his fellow-countrymen knew and loved. After that decision his success was phenomenally swift.

DATES TO REMEMBER
October 1: Meet Mr. Meek comes back from his vacation—listen to its first program in the new series on CBS at 7:30. ... And Jack Benny's old enemy, Fred Allen, returns to his last-year's spot on CBS at 9:00.

October 8: Edward G. Robinson and Big Town is back on CBS, beginning tonight at 8:00.

October 15: Hap Hazard, the comedian who pinch-hit for McGee and Molly all summer, gets a winter show as a reward, starting tonight at 7:30 on NBC-Blue.

October 16: For serious listeners-in, the Town Meeting of the Air convenes again tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Blue.

October 20: Hearing absence. Frank Fay is starring in a new show which bows in tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Red ... And at 9:00, Bing Crosby returns from his vacation to the Kraft Music Hall.
### Friday

**H ave Y ou T uned I n . . .**

Richard Kolman, who has spent the summer playing the role of David in the Claudia and David series, and will continue to be David whenever that show is on the air. You’ve also heard him as Barry Minkham in Life Can Be Beautiful.

Dick is one of a generation of actors brought into being by radio. You no longer see these actors hanging around Broadway, hopefully looking for a job in that now play bound is supposed to be casting. Instead, they’re never far away from a telephone, they have their names listed with one of the two central agencies which radio producers call upon when they want to contact some particular actor, and they are busy enough in radio work so they can accept stage parts only when the parts appeal to them.

They’re better actors than the old, impoverished kind. They take their work very seriously, and radio has taught them how to express the essence of expression out of their voices. They’re good, solid citizens with families and responsibilities and a place in the scheme of things.

Dick, for instance, is the husband of columnist and radio commentator Dorothy Kilgallen, and the father of two-month-old baby, Jr. He’s a graduate of Yale University, and if he weren’t an actor would probably be just as successful as a writer. His wife admits that his suggestions and help when she gets her eye on a tight spot when she is writing a short story. He also paints in his spare time. He and Dorothy both like to stay out late at night, but they’d just as soon have a few friends in as go out to a night club.

Dick comes from a completely non-theatrical New Jersey family. When he was in college he sang in the glee club and took part in undergraduate dramatics to such an extent he couldn’t make up his mind whether to be an actor or a singer. He solved the question neatly by becoming both. Broadway theater-goers have seen him both in straight plays and in musical comedies.

Dick’s not thinking that being an actor is particularly glamorous, and as a matter of fact you’ll find few sincere actors who do. On the other hand, he does find it very exciting to create a character with his voice, and to know that millions of people do listen, laughing, crying, smiling or feeling sorry in response to his creation of that character.

### Dates to Remember

October 3: CBS brings back two old favorites tonight—Al Pearce and his gang at 7:30, followed by Kate Smith’s variety show at 8:00. October 6: The Friends of Walter Damrosch and his famous Music Appreciation Hour start their new season on NBC-Blue at 2:00 this afternoon.

### Saturday

**Public Central Time**

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: The World Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Hank Lawson</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Dick Leibert</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>CBS: Adele de Havilland</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: String Ensemble</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Deep River Boys</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: News</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: News</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Market Basket</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS: Old Dirt Diamond</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: New England Music</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: Jones and I</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Musical Millholland</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Let’s Swing</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Happy Jack</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: China Town</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: America the Free</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway</td>
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<td>10:05</td>
<td>CBS: Burl Ives</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:10</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Dorothy Kilgallen</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: All The News That’s Fit To Be Printed In The Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Vaudville Theater</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>CBS: Hi-Buett Champions</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBS: Theater of Today</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Consumer Time</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>CBS: Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Call To Youth</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>CBS: Let’s Pretend</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>CBS: Sunday's Millions Young</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Patti Chapin</td>
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### Eastern Time

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: Calling Pearl Harbor</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Club Manhattan</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Listen to Lytton</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: A Boy, A Girl, and a Band</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Paramount Musical Hour</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Dance Music</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Art of Living</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>CBS: Elmer Davis</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Our Gang</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: The World Today</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Edward Talmadge</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Paul Douglas</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: People’s Platform</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Blue: Message of Israel</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Defense for America</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: Wayne King</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Band</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Kielbassa Playhouse</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>CBS: City Desk</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Bishop and the Garpoples</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Gilbert &amp; Sullivan Plays</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red: National Barn Dance</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Morton Gould - &quot;The Golden Phony&quot;</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Saturday Night Serenade</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: Chicago Concert</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Public Affairs</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red: Four Clubmen</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red: News of the World</td>
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Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!

"ELBOW TEST" shows instantly how new kind of powder makes skin look smoother, fresher.

By Lady Esther

Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much younger your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

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You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Powder FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

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Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

November, 1941
Is There a Doctor in the House?

By Nanette Kutner

ost radio stars are hypochondriacs. I don’t know. Maybe nervous strain has something to do with it... those few minutes to go... those minutes when the clock seems to stop, when each one present feels an unforgettable breathlessness, a frantic silence, a nightmare challenge to one’s imagination.

Walter Winchell’s head starts throbbing, Ben Bernie feels the pumping of his heart. Gracie Allen is conscious of a wringing pain in his right side. Goodman Ace gets that queer dizzy feeling again, and Cantor... well, Cantor is the worst.

However, Cantor need not blame his ills on broadcasting. He was fussing about his health way back when people thought radio was a toy with which to entertain their leisure time. In fact, in his “Whooppee” days, when Eddie had pleurisy, Ziegfeld sued him. And Ziegfeld couldn’t be blamed. It was his way of crying “Wolf,” once too often. Eddie had complained so many times that in this instance when he actually was sick, Ziegfeld refused to believe him and for five nights, Cantor, suffering terrific pain, and strapped up like a mummy, had to go on with the show until the case could be brought before Equity and Ziegfeld’s own doctor pronounced him too ill to perform.

In the days his insomnia began, he’d hear him tell it, the whole world seemed to be in league against his sleeping. Looking forward to the quiet and the solitude, he fixed and moved the Idas and the family out to Mount Vernon. No sooner were they settled than someone bought the property directly opposite and there commenced a daily drilling and hammering which ruined Mr. Cantor’s morning slumbers. (He likes to sleep until noon.)

“Immediately moved to a Broadway hotel,” said he, “but the taxicabs got me. Then I tried one on Central Park West, but they started blasting for the new way. Next, somebody suggested Gedney Farms at White Plains. So, one evening, after the show, I drove there by myself. I was so sure I wouldn’t sleep that I neglected to leave a call for the morning. To my surprise I slept until one-thirty, the following afternoon and nearly missed my matinee. I had no time to shave or have breakfast but I did manage to call Ida and say, ‘Thank goodness, I found a place!’ She packed my clothes and sent them right up there. That night I drove out again. When I was about twenty minutes away I noticed crowds of people. And a policeman stopped my car. ‘You can’t go any further!’ he ordered. ‘But I live here!’ I argued. He quickly corrected me with, ‘You mean you lived here.’ Gedney Farms had just burned down to the ground.”

When Cantor went on the air, according to him, his real insomnia began.

One morning at breakfast, he uttered his usual complaint, “I haven’t slept a wink all night.” And his wily daughter, Marilyn, hearing this, said, “Yes, wasn’t the thunderstorm terrible?” And Cantor agreed.

After breakfast, Marilyn took her

sisters aside and plotted to cure him of this self-imposed insomnia because as Marilyn told them, “There was no thunderstorm.”

They telephoned the family doctor and the next thing Eddie knew, he was given sleeping pills. He thought them too strong, “Makes me sleep like a top the minute my head touches the pillow.” But after he used up the bottle, when he called the doctor for a second prescription, that worthy said, “Why, Eddie, you can make them yourself... they are only bread and water.”

CANTOR is keen enough to acknowledge the part imagination plays with high-strung temperaments. To prove it, he told me a funny story.

It begins in the Ziegfeld era when Cantor and Seymour Felix, the dancing director, were rehearsing. Cantor, knowing Felix was a hypochondriac, and always glad to point to somebody else, nudged Ziegfeld, whispering, “Watch this!” when, at lunch, Seymour, seeing Cantor leave the dining room, called, “Meet you later at rehearsal.” Cantor said, “Oh, no, I’m going to take my nap?” asked Seymour, puzzled. “Yes,” said Cantor, winking at Ziegfeld. “I always take my nap after my ginger ale and cream. You, of all people, should take it. Why, it’s cured me of insomnia!”

Remembering that Al Lewis is an intimate friend of Felix’s, Cantor quickly put two and two together. After this, Eddie met at least seven people who were seriously drinking and nipping it all, a few months later, in Winchell’s column there appeared... “Insomniacs... take a tip from W. W. ginger ale and cream.”

Like most hypochondriacs, Cantor likes to point to the other fellow.

“Take Al Jolson,” he says “Jolson beats any of us. He lives in constant fear that something will happen to his voice.

“Once, in the middle of a successful run, Al felt a little hoarse, so he simply closed his show and went down to Florida. The Shuberts had a fit, and the Idas hurried up to draw in forty thousand dollars a week as against the average star’s fifteen... so when he had been gone five days, they sent Stanley Sharp to see him. Sharpie found Jolson on the beach, surrounded by admirers, and Jolson was not even talking, instead he was asking what he always does when he gets worried about his throat... writing on a pad. ‘How are you, Al?’ inquired Sharpie.

‘A little better,’ wrote Jolson.

‘When do you think you’ll be able to use your voice?’ asked Sharpie.

‘God only knows,’ wrote Jolson.

“In this way they covered thirty pages or so until Jolson wrote, ‘What’s new?’

“Cantor opened in Chicago last night in The Midnight Rounders,” said Sharpie.

“How much business did he do?”

Jolson. “Forty-five hundred the first night,” said Sharpie.

“And with that, to the astonishment of the people on the beach, the up-to-then-silent Jolson suddenly hollered in that girlish coming voice of his. ‘That’s a lie, and you know it!’

“Okay, Al,” said Sharpie. And led him to the train.

“A hypochondriac,” went on Cantor, “lives longer than anyone else because he takes better care of himself. If he has a slight cold he stays in bed because he thinks it’s pneumonia. If the doctor says there’s nothing the matter with him then he believes one of two things, either the doctor just doesn’t know his business, or he is dying and they’re keeping the truth from him.”

Despite a sense of humor that lets him tell a story like that, Cantor doesn’t see himself as others do.

When he first moved to California, Benny dropped in and asked him to play a radio role.

“Oh, I can’t,” moaned Banjo-eyes. “I just had a cardiogram made of my heart. And I’m waiting to hear the results.”

Benny good-naturedly sat around with the Cantor family while Eddie telephoned his doctor for the verdict. And Benny’s own heart thumped with sympathy as he heard Cantor cry, “Oh, Doctor... oh... oh.” And the last “oh” trailed off, a ring of despair that Benny felt certain his friend was a goner. He nearly collapsed when Eddie, turning from the telephone, said the dis-appointed voice, “When do we start playing? The doctor says there is nothing the matter with me.”

The habit of seeking there is nothing wrong is beyond being funny, especially in the case of Ben Bernie. A doctor told him he had heart trouble. Since then the doctor has been proved a quack, and although Bernie does have a slight muff, it is virtually nothing. Yet, Ben still extends his grid, bed each night with one prayer on his lips—that he’ll wake up the next morning.

And when he goes he employs two caddies, one to carry his clubs and the other to place his hand on the small of the Bernie back and actually push him up the hill.

“To take the strain off my heart,” says Bernie.

But he is too intelligent to kid himself for long. He senses there is a deep psychological reason to all of this, and that he and his buddies are not just plain spoiled or temperamental, or even that they suffer only from a “mike” fright.

I think he explained it quite clearly when he said, ‘In that case I began to bother me as the big radio money came in. You see, it never got used to a million dollars.’
IT'S GLAMOUR NEWS! in Hollywood

I'M A SCREEN STAR. I USE LUX SOAP EVERY DAY BECAUSE—

JOAN BENNETT
Star of 20th Century-Fox's "Confirm or Deny"

I CAN'T FACE A MOVIE CAMERA UNLESS MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH

—in your own home town!

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I USE LUX SOAP EVERY DAY BECAUSE—

I WANT TO KEEP ROMANCE!

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CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE take Hollywood's tip—find ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid!

"Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

NOVEMBER, 1941
Millicent queried, and Hallam said evenly—"Not that I've been able to discover, so far."

Millicent was walking to the door. Halfway across the room she turned swiftly on her slender, spike heels.

"You're assuming a great deal, Hallam Ford," she said slowly. "Are you sure you're not a little mite sore because I had other plans on a couple of occasions when—"

"I'm not that small," Hallam interrupted. "If you didn't care to accept my invitations, that's your own business. It wouldn't change my feeling for you as an actress."

With eyes that were very large and several shades darker than usual, Millicent met his gaze.

"I was fond of you at one time, Hal," she said, "very fond. In the beginning I enjoyed going places and doing things with you. . . . But it bored me, rather, when you began to show very plainly that I wasn't a fit companion for your—son."

Hallam protested. "There wasn't any question of you being a fit com-

panion for Donnie," he said. "You just aren't the maternal type. . . . You stay out too late at night and smoke too much. You don't belong to Donnie's world—and he doesn't belong to yours. A girl that's forever late at rehearsals couldn't be de-

pended upon to keep her eye on a kid—at the circus. An actress who's casual about playing an important part."

Millicent broke in angrily. "Per-

haps the part didn't seem important—
to me. And everybody's late, once in a while. If you think I'd take a child into a crowd and lose him—" She started toward the door again and didn't speak until she was on the very threshold.

"Listen here, Hal," she queried, "how do you get that way? What right have you—" she choked and said, very low—"I hope the kid's better soon."

The door closed behind her. It was worse after Millicent Barry had gone—much worse. Although it was necessary to get in touch with the other actors and actresses as soon as possible, Millicent felt no urge to do so. He had an absurd desire to call Millicent back—to beg her par-
don humbly, for this evening, and for a six months' old insult.

"Why was I so rude?" he questioned savagely of his heart. "Why am I always so rude to Millie? Why does the very sight of her make me forget that I'm—" it was a trite word—a "gentleman."

"Always?" But it hadn't been that way, at first. At first—meeting Mil-
cent Barry in the studio—Hallam Ford had felt only a desire to make her like him—to make her like him very much, indeed.

They lounged together on several occasions back when the world was sweet with springtime. Once it had been in a fountain-studded courtyard, and that had been nice. Once it was on a roof far above the work—a-day world—and that had felt rapturous. Hallam and Millicent had lived fleetingly in a land of balder and small talk and lifting

the place was jammed with heavy furniture and longfing old ladies and ladies smothered and patted him against the setting of their age Millie's youth stood out like a flaming insolent torch. Her light laughter, her vivid lipstick and her lacey little frock patterned the day after to-

morrow—were a false note. . . . He remembered even now the surprise on Millie's face when he told her that he wouldn't think of letting Donnie accompany her on an afternoon jaunt. To her injured—"very not?" he had said. "You don't fit in with a child, Millie—you're too modern. You're a party girl."

HALLAM FORD picked up a pencil and began to make curlicues on his desk blotter. The curlicues started out to be meaningless lines, but they developed oddly into a series of hearts—thin hearts and fat hearts, corpulent hearts and emaciated ones. Oh, Joe Ford! A lot of his heart had felt like a yen, a decided yen, for Millicent Barry. Directing her had been a joy. Touching her elbow as he guided her into a taxi or toward a table, had been sheer rapture. But there was Donnie to consider. Donnie, who needed protection and adult guidance, and systematic care. Donnie who was delicate, who couldn't be reared to the tune of jazz—Donnie who still needed

lullabies.

After that tea party there had been a difference—not a very subtle one, either. For several weeks Hallam hadn't made a move toward Millicent Barry, and when—after the several weeks had gone desperately by—he asked her to dinner and the theater, she refused him point blank. It was the first of several flat refusals and finally Hallam stopped asking her to—as she said—go places and do things. He also stopped casting her in the scripts he directed—not to be picky and revengeful, but because the sound of her voice was like a hot iron drawn across his soul, and because the sight of her, playing a deeply emotional part, was at times more than he could bear.

A deeply emotional part. . . . That was an apt description of the leading role in the Gerry Gateson script—the role of the older sister! He could hear her throaty chuckle sweeping through the air in the glorious moment when the older sister spilled the beans. He could hear her voice, deep, flat, down in her throat, and shaken under its cool-

ness, when she said—"Yes, I might learn to care for you."

Who else could play the older sister so well as Millicent Barry, could play it? The four walls of the room echoed, "No-
bodies."

All at once Hallam Ford was tearing the desk blotter—with its army of pencilled hearts—into a thousand pieces. "Why me?" he asked. He'd been as good as gay. He called Millicent over to his office to give her the part and he'd sent her away again—empty handed. He had never been a success as a schoolboy. He had let his private feelings run off with his common sense and with his duty to his employer. Millicent Barry could wipe out his love or break it because of a grudge—or whatever else you might call it—he was bargaining with failure! (Continued on page 50)
Without meat, milk, eggs, fish, America could never have an efficient army—in the field—or in the factory.

For these foods contain vital elements which men need for the hard work the nation must perform.

From lean meat come several members of that amazing vitamin family we call B-Complex. Lean meat is muscle—rich in strength-giving proteins. Lean meat is a fine source of mineral substances—of iron and copper, for example, without which good red blood cannot exist. Don't forget liver or kidneys either. In some ways they surpass the lean cuts. And the fat from meat is nature's most concentrated form of food energy.

Milk and eggs are also important foods, contributing much to a well-balanced diet.

From fish also we get needed proteins, minerals and parts of the Vitamin B-Complex.

You know how Uncle Sam is betting on the stamina and courage and alertness of all his nephews and nieces now. Don't let him down.

Proper food, we all know, can make the difference between men and women of straw and men and women of iron!

**WHERE YOU SEE** meats displayed, where you see them advertised in counter and window signs, your merchant is aiding our government's program to make the nation strong. Meat, eaten regularly, helps to build up the individual—helps to build up America's defense.

This message is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio and Television Mirror.

**THE MAGIC FOODS**

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

**Milk**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium.

"Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

**Meat**, eggs and sea food—
for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

**Green and Yellow vegetables** for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C, and minerals.

**Fruits** and fruit juices—
for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

**Bread**—whole grain or enriched, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

**Food will build a NEW America**

**November, 1941**
“It will be a humiliating admission,” Hallam Ford told himself, “and I’ll have to eat crow, but what the devil!” The bell on Hallam’s desk. He rang it vigorously several times, and when a messenger boy came darting to the door—a tripe wildly at all such an imperative summons from the least temperament of the ‘directors—he was already ramming a script into a large envelope. He scribbled a postscript and wrote Millicent’s name and address across it before he spoke.

But, even as he said it, he knew it wasn’t true. He was only tired of himself.

ALWAYS when he came home after Donnie’s bedtime, Hallam tiptoed along the red-carpeted corridor that led to the door of his suite. Not that his feet would make any sound on the thick broadloom—it was habit, pure and simple, that caused him to tiptoe. This evening the corridor was deserted—no sign anywhere of Maggie.

“I bet she never once looked in on the kid, either,” he thought.

Carefully he laid his hand on a glass door knob and swung open the door. The living room of his suite was dark, but there was a faint flicker of light shining from beneath the curtain that separated it from the bedroom. Swiftly and noiselessly Hallam crossed the intervening space and pulled aside the curtain, and heard Donnie’s voice raised in a question.

“But, Donnie was asking, “why didn’t Snow White stay on in the little house in the woods? She’d have had more fun than in a castle.”

Why did she go back with the stupid old prince?”

The voice that answered Donnie was cool and slightly husky. “Women, even princesses, are such fools!” replied the voice. “They don’t know what it’s like to be a real girl.”

Donnie spoke again. “You would have stayed in the little house, wouldn’t you, Millie? You’d a-stayed with the bunnies and the squirrels and the seven dwarfs?”

Hallam found himself rather breathlessly waiting for Millicent Barry’s answer. Finally it came.

“Of course, I’m not saying that,” she said slowly. “I haven’t any more sense than the rest of them. In fact—” She started up with a look at and glimpsed Hallam standing within the living room and the bedroom.

“Oh, hello,” she said, with only the slightest tremor in her tone, “it’s about time you got home. I didn’t have a smitch of fever—I bought a thermometer on the way in.”

Then why aren’t you home?”

“I’m drained dry of stories,” said Millicent, and when Hallam murmured, “I thought you were going to a party?” she told him—“Donnie and I have had a party.”

Donnie piped up. “There was pink ice cream,” he said. “Millie—she says that’s her name—brought it in with her. I was so-o hot before she brought it, daddy . . . Millie looks like Snow White when she does that. Her face is so black and her cheeks are so red—”

Millicent’s cheeks were red. Hallam, glued to the spot, thought that she had never been more gloriously. She was holding Donnie on her lap—the satin dress must have been sadly crumpled but she didn’t seem to mind—and Donnie’s head, snuggling back, covered up the place where a shoulder strap should have been. A dark and very stylized curl had blown softly and a trifle untidily—across one cheek. She should have looked like a modern Madonna, but she didn’t—no Millie! She looked like—herself.

“All right,” he said, passing Hallam’s glance, “I know I’m an intruder . . . Give me the bum’s rush and get it over with . . . But Donnie and I have had a hotcha time—haven’t we, buttonface?”

Donnie said very simply, “I love this lady. Can she stay all night, daddy? She can have my bed and my teddy bear to sleep with . . . She can have all my toys, if she’ll stay.”

He didn’t seem quite satisfied when his father told him hastily, “Well, she’ll stay until you’re asleep, anyhow.”

Donnie hung on grimly to wakefulness, but finally went to sleep because he couldn’t help himself, and Hallam lifted his limp body from Miss Porter’s arms and carried him over to the bed and tucked him in. During the tucking-in process, Millicent rose and stretched and went to stand by the door.

“Donnie isn’t heavy,” she said reflectively, “he’s a frighteningly thin little thing—but at that, both my legs are numb.”

WHEN Hallam turned back from the bed he found her standing in front of the mirror, brushing her eyelashes.

“Snow White, my eye,” she murmured in slightly blurred accents, as she outlined the contours of her lovely mouth with her tiny brush.

She hadn’t stepped out of character—not one inch out of character. As he stared at her, Hallam realized that the smile was no production, but the real thing, that she insisted upon being true to herself and to her generation. He said:

“You were swell to come here, Millie, after the way I acted. I was

(Continued from page 48)
I didn't come here to be swell," she said. "My own mother died when I was knee high to a grasshopper, and I had to spend a lot of time alone in hotel rooms. . . . You needn't apologize, Hal—I'd have done the same for any neglected kid."

Hallam told her, "I wasn't apologizing because you were nice to Donnie," and Millie said, "It really doesn't matter—skip it!"

Desperately, achingly as he watched her hair being patted into place, Hallam wanted to say the right thing, but the words wouldn't come. Even if they did come—he told himself—they would be phony. He faltered—"Well, I'll be seeing you in the morning, Millie. Audition's at ten—"

He was entirely unprepared for the fury with which Millicent turned on him. He actually stepped back before her uncontrolled wrath.

"Oh," she raged—but she raged in a muted voice as if not to awaken a small boy—"so you’re going to give me the job, are you, as payment for taking care of your child? Well, Hal, I don't want it. I wouldn't take it as a gift. Oddly enough, I didn't come here to boodick. I came here because I was sorry for a youngster who wanted—who needed—" she gulped—"affection. There! You can take your old job, Hallam Ford—I wouldn't let you direct me if I were starving—"

All at once Hallam did know the right thing to say and he said it. "Wait a minute, Millie, wait a minute," he entreated. "I didn't know you were here—how could I know?—until I came home and pulled back that curtain and saw you with Donnie on your lap. As for the job—well, I sent a script over to your house ten minutes after you left my office. No matter what there is—or isn't—between us, you've got what it takes! You're the only one who could make the older sister come alive!"

Millie—the stark rage fading from her eyes—faced him. The newly rouged lips trembled slightly and then straightened again into a hard line. "I thought you needed somebody gentle and womanly and understanding," she said slowly. "And I'm just a party girl, Hal. You never sent that script over to my house."

Hallam told her, "Oh, yes, I did," and with a jerky, nervous movement, Millicent Barry was gone from the mirror. She crossed the bedroom with lithe, rapid steps, and jerked aside the curtain and entered the living room. Before he knew what she was up to, she was seated at the telephone table, with the lamp switched on, and was dialing a number. Hallam, following her, was forced to watch and listen.

In a split second her voice, less steady than he had ever heard it, spoke into the transmitter.

"Hello," she said, "is that you, Dick? . . . This is Miss Barry. Has there been any message for me this evening?" She paused. "You say there's a flat envelope from Mr. Ford? . . . Oh, you think it's a script . . . Yes, that's all, Dick."

Slowly, carefully, Millicent Barry replaced the receiver on the hook. And then all at once her head was down on the desk, on her folded arms, and her shoulders were shaking . . . After a moment, and very shyly, Hallam's arm encircled those quivering shoulders, and Millie stood up to offer him lips that were still salty with tears.

"Now we will use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home clean with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—"Now we will use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Golden bar or Golden chips—Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
Once away from the Country Club, Tommy's gruffoklyn were off, and we talked, and I began to feel as if maybe the evening hadn't been completely spoiled after all. We talked about music and it seemed to be what interested Tommy more than anything else, and although I didn't play any instrument I'd been taking singing lessons for quite a few years, so I knew what he meant when he said:

"Some day I'd like to know how to really play the piano, and I'd like to write music of my own. Music—I don't know—it sort of makes you think things you don't like to think about. I guess that sounds silly to you."

"No, Tommy," I said very seriously. "No, it doesn't." Because, somehow, I understood what he meant. I understood that underneath that stiff, awkward way of his there was a kind of gentleness and softness—something that wanted to be released, but couldn't be except in a certain way.

Altogether too soon we were in front of my house and, pressing on his hand, I guess I was silent and embarrassed again. I guessed it was because he didn't have any money to take me somewhere for a sandwich or a drink, so I said, "My father and mother are in bed. Why don't you come in, and we'll scramble eggs in the kitchen?"

He looked surprised. "Oh, I don't think I—"

"Please come!" I interrupted, and pulled up the front steps. We—But what's the use of trying to describe it? It was just fun, tip-toeing around the kitchen and smelling the smell of bacon and eggs and coffee and afterwards sitting together at the table. And it was fun, and something more than fun, to feel his hand in mine when he said good-night, and know that he wanted to kiss me but didn't dare. . . .

But the next day Spud came to see me, very apologetically. He hadn't acted, and we made up our quarrel, after a fashion, so that a few nights later when Tommy came to the house I was out with Spud. He did somehow a small cot at home, and suddenly I heard that he and his mother had left town and gone to Chicago.

ALL that had been ten years ago and now he was Tommy Brown, leader and star inning of a band that maybe wasn't quite the most popular one in the country but was very near it, and he was playing a week's engagement at the Chicago Park, a couple of miles out of our town.

I hadn't seen him at all. The arrangements for having him come into the music store and autograph records had all been made through his manager.

Maybe he wouldn't remember me. The old-fashioned clock on the wall beside Mr. Wiscinski's desk ticked away sixty minutes, and another sixty, and another thirty—and Tommy Brown's finger drumming on the desk, his bright eyes fixed on me... The kids were getting restless, muttering among themselves and Mr. Wiscinski's frown just a self-centered, peered down was more pronounced.

"Hey, Miss Carr," somebody yelled, "you wouldn't kid us, would you?"

"Just be patient," I said nervously, "his manager promised he'd be here."

Another fifteen minutes of increasing embarrassment—and then there was a shout from a group outside the store. "Here he is!"

My hands and feet suddenly went cold—and they shouldn't have done that, because my heart was busier than usual pumping blood into them.

I hardly knew him. That was my first sensation when I saw him come in, convoyed by a dozen boys and girls. There was so little of the old Tommy Brown left. Yet, just at first, I couldn't tell where the change was. His features were the same. He'd filled out, wasn't thin and starved-looking any more, but that wasn't why he was so different.

Then, as he walked impatiently into the store and over to my counter, I knew. Tommy Brown had been shy and awkward, but this man was aggressively sure of himself—too much so. Instinctively you wanted to push him away, to say he didn't belong there.

"Sorry I'm late," he snapped. "Suppose we get started."

I showed him the desk, and boys and girls began to ring him up, holding out records they'd bought already. I was pushed into the background.

He hadn't recognized me. But then, that was very natural, because he hadn't even looked at me. He'd been sort of busy here against his will to do a job that he wanted to finish as soon as possible. I noticed that he smiled mechanically at the youngsters as he signed their records and said a few words to each one—but still you could feel that there was a sort of the pleasant words. It was only an act, and not a very convincing one. It didn't even convince the kids; I saw them glance at each other in dismay as they filed past him.

Without warning, something rather terrible happened. There wasn't anything to buy there for an affair like this, and the boys and girls were crowded into the corner to Tommy Brown's left. There was some jostling, and somebody noticed that the portable phonograph was knocked off its perch on the shelf, and came tumbling down onto the table where Tommy was signing records.

He snatched his hands away and got up, his face white with fury. "You just kids!" he said harshly. "Do you know that would have broken my hands?"

The youngsters fell back, frightened; you can't see much rage. "Go on, beat it!" he said. "I can't sign any more records today."

Quietly, not talking, just looking back at him with round eyes, the kids began to seep out of the store. I knew how they felt; I felt the same way myself. Tommy Brown's music had done something to them, expressed their own joy and youthfulness, and they'd assumed that the man who made the music must be the same kind of person, too. They'd idolized him. And now he'd smashed their idol. He'd shown himself as just a self-centered, bad-tempered person, ridden by nerves and scornful of the gift of their admiration.

By the time I'd picked up the phonograph, disposed of some broken
records, and called up to Mr. Wiscinski that the machine was unharmed, the kids had all gone. But Tommy Brown, oddly, had stayed behind. He looked uncomfortable—completely uncomfortable, not repantly so.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I shouldn't have jumped down their throats that way. But my hands—they all I've got! If they were hurt, I couldn't play the piano any more."

"Don't worry," I said shortly. "They're just a bunch of kids, and kids forget."

The bitterness in my voice made him look at me for the first time. "Well," he said with a sudden smile, "It's Alice Carr, isn't it?"

"Yes, Tommy," I said. I turned my back and began putting records away. I didn't think I could bear to talk to him much more. All the bright promise of the day had gone, now that I'd seen what success had made of Tommy Brown.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Not very," I said without turning. "Not—after what just happened."

"I said I was sorry, didn't I?" His voice had that funny catch at the end of the sentence that tells you a person was going to say more, but decided not to. Instead, after a pause, he added, "Here. Let me pay for the records that were broken, and for the ones you'd have sold if I hadn't stopped signing them."

I SWUNG around to see him laying a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. I don't think I've ever been as angry as I was then. "I don't want your money," I said shakily. "Do you think that's the only reason I didn't like the way you treated those kids? They've looked forward to seeing you for days—they think you're some kind of a little tin god—and then you—you kick them in the teeth. You come in here acting like Mr. Big, the king letting the peasants get a look at him."

"You don't happen to know," he interrupted coldly, "just how hard it is on a person's nerves to be in the public eye all the time. Like a performing monkey! Go here—go there—do this—do that! I get a little tired of it sometimes, believe it or not."

"Nobody's forcing you to do it," I said. "I can remember a time when this wasn't even what you wanted to do. You wanted to be a pianist, and to write music—not just be a performing monkey."

For a minute I thought he was going to flash back at me again. But he let his breath out on a long sigh, and said, "I don't see why I should argue with you. I came here to sign records, not take part in a symposium on What's Wrong with Tommy Brown. Good-bye. It's been very nice meeting you again."

If he let him have the last word, I was too disappointed, too sick at heart, to do anything else. Tommy Brown had been a boy who held promise of becoming—well, the person—but this Tommy Brown, the man, was only a bundle of conceit, puffed up with his own importance, purse-proud.

For a second, I seemed to hear my mother's voice, whispering. "You're too hard to please... . But I thrust the thought aside."

I'd forget Tommy Brown. Certainly I'd never see him again.

That was why I was so surprised,

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the next day, when he came into the music store again. He was as arrogant and indifferent as ever as, leaning on the counter, he did the last thing I'd ever have expected him to do—offered me the job of singing with his band for the remaining five days of its engagement at Lakeside Park.

"Doris Davidson—she's our regular vocalist—had to rush to the hospital with appendicitis last night. I was going to send to Chicago for a substitute, and then I thought it would be good business to use a local girl. Jim Bacon, our drummer, said that I'd made a deal with him, said that I'd stayed up your singing, and filled in on the air sometimes, so I thought maybe you'd like the job."

"But I've never sung with a band!" I exclaimed. The offer was so unexpected, especially coming from him, that I hardly knew what to say. "That's no reason you couldn't. Of course, if you don't want to—" He picked up a record and inspected it, too casually.

I THOUGHT I understood. I thought I knew why he had chosen to give me this unexpected offer. He was sorry about the way he'd acted the day before, and this was his mortification, difficult way of apologizing. Though why he couldn't just say he was sorry, instead of going at it in such a roundabout manner, I didn't know. Perhaps it was just the way he was made.

Smiling, I said, "It was sweet of you to think of me, Tommy, after—after yesterday. I'd love to sing with your band."

And that was no more than the truth. What girl wouldn't have jumped at the chance to share in the excitement, the glamour, of being soloist with Tommy Brown's band, even if it was only for a few days?

"Can you get away from here for a rehearsal this afternoon?" he asked.

"I think so."

Mr. Wiscinski was glad enough to give me the time off when he learned the reason, and that afternoon I was caught up into the whirl of preparations. The rehearsal went off well enough. I knew the choruses of several new songs, and quickly learned how to accommodate my style of singing to the rhythm of the band.

"Jordy" seemed a little surprised when, at the end of the rehearsal when he said, "That's fine, Alice. Surprisingly good."

Netted at the hint of patronage in his tone, I said airily, "It isn't hard to do these songs, you know. They're a cinch."

To my satisfaction, he frowned. "You think so? Wait until tonight—then you may find out it isn't so easy to... to be a performing monkey."

I only laughed. Of course he had to flatter his ego by pretending his job was difficult!

I rushed home to press my best evening dress—luckily it was almost new, I'd only worn it once. A quick visit to the beauty shop came next, and by that time the afternoon was over. I planned to have a quick supper, then get-dressed and be at the park by eight o'clock.

To my amazement, I discovered I was too excited to eat. Mother had prepared a simple supper, but I pushed it away, and as I did so I noticed that my hands were shaking. My nervousness increased while I dressed, and at last I couldn't hide the truth from myself any longer—

I was terrified!

This was ridiculous, I argued as I drove out to Lakeside in the little car, I'd purchased myself from my earnings at the music shop. Alice Carr—the self-sufficient Alice Carr, trembling with stage-fright! I had sung in public before, and on the radio; there was no reason to be afraid now. I couldn't argue away anything as unreasoning as the fright which gripped me. All I could do was to hide it, and to force myself to park the car near the big open-air dance floor, get out and walk over to the stage entrance at the back of the shell where the band sat.

I groped my way through the semi-darkness of the space behind the band shell, stepping carefully over electric cables that lay twisted and curving on the floor. Tommy was at my side, saying, "Come on, it's nearly time to start," and leading me to the chair at the side and in front of the shell where I was to sit between my numbers.

"Are you all right?" he said sharply, looking at me under the lights.

Of course I am," I answered, and after a keen look at me he went to his own position at the piano, where he alternately played and led the band.

It was early, but many couples were already on the floor when the band struck up its first number, and more were pouring in all the time. I sat there, waiting, feeling as though I were made of ice. Never in my life had I known such a lack of consciousness. I was convinced that every eye in the vast hall was on me.

Minutes passed, and the band still did not play one of my numbers. But when, at last, I heard the opening bars of "This, My Love," it was even worse than the waiting; I wished I could stay where I was and never have to move.

EVELYN AMES—the new Lullaby Lady on the Carnation Contended Hour, Monday nights on NBC. Evelyn is a contralto, and was born November 5, 1914, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Since then she has sung with the Chicago City Opera Company and been on the teaching staff of the American Conservatory. This is the first time she's been starred on a weekly sponsored program. She's 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds, and has brown hair.
In a dream I answered Tommy's nod, walked past the music stands to the microphone in the center of the stage. The music fell to a soft introduction, and it seemed to me I heard, above the shush-shush of dancing feet, a whisper run over the crowd: "It's Alice Curr! Let's listen." They were waiting, waiting to give their approval or their scorn.

I opened my mouth...

I couldn't sing. The words were gone, gone as completely as though I had never known them. The music was rushing on past me, but I could only stand there, my mind emptied of everything but a stinging terror and a frightful urgency.

Instinctively, I turned toward Tommy. But as I met his eyes I saw something in them that sent me stumbling blindly from the stage.

He was glad I had failed!

The humiliation of that realization was worse than the torture of failing itself. Half running through the dim, cluttered-up space behind the shell, tears stinging my eyes, I saw nothing but the memory of his face in which pity and triumph were mixed.

I tripped over something, a length of cable rolled under my foot. Nearly the floor there was a bright, blue-white burst of crackling light, then flame was licking at my wide, bouffant skirt of tulle, scampering swiftly up the folds toward my face.

I SCREAMED and beat at the fire with my hands, but I seemed only to fan it to new fury. I hardly heard the sound of running feet before someone had thrown himself upon me, bringing me to the ground in a confusion of flame and violent blows about my legs. A ribbon of fire mounted against a backdrop curtain that hung backstage, and its lurid light showed me that Tommy was my rescuer.

I felt myself being lifted and carried outside, into the cool night air, away from where people were running and shouting and trying to combat the fire I had started.

"Your car," Tommy panted. "Which one is it?—I've got to take you to a hospital."

But I felt my long slip of heavy white silk against my legs, and I knew that, miraculously, it had protected the lower part of my body while thanks to Tommy's prompt action the flames had not reached my face. "I'm all right," I gasped. "I can walk—let me down. I—Tommy! Your hands!"

For as I slid to the ground I had turned and seen the agony on his face and the way his hands and arms were vivid with burns.

It was I who drove him to the hospital, I who waited while Surgeons dressed and bandaged the wounds. And while I waited, I did some thinking, and my thoughts weren't pretty.

I didn't forget the look of triumph on Tommy's face when I failed—I didn't forget it, but it no longer seemed so important. The fact remained that he had sacrificed his most precious possession, the hands that made the music which brought him fame and fortune, to save my life. I could still feel those hands beating out the flames against my body. He must have realized what he was doing, yet he hadn't hesitated, hadn't.

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November, 1941

55
How to get ahead

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But it was my fault," I sobbed. "And your hands—"

“They’ll heal. The doctor said so. I’ll be able to play as well as I ever could. Anyway, it wasn’t all your fault. I never should have put you through the ropes like that. I knew it would be tough for you—I wanted it to be. I hoped you’d break down. "But why?" I cried. "I don’t understand."

"Because—Well, I’ll have to go back a long time to make you understand. Back to when we were kids. You remember, don’t you? How I was always out of things at school and then the night of the Senior Ball you came out of the Country Club and I took you home . . ."

I nodded. Yes, I remembered, very well.

"You were the first girl that ever paid any attention to me. I thought you were the only girl in the next time I came to see you, you and Spud had made up your quarrel and you weren’t there. It seemed to me you’d just telephoned to me because that day wasn’t anybody better to talk to. I realized that night hadn’t meant anything to you. So I was glad enough to leave town and go with Mother to Chicago."

I bowed my head, ashamed to meet his eyes, and after a pause he went on.

"Well, I got a job playing the piano in a cheap night club, and after a while I got a little better job. But all that isn’t important. What I want to tell you about is my—wife."

My head jerked up. "Your wife?"

"Oh, not the long one," I said with a wry smile. "We were married when I was playing in Dean Marshall’s band. She was the vocalist. I thought I was in love with her, but now I know it was just because she was so pretty and so many other fellows were after her. Marrying her was like showing the harmless antecedents of something, and I needed that."

"But Elsa—that was her name—kept after me to get ahead, make something of myself better than just a danceband pianist. What I really wanted to do was save enough money so I could quit work and study and write my own music, but Elsa couldn’t see that. She said I ought to get my own band, then I could really clean up. We used to have quarrels—pretty bad quarrels."

I could visualize them, from the words he left unsaid. I could almost see Elsa—hard, mercenary, ambitioned.

"Finally I gave in. Only I was still enough of a kid to want to surprise Elsa, so I didn’t tell her what I was doing until I’d talked to some people I knew and made arrangements for them to help me finance a band of my own. Then, when everything was all set, I went home to tell her. Only—she was gone. To Reno. She left a note saying that after the divorce she was going to marry Dean Marshall."

He chuckled. "I can laugh about it now, but it wasn’t very funny then. It hit me hard—it was another case of Tommy Brown not being good enough, you see. So I made up my mind that if being on top of the heap, having lots of money, was such an important thing in life, that was all I’d worry about from then on. And that’s all I still worry about—until I came back here and saw you again."

