Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

ECEMBER

UDIA MORGAN
ular NBC Star

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, Eou de Cologne and Talcum $1.50

Purse Flacon of Perfume, Foce Powder and refreshing Eau de Cologne . . $2.50

Evening in Paris Eou de Cologne, Talcum $1.25

Triple Loose Powder Vanity Others $1.25 and $2.00. $2.95

Evening in Paris Perfume, Eou de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum . . $2.95

CREATED BY **BOURJOIS**

Evening in Paris Talcum and sporkling Toilet Water in gift package . . $1.85

Purse flacon of Perfume, Eau de Cologne $1.00

Popular Evening in Paris Perfume . . $1.25

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 $4.00

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."

Start Today with

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

DECEMBER, 1941 VOL. 17, No. 2

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

CONTENTS

Special Features

Added attractions

●

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

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Chas. H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., O. A. Feldon, Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street. Hollywood: 7751 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price per copy in United States 10c, Canada 15c. Subscription price in United States and Possessions and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. In Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries, $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.) Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

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 alligned 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 solidly anchored in fundamental needs. Such rocks as Honesty, Energy and Ability, such cushions as Sympathy, and Humor. Of course, sometimes a tiptilted 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.

Facing the Music

Three heart-breaking setbacks didn't discourage Claude Thornhill. He gave up arranging other band leaders' music to lead his own orchestra and now his soft, dreamy music is thrilling dancers by the score. Left, Amy Arnell is Tommy Tucker's vivacious vocalist and her rendition of "Jack and Jill" is something to remember.

BALLOTING begins with this issue for the fourth annual RADIO MIRROR "Facing the Music" poll to determine, by our readers' votes, the most popular dance band of 1941-2. You will find a ballot form at the end of this column. Fill it out and return it to me. The results will be announced in an early issue of this magazine.

* * *

The Woody Hermans have a brand new daughter. The mother is the former Charlotte Neste, a stage dancer.

* * *

Saddening is the news from the west coast that Bus Estri, Charlie Barnet's guitarist, and singer Lloyd Hundling of the Quintones were killed in an auto accident.

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 road tour 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 Vaughn 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 Ayres' 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 Hoff 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 Dance-band Maestro." Anyone interested in jazz and men who play it will get a kick out of Specht's authoritative tome. 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*)

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AFTER

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.*

(*Continued from page 4*)
abiding, be consistent, be gentlemen, be sure to answer your fan mail!

* * *

SLOW STARTER

NO 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 it were expected.

"Why, a guy who clicked so big as an arranger had to get an idea like that is a bigger mystery than an Ellery Queen movie," cracked one "I-told-you-so" devotee.

Thornhill was twenty-nine when he suddenly decided to drop his work as a movie and radio arranger, a pleasant 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 savings 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 quality 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 swingsters. 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. They 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." Lilting 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 6353) "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 "Bugler'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 6330) "Basie Boogie" and "Let Me See." Hotter than a Harlem night club when the air conditioning breaks down.

Cab Calloway: (Okeh 6354) "Hey, Doc!" and "Conchita." The first tune is 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: .....)

What's New from COAST to COAST

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.

If you want to listen to a new and different kind of commentating, tune in WHN Monday nights to Fulton Oursler, Editor-in-Chief of Liberty Magazine.

* * *

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.

By DAN SENSENEY

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 "biodramas"—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 best-selling 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 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 televiewers' 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)

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.

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.

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 with the Tri-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 unbelievably 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 Turf Club. She returned after a while to 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. He began his radio career in 1924 in Chicago, at station WLS, and has been a star on several big stations and the Yankee, Mutual, and NBC networks. While he was at WLS, he and Glenn and the Solemn Old Judge between them raised $215,000 in contributions to the Red Cross

(*Continued on page* 63)

Picture Book Glamour

Sugar Plum and Gingerbread

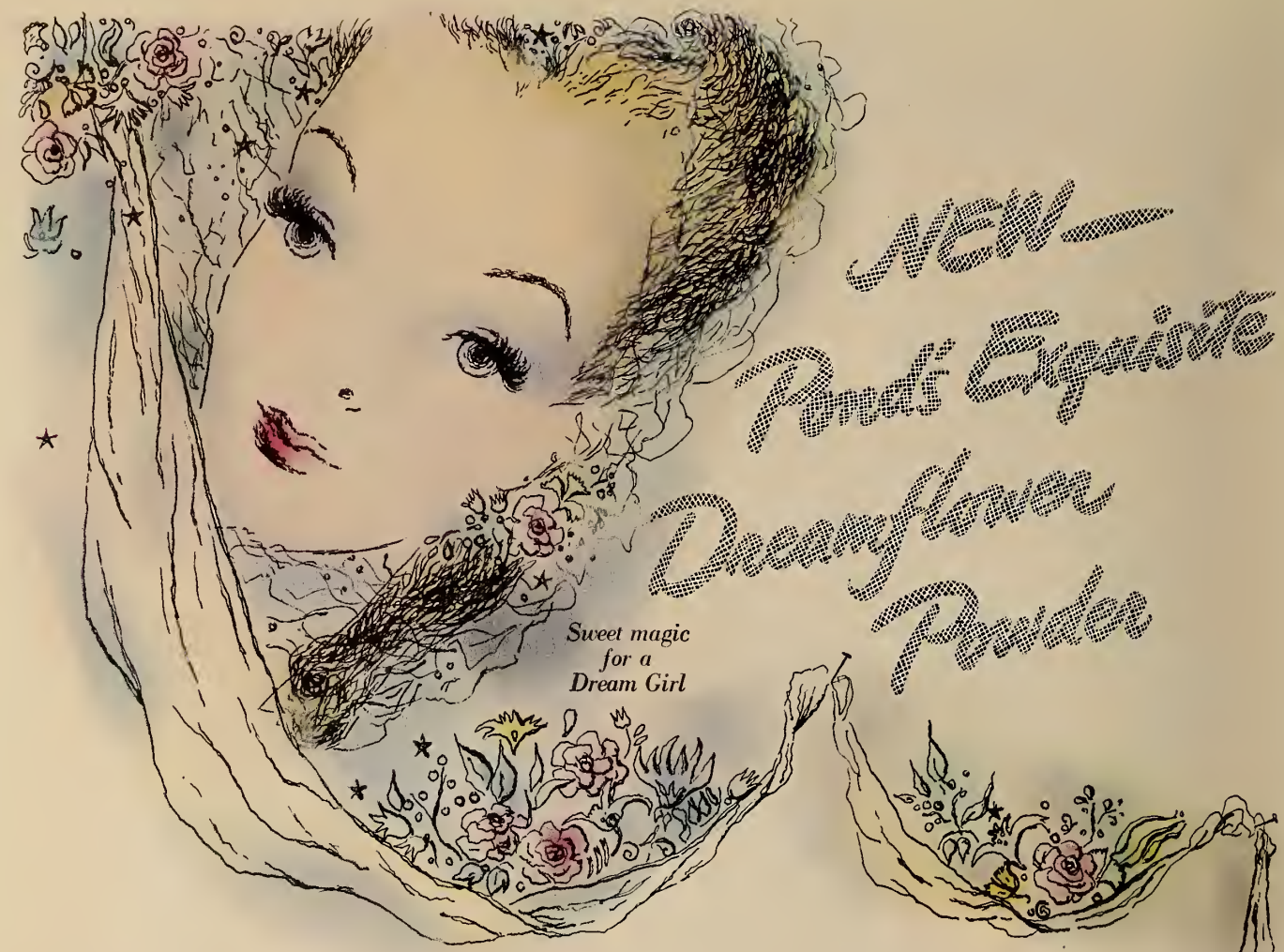
new nail shades by CUTEX

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— Pond's Exquisite Dreamflower Powder

Sweet magic for a Dream Girl

New Dreamflower Shades! Scorning 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 flatterer. 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's Romance

When a trombone interferes with the love of your life, you'll be justified in doing exactly what Maudie did—but be more careful about a boomerang

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, placing 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.

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

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 do 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

Illustration by Saul 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 Baxter, "Stronger Than Steel," starred Fredric March as Bart.

treat her like a leper! Why she'd be class in any league. What's eating you?"

"Never mind," 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)

"Safety," he said ironically. "Did you feel safe when I kissed you?"

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

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 Baxter, "Stronger Than Steel," starred Fredric March as Bart.

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 do 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 treat her like a leper! Why she'd be class in any league. What's eating you?"

"Never mind," 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*)

Illustration by Saul Rosenberg

"Safety," he said ironically. "Did you feel safe when I kissed you?"

Big

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.

Begin radio's glowing love story of beautiful Ruth Wayne.

Sister

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,

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

widowed though her husband still lived, and faced with a choice she dared not make

Big Sister

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 marriage service—had gone away.

The Clipper, winging oway into the Eastern sky, hod torn through the fobric of her existence. Ruth felt thot nothing could be the some now thot John hod gone.

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,

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

Begin radio's glowing love story of beautiful Ruth Wayne,

widowed though her husband still lived, and faced with a choice she dared not make

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 partioned 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—pof!—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)

Nick 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, quick!"

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 partioned 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—pof!—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*)

Nick 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, quick!"

Stella Dallas

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Exclusive new pictures to complete your album of the fascinating people you hear on NBC's famous serial, sponsored by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia face creams

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)

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)

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)

Tune in Claudia Morgan, star of Adventures of the Thin Man, sponsored by Woodbury's, and hear her in Against the Storm.

GUARDED LOVE

How long must a man wait after meeting a girl before he can propose? "Three weeks," said Claudia Morgan, lovely heroine of the Thin Man broadcasts. Three years of marriage have not changed her mind!

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

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!"

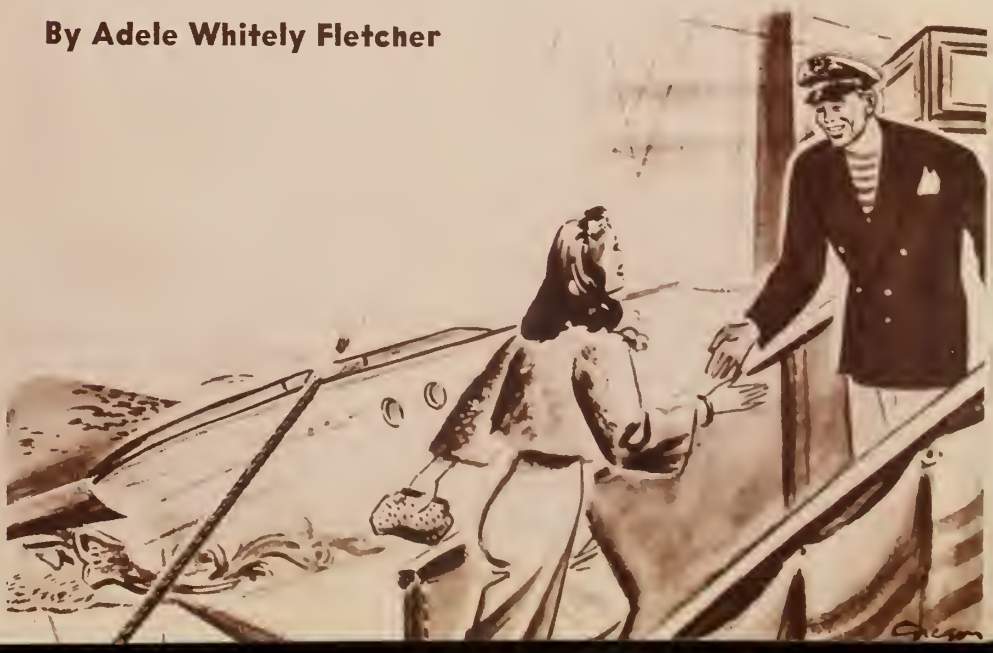
"You couldn't possibly make me regret being here," he insisted. She hoped she knew what he meant. She hoped he was being personal. She always had been one to argue that love-at-first-sight was nonsense. But ever since she had come along side, seen him standing on deck, grinning shamelessly at her in 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

"Lucy!" I caught her in my arms. Then her eyes took in my clothes. "But Jim—where's your uniform?"