"And I—"

"And you didn’t seem to think I was good enough, either. You made it pretty plain what you thought of me. I wouldn’t admit to myself that you might be right. Instead, I wanted to prove to you that you were wrong. That was why I asked you to sing with the band after Doris got sick. I thought you’d find out that running a band isn’t as easy as you seemed to think it was, and I hoped you’d see me in a different light. Most of all—his voice sank even lower. "I guess I really hoped you’d have a tough time. It was a petty kind of revenge, I know—but maybe you were right all along. Maybe the kind of life I’ve led has—made me—mean and petty."

"No!" I exclaimed. "I was wrong—I should have understood, sympathized. At least I shouldn’t have judged you, without knowing the whole story."

"Don’t blame yourself for that. It’s what too many people do—too many times."

"But I did it," I confessed, "because I wanted you to be perfect. I couldn’t stand the thought of you being less than what you were."

"Alice!" His eyes were shining. "I—mean that much to you?"

"You mean everything," I told him. "I think I must have told you this time, without knowing it, for you to come back."

I leaned over the bed then and kissed him, remembering the kiss that should have been exchanged on that night ten years before; remembering it and thinking of all the love I was giving from now on to make up for the ten years of loving that were lost.

NEXT MONTH: Another romantic "Love Story" by that famous author, Margaret E. Sangster, entitled, "Leading Man"—In December RADIO MIRROR
child, unconscious that his mother had risen and had walked to the window, from which she did not turn until her son had left the room. Then she looked long and earnestly into the eyes lifted expectantly toward her, and her face was white, and a trifle strained.

"Amanda," she spoke, at last, sitting down beside the girl, "you say you want to make Edward happy? You'd do anything—anything, at all—for his sake?"

"Of course"; there was no hesitation in that answer.

"Then," the older woman grasped herself, "you must leave this house at once, and go back to your father and never, never see my son again."

Amanda stared, all the lovely color draining from her face, stared as if she had not heard aright.

"Leave Edward—go away? No, no, we are to be wed—he asked me!" Her hands crept to her breast and pressed hard. "Edward and I are to be together all our life long."

NOT if you really wish him happiness. Susan's eyes were now hard and determined. "Edward may think he loves you, but it can't be real or lasting. You're very beautiful and he's been carried away by that."

"He loves me," Amanda said.

"It won't continue, not after you're married, and he sees how ignorant you are—how little you know. He'll be ashamed of you. Oh, good gracious, child, you have no idea of the life you'll be expected to lead. People will laugh at him for having such a wife, they'll laugh at you—"

"Laugh at me!" Amanda was on her feet. "There'll be no cause to make fun of me. I am Valley born and my blood is purer, older—"

"Maybe, but that makes no difference."

Susan's voice was edged with controlled anger. "Answer me a few questions. Can you read? Have you ever been to school?" And as the girl shook her head, she continued, quickly. "You'll disgrace Edward; people will pity him."

"Pity! We take no pity in the Valley."

"Red flushed Amanda's cheeks. "We're proud and free and honest. We keep our word. We don't lie as you lied to Edward, making him believe you'd be kind to me."

"Yes, I did. I had to. I have to save him from you. You will only make him unhappy and miserable. Can you manage a place like Honeymoon House, direct the servants, entertain his friends? Of course you can't." Susan was on her feet by the trembling girl. "You are poor, white—"

Don't you say it, Mrs. Leighton, Amanda's eyes were blazing. "Don't say that. You're Edward's mother, but you can't call me that. I am poor, I know very little—" Suddenly all the anger faded before the terrible realization of Susan's meaning.

"Then, you mean—you don't want me—you think Edward would be ashamed of me—he would be sorry after he had wed me?"

"I know my son will be terribly sorry he ever met you unless you leave all. The man you willing to be made fun of. To know Edward would be reluctant to introduce you to his friends—why, you wouldn't know how to talk to them. Do you want him to be pitied because his wife was a Valley girl?"

Amanda flung up her hand as if to shield herself from the scornful words. She stood, frozen, stiff. She could not think; her house of dreams had crumbled around her even as her heart cried wildly, desperately for Edward—Edward who would be sorry he had ever seen her, who would be ashamed before his people if she were his wife. With a broken little moan, she went from the room, out the long windows and across the grass, stumbing in blind pain. The smooth lawn became an overgrown path, and she followed it, not knowing, not caring where it led, until she found herself by the side of an old moss-covered well. She steadied herself on the cool stones, suddenly, terribly exhausted. She bowed her head, but there were no tears; the devastation of her life was far, far beyond any comfort they might bring. New in all the world would she chance making Edward unhappy, no matter what happened to her, and now she knew she no longer cared what her fate might be. Black trouble when the Valley and the Hill meet; the old saying was true. Oh, Edward—her body quivered in anguish—Edward, I love you. I'll never see you again. It would kill me to

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November, 1941
I have you sorry you wed me. Suddenly, before she could seek the safety of the trees, she heard running feet, and strong hands caught her shoulders, and had pulled her around.

"Amanda!" Edward's eyes blazed at her out of a set face. He spoke harshly. "What do you think you are doing?"

"I'm going now, I'm going—" was all she said. But she could not free herself from his grasp.

"You're coming back to the house with me. No!" Amanda flinched as though from a physical blow.

"My dear, how could I know what Mother would say to you? She had no right—all she said was wrong, she doesn't understand, I didn't make it clear enough."

"It is true," Amanda's voice was without life. "I can never marry you."

"Darling," he tried to bring her closer to him, but she stiffened against his embrace, shrinking away. "You can't leave me. You're my life, my future, my happiness. Amanda, I can't live without you."

Against the torrent of his passionate words Amanda stood rigid, trying not to listen, not to be moved by his outburst.

"Look," he said, involuntarily Amanda's eyes lifted to where he was pointing. A few feet from where they stood she saw the old well. "It's the Wishing Well," Edward said. "Whatever one promises here, or whatever one wishes always comes true. The well is old, Amanda, and it's heard the vows of many lovers. You must promise with your hand on its stones that your love for me will be undying, and I shall promise the same, and then we'll wish for such wonderful things to come to us. Please. Promise for my sake."

But there was no change in the white face, or in the eyes which looked beyond him, seeming to see a stricken, barren world.

"No, Edward, I'm going."

"I'm not leaving you, Amanda. You can't get away from me."

Now her lips quivered. "Oh don't try to keep me. It's mighty hard. Your mother showed me it would never do." She gently freed herself from his arms and began again down the narrow path.

"Amanda!" She stopped at the sudden anger in his voice. "I'm going with you."

She whirled, fear in her eyes, "You can't. You can never go to the Valley again. They would—"

"Then come back with me," he said.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "You must go back to your mother and I will go back to the Valley."

Edward flung his hands out. "What do I care what happens to me down there? Let them do what they want. We're not going to lose each other."

"Amanda!" he thought, "could she have done it?"

"Oh Amanda," Edward's eyes were bright with hope. "If she did, would you stay? Would you marry me anyway?"

"First you must ask her," Amanda said, tears stinging under her lids. "Now I will. Right now. Come, Amanda."

And he took her hand in his. Amanda shook her head. "You will go alone," she said. "Before I ever go back to your house I must know that your mother is sorry for what she said."

He paused, his eyes searching Amanda's face.

"Will you promise to wait here for me until I come back?"

She nodded.

"Promise," he said. Her voice was low, blurred. "I— I promise, Edward," she said.

He drew her to him and at this time she let herself be taken in his arms, she let him kiss her, but her body and her lips were passive. Her eyes were sunken in her cheeks as she watched him disappear around the bend; then, stumbling a little, with her hands outstretched as if she were suddenly blind, she stumbled down the hill towards the woods below her to meet her fate as a Valley girl. As she groped her way, she gasped with the pain that her lie to Edward had cost her. Yet how else could she have sent him away in safety? Though it did not matter now what happened to her, Amanda knew that she must go on living. He would forget...

LIKE a sleep walker, sunk in some dreadful dream, Amanda let the slow hours of the day pass over her, scarcely knowing, or caring what they brought. Valley born, Valley bred, Valley wed, and Valley dead—the familiar saying circled around and around in her tired brain, her only hope being that the last line would soon become reality. Marriage to Charlie was more tolerable than that Edward would some day experience shame because of her.

When the sun had dropped over the western hills and a blue haze filled the Valley, she had been taken to the Harris' farm house, among her neighbors and relatives. And from the back room, where the unmarried girls of the Valley were dressing her, she could hear the sound of a fiddle being played, and voices raised in songs and laughter. Roused for a minute, she realized that before another dawn broke over the valley, she would be Charlie's wife, she would have held her in his arms—he would have

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**Why I switched to Meds**

by a society editor

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**Say Hello To—**

SARAJANE WELLS—blonde and wide-eyed beauty who plays the part of Mary Rutledge in The Guiding Light on NBC. Sarajane comes from Chicago from Owensboro, Kent her home town of Owensboro. She is studying art, but switched to dramatics and the radio. She never had any formal training in acting, and credits her success to having learned everything from hard experience. She's married to an official of a large air transport company, and her pride is going fishing and riding with him. Although she loves to cook, mow the lawn and weed the garden, she refuses to wash the dishes, wind the clock or peel potatoes. She still paints water-colors as a hobby, and her latest accomplishment is a picture of herself having quite fright.
kissed her. For a wild, tormented second, she stared, blind with panic, around the room; then sank again into the numb stupor of despair which had held her since Susan Leighton had talked to her. Edward—that had been a dream; this was reality. She stood in her white homespun dress, her gleaming hair tied with a white ribbon, as the laughing girls slipped away, leaving her for a few minutes alone. Later they would come, bringing the wedding chain, made of all the fruits of the Valley, to place it around her and to lead her through that door to—to Charlie.

With an overwhelming realization of her position, a stark terror seized Amanda. She dropped on her knees, praying to be saved, praying that Edward would feel her danger—that he would forget she had left him, and that somehow he would understand. She had no thought beyond the present minute, of what had gone before, or what might come after, only to escape from that which she would have to endure within the next few hours. The pulse throbbed in her throat, and her heart beat like that of a trapped bird.

"Amanda," a low whisper caught her ear, and lifting her head, she saw Jim Tolliver's face peering in at the window. "Edward Leighton's coming down the hill, he'll be at the big oak soon."

Amanda sprang to her feet, a new and even more terrible fear in her heart. Edward—they might kill him—the Valley men might kill him! Don't let him come, oh, God, I didn't mean for him to be in danger—don't let him come. He was seeking her, and he might find death—his laughing mouth, his tender eyes—his strong, straight body—

"Jim, Jim, she was at the window, pushing the boy away, 'you go stop him. Tell him he must go back. Tell him I said to go. There's death here for him.'"

Jim slipped out into the clearing, and was again at the window in a minute.

"I can see in the moonlight, the car's at the big oak, and he's getting out."

The door of the room was pushed open, and Amanda swung around to stare at the sound; four girls stood there with the long chain of fruits in their hands.

"Dear God," she whispered, simply, "let me help Edward. Don't let him be in danger because he loves me, because I thought other things mattered more than love. Show me what to do."

She felt the fruits and flowers on her shoulders. She saw through the door her father's tall figure, a blur of faces, eyes turned toward her. She listened, her body stiff with the effort to hear any sound from the night outside the windows; then, slowly, she took her first step toward the outer room, where Charlie waited, the minister beside him.

Edward's love for Amanda, combined with his impetuous nature and ignorance of Valley vengeance, has put him into a situation where his life is in real danger. Will Amanda be able to stop him before he interrupts her wedding to Charlie Harris and incurs her father's brutal wrath? Read the next and final chapter of this unusual drama in the December Radio Mirror, on sale September 26.

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Include this simple method in the daily care of your skin. Thousands of women have found in it the benefits they've never known before.

---

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**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams**

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November, 1941
A shower of cups and saucers followed, and Molly and Bergen took refuge in the linen closet. Fibber finally had to use the ironing board as a shield before he could get close enough to the machine to turn it off.

Bergen was a bit shaken when he came out of the linen closet, but he repeated his promise to call Hillary Horton the next day, and Fibber began laying plans for a big Chamber of Commerce luncheon to welcome the distinguished guest and clinch the sale of the Wistful Vista Flying Field.

"You know what people'll say when they see that factory," he demanded of Molly as they prepared for bed.

"Sure, they'll say, 'There's the new factory.'"

"No sir," Fibber averred. "They'll say 'Fibber McGee is responsible for that. He's the one who's brought prosperity to this town. Fibber McGee has foresight. He has albumen—'"

"You mean acumen," Molly said.

"I do? Then what's albumen?" Fibber demanded.

"Something they make pots out of."

"Then I was right—everybody in town'll simply make pots out of this factory. And think what it'll mean to me. Pretty soon it'll be time to elect a new mayor, and you know what's gonna happen on election day?"

"The Republicans will vote just from force of habit," Molly said sleepily.

"No, sirree! Somebody's gonna say, 'We need a man like Fibber McGee for Mayor.' How does that sound, Molly—Mayor McGee? Just rolls off your tongue, doesn't it?"

"If you don't mind," Molly said, "I won't wait up for any more election returns." She closed her eyes firmly.

"Yes, sir," Fibber continued excitedly, "I'll start the ball a-rolling down at the luncheon. Mayor McGee, Molly—then Governor McGee—why not President McGee? Shucks, I can see it all already—wearing an Indian headdress during the campaign ... a silk hat at the inauguration throwing out the first baseball of the season ... fishing off a battleship."

He looked over at Molly, who was asleep.

"Look at her!" he said fondly. "She's dreaming, too!" Then he turned out the light and went to bed, too.

CHARLIE McCArTHY didn't like the way things were going at all. He'd been promised Pinehurst, where there were plenty of pretty girls, and Pinehurst and pretty girls were what he wanted. When Bergen announced they were going to stay in Wistful Vista for a few more days, he turned cross and sulky.

Charlie's brava was only a seasoned pine knot, but he knew a few things Bergen didn't. Most important of all, he knew that Bergen and Julie Paterson, his secretary, were in love with each other and weren't smart enough to realize it. Julie was in New York, and in a couple of days now she would be enquiring Jerry Norton, Bergen's business manager. Bergen looked unhappy every time Charlie maliciously reminded him of this fact. And so Charlie persisted.

Strictly speaking, he didn't get the idea himself. Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve helped. On the day before Bergen was due to fly to the state capital and bring Hillary Horton to Wistful Vista, Gildersleeve dropped in to visit McGee and found Charlie alone, sitting glumly on the porch.

"Well, young man," Gildersleeve said jovially, "and are you enjoying your visit to Wistful Vista?"

"This isn't a visit," Charlie snorted. "It's a sentence!"

"Then you don't like it here?"

"That, Mr. Gildersleeve, is a masterpiece of understatement. And Bergen's talking about buying a farm!"

"Well, it's a nice life," Gildersleeve opined. "Up with the chickens, to bed with—"

"Lumbago," Charlie supplied.

There was a short silence. Then Gildersleeve spoke in a lower voice, tapping his fingertips thoughtfully together. You know, Charlie, when I was your age, I was harder to hold down than you. I remember one time I was stuck in a place I didn't like and my uncle wouldn't take me back home. But I fixed that, all right!"

Charlie showed his first signs of interest. "You did? How?"

"Well, I sent a wire to a friend of mine back home and he wired me a note to my uncle."

"You fascinate me," Charlie said. "Fray go on."

THE telegram said my aunt was very ill and my uncle was wanted at home. And, of course, my friend signed my aunt's name.

"You mean," Charlie marvelled, "that you sent—and then he sent—and then your uncle thought your aunt—well, well, well. Throck, old boy, I think McGee's all wrong about you."

"Why, what did he say?" Gildersleeve asked innocently.

"He said that you were a liver-lipped, pot-bellied old gas bag—but I
don't think he did you justice."
"I must be going," Gildersleeve said with dignity, but Charlie cleared his throat. "By the way, Mr. Gildersleeve, would it be too much of a coincidence if you happened to be going past the telegraph office? I'd like to send a wire to a friend of mine named Skinny Dugan . . ."

THE next morning, just as Bergen and Charlie were about to take off for the state capital to get Horton, Bergen received a wire from Julie Patterson, asking him to return to New York at once because she was very ill. In a panic, he forgot all about his promise to Fibber, and headed his plane for New York.

The Chamber of Commerce had refused to pay for the luncheon in honor of Hilary Horton, so Fibber was footing the bills himself. He'd borrowed the necessary money. That made it bad when Horton didn't appear and a belated call to the flying field revealed that Bergen had taken off for New York, not the state capital.

"If you ask me," Gildersleeve said with ill-concealed triumph, "your friend Bergen never had the slightest intention of bringing his big businessman here. Probably doesn't even know him."

"I guess you're right, Throcky," Fibber admitted sadly. He was too depressed even to quarrel with Gildersleeve. Looking around the hall and at the long banquet table set with places for fifty people, he sighed. It would have been such a nice luncheon, too. "If we have chicken a la king," he'd told the chef, "remember I want you to use the very best grade of tuna fish."

And now everybody was mad at him, and Gildersleeve wouldn't have any trouble at all in persuading the town to sell its flying field to Mr. Cudahy, over in Ironton.

Fibber and Molly trudged home, and during the afternoon the bank sent a man to put up a sign advertising their house for sale. They'd forgotten that the mortgage payment was due.

"I don't suppose the bank could see its way clear to giving me a third mortgage, could it?" Fibber asked wistfully.

"Not a chance," the man said. "The directors figure if you could afford to give a big luncheon you could afford to pay your interest."

"Yeah," Fibber said. "I should of thought of that sooner, I guess."

He was too abject to do anything but wince, the next morning, when he heard that the sale of the flying field had actually gone through. It now belonged to Ironton's Mr. Cudahy.

Suddenly, more than a day after he'd left, Bergen appeared once more in Wistful Vista, full of apologies for the way he'd betrayed Fibber, and bringing with him not only Charlie but an angry young woman he introduced as his secretary, Julie Patterson.

"I'm not your secretary," she said bitterly. "Not any more. If you hadn't come roaring into my apartment in New York, claiming I'd sent you a wire saying I was sick—and then kidnapped me—I'd be Mrs. Jerry Norton right now. And I wish I was!"

After a hot bath and some food, though, Julie's disposition improved. She and Molly had a long talk while Bergen continued his apologies to Fibber.

"I'm sorry I was such a sorehead when I got here," she told Molly. "It's just that I get so mad at that Bergen. Sometimes I think he hasn't any sense at all. Where he managed to get the idea that I was sick—and then forget all about Mr. McGee's luncheon—although I'm not surprised at that, he's so absent-minded."

"Now stop fretting," Molly said comforting. "It's all McGee's fault for dragging other people into our troubles, anyway. The flying field's been sold to Mr. Cudahy, and it's all past and over with."

"But couldn't Fibber buy the field back—offer Mr. Cudahy a juicy profit or something?" Julie suggested.

"Dearie," Molly said, "McGee's so broke that if you stood him on his head and shook him all you'd get is his Elk's tooth, and even that has a cavity."

"There's something funny going on here," Julie mused. "I can smell it!"

"That's more than McGee can do. He has an intellectual cold in the nose. I wish you could see the piece of swamp Gildersleeve sold him a year ago."

CHARLIE'S voice came plaintively from his room next door, calling Julie. Investigation proved that he was locked in.

"Bergen did it," Charlie complained when Julie had turned the key and entered. "He's mad at me. He snooped on me, Julie, and found out about that telegram that said you were sick!"

"So you sent that wire!"

Charlie assumed an air of injured innocence. "Absolutely and positively

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He greeted her with a slightly stale old-world charm, and she immediately became very confidential. He mustn't let Mr. Horton know she'd come to see him, she hinted, because that would spoil all she was trying to do.

"And what are you trying to do?" Mr. Cudahy asked with a wolfish grin. "Julie laid her hand seductively on his arm. "I'm trying to do my friends—and myself—some good."

Smart girl, thought Mr. Cudahy approvingly.

Mr. Horton, Julie explained, didn't really want either the Ironstone site or the Wistful Vista Flying Field. He'd only pretended to want them in order to get the place he really coveted more cheaply. Julie let it be known that she knew the locality of this site, and would tell him for a third of the profits.

"All right, girlie," Cudahy said eagerly. "What's the dope?"

"The dope," Julie told him, "is a person named McGee who owns a tract on the north shore of Wistful Vista Lake. It's the only sizeable spot of water within fifty miles—and planes need a lot of water for testing."

"Horton's going to build an amphibian plane factory?" Cudahy asked in amazement.

"Well—I didn't say so," Julie answered innocently—and meaningfully.

Cudahy beamed as he showed Julie to the door.

The next morning, bright and early, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve showed up at Fibber's house. He was willing to let bygones be bygones, he said, and just to prove his heart was in the right place he'd arranged with a client of his to take Fibber property off his hands in exchange for Wistful Vista Flying Field.

"Here's the transfer," he offered. "All you have to do is sign it."

Fibber took the paper. "But what does he want that swamp for?" he inquired.

"I told him it would make a successful frog farm—and they both laughed uproariously, although prob-
ably not at the same thing.

"There aren't many men who would do what you finally—to me. I mean, for a friend," Fibber remarked—and signed the transfer.

After Gildersleeve had left, Bergen called the capital and persuaded Horton to stop at the Westfield Vista field the next afternoon, before keeping his appointment with Mr. Cudahy in Ironton. "And if he ever gets to Ironton, once we have him here," Julie promised, "I'll eat both wings of his plane and throw in the propeller for dessert!"

Now that there was nothing to do but wait, Julie couldn't keep from thinking. She'd wired her fiancé, Jerry, that she'd arrived and promising to return to New York as soon as she could, but the telegraph company had notified her the wire hadn't been delivered. Goodness knew where Jerry was—madly trying to find her, probably. And Marge O'Rourke, the girl she'd been breaking in to take her place as Bergen's secretary, seemed to be missing, too.

"Now, don't worry, dearie," Molly told Bergen. "You really love, isn't it?"

Julie nodded wearily. "Isn't it awful? For the life of me, I can't see what I see in you. He's about as romantic as a clam. And he doesn't have the faintest idea I love him!"

"Tell him, then," Molly advised. "Tell Mcgee. Don't let your man get away, Julie—grab him! With both hands!"

Julie was doubtful.

She still hadn't figured out the best way to grab Bergen the next morning when they were at the airport, waiting to have the plane come down out of the sky. They'd waited for some time, and were beginning to worry, when a mud-stained coupe drew up to Bergen and Jerry Norton and Marge O'Rourke got out. Bergen and Julie both began to talk at once, Jerry and Marge joined in, and while all four were trying to make themselves heard Fibber and Molly, having nothing better to do, explored Bergen's plane. "Think I'll get some of the girls when the factory starts up," Fibber mused, and twisted what he thought was a cigar lighter. The plane lurched and began to take to the air, and Fibber grabbed the first thing he could put his hands on. It proved to be the control stick, and the plane nose-dived suddenly into the air.

Molly, in the seat beside him, had her mouth open so he supposed she was screaming, but he couldn't hear her, as he couldn't see people starting run. He pulled the stick again, and the plane went downward with a sickening swoop. Molly opened her mouth wider.

Then another plane was in the air, headed right for them. It zoomed past, circled, came alongside. The few glances Fibber could spare for it told him that it was an old ship which belonged to Bill, the attendant at the airport, and that Bill was piloting it. He saw a man climb out on one of the wings, crawl out to the wing tip, and around, as the plane sailed upward, maneuvering until it was directly over Fibber's plane, and the man on the wing-tip slid off, holding on with both hands and letting his body dangle in the air.

At exactly the right split-second he dropped—landed on Fibber's plane almost fell, and then was climbing into the cockpit. Not until then did Fibber realize that it was Bergen. Molly, who had kept her eyes shut in terror, opened them.

"Heavenly days," she said in amazement, "have you been out there all the time?"

In another minute they were on the ground, Molly had fainted and Julie was in Bergen's arms, crying hysterically. "Darling! You might have been killed!"

Neither Julie nor Bergen saw the look of relief on the faces of Jerry and Marge. They'd been married on the way down to Westfield Vista, and had been wondering how they could break the news to Julie.

But—"I'm afraid all this stunt-flying scared away Horton," Bergen said regretfully. "I sighted his plane just before I went up to get you. And by now he's probably in Ironton, buying Cudahy's field for his factory."

"It's all right," Fibber consoled him. "You did your best to get the factory here, Edgar."

Jerry Norton was looking puzzled.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"We were trying to get the Horton Airplane Company to build its new plant on this site," Bergen explained. "Jerry laughed. "You chump! If you wanted Horton to build here, why didn't you just tell him so?"

"Tell him—Why should he do what I say?"

"Why not?" Jerry asked. "You own the controlling stock in the company. I told you over a month ago I'd bought it for you!"

There was a startled silence. "Holy hat! Bergen breathed at last. "That's right, you did. I forgot all about it."

Julie slipped her arm through his. "Edgar," she said, "I always said your absent-mindedness would get you into trouble. And now look—if you hadn't forgotten about owning the Horton Company you wouldn't be getting ready to marry me now!"

Fibber and Molly looked at each other, and Molly smiled. "Heavenly days!" she said.

Mary's no longer contrary

Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary. You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her of Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

So Mary got a handy, flat, flavorless package of Dentyne—and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is my chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

listening friends not only throughout the Intermountain West, but in provinces of Canada, as far west as San Diego and as far east as Nebraska. The family, which is small for one (a few months over twenty-one) man singing on a single station without the help of a network.

Pete is a musical family. His father has played for thirty years with many well-known bands, his mother taught piano, his young sister is a church singer, and his older brother plays guitar and banjo with the staff orchestra on another Salt Lake City station. Pete himself always wanted to be a hillbilly singer, and back in Kenosha, Wisconsin, his home town, he started his career by entering an amateur night contest with a dozen other aspirants. He walked away with first prize, and the next step was to form a group of entertainers with his brother Paul and
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other Cuticle Removers combined.

Saturday is "Manicure Day!"

audition successfully at WRJN in
Kenosha. For six years they played
in and around Wisconsin, and then the
family moved to Salt Lake City,
where Pete soon got a job with
KDLV.

Although he sings hillbilly songs,
Pete also specializes in Mexican folk-
music, which certainly makes him
more than just another hillbilly sing-
er. He has a library of several thou-
sand songs, to which he is always
adding. On a recent early-morning
broadcast he had as his program guest
Smiley Burnette, who happened to
be in Salt Lake for a few days. It
was an occasion that won't be for-
gotten soon by Peter's listeners, as
he frequently features many of Smi-
ley's songs.

A highlight of Pete's career took
place during Salt Lake's Covered
Wagon Days' celebration just a few
months ago. Charlie Buck, the "New
England Hillbilly" who announces
Pete's program, persuaded him to ride
a horse in the parade which was part
of the celebration. Pete has been so
busy all his life singing cowboy songs
that he never before actually been
on a horse—but he liked the experi-
ence so well that he's been riding
several times a week ever since. Be-
fore long he even expects to be a
cowboy, as well as singing like one.

BOSTON—For the first time, Bos-
ton's most radio-minded family now
includes a member who doesn't spend
part of his day in front of a micro-
phone. Esther Shain, who with her
two sisters has sung on New England
radio stations for several years, was
married just before Labor Day to
Dr. Joseph Osborne. The Shain trio,
which will go right on broadcasting
now that Esther is married, consists of
Esther, twenty-two, Thelma, twen-
ty, and Gloria, eighteen. Esther's
specialty is popular songs, Thelma
sings classics, and Gloria plays the
piano and makes the musical arrange-
ments. Their mother, Rose Wies
Shain, is also a Boston radio star, sing-
ing in several languages and holding
the post of Dean of Music in the Staley
School of the Spoken Word. Radio
earnings helped Esther pay her way
through Radcliffe College, and Gloria
is now attending Boston College.

LOS ANGELES—Hal Styles, who
used to conduct the very successful
Help Thy Neighbor program over
Mutual's Pacific network, found him-
self in a spot when the national de-
fense effort began. The idea of Help
Thy Neighbor was to find jobs for out-
of-work people, and defense indus-
tries created so many jobs that there
soon weren't enough jobless to keep
the show going. Hal was glad to see
that happen, but he, unfortunately,
was now the one out of a job.

Hal is one of radio's cleverest idea
types, though, so it wasn't long before
he popped up with a new program
called Count Your Blessings, and now
NBC's Pacific network broadcasts this
inspirational show three times a week.
Hal brings to the microphone people
who outwardly haven't anything at
all to be thankful for, and in his
interviews with them proves that even
the most unfortunate have blessings
to count. If you live where you can,
tune Count Your Blessings in some
night—and you'll be good and
ashamed next time you feel like
grumbling over one of your little wor-
ries. Or your big ones either.
sensible about it, and to realize he was sorry without any hearts and flowers effort on his part.

However, if Charlie had been with her she wouldn’t have needed cheering. Under practically any circumstances if Charlie was with her, she always was bewilderingly happy. She was, she decided for at least the thousandth time, somewhat ridiculous about Charlie. This was the only thing she talked about him—morning, noon and night, even to strangers—actually embarrassed her. And it did no good for her to keep reproaching herself because always within the same hour she made that resolve she was sure to say, “As a friend of mine, a really brilliant boy, says...” while visions of Charlie looking like Scaramouche or some other stirring Sabatini character went marching through her head. He was such a surprising, unpredictable human being.

“WELL,” she thought, falling asleep, “I can blame Charlie for leading me on. He’s always treated me exactly as he’d treat his sister, Nancy, and his friend, Don Stevens. I don’t really remember one romantic thing he’s ever said or done. I build my hopes on such little things... on that yellow rose he brought me once... on the fact that he makes it a point to see me, if he possibly can... on the funny pride he showed that time he introduced me to the old officer from his training field... on the way the color came up into his face when he said ‘Ah, she’s a wonderful dancer and smart too; she makes lots of money.’ Which is a combination you don’t find every day!”

“‘If only,’ she thought ‘he wouldn’t be quite so fascinating, so fascinating for my good. In self-defense I must put him right out of my life. I must really. And now that he’s in Canada training with the Royal Canadian Air Force, and about to go overseas to England for combat duty is the time to do it.”

I was with a determination to begin putting Charlie out of her life the very next day that Charita fell asleep. She had no more than closed her eyes, it seemed, when the phone rang. Whereupon she dug her head deeper into her pillow.

“Charita,” Mrs. Bauer called “It’s Charlie!”

“Charlie,” she said “Charlie!” And all the time, fast as lightning, she was scrambling out of bed, reaching for her robe, and running towards the telephone.

“I’m at the apartment,” he told her. “Mother hasn’t come in from the country yet. I was just elected. Come on over. I’m lonely.”

“You come over here,” she said.

He made a start, but she was not surprised. For four and a half years she had obeyed his every order unquestioningly. It wasn’t that she had changed, however. She simply encountered his suggestion only because if he came to her house she could dress while he was on his way and see him that much sooner.

“Charlie!” she cried when she opened the door “Oh Charlie!”

He looked very fine in his uniform. But this wasn’t what changed her mind about her resolve to put him forever out of her life. She had forgotten all about it. “I’m so glad to see you, Charlie,” she told him.

“Are you going to kiss me?” he said.

She had often dreamed of him saying something like this.

“I have cold cream on my face,” she warned. But even as she spoke she walked into his arms.

“I like cold cream.” he said. “It’s very nice.”

It doesn’t sound romantic. But it was. Something in their eyes and their young voices made it so.

Charita was glad her father was at business and her mother had had to go downtown to see about the final details of the farm they were buying; a farm with an old Revolutionary house, an orchard, a brook, a wonderfully fragrant mint bed, and more acres than they ever would use. Because alone with Charlie, she could move from one chair to another in order to look at him from every angle, unmoled by the embarrassment she would feel if her mother or father were watching.

She left him only long enough to play a matinee. There was a notice on the call-board that they were closing that night. Everyone was depressed. Many had counted on this income. Few had radio contracts like Charita. And she realized this and tried to seem depressed too. But it was no use; her happiness shone all over her like a Neon light. Because Charlie, with Nancy and Donnie Stevens, was waiting for her at the Persian Room at the Plaza.

THEY didn’t dance. They watched the others. Much of the time they were silent. As always when Charita was with Charlie she felt no need to say the things she wanted so desperately to say when he wasn’t there. And in between times she searched his face, grown stronger and more mature in the six months he had been away.

That evening Charlie and Donnie and Nancy went to see Charita’s play. And afterwards they all drove to the Hammer house in the country. (Irene Wicker is Mrs. Victor Hammer.) They cooked eggs and bacon and toast because in the rush they hadn’t had much dinner. And finally Nancy and Donnie went to bed and Charlie and Charita, left alone, sat on the floor by the fire.

“I wonder,” said Charita, “if I’ll ever get over remembering the first time you took me out, Charlie. It was my first real date. I felt so grown up. We saw ‘Damsel in Distress’ with Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine. It wasn’t supposed to be a good picture, but I loved it. I thought it was just... wonderful! I was so happy! We had seats way up front in the second row on the right. It was at the Rivoli. Remember? Then we went to your house, to put on the feed bag, as you called it. You insisted upon a taxi and I was so impressed—imagine a couple of kids like we were then taking a dollar and ten cents taxi ride. I’ve always wondered if you did it to impress me or just because you were too lazy to walk.

(Continued on page 67)
WHAT YOUR HANDS TELL

By Dr. Grace Gregory

A FAMOUS personnel director said recently that in these days of skillful cosmetics a girl's hands reveal her age more accurately than her face. I'm not sure about that. But your hands do give a fairly complete story on your good grooming and good taste and general health.

Mary Mason has fascinating hands—as expressive as her face. (You hear her every Thursday evening, 7:30 to 8:00 P.M., over CBS Network, as Maudie in Maudie's Diary.) Maudie—I mean Mary (the part fits her like a glove)—is the active, wholesome type of modern girl who likes to do things. She likes sports such as archery and badminton. She has a country home, and she has just put her garden to bed for the winter. Yet when she comes to her city home, her smooth young hands show no trace of having roughed it.

Born in California, Miss Mason got an early start in the Pasadena Community Theatre. This led to her first job in a traveling stock company. Inevitably the movies got hold of her, and she appeared for RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox.

In 1935 she came to New York, and was immediately featured on the Broadway stage in "Call It a Day," "Schoolhouse on the Lot," "Brother Rat," and other hits, the most recent of which was "Charlie's Aunt."

Her hobby is fascinating and characteristic. She collects actors' letters, especially eighteenth and nineteenth century ones.

About those hands of yours. Everything you do for your face, you should do for your hands, only more so. Keep them clean with frequent washing, in softened water if possible, always with mild, pure soap. Use a nailbrush if your hands have gotten a bit grimy. But remember that all this washing tends to remove the natural oils, drying the skin of the hands. You must make it up to them with creams and lotions, used often and plentifully.

There are wonderful lotions on the market now—not the least bit gummy or sticky. Massage them on with a gentle stroking, as though you were fitting on gloves. Many business girls carry a little bottle of their favorite hand lotion in the handbag, so that they can use it after each washing.

If you dry your hands properly after every time they are in water, patting them thoroughly dry with soft towel or tissue, and then use a good lotion, there is no reason why you should ever have rough hands.

Lotions or creams at night help, too. There are creams which will not come off on the bedding or pillow. Or, if you wish to use cream in larger quantity, there are special sleeping gloves to keep it on all night.

In the morning give your hands their own beauty bath in softened warm water and push back the cuticle gently with an orange stick. If the enamel on your nails is chipped and you are not ready to give yourself a general manicure, mend it with one brush stroke of the same enamel from the base of the nail to the tip.

There is no reason why you should not give yourself as good a manicure as any professional. With a little practise you get over awkwardness with the left hand. Home manicuring does save time and money. Moreover, you can change your enamel from a daytime color to an evening color, or vary it according to what you are going to wear. Also, tactful women find it simple to change to a natural or inconspicuous enamel when they are to be with friends who do not like the vivid colors.

If your nails tend to break off without provocation, it is probably a matter of general health (unless of course you are wearing them too long for your ordinary occupations). There are protective coverings, applied under the nail enamel, that are excellent. There is also a nail tonic sponsored by a well-known house of beauty preparations which does wonders in improving the resistance of the nails. It may be applied over nail polish, and it is very good for the toning up of the cuticle also.

INCIDENTALLY, those of you who are foresightedly making your Christmas lists in November, this same Beauty House puts out a complete hand treatment set, a little kit in an attractive box that includes all the requisites for hand care—a gift for which anyone would thank you.

When you break or tear one nail, it is a good idea to have a set of artificial nails on hand. You glue one over the broken nail, trim it like the others, cover it with the same enamel, and it would take a very close observer indeed to tell it from the rest. It protects the finger while the nail is growing out.

Do not baby your hands. Now that the brisk autumn days are here, wear gloves only when necessary for warmth. Let your hands get toned up for the winter. Many women who think they cannot leave the house without gloves, or do any work without rubber gloves, make their hands so tender they chafe at the least provocation. Save some of that glove money for more creams and lotions; your hands will fare better.
over for the bus.”

The glow from the fire fell on her hair and skin, giving them a rose glow. And he watched her long and liked it.

“I always have to laugh too,” she went on “when I think of the first time I ever saw you. When your mother asked me to come to the apartment to hear The Singing Lady broadcast and explained you were home from school because you had broken a couple of vertebrae, I instantly had a picture of you in a big chair by the fire with a rug around you. I used to be such a romantic!”

“Useless!” she said and undoubtedly he meant sounding jest. But his emotion got in his way and he sounded upset.

“Well anyway,” Charita continued, “well anyway, Charlie, I never will forget looking up from my script about five minutes before we went on the air that afternoon—your mother was playing Cinderella and I was the Fairy Godmother—and seeing you and Donnie in the control room. I knew it was you instantly somehow, even if I had been thinking of you wrapped up in a rug by the fire. Which proves I have a sense of reality too. Don’t you think so, Charlie?”

He reached for her hand and played with her fingers. It was very quiet. Charita scarcely breathed lest she break the magic spell.

“What else do you remember about us?” she asked finally.

“That’s about all, she lied. For she remembered everything that ever had happened to them and what time of day it had been and whether it had been rainy or rainy, what Charlie wore, what she wore, exactly how he had stood or sat or walked and exactly what he had said.

“What do you remember?” she parried.

His hands closed over her hands, “I remember when I broke my ankle.”

“You do?” she prompted.

“And I was on crutches,” he elaborated, “And you came to see me. And I was crying on a fun and gagged about me forever breaking my bones. And you had tears in your eyes.

“I had tears in my eyes,” she volunteered, responding to the question his tone implied, “because I couldn’t bear to see you like that.”

Her voice came clear and free and fluid and her words rushed. But he talked with an effort, as if each word he spoke must hurdle some restraint he had imposed upon himself for so long that it had become part of him.

Charita thought: “Something must have hurt Charlie once upon a time. That’s why his instinct is to strictly a solo flyer. He’s afraid of emotions and what they can do to you.”

She touched the gold RCAF wings she wore for Charlie. “I’ve been thinking,” she said, “that it would be a good idea to do my own wings—for the duration! So I thought I’d see ‘Women Flyers of America’ about taking a course and getting a license and being ready to fly a hospital ship or to do anything else women will be needed to do in case of a national emergency. Don’t laugh, Donnie.

“I’m not laughing,” he assured her.

The cab stopped. He got out and took her hand.

“Thank me for everything,” she said.

“For leaving Charlie and me alone last night . . . for doing that toothbrush gag at the airport . . . and for taking me to dinner tomorrow night, after my broadcast. You are, aren’t you? So I can talk about . . .”

He held up his hand. “Don’t tell me, let me talk about Charlie and business of putting him out of your life.”

She shook her head. “Only half right,” she said. “You see, last night—or this morning rather—after you and Nancy went upstairs—I completely gave up the idea of trying to put Charlie out of my life. Instead I’m going to try to keep him in my life—forever!”

Walter Winchell, America’s ace columnist after serving a tour of duty as a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve is presenting through Photoplay-Movie Mirror a report on famous film figures who have donned the Navy blue. A splendid exclusive that is up to the minute on what Hollywood is doing for Uncle Sam’s sea defense. Commander Winchell’s “Hollywood Joins the Navy” in the November Photoplay-Movie Mirror will interest and inspire every patriotic American who reads it!

I COULD TAME HIM!

He’s a challenge to every woman! The fresh, vital tang of his definitely different personality has swept the feminine population like a tidal wave with the result that Hollywood girls are “that way” about Stirling Hayden, and making their brags about what they could do if—But read “Could You Tame Stirling Hayden?” in the new November issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror which includes a grand full color portrait of this new star.

BEHOLD THESE:

A Minister Looks At Hollywood Morals; “Hollywood’s Hidden Friendships” by Fearless; No Secret Marriage This Time says Priscilla Lane; Clamor Boys—and many other articles and features copiously illustrated.

STUNNING PICTURES—To delight the heart of every collector is included a fine collection of full color portraits of Deanna Durbin, Stirling Hayden, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Lucille Ball.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror NOVEMBER ISSUE 10 CENTS
Then, rearing back, the Man of Tomorrow hit his inhuman enemy with all the untold strength in his great arms. The tentacles went limp and the octopus, dead, sank to the bottom.

The airlines were clear and in a moment—even before the professor had regained consciousness—Superman was back in the bathysphere. Thorpe was sure that only a miracle had saved them—he would never know that without Superman he would have died a horrible death.

In another minute, a signal came from the diver. The doors were opened and Gleason staggered in, weighed down by a queerly-shaped, heavy box. The other two men helped remove his helmet and, jubilantly, Gleason began to speak:

"Professor—I found it! The gold ship was just where you said it would be!"

"And what about the gold?"

"Look at this box, sir—it’s just one of ten others just like it!"

Superman quickly broke open the water-rotted cover. Revealed was the professor whiskered:

"Spanish doubloons—the gold of the treasure ship—hundreds of them! I’ve succeeded—a life’s dream come true!" He paused and then—

"Gleason, how long will it take to transfer all the boxes?"

"About an hour."

"Well, let’s hurry and get to work."

But just before Gleason was ready to step out again, the buzzer rang. It was Maddox calling the ship to the surface. His voice was ragged with anxiety.

"Professor—I’ve been trying to reach you but you didn’t answer. There’s a storm—a bad one—brewing up here. The barometer is falling fast—you’d better come on up!"

At first the professor refused but then Superman, arguing that it was useless to endanger Gleason’s life, persuaded him to come up until the storm had blown over. When they reached the surface, the barometer had stopped falling. Thorpe, insisting that the report was right behind, turned a deaf ear to every argument of the captain and descended again.

It was a few minutes after the man aboard the Juanita heard the first report that Gleason had gone back to the treasure ship when Superman looked at the barometer again. It had dropped ten points! As he tried to contact the professor, Maddox shouted:

"Batten down the hatches—stand by the anchors! All hands on deck!"

Thorpe, worried now, reported that the bathysphere couldn’t be moved until Gleason had returned. But even as Kent hung up the receiver, the skipper ran up to him:

"Kent—we can’t hold those anchors. The wind’s too strong—they’re slipping! This is a hurricane and we’re being driven on the rocks!"

Frantically, the engineer’s bell was rung as full-speed ahead was ordered. The starboard hauser was eased up—the helmsman spun his wheel. But it was useless. The untold strength of the ship was as nothing against the fury of the gale. And with each foot, the delicate shell of the bathysphere was dragged roughly along the ocean bottom. Caught in the wild, screaming fury of a tropical hurricane, the Juanita, pounded by mountainous waves, was driven closer and closer to the jagged rocks that lined the shore of Octopus Bay. And, three hundred feet below the raging surface, the men in the protective spray, leaped high off the railing. Red cloak streaming, lilting body whistling through the air, his thoughts worked quickly.

"Faster—faster! Not a moment to lose! There is just one way I can hold the Juanita off those rocks. I’ll brace myself against them. As the ship comes in, I’ll catch her—hold her off long enough for the anchor to take hold! Down—down!"

He reached the rear, just as the ship, moving with the speed of a locomotive, bore down on him. He reached out and touched the prow. Steel muscles braced like giant bridge girders, Superman held the ship and its human cargo against the fury of the hurricane, held it until it was firmly anchored. Then, as the storm died down, he flew back aboard the Juanita, unnoticed in the excitement.

MADDOX, relieved and believing that the anchors had caught finally by some great stroke of luck, immediately contacted the professor. In another moment, the bathysphere and its two weary but overjoyed occupants were standing safely on the Juanita’s deck. Beside them lay ten wooden boxes.

The professor’s gentle, kindly eyes were filled with tears. He turned to Superman:

"Look, Kent—two million dollars in gold—enough to build an institute of science that will stand forever as a monument to the agreeable that’s the best story you ever wrote?"

And Superman could only smile and nod his head in agreement.

COMING NEXT MONTH—Follow through to the unexpected ending, the beautiful love story of AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL—

in December RADIO MIRROR
that mother off," Joyce said. "I understand now. Thanks, Paul."

He looked at her in surprise. "For what?"

"For helping me with my problem, of course. Wasn't that what you started out to do?"

"Oh. Oh, yes. Sure." He gave a sort of shrug and went on undressing.

But they did not talk any more that night. And Joyce lay awake for most of their rare precious night together, wondering if Paul was really asleep, lying there so still and so—separate—

BUT morning could always bring back Joyce's buoyant sense of the joy of work, the worthwhileness, the enormous possibilities of life. At the hospital she found that Hope wanted to see her, and she exulted. "We worked it," Joyce said, "Paul and I." It felt good, put that way.

"I've decided not to resign," Hope said, and I wanted to thank you. All my life I've been running away from every problem I ran into. You don't know how many boarding schools I've gone to—and from. And hospitals, even before I came here, trying to get away from—Canada—" She stopped, tears in her eyes.

"I know," Joyce said. "But you've found out that escape doesn't work, haven't you?"

Hope nodded.

"Staying with a thing and fighting it out on the home grounds is the hard way," Joyce went on. "If it gets too hard, you come to us, will you?"

Hope promised and she kept her word. More than that, Joyce sometimes thought, though one could never know whether suffering might lie beneath what seemed a simple social invitation. These came often and whatever Hope's problems were, money was not one of them. She left the nurses' home and took an apartment in the same building with the one where Paul lived and Joyce spent her hours off from the hospital.

One day, Hope had called her at the internes' library and asked her to meet her downstairs. When Joyce saw her, her spirits sank. Even from far down the corridor she could see that this was not the serene, happy Hope of the last weeks. She was again the desperate girl with the wild, frightened eyes and the queer, tortured mouth, whom Joyce had been called in to help. "What's wrong, Hope?" All her sympathy came rushing back. "Has something happened?"

Hope nodded, her white teeth pressing her lip.

"A case—a patient?"

"Oh, no! If only that was all!"

Joyce felt an unreasonable fright. "You'd better get it off your chest," she said quietly. "Oh, but you—to tell you, of all people—"

"Would you rather talk to Tiny? Or—" Joyce found the words difficult—"Or to Paul?"

Hope's shoulders jerked. "Not Paul! And Tiny knows. It was he who told me!"

Joyce shook her head, dazzled. This wild, incoherent talk did not make sense. She waited, and at last Hope burst out passionately. "Oh, forget about me! I'm not worth your kind- ness. I've got to leave!"

"Running away again?" Joyce asked gently.

"This time I've got to! It's the only way! If you knew, you'd want me to—"

"Suppose you let me decide that," Joyce said.

"All right. I'll tell you. But Joyce, believe me, I didn't want it to happen. I didn't even know it, till Tiny told me."

All right, I believe you," Joyce felt suddenly tired. She did not want to go on with this conversation. She had had enough. There were limits to what anyone must do. But she waited.

"Last night Tiny got fed up with what he called my stalling," Hope said at last. "And he was right. I was stalling. Just as he said, I'd been keeping him hanging around, stringing him along, just as a convenience. So I could go on dates with you and—Paul—" She broke off, her eyes frightened, staring at Joyce.

"All right," Joyce said calmly. "Suppose it's true. It's hard on Tiny and flattering to us, but I still don't see—"

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**HOW 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS MAY WIN**

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To give you the added beauty of matched makeup—Hudnut offers harmonizing Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick

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**Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern**

(Continued from page 18)
“You don’t?” Hope’s lips were white where the small even teeth had set into it, hard. “Well, it’s because you didn’t, then. But you have to! I’ll tell you! He said it, and it’s true. I— I’m in love with Paul!”

Joyce felt the gentle smile freeze on her face. Then she caught herself, forced a deep breath. “I’m sorry,” she said. “It is pretty rough on you, isn’t it?”

“Me!” Hope lifted her head and stared incredulously.

“Yes. Isn’t it your hard luck? Paul is married, you know, and—happily, I think—”

“Oh, yes,” Hope sighed. “I know he never dreamed—”

“Well, let’s keep it that way.” Joyce made her voice brisk, light with an ease she did not feel. “You mean, you’d want me to stay on, as if nothing had happened? “Nothing has, that can’t be put behind us. Has it?”

Hope looked at her a long moment and slowly drew a deep, sighing breath. “—No, of course not. I’ll—try.”

Joyce believed her. But the extent to which she went to keep her promise was a surprise—and a shock.

On the first evening that the four could meet at the Sherwood apartment, Hope suddenly raised her sherry glass. Something about the gesture caught the attention of them all, stilled their conversation.

“Joyce,” she said in a queerly high, shrill voice. “Remember our talk the other morning?”

“Yes, Hope. But—” Surely she would not bring it up here, before Paul!

“Well, I told you what I’d do and now I’m doing it, Tiny!”

She didn’t need to call for Tiny’s attention. His eyes were on her, bright, his lips parted.

“Shall we tell them, Tiny?” Hope’s voice rose even higher. “Shall we announce our glad tidings?”

Then Tiny’s face changed. Slowly a beauteous look spread over it, making him look so cherubic that it would have been funny, if Joyce hadn’t sensed the tragedy that might lie in that for her.

“We—we’re engaged, Tiny and I!” She waved her glass, and her eyes came to Paul. “Do you hear me? Why don’t you congratulate us? We’re going to be married!”

The congratulations did not come. A heavy silence hung over the room. Tiny could not speak, but he did move. He went to Hope and took her in his arms, shyly, almost reverently, and kissed her. Her response was not what Joyce would have expected in a betrothal kiss. She did not look into Tiny’s face, there was no relaxed, deep surrender, forgetful of the rest of the world. Her eyes were open, bright, she looked over Tiny’s shoulder—and they looked at Paul.

It was nonsense to notice things like that, magnify them into importance. But Joyce couldn’t keep her eyes from following Hope’s. And Paul was standing as if frozen, his face darkly frowning. Then he was turning to her, his brow deep, angry, as if he blamed her for something quite intolerable.

Well, it didn’t make her happy, either, Joyce thought defensively. It was an engagement on the rebound, entered into for the wrong reasons, and it was terribly unfair to Tiny.

They found words, finally, to say the right things, and somehow the evening wore on. But that night, for the first time, Joyce was glad to leave, glad to leave Paul and go back to the hospital. And the next day she laughed at herself. When for a moment she came out of the wonderful crowded rhythm of hospital urgency, she told herself, “I must be getting neurotic myself. I’ll all work out. Marriage will bring back Tiny’s laughter, and Hope will laugh with him.” About Paul’s attitude she reached a hasty but comfortable conclusion. “I understand every fluctuation of mood of a sensitive, creative person like Paul. Especially at the beginning of a book—”

That book came to represent the explanation of everything that would have caused Joyce doubt or worry in the next weeks. If he failed to make the call that had been sincerely regular, it was because he was absorbed in writing and forgot the time. If she dined oftener and oftener on the dull fare of the interns’ table, it was because he was in a writing spurt. Or living on refrigerator snacks and letting her get her living from the hospital where she had been, in order to make his money last through the book. And didn’t they need to use every device for that purpose?

But the book could not explain the misunderstanding that came about one evening when Joyce, after waiting half an hour for the call, had phoned him. "You’re just in time,” he boomed out heartily. But heartily was not the usual tone of their precious minutes of conversation. "Why don’t you come out with us to eat?”

"I can’t.

"Hope and—Tiny and—me. Had she imagined the pause before he named Tiny? She wondered, afterward.

And I know I haven’t got all my reports written up for the staff meeting tonight, and I’ll have to snatch..."
a sandwich while I do them."

"Oh, well I'm sorry, dear. What was missing there, in tone and word? Nothing, necessarily, yet Joyce could not shake off the feeling that he had not spoken the way he would have if he had been alone.

It was not till after she had hung up that Joyce began to wonder about Tiny. Cutting the meeting was an unforgivable offense in a Heights Hospital Intensive. His work had been getting uneven, lately, anyone. She stopped at Men's Surgical on the way back to the Children's Wing. "Listen, Tiny, don't cut tonight. You know what Dr. Simon thinks about these meetings—"

Tiny's round face went blank. "Who's cutting? My records are up for once and I'm prepared to deliver the most brilliant discourse that ever rang forth in that staff room."

Joyce shook a soft lock of hair off her forehead, dazedly. "I thought—Paul said you and Hope and he—" She broke off. "Never mind. It's O. K. Just a misunderstanding—"

"Wait" His face lost all its gayety as he hung the chart up on the foot of the patient's bed and led her down the hall. "What is this?" His tone was commanding, and Joyce responded, giving him the details. "Hope probably assumed you'd come, something like this—"

"No, she didn't." There was no doubt in his voice. "Look here, Joyce. We've got to do something about this. Or you have, rather."

"Yes, you. For me it's the old runaround, but I've had enough of them to know what I'm up against. I wasn't fooled about what I was getting when Hope decided to be my fiancée for reasons best known to herself, and I'm getting just what I bargained for. It happens that I want it, and I'm still hoping. But you—you had something pretty nice before Hope came along, and I'm not going to stand by and see it messed up."

"Mess up? You don't mean you can think the girl you love would—"

"She'd do anything, right now," Tiny said, his lips grim. "Maybe it's her fault, maybe it isn't. My guess is that she can't help it. She's needed love all her life and it's got so bad that a kind of sickness won't let her take anything. That was the easy way—if there is an easy way—"

"Maybe there is no easy way," Joyce said thoughtfully. "But there's a right kind of love. "Paul" would be right for her. I feel so sure—"

Tiny's big body winced. "It's your problem we're talking about," he said almost harshly. "Whether it's Hope's fault or not is beside the point. Right now she's a menace to you, with the mood she's in, and the mood Paul's in. Vulnerable because of his sense of inferiority—"

"Inferiority! Tiny, how can you say such things? A man with Paul's successes behind him!"

"That's the kind that get it worst," Tiny said. "The brilliant ones are so smart they see both sides of things wrong with themselves that the dumb ones wouldn't dream of."

"I felt pretty sure he wasn't satisfied with the way the book went—"

Joyce said. "But I thought when he realized it wasn't the sort of thing he should write he'd go out and get a job and no harm done—"

"No harm done! Say, a guy like Paul'd go through hell before he ad-
mitten he was licked. And in the meantime the girl that's on hand with salve for his raw pride can get in a lot of dirty work."

"Tiny, I believe you're right," Joyce paused. The words said aloud had a terrible ring of finality. She had never let herself think them before. They gave her a sudden sense of panic. "Tiny, what shall I do?"

"Do? You'll get over to that apartment and put in every hour, even minute you can beg, borrow or steal off the hospital—"

"But I can't go running in to stand guard over my husband!"

Tiny gave her a disgusted look. "So it's pride, now? Your pride means more to you than your marriage?"

Joyce looked at Tiny, thoughtfully, then shook her head. "No. No, Tiny, it doesn't. I believe me, it better not. You've got enough handicaps as a wife, with a job like this, without adding a lot of artificial ones. We'll just drop over there tonight after the meeting."

They did. They heard Paul's voice before they reached the last flight. It was deep, rumbling, with that even rhythm that indicates reading aloud. As they reached the door they could distinguish the words:

"And so, taking the long view, the situation in Europe resolves itself into a struggle among three momentous contending forces: the age-old her of the British Empire, the rebirth of Germany's national pride of military conquest under the insanely clever leadership of a fanatic, and the growing mysterious force of Communism led by the crafty Asiatic, Stalin."

Suddenly Joyce did not want to go in. She couldn't. She could not face Paul, knowing that he had been pridefully reading this—this warmed-over political analysis—aloud to Hope. He hadn't offered to read it to her, or to let her read it. Was it because he had sensed her disapproval, and been hurt by it? Or was it because in his heart he knew right she was to disapprove? More than ever, now, she was sure that this was not the sort of thing Paul could do—Paul with his sure, human touch, his quick eye for the intimate details of a scene. Those were, great gifts, too great to be discarded in favor of windy platitudes and pompous re-statements of political theories that must be the merest commonplace to real experts on world affairs.

Then she heard Tiny, the man Paul had called an insensitive lug, saying gently, "That's probably not a fair sample of the book. Anyway, they all have to have spots like this to impress the public. Besides, this is a first draft."

But just as he said it, they heard Hope's voice inside, high and excited in unahushed amazement. "Whyn' be that's simply marvelous! The book'll make you famous!"

Tiny's jaw was set in a grim line, his big hand shaking, his final ringing one on the doorbell. Paul opened the door after a moment of startled silence. His face was flushed, his eyes bright. Hope stood up from the hassock, placed close to Paul's chair where she had been sitting. "Just in time for a big moment," she said gaily, but her eyes were embarrassed, almost afraid. "Preview of The Book!"

But Paul was stuffing the sheets of manuscript into a desk drawer. "You're not going to stop!" Hope protested. "Just when your wife enters!"

"My wife has enough trouble of her own," Paul muttered, "without having to listen to this—throwing his manuscript into the wastebasket and going out to get a job. Wouldn't that be a crime? Just because he has a lot of old-fashioned husband being able to support his wife?"

Again, Joyce felt contrariness tense her muscles. "I think he knows best," she said stiffly, "about what he wants to do."

But the book is wonderful!" Hope protested. "It'll be a Book of the Month Club selection, all the critics will rave, and he'll be able to choose any job he wants, anywhere. But he'll be thinking of the book and the money it will make him!"

Paul looked sheepish, but the smile with which he honored the solid leather of his shoes was definitely pleased. "I'm good at higher mathematics," Tiny said. "Let me figure out the royalties."

Paul's jaw jerked out and there was hostility in his brown eyes as he looked at Tiny. "Is that a dirty crack?"

"You know Tiny never made a dirty crack in his life," Joyce told Paul, and her voice sounded sharp to her own ears. She tried to smile. "Let's have a cool drink of something."

So that moment passed, in a way. In another way, it stayed. And stayed with Joyce when she walked slowly down the stairs half an hour later, and for the first time the blessed rush and whirl of the May成品 absorbed all her thoughts. For the first time she really wondered if marrying while...
she was still confined to the restrictions of internship had been wise. Maybe Hope's malicious remarks had had some truth in them. Maybe being a wife, helping her husband in his work, encouraging him, serving him, was a full time job, which she was neglecting, which she had to neglect as long as she was an intern.

Yet what was the alternative? Quitting now, throwing away seven years of study and nearly two years of this internship when she had such a short span of time ahead of her was through? The idea was fantastic. Paul would have to be the first to say so. It had all been agreed before they married. But marriage looks so different before you're in it.

To make it worse, the hospital suddenly experienced an almost unprecedented period of activity. A heat wave came down on the city without warning, adding to the last touch that made casualties of waving human lives. People took to the roads, to the beaches, with the resulting accidents and emergencies. For weeks no intern even thought of asking for time off. When at last a night came that both she and Tiny could rest, Tiny was the only one to go. For as she started off the floor the phone rang. "Dr. Jordan, we're sending up a boy with a diabetic coma." That settled that. Joyce had no time even for disappointment, all that long night of feverish activity, rushing from the boy's bedside to the laboratory and back again. When she finally went to bed, the next day, she slept heavily until her phone rang at eleven. It was important. It was not about some X-ray plates, but she got up and stumbled, half asleep, toward the X-ray room. Night nurseries took just stepping lightly and reluctantly into the wards to take up their lonely duties. One of them, approaching door in hall, caught her out of her drowsiness. It was a slender, white-clad figure, and as Joyce recognized her with a sharp, indefinable pang, she turned abruptly into the entrance of a diet kitchen.  

JOYCE summoned a friendly voice and stopped in the doorway. "Where've you been? I haven't seen you around for ages."  

"I went onto night duty," Hope answered shortly, and started to pass. But Joyce blocked the door. There was something queer, unwilling, about Hope's way of speaking to her. Perhaps she was ashamed of her inquisitions that night. Well, that was over and gone, might as well let her know it. "Hard luck," she said. "Maybe I can get you put back on days."  

"It wasn't hard luck," Hope said, her eyes on the chart she carried. "I just can't bear it."

"Wanted night duty?"

Hope nodded, and Joyce saw that her lips trembled.

"I don't understand," Joyce said slowly. Then she had a bright thought. "Unless—you see—Tiny's going on night work."

Hope shook her head. "No. He isn't. That's just why—" She broke off. "Oh, Joyce, please let me by. My patient is waiting."

But Joyce hardly heard her. She was thinking. It was to escape Tiny's company that Hope had asked for night duty. Hope, listlessly, was said with sudden urgency. "What's happened—between you and Tiny?"

Hope's eyes came up to hers and they were shining defiantly. Her
“But probably join Dr. Eaton”...
Joyce forced her whirling thoughts to concentrate on Paul. Was there some truth in what Hope had said? Could he be in need of sympathy, understanding, that he was not getting from her—even love? She remembered his pleasure at Hope’s praise. Maybe she should—But she couldn’t be dishonest. If she felt the book was not good, she could not say it was. She respected Paul too much. When he never happened, she would never treat him as an adult, an equal. Even if—but she could not face the thought. It couldn’t be true. She was losing him. She couldn’t!

But she remembered, as she went about her work, the warning Dr. Simon had given her when she married. “You’re like me,” he had said. “You don’t leave the hospital behind you when you walk out of it. That’s good, from my point of view as medical director. But as a man—well, it’s left me with nothing in my life but my job. Don’t let it happen to you.”

But had she? Joyce was suddenly terrified. A little after noon the next day, instead of getting some badly needed rest, she went to Paul’s apartment.

She was terribly tired. On the third flight she had to stop to rest. Her heart thumped loud in her ears. But was it all from fatigue? Could it be the sounds she heard as she stood still?

A radio was blaring from above. Yes, their radio, though she had never heard it so loud. Then she heard Paul’s voice, not the low easy tone she knew well, but a wilder, coarser sound.

She put her hand on the railing and pulled herself up the rest of the flight, and the next. The music got louder with each step. And over it she heard the voice she had dreaded to hear.

“So that’s okay,” shrieked Hope. “‘N that’s all that counts, isn’t it, Paul?”

What was okay? What was all that counts?

For long seconds Joyce waited for his answer. But it did not come. Only the dizzy rookine tone on the radio, nothing else, making a curious effect of deep silence in spite of all the noise. A silence more frightening than any words could have been.

Joyce lifted her hand at last. It seemed almost too heavy to reach the doorbell. But she would not use her key. She would not walk in on this scene. She was afraid to see it.

But she saw enough. When the sound of the bell at last coincided with a hush in the music, she heard Hope say, “Let me go. It must be the delectates—”

Joyce wished crazily that she was the delectation, anything but what she was: Dr. Joyce Jordan, or Mrs. Paul Sherwood. Which?

The door swung back and she and Hope faced each other. Hope’s face underwent a series of changes that would have been funny if anything could be funny now. Surprise, a flash of something like fear, then quick defiance.

“Oh, Paul, we’re honored!” she called out. “A guest who rarely shows up.”

“Bring ‘em in,” Paul shouted. “Bring ‘em all in! From the highways and byways, let ‘em come and eat and drink and be merry, for it’s the last time I’ll be entertaining for a while—”

On feet that stepped involuntarily
Flop!

Wheeling, strand all 25c which appears.

TYPEWRITER Coin.

'/\]

olo from these Wonder MODELS Open Chicago.

When and New.

It's for the, where he

screaming, a mess your.

try to write, as if dazed. She said, "Don't pretend—darling. This business of protecting the wife from the facts is no kindness. Don't you understand?"

Still Joyce did not speak. But Paul stood up and this time he kept his feet, though he swayed a little. "Facts?" he asked of Hope. "What facts?"

"About—us." Her voice was high, excited. "How we feel about each other."

"Well?" Paul said. "How do we feel about each other?"

"Don't try to shield her," Hope said. "She knows. She does a damn sight doesn't she every day the way things happen that nobody can help? She knows she can't eat her cake and have it too—"

"Stop!" Paul's voice was suddenly his own, quite sober, knife-edged.

"What is this about cake? You are not talking about me, are you? Calling me cake?"

Hope tried to laugh, but it was a failure. Fright had come into her eyes and he saw an ugly flush across her white face.

Joyce found her voice at last. "Perhaps she's right, Paul. Perhaps it is time for a showdown. I'm tired of mysteries, too."

"Mysteries?" Paul met her eyes for the first time. "It's quite clear, really. You see I'd been wondering why you turned up at this big event. I sent the draft of my book off to Joe Turner of Kipworth, and Price, Brice, he'd have spotted it in the roughest shape. He's a friend of mine, but he's honest. I knew he'd give me the word. And he didn't. So I came to see which of you could pass." And then he said it. "Flip!"

He had tried to sound hard-boiled, careless, but his face had grayed. He was not at all sure Joyce wanted to rush to him, to cushion his head against her breast, hold him there just feeling the beat of her heart for him. But she could not. It was not to her that he had called out tonight in his suffering. He had wanted her to be there.

"Why don't you say, 'I told you so'!" he suddenly shouted at her. "You knew it all the time. Why didn't you hit me over the head when I asked you? Why be so subtle? You knew I couldn't do stuff like that. You let me go on like a fool."

"You weren't a fool!" Hope said in that high, tight voice. "You were right. The book was wonderful! But how could you do your best work and simultaneously drag yourself back? It's her fault! She wrecked your chances. She's forfeited her right to be your wife! You have the heart; she's the one who understands, who can give you what you need. You need me, Paul!"

THAT got his attention. He looked at her then, intently, but almost curiously as if he saw her for the first time. "You?" he asked slowly. "You're saying I need you?"

It was painful to Joyce. With a different kind of pain from the one she had feared, but it hurt. To see that anything he was doing now was pretty terrible. Something in her responded to the sight. She knew where he was happy, sat, ate and shaking. "Hope, this isn't you. It was the liquor talking. You'll see it all differently tomorrow."

"She's better," Paul breathed fervently, wiping his brow. He came to stand beside Joyce, and their hands were together on Hope's bowed shoulders. "I'm saying I was on the wrong track," he said gently. "Don't!" Hope wrinkled herself from under their hands. "I'm not fit for either of you, Paul! And she had gone from the room, the door slamming behind her. They heard her own door open across the hall, and bang shut.

"That's that," Paul said. "I guess there's nothing more we can do together."

Hope closed her eyes. "You'd know. Joyce said slowly. "We've done too much, and not enough. I don't think she's in a state to be left alone now."

Paul stared at her. "You're thinking of her, now? After all the punishment you took?"

She thought she looked forlorn, Joyce said. "And I don't think she's learned how to take punishment, yet."
A QUZZ
WITH BUT ONE ANSWER

- Do you know how to get 100 cents’ worth of value for every dollar you spend?
- How can you be sure you get the same high quality every time you buy?
- Do you know how to recognize a guaranteed bargain?
- How can you be sure you receive full weight and measure for your money?
- How can you be sure the products you buy will live up to the claims on the label?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are made by a dependable manufacturer?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are fresh and fully potent when you buy them?
- Do you know how to be a thrifty shopper?

THE ANSWER IS:
(Turn magazine upside down)

AT YOUR DRUG STORE
BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

Published in the interest of Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 3–13 by Macfadden Women’s Group

TRUE ROMANCES • TRUE EXPERIENCES • TRUE LOVE AND ROMANCE
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR • RADIO MIRROR

---

"The right time," she murmured almost to herself. "Just how long can we wait for that?"

The question caught her out of her calm. All the nagging money worries which had grown more serious and frightening each month came rushing at her, so that she almost physically hunched her shoulders against their onslaught. How long could they wait? Could they wait at all?

"Long enough," she said after a moment, "for you to find the right job."

Maybe the moment she waited to answer was too long, maybe her voice didn’t carry the assurance he needed. He got up suddenly. "The right job..." he said musingly, and then straightened his shoulders. "Well," he said, almost gaily, "I’ve got to run along, darling."

Halfway to the door he stopped, came back, took her in his arms. For a minute he crushed the breath from her body and she almost cried out in pain. But his lips on hers stilled all protest, blocked all questions. Then he had released her and was gone.

After a long time she became aware of the telephone. She was wanted in her ward, and her feet found their way there. She was still living over that embrace. It had been intense, thrilling, unlike the usual contact of a brief farewell in a public place. It had stirred her through every nerve and muscle of her body, but it had frightened her and left her mind full of questions.

THE answer to all of them came at four o’clock.

As she went to the phone, the sense of foreboding gripped her. Her knees went weak and she sat down abruptly as she heard his voice. "Yes, Paul—It was just a whisper."

"Remember what you said this morning?" Paul asked.

She tried to make her voice light. "Lots of things. Some of them foolish, perhaps."

"No," he said quite sharply. "You said you wanted me to take the right job when it came. Remember?"

"Yes." What was this leading to? Paul’s voice was breathless, charged with significance.

"Well, I’m taking it. In fact, I have taken it. I’m going to Europe."

"Europe!" The word was a protest, a cry of sharp and unbearable pain.

"Yes. It’s my chance. If I make good on it, I’ll be able to—to face the world again, Joyce, I’ve got to!"

"But wait—let me come and talk it over—I’ll go home right away—this minute—"

"It’ll be too late." His voice was harsh. "I’ve fixed it that way. We said goodbye this morning. Wish me luck, darling."

"Oh, Paul, but wait—"

He had hung up. The phone was dead in her hand. She forced herself up, ran to her room, flung her coat about her shoulders, called Dr. Simon and explained in a few words what had happened. Then she was running out of the hospital, the coat flying out behind her, her knees almost giving way at each step. She must get there in time. Surely he had not gone yet. He couldn’t!

She leaned against the door jamb, her finger on the bell, hoping against hope—and then against certainty. The buzzer was sounding in the midst of silence. A dead, heavy silence. She knew before she found the strength to take her key and open the door
NOVFMEER, TINTZ.

White TINTZ...dirt, gradual wear, and...are worn away. no guarantee...and...TINTZ and...are worn away. no guarantee...and...TINTZ.
THE BOOK THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER AS YOU READ IT...........

Rushing...working...playing...worrying...most Americans almost have forgotten the meaning of the word "relax" in their strenuous living. But in the midst of this confusion, Dr. Edmund Jacobson has written a most welcome and entertaining best-seller, "You Must Relax"—a book that actually makes you feel better as you read it! With a splendid group of specially posed photographs, he graphically pictures for you his wonderful technique to comfort. Don't miss a condensed version of "You Must Relax," abundantly illustrated and joyously reprinted in Physical Culture for November.

Jinx Falkenberg—lovely model, attractive actress, one of the nation's most photographed and photogenic girls. Yet all this popularity was hers only after a tragic fall from a rooftop almost disabled her forever! How this accident completely changed her life and showed her the road to success is told for the very first time by Miss Falkenberg herself. Don't miss "My Worst Break Was My Best" in November Physical Culture!

SHE ROSE TO FAME FROM A FALL

"This Was Happiness" by Faith Baldwin—an inspiring feature from the life of this famous author!

OTHER DELIGHTFUL FEATURES in this Beautiful New Magazine of Beauty and Health—


Physical Culture NOVEMBER ISSUE, NOW ON SALE

NOVEMBER ISSUE, NOW ON SALE
other: a new doubt of herself as a person, even as a doctor.

"I don't know what to think," she told her fellow guards when she dared not leave the security of the hospital and face her loneliness. "I never thought I'd admit that I couldn't live without my own, dependent on nobody. I thought work was enough, but—" She gave him a shame-faced half-smile—"it definitely isn't.

"I've tried for thirty-five years to prove that work is enough," Dr. Simon said with a sad smile. "I've tried to reach the knowledge that I have missed the best of life. And I think, for all women, that need is still more true with you than with us." 

"You're not going to pull that old one about love: of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence?" 

"Well," he said slowly, his eyes half closed, "I think your progress depends on making that and less true. But the whole way, if the race is to continue."

The words gave Joyce another pang. She knew that meant. The thing that made more modern doctors were acknowledging, that a woman was not a complete person until she had fulfilled herself biologically and had a child.

Conscious as she was of the impracticability of the idea, the dream of a child with all her all her married life. They had talked of it, wistfully, telling themselves that it must be postponed till Joyce had made some day.

Some day! When was that, now? That was one more pain to add to the nagging fears and worries that crowded around her bed to fight off sleep.

But a day came when she knew these pains had been nothing. For real tragedy hung over her, looming darker with every passing hour. Paul's stories had stopped. No calls at his office gave her any news of him. They had none to give. They could not tell her where he was. They didn't know. Paul's story could not take it in. Her body reacted, but her mind refused to function. Three days she lay on her cot in her tiny room at the hospital. The nurses tried to encourage her through each minute, one at a time. Then for two more days she lay numb with exhaustion, drooping in heavy half-consciousness. But there came a morning when she was physically well enough to think. That was the worst morning, the pity on the faces of the nurses who brought her trays, and she turned her head away. She winced at the feeble wise cracks with which they tried to cheer her when they dropped in to take her temperature and hold a nonchalant finger on her wrist as they checked her pulse.

With each opening of the door the back of her head pricked and her face would go cold, no wonder they had been glad, more than glad, of what occasioned the test, but that made it harder. Tiny and Hopeful asked her to be one of the two witnesses to their wedding.

She knew this, because she had been through one experience that was almost enough to break the perilous, perhaps unreal, shell of her personality. She had been glad, more than glad, of what occasioned the test, but that made it harder. Tiny and Hopeful asked her to be one of the two witnesses to their wedding.

Tiny had kept his silence about the progress of his relations with Hope. But she had guessed from the steady change in him that things had gone better and better. His eyes had come to carry a new, peaceful look, and the period of unevenness in his work had ended without serious trouble. Hope she always knew, which she took as a good sign that she needed no help in her emotional life. On the contrary, she had received a

(Continued from page 79)

Joyce knew. But the words frightened her even more. Where did correspondents spend their time? Among the men being crushed by ruthless machines that overran them like so many ants; on streets where bombs whined down and buildings crumbled, that was where Paul spent his time.

The truth was worse than her speculations, when at last she heard it. The man Joyce had last been seen stepping into an airplane for a "reconnaissance flight." No more. Her begging could not get from Mr. Barlett the pilot's return, what happened to the plane. "It's just one of those things," the dispatching said with the forced matter-of-factness that froze her heart. "It happens all the time. One message will get through a certain hour, and the whole thing, a complication of censorship policy. I'm trying to untangle it and we ought to have something for you soon."

Soon! Weeks went by, and still he had no more than these hollowly cheerful descriptions of technical problems. She was in the dire implications of the half-told story. Joyce could tell from the faces of others that they weren't fooled. Yet knowing this, she held to a strange faith. A certainty grew in her, bearing her up through days of work that went by like a dream. He would come back. He would.

In the days that followed, Joyce marveled, as if she were seeing in one of her nights, not in herself the capacity of the human organism to adjust itself to what it had to face, even to insulate itself from the knowledge of those facts. For she was able to work through her days in a cool, numb sort of serenity. With the worst that she could learn, her faith seemed to come back. As if to symbolize her faith in the future, she found a new occupation for her outside hours. She began to look for a larger apartment, not just a hideaway for odd hours, but a living place for two professional people to lead a solid, stable life. With a maid's room, a guest room which might some day make better use of its sun and air, with a library big enough for a doctor's and a writer's books and desks. She started buying furniture, sewing cushions and spreads and slip covers. She did not tell anyone, for she knew that what looks of pitying wonderment they would give her.

She knew this, because she had been through one experience that was almost enough to break the perilous, perhaps unreal, shell of her personality. She had been glad, more than glad, of what occasioned the test, but that made it harder. Tiny and Hopeful asked her to be one of the two witnesses to their wedding.

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(Continued on page 83)
Amazing Confessions of a Murder, Inc. Henchman

For months you've read about smashing the nation's most sinister crime syndicate—Murder, Inc. And you were shocked to learn that many of these gunmen were mere boys—a legion of innocent youths recruited into a vicious army of crime. But what makes an upstanding American boy turn criminal and lie and steal and kill? The answer is far more alarming, far more deadly than the lure of wealth or notoriety or escape. For this army of wholesale murderers threatens our freedom as surely as an invading horde!

"Girl Bait," the astonishing confession of a former teenage Murder, Inc. gangman, is a moving sidelight on the headlines with an illuminating introduction by Austin MacCormick, well-known crime commissioneer. It's a challenge to every open-eyed American! Begin "Girl Bait" now in True Story for November!

A LIFE OF LAUGHS WITH JACK BENNY
BY MARY LIVINGSTONE

When a pair like laugh master Jack Benny and his pun partner Mary Livingstone decided to team up for life, they made what appears to be the wackiest couple alive. Yet they take love very seriously—even though their whirlwind courtship wound up in an engagement, separation, and hilarious marriage by a nightgowned preacher all within three days! For Mary learned years later what every good wife eventually discovers—that home is in your heart, not in a house empty of love! Don't miss Mary Livingstone's own rollicking, exclusive description of her life with Jack Benny in November True Story, and learn how a popular woman proudly shares her husband's brilliant success!

YOU CAN WEIGH WHAT YOU WANT

Dieting—no longer a rigidly malnourishing formula. Today any woman can be enchantingly slim—provided, she has a reasonable amount of patience and scientific facts to guide her. "Weight Control—You Can Weigh What You Want," appearing in November True Story, is a truly remarkable article of wise instruction by Dr. Norman R. Goldsmith, prominent beautician. When Nina Wilcox Putnam, the famous author, recently reduced 47 pounds, thousands clamored for her formula. It's no secret, for Mrs. Putnam earnestly recommends Dr. Goldsmith's simple plan as her reducing method. Don't miss this educational feature in the new True Story!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

* Eddie Cantor's Favorite Love Story
* The Secret Thoughts of Wally Windsor
* We Shall Build Good Ships—stirring book-length novel

Honeymoon Trousseau—God Bless America—Two Tickets to Understanding—Happy Birthday to You—My Son—Army Nurse—and True Story's fascinating departments. Get your copy early!
(Continued from page 81)

“Firestore, you don’t remember, you said you had to pick up a bunch of colors, but you’d already used too much figuring to do it.”

“Oh, Oh, yes—” Hope’s voice was still vague. What a crazy conversation this was, Joyce thought, with a man getting so excited about home decoration, and his wife so abstracted she hardly seemed to know what he was saying out. She tried to figure it out, but the phone rang just then—

“Mrs. Sherwood, this is Bartlett at the—

That was all Joyce heard. The floor rocked beneath her feet, she reached a wild hand to catch hold of something—anything, she felt Tiny’s quick, strong hand under her elbow, and Hope was at her other side, leading her away. Tiny had taken the phone from her useless hand, but it seemed to be making strange whirring and buzzing sounds, magnified until they were enormous, as the surrounding world seemed to sink in on her. So that she could not hear what Tiny was saying into the phone, though only a few seconds separated him from the couch where she lay.

“Joyce!” At last she heard him, though she tried to bury her ears in the cushion. “Joyce, it’s good news!”

Slowly she made the realization of the meaning of the words, but she could not accept them. It was foolish, wrong, for him to try to lessen horror by denying it. That didn’t work. She had found it out during these months. It had seemed to work, but now she was a slightly false thing, making this moment harder, making it impossible.

“Tell me the truth,” she said in a voice that had no echo, unlike any that she had ever heard. She tried to focus her eyes on Tiny.

But Tiny’s face—it was queer. It didn’t fit. He was smiling.

“He’s found!” he yelled. “He’s okay, Joyce! Do you hear me? Okay! He’s back in Lisbon, with a great new scoop. The first dispatch of the new series will be in the Telegraph tomorrow!”

ONLY then could she begin to take it in. And when she started, it went fast. Blood seemed to come rushing to her face, her muscles to bear incredible happiness.

Tiny had hung up the phone, his eyes shining. “Bartlett had a lot to say. You’d better call him back and get it, later. About what a tremendous thing Paul pulled. He says this series is going to set the world on its head.

Joyce could not answer. She lay taking deep breath after deep breath, just absorbing the air around her. It was like a new element to breathe, after being locked up for months in a dark, dank mine. It was half an hour later when she stood up and realized that Tiny and Hope had stopped talking about the miracle. They were silent, looking at each other affectionately.

“You too,” Joyce said. “You’ve had something on your mind ever since you came. Did you know—

“Not a thing,” she said. She smiled.

Joyce realized suddenly that it was the first smile she had ever seen on Hope’s face that had given her real pleasure, satisfaction, ease. It was a shy little smile, but so rich with contentment, even peace, that it
made of Hope's face something new and different, very lovely. "But something as—" She stopped, laughing.

"As wonderful?" Joyce smiled.

"Well, of course it's not half bad to get a long lost husband back," Tiny said judicially. "But if you want news that's really swell—"

"Too swell," Hope said, "to tell you how happy when we first came. That's why Tiny stopped me with all that crazy drapery stuff. We haven't picked out any of our furniture yet, and I couldn't imagine what had bitten him—"

But now," Joyce prompted. "Now you don't need to worry about telling me good news. You're—"

"We're going to have a—"

"Baby!" They spoke in unison. Tiny and Hope, then sat laughing at each other helplessly, Joyce joining in tears streaming from her eyes. This last touch seemed to relax the final wound-up spring of her emotions, giving wonderful, joyful relief.