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?"

"Sure," I said.

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?"

"Sure," I said.

"Lucy!" I caught her in my arms. Then her eyes took in my clothes. "But Jim—where's your uniform?"

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.

After the thirteen week Recruit Training period, Ben and I were assigned to the same company. Johnny had mechanical training, so he went with an outfit of machinists. Ted Porter was made a Second Lieutenant—he'd been an officer in the National Guard at home—and we didn't see much of him, because he was in a different area.

Then routine—and more routine, though it wasn't so much the routine that got us, because every day was a little different from the day before. One day we'd go on a hike. The next day, we'd be on the rifle range most of the time. The next, we'd have classes in combat training. What was bad, was that, without even noticing it, we fell into the habit of not doing anything we weren't told to do. We did what was expected of us and shut our minds to everything else. I guess that was because our only interest was to get through with our year and go home. Anyway, we gradually stopped reading the papers, except maybe the comics. We hardly even listened to the radio. Actually, we were doping ourselves, not because things were so unbearable, or we were so stupid, but because we didn't really care. We sort of lived from leave to leave, only to find that, when we did go home, we didn't know quite what to do with ourselves and, when we came back, it was hard to get back in the swing of camp life again.

No one knows how it started, but for months there was a rumor floating around that we weren't going to get out at the end of our year. None of us took it very seriously. We'd kid about it, the way you do about things you're sure can't happen to you.

Then, all of a sudden, it wasn't a rumor any more. A General made a report to Congress. And Congress started talking about extending the time of service!

It was like being hit on the head. At first, we were too stunned to think. Then, whatever thoughts we had were just about useless. Emergency! Defense! What did we care about reasons like that? We wanted to go home, see our girls, our wives, our mothers again.

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've* 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.

"Ben," I said.

"Don't talk to me, now," he said. "Leave me alone."

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)

She was sort of pretty, if you didn't look at her eyes. "What's the matter, soldier?" she said insinuatingly. "Don't you want to play?"

to do with ourselves and, when we came back, it was hard to get back in the swing of camp life again.

No one knows how it started, but for months there was a rumor floating around that we weren't go-

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.

After the thirteen week Recruit Training period, Ben and I were assigned to the same company. Johnny had mechanical training, so he went with an outfit of machinists. Ted Porter was made a Second Lieutenant—he'd been an officer in the National Guard at home—and we didn't see much of him, because he was in a different area.

Then routine—and more routine, though it wasn't so much the routine that got us, because every day was a little different from the day before. One day we'd go on a hike. The next day, we'd be on the rifle range most of the time. The next, we'd have classes in combat training. What was bad, was that, without even noticing it, we fell into the habit of not doing anything we weren't told to do. We did what was expected of us and shut our minds to everything else. I guess that was because our only interest was to get through with our year and go home. Anyway, we gradually stopped reading the papers, except maybe the comics. We hardly even listened to the radio. Actually, we were doping ourselves, not because things were so unbearable, or we were so stupid, but because we didn't really care. We sort of lived from leave to leave, only to find that, when we did go home, we didn't know quite what to do with ourselves and, when we came back, it was hard to get back in the swing of camp life again.

No one knows how it started, but for months there was a rumor floating around that we weren't going to get out at the end of our year. None of us took it very seriously. We'd kid about it, the way you do about things you're sure can't happen to you.

Then, all of a sudden, it wasn't a rumor any more. A General made a report to Congress. And Congress started talking about extending the time of service!

It was like being hit on the head. At first, we were too stunned to think. Then, whatever thoughts we had were just about useless. Emergency! Defense! What did we care about reasons like that? We wanted to go home, see our girls, our wives, our mothers again.

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've* 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.

"Ben," I said.

"Don't talk to me, now," he said. "Leave me alone."

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*)

She was sort of pretty, if you didn't look at her eyes. "What's the matter, soldier?" she said insinuatingly. "Don't you want to play?"

SPONSORED BY *Love*

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!

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)

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.

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

Sylvia smiled triumphantly at Mrs. Leighton as Amanda stammered, "Sign—Sign my name?" Her words were an inaudible whisper.

Amanda OF HONEYMOON HILL

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

Read the story of Amanda, fictionized by Alice Eldridge Renner, and tune in weekdays to the NBC-Blue network for new chapters in this thrilling story sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M-O. Photo posed by Boyd Crawford as Edward, Joy Hathaway as Amanda, Helen Shields as Sylvia, Irene Hubbard as Mrs. Leighton.

shaken, and in the flooding moonlight his eyes showed sunken in a haggard face.

"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—you would be 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 doubts and fears, a world, torn, not healed, by love. He helped her out of the car, and led her into the 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 expected 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.

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*)

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

Amanda OF HONEYMOON HILL

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 shaken, and in the flooding moonlight his eyes showed sunken in a haggard face.

"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—you would be 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 doubts and fears, a world, torn, not healed, by love. He helped her out of the car, and led her into the 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 expected 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.

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*)

Sylvia smiled triumphantly at Mrs. Leighton as Amanda stammered, "Sign—Sign my name?" Her words were an inaudible whisper.

Read the story of Amanda, fictionized by Alice Eldridge Renner, and tune in weekdays to the NBC-Blue network for new chapters in this thrilling story sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M-O. Photo posed by Boyd Crawford as Edward, Joy Hathaway as Amanda, Helen Shields as Sylvia, Irene Hubbard as Mrs. Leighton.

From the lift of his eyebrow to the shine of his shoes, Kelton Stokes was perfection.

Love

LEADING MAN

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! And—" he added meanly—"to your tailor!"

"We heard," Millicent said as Kelton seated himself, "that you were having a tryout for the moom pitchers."

Kelton relaxed. He stretched his legs in front of him, balancing on the back of his heels.

"Yeah," he said casually, "I've been having a tryout. I've been rehearsing like mad."

"Did anything come of it?" inquired Hallam. "The tryout, I mean?" And—"Are we going to lose you?" mocked Millicent.

Kelton Stokes brought his feet back to a normal position. He sat upright and surveyed his right thumb nail with a curious absorption.

"Yes, I reckon you're going to lose me . . . I saw my screen test, this morning," he said.

"Was it okay?" queried Hallam Ford.

Kelton said honestly, "Well, there were a few little things. A touch of thickness under the chin—just a touch—and I'll have to doctor up that gray streak in my hair. But on the whole the test was so slick that it surprised me. And Laura was knocked for a loop."

Millicent winked at Hal. She said, "You *would*

Story

by Margaret E. Sangster

"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

For the first time in ages Laura felt old—Kelton must never see her looking like this.

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 thumb nail. "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 deader 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, "can cover 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."

She thought her life was finished—until a radio director's chance memory brought back the glamour of her past. Don't miss the next "Love Story" by Margaret E. Sangster—in January Radio Mirror

"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 hand 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 it 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, joking on the way. And then a perfumed bombshell 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)

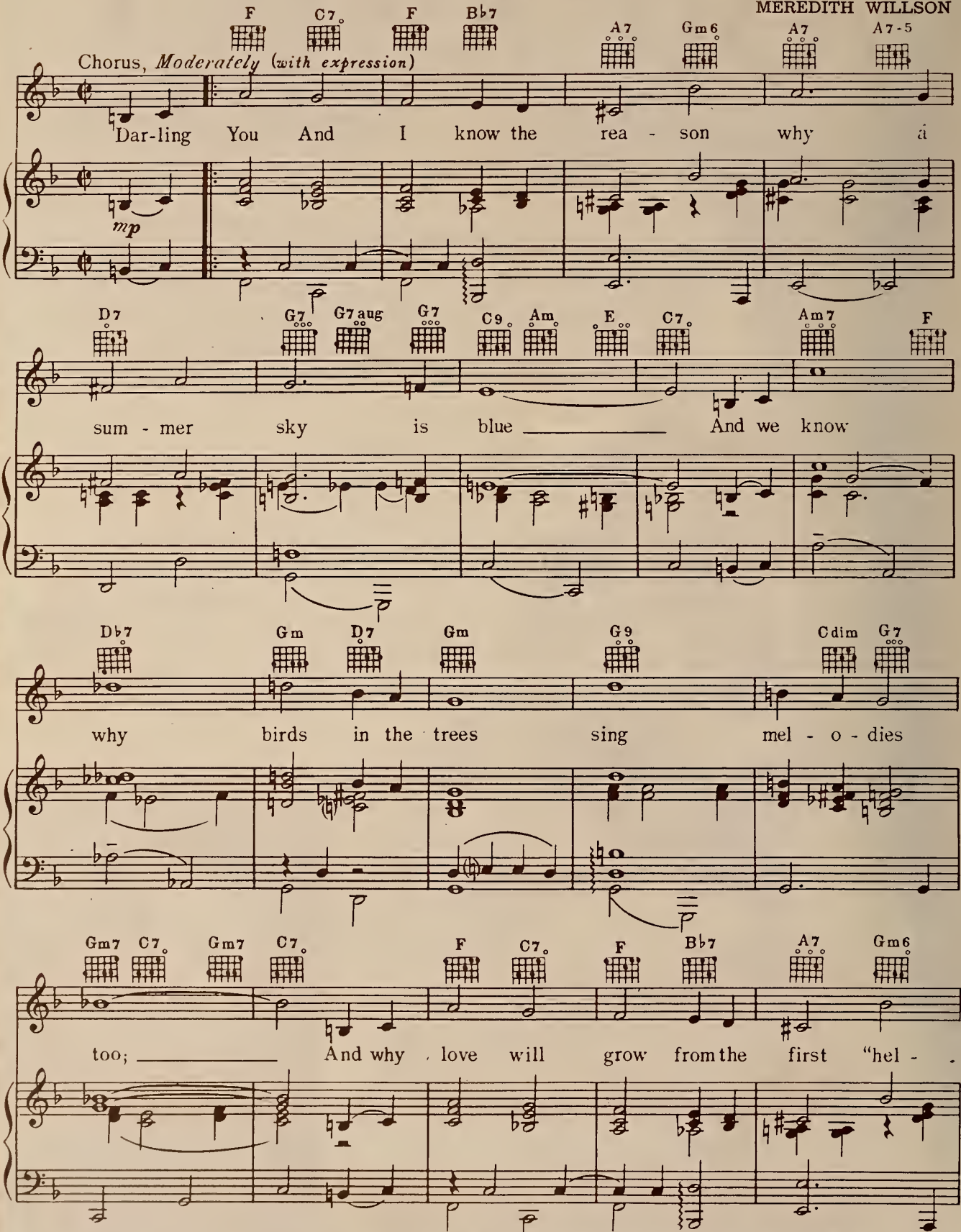
YOU AND I

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




A7 A7-5 D7 G7 G7aug G7 C9 Am E
lo," un - til the last "good - bye"
C7 F Eb9 D7 Gm Cdim Gm Ddim
So to sweet ro - mance, there is just one an - swer,
1. F C7 F Ab Gm7 C7
You And I Dar-ling
mf mp
2. F C7 F
You And I
f
RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

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)

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.

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.

ALMOST everybody loves a parade, and I'm sure that 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

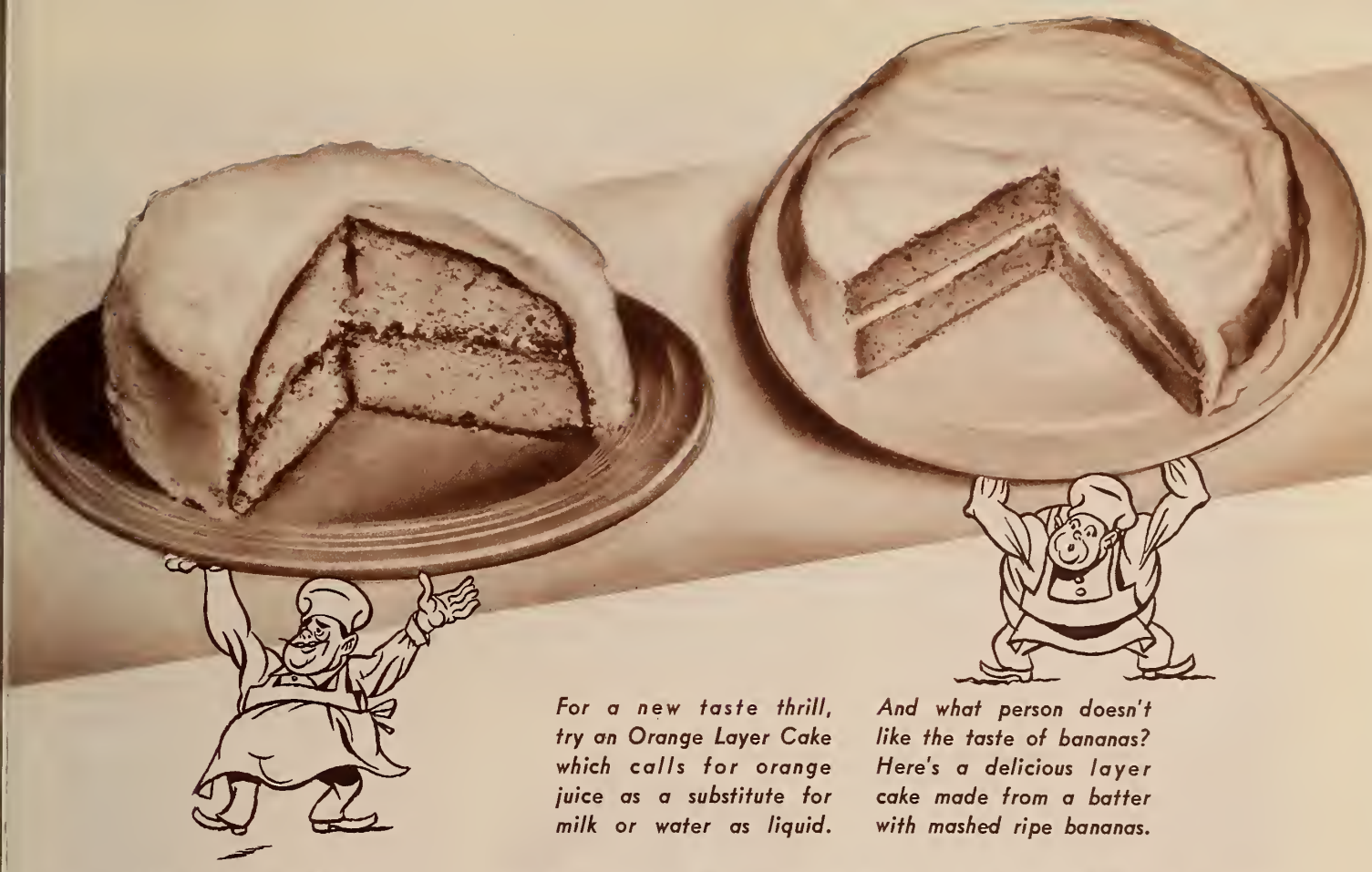
2½ cups cooked prunes
1 cup shortening
2½ cups granulated sugar
4 eggs
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
4½ tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 cup milk
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. cloves

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. pkge. semi-sweet chocolate
2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg whites, unbeaten
¾ cup milk
1½ tsps. 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



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.

pan. Bake at 275 degrees F. (about 30 minutes).

Orange Layer Cake

1½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ tsps. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt ½ cup shortening
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup sugar 2 eggs, unbeaten
½ 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

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. soda ½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening 1 cup sugar
2 eggs 1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup mashed ripe bananas (2 or 3 bananas)
¼ 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 gradually, 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.

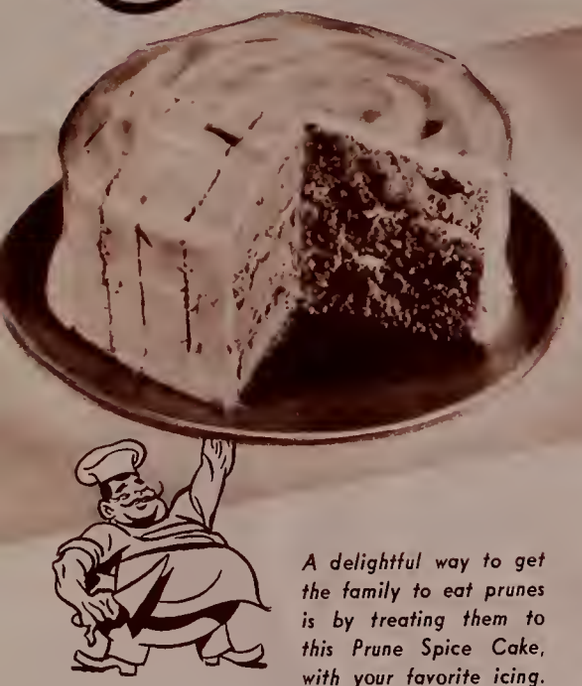
Sweet Tooth Tricks

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 nutmeats and place on waxed paper to dry. Here's a good fondant recipe:

4 cups sugar
1 cup white Karo syrup
1 cup boiling water
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

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.

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.

ALMOST everybody loves a parade, and I'm sure that 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

2½ cups cooked prunes
1 cup shortening
2½ cups granulated sugar
4 eggs
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
4½ tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt — 1 cup milk
½ tsp. cinnamon — ¼ 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. pkge. semi-sweet chocolate
2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt — ½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar — 3 egg whites, unbeaten
¾ cup milk — 1½ tsps. 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

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.

pan. Bake at 275 degrees F. (about 30 minutes).

Orange Layer Cake

1½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ tsps. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt — ½ cup shortening
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup sugar — 2 eggs, unbeaten
½ 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

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. soda — ½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening — 1 cup sugar
2 eggs — 1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup mashed ripe bananas (2 or 3 bananas)
¼ 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 gradually, 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.

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 nutmeats and place on waxed paper to dry. Here's a good fondant recipe:

4 cups sugar
1 cup white Karo syrup
1 cup boiling water
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

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.

SUPERMAN IN RADIO

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 tropics with Jimmy Olsen on the bathysphere, a series of startling jewel robberies began. During the past month, four planes coming into the city—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 this time. A smart attractive young 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 somewhere 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?"

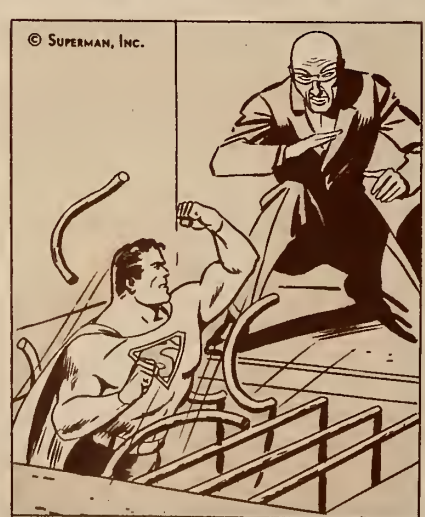
A light, misty rain was falling as Superman, accompanied by Jimmy Olsen, the Planet's redheaded copy-boy, started across the weed-grown field that separated the abandoned, skeleton-like building of the Tower from the main road. As they drew closer, the ominous concrete hulk loomed up in front of them. Their feet, swishing dismally 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, startlingly, 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.

"There she is—caught in a huge quicksand hole!" Superman jumped into the death-pit to save the girl.

"Six feet thick—that shouldn't stop me—here goes—" and Superman broke down the concrete wall.



With a great spring, Superman crashed through the heavy bars as if they were silk threads.

He reached the spot where the mysterious girl had vanished when—

"Great Scott! There she is—caught in a 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 which stopped at 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 couldn't depend on their own vision since the marshes near the Tower regularly cloaked the ground in fog. And those directions inevitably led to a crash—in quicksand! Before the planes disappeared from human sight forever, the Mask's men, working with devilish speed, stripped them of their jeweled cargoes. Then they sank into the eternal darkness of the quicksand—carrying their crew with them.

Now she came to the weird climax of her story. Married, unknowing, 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 sent to stop her. Superman realized that here, at last, was an opportunity to lure the Mask into a trap that would place him behind bars for life. Hurrying Jimmy 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)

Sunday

This is how Hal Peary looks when he uncorks his famous Gildersleeve laugh on his own program over NBC. Hal may resemble Gildersleeve—but you'd like him better.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

The Great Gildersleeve, on NBC-Red at 6:30 Sunday afternoons, 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 Lurene 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.

In 1937 he had moved to Chicago and was part of the company supporting Fibber and Molly. He played several parts on each broadcast, but one character he liked particularly. He told Don Quinn, who wrote then and still writes Fibber's scripts, how much he enjoyed doing this character, and Quinn christened him with the most high-sounding name he could think of: "Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve."

The oily, but booming, Gildersleeve laugh is really one that Hal used many years ago when he played the villain in an old-fashioned melodrama. He happened to use it for Gildersleeve one day and it was so effective that Quinn always wrote into every subsequent script an opportunity for it to be heard.

Hal is of Portuguese descent and speaks fluent Portuguese and Spanish. He has been married for some years to Betty Jourdaine, a dancer; they met in a musical comedy troupe that was touring Arizona. He smokes almost as many cigars as Jack Benny or Ben Bernie. The Pearys have a new ranch home in Encino, not very far from their old friends the Jim (Fibber) Jordans, and they're very much a part of the close, friendly circle of former Chicago radio people who have moved their headquarters to Hollywood. Just nice people, they don't go in at all for night life, preferring to see their friends at home.

If you're one of the many Gildersleeve fans you won't want to miss the new movie, "Look Who's Laughing," which stars McGee and Molly and Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy, and has Hal in his Gildersleeve role.

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.