"That answers everything," Joyce said when she could speak. "The champagne, the mystery, Hope's paleness—"

"But Tiny says that won't last," Hope dismissed it. That was another sign of her cure. She was neglecting this perfect opportunity to get the center of the stage, sympathy, service, which so many women demanded.

It was long after they had gone that Joyce knew she could not push back the thought that had been trying to get in and spoil her happiness. It was wonderful, yes, that Paul was alive and well, had made a great success of his trip. But what about her? In order to set himself up he had had to leave her, live a separate life. Did he need her at all, would he ever need her?

As if in answer to the almost unborn fear, the cable came:

BEAREST CANT WAIT ARRIVING CLIPPER SATURDAY START FEATH- 
ERING OUR NEST

Bing Crosby comes back to his Thursday night NBC program late in October—about the time his new Paramount movie, "Birth of the Blues," begins making the rounds. Above, with his co-stars in the picture, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, and Carolyn Lee.

She wept, then. And weeping, she could sleep. Her tired body sank into rest she had not known for months. Her last thought was to wish she could sleep for four days, the four days she must wait.

But the women filled themselves with work and with the savoring of her happiness. She read with a wondering pride the dispatches that piled detail on detail of an incredible world the signs of a new and startling change in the line-up of the great warping powers. But with a half-shamed joy she acknowledged to herself it was the small, personal items that she savored most. Like Paul's asking her to start "feathering their nest." Just what she had been doing! Her crazy, desperate instinct had been surer than she knew.

"My cup runneth over," the words of the Psalm ran through her head. Especially after Dr. Simon called her to his office and formally offered her the residency in Pediatrics. It was almost too much. Heights Hospital was one of the great institutions of medicine, here the biggest things were being done in the science of protecting and curing children. To be resident there—it made her career.

"I don't want you to accept, though," Dr. Simon went on, amazingly.

"Not accept—"

He looked at her quizzically. "Well . . . do you think you should?"

And to that, suddenly, she had no answer. She could only face the implications of his brief words, his meaning glance. Did he mean that she ought to sacrifice this wonderful chance that he himself had offered her, he saying that as a wife she owed it to Paul to think less of her career and more of her relationship with a husband?

But—to give up a residency! No, that was too much. She couldn't do it. Paul would be furious if she did.

Resolutely, she put the worry aside, concentrating on Paul's return. And when she saw him, stepping bronzed and erect from the Clipper at La Guardia Field, she forgot that there was anything in the world but him.

This was Paul, the real Paul, she knew as his arms closed around her. The Paul who was sure of himself, of his abilities, no longer tormented by doubts and fears of inferiority. She could understand and even exult when, after he had been shown the new apartment, he told her excitedly of his plans, paying her work only the careless tribute of "Everything all right at the office?"

It was miraculous to have him back at all, after all those weeks of terror that she would never see him again—but he was joy to see him so vital, so bubbledly pleased with his work and his world.

Quietly, with only the briefest of pauses she put aside thought of the residency. It was, as she had said when it had first been offered, too much. Paul was going to do a syndicated column, his name would continue to be famous across the continent. And she would have her work, now that her internship was nearly over, but it would be a private practice and she would never permit it to interfere with her real work, which was her home.

She had not realized how, once the decision had been reached, this bit of sacrifice would be so easily set aside for Paul, coloring every minute spent with him with a new beauty.

"I've learned at last," she told her sister, "Those horrible weeks weren't wasted if they taught me how to be a wife."

And then, a week after Paul's return, a few days after she had given Dr. Simon the answer he had hoped for on the residency, the latter came. She felt rising excitement as she read it. It was from a woman doctor in Lyndale, a small town some sixty miles away, and it offered Joyce the position of assistant in the pediatrics division of a factory workers' co-operative medical association.

"Paul and I'm so close to Paul, so sure that Paul couldn't be out of touch with his syndicate office! Even in her excitement, that was the first thought that flashed to Joyce. But the offer was perfect: she had always been interested in co-operative experiments, and this was a real chance to do good—better than the hospital residency, and with none of its disadvantages.

Paul listened, smiling, as she told him about it. "Like to go, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, more than anything! That is, doubly—"if you would, Paul."

A light sparkled in his brown eyes, the light she had seen so seldom before he left for Europe. He glanced around the new apartment.

"Will the feathers fit?" he asked.

"They'll fit, Joyce said, her eyes sparkling with unexpected tears. 'Better than anywhere else."

He drew her close. "Funny," he said. "We were married more than a month ago—but we're starting out on our life together. That's the way I feel, anyway."

It came as an upward glance at him before she nestled her head into the warm, tweedy hollow between his neck and shoulder. He was right, of course—much more right than he knew.
DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS
Karo Desserts
Cost less than 4¢ a serving

ROLLED GRAPES

A grapefruit. Cut in halves, remove with knife. Cut in slices. Arrange on cherries in halved clementines in bowl. Drizzle with orange juice. Makes 8 servings. (Red grapes, see recipe, in place of orange juice.

KARO GLAZED APPLES


MOLDED CHOCOLATE RICE


KARO COTTON PUDGING

Combine 1 c. Karo (or Karo light), 1/2 c. sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. soda, 1 hr. to 1 hr. 30 min. until set. Remove from inside and mix in 1 tsp. Karo with Karo and 1 tsp. Karo. Beat until stiff and work into cake. Bake 1 hour. Makes 8 servings.

There's Flavor Plus Food Value
in These Tempting Desserts

MOST Desserts look good, taste good—but what about their food value? Karo recipe desserts do more than tempt the eye, thrill the taste. They actually supply substantial food value. For there's DESTROSE in Karo Syrup. And Destrose is food energy sugar. That's why the Quinol rings tremble on this fine syrup. Karo may be served in many many ways other than desserts. And you'll always enjoy its fine flavor—and benefit by its food value. You'll find a variety of exciting Karo recipes in "KARO KOOKERY," a beautiful new cookbook. All the recipes are easy to make, economical. The coupon below will bring you copy free—postpaid. *Dr. Darrow says: "Karo is the only syrup served the Boone Quinolines, its maltose and destrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

KARO IN GLASS IS THE SAME DELICIOUS SYRUP YOU'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED... SAME PURITY, BODY, FINE QUALITY.

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"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money because they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable to smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos in your own cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who buys what tobacco. And with these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**
Radio
AND TELEVISION
MIRROR

DECEMBER

BIG SISTER— The Favorite of Millions of Listeners
Now as a ROMANTIC NOVEL

FIVE PAGES OF SPECIAL STAR PORTRAITS — Stella Dallas and Front Page Farrell
WHISPER "I LOVE YOU"
WITH
Evening in Paris

Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity $5.00

Purse Flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne and Talcum $1.50

Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder and refreshing Eau de Cologne $2.50

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Talcum $1.25
Triple Loose Powder Vanity Others $1.25 and $2.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum $2.95

Evening in Paris Talcum and sparkling Toilet Water in gift package $1.05

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Evening in Paris Face Powder, Eau de Cologne $1.65

Evening in Paris Perfume, Separate atomizer, Delightful holiday package $1.75

Perfume and atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum and Single Vanity $4.90

CREATED BY BOURJOIS
Even if Heaven denied you Beauty—

**YOUR STAR IS LUCKY... if your Smile is Right!**

**Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!**

You don’t have to be a beauty to have beauty’s rewards—popularity, success, the man you want most to win.

Even if you’re “plain” let your hopes soar high. Fortune can be more than kind... fortune can be lavish if your smile is right! A lovely smile is a magnet to others... the charm that wins hearts—and holds them.

So help your smile to be at its best.

But remember healthy gums are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That’s why it’s so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush.

**Never ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”**

If you see “pink” on your tooth brush... see your dentist. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today’s soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean and refreshing taste. That invigorating “tang” means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!

---

**“A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!”**

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that “Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman’s beauty is dimmed and darkened.”

DECEMBER, 1941
Radio and Television Mirror

DECEMBER, 1941

VOL. 17, No. 2

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

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ON THE COVER—Claudia Morgan, star of the Adventures of the Thin Man, heard over NBC, and as Christy in Against the Storm

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood
Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay—Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

Marriage Partnership
A Broadcast by ILKA CHASE

First heard on the Penthouse Party over the CBS network.

I REALIZE that in uncertain and troubled times, such as these, even those who are very much in love are likely to hesitate about marriage—the whole world is so insecure, and yet if they love deeply, it seems to me now is the time for two people to face life together. Two heads are better than one, two hearts are stronger. We've heard a good deal recently about the United Front, and we generally think of millions of workers or powerful nations aligned together, but I think a United Front of two can, in its way, present just as solid a shield against fear, suspicion, and defeat. Marriage is a partnership in which we share the same interests and ideals and responsibilities. I once attended a wedding ceremony where I heard this phrase: "May you be friends and lovers all your lives through."

It seems to me one of the loveliest and wisest blessings I have ever heard, because it is when married people cease to be friendly that the spirit of their union dies. The letter alone is a brittle shell. It is true that young people frequently plunge deliriously into matrimony with their eyes tight shut, like kittens, against reality, but so occasionally do the mature gentry who are old enough to know far, far better. It seems cold-hearted to condemn them—surely it's human for us all to want to recapture the melody and fragrance of life, but in the stern age in which we are living, no marriage can survive unless it is soundly anchored in fundamental needs. Such rocks as Honesty, Energy and Ability, such cushions as Sympathy, and Humor. Of course, sometimes a tilted nose or a crinkly smile, a pair of strong hands or a certain way of kissing, are just as urgent requirements and, happily for us humans, they are frequently allied with the sturdy virtues. To me, it's deeply exciting to think that the era of the paper doll people has gone by. There's a challenge in the air, and it's the well-married who are among the best equipped to accept it. No human being is complete by himself—we all need love, encouragement, comfort and fun, and a happy marriage is the most likely place to find them.

This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. Lapointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and then 30 seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

DECEMBER, 1941
Artie Shaw's reorganized, 32-piece band is now on tour and, though the clarinetist's expenses are unusually heavy, the outfit is showing a profit. Ace men like Hot Lips Page, colored trumpeter, trombonist Jack Jenny, saxophonist George Auld, and drummer Dave Tough, are in the ensemble. Artie's new vocalist, Bonnie Lake, is Ann Sothern's sister. The new group will make Victor records.

In 1940, Decca sold 1,200,000 Bing Crosby records, an all-time high, easily topping the old Caruso mark. Carmen Cavallero is the pianist-leader to look out for. Listen to him on NBC this fall from Washington.

By KEN ALDEN

There is a strong possibility that he will get the coveted Rainbow Room Radio City assignment early in 1942.

Because trade reports indicate that dance bands are now the best of box office attractions, RCA-Victor will sponsor a special record of Tommy Dorsey's band, starting in November. It will be known as a "dance caravan," and special lighting effects and props will be utilized.

Irving Goodman, brother of Benny, is now playing trumpet in Vaugh Monroe's orchestra. Johnny Long is back at Roseland, New York City, with an NBC wire. In December he switches to Meadowbrook. Kay Doyle is no longer singing in Claude Thornhill's band. Art Jarrett set for the Biltmore in New York. Meredith Blake, ex-Gray Gordon canary, has replaced Mary Ann Mercer in Mitchell Ayers' crew. Mary Ann has decided to sing solo. Joan Merrill, Bluebird record singer, has signed an RKO film contract. Peggy Lee is Benny Goodman's new and pretty singer, replacing Helen Forrest. You can hear Tommy Tucker's band, with able singer Amy Arnell, from the Hotel Ben Franklin in Philly, via NBC. Raymond Scott is mighty handsome after that nose operation. The Stardusters have replaced The Debs in Charlie Spivak's band.

Because of a flattering RKO picture offer, Alvino Rey's band, featuring the King Sisters, have cancelled their eastern tour. Hollywood is snapping up all the big bands for picture appearances. Jimmy Dorsey is over at the Paramount lot, and Louis Armstrong will appear in an Orson Welles production based on the colored trumpeter's life story.

Two relatively new dance bands, Will Johnson and Sam Donahue, will be heard over CBS from Boston this fall.

Sammy Kaye has just completed a new tune called "Mommy" which is intended as a sequel to "Daddy." Duke Ellington is due for his first New York location in some time when he goes into Uptown Cafe Society late this year, replacing Count Basie. Although Claude Thornhill's arranger, Bill Borden, was drafted by the Army, he is still scoring for the band, via the mails.

Expectant Mothers Note: Joe Reichman has an unusual slant to boost national defense bond sales. He'll give a twenty-five dollar defense bond to the first child born after 6 p.m. on each Sunday night in the city where his band is playing.

Louanne Hogan, former Carl Huff warbler, weds composer Terry Shand this month.

Paul Specht, a veteran bandleader, has written an excellent book entitled "How They Became Name Bands—The Modern Technique of a Danceband Maestro." Anyone interested in jazz and who plays it will get a kick out of Specht's authoritative book. He gives some good advice to young leaders. Some of his tips: Be prepared to make sacrifices, be diplomatic and courteous, be friendly, be confident, be sober, be modest, be discreet, be law (Continued on page 6)
AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—Listerine, QUICK!

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders"...the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely...at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

Ten Years of Research
Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders" on Tissue Surfaces
This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action...its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces
When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may often be halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
SLOW STARTER

O NEW dance band in recent years got off to a slower or more discouraging start than Claude Thornhill's eager young organization. Only the dogged determination of its mild-mannered but stubborn pilot kept it intact, despite three heart-breaking setbacks.

The band's scheduled debut early in 1940 in a New Jersey night club was abruptly cancelled when the cafe burned down.

A few weeks later the band made its belated initial appearance in a Hartford ballroom, only to return the next night in a raging snowstorm to find the place locked up.

The band, fearing a jinx hovered over it, was almost ready to call it quits, when a friend of Thornhill's came to the rescue with another offer.

It was a life saver but it had its drawback. The offer came from Balboa, California. The band's problem was to get there.

A hurried deal was made with an auto agency and the fifteen musicians travelled westward—the hard way—sleeping in tourist cabins and eating hundreds of hamburgers. But they made it, even though one of the cars broke down near Death Valley with the temperature bursting at 130 degrees.

The next mishap came suddenly, without warning, and hurt the most because Claude blamed it on his own misjudgment. A swank San Francisco hotel heard of the band's promising work in Balboa and booked them for six weeks.

"We weren't ready for it. Our competitors were Artie Shaw and Freddie Martin. Naturally enough the customers flocked to the rival hotels, where Artie and Freddie were playing," says Claude with a refreshing frankness.

After four weeks, the management replaced the Thornhill crew with Bob Crosby's band. To fill the unexpected gap caused by the abrupt Golden Gate failure, the dejected musicians trekked to Salt Lake City for a one night stand.

"And when we played the final set that night in Salt Lake," recalls Claude, sighing as if he were reliving again that unpleasant experience, "it looked like the dead end. We were stranded. We had no place to go."

When some of his friends heard of his almost ill-fated venture as a bandleader, they shook their heads knowingly, as if were expected.

"Why, a guy who worked so hard as an arranger had to get an idea like that is a bigger mystery than an Ellery Queen movie," cracked one of his friends.

Thornhill was twenty-nine when he suddenly decided to drop his work as a movie and radio arranger, a promising occupation that was netting him about $400 a week. He fully realized he would get no sympathy if his new band failed, and that his purse of $11,000 probably would not last long.

"But I wanted to do it. I wanted to get a band together that would be both listenable to the public and the musician. I didn't want a band that would bore me. And though at times it looked pretty hopeless, and I felt pretty foolish tossing all my dough away, I've never regretted it."

Now he can laugh back at the cynics who said the odds were against his type of band becoming popular. Its dreamy, almost sensuous beauty is unique. Thornhill knew the public would be slower in accepting it. But he refused to take the easy way out—leading a band that sounded like a dozen others.

There never was any question about Claude Thornhill being anything but a musician. His mother, a piano teacher, gave her son his first lesson when he was four. When he was twelve he proudly possessed a union card in his home town of Terre Haute, Indiana. After a year at the University of Kentucky, he entered the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Then, like most of our current dance band leaders, Claude played with a number of orchestras in the midwest. It was when he joined Austin Wylie's band (his friend Artie Shaw recommended him) that he became interested in arranging and composing.

Soon after this he joined Hal Kemp's band, played twin pianos with John Scott Trotter, and kept up his arranging. When Kemp's band came to New York, the city awed him. He regretted leaving it when Kemp's band continued its tour. In a few months he was back, on his own, with $40 in his wallet.

"I couldn't make a connection," he remembers, "and it wasn't long before the hotel I lived in locked me out."

Then the jobs came, more than he could accept.

On the side he introduced a new colored singer to the 52nd Street swingers. Her name was Maxine Sullivan and Thornhill's soft, streamlined version of "Loch Lomond" put the girl in the limelight.

When Thornhill went to Hollywood his good fortune followed him there. But in 1939 he got restless, tired of working for other people. He worked out some fifty arrangements of standard tunes patterned on the style he wanted for his own band and then came east to hire the musicians.

Claude didn't anticipate all the bad breaks the band received but he wasn't going to let that lick him. So when the band hit bottom in Utah, he put through a call to Boston and interested a booker in getting them a fling of New England one-nighters. A small advance got them east again.

Then he started to work and people started to like them. The colleges spread the word around. Harvard picked them to play an important

The four lovely King Sisters sing with Alvino Rey's orchestra over the Mutual Broadcasting System. Top left is Donna, right, Yvonne; bottom left, Louise, right, Alyce.
dance and in March, 1941, after more than a year of tough sledding, the big break came. Glen Island Casino booked them. They did so well that they’re back there now for an indefinite engagement.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:
Claude Thornhill: (Columbia 36268-36398) “Where Or When”—“Snowfall” and “Paradise”—“You Were Meant For Me.” You won’t tire of these platters so easily. Refreshingly romantic with a fresh approach.

Freddie Martin: (Bluebird 11256) “Blue Champagne” and “Be Honest With Me.” Liltin’ stuff by a master craftsman.

Sammy Kaye: (Victor 27533) “Dixie Girl” and “Below the Equator.” Far cry from Thornhill, but just as good in its own way.

Tommy Tucker: (Okeh 6383) “Jim” and “Shepard Serenade.” Amy Arnell can sing a stickily sentimental ballad and make you like it.

Glenn Miller: (Bluebird 11263) “Kiss Polka” and “It Happened in Sun Valley.” Two peppery tunes from “Sun Valley Serenade,” film debut of Mr. Miller.

Horace Heidt: (Columbia 36295) “I Don’t Want to Set the World On Fire” and “Mama.” A well balanced platter, merging one of the new season’s hit ballads with a fast paced novelty.

Dolly Dawn: (Bluebird 11251) “Fancy Meeting You” and “Slowpoke.” One of the most spirited vocalists injects life into a pair of mediocre melodies.

Some Like It Swing:
John Kirby: (Victor 27568) “Close Shave” and “Bagatelle’s Dilemma.” Tired of the same old swing? Try this excellent platter for contrast.

Will Bradley: (Columbia 36286) “Hall of Mountain King” and “Land of Sky Blue Water.” Two classics get taken for a ride they hardly expected.

Count Basie: (Okeh 6530) “Basie Boogie” and “I Let Me See.” Hotter than a Harlem night club when the air conditioning breaks down.

Cab Calloway: (Okeh 6554) “Hey, Do You Know Me?” The first trace of the toe-tapping variety and the hi-de-ho troubadour, doesn’t miss a beat.

Benny Goodman: (Columbia 36284) “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes” and “La Rosita.” In the Goodman tradition. Enough said.

Duke Ellington: (Victor 26531) “Chocolate Shake” and “I Got It Bad.” A light-hearted swing tune backed to a new blues chant played with imagination that one expects from this excellent organization.

(Recommended Albums: Tommy Dorsey’s collection of his best known platters, including “Marie” and “I’ll Never Smile Again” (Victor); Columbia’s package of band theme songs identified with their label.)

RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To Ken Alden, Facing The Music
Radio Mirror Magazine
122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please consider this a vote for


in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.
(voter’s name:  )

DECEMBER, 1941

“MY HUSBAND FELL OUT OF LOVE”

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE
“ONE NEGLECT”
THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE

1. I couldn’t understand it when Paul’s love began to cool. We’d been so gloriously happy at first. Then, he began treating me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

2. Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. “Your marriage problem is quite a common one,” he told me. “Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife’s neglect—or ignorance—of feminine hygiene. That’s one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.”

3. “In cases like yours,” the doctor went on, “I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol solution does more than cleanse and deodorize. It kills millions of germs in instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissue. Lysol spreads easily into crevices, so virtually searches out germs.”

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carboxylic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREAD-ING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 millions of solution for feminine hygiene. CAREFULLY DILUTED—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

FEMININE HYGIENE

4. You can bet I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too. No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as for Paul and me . . . we’re closer than ever before.

For Feminine Hygiene

LYSOL

FREE BOOKLET ON LYSOL HYGIENE

Send me: (in plain wrapper) free booklet on Feminine Hygiene and many other Lysol uses.

Name:

PST THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

Free Booklet Sent in Plain Wrapper

LYSOL & FAX PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. I-1241, Bloomingdale, N. J., U. S. A.

Mail me (in plain wrapper) free booklet on Feminine Hygiene and many other Lysol uses.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Clip—Clip this half off, by Lysol & Fax Products Corp.
They never say no—above, at the tennis matches for the British Relief, Mickey Rooney played while Rudy Vallee watched. Right, Orson Welles with Dolores Del Rio at the British Relief Ball.

There's sorrow in NBC's Chicago studios—for Evelyn Lynne, songstress of the Breakfast Club and Club Matinee programs, has become the bride of Eddie Coontz, program director of NBC's Tulsa affiliate, KVOO. She's going to live in Tulsa and retire from network radio. And while the Chicago people wish her all the happiness in the world, they're sorry to lose her, because Evelyn is one of the prettiest and sweetest girls who ever stepped before a mike.

Kate Smith's added another activity to her list. She's now the author of a syndicated newspaper column, called "Kate Smith Speaks," like her daytime CBS program.

Arturo Toscanini is returning to the air after all. He's agreed to direct the Ford Hour's orchestra for six Sunday-night concerts on CBS, tentatively set to start in January.

New York City—New Yorkers, and people living near New York, are listening these Monday nights to Fulton Oursler, the Editor-in-Chief of Liberty Magazine, who has a new and different kind of news-commentating program on station WHN. It's called Without Fear or Favor, and it's heard on WHN every Monday at 8 P.M.

Fulton Oursler isn't any stranger to radio—and if he were, it wouldn't bother him because he's used to tackling new fields of endeavor and mastering them. Besides being editor of Liberty, he has written many a best-selling novel and a couple of successful plays. He even writes under two names, his own and that of Anthony Abbot, which he uses for his mystery stories, which number more than a dozen.

He's a world traveler, but doesn't travel entirely for fun. Whenever he goes away on a trip he's likely to bring back a brilliant interview with some world figure like Mussolini or the Duke of Windsor. His hobby is magic, and he's a member of the Society of American Magicians.

Right now, besides his work as commentator on the WHN series of broadcasts and his duties on Liberty, he's busy overseeing the production of his new mystery play, which he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Grace Perkins, also a noted magazine writer. The play is expected to hit Broadway about the time you read this.

Listeners in the area served by WHN have discovered that as a commentator he steers clear of loose predictions, instead analyzing the events of the week from the viewpoint of a man who has traveled and seen a lot, and thought a lot about what he's seen.

It may be true but we still can't believe it: that Gaetano Merola, director of the San Francisco Opera Company, invited Bing Crosby to sing "Rigoletto" with his company—and that Bing took the invitation so seriously that he practiced the role for some time before deciding opera just wasn't his kind of music.

Tops in informality was the way Ben Bernie's new program went on the air. Ben was in Chicago when he happened to hear that the Wrigley company was looking for a new program to replace Scattergood Baines.
He wasn’t doing anything, so on a Friday afternoon he dropped in to see the president of the company and suggested that Bernie might be a good attraction. The president agreed, they set a price, chatted for ten minutes or so, and the following Monday Ben went on the air. He hadn’t even had time to sign a contract.

Hedda Hopper has stopped broadcasting her “biographies”—dramatized versions of the lives of movie stars. They tied her down too much, and didn’t give her a chance to try out other program ideas.

Dinah Shore’s contribution to national defense—and no small one, either—is visiting Army training camps and singing for the soldiers. It’s a real hobby with her, and she manages to squeeze at least one camp appearance in almost every week. Of course, one reason for her interest in the armed forces may be that they include a couple of Dinah’s best boyfriends.

You’ll be hearing Red Skelton on the air again very soon—just as soon, in fact, as his sponsor can clear a network time.

All fan-mail on controversial subjects received by CBS is being turned over to the F.B.I., at the latter’s request.

That’s Betty Winkler’s voice you hear in the dramatic passages of the Chicago Theater of the Air operettas on Mutual Saturday nights. Marion Claire sings the songs and Betty speaks the dialogue.

If you want to get a look at a radio star who is also the author of a bestselling book, drop into the CBS publicity office in New York City. It’s the favorite hangout of William L. Shirer, author of “Berlin Diary” and regular commentator on his own program Sunday afternoons on CBS. He likes it because the atmosphere reminds him of the newspaper city-rooms where he spent so many years.

Exciting things are going on in the CBS television studios, and it’s a pity more people don’t have the sets to tune them in. It’s always been something of a puzzle what kind of entertainment television will produce, but CBS has come through with at least one clever new idea. Every afternoon of the week they televise a story hour for children, and it’s the simplest but most effective thing in the world. An attractive young woman named Lydia F. Perera sits in front of the camera with a little girl who plays her daughter, and tells fairy stories. Whenever she reaches a point in the story that requires illustration the camera switches to the nimble fingers of an artist who quickly draws the appropriate picture, right before the television viewers’ eyes. The artist is John Rupe, who used to draw comic strips but finds being a pioneer in a new entertainment medium infinitely more interesting. He got the job because he’s fast and sure, and clever at catching in his pictures the quality of fantasy and charm that attracts children. Another of his television duties, although this is done away from the camera, is drawing maps for use in the daily news periods, when commentators make their remarks more graphic by showing where important events actually happened.

(Continued on page 10)

**Must a Girl be lucky to have Skin like “Teaches and Cream”?**

If soap irritates your complexion, switch to mild, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

When one woman out of two reports her skin is sensitive to soap, no wonder so many today are trying mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

For three generations, women of elegance and charm have chosen Cashmere Bouquet for daily skin care. Give your skin one health facial daily with its mild, agreeable lather. Rejoice when you find it the care that agrees with your skin.

And to be like “peaches and cream” all over, scented with the fragrance men love, bathe with gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Get three luxurious cakes for only 25c.
Flaxen-gold hair, blue eyes, and less than twenty—Lucille Norman with her rich contralto voice, is Cincinnati’s station WLW’s claim to beauty fame.

He once was half of the team of Ford and Glenn, but Ford Rush is now the singing High Sheriff of the Grand Ole Opry heard over Nashville’s WSM.

Not only is she a pianist, but Jean Louise Lincoln is station KQV’s receptionist in Pittsburgh and the mother of two lovely grown daughters.

In Los Angeles, she played the violin in Aimee Semple McPherson’s temple, until she was forced by her mother’s illness to return to Bridgeport. After her mother’s death she came to Pittsburgh and auditioned at KQV. A half-hour after the audition she went on the air, accompanying a baritone soloist who was also Program Manager of the station. She did so well that she was hired, and for the past five years she has been receptionist as well as a performer on the air.

Jean’s two daughters, now grown up, live in Pittsburgh with her, and she says she has only one unfulfilled ambition left in life. That’s to play in a symphony orchestra again. She’s already played in the State Symphony of Iowa and the Women’s Symphony of Pittsburgh.

CINCINNATI, Ohio—You don’t have to be beautiful to be a success on the air—but it’s nice if you are, says everyone who catches a glimpse of Lucille Norman, whose contralto voice is frequently heard on Cincinnati’s station WLW.

Lucille’s barely twenty, and stands only five feet two inches in her stockinged feet. Her hair is flaxen-gold, her eyes are blue, and her lashes are naturally long. As if that weren’t enough, she has a voice that’s rich, flexible and of unusual range, and with it she can sing almost any kind of song, from classical to modern popular ballad.

She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, and although both her parents sang, she never had any particular musical training beyond that given by her mother, a dramatic soprano. When she was sixteen she auditioned at KLZ in Denver, Colorado. In an unbelievable short time after that, she was soloist with the eighty-piece Colorado Symphony Orchestra, and was so successful with this, her first professional appearance, that the Symphony signed her up as soloist for its entire summer schedule.

There followed the traditional trip to Hollywood, where she sang for several months at Bing Crosby’s Del Mar Club. She remained in Denver, though, and remained there until she joined the WLW staff in the fall of 1939.

Lucille’s still single, but she admits she has given marriage some thought. She’d like her husband to be blond, like herself, but she doesn’t really want to meet him for a while yet. She’s too busy singing and enjoying herself to want romance interfering with her life just now.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Do you remember the famous team of Ford and Glenn, top stars of the days when radio was just beginning? And did you know that the first half of the team, Ford Rush, is now the singing High Sheriff of the Grand Ole Opry, broadcasting every Saturday night over Nashville’s WSM and many other stations of the NBC-Red network in the South?

For many years, Ford was a headliner on the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit. His radio career in 1924 in Chicago, at station WLS, has been a star on several big stations and the Yankee, Mutual, and NBC networks. When he was at WLS, he and Glenn and the Solemn Old Judge between them raised $215,000 in contributions to the Red Cross.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Jean Louise Lincoln is one radio personality who can be found and talked to by any one of her listeners. For while Jean isn’t at the microphone, broadcasting her twice-weekly Friendly Chats over station KQV, she’s at her desk in KQV’s lobby, greeting people in her capacity as station receptionist.

Jean grew up expecting to be a concert musician. She began studying the piano at the age of seven, and three years later started on the violin. Between practice sessions of both instruments she studied singing, dancing, dramatics, and French—all of which didn’t leave her much time for play. This was in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where her family moved a couple of years after Jean was born.

When she was fourteen she entered the Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, Washington, and after graduation returned to Bridgeport to continue her musical studies. But—just when she was ready to embark on music as a career, she fell in love and got married.

With her husband Jean traveled a great deal, and had three children, two daughters and a son. Eventually, however, she and her husband separated and she went to Boston with her children. There she began teaching piano, violin and dramatics, and secured a job as piano accompanist for a singer who had programs on several Boston radio stations. But just as she had created a new and satisfying life for herself, tragedy stepped in. Her son died, and Jean moved to Los Angeles in an attempt to recover from the shock.
Sugar Plum and Gingerbread

new nail shades by CUTEX

For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS

Cutex on her fingers, Cutex on her toes, she shall have fun wherever she goes... in these gay new picture-book nail shades by Cutex.

Sugar Plum—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! Gingerbread—warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on...in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new Cutex charmer—Sheer Natural.

Northam Warren, New York
New Dreamflower Shades! Scoring to flatly match your skin, Dreamflower shades suffuse it with an added sweet delicacy of tone that miraculously seems your own!

New Dreamflower Smoothness—ethereally soft and clinging. Gives your face a dreamy "soft-focus" quality . . . an all-over smooth look almost too good to be true!

Adorable new box!—all little blossoms * too sweet to be real—Dreamflowers! This new luxury in a big, big size—only forty-nine cents! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is heavenly! Among those luscious new shades you can't help finding a flattener. And such unbelievably silky texture!"
MRS. JOHN ROOSEVELT

"The darling new Dreamflower box caught my fancy first—and then the new powder itself won my heart. It's perfect!"
MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

Free—All 6 Dreamflower shades
POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PM, Clinton, Conn.
I'd love to try the new Dreamflower Powder, and see for myself how flattering it is. Will you please send me free samples of all 6 of the new Dreamflower shades right away?

My name

Address

City

State

(This offer good in U. S. only)
MAUDIE MASON kept suppressing a desire to throw her arms around Davy Dillon and plant a kiss on his cheek. Davy's super profile and the lock of curly, brown hair that kept falling onto his forehead made Maudie's heart bounce up and down almost as much as the Fallen Arch, which was the 1929 jalopy Davy was wheeling down the highway proudly.

Maudie would have thrown her arms around Davy, but the last time she had yielded to this supreme desire the Fallen Arch had draped itself around a small tree. So, Maudie settled for a snuggle, plating her blonde locks on the manly shoulder of Davy's green and tan sports jacket.

"Hi, babe," Davy said, looking down into a pair of fresh, blue eyes in a round, tanned face. "You look positively creamy!"

Maudie smiled wisely, as women who know smile. She felt more than creamy. Looking back over the summer she had spent at the beach, she decided that it could be classed as "adequate plus," which was midway between super-peachy and riotously undistinguished. And when the Fallen Arch pulled into the Mason driveway, a hop and a skip behind her father's sedate sedan, Maudie was wishing she would never get a day older than seventeen.

Davy stirred her out of her dream. "Okay, woman," he announced, "we have arrived." Then, as she bounced out onto the running board, he screamed, "Hey, take it easy! That's only hung on with picture wire."

Maudie's mother, father and her sister, Sylvia, were getting out of the other car as she ran toward them. "Well," her father said, as she gave him a hug, "I see you actually made it."

"Listen to him," Davy scoffed. "We coulda passed you any time, Mr. Mason."

Maudie's mother scurried into the house to see if she had left the electric toaster on all summer. And then Maudie screamed, "Pauly!" because her extra-special girl friend, Pauline Howard, was running up the walk towards her.

The two girls hugged each other in delight, until Davy said, "Hey, break it up!" He put out a hand. "Hi, Pauly, shake the skin."

"Pauly, dear," Maudie said, out of breath. "It's marvy to see you! How are you?"

"Awful," Pauly sighed. "I feel like the walking dead."

"Maybe you need Vitamin A," Davy said, pumping her hand.

"It's Bill," Pauly said. "It's the most tragic thing you've ever heard."

"Maybe he needs Vitamin A," Davy grinned. (Continued on page 56)

Based on a broadcast of Maudie's Diary, delightful new radio half hour, written by Albert G. Miller, heard Thursday nights over CBS, sponsored by Wonder Bread. Maudie is played by Mary Mason, and Davy by Bob Walker.
In the bottom of the valley the yellow river rolled on its winding course toward South China. Above, where the hills sloped steeply, two stubby, bare masses of steel girders poked up and out, reaching tentatively from each side toward the middle, where eventually they were to meet. The sound of riveters and donkey engines crashed into the pervasive Chinese silence and echoed against the flimsy walls of the shack that was both home and office to "Boss Man" Bart McGarrett and Red Sullivan, first assistant and friend.

Bart was checking a list of supplies, and listening with half an ear to the satisfying din of steel pounding on steel, shaping it, working it, moving it, translating his dream of lines and symbols into a living, useful reality, over which trains transporting men and machines would one day carry the arterial lifeblood of vast China.

The noise slowed and almost stopped. An automatic alarm went off in Bart's brain. He sprang across the room and whipped open the door. Red was right behind him. Red whistled low. "Wow!" he said. "Look at that. And I thought the nearest white woman was a hundred miles away."

The girl came striding up the long slope from the railroad siding. She walked easily, almost like a man, her long legs swinging freely from the hips. In front of the door of the shack she halted, her eyes squinted against the bright October sun, one hand holding back the golden hair.

"I'm Mary Shields," she said. "My father is the missionary three miles north on the Chinfang road. I came—"

"Never mind all that," Bart cut in impatiently. He turned to Red. "Go down and get those coolies to working. Tell 'em if they stop work again in the middle of a shift they'll hear from me good."

Red disappeared down the hill at a jog trot. Bart turned to the girl, his mouth drawn to a straight line with anger. His voice was cool and even. "I don't know whether you realize it or not, Miss Shields," he said, "but we've got work to do here, and I can't have you or anyone else interrupting it."

He started to close the door violently.

Mary's eyes narrowed and turned ice-blue. "So you're the finest type of white man in China!" she said scornfully. "In the States your kind is a dime a dozen."

Bart turned back. He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care two penny's worth what your opinion of me is, Miss Shields. Nor anybody else's. I've got work to do, and my men have got work to do. I won't have it stopped."

Mary's voice was low and furious. "It may interest you to know, Mr. McGarrett, that I came here for the purpose of inviting you to our party at the mission Christmas Eve. I came in October because I'd been told that the Chinese all idolize you and that I couldn't get half the people unless I told them you'd be there. Now I know they're wrong. You're a man who thinks a bridge is more important than people—steel more important than flesh and blood."

Bart bowed ironically. "I'm honored," he said. "Tell the boys I'll be there. For the sake of the labor relations I've built up I feel it my duty. Thank you for the invitation."

Mary spun around on her heel. "They only stopped work to say hello to me. It's their way of being polite. But then I don't suppose you know the meaning of the word."

Bart watched her striding down the hill, her steps jerky from anger, her long blonde hair swaying from side to side, and before she reached the road a half smile crept across his face.

When the riveters beat their staccato rhythm into the thin clear air, and the donkey engines puffed their jerky exhausts again, Red Sullivan came back. "You must have lost your mind, Chief," he remarked. "That's the only white woman in a hundred miles and you
Bart growled, "We're building a bridge. We aren't around to run a Sunday School."

The days flowed into weeks, and the weeks into months. The long Chinese autumn turned into the mild winter. Bart McGarrett's bridge grew into a slender cantilever shape; the piled triangles braced and cross-braced. Slowly, surely, the fingers of steel reached out from both sides of the river to close the gap in the artery. The rail lines came in from north and south, ready to be joined to the bridge when the last girder was riveted in place. From farther north came disturbing reports. The invader had shifted tactics and carried the war into Yang province, menacing Chufeng, the capital city.

Over his wireless outfit Bart got confidential reports. Night and day he stayed in the tiny office, telling Joe Thomas, the operator, to call him from anywhere, anything, if an important message came over. The lines of worry and concentration deepened between his eyes.

On Christmas Eve he was working later than usual in the shack. Red Sullivan reminded him. "Tonight's the night," he said. "You promised to go to the Shields' party."

(Continued on page 68)
Stronger than Steel

To Mary he appeared incapable of any emotion, as cold and hard as the metal he worked with. Then the day came when danger from the North swept down and everything in her world seemed about to end.

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"Never mind," Bart growled. "We're building a bridge. We aren't around to run a Sunday School."

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Illustration by Sven Rosenberg

One of radio's outstanding dramatic programs is the Silver Theater, sponsored by International Silver Company, heard Sundays on CBS. Here is the first in a series of vivid short stories based on Silver Theater's most memorable plays. Fictionized by John Haxter, "Stronger Than Steel," starred Fredric March as Bart.
THE big, smooth-sided metal bird was gone now, leaving only a stretch of sparkling blue water. Even as Ruth turned away, it was out of sight, and by the time she was in the bus, ready for the return trip to Manhattan, it would have carried John far out over the ocean.

He would be in Lisbon before she was back in Glen Falls.

In a kind of grave, quiet misery she walked along with the crowd; in the bus she sat with her hands folded in her lap, her head with its smooth waves of gold turned a little aside. Raw suburban houses slipped past the window and gave way to the angularity of small factories. The bus plunged into shadows under the elevated lines and became part of a grumbling stream of traffic mounting to the crest of the Queensborough Bridge. The towers of Manhattan came into view.

There was a train at six o'clock. She could take that and be in Glen Falls by noon tomorrow. The familiar house on Maple Street would be waiting. She would see Richard, her baby—and John's baby, too, never forget that now—and she would take up a life that must inevitably be different from the one she had known until a few days ago.

The Clipper, winging away into the eastern sky, had torn through the fabric of her existence. Nothing could ever be quite the same again, because John—her husband, the man with whom she had sworn those beautiful, terrible vows of

The Clipper, winging away into the Eastern sky, had torn through the fabric of her existence. Ruth felt that nothing could be the same now that John had gone.
the marriage service—had gone away.

At the last minute he had wanted to stay. She had known that from the intense, brooding look in his dark eyes, the taut lines of his lips. But it was too late then; the Clipper was waiting. More than that. Somewhere the bomb was being fashioned which, when it burst, would send a fragment of its shell into human flesh and thus bring about the need for John's quick, firm fingers, his knowledge and his skill.

When the chance came for him to go with the American medical unit to Europe and work in the war area, he had not hesitated long.

"I've been drifting," he said. "Everything I've done in the last few years has been marking time. Maybe this is my opportunity to prove myself—to myself. I don't know. I only know I've got to take it."

Ruth had wanted to protest. She had wanted to say, "What about your wife, your home, your son? Is it drifting to take care of them? Aren't they your first responsibility? It's easy enough to talk about proving yourself, but the difficult thing is to do it—to do it with the small affairs of living, in the tiny corner of the world that's been given you for your own."

But she had been silent—partly because it was true that John was needed by innocent people who had been caught in a maelstrom not of their own making, but partly also because it would have done her no good to speak. John was incapable of seeing any point of view but his own. It was not his fault. His own desires, and his own conception of what was right for him to do, had always blinded him to any arguments.

Lying awake in the narrow Pullman berth that night, Ruth tried to tell herself that she was fortunate. After three years of the sweet, close companionship of marriage she was alone—but there had not been the pitiless finality of her husband's death. She had Richard, and she had Sue, her sister, and Neddie, her sixteen-year-old brother, as well as Sue's husband and Sue's baby. Wouldn't all the love they had to give her make up, at least in part, for John's love that was gone? Wouldn't it? . . . With the unwelcome clarity of thought which comes at night, she knew it would not—not really.

What do widows do to fill their days? she wondered. Do they devote themselves to their children? But children don't want too much devotion, it isn't good for them. I won't smother Richard with my love . . . Do they find jobs? Well, I have a job, but I had that before John left, and it was separate from my life with him. It can't possibly take his place.

She remembered so many things—the day John had proposed, their wedding when the future had been so bright, the moment she knew Richard was coming and the first time she had held him in her arms with John looking on, smiling to hide the signs of the strain he had gone through. She remembered little things, too. John's absent-mindedness, his habit of pulling at his right ear when he was thinking,
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Read in fiction form by Norton Russell, the thrilling radio serial of the same name and tune in this daytime program Monday through Friday on CBS, sponsored by Rinso.
the way he would go to any lengths to avoid the boredom of buying a new suit. Perhaps it was the little things she remembered most of all, most vividly. They were so uniquely and individually John. They were what she would miss most of all.

Long after midnight, exhausted by the ceaseless jostle of thoughts, she fell asleep—a light sleep through which the clicking rumble of the train's wheels kept up its rhythmic song.

GLEN FALLS offered her, the next day, the oddly altered face of familiarity seen after a journey. The square in front of the court house, with the first green dusting of spring showing faintly on its trees, was as quiet as ever, and the stores along Glen Street had not even changed their window displays—and still everything she saw had the quality of unreality.

They were all at the station to meet her—Sue with both children, Neddie, Sue's husband Jerry, and even black Horace. Ruth felt a sudden constriction of her heart when she saw them standing together on the platform, and she thought of the days when she and Sue and Neddie, the three orphaned Evans children, had faced the world together.

She tried to be cheerful while she answered their questions about New York, about the Clipper, about John. This would be their program—to pretend that John had gone on a trip from which he might return at any day.

It was the only program they could possibly adopt, she realized more and more as the days passed and she slipped insensibly back into the routine of life in Glen Falls. Anything but pretense that John would soon be back would have been too difficult, too frightening. But how long can you go on pretending...

They all lived together in the big, old-fashioned Maple Street house—had lived there since they first came to Glen Falls. Horace had a room partitioned off at the far end of the stable which now served as a garage for Jerry's decrepit car. Ignoring Jerry's titular possession of the car, Horace looked upon it as his own special property, and would not willingly have slept very far from it.

Ruth was always up at six in the morning to give Richard his bottle and get breakfast started in the kitchen. Meanwhile, Sue was attending to the not-always-easy task of rousing Jerry and Neddie and bathing and dressing her own Jerry Junior. After breakfast, with Jerry on his way to work at the Glen Falls Gazette, where he was a reporter, and Neddie dispatched to high school, Ruth left Sue and Horace to do the dishes while she herself hurried to Dr. Carvell's.

She had taken the job of office nurse and assistant to Dr. Carvell some time before John's decision to go abroad. Then, working had been almost a hobby, but now it was strict necessity. Jerry's salary and her own would barely suffice to meet all expenses. Not much would be left over for luxuries.

Sue chafed at their poverty. "It isn't fair for you to have to work, while I stay comfortably at home all day!" she said once, her lovely oval face petulant in discontent. "I ought to get a job, too, and bring a little money into the family funds. We could certainly use it!"

"Who'd take care of the children?" Ruth asked, smiling. Sue's instincts were always excellent, but frequently they led her to forget practical details. "Horace is a big help—but I don't really think he could handle them alone."

"Well... no," Sue conceded reluctantly.

Ruth's own job at Dr. Carvell's was pleasant enough. The old doctor had been on the point of retirement when she and John came to Glen Falls; it had been understood that John, after a preliminary period of working with Carvell, would take over the practice entirely. But John's sudden departure for Europe had left Carvell alone again, and perhaps it was just as well; since his wife's death he seemed to have taken on a new, desperate energy—almost as if he were afraid to stop working. Ruth answered his telephone, kept his accounts, assisted him in the minor operations of removing splinters from small boys' knees and the like.

Besides giving her some activity with which to beguile time into passing more quickly, more easily, Ruth found a kind of inner comfort by working with Carvell. He understood, as she did, that John had gone to Europe because he'd been forced to go by an invincible compulsion. He hadn't been able to fight that compulsion because nothing mattered to him except his own wishes, his own needs. Dr. Carvell knew this, and his sympathy for Ruth was so great it never needed expression. A few casual words in his gruff voice, a glance from the eyes that were red-rimmed from years of study, were enough to tell her that he knew every sensation of her loneliness, knew too that it must never be mentioned or put into words. He was lonely himself since his wife had gone; like so many people he had not realized his need for her until it was too late.

The weeks trudged by; summer came, and in her work at Dr. Carvell's, her companionship with her family, Ruth found a kind of substitute for living. John's infrequent letters, sometimes mangled by the censor's inks and scissors, told her little except that he was working hard at a task he believed in, but she thought she read between the lines a new feeling of strength in him—a justification, perhaps, of his
belief that going away had been necessary to prove himself.

In mid-June, on her way home from Dr. Carvell's office, Ruth stopped in at Haley's Store to buy some food for supper. The store was busy, and as she waited she noticed a young man at the bread counter who was obviously not of Glen Falls. He was dressed shabbily, yet with a certain style, a kind of cavalier-like carelessness, in gray trousers and a darker gray jacket. A weather-stained hat was tilted rakishly on his head, and his shoes were dusty. But the most remarkable thing about him—an unheard-of thing in Glen Falls—was the accordion he carried, without a case or covering, slung over his shoulder.

He turned and found her watching him, and returned her stare with one so frank, so unabashed, that she colored and bent her head to a scrutiny of some canned goods displayed on her end of the counter. There had been a challenging boldness in the dark, long-lashed eyes that was completely disconcerting.

Andy Tuttle came to wait on her, and she gave him her order, aware all the time of the young man beside her, knowing that he was still looking at her. Then she heard him say to another clerk:

"I want a nickel loaf of bread."
"Sorry, mister. All our bread's a dime."
"Then some rolls?..." He did not sound timid. He made his pitifully modest request with brazen assurance, and when the clerk shook his head and said shortly, "Nothin' but these packages, and, they're fifteen," he shrugged indifferently and turned away.

On an impulse that was more anger at the clerk than pity for the young man, Ruth said, "Give him the loaf—I'll pay the other five cents."

He whirled on her, hot fury blazing in his face. "Nothing doing, lady! I'm no bum—there's plenty of places I can get something to eat and pay for it too."

"But I—" For an instant she was taken aback, apologetic; then irritation at his rude rejection of a well-meant offer of help made her fall silent while he swaggered past her and out of the store.

She was still upset by the encounter as she went on her way home, but in the activity of preparing supper and rushing through it in order to get back to Dr. Carvell's by seven—it was one of his office nights—she forgot it entirely.

Carvell was waiting for her, bag in hand, when she returned to the office. "I'm afraid you'll be holding the fort alone tonight," he said. "Mrs. O'Brien has elected to have her baby during office hours and I have to rush."

"All right, Doctor," she said with the smile that, unknown to her, always made people feel secure and warm inside, it was so filled with comfort and friendliness. "If there's anything important I'll call you."

He had been gone barely ten minutes, and no patients had come into the office, when the telephone rang. It was Nick Panelous, proprietor of Glen Falls' lunch wagon.

"Fella just pass out on the floor," he said excitedly. "Can Doctor come over, right away?"

"The doctor isn't here, Nick," Ruth said. "Is it anything serious, do you think?"

"I dunno. He come in, eat a big dinner, then—poof!—out like the light. I've take' him into my room in back, but I dunno what else to do."

"I'll run over for a minute," Ruth decided quickly. "If he looks bad I know where to reach the doctor."

It wasn't far to the lunch wagon—no spot in Glen Falls was, in fact, very far from any other spot—and when Ruth (Continued on page 48)
Glen Falls offered her, the next day, the oddly altered face of familiarity seen after a journey. The square in front of the court house, with the first green dusting of snow blowing faintly on its trees, was as quiet as ever, and the stores along Glen Street had not even changed their window displays—and still everything she saw had the quality of unreality.

They were all at the station to meet her—Sue with both children, Neddie, Sue's husband Jerry, and even black Harace. Ruth felt a sudden conduction of her heart when she saw them standing together on the platform, and she thought of the days when she and Sue and Neddie, the three orphaned Evans children, had faced the world together.

She tried to be cheerful while she answered their questions about New York, about the Clipper, about John. This would be their program—to pretend that John had gone on a trip from which he might return at any day.

It was the only program they could possibly adopt, she realized more and more as the days passed and she slipped insensibly back into the routine of life in Glen Falls. Anything but pretense that John would soon be back would have been too difficult, too frightening. But how long can you go on pretending?

They all lived together in the big, old-fashioned Maple Street house—had lived there since they first came to Glen Falls. Horace had a room partitioned off at the far end of the stable which now served as a garage for Jerry’s decrepit car. Ignoring Jerry’s titular possession of the car, Horace looked upon it as his own special property, and would not willingly have slept very far from it.

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Sue chafed at their poverty. “It isn’t fair for you to have to work, while I stay comfortably at home all day?” she said one day, her face petulant in discontent. “I ought to get a job, too, and bring a little money into the family funds. We could certainly use it!”

“What’d take care of the children?” Ruth asked, smiling. Sue answered, “You’d be always excellent, but frequently they led her to forget practical details. “Horace is a big help—but I don’t really think he could handle them alone.”

“Well, no, no,” Sue conceded reluctantly.

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“Look!—I’ll pay the five cents.”

He whirled on her, hot fury blazing in his face. “Nothing doing, lady! I’m no bum—there’s plenty of places I can get something to eat and pay for it too.”

“Just a minute,” said a voice from the other side of the store.

He whirled back. There was John, back from abroad, in the red-checked shirt he had outgrown, with a lot of hair on his face, and the sort of ruddy, pleasant sort of expression that made kings fall silent while he swaggered past her and out of the store.

She was still upset by the encounter as she went on her way home, but in the activity of preparing to have a dinner and rushing through it in order to get back to Dr. Carvell’s study by seven—it was one of his office nights—he had forgotten it entirely.

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“Mrs. O’Brien has elected to have her baby during office hours and I have to rush.”

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“I’ll run over for a minute,” Ruth decided quickly. “If he looks bad, I know where to reach the doctor.”

He was far too hungry to lunch wagon—no spot in Glen Falls was, in any case, very far from any other spot—and when Ruth (Continued on page 48)
LAUREL GROSVENOR (left) is Stella Dallas's pretty, twenty-five-year-old daughter. It wasn't until Laurel was in her 'teens that Stella came into her life and Laurel learned to love and appreciate her mother. She is more like her father than Stella, though, and fits smoothly into the gay social life of Washington. A few years ago, Laurel married Dick Grosvenor, a socially prominent and handsome young investment broker. Dick has been a wonderful husband and Laurel is deeply in love with him, but the thorn in Laurel's side is Dick's mother, Mrs. Grosvenor, who dislikes Stella and has done all she can to separate the mother and daughter. Laurel has a child named Stella Louise, after her mother.

(Played by Vivian Smolen)

STEPHEN DALLAS (right) Stella's former husband, is a distinguished, handsome man, who holds a high office in the diplomatic service. Many of Stella's friends believe she still loves him, but she was never able to fit in with his wealth and social status, so their marriage was doomed from the beginning. After they were divorced, Stella did not see Stephen again until Laurel was grown up. She wanted to leave Stephen free to give Laurel the best of everything. Stephen married again, but when Stella came back into Laurel's life, he was very kind to her and they have become good friends. In the past few years, this fine, warm hearted man has done everything possible to keep Stella and Laurel together.

(Played by Fredrick Tozere)
MRS. GROSVENOR (right) is a harsh, intolerant, unpleasant, society woman. All her life, Mrs. Grosvenor has had things handed to her on the proverbial silver platter. If she had known the hardships and suffering which Stella Dallas has endured, she might be a little more human. Mrs. Grosvenor is quick to criticize anyone she considers beneath her station in life. Stella has been the soul of patience with her, but some of Stella's friends, such as Minnie Grady and Ed Munn, would like to even scores with Mrs. Grosvenor for all the misery she has caused Stella. Mrs. Grosvenor has tried to split Stella and Laurel. She has made trouble for Bob James, Stella's protégé, and was very unpleasant when Bob got into trouble in Washington recently. Dick tries to influence his mother, but admits she is a difficult woman. If Mrs. Grosvenor could find something useful to do, it might eventually change her nature.
(Played by Jane Huston)

DICK GROSVENOR (left) is a tall, serious, straightforward young man. His whole life centers around Laurel, his wife, and his adoration of her is often carried to extremes. Dick has a deep sense of honor and is not only concerned with Laurel's happiness but Stella Dallas's, as well. Dick loved Stella from the first moment they met and, although their backgrounds are totally different, whenever he is in trouble the first person he seeks for advice is Stella. More than once, her assistance has helped her socially prominent young son-in-law, an investment broker, out of serious trouble. Dick is very indebted to Stella and he resents the high-handed, snobbish way his mother, Mrs. Grosvenor, treats Stella. He is quick to defend Laurel and Stella when his mother makes trouble for them.
(Played by Michael Fitzmaurice)
THE good yacht Alma-M glided out of harbor like a swift white swan. The dark water through which she passed shone with phosphorous. On deck there was the sound of ice against glasses, music, and voices. A steward passed platters of sandwiches. A ship clock sounded eight bells. And, fittingly and properly enough, sitting a little off from the others in the bright wash of the moon, was a girl and a man.

"I must have left the broadcast earlier than usual," Frank Morgan said. "It's just twelve. I like getting away Thursday nights like this, if I can. It adds another day to the week-end. We'll be in the basin at Catalina in a few hours, have all tomorrow and Saturday and Sunday there.

"By the way—maybe I should warn you—my skipper just told me he expects it to kick up a little once we get outside."

Claudia Morgan, unable to choose between a caviar and smoked turkey sandwich, ended her dilemma by taking both. "When Uncle Frank admits his skipper admits it's going to kick up a little," she told the long young man beside her, "prepare to die!"

"You couldn't possibly make me regret being here," he insisted. She hoped she knew what he meant. She hoped he was being personal. She always had been one to argue that love-at-first-sight was nonsense. But ever since she had come along side, seen him standing on deck, grinning shamelessly at her in her white slacks and white lamb coat, with a white begonia pinned in her hair, she had hoped there was such a thing as love-at-first-sight and this was it.

Her cousin, George, put a rhumba on the phonograph and asked her to dance.

"Russ is the architect for the house we're building at Palm Springs," he told her. "He knows what he wants and he gets it. Dad doesn't even sputter. He insisted, for instance, upon sending miles into the desert to get the right clay for the adobe bricks the local Indians are baking for us...."

"Go on," she prompted "What else?"

"Well, he undoubtedly drives a car better than anyone else on earth. He could be one of the first ten ranking tennis players if he had the time for it. You have the idea Claudia—I'm sure! He's a helluva fellow. And just as soon as I can—decently, in the good (Continued on page 60)
I'll wait for You

"All my life I've loved Lucy. The thought that I might have to stay here in camp and see her married to someone else was enough to drive me crazy"... This true story by an Army draftee is one every woman should read.

THERE was an awful half minute of silence. Sitting there on the platform, I got the feeling that it must be like this, crouching in a dark, muddy trench, waiting for the zero hour, waiting to go "over the top."

A signal from the man at the controls and the orchestra burst into music and a sign flashed on above the control booth—"On the Air." And then Mr. Howell, the man who was responsible for my being in the studio, stepped to the microphone and spoke.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Arthur Howell, bringing you your program, 'The People Say—!' Tonight, I have a very special guest, someone with a vitally important message for all of you." And, he almost whispered, "I hope Lucy Gaynor is listening. I hope you got my letter, Lucy, and that you will listen and at the end of the broadcast you will call Jim, here in the studio, at once."

The music flared up. I couldn't hear him any more. I had only a few more minutes. Then, I'd have to get up to the microphone and talk. I'd have to tell, who knows how many people, why I had done what I'd done.

There was a ringing in my ears and my hands were cold and clammy. It was like drowning. And, like a drowning person, I found the past closing in over me, flashing by in vivid pictures—a lifetime running by in a few seconds.

I was back in Fairlee, that last Saturday night before Ted Porter, Ben Moeller, Johnny Bestor and I went off to camp.

The gang threw a party for us. It was one of those parties where everybody talks too loud and laughs too much. Along about midnight, I couldn't take it any more. That wasn't my idea of how to spend my last few hours at home. Lucy and I were dancing out on the sun porch, then.

"Let's get out of here," I whispered.

Lucy's hand tightened on my shoulder. "Yes," she said.

The moon made a white ribbon of the road and we left Fairlee behind and drove out along the Mill Stream. Everything seemed strangely unfamiliar, more beautiful than I could remember.

It was like that about Lucy, too. Many's the time Lucy and I had sat there in the shadow of the mill, like we did that night, with the moonlight winking through the waving leaves and the mill stream tinkling over the dam and my heart beating like a drum, because Lucy was so lovely. But that night, my heart wasn't booming and I could hardly breathe.

Lucy's pale, small face seemed luminous and her dark, serious eyes were very bright, too bright. She leaned back in the car seat and her soft, brown hair fell back from her face and revealed the smooth line of her throat.

The thought that in a couple of days I wouldn't be able to see her whenever I wished was like a knife inside me. All my life, I've loved Lucy. All my life, all I had to do to see her was to walk down the street and whistle once under her window and she would come out to me.

For the hundredth time, I cursed the pride that had kept me from marrying Lucy long ago. If we'd been married before the Selective Service Act had been passed, I'd have been deferred. But I had pride. I wasn't going to marry her until I could give her a decent home and everything. Me, with my fine ideals!

"Darling," Lucy said, "you haven't said a word for ten minutes."

"Lucy," I said, pulling her close.

"I can't bear it. Let's get married tomorrow. Let's elope, now."

"Where? How can we get a license?" Lucy asked. "And the bans? You have to post them three days before—"

"I know," I said bitterly. "It's too late."

"Jim," Lucy said, "you're talking as if this would be forever. It's only a year. You'll be back in a year and I'll be waiting."

"Only a year!" I said. "I'll have
to start all over—new boss—new job—"

"Now, Jim," Lucy said. "You're being melodramatic, that's all. You know Mr. Grayson's promised to take you back at the bank. You know I'll wait for you." She made a funny sound, sort of like a laugh, but there were tears in it. "Oh, darling," she cried. "Don't make it so difficult! A year isn't so long. You'll have so much to do, so much to learn, you won't even notice it. Besides," and her voice dropped way low, "there isn't much we can do, now."

She was right. But being right didn't make it any easier. Lucy was a part of my life. It would be like dying a little bit to leave her.

I buried my face in her soft, sweet smelling hair and my fingers felt the petal like smoothness of the skin on her shoulders and I kind of lost my head. I'd never kissed Lucy like that before. That's as close to crazy as I want to get, ever.

She sobbed and pushed me away, gently. "No, Jim, you mustn't. Take me home, darling."

AGAIN, she was right. Quickly, I drove her home and, before I could lose my head again, Lucy's arms were around my neck. She kissed me and her lips were salty and that was the first I knew that she had been crying.

"Goodbye, darling," she whispered. Another kiss, a long, deep kiss. Then, she was running up the path, away from me.

Going home and trying to sleep was out of the question. I left my car there and walked listlessly through the silent streets, until I found myself in front of Harry's Soft Drink stand. I went in and climbed up on a stool at the counter.

"Same as always?" Harry asked with a smile, quietly.

Harry's got the sweetest smile I ever saw on a man. He's big, with powerful shoulders and long legs, like a runner. You'd never suspect he has a bad heart. Malnutrition and overwork, the doctor said, years ago.

Harry didn't say anything. We'd talked it all out, time and again, in the past weeks. Harry hated the thought of my going, almost as much as I did. Only Harry's hating it was impersonal. He had ideas about the war. He had ideas about lots of things.

"Jim," he said, at last, "write to me, will you?"

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I'll wait for You

"All my life I've loved Lucy. The thought that I might have to stay here in camp and see her married to someone else was enough to drive me crazy. . . . This true story by an Army draftee is one every woman should read.

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"Jim," he said, at last, "write me, will you?"

"Sure," I said,
It was bad saying goodbye to Harry. I don't know, with Lucy, I sort of went to pieces and it was all right like that. But with Harry, I had to hang on to all that manly stuff, be casual, no emotions. We shook hands, almost like we didn't know each other, and Harry slapped me on the back and I got out of there.

SOMEHOW, it got to be Monday morning and a group of us were saying goodbye to our families on the station platform and being herded into a special coach by an Army Officer. Once the train started, it wasn't so bad. It was as if a door had been shut on one part of our lives and another had opened before us.

Camp Y, over a hundred miles from Fairlee, in a different state—

In the beginning, it was kind of exciting. There was something new going on every day to keep us interested—physical checkups, taking I. Q. examinations, classifications, being assigned to companies, getting into the routine.

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And that's when I got the letter from my sister Nelly. I remember every word of it.

There was a page or so about home. Then—"You know how the girls are, Jim. They think I'm a kid and never pay any attention to me. So, the other day I heard some talk and I think you ought to know about it. This is what happened.

"Ever since you boys went away, the girls have been kind of clubby. They sit around and talk for hours, a regular hen club, all by themselves. But lately some of them have been going out again, once in awhile—yes, with a fellow.

"Well, anyway, the other evening, the whole club was in session and I crawled in on it. They didn't even know I was there. Barbara Neely was being smug as the dickens, because Ted's been promoted again and now that he's a Captain they're going to be married, right away, and live in the Officers' quarters on the Post. I guess the other girls were a little jealous and I can't say I blame them. Barbara got mad. And first thing out of the hat, she turns on Ben's Mary and says, 'What are you complaining about? You're having plenty of fun with Bert Crumbach.' Remember him?

"Anyhow, Mary says Bert's a fine man and she thinks maybe she'll
marry him. At that, Lucy pipes up with, 'But Mary! You’re engaged to Ben!' And Mary says, she hates to hurt Ben, but after all, she can’t wait forever. Then Lucy said Mary was a cheat. So, of course, Mary got sore and turned on Lucy. 'I suppose,' Mary says, 'you’re written Jim all about Harmon Lewis hanging around you all the time.' And then Lucy started to cry and said Harmon was her boss and had asked her out to dinner a couple of times and that was all. And Mary said, ‘Oh, yeah?’ And they all went away, hating each other.

"Now, Jim, I don’t know what all this Harmon business was about. It’s probably nothing at all. I just thought you ought to know, because, while I don’t think you have to worry, Ben’s going to get a jolt, one of these days. Maybe you can do something—I don’t know what. My, this letter’s long. Better stop now. Got a date myself. Love, Nelly."

I read it three times. And the more I read, the more scared I got. I kept telling myself that Lucy would never go back on me like that, but I had a feeling that I was whistling in the dark.

I’m afraid I didn’t think too much about Ben. Anyway, not until a couple of weeks later, when I spotted him looking like someone had hit him. It was after mail call and he was leaning up against the wall of our barracks, with that funny, empty look on his face. He had a letter in his hand. I went over to him.

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BEN was hit hard. Johnny and I did our best to pull him out of it, but we didn’t get far. He kept going off alone every chance he got, and the next time we went away on leave, he wouldn’t come back to Fairlee with us.

In a way, I wasn’t anxious to go back myself. I was afraid of what I’d find. And, when I did see Lucy, it didn’t help much. There was something about her—a sort of fear, or watchfulness, or something. I kissed her and my heart stopped beating at the way she seemed to be pulling away from me.

She laughed and it didn’t sound real. "Why are you looking at me like that, Jim?" she asked.

"Lucy—" I had no idea how to say it. And then, I found I couldn’t bring myself to tell her I’d heard about Harmon Lewis. So, I talked about Ben.

Like a fool, I said, "You wouldn’t do that to me, would you, Lucy? Not without telling me—would you?"

"Jim," Lucy cried. "Jim, you’re hurting my arm." She looked frightened. All of a sudden, she started to sob and buried her face in my shoulder. "Jim, darling. You’ve been gone so long and I’ve missed you so much. Hold on to me, darling."

Then it was all right. She was my old Lucy. And I forgot about everything else. I was happy—until I took her home and stopped in to say goodbye to her parents.

There was something wrong about them. Mrs. Gaynor was sweet, as usual, but she kept making conversation and didn’t listen to my answers. And Mr. Gaynor kept talking about the eighteen months extension.

A few days after I got back to camp, I got a letter from Mrs. Gaynor. And then, I really knew how Ben had felt.

"I had hoped," she wrote, "that Lucy and you would talk this over. But I’m afraid Lucy didn’t explain, after all. You see, Jim, dear, Harmon Lewis—you know, the banker—has spoken to Mr. Gaynor about marrying Lucy. Now, I know that you and Lucy have always counted on getting married, but both Mr. Gaynor and I feel that, perhaps, you two young people have made a mistake. After all, you grew up together and neither one of you has ever gone out with anyone else and, frankly, we think you have mistaken familiarity for love. We both feel that Lucy would be very happy with Harmon—if it weren’t for her loyalty to you. I know this will seem like a shock to you, but I beg you to think it over. Your future is so uncertain. Harmon is well off and he loves Lucy very much. And Lucy is very fond of him. In fact, if it were not for you, I’m sure she would realize that she loves him. My dear boy—this is very hard to say, but I think it is up to you to set Lucy (Continued on page 78)
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It was bad saying goodbye to Harry. I don’t know, with Lucy, I sort of went all right like that. But with Harry, I had to hang on to all that man stuff, be cautious. We shook hands, almost like we didn’t know each other, and Harry slumped me on the back and I got out of there.

SOMETHING out to be Monday morning and a group of us were saying goodbye to our families on the station platform. We’d been inducted into a special coach by an Army Officer. Once the train started, it wasn’t so bad as if a door had been shut on one part of our lives and another had opened for us.

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It was just the opposite of love at first sight for John B. Hughes and the girl he met in Idaho—but that didn't keep them from a happy marriage.

By MARIAN RHEA

If there's one thing that drives John B. Hughes wild, it's to get a letter from a listener saying:

"I just love to listen to you on the air, Mr. Hughes. Your voice is so friendly and appealing that I enjoy listening no matter what you say!"

True, it's a compliment. But just look at John's side of the question. There he is, broadcasting a fifteen-minute news analysis every day over the Mutual network. He's the only nationally-heard news commentator whose program originates on the Pacific Coast. Because of that fact, and because he does take his work seriously, he has done his best to become something of an authority on Far Eastern affairs.

And then people write in to compliment him on his voice, which after all he was born with, and neglect to say they're glad he knows what he's talking about—which is an advantage that he worked hard to get!

The bicycle built for two that Ariel gave John on their thirteenth anniversary will hold four—if the other two are Saandra and John Junior.

Not that his voice isn't a real asset. It's strong and virile and very clear, and it goes with his appearance. In fact, he looks like his voice sounds. He is big and has plenty of hair, blue eyes, a clear, ruddy skin, an intriguing mustache and an elegant smile. He has a sense of humor, too, which is just about as beguiling as good looks (for my money, at least) and he isn't the kind of chap who thinks he knows it all, either. He is modest, but not "professionally" so, if you get what I mean. It is his job and not himself that he takes seriously—his job and his wife, I might add. She is important.

When you meet someone and talk to him, you usually find one thing that stands out, keynoting his entire personality. With John B. Hughes, and despite his brilliantly successful career, it is his marriage. He was married thirteen years ago last August 8, and his wife is still the most important thing in his life. He is crazy about her. He admits that, frankly. (Continued on page 82)
Listen to John B. Hughes, sponsored by Aspertane, on Mutual Mondays through Fridays at noon, E.S.T.
It had happened—she had disgraced Edward before all the world. In blind panic, Amanda ran sobbing from the church, away from the man she had just married.

Copyright 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert

Amanda moved through the door, her heart beating a terrified accompaniment to her thoughts—no, not thoughts, for she could not think; fear was mounting into panic, not for herself, but for Edward who might be close to death. Her eyes swept around the front room of Charlie Harris’ cabin, filled with Valley folk, her father, Charlie, the minister. The weight of the wedding chain upon her shoulders was heavier than fruit and flowers should be. The outer door was open, and now she heard footsteps, those of Edward Leighton, who, determined to save her from this marriage, would face a danger, which he, who had always lived on the hills, would not be prepared to meet.

On she moved, a slim, white figure; if these, her people, killed Edward, they would have to kill her, too. They waited, watching her, and with a desperate, sudden gesture she tore the chain from her, she broke through the girls around her, and was out the door into the night. Edward was there, she saw him; she caught his hands, crying out to him, and they were running, running through the moonlight toward his car by the great oak. Behind them, high and furious, sounded shouts and yells. Somehow they were in the car, it was moving; by the night wind, cool against her face, she knew they were away, that Edward was safe. She did not think of herself, of where she was going, of what she might have to face, only that she had saved him. A bullet whistled above their heads, then as they came out from under the trees and mounted the hill, silence closed in behind them. Amanda shivered; she was suddenly very weary. The last days had been too full of anguish, strain and horror, of heartbreak and despair; her strength had been drained from her, there was nothing left with which to respond to freedom—or to love.

Edward’s voice was tender, broken, and she heard it only as a faint sound, the pressure of his arm against her side was as unreal as a touch in a dream. She only knew that this ride through the night was taking her closer and closer to Susan Leighton; she remembered—now—that Edward’s mother had told her that some day he would be sorry he had ever met her.

Before the door of Big House, whose windows gleamed with lights, Edward stopped the car, drew her into his arms and kissed her with passionate tenderness. He, too, was
His Edward, don't believe you would have no fear of anyone or anything.

She found herself sitting on the sofa close to Edward, his arm around her, and they waited, their eyes on his mother's face. Susan did not speak; she had risen and stood, her eyes wide, as if she had seen a ghost she had believed forever banished. She seemed more shocked than angry; and Sylvia's blue eyes held a queer, veiled look.

"Mother," Edward said, breaking the unnatural silence, "you did a wicked thing, a cruel thing—I—the knuckles were white on his clenched hand, "I found Amanda just in time. She was—" his voice broke, "she was being forced into a marriage with a man she hates. I almost lost her. Why did you try to separate us?"

Susan moved to her chair, and when she spoke, it was quite simply.

"Because I believe you're infatuated with a beautiful face. You're on the point of ruining your life. I did what I did because I love you."

"Love me! If you do, you'd want me to be happy—"

"I'm thinking of your happiness. What will your friends say when they know you've married Amanda, a—"

"A Valley girl—yes. I'm proud that she is."

There was a little cry from Amanda, and his hand closed over hers.

"Hush, dear. We must have this out, the sooner the better. Everyone has to know—and accept—just how I feel—my family and my friends."

Susan's voice was still quiet, but one foot tapped impatiently on the floor.

"All right. We'll have it out, as you say. I believe you'll never be happy with Amanda. She's an uneducated girl, she has no comprehension of your life and interests—she's never been to school—"

"And I don't give a hang. But Amanda shall not be hurt—by anyone." His voice was now hard, covering fury.

"You don't care, Edward?" Amanda was sobbing, and slow tears slipped over her cheeks. "Are you saying that just to be kind? Truly, you don't care?"

"I do not; not for myself." He brushed away her tears with gentle fingers. "If (Continued on page 72)
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"My dear, my darling—how could you—how could you leave me? I've been in hell. Suppose I hadn't got there in time, you might be—by this time another man's wife—by now. Amanda—Amanda—" His arms tightened about her with a desperate urgency. She clung to him, her only security in a world torn by despair, and fear, a world torn, not healed, by love. He helped her out of the car, and led her into the little living room, and once more she faced Susan Leighton. She was not to be spared anything; Sylvia Meadows was there, the girl who had once excited to be Edward's wife. That made it hard. But Colonel Bob was there, too, friendly, wanting to help.

"SOMewhere in the depths of her weary mind and soul, courage stirred. If she was sure what was right, how to make Edward happy, she would have no fear of anyone or anything.

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THERE was something jauntier than usual about Kelton Stokes as he walked into the room. "And the Lord knows," thought Hallam Ford, "he's jaunty enough under ordinary circumstances." From the lift of his left eyebrow to the dull shine of his brown English shoes, Kelton Stokes was perfection.

Millicent Barry was waiting to run over the scene with Kelton—she was already cast as leading lady—and it was her voice that said out loud what Hallam was thinking.

"Why girls leave home!" she exclaimed, and laughed. "Kelton, darling, aren't you ever going to grow up?"

Kelton sauntered across the rehearsal room, and despite himself Hallam Ford liked the man. He was so pleased with life and with living. Happiness was draped around him like a cloak.

"Why should I grow up," he asked Millicent, "when living in a state of arrested development is such fun?"

Millicent wrinkled her lovely nose at him. She said, "That's a question I can't answer, big boy," and Hallam muttered, "I've got to hand it to you, Stokes!"

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Kelton sauntered across the rehearsal room, and despite himself Hallam Ford liked the man. He was so pleased with life and with living. Happiness was draped around him like a cloak.

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Kelton sauntered across the rehearsal room, and despite himself Hallam Ford liked the man. He was so pleased with life and with living. Happiness was draped around him like a cloak.
"He's mine!" ... and Laura realized with sudden anger that Kelton was indeed hers, husband, lover, the child she had never possessed. Any woman who loved as Laura did would risk the gamble she took to hold him think it was good, Kelton, but if Laura liked the darn thing that's something else again. Laura's not only beautiful—she has sense.

Kelton agreed. "I've the grandest wife in the world," he said, and his voice was rich with sincerity. "Laura's my inspiration—she's responsible for everything decent I've done. No kidding."

"You're telling me!" teased Millicent. "How does she feel about this Hollywood stuff? I mean, really?"

Kelton Stokes was again surveying his thumbnail. "Of course," he said, "Laura likes it here—this town's friendly and Hollywood, according to all reports, is a madhouse. But Laura will stick any place if it's to my advantage. We belong together—where I go she goes. If she balked at Hollywood—" he hesitated.

Hallam prompted, "Yes?"

Kelton told him simply, "Then pictures would be out. See?"

It was Millicent who said—"Yes, I see." She added, "How long have you and Laura been married?" and Kelton told her, "This isn't for publication, Millie, but we've been married over twenty years. That's some sort of a record."

"Not," breathed Millicent softly, "for people who love each other." Her eyes, suddenly warm and soft, rested upon Hallam Ford, and all at once Hallam felt younger than Kelton looked, which was pretty young. He said, when he could catch his breath—

"When do you shove off, Stokes? Not too soon, I hope, because I've a part for you, and it's a humdinger. I wouldn't want anybody else to play it—not if I could help myself."

Kelton said: "Thanks, Hal—you're a good egg. Oh, I'll have time to play the part, all right. I don't suppose I'll be leaving town for a couple of weeks at the earliest—Margo Kendrick is in Europe, and I'm to be her leading man. As a matter of fact, we haven't signed the contract, yet."

"But I thought," said Millicent, "that it was in the bag? If you haven't signed a contract—"

Kelton interposed. "Laura," he said, "stayed on at the projection room. They're going to run the screen test over again for her, and after that she's all set to talk turkey to the legal department ... Laura takes care of my contracts, you know. I'm a lousy business man."

Millicent laughed. "I'm glad you're a lousy something," she said, "because you're a pretty good actor—taken by and large. You'll like this part Hal has for you, Kelton—it's a honey."

Kelton asked cautiously. "Did I hear that the script is one of Gerry Gateson's?" and Hallam nodded.

"Yes," he said, "Gerry Gateson wrote it as a one-time shot, but if the fans go for it—and it seems sure fire to me—'Love Story' may be running fifty years from now. I wish you weren't leaving for Hollywood, Stokes—if the part goes on forever, I'd like to have you identified with it."

"Oh, well," yawned Kelton, "maybe you won't feel that way after I've done a sight reading. . . ."

LAURA STOKES—dressed in her smartest frock and wearing a Paris hat—watched her husband's shadow self wander across the screen of a tight little projection room. She was seeing his test for the second time. Kelton's voice sounded better on the screen than it did through the microphone—and it was better through the microphone than it had ever been on the stage. She thought of the first time that Kelton had rated a talking part back on Broadway—my word, that was nineteen years ago . . . She thought of the first time he'd had a real chance to strut his stuff—playing opposite that tall, thin girl with the hollow cheeks, who could make you think that she was blonde and beautiful by doing something vague
with her hands and shoulders... She thought of the time when Broadway was dearer than a door nail and Kelton had gone into radio as a stop-gap. He had scoffed at radio in the beginning, but now they were both glad he'd taken the step. It gave them so much more time to go places and do things.

KELTON—on the screen—was flirting with a curly, dimpled thing in shorts. Any other man of forty-four might have looked a trifle silly, carrying on that way—the child couldn't be a day over sixteen. But Kelton—Laura experienced a glow of complacent delight—didn't suffer by comparison with a sixteen-year-old. He managed to retain his dignity and his aliveness—a valuable combination.

Somebody slipped into the seat beside Laura. It was the young camera man who had made Kelton's test.

"He's remarkably good," said the young man. "What do you think, Mrs. Stokes?" And Laura agreed that her husband was indeed remarkably good. "But it seems funny," she murmured, "to be crashing Hollywood after all these years.

"Oh, well!" said the young man. He hesitated—"I think the make-up leaves something to be desired—don't you?"

"Perhaps—but very little," nodded Laura. She, too, had noticed the slight thickness under the chin, and Kelton's gray streak was more than apparent, but she wasn't going to admit it to a chap who was just out of his swaddling clothes.

The camera man laughed. "Make-up," he said, "I think the camera man has a multitude of sins. They tell me back in the legal department that the contract's all drawn up. May I be the first to congratulate you, Mrs. Stokes?"

"Yes, I think you may," acknowledged Laura. She added hastily, "And now, please don't let's talk any more—I want to hear Kelton do this moonlight bit. I didn't quite catch it the first time they ran the test."

The camera man cleared his throat and said, "I believe you're fond of your husband, Mrs. Stokes." He relapsed into silence and Kelton Stokes gamboled through a patch of silver and took the dimpled sixteen-year-old into his arms and kissed her with just the right show of restrained passion.

Laura was halfway between laughter and tears, but the laughter and tears were gold-plated with pride...

Twenty minutes later, in the business office, she was composed again—and sure of herself. Why shouldn't she be sure of herself? Laura Stokes had been everything to her husband for so long—wife, sweetheart, manager. She said:

"No, I can't sign for him, but I can read the contract over and tell you if anything's impossible, Mr. Epstein."

The man named Epstein was fat but there was a steel-trap quality underlying his fatness. "You'll find that the contract is pretty swell, Mrs. Stokes," he told Laura. "It isn't every man your husband's age—excuse me for mentioning it—but it isn't every man your husband's age who gets a chance like this."

Laura let the sly reference to Kelton's age pass unchallenged. Kelton's forty-four was younger than many a screen star's twenty-four.

"My husband's following has increased since he went into radio," she said with a quiet smile. "You're lucky, Mr. Epstein. He's very popular."

"We'll see about that. Maybe you're right—I hope so... but the woods are full of guys who used to be leading men, and they're all praying for a chance to do heavies in Hollywood."

Laura's hands had been resting lightly upon the contract. Now she was snatching at it.

"Leading men praying for a chance to do heavies?" she queried. "Is that what you said, Mr. Epstein?"

"Sure, that was it," nodded Mr. Epstein. "That was exactly."

Laura was aware of a premonition—one that she tried to shoo into the shadowy recesses of her brain.

"Kelton's different from the general run," she said. "Kelton will make a superb leading man for Margo Kendrick. Her next picture will probably be a record breaker."

Marcus Epstein shook his head ponderously. "I didn't mention nothing about your husband playing opposite Kendrick," he told Laura. "She's only a kid—he's too old to be her boy friend. We're going to cast him as her father."

LAURA STOKES never quite knew how she got from Marcus Epstein's office to her own flat. The contract—she was tactful enough to take it without argument—was in her purse, and Mr. Epstein's moist handclasp was still unpleasantly identified with her fingers. Her head was up and her cheeks were pink, but her heart was aching as she went through the charming foyer and into the bedroom. She seated herself in front of the dressing table and stared into the mirror with wide eyes—seeing not her own smooth girlish reflection, but her husband's.

Kelton, at forty-four! He was so young, so glamorous. His waist line was still a minus quality, and he didn't wear glasses, and he had all four of his wisdom teeth. And yet Hollywood considered him as almost an old man—he was being cast as a heavy... Such an idea, Laura knew, had never occurred to Kelton. Not any more than it had occurred to her.