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: News
		8:00	NBC-Blue: News
		8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tene Pictures
	8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News frem Europe
	8:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Church ef the Air
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jerdan
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	CBS: News
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: News
	10:05	11:05	CBS: Library ef Cengress Cencert
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Hidden History
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Fiesta Music
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Country Jeurnal
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Fereign Policy Assn.
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Secend Guessers
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: I'm an American
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Upton Close
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Silver Strings
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: This is the Life
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Matinee with Lytell
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Spirit of '41
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Wake Up America
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Down South
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: The World Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenbern
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Walter Gross Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Teny Wens
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions
		5:15	NBC-Blue: Olivio Santore
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadew
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Wheeling Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Roy Shield Orch.
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Heur
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: Bulldeg Drummond
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: The Great Gildersleeve
9:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: News frem Europe
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
	6:30	7:30	CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: HELEN HAYES
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Blue Echoes
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: CHARLIE McCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Decter
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: FORD HOUR
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Ge-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It er Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Geedwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Heur ef Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Columbia Werkshop
7:30	9:30	10:30	MBS: Cab Calleway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Sherleck Helmes
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Raising a President**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Lecture Hall**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Bartons**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
8:55	10:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Best of the Week**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **Blondie**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Vox Pop**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **I Love a Mystery**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **GAY NINETIES**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or Falso**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Radio Forum**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **For America We Sing**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **That Brewster Boy**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Orson Welles**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Famous Jury Trials**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Contented Hour**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Dance Program**

Orson Welles offers a new kind of drama-variety show over CBS.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Orson Welles and his Mercury Players of the Air, on CBS Monday nights at 10:00, Eastern Time, sponsored by Lady Esther Cosmetics.

There's one thing you have to admit about Orson Welles. He may be unable to stay out of the headlines—but he's chock-full of talent. Talent and energy. Probably the first time anyone sneered and said, "Welles? He's through—washed-up—finished," was when Orson was ten years old and took to smoking cigars. They've been saying it ever since, but he always confounds them by shooting on to new and more successful endeavors. Something like the Martian scare of a few years ago would have ruined any other young actor-producer. It only boosted Orson on his way.

One thing that Orson has never received enough credit for is his loyalty to the people that work for and with him. When the chance came for him to go to Hollywood and produce pictures for RKO he did what practically no other star would have thought of doing. He found parts in his new picture for as many as he could of the men and women who had worked with him on the air, in spite of the fact that most of them had had no previous screen experience. They all made good, too, and found that Orson's thoughtfulness had helped them open up new careers for themselves.

Spend a day with Orson and you'll get the idea he's a little crazy. He seems to rush off in all directions at once—dictating scripts, talking into telephones, interviewing actors, calling people—all people —"Baby," and interrupting these important matters at a minute's notice to demonstrate a new sleight-of-hand trick he's just learned. But out of all the confusion, he gets things done, and done in a new, exciting and dramatic way.

One illustration of how he works was what happened at the start of this new series of programs. Orson didn't really know until the last possible minute just what would be in the first program. Instead of being worried, he made this uncertainty into a virtue: He sent out a tantalizing story saying the first show would be a surprise. It probably was—to Orson as much as to anyone else.

DATES 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.

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
2:00	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
		3:45	CBS: **What Freedom Means**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Rochester Symphony**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Bartons**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Edge**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
6:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Burns and Allen**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Are You a Missing Heir**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Treasury Hour**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Bob Burns**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, the People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Famous Jury Trials**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Report to the Nation**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGee and Molly**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Dance Program**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **College Humor**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
2:00	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **CBS Concert Hall**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Bartons**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
8:55	10:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Freu Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Meet Mr. Meek**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Hap Hazard**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **BIG TOWN**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Thin Man**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FRED ALLEN**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Eddie Cantor**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Penthouse Party**
9:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Author's Playhouse**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Kay Kyser**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Dance Program**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

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—haphazard, to say 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—several colleges, in 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 anyway he liked 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.

He 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 up a joke himself but always steals them from Joe Miller's joke book; but it's worth noticing that he works long hours writing, rewriting, and 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.

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
2:00	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Richard Kent**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Pin Money Party**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Cincinnati Conservatory**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Bartons**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **William L. Shirer**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Heirs of Liberty**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Maudie's Diary**
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Xavier Cugat**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Death Valley Days**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBC-Blue: **March of Time**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Maxwell House Show**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Duffy's Tavern**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Service With a Smile**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Dance Program**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Ahead of the Headlines**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Frank Fay**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Isabel Manning Hewson**
2:00	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Clark Dennis**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Goldbergs**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Appreciation**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **News for Women**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Trailside Adventures**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Pop Concert**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: **Highways to Health**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Bartons**
7:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
	10:10	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Al Pearce**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Auction Quiz**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Great Moments from Great Plays**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
8:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Gang Busters**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **First Nighter**
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS: **Three Ring Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Michael and Kitty**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Dog House**
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS: **Ginny Simms**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hollywood Premiere**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Wings of Destiny**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Dance Program**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

You can listen to Ben Bernie now five times a week instead of one.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Just Entertainment, starring Ben Bernie and all the lads, heard Mondays through Fridays at 5:45 P.M., Eastern Time, sponsored by Spearmint 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 "Fo-give me," his drawl and his cigar and his never-ending feud with Winchell, 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 sales talk was something 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 you this fiddle"—and usually he sold it. 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 stogie 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 "Maestro." Most of them have been with him for years.

DATES TO REMEMBER

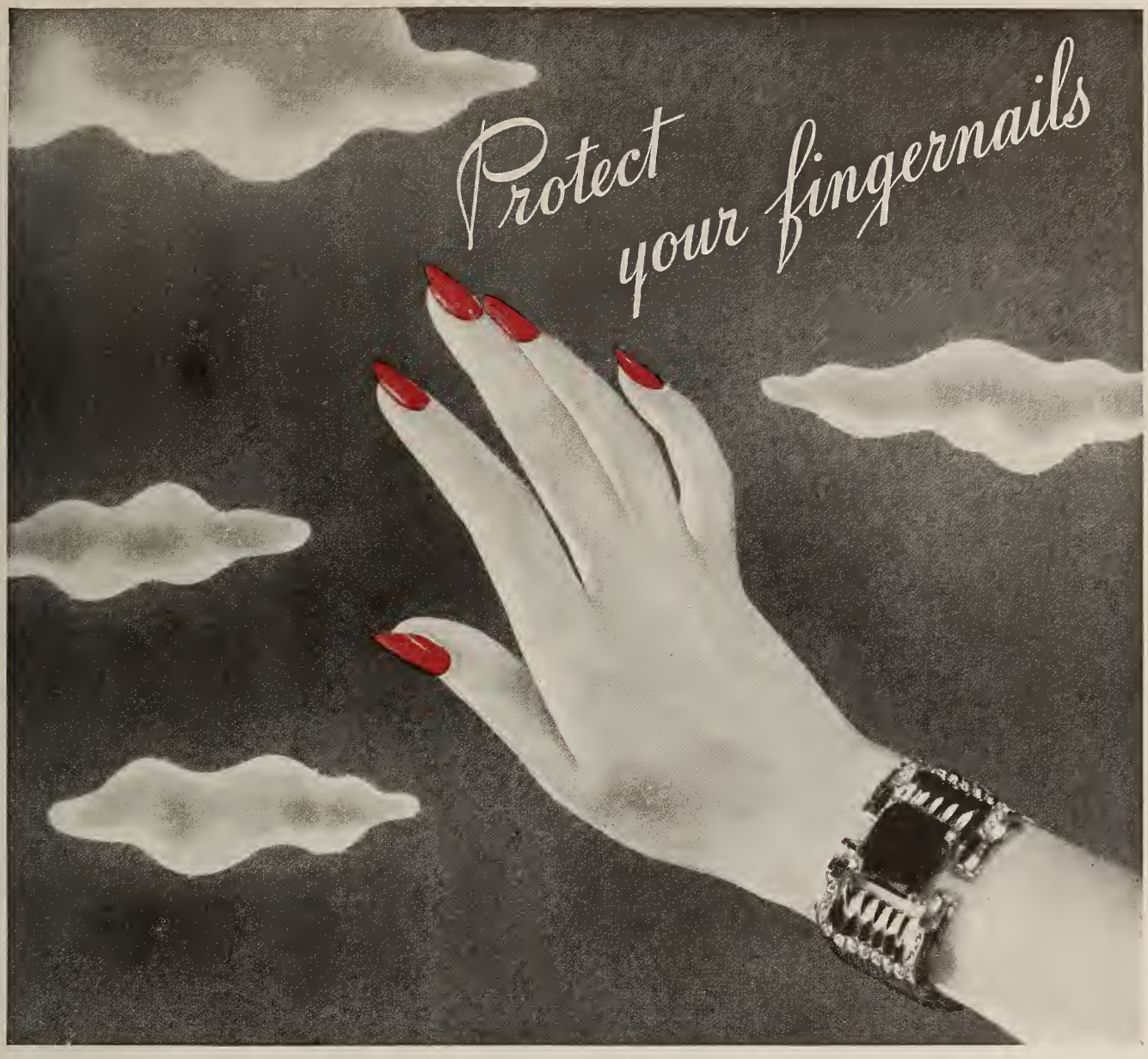
October 31: Unless there's a last-minute change in schedule, Mutual broadcasts the fight tonight between lightweight champion Lew Jenkins and Sammy Angott—tune in at 10:00, Eastern Time.

November 14: Another prizefight—Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, light-heavyweights, on MBS at 10:00.

November 21: This is a good month for fight fans—tonight's, also on Mutual, is between Billy Soose, middleweight champion, and Ken Overlin.

SATURDAY

Pacific Time	Central Time	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: **The World Today**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Hank Lawsen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Dick Leibert**
		8:45	CBS: **Adelaide Hawley**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **String Ensemble**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **New England Music**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Burl Ives**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Let's Swing**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Jones and I**
10:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America the Free**
10:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: **Kay Thompson**
10:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Vaudeville Theater**
	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Theater of Today**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Consumer Time**
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Stars Over Hollywood**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Brush Creek Follies**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Vincent Lopez**
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **FOOTBALL**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Buffalo Presents**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **FOOTBALL**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **FOOTBALL**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Glenn Miller**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Calling Pan-America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Defense for America**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Boy Meets Band**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Knickerocker Playhouse**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: **Chicago Theater**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Concert Orchestra**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Dance Program**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Hemisphere Revue**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:30	9:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Hot Copy**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



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

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*?

DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

Fred Allen's back on his CBS show Wednesday nights. Here he's pouring tea for author H. Allen Smith, to whose book, "Low Man on a Totem Pole," the radio comedian supplied the introduction.

Big Sister

(*Continued from page* 19)

arrived the patient was still unconscious in Nick's little bedroom. With a shock, she saw that 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 struggled 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 crass. "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, coff', pie alla mode, and he eats. He eats every bit, and then he gets up and—pof!" 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 faintness 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?"

"No," he said weakly. "Just—passing through. How about—the jail? I've slept in plenty of them."

"You won't sleep in one in Glen Falls," Ruth said. "As soon as you can walk I'm going to take you over to Dr. Carvell's. He has a room over his garage you can use tonight."

"I'm not taking any charity!" he said harshly.

Feeling a strong impulse to shake him, Ruth said, "Stop talking nonsense. Do you suppose the meal Nick fed you was anything but charity? He had about as much use for your music as he had for a—a grand piano where the cash register is. He simply wanted to help you, and so do I."

Surprisingly, the young man laughed. "You get your own way, don't you, lady?"

"Not always," Ruth said grimly. "But I'm going to get it this time. Do you feel well enough to leave?"

"I think so," he answered, and stood up. Nick handed him his accordion, and they went out through the lunch wagon to the street. It was nearly eight o'clock, and Glen Street was at the peak of its evening activity—young people going in and out of the drug store, a few late-comers under the glaring marquee of the movie theater, cars parked diagonally against the curb. As Ruth and the young man walked along, acquaintances spoke to her and stared curiously at her companion.