The Hollywood thing had come up so suddenly—so abruptly—that it had swept them both off their feet. Entirely without warning Kelton had received a call from a studio. He and Laura had gone down together, jok ing on the way. And when a pertinent question had exploded, Margo Kendrick had heard him over the radio—she'd been driving in her car and had picked up a program in which Kelton starred... She had liked his voice and—after research—she had liked his photograph, too. Would Stokes be open to a contract? Was he tied to radio?... Kelton had laughed and said—

"We'll try anything once—eh, Laura?" and Laura had nodded her head in agreement even though the thought of Hollywood had given her an instant sense of dread.

On the way home, that first day, sitting close to her husband in a taxi, Laura had groped for his hand and said, "It won't make any difference to us, will it?" and Kelton had answered, "Nothing can ever make any difference to us."

And so, through the succeeding weeks of screen tests, weeks that had culminated in this morning's run-off, (Continued on page 64)
YOU AND I

The song of the month and the theme song of the year—Radio Mirror offers words and music of the country's most popular hit tune. Composed by Meredith Willson, conductor of the Maxwell House Coffee Hour, it's heard every Thursday night over NBC, introducing the program.

Composer and conductor Meredith Willson was playing with the local orchestra in his home town of Mason City, Iowa, at the age of twelve . . . he uses a dozen batons during a broadcast, and has been happily married for twenty years.
YOU AND I  Words and Music by MEREDITH WILLSON

Chorus, Moderately (with expression)

Dar-ling You And I know the rea-son why a

D7 G7 G7aug G7 C9 Am E C7 Am7 F

sum-mer sky is blue And we know

D7 Gm D7 Gm G9 Cdim G7

why birds in the trees sing mel-o-dies

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F C7 F Bb7 A7 Gm6

too; And why love will grow from the first "hel-
'til the last "good-bye."

So to sweet romance, there is just one answer,

1. F C7 F Ab Gm7 C7
You And I Darling

2. F G7 F
You And I
DAVID FARRELL, whose nickname is “Front Page,” is the dashing and handsome ace reporter on one of New York City’s biggest newspapers. He and Sally were married after a whirlwind courtship in which he practically kidnapped her from the middle-aged multimillionaire her family wanted her to wed. Before his marriage, though, David had several romantic love affairs with famous and glamorous women, and Sally’s knowledge of these episodes sometimes casts a shadow over their life together. However, that part of his life is all over. Being Sally’s husband is enough for him now. He’s a brilliant and daring newspaperman, and has been responsible for many a sensational scoop.

(Played by Carleton Young)
Introducing in rare exclusive portraits one of radio's most delightful couples, who bring excitement and romance to the new dramatic serial heard Mondays through Fridays on the Mutual network, sponsored by the makers of Anacin.

SALLY FARRELL, twenty years old, is naive, impetuous, and very, very feminine. She's deeply in love with her young husband, but worries a good deal because she thinks she is inferior to women he's known in the past and women he meets in his daily work. She, too, works for the newspaper, but she isn't a very talented reporter and gets only the mildest kind of assignment to handle—obituaries, women's club meetings, and the like. Nothing pleases her more than tricking David into saying she's a great writer—which he hates to do, candid soul that he is, because it isn't the truth. In her heart she fears that some day he will meet a beautiful woman writer, and if this happens she will lose him.

(Played by Virginia Dwyer)
ALMOST everybody loves a parade, and I'm sure everybody will love our Cooking Corner's parade of jolly little bakers, carrying new and luscious cake for your approval. The first baker carries a spice cake, which has our old friend, dried prunes, as a chief ingredient. Next a new variation of the ever popular chocolate cake, this time with bits of chocolate scattered throughout the layers. The orange layer cake, which is third in the parade, is made with orange juice in place of milk or water for liquid, and bringing up the rear is a banana layer, which owes its creamy texture to the fact that mashed ripe bananas form part of the batter.

**Prune Spice Cake**

- 2 1/2 cups cooked prunes
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 4 eggs
- 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 4 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves

Measure prunes, remove pits and cut prunes into small pieces. Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt, and add alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Add prunes, and spice and beat thoroughly. Pour into three well greased 8-inch layer cake pans and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.).

**Chocolate Chip Layer Cake**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate
- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/4 tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg whites, unbeaten
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cut each square of chocolate into 4 to 6 pieces. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Grease two layer pans, line with wax paper, grease again then pour into each one 1/6 of the cake batter. Sprinkle 1/6 of the chopped chocolate over each batter layer. Repeat in alternate layers, using chocolate as the final layer in each
pan. Bake at 275 degrees F. (about 30 minutes).

Orange Layer Cake
1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 cup orange juice
Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter, add orange rind, then sugar gradually and cream together until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small quantity at a time, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in well greased layer pans at 375 degrees F. (about 25 to 30 minutes).

Banana Layer Cake
2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/4 tsps. double-acting baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup mashed ripe bananas
(2 or 3 bananas)
1/4 cup sour milk or buttermilk
Combine milk and bananas. Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Add flour mixture alternately with milk and banana mixture, a little at a time, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in two well-greased layer pans at 375 degrees F. (about 25 to 30 minutes).

As a topper for any of these cakes, nothing could be better than this easy-make frosting.

Easy-Make Frosting
1 cup butter or margarine
2 cups confectioner's sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
Cream butter, beat in sugar gradu-
ually, add flavoring. Spread on cake after cake has cooled. Use 1 tsp. grated orange rind for extra flavoring for the orange cake; a tbl. banana pulp for the banana cake, and for the chocolate chip cake add a wreath of shredded chocolate.

For a new taste thrill, try an Orange Layer Cake which calls for orange juice as a substitute for milk or water as liquid.

And what person doesn't like the taste of bananas? Here's a delicious layer cake made from a batter with mashed ripe bananas.

Sweet Tooth Tricks

Here's a new idea for your candy files—the fascinating nut tidbit shown here. To make them, melt prepared fondant in the top of a double boiler until soft but not runny. Next, dip blanched Brazil or other nut meats in the fondant, one at a time, then roll the tips in coarsely ground nutsmeats and place on waxed paper to dry. Here's a good fondant recipe:

Cook ingredients over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves. Take out spoon and do not stir again because stirring will make the fondant cloudy. During cooking, if crystals form on the sides of the pan, remove them with a dampened cloth wrapped around a fork. When candy thermometer reaches 238 degrees F., remove from heat and pour onto large platter which has been rinsed in cold water. Cool to lukewarm, mix with spatula until fondant becomes creamy, then knead with the hands until it reaches the consistency of your favorite bonbon centers. Put into covered bowl and let stand for 24 hours to ripen. When it has ripened, divide it into as many portions as you wish to, flavor various portions with vanilla, mint, wintergreen, etc., (only a few drops will be required) and knead the flavoring into the fondant. Use one portion to stuff dates and prunes, another for the nut tidbits described above. There are many ways in which you can use fondant. Try coloring part of it with fruit coloring.
**Cakes ON PARADE**

A delightful way to get the family to eat prunes is by treating them to this Prune Spice Cake, with your favorite icing.

Children love chocolate in every shape or form.

Surprise them with this Chocolate Chip Layer Cake for your next party.

Almost everybody loves a parade, and I'm sure that everybody will love our Cooking Corner's parade of dizzy little bakers, carrying new and luscious cake for your approval. The first baker carries a spice cake, which has our old friend, dried prunes, as a chief ingredient. Next a new variation of the ever popular chocolate cake, this time with bits of chocolate scattered throughout the layers. The orange layer cake, which is third in the parade, is made with orange juice instead of milk or water for liquid, and bringing up the rear is a banana layer, which owes its creamy texture to the fact that mashed ripe bananas form part of the batter.

**Prune Spice Cake**

- Cup cooked prunes
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 4 eggs
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves

Measure prunes, remove pits and cut prunes into small pieces. Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt, and add alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Add prunes, and spice and beat thoroughly. Pour into three well greased 8-inch layer cake pans and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.).

**Chocolate Chip Layer Cake**

- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg whites, separated
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift each square of chocolate into 4 to 6 pieces. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Grease two layer pans, line with wax paper, grease again then pour into each one 1/6 of the cake batter. Sprinkle 1/6 of the chopped chocolate over each batter layer. Repeat in alternate layers, using chocolate as the final layer in each pan. Bake at 375 degrees F. (about 30 minutes).

**Orange Layer Cake**

- 1/2 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. shortening
- 1 tbs. grated orange rind
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg whites, unbeaten
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter, add orange rind, then sugar gradually and cream together until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small quantity at a time, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in well greased layer pans at 375 degrees F. (about 25 to 30 minutes).

**Banana Layer Cake**

- 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup mashed ripe bananas
- 1/4 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Combine milk and bananas. Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla. Add flour mixture alternately with milk and banana mixture, a little at a time, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in two well greased layer pans at 375 degrees F. (about 25 to 30 minutes).

As a topper for any of these cakes, nothing could be better than this easy-make frosting:

**Easy-Make Frosting**

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 3 cups confectioner's sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter, beat in sugar gradually, then beat in enough milk to make spreadable mixture. Divide and add coloring as desired.

**Sweet Tooth Tricks**

Here's a new idea for your candy files—the fascinating nut tidbit shown here. To make them, melt prepared fondant in the top of a double boiler until soft but not runny. Next, dip blanched Brazil or other nut meats in the fondant, one at a time, then roll the tips in coarsely ground nuts and place on waxed paper to dry. Here's a good fondant recipe:

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 cup white Karo syrup
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Cook ingredients over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolved. Take out spoon and do not stir again because stirring will make the fondant cloudy. During cooking, if crystals form on the sides of the pan, remove them with a dampened cloth wrapped around a fork. When candy thermometer reaches 238 degrees F., remove from heat and pour onto large platter which has been rinsed in cold water. Cool to lukewarm, mix with spatula until fondant becomes creamy, then knead with the hands until it reaches the consistency of your favorite bonbon centers. Put into covered bowl and let stand for 24 hours to ripen. When it has ripened, divide it into as many portions as you wish to flavor various portions with vanilla, mint, wintergreen, etc. (only a few drops will be required) and knead the flavoring into the fondant. Use one portion to stuff dates and prunes, another for the nut tidbits described above. There are many ways in which you can use fondant. Try coloring part of it with fruit coloring.
PERRY WHITE, editor of the Daily Planet, leaned across his desk and his voice became low and earnest.

"Kent, this is one of the most baffling mysteries I have ever encountered. If we can solve it, we'll have the greatest story of the year. Listen to this—"

Looking across at the serious, spectacled face of his star reporter, White had no idea that he was talking to Superman—or that that champion of the weak and oppressed mingled with ordinary humans as Clark Kent, newspaperman. The editor's words came slowly, heavy with meaning.

"While you were down in the troupes with Jimmy Olsen on the bathysphere, a series of startling jewel robberies began. During the past month, four planes coming into the city on specially chartered air-expresses carrying valuable loads of jewels and precious stones—have never arrived!"

"Each one of them was practically inside the city limits—in full communication by two-way radio. Then—suddenly—nothing! Radio breaks off—complete silence—and they never arrive!"

The reporter, completely absorbed by the strange recital, interrupted with a question.

"Tell me, Mr. White—do you or the police have any kind of clue—any idea of who's behind the robberies and the plane disappearances?"

"Well, this is just a hunch, but I think it's a good one. Do you remember the Yellow Mask—that mastermind criminal who vanished completely months ago? I'm sure he's behind this. But he has a clever confederate to his name. A smart stunt woman who's already earned a reputation as a slick jewel thief, Chickie Lorimer's her name. But we can't trace either her or the Mask."

Superman interrupted again:

"But don't you have any idea?"

"Not much. All we know is that the planes have disappeared where in the vicinity of an old abandoned skyscraper known as the Parkway Tower. How about your going out there tonight and taking a look around?"

A light, misty rain was falling as Superman, accompanied by Jimmy Olsen, the Planet's redheaded copyboy, started across the weed-grown field that separated the abandoned, skeleton-like building of the Tower from the main road. As they drew closer, the ominous concrete hulk loomed up in front of them. Their feet, swishing dizzily through the wet grass, made the only sound that seemed able to pierce the heavy blanket of fog. Suddenly, though, Superman stopped.

"Quiet, Jimmy! Get down—somebody's coming out of that building. Look! It's a woman—carrying a suitcase and she's coming this way.

As she drew close, Kent sprang out into her path. He ordered her to stop but before he could reach her, she turned and ran with the speed of a frightened deer. Kent, as Superman, was close behind her when, startling—

ly, a scream knifed out of the darkness and the girl vanished—gone in the fog-bound night. Superman's eyes cut the darkness and his keen eyes immediately traced that terrified cry for help."

He reached the spot where the mysterious girl had vanished when—

"Great Scott! There she is—caught in the huge quicksand hole! It's dragging her down!"

Wasting no time, he jumped into the death-pit—a trap from which no ordinary mortal could ever hope to emerge alive. The girl was sinking fast. Even Superman was forced to struggle desperately. His great muscles bulged with the tremendous strain. "I'm getting there," he grunted, "slowly—now. Made it! But not by much."

Minutes later, the girl sat in the car with Kent and Jimmy. Grateful to the man who had saved her life, she told him everything she knew:

She was Chickie Lorimer and, just as astute Perry White had suspected, she was working with the Yellow Mask. A man with a vicious, perverted criminal brain who needed nothing. The Mask had made Parkway Tower his headquarters. He worked there alone with a watchman and a radio operator. The operator was the key to the disappearance of the jewel-carrying transport planes. As the planes approached the airport and passed the Tower which was always on their route, waiting to be directed in on the beam, the Mask's operator sent out false beams, ten times as strong as the correct directional signals.

Unsuspecting, the pilots followed directions—they never took their own initiative. Suddenly the masked members —they were stuck on their own vision since the marshes near the Tower regularly cloaked the ground in fog. And those directions inevitably led to the quicksand! Before the planes disappeared from human sight forever, the Mask's men, working with devilish speed, stripped them of their precious cargoes. Then they sank into the eternal darkness of the quicksand—carring their crew with them.

Now she came to the weird climax of her story. Married, unknowingly, to a thief, she had been forced into a life of crime. She had been successful, but that was not enough for happiness. She needed a new life—a new beginning. She had risked everything to get it. worming her way into the confidence of the Mask, she had—tonight—forced him at the point of her gun to turn over to her every jewel he had stolen. In that suitcase lay a treasure worth millions!

She had fled from Superman only because she thought he was one of the Mask's henchmen. Kent was to stop her. Superman realized that there, at last, was an opportunity to lure the Mask into a trap that would place him behind bars for life. But the mask and the girl into his car, he sped back to the city and set the wheels of his daring plan turning.

With the co-operation of the Police Commissioner, every newspaper was given the (Continued on page 76)
ON THE AIR TODAY:
The Great Gildersleeve, on NBC-Red at 6:30 Sunday afternoon, sponsored by the Kraft Cheese Company.

You may not like to see that pompous old windbag, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, getting up in the world with a program of his own, but if you knew Hal Peary, who created Throcky in the first place, you’d be pleased. Because Hal is as nice as Throcky is pestiferous.

If you’re an old Fibber McGee fan, you need no introduction to Gildersleeve. For several years he’s been one of Fibber’s major irritations—always causing trouble, always gloating and laughing a villainous laugh when Fibber was embarrassed. Finally Gildersleeve became such a real person and so popular with listeners—who loved to hear him even though they’d have wanted to punch an actual Gildersleeve in the nose—that he just naturally overflowed this fall into a weekly program of his own, with a supporting cast including Lucrene Tuttle and Walter Tetley.

Hal Peary, Gildersleeve’s creator, comes to radio stardom after a long apprenticeship. He was born in San Leandro, California, thirty-six years ago, grew up there and went to college for a couple of years before he decided he wanted to be an actor. He appeared in movie-house stage shows in the San Francisco Bay region, then went to Hollywood and worked in silent films. Then came years of trouping around the country in vaudeville and stage dramas, tent shows, burlesque units and musical comedies. A friend in San Francisco introduced him to radio, and since then he’s been heard doing all sorts of roles.

DATES TO REMEMBER
October 26: Helen Traubel, Metropolitan Opera soprano, sings tonight on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00.
November 2: The Ford Hour’s guest tonight is Joseph Szigeti, violinist.
November 16: The CBS Invitation to Learning program shifts today to a new time—11:30 A.M. . . . Pat O’Brien stars on tonight’s Silver Theater drama, CBS at 6:00 . . . And Lawrence Tibbett sings on the Ford Hour.
November 23: Rosalind Russell, who’s getting more popular every day, stars on the CBS Silver Theater tonight . . . Lovely Lily Pons appears on the Ford Hour.

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac—Programs from Oct. 24 to Nov. 25
**MONDAY**

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**HAYE YOU TUNED IN...**

Orson Welles offers a new kind of drama-variety show over CBS.

**TUESDAY**

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**DALES TO REMEMBER**

October 28: Efrem Kurtz directs the NBC Symphony Orchestra tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Blue.

November 4: NBC has the great Leopold Stokowski directing its Symphony tonight.

November 10: The new dance-band program sponsored by Coca-Cola over a tremendous lot of Mutual stations should have started by this time. Tune in MBS at 10:15 P.M.
Hap Hazard, his radio name, just fits comedian Ransom Sherman.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Hap Hazard, on NBC-Red Wednesday nights at 7:30, Eastern Time, sponsored by S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc. Hap Hazard, as you may or may not know, is the new name of Ransom Sherman, who used to be master of ceremonies and head comedian of the NBC Club Matinee program. It's a name that fits him perfectly, because that's the way his life has been, having more in common with the least.

When he was a kid he thought he'd be a violinist, but he gave that up when his finger got caught in a church door. Then he studied piano for a while, in spite of the injured finger—and dropped that in favor of the saxophone, which made more noise. He also played the bass fiddle for a while, but not very well. He sang the role of Nanki-Poo in an amateur production of "The Mikado," but his tenor sounded wrong even to himself. After he got out of college and several colleges, fact: he was a freshman at Northwestern University, a sophomore at Michigan, a junior at Ripon and a senior at Lewis Institute—he thrashed around looking for a job and finally ended up as a song leader at banquets. It was fun but didn't pay much, and he got to like to travel. So he got into radio and immediately started traveling from one station to another. That was eighteen years ago.

Rans—he has two nicknames, "Rans" and "Rancid," and responds to either—is forty-three now, and looks like a particularly humorless bank clerk. He writes all his own comedy, sitting at the typewriter and looking terribly bored. He likes to work at home because whenever he gets stuck he can quit and play with his two children, George and Ann, or putter around the house doing what he calls "mechanical horsing around"—wood work and inventing things which seldom if ever, work.

Hap takes life easily, and always sees the funny side of everything that happens. He says he might as well, since eventually time heals all wounds, so why not laugh at things to begin with? A pet pretense of his is that he's a very lazy fellow, and that he never thinks of jok ing himself but always steals them from Joe Miller's joke book; but it's worth noticing that he works long hours writing, rewriting, and re-rehearsing, just the same.

DATES TO REMEMBER

October 30: Frank Fay does the second show of his new broadcast series tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Red. If you missed hearing him last week, now's your chance to catch up.

November 20: This will be Thanksgiving Day for people in some States. Others will have to wait until next Thursday for their turkey. But in 1942, the President has announced, we'll all eat turkey the same day.

DECEMBER, 1942

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**H A V E  Y O U  T U N E D  I N ...**

Just Entertainment, starring Ben Bernie and all the lads, heard Mondays through Fridays at 3:45 P.M., Eastern Time, sponsored by Sparmkat Gum.

Ben Bernie has been entertaining people for more than thirty years, and if his manner of entertaining them today is practically the same as it was when he started—well, it still works. His "Yowsah, yowsah," and his "Po-give-me," his drawl and his cigar and his never-ending feud with Winkle, are all Bernie trademarks, and his fans would hate to see even one of them disappear.

That casual manner of his first made its appearance when Ben was an engineering student at Cooper Union in New York City. To help pay expenses, he took a temporary job in a department store, selling violins. His one 1000, was something he never heard before or since. To an undecided customer he'd say, "Remind me to have the boss cut my salary if I don't sell this violin. I should usually be a better than this." His vaudeville tryout was in a Brooklyn waterfront theater where a person either had to be a good performer or an expert at getting out of the way of flying missiles. He played a violin solo and was so nervous that he achieved a tremolo he's never since been able to duplicate. The audience seemed to like it, though, and his career was launched.

Before the first World War Ben and Phil Baker were a vaudeville team. After the war he organized his band and toured Europe with it. He was a rich man when the Wall Street crash came along and wiped out all his savings, but he scraped together enough money for a new start, got into radio, and has bobbed up with a sponsor every season since.

Ben's three greatest pleasures are cigar-smoking, horse-racing, and the music of Mozart. He has successfully eluded all radio-studio rules against smoking, and always lights up a new single just before broadcast time. The only time he gave up the cigar was a season or so ago when he had a sponsor who made pipe tobacco. He struggled along unhappily with a pipe until the series ended.

The boys in his band call him "Mice." short for 's. Most of them have been with him for years.

**D A T E S  T O  R E M E M B E R**

**October 31:** Unless there's a last-minute change in schedule, Mutual broadcasts the fight tonight between lightweight champions Lew Jenkins and Sammy Anzalone.

**November 14:** Another prizefight—Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauroli, lightweight-weights, on NBC at 10:00. November 15 is a good month for fight fans—tonight's, also on Mutual, is between Billy Wise, middleweight champion, and Ken Overlin.

**You can listen to Ben Bernie now five times a week instead of one.**
Protect your fingernails

Someday you’re going to take the trip of your dreams . . . someday you’re going to do something wonderful, spectacular . . . but today, now? What are you doing to make yourself the sort of person to whom things just naturally happen?

Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—Dura-Gloss will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails personality, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There’s a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop . . . why don’t you go get it now?

Make them more beautiful with DURA-GLOSS

3 NEW COLORS
Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades
RED PEPPER  CINNAMON  NUTMEG

Spice-Colored BEDFORD DRESSES to harmonize at leading department stores

10¢
at beauty counters
everywhere

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

DECEMBER, 1941
arrived the patient was still unconscious in Nick's little bedroom. With a shock, as it were, but he was the young man she had seen that afternoon in the grocery store.

She doused a napkin in ice water and bathed his forehead, and passed some smelling salts under his nostrils. His eyes opened, stared as they met hers, and he frantically to get up.

“No, don't,” Ruth said. “Just lie quiet for a little while, and I'm sure you'll be all right.

He fell back on the pillow, but a cynical smile touched his full lips. “It's Lady Bountiful, isn't it? Lady, you do get around!”

Nick, standing by, bristled. “Hey you, that's no way to talk to Mrs. Wayne! You better be polite to her or by golly you get outta here so quick you don't see straight!”

“That's all right, Nick,” Ruth pacified him, although she herself had been unpleasantly affected by the harsh rudeness. And yet—he was so young, such a guileless spirit seemed to lurk back of that hard, tough manner; she could not believe he was naturally, she asked, “What happened, Nick?” she asked.

Nick shrugged expressively. “I dunno. He come in, he says he's got no money, will I let him play a tune on his music box—” Nick indicated the accordion, which was now lying on a chair near the bed—and sing a song. I say yes, why not? So then he sings couple songs, I give him plate of beef stew, bread and butter, coffee, pie alla mode, and he eats. He eats every bit, and then he gets up and—poof! Nick's hands flew wide apart. “He's out like the light.”

The young man said impatiently, “I ate too much, that’s all. I wasn’t used to it.” Some color had come back into his cheeks. He sat up and swung his legs to the floor. “I’m all right now. I’ll be—” But Ruth saw the wave of unctuousness that hit him, washing out the color once more and making him close his eyes.

“You aren’t all right,” she said with determination. “You need rest, and some more food in the morning. Have you any place to stay?”


If they give charity, it’s because they want to feel noble and superior. See how much they'd do for other people if they didn't know they'd get thanked for it!

It was on the tip of Ruth’s tongue to say, “I don't expect much thanks for helping you!” but she said instead, after a pause: “Why are you so unhappy?”

“Me—unhappy?” He laughed shortlly. “What’ve I got to be unhappy about? I don’t own anything, and nobody owns me. I go where I please and do what I please. I’m not unhappy.”

“I was all Ruth said, but her tone expressed her disbelize. They were at Dr. Carvell’s house now, and she pushed open the gate in the white picket fence. The light she had left in the consulting room shone through crisp white curtains. “I’ll show you the room where you can sleep,” she said. “The stairs are around in back.”

But he did not accept her tacit invitation to follow her through the gate. “I’d better not,” he said. “I’d better be on my way.”

“For goodness’ sake!” Ruth burst out. “Why must you be so stubborn? There’s no reason at all why you shouldn’t spend the night here.”

He looked down at her—he was nearly a head taller—and said in a hollow voice. “No... Only—”

“Only what?”

He struggled to put some thought into words, gave it up and said very, very hesitantly. “She—me, too? I don’t want you to feel sorry for me.”

“Ruth,” he said at last, “you win.” She went ahead of him down the path that led around the side of the house, up the stairs and into the small room over the garage. She touched a switch by the door, and a naked bulb hanging from the ceiling glared on unpainted pine walls, a cot with some folded blankets on it, a chair, a washtub in the corner.

“You see,” she said, “it isn’t very fancy, but it’s comfortable.”

“Hey,” he said in the morning, “I took his hat off and tossed it on the bed. “Don't be too sure of that,” he said. “I may leave early.”

Ruth hurried back to the office. She had been gone longer than she intended, and she hoped no patients had come and gone in her absence, although she knew that Dr. Carvell would have said it to do exactly as she had done. The office was empty, however, and only one telephone call, an unimportant one, coming before the doctor returned at ten o’clock.

“You’ve a guest in the room over the garage,” she informed him. “A young fellow said he’s supper at Nick’s. It must have been the first full meal he’d had in days—anyway, it was too much for him, so I told them to do without. They didn’t mind, did you?”

Dr. Carvell chuckled. “Of course not, the room’s been used for a member of the traveling population. What’s he like? Reasonably clean, I hope? Oh, yes, very young—not more than twenty-one at the most.”

(Continued on page 50)
New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By Lady Esther

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20-30-35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Why not find your lucky shade—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the perfect shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It’s blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it’s softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That’s why it clings so long—and that’s why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You’ll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.
I like that. "Very young"—from an old lady of twenty-seven."

"I guess I looked that way since I was twenty-one," Ruth admitted, and then, returning to the subject of Michael West, she knitted her brows. "He's a strange sort of person. Terribly bitter—and twisted inside. He resents it when you try to help him."

"And that," the doctor said tersely, "was a direct challenge to Big Sister, wasn't it?"

Ruth blushed. "Don't call me Big Sister," she protested. "It makes me sound so...interfering."

"That's not the way you seem to anyone who knows you," he said, suddenly grave. "There are people, Ruth, who are born to help others, without ever asking any help for themselves. They can't keep from helping others—it's their nature. You're one of them, and instead of teasing you about it I should be thanking God for your existence."

There was a little silence. Ruth said softly, "That's one of the nicest things anyone ever said to me. And now I think I'd better go home, before I start in to cry."

SHE did not sleep well that night, but this was nothing new. Ever since John's departure her nights had been disturbed, filled with half-waking dreams. Tonight she found her mind dwelling on Michael West. He was not the ordinary kind of man—and now she thought about it, she was sure of that. His speech showed education, his movements a kind of instinctive breeding. His view of the world was warped, distorted—and still it was probably a true view of the only world he knew.

After all, she did see him in the morning. She was just entering Dr. Carvell's gate when Michael West came along the path beside the house. He started when she saw her, and said, "I didn't know you came here so early, Mrs. Wayne."

"I always try to get down in time to fix some breakfast for Dr. Carvell," she said, "it seems a long time's been up for hours, of course, but he'd never bother to eat if I didn't force him to."

"Oh, I see...Well..." He had taken off his hat when they met, now he stood turning it awkwardly in his long, brown fingers. "Well," he repeated, "good拜e. Thanks for every-thing."

"But you're not leaving yet," Ruth objected. "Come back and have some breakfast with the doctor. You haven't seen him at all, have you?—and I know he'll want to talk to you."

Before answering, he held her with his eyes—dark eyes in which there was a hidden trouble—and I know she was making a very different from the in--

(Continued from page 48)

"You'd better let me go," he said. Already there had been a sudden, irresistible impulse that she did not understand bade her to agree, to turn her back and walk on and let him go out of Glen Falls. But her wish to help him was stronger than this half-formed instinct, premonition—whatever it was. "You can leave as soon as you've had some breakfast, she said.

He raised his heavy dark eyebrows in an expression of half-humorous de-fest. "All right," he said. "You're the boss—I ought to know it by now."

MANY times afterward, Ruth was to see her father, as he spent two hours preparing Michael West's meal, that Dr. Carvell's kitchen, with Michael West and Carvell at the sunny table, herself standing by the stove, listening. For she saw the songs of the road, of the shabby Southern farms, of the logging camps and the Western plains—songs that had never been written down, but had passed from lip to lip, from heart to heart—songs, all of them, of the little people.

When he paused and played random, though, her father's voice had an almost primordial ring to it. Dr. Carvell asked, "How many of those songs do you know?"

"How many?...Oh, a hundred maybe—maybe a thousand. Never counted. Sometimes I feel like sing-

ing, and I start out on a piece I'd never forgotten. I just remember it because I feel like singing it then, or the place I'm in. Then maybe I forget all about it again."

"And you've wandered around the country for how long?" the doctor pursued.

"About five-six years. I ran away from home when I was a kid. Oh, I've had jobs. I mean, a little truculent, "but I never could seem to stay put. Most people," he added with a glance at Ruth, "are willing to swap a meal for a couple of songs."

"How did you happen to come to Glen Falls?" Dr. Carvell asked. "I mean, it's rather out of the way, Michael."

Michael shook his head snapped up. "No reason!" he said clearly, sharply. "Just passing through."

"I see," the doctor said pacifically, and if he had noticed anything strange about the abruptness of Michael's reply he gave no sign of it. "Well, do you think you could stay put in Glen Falls?"

"Could you work for me?" He said. "I need someone to drive the car when I go out on calls—"

She said, "I seem to get tired easier, these days, son. If you think it might make yourself useful around the house, cleaning up and maybe cooking a meal or two, if you don't mind and can try to keep yourself out of other people's business, I added apologetically, "has enough to do without waiting on me all the time."

Ruth, taken unawares by the doctor's suggestion, waited for Michael West to refuse. Instead, to her amaze-ment, he said, "All right, Doc. I'd like to."

"We can try it that way, "and if either of us doesn't like the set-up, we can always call it off."

"If our agreement shut in a loud, swift chord, and while the sound rang through the room he gave Ruth a look in which there was an unmistakable challenge. "You're the boss," he said as plain-

ly as words, "It was your doing that I came back here this morning. Now accept the consequences of the ridiculous. What consequences could there possibly be? He was honest, he was sure. He wouldn't rob the doctor event if there was nothing worth stealing in the house. And if he proved to be objectionable in any way, the doctor could easily tell his leave here."

She saw no more of Michael that day. Part of the time he was out with Dr. Carvell on calls, and the rest of the day until she left late in the afternoon he was busy in the kitchen and in his own room.

The next day, however, the doctor greeted her with a worried frown. "I don't know just what to make of him," he told her. "He's capable as the dickens. He's driven himself as far as if he were part of it, and yesterday when something went wrong with the car-purer he fixed it in five minutes. Last night he cooked a supper that wasn't fancy but tasted mighty good. But—" he broke off, his fingers drumming on the desk.

"But what, Doctor?" Ruth prompted.

"Well...he was out last night, and he didn't come in until nearly three o'clock. And he was down at the city hall, just called up. He said the watchman at the Elmwood Training School saw Michael hanging around there about that."

"The Elmwood Training School?" Ruth exclaimed. "But there must be some mistake. What would Michael be doing out there?"

"That's what Tom Wilson was wonder ing," Dr. Carvell said dryly. "And I must confess, a little curious on the point myself."

Ruth fought against a sinking dis-

may. It sounded so sordid, so—well, the Elmwood Training School for Girls was the dignified name given the state reform school three miles west of Glen Falls. It was an old

(Continued on page 52)
"Please give me your honest opinion. Just feel these two unidentified napkins and tell me which is softer."

In city after city young investigators like Miss Gordon made this request to more than 10,000 women. One napkin they showed was a leading "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess—a "fluff-type."

805 out of 1016 women in Shreveport, La., said Modess was softer. In Charlotte, N. C., 606 out of 1023 picked Modess. In Boston, Mass., 892 out of 1019! There were ten cities in the test and when all the figures were added, the results showed that 3 out of every 4 women had voted for Modess!

"Which is softer?" asks Carrie Gordon

—and 3 out of every 4 women who made this softness test answered, "Modess is softer!"

Not in every home was this softness test made. Only users of the "layer-type" napkin which was being tested were asked to take part. You'd expect most women to choose the napkin they were already using—yet Modess got 5 votes out of every 4! Out of 10,302 women, 9102 said Modess was softer!

"I do solemnly swear." All investigators were put under oath. Each swore before a notary public that her figures were accurate, and that she had conducted the test in a fair and impartial manner.

Comparing notes at the end of the day. The girls found that the figures, of course, varied from city to city. But the final tabulations showed that 3 out of 4 women picked Modess as softer. Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Modess

"It's Softer!"—said 3 out of every 4 women making the softness test
"My Ring on your soft little HAND!"

Romance is ageless as the "Eternal Feminine" of soft, smooth hands

Keep this ageless charm in your hands! Have almost professional hand care right at home, by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens treats your skin with 2 ingredients, so "special" for helping soften and smooth harsh skin that many doctors use them.

Your hand skin may lose its youth-like pliancy from constant work with water. (This tends to dry out nature's softening moisture.) But every use of Jergens supplements nature's moisture. Easy! Jergens Lotion isn't sticky. Get this favorite Jergens Lotion today.

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"This hand indicates an enthusiastic, spontaneous and very honest nature," the famous palmist says, "with a lively, friendly interest in people.

Mrs. Sikes, Atlanta, Ga., writes, "Regular and generous use of Jergens Lotion has made my work easier and my hands noticeably soft."

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Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ________

(Continued from page 50)

building, tall and angular, built of ugly red brick and surrounded by a high wire fence. About a hundred girls lived there—girls from twelve to eighteen, too young for prison. Ruth had often wished there were some way she could tear down that wire fence, fling open the locked gray doors and give liberty and aid to the unhappy prisoners.

"Michael isn't the sort of man who would hang around a place like that!" she defended him.

"The watchman was in Nick's the night Michael sang there. He says he recognized him."

"Well," Ruth declared, "I won't believe it unless he says it's so. Where is he now?"

"In the kitchen. I will say for him, even if he did come in late last night, he was up early this morning and cooked a good breakfast."

Ruth went to the hall door and called. In a minute Michael was there, looking at them warily. "Michael," Ruth said pleasantly but without preamble, "a watchman at the Elmwood School says he saw you out there last night. Dr. Carvell and I think he must have been mistaken."

"Yes?" Michael said on a rising note. The laconic monosyllable made Ruth feel uncomfortable.

"You weren't there, were you?" she asked with less confidence.

The muscles around Michael's lips tightened. "Suppose I was?" he asked. "It's a free country, isn't it?"

The doctor interposed. "Whoever it was, was talking to one of the girls through the wire fence."

Michael's lip curled scornfully. "How could any girl get out of that place into the grounds at night?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," Dr. Carvell admitted. "But it seems that one did, somehow.

Michael made no comment, and Ruth felt a sick disappointment in her heart. She wanted to tell him to trust her and Dr. Carvell—to admit it if he had visited the School, and tell them why; but his metallically defensive attitude rebuffed anything of the sort. She heard Dr. Carvell saying significantly, after a pause, "Perhaps the watchman won't see anyone there again. If he doesn't, I imagine he'll forget all about last night."

"Is that all you wanted to see me about?" Michael asked in a flat voice.

"Yes.—except," the doctor added. "that I've been invited out to dinner tonight, so you won't have to cook for me."

Ruth made a quick gesture as Michael turned to go. "Why don't you come to dinner at my house, Michael?" she asked. "I'd like to have you meet my sister and brother and brother-in-law." She said it, hoping the watchman would tell him what she had been unable to put into words—that she trusted him and knew there had been nothing wrong in his midnight visit to the School. And that he understood her meaning she knew from his look of surprised gratitude.

All he said, however, was "Sure. Thanks." When he had gone, Dr. Carvell smiled up understandingly at Ruth.

Michael came to the house on Maple Street at six o'clock. His gray trousers and jacket, evidently the only clothes he possessed, were brushed and clean, and he had on a fresh shirt and tie. At first he was...
awkward and shy, but by the end of dinner he had unbent sufficiently to
tell an admiring Neddie about an ad-
venture he'd had in a Western mining
town, while Jerry, Sue and Ruth sat
back, content to listen. After dinner
Sue played the piano and Michael
sang—not the plaintive folk songs this
time, but modern ones which he picked
up easily after hearing Sue run over
them once. Around nine o'clock, Ruth
was congratulating herself on the suc-
cess of the evening when the telephone
rang. It was for Jerry; after a brief
conversation he hung up.
"It's the paper," he explained, al-
ready halfway to the door. "I'll have
to run out to the Elmwood School.
One of the girls just escaped."
ICY water seemed to flow over Ruth's
heart. Against her will, she looked
across the room at Michael, standing
beside the piano. His hand had crisp-
on the faded bit of ornamental cloth
draped over the piano's top, clutching
its folds in stiff fingers. As she watched,
he relaxed his grip and moved toward
her. "It's getting late," he said in a
low voice. "I'd better be going."
He said quick farewells to Sue and
Neddie. Jerry had already gone and
they could hear his car starting up
outside. Ruth followed Michael out
to the porch, wanting to speak to him,
dreading the necessity for doing so.
"Michael," she said. "Michael—tell
me something. Why were you upset
when you heard about that girl escap-
ing? Do you know her?"
She could not see his face, but she
could imagine how it looked from the
savagery in his voice. "Is it any of
your business? You're all ready to
think I've got something to do with
everything that goes wrong in this
town, aren't you? I might have known
—you're just like the rest of them. Un-
less a fellow's satisfied to stay in one
place all his life you think he's a bum
—a crooked grifter!"
"Michael! I don't—"
He ignored the appeal in her agon-
ized cry.
"Sure! I saw through that iron
fence myself—I did it while I was
eating dinner with you! I'm part of a
gang that goes around fixing up jail-
breaks—but I don't have to tell you
that. You knew it already!"
He broke away and ran down the
steps. She heard the gate bang, and the
receding sound of his hurrying
feet.
Weary with disillusionment, sick
and discouraged, she turned back to
the house. She did not doubt that Michael
knew the identity of the girl who had
escaped from Elmwood School, nor
that he himself was somehow involved
in the escape. At that moment she
was ready to believe that he was
worthless, dishonest, an enemy of all
that was decent and fine. She told her-
self there was no reason why she
should worry about him.
But she remembered the way he had
sung, and the clean spirit that shone
from his eyes when he had forgotten
to veil them with arrogance and irony,
and she knew that even though he had
tried to hide the truth from her, even
though he had upbraided her, he was
—must be—worth helping. She
snatched her light coat from the tree
in the hall, and ran out of the door.
There was a light in the window of
Michael's room when she came to Dr.
Carvell's house. Her feet crunch
don the gravel of the path, then she was
climbing the wooden stairs, knocking
on the door.

"My Kisses on your
satin-smooth FACE—"

Watch out for mean little Dry-Skin Lines
before they start

Y

ES, a very dry skin may tend to wrin-
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DECEMBER, 1941

33
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APRIL SHOWERS

Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"

LARRY ROBINSON—the smart youngster who plays the role of Tommy Lewis in CBS' serial "Wagon of Courage." Larry's a stage actor too; he appeared in "Life With Father," with his hair dyed red, until he grew too old for the part. Away from the studios, his life is just about the same as any other boy's. He likes football, baseball and roller skating, and as an avid reader of adventure stories and historical books. Now and then he turns dramatist and writes a play, which he stages at home with members of his own family in the cast. As a New York professional child actor, and as a sixth grader and rated as an honor student. He loves classical music—a legacy from his Danish mother, who teaches him to sing folk songs.
we—" he swallowed painfully. "I mean, there wasn’t any talk of getting married. Not, anyway, for a while, until Gloria got older.

"I lost my job, and left town. We used to write to each other. When I got a letter saying she’d been arrested for stealing and sent to Elmwood, I came back to help her." I didn’t know just what I thought I c’d do, but I came. That’s about all, except that Gloria didn’t steal anything. Tell Mrs. Wayne what happened, Gloria."

"I was in the store," Gloria said in her husky voice. "Ol- of the other girls—I never did find out who—but whoever it was must c’d been taking things, stockings and jewelry and stuff, for a long time. The lawyer said they’d missed stuff for weeks. And one day they went through the girls’ coat-room and found some stockings tucked into my coat, so they said I’d been doing the stealing. But I hadn’t. I never stole a thing!"

Intuitively, Ruth believed her. It was easy enough to reconstruct the petty crime in her mind. The thief had learned of the search and become frightened—probably—had decided, in a panic, to put her loot into someone else’s coat. Afterwards, she had been afraid to admit her guilt, even when her dupe was sentenced to reform school.

Ruth felt pity for Gloria taking the place of her first fierce resentment. After all, she was not to blame for anything that had happened—not to blame, either, if she loved Michael and he did not love her—She put that thought quickly aside.

"I know you didn’t take anything, Gloria," she said. "But you must see that the only thing is to go back to the School. I’ll go with you, and talk to the matron."

"No! They won’t believe you either. Michael, don’t let her send me back!"

MICHAEL stood hesitant, torn between them. In his face Ruth saw his intense desire to do as she suggested, to trust her to help Gloria get out of the school legally.

"Michael!" Gloria said again, in an anguished cry.

"It might be better, kid . . . " he said.

All the defiant strength seemed to leave Gloria’s young body. Her shoulders drooped, and her lips, so angry a moment before, quivered heartbrokenly. "All right," she said hopelessly, "All right. I might have known you’d be on her side. And if that’s the way you feel I’d just as soon go back. You’ve found somebody you like better’n me—"

"I told you not to say things like that!" Michael’s brief indecision was gone now; he was wholly angry.

"All right, it’s true. And—" she looked swiftly at Ruth, then down again. "And it’s true you won’t try very hard to get me out again."

That isn’t true at all," Ruth said with an effort. "I’ll go downstairs, now, and telephone the School."

All the way down the stairs she was thinking desperately: "Gloria’s wrong! I mustn’t let her be right!"

Too young to be widowed, too mature to be swept up into the emotional hurry that threatens to engulf her with Michael and Gloria, can lovely Ruth Wayne find her way back to sanity and a happiness that is not hers now? Be sure to read next month’s final installment of this moving short novel.

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PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

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55
“Davy,” Maudie frowned. “Can’t you see that Pauly’s absolutely devastated?” She looked at Pauly anxiously. “Is Bill sick? Or was he run over—or something?”

“Worse,” Pauly said hopelessly. “He’s learning to play the trombone.”


“It’s terrifying,” Pauly almost sobbed. “I could just crawl away and quietly die.”

Davy laughed. “Strictly off key, huh?”

“It isn’t how he plays it,” Pauly said. “It’s when he plays it. Take last night, for instance. Bill wanted to drive out to Willows Grove. There was a divine moon and everything, so when Bill parked on a side road, I didn’t complain as loud as usual.”

Maudie thought of Willows Grove in the moonlight. She pictured Bill’s red head and Pauly’s dark, soft looks closer together than a quarter to one. She could almost hear them sigh. “Gee,” she said, “I bet Bill’s persuasive. Tell all, Pauly.”

Pauly was utterly despondent. “Well,” she said, “after we parked in the moonlight and everything was quieter—”

“‘Yes,’ Maudie said eagerly.

“Well,” Pauly was almost in tears now, “Bill reached out his arm and—and—got that nasty trombone from the back seat and began playing!”

Maudie was speechless for awhile. “Oh, disgust!” she said finally.

Davy snorted. “The guy’s a raisin brain. I’ll drive over and toss a butterfly net on that dumb trombone player.”

“Oh, Davy,” Pauly said tearfully, “would you? I’m practically a stretcher case.”

“Don’t you worry,” Davy said gallantly, “I specialize in bringing men back to life. Where is he now?”

“He’s down under the grandstand at the football field,” Pauly said. “His family won’t let him practice at home.”

“I’ll call for you at eight, Maudie,” Davy said, hopping into the Arch. “Leave everything—my man!” Maudie said proudly, as the jalopy rolled out to battle.

Maudie and Pauly sat on the porch all afternoon in the warm September sun, talking about their men. The way Maudie saw it, Davy couldn’t fail to make Bill see the light, not possibly. When it came to persuasion Davy was prime and mellow. Davy had often said so himself, Maudie observed.

Pauly stayed for dinner. At seven the phone rang. It was for Pauly. She came back into the living room looking special radiant. “Bill’s picking me up at my house at eight!” she said breathlessly.

“He’s gotten rid of it?” Maudie asked excitedly.

“Sweet bliss!” Pauly said. “He has! I’ll give you the gory details later, Hon. I have to breeze.”

Maudie’s father put down his paper. “Who’s gotten rid of what?” he asked.

“Bill’s back in her arms,” Maudie beamed, “minus trombone.”

“I don’t understand,” Maudie’s father said.

But Maudie hadn’t time to explain. There was only a half hour to put on her face before the superman arrived.

Before the sound of the Arch’s horn died away, Maudie was in the seat beside Davy. She cleared the running board this time and before Davy could make the customary Oh, she had planted her kiss. “Tell me,” she said, “all about it.”

“You mean, Bill?” Davy asked.

“It was nothing. I’ll tell you when we get to Willows Grove.”

Maudie planted her feet against the tin dashboard. The Fallen Arch lurched into action. Maudie pulled her coat around her tightly, snuggled closer to Davy and looked up at him adoringly. Men, she thought. And on that subject she remained until the lights along the shore got closer and closer.

The old jalopy seemed to know the way to the spot. Maudie was sure it could almost take them to it. Without Davy’s supreme guidance. Davy took one hand off the wheel and put his arm around Maudie. “Cold, baby?”

“Uh-uh,” Maudie said. But she snuggled closer. “Mmm! Just smell that wonderful smell! You know, Davy, that’s what I missed down at the beach—that woody smell.”

“Yeah,” Davy said. “Kind of good to get back home again. I’ll take our lake instead of the ocean, any day.”

The Fallen Arch came to an abrupt stop. Maudie suppressed a giggle.

“What are we stopping for?” she asked softly.

Davy took the other hand off the wheel. “Well,” he announced. “Here’s where lip meets lip. C’mere, armload!”

“Davy—behave! You were going to tell me about Bill.”

---

say hello to

PERCY FAITH—who not long ago celebrated his first anniversary as conductor of the Canada's prestigious programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. In spite of the fact that he's intensely modern in his musical tastes, he's old-fashioned enough to believe that woman's place is in the home, and he hopes his nine-year-old daughter, Marilyn, will be a good wife to someone, leaving a musical career to her young brother.
Davy sat up straight. "Yeah," he said. "But first, shut your eyes and get a surprise."

Maudie sat back. If a super-boy like Davy wanted to kiss his girl, why should anyone stop him? She half shut her eyes, dreamily. She felt irresistibly and wonderfully wonderful. "Yes, Davy," she said.

"All set?" Davy asked. She nodded. And then she heard the most ghastly, awful, noisy noise she had ever heard in her whole life. Her eyes came open wide. She gasped.

"Davy, where did you get that?"

"Out of the back seat," Davy said, out of the side of his mouth, not letting up on the noise.

Maudie feared the worst. "Is that Billy's trombone?"

"Nope," Davy said. "It's mine. I swapped my portable radio for it this afternoon."

"Oh, nausea," Maudie said unhappily. She couldn't remember when she had felt so stricken.

The next day, Maudie sat on the porch at high noon, thinking that she might as well buy a dress with a high neck and take up tatting in a rocking chair. When a woman can't hold a man's attention in broad moonlight, she reflected bitterly, her life might as well be considered finished. Maudie sighed. Her romance with Davy shattered by a mess of portable plumbing! And now he had the un speakable hatefulness to run off to football practice and actually leave her to mind his odious trombone! It was like Adam asking Eve to hold the snake until he gets back. She looked at the shining, horrible thing in her hands. "So," she said venomously, "you have more sex appeal than I have!"

"Good morning, Maudie."

Maudie took her eyes from the loathsome thing. Mr. Simmons, editor of the Courier-Journal, was coming up the walk. Maudie said hello as nicely as she could under the circumstances. Mr. Simmons was doing his own leg work now that his young reporter, Ray Duncan, had been called to Fort Dix. Maudie thought gleefully about how jealous Davy had been whenever she had given Ray "hot news" and "human interest stories."

"Your mother got anything for the aluminum drive?"

"Nope," Mr. Simmons asked, wiping his large, round face with a handkerchief.

"Aluminum drive?" Maudie repeated listlessly.

"Sure," Mr. Simmons chuckled. "Don't you read the Courier-Journal?" He took a copy out from under his arm and handed it to her.

"There's a real nice human interest story about Jascha Heifetz."

He grinned. "Guess if I were thirty years younger, you'd feed me some good yarns the way you used to give Ray."

Maudie opened the paper. There was a picture of Mr. Simmons, surrounded by pots and pans and a story about how the Courier-Journal was collecting aluminum for the government. Next to Mr. Simmons' picture, there was one of Jascha Heifetz, who had donated an aluminum violin. That was odd! Maudie looked at it. Then it dawned on her. "Lord and Butter!" she exclaimed, jumping up. "What's the matter, Maudie?"

"Mr. Simmons," Maudie said, "you wait right here. I'll be right back."
A happy domestic scene—Mutual's commentator, Raymond Gram Swing, in the living room at his home in Easton, Conn., with his young son, John Temple. On the left is Mrs. Swing with Gabriel Newfield, the young English refugee who is now a full-fledged member of the Swing household.

She picked up the awful thing and headed toward the back yard, where her father was enjoying a before-luncheon rest. He started, opened mouthed, as his daughter whirled down upon him with what looked like a trombone in her hand.

"Father," she said excitedly, before he could even close his mouth, "is this thing made of aluminum?"

Maudie's father took the trombone.

"It belongs to Davy," Maudie said.

"Is it aluminum?"

Maudie's father lifted it up and down. "It feels pretty light. Certainly looks like aluminum, too."

Maudie prayed. "Oh, be sure, father. My whole future depends on your answer."

Mr. Mason turned the trombone slowly. "Wait a minute. Some lettering inside the bell. See," he said, reading, "Made of aluminum." Maudie jumped up and down. "Oh, you brilliant, wise, wonderfully brilliant father!"

Mr. Mason blushed modestly.

"Father," he said, "is it all right to tell a lie—just once—for a noble cause?"

Maudie's father frowned. "What's the cause, Maudie?"

"National Defense!" Maudie announced. "Mr. Simmons is out on the porch, right now, collecting aluminum for the government. Father, do you see what I mean?"

Mr. Mason eyed the trombone. "Now," he said, "I get it, Maudie, what are you waiting for? This is really part of the defense program. Defense of my nerves. Give that thing to Mr. Simmons immediately. If he won't accept it," Mr. Mason grinned, "I'll take it to Washington myself."

But Maudie didn't wait to hear the rest of her father's speech.

As dusk settled around the Mason home, Davy Dillon advanced upon Maudie Mason, like a soldier entering a mined town. His eyes were like two fixed bayonets. "Woman!" he yelled, as Maudie started for the front door. "Stop!"

Maudie stopped and faced him. Before he could speak, she launched into her attack. "Now, wait a minute, Davy," she pleaded. "Look what I've done for you." She waved the Courier-Journal in his enraged young face. "See? Your picture on the front page! And this wonderful story under it!"

Davy glared. "All I want to know," he yelled, his voice breaking, "is why you gave away my trombone?"

Maudie stammered. "Well," she said, "you would have done it, if you'd thought of it."

"I would not!" Davy stormed. Maudie's voice became syrupy. "Oh, Davy dear," she said, "I know you better than you know yourself. You're the wisest, the most thoughtful, most unselfish boy in town."

Davy blinked. "Who says so?"

Maudie saw the opening. "The whole town, Davy! Look, read the paper. You're a hero. Everybody in town is saying it."

"You think so?" Davy asked, staring down at the paper in Maudie's hands. "Thank so!" Maudie exclaimed.

"You should hear what Pauly and Bill said about you. Bill has been showing the write-up to everybody."

Maudie's mother opened the door to call her to dinner. "Why Davy?" Maudie's mother said. "Come right in, Mr. Mason wants to talk to you, Davy," she put an arm around his shoulder and led him into the house, "I'm so proud of you.""

"Aw, I didn't do anything," Davy said, blushing.

In the living room, Mr. Mason put down his paper. Davy shifted from one foot to the other. Mr. Mason looked solemn. "Davy," he began, "it isn't many young men who'd make the sacrifice you've made. Was talking to your father on the phone just now. He was just about speechless with pride. And, Mr. Mason added, "so am I!"

"Davy," Maudie's sister Sylvia said, "you're magnificent."


I'll give you a buzz later."

When the front door slammed, Maudie collapsed into a chair. "It worked!" she said softly. "It worked." "What worked, Maudie?" her mother asked.

"Winifred," Maudie's father smiled, "asking a question of destroying illusions and I've found that illusions are sometimes pretty nice things to have."

Mason lowered his head and retired to the kitchen.

On the way to Willows Grove that night, the Fallen Arch seemed to be flying, doing its utmost to keep up with Davy's rapid-fire monologue.

And when I walked into the grocery store to get the aluminum, Davy was saying, "everybody shook my hand."

"You'll have to wear dark glasses like a movie star," Maudie purred, "so your admirers won't mob you."

"Say," Davy said, "where did Mr. Simmons get that picture of me?"

"It's the one I keep on my dressing table," Maudie said.

"Sugarpan!" Davy said. "I didn't know you kept my photo in your room."

"There's always something men don't know about women," Maudie observed softly, as the Fallen Arch turned to an alley and Davy stopped under a clump of trees in their favorite spot.

Maudie waited. It was the stilllest, clearest night that ever was. Maudie could almost have heard the trees. She felt as soft and wonderful inside as the moonlight on their lake. "Why did you stop, Davy?" she murred.

"I'm out of gas," Davy said, looking down at her adoringly. "And on account of that seven o'clock law, I won't be able to get any until tomorrow morning."

Maudie giggled and snuggled close to him. "Davy! What a predicament!"

"Now, look, Mason," Davy said.

"Yes, Dillon," Maudie answered.

"I haven't had a chance to thank you. What a girl! Did you hear today?" Davy said. "You ought to share the spotlight with me somehow."

"But don't you see," Maudie said softly, "I'll do it for you. Davy, I've got you on to me and lights up my happy smile."

Davy cleared his throat. "Now, I really need dark glasses," he said.

"Tell me more," Maudie said, smiling.

But instead, they sat in heavy silence, close together, staring out into space, until finally, Davy said, "Say, sugar, are you asleep?"

"Uh-uh," Maudie said.

"You've got your eyes shut," Davy said.

"Mmm," Maudie whispered. "This is where we came in. I'm still waiting for that surprise."

"Huh?" Davy said. "Okay. Keep'em shut."

And, as she waited, hopefully, in the sweet stillness of the night, she felt Davy's arm go around her. Then—"WAH!" Davy's terrible noise fell on her ears like the sound of a tormented animal. It blared and screamed. She held her breath and closed her eyes.

"Davy, Dillon!" she cried, "where did you get that trombone?"

Davy smiled. "Dad gave it to me. He brought it home with him. Look, baby! It's solid brass!"

"Oh, nunsies," Maudie wailed, her voice rising above the sound of the trombone.
There is a new treat in store for you and your family the first time you serve Signet Prepared Prunes. You will find them delicious and tasty because every bit of their natural goodness and flavor is saved as we pack them in glass ready for your table.

With Signet Prepared Prunes there’s no washing—no cooking—no fuss or bother. They come to you all cooked in a syrup that isn’t too sweet—they’re packed in an easy opening glass jar that makes them convenient to serve with any meal.

Signet Prepared Prunes are rich in natural nutritional properties so vital to health. They have an abundance of vitamins A, B₁, C and G together with large quantities of iron, calcium and other minerals making them one of America’s finest health foods.

Buy Signet Prepared Prunes today! Your grocer has them—or can get them—and remember they’re packed exclusively in glass under the continuous inspection of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.
Guarded Love
(continued from page 23)

They found a minister. Then they, in turn, served as listeners for the couple who stood up with them. The little parlor with tides on the chairs, an aspidistra—a plant in the window, and a large photograph of the U. S. Constitution over the fireplace, was like an oven.

The minister mopped his face and stared at his great handkerchief back into his huge pocket, over and over.

"How about a little drink?" he suggested.

Claudia spoke for all of them. "That would be wonderful!"

When he had gone they stood grinning; surprised, expectant children. And Claudia, eager to let the man in on the joke, took hold of him, said, "You're the very nicest minister we've ever known!"

Returning, he paused in the parlor doorway and beamed upon them. But no one else was beamsing by this time. Inside the circle of glasses on the tray he carried stood a cut-glass pitcher of ice-cold water.

"Me!" said Claudia when they were in the car again, homeward bound. "I'm the perennial optimist! I even imagined he might keep champaigne in the house with the thought of a handsome fridge, perhaps, but who would quibble about that—in order to offer loving cups on such occasions. "And you'll have to admit that would be an idea!"

"The water was better for you, really," he told her.

"So!" she said. "We're married now and you've gone on with your life to seeing I have what is good for me. I suppose you're going to take care of me..."

"As long as we both shall live!" he said it earnestly. He didn't even pretend he was joshing this time.

She looked straight ahead. And the desert and the mountains far away were blurrily, jiggly before her eyes.

YOU have noticed, perhaps, that we haven't mentioned our hero's last name. Actually, he mentioned his first name, either. It isn't Russ. We simply used the name "Russ" for convenience. There's a good reason for both of this. When Claudia returned to New York she resumed her career on the stage and on the air—to go on to greater glory. Finally she was chosen to play "Nora" in The Adventures of the Thin Man series. No one, not even a brilliant young architect, who becomes more distinguished as he undertakes, can compete with this sort of thing... so much glamour and importance is attached to theatrical successes. So they agreed, solemnly, that he never would be publicized as her husband. The one thing in the world they couldn't endure any more than another thing in the world they couldn't endure would be to have him known as Mr. Claudia Morgan. They've been happy these last three years, and it is a fact that they've been around enough and they're wise enough to know that when you find what they've found you don't risk kicking it around. Instead, you guard it carefully, because it's the most precious thing in the world.

old Morgan manner—I'll let you go so he can go and dance. What is what you both want, obviously!"

It happened, however, that was the first and last dance on the "Alma-M" that night. Both Frank Morgan's shoulders and Frank Morgan insisted it was nothing more than a spanking breeze and a nice even roll but, one by one, the guests disappeared into the sunset off the deck. The next morning Claudia was on deck at six o'clock; but Russ was there before her. He nodded towards the her yacht's riding at anchor in the basin and towards the deserted shore fort. "We got up just a little too late to be in on the end of last night's celebrations," he said. She noticed again how when he grinned his teeth were startling white in his tan face and little sun wrinkles appeared around his eyes. "There's still tonight and tomorrow night..." she reminded him.

"How I hope that's a challenge!" he said.

The steward appeared with a little folding table and a breakfast service for two, then returned to the galley.

"That fellow arrived just in time to save my life," Russ said. "I was just about to ask you to marry me. No fooling. And if you've any brains—it seems too much to ask, but I strongly suspect you have—that surely would have convinced you I'm a sap. No one but a sap would propose to a girl he'd known only six or seven hours..."

"Right!" she didn't answer, she just said, "I think saps are terribly sweet!" But her eyes were so soft that he was convinced he wasn't the greatest fool in the world, that he'd met his match, and he could think of nothing but the fools' paradise they would find together.

THEY dined that night at the St. Catherine on the Catalina shore. He bought a yellow orchid for her brown hair. He ordered wine of a rare vintage. The wine proved a blessing-in-the-house even on the plates of food which left their table were practically untouched. The maître d'hôtel worried about it until he had closed saber, then he understood. For, of course, in a post like that, he had seen a man and a woman on the verge of discovering a new world for themselves before.

The following week-end Claudia was at Palm Springs learning to play tennis. It was very warm and Russ promised her when, the lesson over, they lay in the warm sunshine beside the Palm Springs Tennis Club pool. "Oh, I hope so!" She was positively child-like. No one would have believed that she really was a smooth, poised young woman, and at to their one Connecticut, studied dramatics at Yale, appeared in her first stage play opposite her father, Ralph Morgan, and Margaret Anglin who was an old Morgan. She had all her days among the most distinguished people of the theater, mother, father, and twin sister. They took their skins up to San Gorgonio, high above the Palm Springs desert, and came down on
FRUITS OF VICTORY

You can marshal an army of thin-veined and undernourished men. But you can’t win a victory with such an army.

Strong bodies and sturdy hearts are as important to America today as are big guns and powerful planes.

And part of the strength of men grows on trees and in gardens—if we only know where to look for it!

(Do you know tomatoes are fruit? They’re not vegetables—they’re berries!)

FRUITS—fresh, dried or canned—and fruit juices—fresh or canned—are sources of Vitamin C, minerals and other vitamins. Many are alkaline in reaction. Many provide needed bulk and roughage. All are nourishing and stimulating.

And because fruits are so tasty and contribute in such a variety of ways to an adequate diet, they are just as good for national strength as they are welcome to the national palate. There is all-out aid to the nation’s man power to be harvested from the orchards and the gardens of America.

It isn’t only the boys in camp who need their top strength for defense today. This is a time to muster the physical and mental resources of every man, woman and child of this nation for the protection of America.

Proper food will mobilize the strength of individual Americans, so that, all together, we can give our nation her maximum strength.

YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS contain dietary essentials you can’t see or taste, but that you need as much as you need fresh air, to keep healthy. Stores which feature fruits are aiding our government’s program to make the nation strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

Milk and cheese—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the “sunshine” vitamin.

Meat, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

Green and yellow vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, whole grain or enriched, and cereals with milk or cream, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today’s emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

DECEMBER, 1941
WE ARE out in all weathers, we moderns. We sunned ourselves all summer, Winter winds and driving sleet will whip our faces as we go, bold and laughing, to our work and our winter sports. Why are we not as seared, lined, and toughened as a Cape Cod fisherman? The answer is—our creams!

Meet a dainty lady with a peaches-and-cream complexion — Patricia Dunlap, whom you know and love as Janet, one of the Dexter Twins in Bachelors Children, heard over the NBC-Red network Mondays through Fridays, at 10:15 A. M., E.S.T.

Patricia began young. Stage-struck at the age of three, she played hookey to watch movie heroes at a theater in her native town, Bloomington, Ill. At seventeen she left home to enter the Goodman Theater in Chicago. Better training no star could have, for she worked under the tradition of the Old Maestro himself, Thomas Woods Stevens, who ran a school like a theater, and a theater like a school, and turned out soundly trained actors by the score.

She was soon noticed by a famous actress, and given her chance on the strictly professional stage in "Sisters of the Chorus." After that the rest was easy. Patricia with her frank young face is the ideal ingenue. But her talent and training enable her to play straight roles and children's parts—in fact, almost anything.

Patricia is petite, with a clear cut profile, hazel eyes, and masses of shining chestnut hair. She has the delicate skin that goes with that coloring. And with that skin she takes no chances whatever. Her beauty routine is a sound one, and she follows it religiously.

No less than six different creams are a part of her beauty equipment, and there are others she uses for occasions. The six steadies were chosen after much intelligent trying and testing. They are the ones she has found best suited to her particular type of skin.

Patricia's routine begins with a good cleansing cream, used morning and night and to change make-up. With this she uses a mild soap, using cream before and after with a cold water rinse.

At least once a week she uses an astringent cream, and whenever she feels the need of relaxing and refreshing after a strenuous day she uses a cream mask, resting with closed eyes and thinking of nothing in particular for ten minutes or so.

If the last sallow remains of a summer tan are lingering to mar your winter make-up, there is a delightful whitening cream to remedy the situation. If your skin is chapped or irritated, there is a famous healing cream—you can actually feel it heal.

For the hands, there are special creams and lotions. Pick your favorite, and keep it beside the washbowl, to be used after every hand washing.

Whatever you decide about the cream to leave on overnight, it is a great help towards relaxation if you give yourself a light facial massage with the cleansing cream you use for removing make-up as you go to bed. The rule is simple. Stroke your creamed face gently upward and outward. Try to find the tired spots and smooth them away. There is usually a tired spot in front of each ear. Work it outward gently with the thumbs. Then, holding the thumbs there, smooth out the frown lines.

Move the head from side to side as you stroke the creamed neck. Try to touch each shoulder with the tip of your chin, using a slow, stretching motion. Rotate the head gently, letting it roll easily, back, side, front, other side, as far as it can fall naturally. Think as you do it that you are loosening up all the tense muscles for a wonderful sleep. Work the muscles at the back of the neck gently with your fingers.

Now wash off the cream with mild soap and warm softened water, apply your night cream with the same gentle strokes—and see what a refreshed, rested look your face shows you in the morning.
—a figure that modern radio stars will have to shoot at a long time before topping.

Ford has the kind of personality that makes people like him. Even his voice is friendly and warm. Because he’s called the High Sheriff of the Opry, he gets lots of letters from fans wanting him to give them legal advice or to help them locate missing relatives. He was made an Honorary Sheriff of Texas some years ago, and still proudly displays the badge that was given him by the governor.

He was born in Columbia, Missouri. He was married about twenty-five years ago, and he and Louise Rush have one son, Ford, Jr., who is a featured entertainer in his own right, with a fine voice and a great talent for playing the guitar. Just now, Ford, Jr., is with the WSM Grand Ole Opry Tent Show which is touring the South. Father and son have the friendly, understanding relationship parents always dream of creating.

It’s no wonder that Ford and his son get along so well, because Ford loves children. He’s always made a specialty of programs for them, and conducts two on WSM, Lullaby Time and Whiz Quiz. He originated the Toy Town Band idea, a unique combination of tinkle music that is ideal for youngsters—and for grown-ups who remember when they were youngsters, too. In addition to his air appearances, Ford is the head of WSM’s Artists Bureau.

Whenever he can find leisure for his favorite pastime, you’ll see Ford on one of Nashville’s golf courses. He shoots in the seventies, but he complains that’s too high and says that with some practice he could hit his stride and shoot some real golf again. He enjoys hunting and fishing too, but his real hobby is pleasing people and making them feel good.

* * *

Remember a few months ago it was recorded here that Dick Todd of the Saturday morning Vaudeville Theater was trying to lose some weight so he’d qualify for a screen test? Well he did it. He’s twenty pounds lighter now.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—There’s a double microphone in Studio A at station WBT that the Dixie Novelteers would rather sing into than any other mike. It’s the one that the Golden Gate Quartet boys used when they were singing their way to fame and fortune over WBT in Charlotte a few years ago. And from the amount of fan mail coming in for the Dixie Novelteers, it won’t be long before they’re as successful as their predecessors.

The South is filled with Negro singers, many of them good but few sensationally so. Exactly thirty-one Negro vocal groups were auditioned in a recent WBT talent hunt before the Novelteers were selected by Program Director Charles Crutchfield—who, incidentally, also discovered the Golden Gate Quartet.

The Novelteers, who are heard on WBT at 8 P. M. every Thursday, are five men, none of them a professional singer. Just the same, they’d rather sing than eat.

They organized themselves into a singing group in Gastonia, N. C., in 1938, and appeared on small radio stations and local entertainments until they came to WBT last spring. Crawford Gordon, the second tenor, was educated in the Gastonia public schools, and is a dry cleaner by trade. Wilbur McCallum, manager and baritone, attended the State College for Negroes in North Carolina and Morristown College in Tennessee, studying to be an insurance underwriter. Ernest Pharr, bass, went to Livingston College and Lincoln Academy, and is a shoe repairer. Declouster Houser, the first tenor, was also educated at Lincoln Academy, and works as a sampler in a cotton mill. John Pryor, who arranges their music, went to public school in Gastonia, and is a barber, a church organist, and a piano instructor.

But all these trades and professions of the Novelteers will soon be unnecessary and forgotten. New York agents have already inquired about them, and it may not be very long before their voices are heard from coast to coast.

These are the Dixie Novelteers you hear over station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. These boys would rather sing than eat. None of them is a professional singer, each one having a trade, such as a dry cleaner, a shoe repairer, a barber, a sampler in a cotton mill.
Laura had resigned herself to rearranging and playing the new hand which fate had dealt.

"I'll not let Hollywood jar me," she told herself. She would dress clothes and I'll entertain nicely—the way I've always entertained. I won't interfere and I will create an atmosphere. Kelton and I will keep on being happy—he's mine."

He's mine... With a sudden anger, Laura realized that Kelton was indeed hers. He was her husband, her lover, the child that she had never possessed. At the moment her feeling for him was almost entirely maternal. And yet when he came home from the Radio Mart she'd have to tell him that Margo Kendrick didn't desire him as a leading man—that he was a middle-aged actor given a chance to play a middle-aged father upon a silver screen that shimmered with youth. The knowledge would hurt Kelton irreparably and she would be able to do nothing to ease that hurt. Nothing at all.

As she sat in front of her mirror, Laura went back in retrospect over the twenty years of her married life with Kelton. They had been full years, productive years. But—she acknowledged it freely to herself—some of their fulsome quality, at least, was due to the way in which she had stood between Kelton and the world.

"I'm just a woman with no talents," she had often mused, "but at least I can be a person has something unpleasant to say—they can say it to me."

Every so often women friends—and sometimes a few men friends—had confided with Laura.

"You're keeping that guy apart from reality," they had told her. "Let Kelton rub elbows with pain and disappointment. Don't wrap him in cotton wool!"

But Laura had always answered, "It's the cotton wool wrapping that makes Kelton valuable to his public. He's got to stay young and glamorous and gay—that's what they want. He's the breadwinner, and when I do any bit to keep him young and glamorous and gay, I'm helping to mold his career. Besides, I enjoy doing it."

Things had run smoothly for so long! As she sat in front of the mirror, Laura—for the first time in ages—felt old. The world that she had built of illusion and spun sugar was tumbling about her ears and would soon tumble down about Kelton's.

"One glance at that contract," worried Laura, "and he'll be luring that he's to play a heavy will do something to him. He'll lose that buoyancy—he'll lose the swell quality that he's always carried like a bannier. He'll grow defensive and he'll try to be young—he never had to try before. Oh!—she half sobbed—if this pairing conditioning for Hallam Ford would only be big enough to hold him here in radio."

But even as she spoke she knew that her wish was vain. Kelton was a Columbus—he'd want to discover new territory and plummet new depths, even though it broke his spirit and eventually his heart. With fingers that shook, Laura reached for her powder jar. With her nose shiny and her brow furrowed, Laura realized that she looked forty-three, her actual age. She must do something before Kelton got back from the Mart. Maybe she'd have time to slip downstairs to the beauty shop that was on the ground floor—a facial would set her up. Kelton had never seen her when she wasn't looking her best. He mustn't—she broke off, for the telephone was ringing.

It was Kelton of course. Calling from the rehearsal room to tell her that he'd be late and to ask about the conference with Epstein.

"This whole thing is driving me crazy," he said, "is arresting, Laura. I want to go over the scene with Millicent Barry until I'm letter perfect... Did you get my contract?"

Laura spoke easily in answer. "I'm glad you like the script so well," she said, "since it will be your swan song. Sherry had already been Kelton who had lived with her for over twenty years couldn't tell that she was lying. 'The contract wasn't ready. I'm to stop by for it, tomorrow.'"

"Oh," murmured Kelton. He was obviously let down. "They still, don't they?"

"Always," agreed Laura.

Kelton was silent for a long minute, and then—

"If you haven't made any plans for the evening," he said, "I might stay downtown and have dinner. Merle Ray—she's the ingenue—will be on deck this evening, and I've a scene with her—"

"I haven't any plans," Laura said.

Kelton must have felt something in his wife's tone—something of which she, herself, was unaware.

"You sound sunk, buttonface," he said. "Tell you what—come down here and eat with me... We'll make it a foursome—Hal Ford and Millie and us—"

Before she knew it, Laura was assenting to the plan, though it was the last thing—the very last thing—that she wanted to do!  

AFTER dinner, during which there had been a great light conversation and several toasts—for Millie and Hal had confided their newly blossoming romance to the Stokes—they started back, in a body, to the Radio Mart. It had been a hefty dinner so they walked, going two by two—Millie and Laura, Hal and Kelton. The men strolled around the rear, talking business.

"I can't tell you," said Laura, "how glad I am for you and Hal. He's been so lonely. And Donnie—he's a little boy. She broke off, a shade embarrassed.

Millicent wasn't in the least embarrassed. "You don't need to pussyfoot around the stepmother angle," she chuckled. "It was Donnie who pinched things—I'd given up hope of ever landing Hal!"

"I can't tell you," said Laura, "I'm glad... I do hope you and Hal will be happy, Millicent. As happy as Kelton and I have been."

All at once Marge and Barry were serious. "That's a rather large order, Laura," she said. "You and Kelton..."
What a Baby dreams about.

"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.
"You know I ought to be home in bed.
Why, what if my parents could see me now!
Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"

"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?
It's awful to see an angel yelp!
By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case
Of wing-chafe. Look at this tender place!"

"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.
For chaffes and prickle that powder's grand!
It's soft and silky, and what it's got
Makes angels of babies who are not!"

Johnson's Baby Powder
"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"

DECEMBER, 1941

p.s. If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!
MOTHER: You haven’t been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

Alice: Oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

Mother: No, Darling. Here’s a laxative you’ll really enjoy. It’s Ex-Lax!

Alice: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

Mother: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

Alice: Fine, Mommy! And it didn’t upset me the way other laxatives did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—just right. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It’s good for every member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate-Lavatory

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, longer relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for indigestion and heartburn. Tastes good. Contains no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax. 10c and 25c for 3 or 6 packs.

FREE ENLARGEMENT Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tints in natural colors sent immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

Geppert Studios, Dept. 864, Des Moines, Iowa

Peter Donald—who plays Ronnie Owen in the NBC serial, Into the Light, and Ben Carson in Bay Meets Bonds, also on NBC. He’s one of the few radio people who practically grew up in front of a microphone. At thirteen, he was a young master of ceremonies on an after-school program. Now he’s two-three years older and has hardly needed a day’s rest in the studios. Peter is red-headed, wears a moustache, and is unmarried—but he owns a summer home at Eddystone, N. Y., all ready for a bride to move into if he ever finds the right girl. He comes from a theatrical family. Donald and Carson, having been one of the old-time vaudeville headliners. Between acting jobs, he sometimes writes for radio, too.
You've a glorious radio personality," Her voice broke— "Oh, Kelton, I'll miss you!"
"You'll not miss me," bellowed Kelton. "You're coming along!"
But Laura was interpolating softly. "No, I'm not coming," she said. "Look at me, Kelton. Here, under a strong light." She rose swiftly from the desk and crossed the room and stood beneath the white, hot rays of a reading lamp. "See!"
Kelton Stokes, staring at his wife, did see. He was conscious definitely of a recurrence of the impression that he had had of Laura when he first entered their living room. Somehow she looked—well, faded was the word. It wasn't anything that he could lay his finger on—there wasn't any startling change in her. It was merely a dulling of something bright—as if a delicate bloom had been smudged. As if a freshness had departed. His expression must have mirrored what was going on in his mind for Laura laughed shakily.
"I was right," she said. "It shows in your face, darling. . . . After all, you can come back here—for—holidays!"
Kelton Stokes stared deep into his wife's eyes. And then he was holding her tight, so tight that it hurt.
"The devil with holidays," he rasped, "we'll stick together, Laura, and you know it. I'd be a hollow shell without you. . . . You can go back to Epstein, tomorrow, and tell him that he can keep his contract!"
Laura shuddered ever so slightly. Having ventured much, she was afraid to win.
"I can't let you make the sacrifice—for me," she said, tempting fate.
Kelton Stokes, at the moment, didn't look like the reason why girls leave home. He looked like a man searching desperately for something intangible. But his voice was very steady when finally he spoke.
"I came back from the Radio Mart," he said, "to tell you that I wasn't completely sold on pictures, after all. This script I was auditioning—this 'Love Story'—is a wow, and it may run for fifty years. I'd sort of like to go on in the lead—and in other parts like it. You know, Laura," he was warming to his theme, "radio is a new art—much newer than pictures. It's fun growing up—with radio."

TOWARD morning, when Kelton had been asleep for hours, Laura was still lying quietly beside him, her wide eyes staring at the lighted square which was their bedroom window. She was remembering certain things that she had done to her face the night before—little things that the theater had taught her. Things that hinted at unexpected lines and shadows and hollows where none actually existed—as yet. She was wondering if Kelton would always, from now on, be searching her face for those tell-tale marks of time.
"Maybe," she told herself, "I've spoiled something lovely; maybe from now on he'll always see me a little dull and shopworn and be sorry for me. But—her heart sang momentarily with the knowledge—he's still got himself—I didn't let them take that away!"

The square of window was turning from gray to rose—soon it would turn from rose to pale luminous gold. Laura, her eyes suddenly wet, turned her face from the coming of the dawn.

"My Mom's a Modern!..."

MY MOM knows the answers...and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport...that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together...fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too—even on those trying days of the month.

You see, Mom took me in hand early...told me about Kotex sanitary napkins. How Kotex is more comfortable because it's less bulky...less apt to rub and chafe.

She doesn't just dish things out in headlines!

It was Mom who put me wise to the fact that Kotex has a moisture-resistant "safety shield" and flat, pressed ends (they mean a lot to a girl's confidence in these days of bias-cut clothes). I always know my secret is safe with Kotex.

Of course, Kotex in 3 different sizes—Junior, Regular, and Super—is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formulations: each one suits a different day's needs—perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me...isn't she a peach?

Be confident...comfortable...carefree

— with Kotex*!

Completes a girl's education. Send today for the new free booklet "As One Girl To Another". It gives the answers to your intimate questions...tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Just send your name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago, Illinois, and you'll get a copy FREE.

Bart looked up from the labor
schedules he was working over. He
had to think a minute. "Christmas
Eve! By George, you're right." He
couldn't think of anything else.

Joe Thomas only grinned. Shaving,a
few minutes later, Bart the. For a fleeting
instant Mary saw the dark troubled
depths of this man. She knew that
he had been hurt—by a woman, just as she had jokingly
suggested, and he had found his refuge
in work and the steadfastness of steel.

"I'll never let you down. Women will." "Not all women," Mary objected.
"You must have met a bad one."
"Yes, let me tell you about a
woman I knew."

The mission was decked out. Gaily
colored lanterns hung outside and in.
The day was exceptionally warm,
and the guests overflowed into the
yard. When Bart came up with Red
and Joe, there was a stir and a cry.

The men who worked for him ad-
nanced to greet him in song-English.
Some brought their brothers and
parents and grandparents, and all
manner of relatives to seventh cousins
by marriage. They all but bowed to
him. Mary Shields, standing out of the
mission, wondered at this. She had
been long enough in China to know
that this was more than the extreme
and strange type of Chinese manners.
There was in their attitude a
great measure of respect and honest
liking, and traces of sincere adoration.

"If he were a god to them, she thought,
and why?

Their greeting was casual. Mary
passed him along to her father im-
mEDIATELY, as bested the most
honored guest, and went with Red
and Joe to help entertain the Chinese.

Bart and the Reverend Shields talked
to the affairs of the valley. Bart had
never met him before, but found him
intelligent, and alive to the actual
problems of the people. He left him
with an increased respect for the
genus missionary, and went to wander
in the garden. Somewhere he
felt like being a bit by

The ineffable sadness of the winter
night claimed him. From a rickety
wooden bench he watched the stead-
fast moon float through white
and yellow clouds, traced and veined
by the slender branches of naked mul-
berry trees. He turned to see Mary
coming toward him and spoke his
thought aloud: "It looks like a
Chinese painting."

"It must be because you see it
through their eyes," she said.
"You've noticed it too?"
She sat down beside him. "It's the
first thing I did notice," she said,
"when I first came."

"Why did you come out here?" he
said matter-of-factly. "It's no place
for a girl with brains and ambition.
And I assume you have both."

"A left-handed compliment. I take
it you don't like women with brains
and ambition."

He shrugged. "They mean nothing
to me. Neither do they without
brains and ambition. I'm neutral."

"Maybe," she said. "You're a bit
more interested in your bridge
than you are in women."

"Of course," he said. "Any man
with sense will find something he can
trust and then live by it and for it
and with it. Steel is what I found—
good for you, too."

"All right," he interrupted, "since
you're going to pry, I'll tell you... There
was a girl, we were going to
marry..."

"All right," he interrupted, "since
you're going to pry, I'll tell you... There
was a girl, we were going to
marry..."

"I'll bet there was a girl you were going
to marry..."

"All right," he interrupted, "since
you're going to pry, I'll tell you... There
was a girl, we were going to
marry..."

"So you labeled all women bad
and took to cold steel." He
went on doggedly. "Steel isn't
cold, and it isn't. It's stuff you
can make into shapes of use
and strength. I've always liked it."

HER voice was low and sweetly
reasonable. "I've always suspected
that any man who was completely
buried in his work got that way be-
cause he was really incapable of any
other emotion."

Again Bart turned to her. Again
she knew that little tremor of—was it
fear or anger?