He broke the silence between them by saying abruptly, "My name's Michael West."

"Thank you," Ruth said. "And mine is Ruth Wayne."

"*Mrs. Wayne*—that's what our kind-hearted friend in the diner called you."

"Yes. And he *is* kind-hearted—is that something to be ashamed of?"

Michael West shrugged indifferently. "It'll never get him anywhere."

"Maybe he doesn't want to get—anywhere. Maybe he's satisfied the way he is," Ruth observed, fighting back the irritation this cynical young man seemed able to inspire.

"Nobody in the world's satisfied the way he is," he said angrily. "And nobody's really kind-hearted, either. 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 shortly. "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!"

"Oh!" was all Ruth said, but her tone expressed her disbelief. 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 in the world why you shouldn't spend the night here."

He looked down at her—he was nearly a head the taller—and said in a lower voice, "No . . . Only—"

"Only what?"

He struggled to put some thought into words, gave it up and said vehemently, "Stop feeling sorry for me! I don't want you to feel sorry for me!"

"All right," Ruth promised. "Just go on up to that bedroom and go to bed, and I won't feel sorry for you. . . . Please!"

"Okay," 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 washstand in the corner.

"You see," she said, "it isn't very fancy, but it's comfortable."

"I'll be all right."

"Good night. I'll see you in the morning."

He 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 wanted her to do exactly as she had done. The office was empty, however, and only one telephone call, an unimportant one, came in before the doctor returned at ten o'clock.

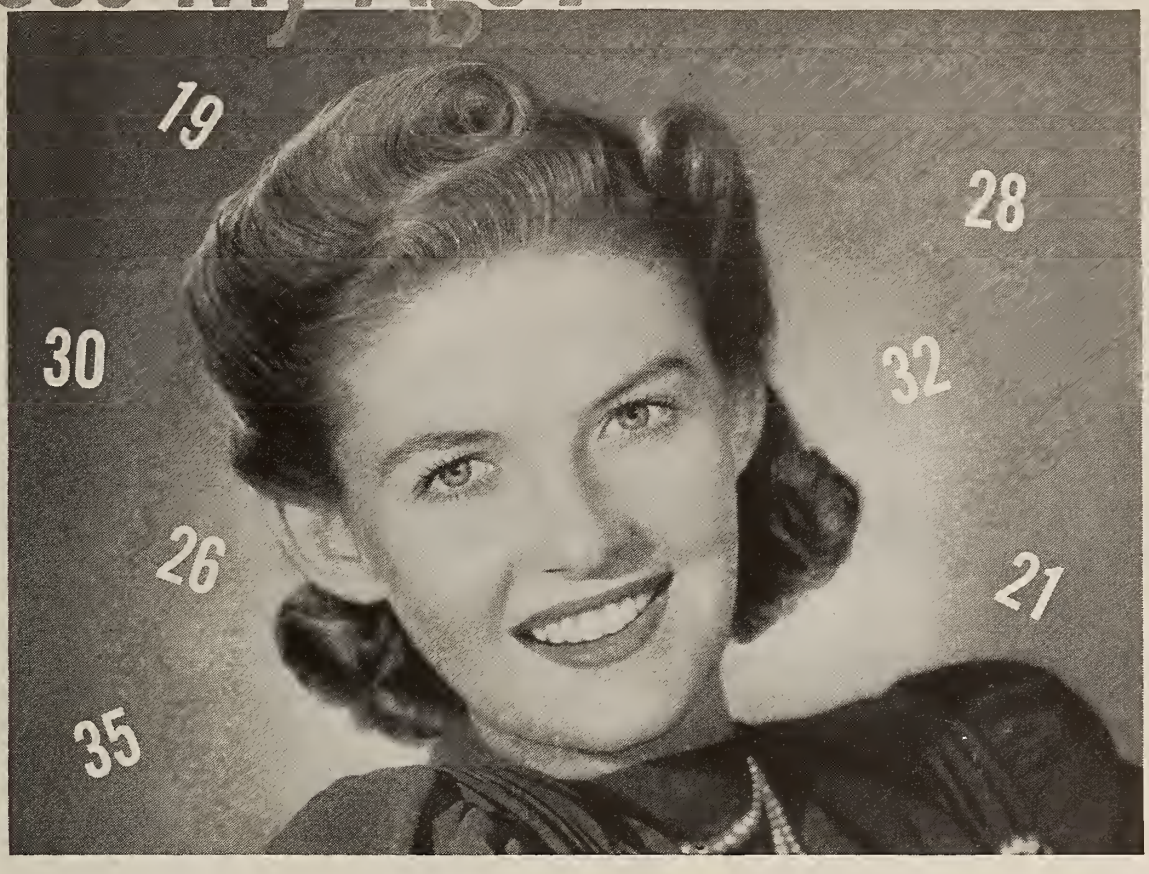
"You've a guest in the room over the garage," she informed him. "A young fellow who sang for his supper at Nick's. It must have been the first full meal he'd had in days—anyway, it was too much for him, so I made him come over here to rest. You don't mind, do you?"

Dr. Carvell chuckled. "Of course not. It's not the first time that room's been used for a member of the traveling population. What's he like? Reasonably clean, I hope?"

"Oh, yes. And very young—not more than twenty-one at the most."

(*Continued on page* 50)

"Guess My Age!"



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.

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

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?

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

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.

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

LADY ESTHER, (74)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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_____

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

(Continued from page 48)

"I like that. 'Very young'—from an old lady of twenty-seven."

"It seems a long time 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—and twisted inside. He resents it when you try to help him."

"And that," the doctor said teasingly, "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 footloose wanderer, 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 he 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 explained. "He'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 bye. Thanks for everything."

"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, almost a hint of pleading, very different from the insolence of last night.

"You'd better let me go," he said.

Almost, she did as he suggested. An 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 defeat. "All right!" he said. "You're the boss—I ought to know it by now."

MANY times afterward, Ruth was to remember the next hour in Dr. Carvell's kitchen, with Michael West and Carvell at the sunny table, herself standing by the stove, listening. For she saw a new side of Michael in that hour. For a time, after he met Carvell and warmed to the old man's simple friendliness, he forgot his defensive bitterness against the world, and talked freely of his travels and his experiences; and after he had eaten he picked up his accordion and sang for them. He sang the songs of the road, of the shabby Southern farms, of the logging camps and the Western plains—songs that had never been written on paper, 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, thoughtless chords on the accordion, 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 singing, and I start out on a piece I'd forgotten I knew. I just remember it because it fits the way I feel right 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," he said a little truculently, "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 West's 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 for a little while? Could you work for me? I need someone to drive the car when I go out on calls—I seem to get tired easier, these days, than I used to—and you could make yourself useful around the house, cleaning up and maybe cooking a meal or two, if you don't mind and can fry an egg without burning it. Ruth here," he 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 amazement, he said, "All right, Doc. I'd like to. We can try it out, anyway. If either of us doesn't like the set-up, we can always call it off."

He swept the accordion 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. She turned to the stove, thankful that its heat might account for the flush on her cheeks.

A few moments later, when she had left Michael to clean the kitchen and had gone with Dr. Carvell to his office in the front of the house, she was able to laugh at the unaccountable feeling of panic that had come when she learned Michael was going to stay in Glen Falls. He was such a strange person, so arrogant and insolent at times and so naive at others, that it was foolish to allow herself to be upset by anything he said or did. Yet that glance, as he accepted Dr. Carvell's offer, had seemed to say as plainly as words, "It was your doing that I came back here this morning. Now accept the consequences."

That was ridiculous; what consequences could there possibly be? He was honest, she was sure. He wouldn't try to rob the doctor, and in any event there was nothing worth stealing in the house. And if he proved to be objectionable in any way, the doctor could easily tell him to leave.

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 drives the car as if he were part of it, and yesterday when something went wrong with the carburetor 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 Tom Wilson, down at the city hall, just called up. He said the watchman at the Elmwood Training School saw Michael hanging around there about midnight."

"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 wondering," Dr. Carvell said dryly. "And I must confess I'm a little curious on the point myself."

Ruth fought against a sinking dismay. It sounded so sordid, so . . . nasty. 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)

Say Hello To—

DELMA BYRON—who lends blande beauty and a great deal af talent ta the part af Diane in the CBS serial, Kate Hapkins. Delma is the daughter af a Mayfield, Kentucky, planter and comes by her Sauthern accent naturally. She left hame ta study at New Yark's Columbia University, fallawing that with a caurse in dramatic training under Benna Schneider. In rapid successian came wark as a Pawers madel, a rale in a Shirley Temple picture, "Dimples," and a part in the tauring campany af "The Wamen." With all that experience, it wasn't difficult far her ta land her present impartant radia rale. Delma is twenty-five years ald, and in spite af her stunning blande calaring she praudly says she's ane-eighth Cherakee Indian.

"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 3 votes out of every 4! Out of 10,302 women, 8102 said Modess was softer!

"I do solemly 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?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? Well—we believe it does. And we're willing to back our opinion in this way—we'll take the loss if you don't agree! Buy a box of Modess napkins today. If you're not *completely* satisfied with Modess, just send the unused napkins to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J. We'll gladly refund the *full purchase price.*

Modess

"It's Softer!"—said 3 out of every 4 women making the softness test

(*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. Oh—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 tonight, Michael?" she asked. "I'd like to have you meet my sister and brother and brother-in-law." She said it, hoping this invitation 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 adventure 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 success of the evening when the telephone rang. It was for Jerry; after a brief conversation he hung up.

"It's the paper," he explained, already 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 crisped 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 escaping? 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. Unless 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 agonized cry.

"Sure! I sawed 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 jailbreaks!— 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 herself 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 crunched on the gravel of the path, then she was climbing the wooden stairs, knocking on the door.

Michael opened it. The light behind him threw his muscular body into stark silhouette. For an instant she wished she had not come, but she went past him into the room. "I didn't want you to go on thinking I was your enemy," she said hastily. "I only want to help you, Michael—truly! If only you'd—"

Her voice trailed away. Michael was still by the half-open door, listening in enigmatic silence. But his lack of response was not what had made her stop talking. She knew, in every prickling nerve-end, that there was a third person in the room.

"Don't you think," she said at last, quietly, "it might be a good idea to let whoever is in that closet come out?"

Michael's hand spurned the doorknob, and the door flew shut. Walking heavily, he crossed the room and with another curt movement flung that door open. A girl with smoky-black hair and a frightened, sullen face, a girl with a body that curved softly under the harsh, ill-fitting blue uniform of the Elmwood Training School, sprang out and clung to Michael. He put his arm around her in a kind of hopeless tenderness.

"Gloria," he said, "this is Mrs. Wayne. I told you about her—she helped me get the job with Dr. Carvell."

Still holding fast to Michael the girl raised her head and her gaze locked with Ruth's. "I know who she is," she said in a husky voice. "You don't have to tell me."

RUTH stood rooted to the floor. A gust of anger rose in her and did not go away. It was unfair—monstrously unfair—that this girl should involve Michael in trouble with the School authorities who would inevitably find where she had gone. Then, shocked at her own instinctive championing of Michael, even before she knew the extent to which the girl's escapade was his fault, she said, in a voice that trembled slightly,

"Who is this girl, Michael?"

He did not answer at once, and Gloria spoke for him. "Why don't you tell her? Why don't you tell her we're going to be married?"

He took his arm away from her shoulders so roughly that she staggered back. "That's not true!" he shouted. "We never had any definite plans about being married, Gloria, and you know it!"