"Miss Shields," he said carefully.
"I accepted your invitation tonight.
Maybe you'll accept one of mine. Come
And I'll show you something—
come when you have all afternoon
—and I'll try to show it to you the
way I see it. Maybe you'll see some-
thing you didn't know existed."

"I'll come," she said. She was
unable to take her eyes off his face.
When his arms reached out for her,
she was unable to move.

"Not incapable," he said. "Not in-
capable—just unwilling."

He held her close for an instant, her
body rigid as the system of laws. Then
his strong mouth crushed hers
quickly, fiercely.

She struggled to get free—struggled
with his strong arms and a strong will.
He let her go slowly, not heeding her
low, furious words. "The finest type
of white man! You!"

"Don't forget the invitation," he
said. "Come any time. Then was
gone.

For a long time she stood there, her
closed fist crushed against her mouth,
her kiss still searing her lips. Stood
straight and proud, while her spirit
struggled to break out. What was this
man McGarrett—cynic or believer,
strong or weak—she didn't know. But the memory of that
in the squadrons. Three miles ahead the girders assumed a form and shape that began to look like a bridge. On each side of the valley the triangles pooled on triangles, the weight carefully equalized and distributed on the huge stiles of rock built on the banks of the river. The framework grew from each side toward the middle—grew as if by magic—until they were only a hundred feet apart.

IN the shack on the north bank, Bart and Red Sullivan and Joe Thomas worked and slept. From his instrument Joe got ever more disturbing news. The invader had closed in on Chufeng. Its fall became only a matter of weeks. Bart was like a mad man. Only one thing lived in his mind. The bridge must be completed! He worked day and night and kept the others at it day and night. When the days grew longer he added a second shift, and drove the men until they were ready to drop. On Sundays he made his inspections, Red at his side with blueprints and notebooks. This riveting crew should be jacked up, 'Bart said. "They've been driving cold rivets." With chalk he circled the bad rivets. "Make them knock these out and put in new ones. Let them know there'll be no bad rivets in this bridge! It's got to be sound as a dollar.

For the second time Mary Shields' voice broke in on him when he thought he was alone. The instant he heard it he was transported back to that night in the garden.

"I came to see your bridge," she said coolly.

"Hello," Bart said briefly. "You chose a bad time for it. The crews don't work on Sunday."

"But you do," she said.

"It's the only time I have for inspection," he retorted.

"Then is it all right if I go along?"

"No," he said, "no." The day was gentle and clear, bright with the promise of spring. Suddenly Bart wanted to forget about bad rivets and bells of material. "That's all, Red," he said. "We'll knock off now. You and Joe can go into the village," Red grinned. "All right, Boss," he said. "I know when I've had enough. Guess you do too."

"I'm terribly sorry," Mary said. "I didn't mean to interrupt your work."

"I was through anyway," Bart said gruffly, unwilling to admit she had influenced him. He led the way to the bridge approach, to a spot where they could look through the tunnel of steel clear through to the other side. "This is the longest cantilever span in the world," he said. "Nineteen hundred feet."

They walked out on the almost completed roadway until they were over the swirling yellow river. The footing changed from solid planks to girders. Bart held her hand and led her on until only a tracery of girders surrounded them. Mary looked down and gasped. "It must be miles above the water," she said.

"Three hundred and eighteen feet," he said gruffly. "Another fifteen girders in place, then the final sections of the railroad bed, and we'll be done. Ten days will see us finished—maybe two weeks."

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Why be a "Sitter-Outer" when Fibs (the Kotex Tampon) permits you to keep going in comfort every day...regardless of the calendar! Worn internally, Fibs give comfortable, invisible sanitary protection. No belts, pads or pins are needed, and there's no chafing—no disposal problem. Then, too, Fibs are convenient to carry...one takes no more space in your handbag than an ordinary lipstick.

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talk to me, and tell me how he feels. I want to see him all the time, and in six months I've seen him three times. She walked faster and faster, the miles slipping away unnoticed. When she rounded the curve just before she reached the mission she was ready to cry and didn't dare.

Later that afternoon the wireless began to tick. Bart was an amateur at code, and slow, but he managed to send them word to transmit slowly, and he gave a message. As it came out, in dots and dashes, and he wrote down the letters and spelled out the words, he grew more intent. When the message was finished, The buck bolt upright. He wrote a single sentence on the pad before him, then began laboriously to send it.

"Can finish bridge within two days." That was all.

Bart put in a call to the village to round up Red and Joe and get them back. In half an hour they were there. "We've got to finish this thing by tomorrow night," Bart told them. "I know it's impossible but go out there and do it. Get the other shift in. Send a dozen men out to round them up.

Red went out of the office on a half run. Looking after him, Bart knew Red would do it if anybody could. It was the same story for the laborers. Bart or Red asked them to work forty-eight hours at a stretch they would do it.

"And you, Joe," Bart said. "Sit at that telegraph key and keep a couple of men beside you. Whenever anything comes in—anything at all—send it to me without losing a minute.

All evening and all night the men toiled. Gasoline flares made the night into a witches' dance of giant fireflies. They moved and moved, a steady out and were refiled and relighted. There were plenty of men. They took turns at the gruelling jobs, and worked as they had never worked before.

Bart and Red were everywhere. Several times Red rode a rider into the village to tell Bart there were rivets, the big gun in his hand for the first time in years, bucking against his hands, came from the red hot metal out into the night and down in wide arcs to the river.

Daylight came with only four more girders to go. Bart sent half of the men home for sleep. "Get back here at noon," he told them.

The other half stayed on. Bart and Red stayed with them. "I think we can do it. Bart," Red said. "These guys really worked. Only four more pieces of steel and we can begin laying rails. I think we can make it by tonight."

All morning they sweated. At noon there was only one more girder to go. At one o'clock Bart took time off for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. While he was in the shack the wireless began to click again. He listened, and before he took the message he groaned. "If we make it there won't be a minute to spare," he said and strode off.

He called Red aside from the men and gave him some very explicit instructions. Red blanched white through his tan, then looked at Bart closely. "You mean it. All right, I'll do it but I won't like it."

Bart walked back to the shack. Just as he got there he heard the bells of several trucks rolling up the hill. They pulled the siding and someone got out of the first truck and ran toward him. Bart blinked to see blood through the dust. It was Mary Shields.

"Bart, Bart," she called. "You've got to help me. She ran to him, grasping him by the arms.

"What?" he said.

"I have three truck loads of Chinese—my father's converts. They're coming all around the city. I've got to get them across the river and on southward, out of the danger zone. You've got to help."

Bart stood still. "How?"

Mary wanted to shake him. "Well, the bridge is finished now to walk across, isn't it?"

"What if it is?"

"I saw an engine and two flat cars over there on the south side of the river. We can walk the Chinese across, put them on the train and take them south."

"And what about my bridge crew?"

Bart demanded.

"They can come too."

Mary looked at him keenly. "You don't understand. I mean—what would they have to work with? That train over there is my work train. I need it to haul girders and rails. And to be frank, Miss Shields, I don't care if you've got five hundred converts. I'm going to finish that bridge."

MARY couldn't believe her ears. "The fact that these women and children are frightened and hungry doesn't mean anything to you, does it? No, nothing matters but that schoolboy pride of yours. You've got to finish your bridge. All right, little boy, now I know you're incapable of loving anything but steel, steel!" Her voice rose to a shriek.

Bart, said nothing, standing there with his hands in his pockets. The air, Mary's voice grew low and harsh with scorn. "The finest type of white man!" She turned to get for the nearest truck. "I'll send these people down there among your men. They'll stop work when they see their own families."

Bart took three steps and grabbed Mary by the arm. He half carried her up to the shack. She kicked and tore at him. "You can't do that, Joe," he said. "Keep Miss Shields here. I don't care how you do it. She wants to take my workmen away. And you know I can't lose this."

At four o'clock the rails were half laid. At five o'clock there was one more section to be spiked in place. Also, at five o'clock they pulled the deadlines up to five-thirty. This time Red groaned. "We can just do it," he said, and he didn't much for the job, but it ought to hold."

"All right, get the signals set, and throw the switch," Bart said. "We're coming through."

A half hour later he and Red stood at the north end of the bridge and watched a train without lights come around the bend and roll slowly out

NEXT MONTH: RADIO MIRROR'S song hit of the month will be "When We Met," the words and music by baritone Dick Todd
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"Housework doesn't exactly groom your hands for a party," I thought. "I'd better have something."

"Thank goodness for Campana Balm," I said. "No hangnails, no roughness to mar my sheer, silk hose!"

"All is well!" Dick says. "I have winsome hands. He treasures their softness—I safeguard it with Campana!"

Dec. 1941

Campana Balm

Campana Balm

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anyone tries to be high and mighty with you, by heaven I'll show them how. Anyway, they won't, they'll all see how wonderful you are. Mother," he turned again to Susan, "you ought to side with me. I'll give you my word. If you only understood how I really feel!"

"Son, you know what I think," she answered with restrained patience, "I repeat, I won't, and I'll give you my word that you'll neglect your business if you only understood how I really feel!

"Oh, Mrs. Leighton," Amanda cried, doubt flooding over her weary heart, "maybe I shouldn't have come back, not even a week around her. She and Edward did come for me. But I was, I give you my Valley word, I was thinking of his sake."

"Dear," Edward's voice was harsh, "never never say that again. I tell you, mother, without Amanda I should be miserable—life wouldn't be worth while.

"Edward—Susan—" it was Colonel Bob speaking, "especially you, Susan: I can't understand your attitude. Amanda is a lovely girl—she's kind and she's fine and she's brave. You shouldn't act this way.

And, suddenly, unexpectedly, Sylvia moved, came to Susan's side, and touched her shoulder. "Mrs. Leighton, please don't be so upset. Colonel Bob is right. With Amanda it'll be happy, you'll see." Then with the startled gaze of them all upon her, she went on, across to the two on the couch, and held out her hand. "I want to be your friend, Amanda, I really do. You think I'm hurt because my engagement is broken. But I'm not, I'm rather glad—it's over. We wouldn't have been happy, would we, Edward? So, you see I have no feeling against you, and we'll be friends."
all the time."

She glanced with eager eyes around the room. She saw the portrait Edward had started that day, the day she first came to Honeymoon House. How long ago it seemed, but it wasn't really. Only she was different, life was different, beautiful now, beautiful as a dream.

"Edward," she exclaimed, "you mustn't paint me like that, in an old cotton dress, now that I have such beautiful clothes, silk and soft. Paint me in one of them."

He shook his head, and walked over to the easel.

"No, my dear," his voice was low, "this is the way you love me, like this—just you—my Valley girl, with your violet eyes, and skin like a wild rose—and your soul as beautiful as your face."

She felt the pressure of his arms around her. She pulled his head down to look into his eyes, her own misty with happy tears.

"Edward, I understand now how you love me, it isn't my ways, or my clothes, it's just me—the same as I feel about you.

"That's it, dear, and don't ever forget what you've just now found out."

FROM that minute Amanda hid deep in her heart all her doubts, so deeply, she believed they were not there. The love between herself and Edward would be great enough to overcome all difficulties, would justify its strength dissolve all hate. She looked at herself in her white satin wedding gown, the long sweeping skirts of her crown of red gold curls. She would go to Edward as radiant as he desired her to be, and she was glad, glad for his sake, and because he loved her beauty, that it was hers. Her eyes were wide with a deep rapture, her whole being exalted, as she danced down the stairs to where Uncle Bob waited for her. He helped her into the car; it was on his arm she walked up the aisle of the church, the music swelling in her ears, scarcely aware of the rows of people, not knowing that reporters, as well as friends of the family, were there, watching with avid curiosity. Amanda only knew that Edward was beside her; she heard his voice speaking the words which made her heart leap in her bosom, and then he had kissed her. Amanda was Mrs. Edward Leighton! Faintly Amanda heard the murmur of the people in the pews who turned now and watched as she and Edward walked back slowly up the aisle. Edward was holding her close beside him, and she could not bear to look at her own reflection in the mirror.

The minister who had married them hurried over to them, smiling with the happiness that a proper wedding had brought him.

"Only one more thing, darling." Edward whispered. Keeping her beside him he stepped up to a low table and picked up a pen. In front of him a white book lay open. Quickly, Edward wrote and put the pen down. "Now," he said, "if you don't mind I'm going to kidnap the bride."

His eyes, smiling down, saw only Amanda, not the quick movement which brought Sylvia in front of them.
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NEVER SAY DIE... SAY RIT
TINTS & DYES

“Haven’t you forgotten something, Edward?” she said and her voice, loud and strangely triumphant cut through the buzz of conversation. "I don’t think so, Sylvia,” Edward said pleasantly and moved toward the open door.

“Wait,” Sylvia said, so sharply that it was a command. "Isn’t the bride going to sign the register?”

Almost before terror touched Amanda, Sylvia had darted to the lap, seized the pen and placed it in Amanda's hands. The minister was saying kindly, "Why of course, child, you must sign your name too."

"She—sign my name?" Amanda asked and her words were an inaudible whisper. The pen slipped from her fingers. "But I—I can't—I don’t know how to write—"

Sylvia laughed, just before a suppressed snicker and then an excited hum of astonishment rose in the room. Amanda felt the cruel tightening in Edward's body. A blinding flash of white light shut Amanda's eyes. She heard Edward curse. Then he leaped forward toward the man who had taken the picture.

"Give me that camera," he shouted.

Hot shame swept over Amanda, a fever of memories and fears she had pushed aside crowded in at her. It was true—it had happened—she had disregarded Edward before all the world, disregarded him while they were still in the church where they had been married. She saw the truth in Sylvia's mocking face, in the eager, avid whispering of the other wedding guests. In blind panic, seeking sanctuary, she fought her way to the door and to the dense, sheltering woods that lay close beside the old stone building. Behind her she heard shouts and the heavy pounding of running feet and an angry voice, that called just, "Amanda!"

Thick shadows and heavy brush hid her, yet still she ran, sobbing, until, unable to stand, not knowing where she was going, she dropped down at the foot of a great tree, her hands digging into the earth beside her.

Someone touched her shoulder and Amanda looked up with a frightened cry; Jim Tollerive peered at her through the gloom under the great trees.

"Amanda, Amanda," he whispered, some instinct keeping his voice low, "what's happened? I be watching the wedding from a tree. I heard the music—I see you go in, and you looked like an angel, so pretty—and then you come out running, and here you be—ain't you wed?"

"Yes—yes! But I've shamed Edward—Oh, Jim, Jim, help me! Where can I go—there's no place for me in all the world—I can't hold up my head. Oh, Edward, my love, Edward, my love—"

"You sure be terribly unhappy. I'll do what I can. Come home with me, Amanda—"

That walk, the cabin, Mrs. Tollerive's face, coming close, fading away, her hands putting Amanda to bed, were all a blur of meaningless motions. Amanda lay and tossed, sick in body and mind, aware of all she suffered, but by then, scarcely knowing why. Her body burned with fever, and when that passed, she was unpleasantly warmed. But with that deadly weakness, her mind cleared into sharp anguish. She remembered all that had happened; and the events...
SURELY, my child,” he answered her quietly.

"Will you teach me to make my name, so I can put it on a paper?”

"Certainly. But, Amanda, why—what good will that do you now?"

"Don't ask me," she cried, almost wildly, "don't ask me. Only I—then—maybe, I can hold up my head—maybe—" her voice faded; she would not say anything more.

He sighed. "Oh, you Valley people, with your pride—"

"Don't, don't," Amanda begged, "don't speak of it. I don't know if making my name will help me—only—show me how."

Her fingers caught and held rigidly the pencil he placed in them as she struggled to copy the big letters he printed on a piece of paper, her eyes bright and intent.

"Why, it's not so hard," she exclaimed, breathlessly, looking up at him with a wistful smile, "it's not harder than making a design for a quilt. But that doesn't mean I can write or spell. Thank you kindly, Parson, if you don't mind, I'd rather be alone, so as—I don't know—"

Her voice died down, and her face became distant, remote. He left her, quietly, but when he was gone, she caught paper and pencil again and went down the stairs, down the letters of Amanda Dyke. She had not asked him to spell out Leighton, she could not, yet now she longed to print that lovely name. At last, she pushed the paper aside; the afternoon sun shone brightly, it was hot in the tiny room, and with returning strength Amanda found she could not lie still. She was amazed how weak she felt when she crept out of bed. Across a chair lay her wedding dress; she looked at it, bewildered, unwilling to put it on. It was torn, muddy; it brought back hateful memories; but it was all she had. She dressed with shaking fingers, and managed to get out under the trees, and there Jim found her.

"Amanda," he asked, peering into her face, "what are you aiming to do?"

She shook her head. "I—I don't know," she said.

She stared out across the woods with dull, lifeless eyes, once more sunk in a numb despair, without thought or plan. Later, as the sun sank behind the trees and a gentle breeze stirred the leaves around her, she turned with a start, to realize Jim had slipped away. She sat for a long time, the birds singing around her as they busily prepared for the night. A blue haze filled the Valley, and in the soft dusk, Amanda rose to her feet, and with her eyes like those of a sleep walker, turned toward the hills. As she mounted the path, her steps quickened, new strength came to her, something sent her on and on.

She came out into a cleared space, onto long grass, just as the first star of the night glimmered in the west. She stopped short, her heart pounding. In the dim half light she saw the moss covered stones, the warped, wooden frame. The Wishing Well, where Edward had vowed eternal love. How strange that she had been drawn here. She swung around at the sound of a strangled cry. Edward was beside her, his eyes dark in a haggard face. He touched her hand, as if he dared not believe she were real; his fingers slipped along her arm, and then with a sob he had caught her to him, kissing her face, her lips, her hair.

AMANDA, my love, my dar—" all he could whisper were broken words of love— "you have come back to me—"

"No, Edward, no," she tried to draw away, and found she could not.

"I've been crazy, insane—ill—I've hunted through the Valley like a mad man. You father told me he had not seen you. Oh, God, Amanda, promise here by this old well that never, never will you go away again." Edward, she pushed against him gently, pulling away, so she could look into his face, "I shamed you. I couldn't write my name—I shamed you before all the kin, your friends—"

"Oh, I know," he exclaimed, his young face stern. "But, you dear, is there anything in all the world, anything, that matters beside our love? Don't you believe me, darling, when I tell you I love you, love you, love you? I don't care whether you can write or spell, I don't care about any—"
thing but you—Amanda, you're doing me a great wrong to doubt me—" I've been ill," she said, "because I left you."

He drew her close to him again, and pressed her head on his shoulder. "Do you think, dear, that pride or fear is stronger than the love we have for the other?"

She waited for a minute, letting the sheer wonder of being with Ed-mond overflow her mind, and shed tears on her heart which had been so bruised and hurt. Had she been wrong? Had she thought more of herself, her pride than of Edward and his love?Wasn't she, after all, just as much obliged. My success."

"If you—any day you can show me—now—" he lifted her up into his arms—" Honeymoon House is waiting for us, Amanda, my wife—"

And her heart sang as through the stars of the evening, under the stars in the darkening sky, Edward carried her along the winding path. "Your fault, dear," Amanda whispered. He put her down beside him, and she looked toward the white house glimmering in the dusk. "Dreams come true,—only—where are my eyes? They were on her face. Then, together, his arm around her, they moved forward across the grass toward Honeymoon House.

**The END**

For further happenings in the lives of Amanda and Edward, tune in again Thursday night.

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**Superman in Radio**

(Continued from page 42)

same story. Immediately news broadcasters and reporters flashed the word that the box had been recovered and that Chickie Lorimer refused to tell where they were hidden.

Certain that the Yellow Mask would attempt another raid, the commissioners of the City Prison where it was reported she was being held, Superman arranged for Lois Lane, his public relations girl reporter, to be there. Sure enough, the Mask's henchmen freed Lois from her cell at gun's-point. Her instructions were simple—"Tell the Yellow Mask who she was, and that she had been placed in Chickie's cell when the girl thief had been transferred. She was to tell him also that she was a pickpocket who had known Chickie in the days before Chickie had revealed to her the secret of the jewels' hiding place.

When Lois faced the Mask, she told him she was Chunky Oldfield, ex-arch-criminal, believing in her, promised to reward her handsomely if she uncovered the jewels cached in the Mask's hidden hideout. Chickie had revealed to her the secret of the jewels' hiding place.

Confident his plan would work, Superman sped to the Tower field. Cropped in the darkness with Commissioner Malone and Jimmy Olsen, he waited for the Yellow Mask to walk into the trap—a trap baited with the empty cache. Hidden in the tall grass surrounding the field were 50 trained men of the Homicide Squad ready to close in on the most dangerous criminal at large. But the minutes went by and no sign of the Mask.

Then, suddenly, a silver monoplane came out of the darkness, its searchlight sweeping the field. Without warning, it went into a power dive, hurtling down on the watchers in the foxedout bullet—motor roaring—wind screaming through the ruts. It skimmed their heads, dropped an odd-looking white object, zoomed up and disappeared. Clark Kent, stooping quickly, picked up what he saw instantly was a wrench with a piece of paper wrapped around it. He turned to the Commissioner:

"Listen to this, sir—it's a note from the Yellow Mask. My dear Mr. Kent: Your very clever plan to lure me into a trap has gone askew. Miss Lane has told me everything—Great Scott! —and I am going to make Lois talk! Come on—no more time to waste now!"

Remembering that Chickie Lorimer had described the route leading out of the Mask's, hidden deep in the woods off an abandoned road, Kent rushed his companions to their car, settled himself in the driver's seat, and drove away, a fury that tore at him. Dawn was breaking as they approached the hideout. Stopping, Kent got out and immediately circled to the rear of the house. Jimmy and the commissioner prepared to enter through the front, little suspecting a trap set—this time right—on the rug just over the threshold. A trapdoor leading to a concrete tank, six feet in diameter, the opening at a right angle feet from the basement floor. They opened the door, walked a few steps—and then there was a click as the Mask threw the switch controlling the trap into place.

A great emptiness yawned before them. They tried desperately to draw water from the well, but the water hurtled, twisting and turning, into the black, open-mouthed pit. The fall wasn't great—Jimmy landed unhurt. But the Commissioner, being less agile, felt his ankle give. Huddled there, they heard and then, as their eyes became accustomed to the dark, saw a heavy iron-barred grate covering over the tank top.

In a few minutes they could hear Superman's voice, calling from the house. Then, the Yellow Mask shouted greeting him. They listened as the Mask promised to conduct them to the hiding place of the jewels. They could hear the footsteps go across the floor, heard Lois led out of the room in which she'd been held. They tried to shout a warning when they realized...

---

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**Radio and Television Mirror**

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that both the girl and Superman were standing on the trap door. It was useless. The switch buzzed—the door opened—the doors slid back long enough to admit their plummeting bodies. Superman deftly guided Lois' fall so that she landed unharmed.

As the iron gate clicked into place, the voice of the Yellow Mask came floating down:

"This is your last chance—the last chance for all of you! I have reached the limit of my patience. You shall have just one more chance—where are the jewels, Commissioner?"

Superman seethed inside. He was faced with a problem which seemed to have no solution. How could he rescue his companions without revealing himself to them as Superman?

Knowing that the Mask was in deadly earnest, he advised the police officer to yield to the criminal's demands. He was confident that he would be able to find a way out.

Malone, helpless, agreed to Superman's suggestion. On a phone lowered down into the tank, he called police headquarters. Voice trembling, the official ordered one of his men to meet two of the Mask's henchmen at a crossroad and deliver to them the fortune in gems—and ask no questions.

Glaringly, the Mask stepped back from the edge of the pit. The four captives were at last alone. But alone in a horrible, dismal darkness—dependent entirely upon the Mask's promise to release them. It was a frightening interlude. But they had no other choice. The hours dragged by interminably.

Finally, Lois and Jimmy, exhausted by their nerve-racking experiences fell asleep. Malone and Superman tried conversing in low tones but the pain of the Commissioner's injured shoulder became increasingly worse.

Helplessly, he faced Superman:

"Kent, I can't stand this much longer—it's killing me!"

Superman's strong fingers touched the injured ankle gently but the pain was too great for the older man. He uttered no sound as he slumped over in pain. Superman's first thought was to revive Malone—

"Poor fellow—what a shame. But wait—what a stroke of luck for me! With Jimmy and Lois asleep and Malone out for a while I can break through this concrete—as Superman!"

Stepping back, the tall figure launched himself at the wall. Deliberately, he controlled his movements so that there would be no loud noise of a crash. His companions did not hear the muffled sound.

The night wore on. The time for the return of the Mask's henchmen drew closer. Then, at last, they were back. Back with the jewels. And freedom for the captives—perhaps.

The Mask returned and his words came eerily through the bars:

"Mr. Kent, you have kept your end of the bargain. Unfortunately, I find myself unable to keep mine. Therefore, I find it necessary to destroy all evidence that might be used against me. And Mr. Kent, you and your friends are that evidence."

"I shall give you five minutes to prepare yourselves for death. Then I shall be forced to destroy you. Good—by—for five minutes."

The seconds began to go. Superman waited no longer. He called to Jimmy and very softly said: "Jimmy there's a hole in the side of this tank. You and..."
Lois help the Commissioner through. I'll wait a few seconds more and then follow you. You can get through the basement and chances are you'll find the floor, a flight of stairs leading to the backyard. Hide there and wait for me."

The other three protested but as the minutes fled by they yielded to his insistence. Just as they had safely entered the opening and disappeared from sight, the Mask's voice pierced the black—sharp and harsh, now:

"Your five minutes are up, Kent—"

But the answering tones were not those of mild-mannered Kent."

"Mr. Kent isn't here." It was the strong, vibrant voice of Superman.

"Mask, this is the end for you. Here I come!"

With a great spring, Superman leaped from the stone floor up—and up. His huge shoulders crashed through the heavy bars as if they were free. Forgive me, if I have hurt you, but if you have any fondness, at all, for Lucy, you will think this over very carefully and fairly and—I know you will do what is right."

That night, there were two of us in the nearby village bar—Ben and me. It only took a drink or two to get Ben lit up. But couldn't, though I tried, remember glass after glass being pushed in front of me.

It was a noisy bar, one of those places with a juke box and a tiny dance floor and shadowy booths. I felt someone against me and I looked around. She was blonde and sort of pretty, I couldn't look at her eyes.

"What's the matter, soldier?" she whispered insinuatingly. "Don't you want to play?"

I didn't look at her eyes. "Sure," I said.

I went with her. I went with her because I thought she could do what liquid hadn't—make me forget. I followed her into a little side room at one side of the bar. The room smelled of cheap perfume and white smoke. In the dark, she pressed against me.

Suddenly, clearly, right before my eyes, I lay there. I had a strange feeling that if I listened, I could hear her. Then, I heard her voice: "Hold on to me, darling!"

I pushed and tried and tumbled for the door knob and practically fell out past the bar into the street.

When the cold air hit me, I really went blind. I had no idea what I was doing. I still can't remember clearly what I did then. The next thing I was sure of, I was swaying and bumping and the sky was bright and I was sitting next to a truck driver.

"Okay, Bud," the driver said. "This is as far as we go.

He pulled up and I climbed down to the road. "Thanks," I said. "Where are we?"

He told me. We were only about forty miles from Fairlee. He ground the gears and was off with a, "Watch yourself, kid."

The sun, almost split my head open. I felt weak and sick and I crawled back from the road into the scrub grass. I felt faint, I didn't know how long, I slept some.

When I woke up, I felt terrible, but I could walk. I wanted something to eat, but all I could find in my pockets was a dime. I started up the road. I knew I would reach a town soon and then I could phone Harry."

"Jim!" Harry said. "Have you gone A.W.O.L."

"I guess so."

"You guess?" Harry yelled. What's the matter?"

"Harry, you've got to help me."

"Sure, Harry."

"Pick up some clothes for me," I said, "and pick me up on route 20."

"Okay," Harry said.

I told him I'd been walking for hours before Harry's Ford came tearing down the highway. It was probably less than half an hour's drive from the bushes. Then I got in the car.

"All right," Harry said. "What happened?"

I told him as much as I could remember. And, as I talked, the idea began to come clear in my head, sharp, like a bright light. I wasn't going back. I'd had enough. I'd served my term, that was all I'd bargain for. I told Harry.

"You're a fool, Ben," my friend said.

We were in Fairlee, now. It was about six-thirty in the evening. "You want to go home?" Harry asked.

"No," I said. "I want to see Lucy first—"

I wouldn't let too many people see me around here, if I were you." Harry said. "Everybody isn't a friend."

I crept around to the side of Gaynor's seemed, as whistled up at Lucy's window. I saw her shadow on the shade. I minute later, the door downstairs opened.

"Mrs. Widmer," Lucy threw her arms open. Then her eyes took in my clothes. "Where's your uniform? What's—"

"I can't stay out here, Lucy," I said. "Someone might see me."

"See you?" It took her a moment to realize what I meant. "Come in, Ben."

Hedidn't and shut the door. "What have you done, Ben?"

I—oh, God! Lucy!" I caught her in my arms and kissed her. "Lucy, say you love me. Say it!"

She stared as though pushing against my chest. "Jim, you've been drinking," She pulled away.

"Let's sit down, Jim. Tell me everything."

She made me sit by myself on one
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JANUARY

Radio
AND TELEVISION
MIRROR
ON SALE
NOVEMBER 25

he said, "you're going back!"
"No," I said. "I did my share. One year, they said. Okay, I gave them a year. I gave them my whole life, as a matter of fact. That's enough."

"Whole life?" Harry frowned. "Oh, Lucy." He shook his head and looked sad. "Look, Jim, we've got to get you straightened out on all this. You're out of line with Lucy, because you're out of line with everything."
He kicked at the papers on the floor. "You've read all this and you still don't get the point," he said. He picked up one of the papers and read an item aloud. Another one, and another. He went on like that, until I couldn't take it any more.

"That's Europe," I said. "It's their war."

"Is it?"
"Sure," I said. "Hitler isn't bothering me."

"And what happens when Hitler's got all of Europe in his hands and it all gets too small for him? What if he begins cutting his eyes over here?"

"Then, I'll fight," I said.

"Of course. But how?"

"What do you mean—how?"
Harry flipped an old newspaper at me. "That's General Marshall's report to Congress. Read what he says about not being able to train men to fight in modern, mechanized warfare, in less than two years."

"They have plenty of men, without me. Thousands of them," "Jim, I've got to make you understand. Think! Isn't it up to us—you and me and everyone else—to get in there and do whatever we can to beat them now—in a hurry—without giving them a chance to breathe between one blow and the next—now—quickly and once and for all time?"

"Fine talk," I said. But it comes easy for you."

"I don't know what I was saying. "You can sit there and talk. We're the ones who have to take it."

"That was hitting below the belt," Harry said softly. "As a matter of fact, I'm not just going to sit."
He pulled a paper out of his pocket and gave it to me.

I READ it. It was a letter telling him that he could have the job he'd applied for, running a canteen and library for the U.S.O.

"See why I have to set you straight, now?" Harry asked. "Day after tomorrow, you couldn't come to me for help, any more. I won't be here."
I was ashamed. "I'm sorry," I said.

"I don't want you to be sorry," Harry said. "I want you to think."

And he talked some more... He took every one of my arguments and turned them inside out. And, in the end, he won. I was going back.

Daylight was streaming in at the windows, gray and cold. Harry's face was pale and tired, but his eyes were calm again. He looked at his watch.

"Have to open the stand," he said.

"Come and have some breakfast."
A man came in. He seemed out of place there, too well dressed.

"Hello," he said to Harry. They shook hands. "My plane just got in."

"Glad you made it," Harry said.

"This is Jim Lanson—Mr. Howell."

"Is it all right?" Mr. Howell asked.

"I think he'll do it," Harry smiled.

"Say, what is this?" I asked now.

"It's all right, Jim," Mr. Howell said.

"You see, there must be lots of boys in the Army who feel the way you do and I think it would be a good idea for you to tell them about it."

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
It turned out that he was the man who ran that "The People Say—" program on the radio. Harry had written him and talking about how he was giving up his Diner so he could work for the U.S.—and why, and Mr. Howell had invited Harry to appear on one of his broadcasts. But Harry had called him up the night before and told him all about me. And Harry had asked Mr. Howell to let me go on the show.

"But I can't do that," I said. "I'll call in enough trouble, as it is."

"No, Mr. Howell said. "I've checked and that baby of yours is not a deserter until you've been gone ten days. The worst that can happen to you is that you'll get three days in the Guard—because you've been gone. Maybe a little extra duty. But think of the good you can do! Think of the boys you can buck up. Think of the women and girls, who'll be listening, and who'll be reminded of the responsibilities they have to the men in the armed forces."

AND now for the special guest I promised you," Mr. Howell was saying. "I present, Private James Lanson."

Suddenly, I realized I was talking. Once I heard my own voice, I wasn't as afraid. I wasn't so keen to remind me that I wasn't talking only about myself, or for myself. I was a whole army of men, maybe thousands, rolled into one. That made it easier.

I told it all, as it had happened to me. And, in the end, I said—this wasn't in the script—"Outside, it's easy sometimes for people to forget about us, maybe momentarily, maybe for longer. There's so much going on, so many things to do, so many people to talk to. But we boys in the camps—we work hard, and all our work is devoted to you. We live without ease and comforts and the only soft things in our lives are the memories and thoughts of the people we love, the people for whom we are willing to sacrifice our lives, if necessary. You mean something to us. You mean the peaceful things, love and homes and justice and freedom—all the things for which we are willing to fight. And, if you forget us, if our memories turn bitter and things like love and home and faith and happiness become nonexistent—what have we left to fight for, to preserve, to defend? Remember us. Think of us and help us."

Harry pulled me away from the people who gathered around me, when the show went off the air. I was bewildered and upset. I'd let myself go, there, before Mr. Howell. He pushed a telephone at me.

"Jim!" It was Lucy's voice, deep with tears. "Why, do you go away like that?" she said. "No, let me talk, I got rid of him. I wanted to tell you all about it, but you were gone. Dar-ling, you insulted me! I was only loving you for a minute. Harmony was nothing. Jim, listen. Your next leave—we'll get married—Army or no Army. I'm waiting. I'll be here near your camp. Jim, promise me." And I had to, before she would hang up.

Funny thing. I only got one day in the Guard. When I got back there I had the extra duty I got wasn't so hot—I hate K.P.—but the Major took the sting out of that by personally bringing me a special greeting.

"Here you are, boy!" he said. "Go get married. You can peel potatoes when you come back."

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"There is something about her," he says. "Maybe it is because, subtly, she has always contrived to keep me guessing. Maybe it is a certain quality of loyalty and of understanding. Anyway—" he grinned at her, "it's something I can never guess what he said—"she has me for life."

They met, he told me, on September 28, 1926, in the little town of Gooding, Idaho. John was up there with a traveling stock company as its director and star. He and the company manager, Dick Lackey (who works with him now, doing research for his programs), were driving along the main street when the latter stopped the car to speak to a girl he knew.

"Well," John said, "this girl had another girl with her—a blonde named Ariel Fike—and the first thing I knew Dick and his friend were fixing up a double date for a party that night in a neighboring town. I looked at the blonde and she looked at me and we definitely didn't like what we saw. She was quiet and very aloof, obviously not interested in going out with me. 'Just a spoiled local belle,' I thought to myself. And she later told me she had pegged me as a conceited oaf who would both patronize and bore her. But there was nothing to do but make the date. We were stuck, all right.

"As we left the girls, promising to call for them after the show that night, Dick turned to me, 'Johnny,' he said, 'there is the girl you are going to marry.'"

"You mean your girl friend's girl friend? Hell, you're crazy!' I told him. 'But he just said to wait and see.'"

So he took the aloof Miss Fike to the party (after trying to duck out and being thwarted by his friend, Dick). They went in her car. She insisted on this, most snobbishly, John confides, saying she would probably want to leave early. They argued testily all the way, about this and that. They argued some more after they got there, such as how they would pay. As they were driving back to Gooding, they ran out of gasoline. They quarreled some more over that. But then, all of a sudden, John says, they weren't quarreling any more. They were having a swell time.

Ten days later, they were married. Since then they've been living happily ever after. And that isn't a mere flippant speech.

John grinned again. "Ariel gave me a tandem bicycle for our thirteenth wedding anniversary," he told me, "and since then I know I am certain, symbolical of something."

The rest of John B. ("B" for Broughton, his mother's maiden name) Hughes' life has not, however, run as smoothly as his marriage. Not that there have been tragedies—just ups and downs. It always has been hard for him to stay in the groove. Even when he was a kid back in Cozad, Nebraska, where he was born, and later in Long Beach, California, he wouldn't conform. He didn't like school. He played hookey continuously and was always pestering his parents to let him quit altogether. He studied outside of school, though. He would read the encyclopedia for hours on end, dipping in here and there, anywhere fancy struck him. He would also read the dictionary. He loved words, the bigger and longer, the better. And he learned much from his mother who had been a school teacher before her marriage, and a good one.

"I can still learn things from her, and do," he says, the famous Hughes voice warm with affection.

But he preferred to help his father in the family grocery store, selling sugar and potatoes over the counter in a most poised and efficient manner; driving the delivery wagon hitched up to one "Nellie," a particularly stubborn gray mare. He insists that after seeing him take his first driving lesson at the wheel on an automobile and, perhaps sensing the end of the horse and buggy era, Nellie bit him in the leg.

"Nellie was against progress," he says.

John's aversion to school continued even after he entered high school, and after two or three tries he managed to get himself kicked out for good. Then he took up acting—"for no good reason." First it was a series of small time traveling shows such as the one where he made up a girl to be the girl who was to become Mrs. Hughes; later it was management of a little theater in Tacoma, Washington. There was also a brief Fuller Brush affiliation.

"I quit," he confides, "when a certain housewife said to me politely but firmly, 'I do admire your brushes but I am just not mechanically minded. I get along all right with one hairbrush, a bath brush and simple toothbrushes.'"

"How," he demands, "are you going to answer that logic? I couldn't!"

It was during an interim of financial embarrassment, all the more acute, he admits, and a wife not only to support but impress, that he introduced himself to radio. This was an announcer for a "walkathon" in Tacoma. He worked almost as hard as the "walkers," themselves, but his voice, "sex-appalling" even to him, won him a job with station KVI in Tacoma which lasted two years.

But he is a restless individual, that Hughes. He got what he wanted but didn't think this was it. So he quit radio and got himself another little theater to manage, this time in Laguna Beach, California (which proved to be all play and no money), and after that a dramatic school in Long Beach, which was all drama and no money. Whereupon, having acquired a small daughter (Saandra, now aged six) who, he says, liked to eat, even as her parents, he tried radio again (in 1935) and this time stayed with it.

Now, he seems to be all set—and pretty content he works like a dynamo when he is working, but as I said, his job isn't everything. There are not only his wife and small daughter but you, his nineteen-year-old son, now, and two dogs and he seems to find time for them all. He teaches the children to speak pieces (with the famous Hughes, no doubt) and the dogs to do tricks. He and Mrs. Hughes get in their station wagon and go away for week-end jaunts by themselves or bicycle riding. They play poker. They have friends in and just sit around and indulge in John's favorite pastime, conversation. On one of these occasions, you learn much about him which he has neglected to impart during an interview. You learn not only his private concern—taking the Japanese New Order in Asia and what Uncle Sam should do about it, but various interesting miscellaneous such as how he would fiddle with big eyes and loose lips, women who can't drink and do, women who consider themselves intellectual and aren't; the fact that he notices women's hands first of all and hates a bad manicure; that his favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland" and the Apocrypha; that he wishes he didn't have a good radio voice so he could in conscience devote his time to writing; that he loves to eat and usually eats too much; that he doesn't care much for Hollywood and wishes to Heaven the daylight-saving schedule which keeps him up all night so he could gather his family under his arm and go back home to God's country, meaning, specifically, Berkeley, California.

But there is a way to stop him cold in these or any discussions, "oomph" voice and vocabulary notwithstanding, and that is to just say, "I don't care what you say—just so you say something!"

Then, she says, he throws a book at you. But you win.

Sponsored by Love
(Continued from page 29)

JONE ALLISON—the pretty nineteen-year-old mistress of ceremonies on the CBS Saturday-afternoon dance program, Maltine at Meadowbrook, Jane's New York girl, and made her stage debut there at the age of four as a tea dancer in a school entertainment. When she was sixteen she won a contest to keep her first picture. School seemed dull after that, but her parents insisted that she go to college for two years at least. Jane abjured, and as soon as she was two years were up, quit and went hunting for an acting job. Radio found her and, although she's still very young, she is a veteran of many broadcasts. She lives in a tiny Greenwich Village house, where her only sorrow is that she cannot keep a dog.
Try Maybelline today. See what a difference it makes...what thrilling things it can do for your eyes! Be sure you get genuine Maybelline—the Eye Makeup in Good Taste. The Solid or Cream-form Mascara, 75c. Solid-form refills, 35c. Maybelline Mascara, smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow come in the popular harmonizing shades. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c counters.

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(Recent broadcast by Jean Abbey over Station WOR)

*Jean Abbey—Shopper-Commentator for Woman's Home Companion
With MAUREEN O'HARA
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
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Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

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