"But you said—the first night you came to the School—"

"Oh, I know," he groaned. "I didn't know what else to say."

"You knew what else to say last night," Gloria said vindictively. "After you'd found a nice job with the old doctor and after you'd met—*her*—"

Michael made a threatening gesture, but she rushed on:

"Then you'd forgotten all about helping me to get out and being willing to marry me—all you could think about was telling me to stay and you'd see if your fancy friends here could persuade them to let me out!"

Ruth had stood helpless, buffeted by the currents of emotion swirling about her—and within her. Now she said faintly, unable to stand any more, "Stop! Please—both of you!"

Michael swung on his heel, took a few impatient steps across the room, away from Ruth and Gloria. In the abrupt silence Ruth could hear the girl's quick, shallow breath.

"Now," she said after a moment. "Let's—let's try to be sensible." The word had an ironic ring in her own ears. Sensible—when she herself was confused by emotions she mistrusted and hated!

"You'd better go away, Mrs. Wayne," Michael said hopelessly, without turning. "Forget you ever came here. That's the best thing you can do for us. We'll get out of town tonight, and when we're far enough away we'll be married. Gloria can pass for eighteen in the right clothes—she's almost that old anyhow."

"But you mustn't get married!" Ruth cried. "You mustn't! I won't let you!"

The girl threw back her head. "And why won't you?" she demanded. "What business is it of yours?"

"What business? . . ." Uncertainly, Ruth pushed back a lock of hair that lay against her forehead. "Why—it's insane, for one thing. They'll—they'll look for you until they find you and take you back to the school. Then Michael will be in trouble for helping you escape." She saw Gloria frown, and knew she had scored a point. "You don't want to make trouble for Michael, do you?"

"No. . . ."

"Where are your parents, Gloria?"

Sullenly—"Ma's dead. And Pa—I don't know where he is. I don't want to have nothin' to do with him anyhow."

Michael said, "This isn't getting us any place. Mrs. Wayne, I guess I better tell you about Gloria and me. Then you'll have to make up your mind what you're going to do—whether you're going to tell the people at the School she's here or not, I mean—

"Gloria and I got to know each other last year in Midboro. She was working in a five and dime store there and I had a job sweeping out in a pool hall and bowling alley. We lived in the same part of town and we used to see a good deal of each other. But I—

Say Hello To-

LARRY ROBINSON—the smart youngster who plays the role of Tammy Lewis in CBS' serial Wamon of Caurage. Larry's a stoge actor too; he oppeored in "Life With Father," with his hoir dyed red, until he grew too old far the part. Away from the studios, his life is just abaut the same as any other boy's. He likes football, baseball ond roller skating, and is on avid reader of odventure stories ond historical books. Now and then he turns dromatist and writes a play, which he stages at hame with members of his own family in the cast. At the New York Professionol Children's School he's in the sixth grode and rated as an honor student. He loves clossical music—a legocy from his Donish mother, who teoches 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 don't know just what I thought I could do, but I came. That's about all, except that Gloria didn't steal anything. Tell Mrs. Wayne what happened, Gloria."

"It was in the store," Gloria said in her husky voice. "One of the other girls—I never did find out who—but whoever it was must of been taking things, stockings an' jewelry and stuff, for a long tim The lawyer said they'd missed stuff or 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. But 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 holocaust 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 instalment of this moving short novel.

Maudie's Romance

(*Continued from page* 13)

"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."

"How revolting," Maudie sympathized.

"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 locks 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 quiet—"

"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 to me."

"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 super-man arrived.

Before the sound of the Arch's horn had 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. "Mmn! Just smell that wonderful smell! You know, Davy, that's what I missed down at the beach—that woodsy smell."

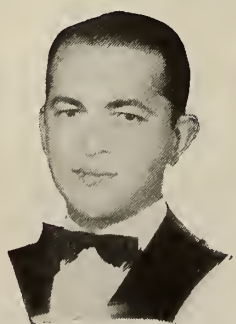
"Yeah," Davy said. "Kind of good to get back home again. I'll take our lake instead of the ocean, any day."

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'm'ere, armload!"

"Davy—behavey! You were going to tell me about Bill."

Say Hello To—



PERCY FAITH—who not lang aga celebrated his first anniversary as canductor of the Carnation Contented Haur an NBC. Born in Taranta, Percy began beating out musical rhythms on his mother's pots and pans when he was six years old. He studied piana, and at eleven was playing background music for silent mavies in a Taronta theater. Before he came to NBC and the Contented Hour, Percy was conducting programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Carporatian. In spite of the fact that he's intensely madern 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 goad wife to sameone, 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 irresistible 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 Bill'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 unspeakable 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?" 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 asked, startled.

"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 stared, 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," Maudie 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 sweetest, thoughtfulest, 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 dubiously at the paper.

"Think 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. I 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."

Davy got redder. "Jeepers," he said. "Well—thanks. I gotta be getting home, now. G'night, Maudie. 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 questions is one way of destroying illusions and I've found that illusions are sometimes pretty nice things to have."

Mrs. Mason shook her 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 tapioca," 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 came to an abrupt stop under a clump of trees in their favorite spot.

Maudie waited. It was the stillest, clearest night that ever was. Maudie could almost hear the stillness. She felt as soft and wonderful inside as the moonlight on their lake. "Why did you stop, Davy?" she murmured.

"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 for what you did for me today," Davy said. "You ought to share the spotlight with me somehow."

"But don't you see," Maudie said softly, "I do. It reflects off 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.

But instead, they sat in heavenly silence, close together, staring out into space, until finally, Davy said, "Say, sweet, are you asleep?"

"Uh-uh," Maudie said.

"You've got your eyes shut," Davy said.

"Mmnn," Maudie whispered. "This is where we came in. I'm still waiting for that surprise."

"Huh?" Davy said. "Oh! 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! WAH!" A horrible noise fell on her ears like the sound of a tormented animal. It blared and screeched. She held her breath and opened her eyes.

"Davy Dillon!" she cried, "where did you get that trombone?"

Davy smiled happily. "Dad gave it to me. He brought it home with him. Look, baby! It's solid brass!"

"Oh, nausea," Maudie wailed, her voice rising above the sound of the trombone.

WHEN YOU WANT BETTER PRUNES...ASK FOR SIGNET PREPARED PRUNES

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, B_1, 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.

Signet

FRUITS IN GLASS

Pioneer packers of California fruits in glass

UNITED STATES PRODUCTS CORP., LTD. • SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Guarded Love

(*Continued from page 23*)

old Morgan manner—I'll let you go so he can ask you to dance. Which 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 skipper 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 their cabins.

The next morning Claudia was on deck at six o'clock; but Russ was there before her. He nodded towards the other yachts riding at anchor in the basin and towards the deserted shore front. "We got up just a little too late to be in on the end of last night's fun hereabouts, I'd say."

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. It slipped down easily. The plates of food which left their table were practically untouched. The maitre d'hotel worried about it until he looked closer at them. 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. "You're going to be good," 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 who had attended school in Connecticut, studied dramatics at Yale, appeared in her first stage play opposite her father, Ralph Morgan, and Margaret Anglin when she was seventeen, and lived all her days among the most distinguished people of the theater, motion pictures, and other arts.

They took their skiis up to San Gorgonio, high above the Palm Springs desert, and came down on snow softly mauve in the sunset. They rode horseback through the low hills and squandered fifteen cents on a huge bag of fresh dates which they ate with young gusto. They piled their painting kits into his open car and tried to bring desert flowers and Indian babies alive on paper. They drank Pims in the Lua bar. And somehow, because of the way she wore her bright lipstick or the way her tweed coat was slung over her shoulders, the musicians in the Lua bar brought their guitars to their table and played "Sidewalks of New York."

One Saturday morning, when they were sitting at the soda fountain at the Palm Springs drug store, he said, over his beaker of orange-juice, "How long do *you* think a fellow has to wait after meeting a girl before he can decently propose?"

She made a great show of counting the days since the night they had met on the "Alma-M" and said farewell to reason. "Three weeks" she said, "no more! In fact I always say a man's a cad if he monopolizes a girl's time for three weeks and doesn't propose!"

"Maybe there's a better place but there's no better time," he insisted. "Listen please, Miss Morgan. I'm an honest chap. I respect my mother and all womankind. Would you—dare I hope—would you consider marrying me?"

She laughed. "As if I had ever considered anything else!"

Only her mother and father knew what they were about the morning they left for Las Vegas. They didn't look as if they were starting off on any wedding journey, certainly. He wore old flannels and a tennis shirt and she wore a print dress because it was the coolest thing she owned. They bought dry ice along the road and clamped it on the car window. But long before it cooled the atmosphere it melted and dropped on the floor and had to be picked up with the aid of old cloths they finally found in the tool chest. They had a flat tire. Fifty desert miles from nowhere, the sun high overhead, the engine began making funny noises because of inferior gas they had taken on at the last stop. Nevertheless they arrived in Las Vegas at two o'clock laughing. And hand in hand they walked down the main street to find the marriage license bureau.

THE clerk who issued their license said, "They're trying a man for murder over at the court-house; but if you'll tell them what you want the judge will stop the trial long enough to marry you."

Claudia, from the court-house doorway, saw a frightened little man in the witness chair fighting for his life. And she wouldn't go in.

"Let's not, Honey," she said. "Let's find a minister. I don't hanker for orange blossoms and an organ playing and you wearing a pale face and a cutaway . . . but I do think there should be something a little sacred about it."

He squeezed her hand hard. "I keep discovering more and more wonderful things about you!"

They found a minister. Then they, in turn, acted as witnesses for the couple who stood up with them. The little parlor with tidies on the chairs, an aspidistra plant in the window, and a large lithograph of the U. S. S. Constitution over the fireplace, was like an oven.

The minister mopped his face and stuffed his great handkerchief back into his hip 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 approval he had won, called, "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 beaming by this time. Inside the circle of glasses on the tray he carried stood a cut-glass pitcher of ice-water.

"Me!" said Claudia when they were in the car again, homeward bound, "I'm the perennial optimist! I even imagined he might keep champagne in the house—with some thought of a handsome fee 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're going to devote 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 and the desert flowers were blurry and jiggly before her eyes.

* * *

YOU have noticed, perhaps, that we haven't mentioned our hero's last name. Actually we haven't mentioned his first name, either. It isn't Russ. We simply used the name "Russ" for convenience. There's a good reason for all 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 with every new job he undertakes, can compete with this sort of thing . . . so much glamour and importance is attached to theatrical success always. So they agreed, solemnly, that he never would be publicized as her husband. The one thing in the world he couldn't endure and the one thing in the world she couldn't endure would be to have him known as Mr. Claudia Morgan.

They've been happy these last three years together. And 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.

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!

(*Did 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.

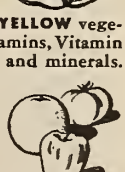
THE *MAGIC* FOODS

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

Winter's Complexion

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

Patricia Dunlap—she plays Janet in Bachelor's Children—believes in thorough creaming of the face for beauty.

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 wash-bowl, 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.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 10*)

—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 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 scouts 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.

"Love Story"

(*Continued from page 34*)

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. I'll wear good 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. 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 shield! If anyone has anything unpleasant to say—they can say it to *me.*"

Every so often women friends—and sometimes a few men friends—had remonstrated 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 bread winner—and when I do my 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 the jig is up! Knowing 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 banner. He'll grow defensive and he'll try to be young—he never had to try before. Oh—" she half sobbed—"if this part he's auditioning 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 futile. Kelton was a Columbus—he'd want to discover new territory and plumb 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 script I'm working on," 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." She hesitated, and even 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 always stall, 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, although it was the last thing—the very last thing—that she wanted to do!

AFTER dinner, during which there had been much 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 in 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—his 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 cinched things—I'd given up hope of ever landing Hal! The love affair between the senior Ford and myself is nothing as compared to the love affair between me and Donnie!"

Laura exclaimed sincerely, "I'm glad . . . I do hope you and Hal will be happy, Millicent. As happy as Kelton and I have been."

All at once Millicent Barry was serious. "That's a rather large order, Laura," she said. "You and Kelton

are the exceptions that prove some obscure rule . . . Kelton said the sweetest thing about you this very afternoon, Laura. I've a good mind to tell you."

"Do—" urged Laura.

Millicent lowered her voice. "It's a mistake," she said, "for a good looking guy like Kelton to hear himself being quoted . . . He broke down when we were talking about his new movie contract and Hollywood."

"Broke down?" echoed Laura.

"In a manner of speaking, yes—" nodded Millicent. "Broke down and got sentimental, I mean. He said—I'd just been asking him about whether you'd like Hollywood—'Laura will stick any place, as long as it's to my advantage.'"

"Oh, I will," sighed Laura.

"Leave me finish, woman!" chided Millicent. "Kelton went on to say, 'We belong together, Laura and I—where I go, she goes. But if she balked at Hollywood, pictures would be *out!*' I call that the perfect tribute after twenty years."

"So do I," responded Laura. "Thank you for telling me, Millie." Her voice took on a startled quality—"Thank you *very much* for telling me!"

THE rest of the way to the Radio Mart the two women talked blithely of such matters as trousseaux and apartments, and Laura promised to come back from Hollywood—if necessary—for the wedding, and Millie squeezed her arm rapturously. And then they were at the doorway of the vast building where voices and emotions were made captive and sent out across billowing miles of space, and the two men who had been idling in the background caught up.

"Been gossiping?" asked Kelton, and Millicent nodded sagely—

"Just that," she said. "Laura, come upstairs and hear your beau and me do our stuff. You can sit in the control room with Hal and the engineer."

Laura shook her head in its smart, doll-sized Paris hat. "No," she laughed, "I've seen my husband do his stuff before—it's no treat to me . . . I'll sit with Hal when you have your dress rehearsal . . ." She turned to Kelton— "Do you mind, dear, if I hop in a cab and go home?" she queried. "This has been a big day and I'm tired."

"Nobody'd ever guess you were tired," Hallam Ford told her admiringly. "Any time I get to feeling that Kelton is a contemporary of mine, I only have to glance at you and I know I'm goofy."

Kelton slapped his director on the back. "You said a mouthful, old man," he grinned. "I never have to consult the calendar or the mirror to see how old *I* am . . . All I have to do is look at Laura. They'll be giving *her* a screen test, one of these days."

All the way from the Radio Mart to her apartment, Laura Stokes cried softly and steadily into a small chiffon handkerchief.

Kelton didn't get home until after eleven. Merle Ray had been fractiously adult—her domestic troubles had rubbed some of the jitterbug fluff from her personality. Kelton's scene with her had been far more difficult to handle than his longer scene with Millicent Barry. But even though he was fagged, Kelton retained his veneer of jauntiness. His hat was on one side and his shoulders swung back as he fitted his key into the lock and

pushed open the door. He slammed it shut with a prideful little bang. Laura would hear that bang and come running. She'd lead him into the living room and fetch something in a tall, frosted glass, and they'd sit close together on the davenport and discuss the Hollywood contract.

BUT Laura didn't come running to meet him with a tall frosted glass in her hand. As he crossed the foyer he could see her slumped over a desk in the living room. She was obviously reconciling their checkbook—an ugly task, at best. When Kelton called her name and she raised her head, he had to stifle the exclamation that rose to his lips.

"Laura," he questioned concernedly, "aren't you feeling well?"

Laura replied briefly. "Yes," she said, "I'm feeling well—although I'm a little done in. Why?"

Kelton said, "I don't believe I've ever seen you look so—so frowzy."

"Frowzy?" Laura repeated in a surprised voice. "But, darling, I'm the same as usual. Maybe I need to have my wave set, and perhaps I could do with a bit of lipstick—"

"Perhaps that's it," Kelton agreed. He crossed the room and bent down to kiss his wife. "It's only," he tried to explain, "that you were so radiant, at dinner."

"My hat made a difference," Laura told him, "it was spandy new . . . And then, ever since I got home, I've been figuring. That takes it out of a woman—"

"What have you been figuring about?" asked Kelton. "Are we overdrawn?"

Laura pushed back the hair from her forehead, wearily. "No," she said, "we've a good balance, thank the Lord. Sit down, Kelton—I want to talk with you seriously."

Kelton seated himself on the nearest available chair.

"What have I done?" he asked, with a humorous quirk of his mouth.

There was no answering spark of humor in Laura's face as she responded—"You haven't done anything, dear. It's something that you *said.*"

"Well, what did I say?"

"Just as I was starting home, after dinner," Laura explained somberly, "you paid me a—a compliment. You said that you didn't have to look in a mirror to see how old you were—that you only had to look at me."

"So what?" queried Kelton.

"So *this*—" Laura told him. "You made up my mind for me, darling. You're going to Hollywood—but I'll *stay here.* That's why I was budgeting like mad. To see how economically I can manage without you."

Kelton was on his feet. His hands were clutching Laura's shoulders, and he was shaking her.

"Have you gone crazy?" he shouted. "Do you think I'd go to Hollywood and leave you here? Do you think I'm a nut?"

"No," said Laura. Her voice was uneven because of the shaking—"Not precisely."

"Leave you here!" grated Kelton. All at once he left off shaking Laura and went back to the stiff uncomfortable chair. "What's on your mind?" he questioned at last.

Laura's voice was calm. How she managed to keep it so was one of the minor miracles.

"Kelton," she said, "we've been married for twenty years—and during those twenty years I've kept you, as often as possible, from facing facts. But there's one fact that you'll have to face before long, and that's middle-age—"

Kelton made an odd, muttering sound deep in his throat.

Laura continued. "Middle-age," she said, "is all right in radio, where an actor is only a voice. But in Hollywood there's a premium on youth . . . Most men of your age in Hollywood are playing *heavies.* Fathers and judges and comedy butlers—" she hesitated and Kelton said—

"Go on!"

Laura went on. "By yourself," she said, "If you're careful, Kelton, you have five or six big years ahead of you, perhaps . . . But with me, your wife, at your side—you'll be labeled. If you think of me as a mirror, what will other people think of me?"

"They'll think that you're a marvel," Kelton told her, "unless they're blind."

Rather wistfully Laura spoke. "That was a charming speech, dear," she said. "I hope you never stop making charming speeches. But it isn't—true . . . That gray streak of yours, that thick place under your chin—we both noticed them during the screen test. If you're alone, without a wife like me dogging your footsteps, other people will—fail to notice them. But if I'm constantly hanging to your coat tails there'll be speculation and comparisons and criticism." she sighed. "It's a pity that folk can't grow old gracefully in pictures!"

Kelton Stokes was suddenly angry. "You're talking utter rot," he said. "We're not middle-aged—either of us. Why, the character I rehearsed in the Gateson script today—he was thirty . . . And Hal made me play the role *down*—"

"I don't doubt it," assented Laura. "And every woman who hears you in that role will see her own lover . . .

Say Hello To—

PETER DONALD—who plays Rannie Owen in the NBC serial, Into the Light, and Ben Carson in Bay Meets Band, 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 a commercial program. Now he's twenty-three and has hardly missed a day's work in the studios. Peter is red-headed, wears a moustache, and is unmarried—although he owns a summer home at Eddysville, N. Y., all ready for a bride to move into if he ever finds the right girl. He comes from a theatrical family, his father's Scotch comedy act, 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 interposing 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—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 lightening square which was their bedroom window. She was remembering certain things that she had done to her face the night before—subtle 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.

Stronger than Steel

(*Continued from page 15*)

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 caught the eager expectancy in the faces of both Joe and Red. Then he smiled, slowly, tiredly. "Since you're both so all-fired dressed up, we might as well go. It couldn't be that you'd been planning on this, could it?"

Joe Thomas only grinned. Shaving, a few minutes later, Bart thought of waving golden hair and flashing blue eyes and anger snapping in every line of a long-legged girl standing before him. Could she be like that other? Faithless? Could she be true and strong? He caught himself up, frowned when he saw the smile in the glass, dragged himself back to reality.

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 advanced to greet him in sing-song English. Some brought their brothers and parents and grandfathers and all manner of relatives to seventh cousins by marriage. They all but bowed to the ground before him. And Mary Shields, standing on the porch of the mission, wondered at this. She had been long enough in China to know that this was more than the extreme and stately exercise of Chinese manners. There was in their attitude a great measure of respect and honest liking, and traces of sincere adoration. He's like a god to them, she thought, and why?

Their greeting was casual. Mary passed him along to her father immediately, as befitted the most honored guest, and went with Red and Joe to help entertain the Chinese. Bart and the Reverend Shields talked of 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. Somehow tonight he felt like being alone.

The ineffable sadness of the winter night claimed him. From a rickety wooden bench he watched the steadfast moon float through white and yellow clouds, traced and veined by the slender branches of naked mulberry 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've got 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, "just maybe, you're 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 hard, safe, strong steel. It'll never let you down. Women will."

"Not all women," Mary objected. "You must have met a bad one."

"Don't say that!" he turned on her fiercely. Even in the pale light she could see his eyes flickering dangerously under the heavy downward drawn black brows. For a fleeting instant Mary saw the dark troubled depths of this man. She knew that he had been hurt—cruelly hurt—by a woman, just as she had jokingly suggested, and he had found his refuge in work and the steadfastness of steel.

Mary knew she should have let him alone, dropped the subject, talked about weather and the trees; but some unrecognized devil inside her made her speak.

"Why does it hurt you to be reminded?" she insisted softly.

"It doesn't," he said curtly.

"Yes it does," she said. "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 be married. I was called away to South America on an eight months' job. She didn't wait. That's all. She found someone who could give her more luxuries. She married him. The end."

"So you labelled all women bad and took to cold steel."

He went on doggedly. "Steel isn't cold, and it isn't hard. 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 because he was really incapable of any other emotion."

Again Bart turned to her. Again she knew that little tremor of—was it fear? or anticipation?

"Miss Shields," he said carefully. "I accepted your invitation tonight. Maybe you'll accept one of mine. Come and see that bridge sometime—come when you have all afternoon—and I'll try to show it to you the way I see it. Maybe you'll see something 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 incapable—just unwilling."

He held her close for an instant, her body rigid as the steel he loved. Then his strong mouth crushed hers quickly, fiercely.

She struggled to get free—struggled with 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 he was gone.

For a long time she stood there, her closed fist crushed against her mouth, his kiss still searing her lips. Stood straight and proud, while her spirit struggled to come out on top. What was this man McGarrett—cynic or believer, strong or weak—she didn't know. But the memory of that

instant stayed with her long.

The winter faded into the gradual spring. Three miles south of the mission the network of girders assumed a form and shape that began to look like a bridge. On each side of the valley the triangles piled on triangles, the weight carefully equalized and distributed on the huge piles 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 plank 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."

"The river looks treacherous." Mary shuddered.

"It is," he said. "That's why we put the bridge a safe distance above it."

"Safety again!"

"Yes," he said ironically. "Safety. Did you feel safe when I kissed you?"

"You didn't mean it," she said. "You were just trying to scare me and make me mad."

"Of course," he said, "and I did."

"For a minute," she admitted.

They stood on a small platform of steel. Between it and the planked walkway on the bridge was only a two-foot-wide girder with a board handrail. As they stood there Bart's arm fell around Mary's waist.

"Please," she said anxiously. "Not here, Mr. McGarrett. I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" Bart echoed. "Of me?" He swept her to him, and again his lips touched hers, but this time lightly, fleetingly. Then he let her go. "Men aren't playthings," he said bitterly. "When will you learn that?"

For a moment anger rose into Mary's face. She was about to speak. Then she grew sad. "I think I'd better go back now," she said.

I'M sorry," Bart said. "I'd hoped you could see the bridge as I see it. Maybe some day you can. But not now."

He guided her across the narrow span, and when the footing was solid she hurried away from him. "I wanted him to do that," she thought, almost saying it aloud. "I wanted him to. And when he did I got mad. He has no use for me. He thinks I'm spoiled and wilful. And I—I want him to kiss me, and listen to me and

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 behind her 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 got the 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 ended he was sitting 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 with the laborers. If 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 hissed, sputtered out and were refilled 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 every place. Several times Red rode a girder into position and Bart hung it there with rivets, the big gun in his hand for the first time in years, bucking against his hands, showering sparks 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 Joe gave him the message he groaned. "If we make it there won't be a minute to spare," he said and strode out of the shack.

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 noise of several trucks rolling up the hill. They pulled up at the siding and someone got out of the first truck and ran toward him. Bart blinked to see better through the dust. It was Mary Shields!

"Bart, Bart!" she called. "You've got to help me." She ran to him, gasping, and clung to his arms.

"With what?" he said.

"I have three truck loads of Chinese — my father's converts. They're terrified. The fighting's coming nearer all the time. We heard the guns plainly at the mission. 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 enough 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."

Bart looked at her 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 a thing 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 head high in the air. Mary's voice grew low and harsh with scorn. "The finest type of white man!" She turned and started 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, but it did no good. "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 have that."

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. "I won't vouch 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

onto the bridge. It was a long train, and the engine struggled valiantly to pull the ill-assorted flat cars and box cars. It was loaded with people, hundreds of them—thousands—men, women and children. Mary stood beside Bart, and her eyes widened when she saw them.

Then another train, as long as the first and almost as heavily loaded came into view. The train stopped and the workmen from the bridge clambered on.

"Get up," Bart said, and he and Red and Mary climbed onto the rear of the last car.

"My people!" Mary said. "Where are they?"

"They're on this train," Bart said savagely. "Be quiet." Then to Red, "did you fix it?"

Red nodded. He and Bart sat with their hands clenched tight around the stanchions of the car, while the train rolled slowly across the bridge and on south. For the first time Mary saw the bridge as Bart must have seen it—an intricate, careful pattern of steel thrown proudly across the yellow, swirling water. And yet it was more too. Mary saw it now as an emblem of safety and speed and comfort. She began to think of the millions of people who would benefit from it, of the tons of food and material that would pass over it. She wanted to cry.

HALF a mile beyond the bridge the train rolled slowly to a stop in response to signals from Red. Mary still saw the bridge towers reared against the sky. She couldn't take her eyes off it. Red got down and walked to a clump of bushes. Bart still sat, gripping the iron as though he wanted to break it, and staring straight back down the track.

Then a great glow flashed against the waning twilight. Seconds later they heard it and felt the concussion. Mary saw bits of steel flying through the air in the edges of the spreading cloud of smoke and dust. Bart relaxed. "That does it," he said. "One bridge built and gone."

"Oh!" Mary wanted to cry again. She threw her arms around Bart.

"That must have hurt," she said.

Red came back and the train began to move again.

"Sure it hurt," Bart told her, but his voice was almost cheerful. "You don't build a good bridge and then blow it up without having it hurt, but it was worth it."

He turned to her and took her in his arms. This time she was ready. Her mouth was warm and soft and waiting for his kiss.

"I love you, Mary," he said gently, "and I'm sorry I had to do it this way. I just couldn't waste time telling you. There were seven thousand on these two trains, and the army was holding on desperately at Chufeng to give me time to finish the bridge to get them over. Any other way was hopeless for them."

"I know," she said. "I should have known all along that you weren't hard and cold inside."

"Maybe I was once," Bart answered slowly. "But I began to get soft the first day you came to the bridge."

The train rolled on through the soft Chinese twilight. Red turned his back, and Bart held Mary closely and tenderly in his arms. For both of them bridges had lost their importance; they had found in one another a thing stronger than steel.

Amanda of Honeymoon Hill

(*Continued from page* 31)

anyone tries to be high and mighty with you, by heaven I'll show them. Anyway, they won't, they'll all see how wonderful you are. Mother," he turned again to Susan, "you ought to side with the girl I love. If you only understood how I really feel!"

"Son, you know what I think," she answered with restrained patience, "I repeat, I acted for your happiness."

"Oh, Mrs. Leighton," Amanda cried, doubt flooding over her weary heart, "maybe I shouldn't have come back, not even—not even when Edward did come for me. But I was, I give you my Valley word, I was thinking of his safety."

"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: Amanda is fine. She'll make Edward 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."

BUT Amanda only looked at her, past the plausible words to the stubborn pride that prompted them, and Sylvia flushed under the direct gaze of her violet eyes.

Then, in the little pause which followed came Susan's surprised gasp, followed by her amazed question:

"Have you gone crazy, Sylvia?"

The smile left Edward's face. He pulled Amanda gently up beside him, and his arm around her waist, faced his mother.

"It's time this matter was cleared up, once and for all, and never spoken of again. Amanda is to be my wife, and there is no one—no one—who can stand between us. She comes first, and always will, and I expect loyalty toward her as well as toward myself."

"Edward," it was a breathless cry from Amanda, "you mustn't quarrel with your mother—no, never—not on my account."

"Here, I'll talk to your mother," Colonel Bob exclaimed, cutting through the rising tension in the room, "there's no need for all this. You take Amanda into the garden, and see that's she happy before she goes to bed. Look how white she is."

Sylvia had stepped back to Susan's side, and Amanda knew that those two stood as one against her. How could Edward be so blind, how could he? Through her miserable doubts she caught Colonel Bob's next words.

"Remember, Amanda, your first duty is to make Edward happy."

"I know it is." Her answer was a weary sigh. "But I don't rightly know how to do it."

To be persuaded by Edward, to rest assured all would be well, that their love was the only thing which mattered, was what Amanda longed to believe, was what, at last, she let him convince her was the truth.

As the preparations for their marriage were carried swiftly ahead, for now there was no reason to postpone it, she thought again and again of that evening. She kept the memory of it as a guard around her. She and Edward had left the living room and walked out to the garden. The moon had drifted behind great clouds and out again; she had felt him close to her, had heard the undertone of passion in his voice, and she had known her life would be without meaning or beauty unless it was one with his. And, finally, he had held her in his arms and kissed her, and she had forgotten her fears and torments—the possibility that a day might come when he would be sorry he had married her—and had flung her arms around his neck.

SHE kept his words as a shield against the many incidents which, so easily, could have hurt her. Little things, but they flicked her on the raw. Susan Leighton, once she realized she was defeated, was pleasant and gracious enough, Sylvia unobtrusive and tactful, but—Amanda would never forget the first day she had put on shoes, and what a torture they had been, hurting her feet, impeding her free, swift motions. Somehow, she managed to become used to them; she must learn to walk and talk and live as Edward's family did, so he need not be ashamed of her. And that first dinner in Big House, with all the knives and forks and spoons a glittering puzzle beside her plate, and the negro servants offering her so many kinds of food, strange to her Valley taste. Edward had been beside her; he had whispered to her softly, he had given her the right fork or spoon. She had lifted her eyes, just once, to Sylvia's face, and there had been mockery there.

One day, Amanda came running into the studio, her face flushed, her eyes shining, and he caught her and held her, kissing her sweet, fresh lips.

"What's all the excitement?" he asked, laughing as he let her go.

"Oh, Edward," she cried, "oh, Edward—such beautiful clothes your mother has given me. She ordered them from some big city and they all fit me. How could they?"

"Oh, I suppose she judged your size, something like that."

"But, how? Do you mean to say there are dresses all ready—dresses like those, and you just go and buy them? What a wonderful place a city must be—why, I can't believe it."

He laughed. "Some day I'll take you to a city and show you. But I don't think you'll like it, really. And, as for the clothes, there are millions and millions of them—all ready, as you say. Mother usually has hers made, but I guess there wasn't time for that. Do you realize, Amanda, we'll be married in two days?"

"Yes, I remember," she spoke, softly, "it is wonderful. Then I can come and live here—right here with you

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 musn'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 I love you, 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 by its strength dissolve all hate. She looked at herself in her white satin wedding gown, the long veil sweeping to her feet from 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 his wife, she felt the ring on her finger, 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, was smiling down into her face to give her courage until they could be alone and there would no longer be need for courage. Then they were in the vestry where Susan and Uncle Bob and Sylvia and the others were waiting.

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.

"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 table, 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."

"Sign—sign my name?" Amanda said and her words were an inaudible whisper. The pen slipped from her fingers. "But I—I can't—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 disgraced Edward before all the world, disgraced 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 anguished voice that called just once, "Amanda!" Thick shadows and heavy brush hid her, yet still she ran, sobbing, until, unable to stand, not knowing where she had come to, 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 Tolliver 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 ever 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. Tolliver'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 that she suffered, but, by then, scarcely knowing why. Her body burned with fever, and when that passed, she was unbelievably weak. But with that deadly weakness, her mind cleared into sharp anguish. She remembered all that had happened; and the events

from that first wonderful hour when she had seen Edward in the glen through all the hope and fear, the tumult and love of the succeeding days mounted into the horror when she had stood in the vestry and had shamed Edward before all the world because she could not write her name. She would not talk, she would tell Jim nothing, she only spoke to thank Mrs. Tolliver for her care. The minister who lived close by in the woods, came to see her, but although he and all the Valley must by now know of the scene in the vestry, she could not speak of it, even to him. And, then, one day, a week after she had stumbled into the cabin, as he sat beside her bed, she suddenly caught his hand.

"Parson," she asked, her eyes too bright, a sudden flush on her thin cheeks, "can you write?"

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—please 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 trailed away, and her gaze became distant, remote. He left her, quietly, but when he was gone, she caught paper and pencil again and worked feverishly on the letters of Amanda Dyke. She had not asked him to spell out Leighton, she could not, yet now she longed to print that loved 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 darling—" 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. Your father swore 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 your kin, your friends—"

"Oh, I know," he exclaimed, his young face stern. "But, my 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-

Say Hello To—

EDDIE DOWLING—We, the Peaple's new master af ceremanies an CBS Tuesday nights. Besides being a radia star he's a stage praducer, actar, compaser and playwright. He started out in the theater as a sang-and-dance man, but he always had a langing ta da samething mare seriaus, sa ane seasan a few years aga he hired an obscure English actar named Maurice Evans and put an a praductian af Shakespeare's "Richard II," which had always been a prize flap whenever it was presented. Eddie's versian af it saared immediately inta the ranks af tap Braadway hits, and made Evans famaus. Eddie is married ta Rae Daaley, wha used ta appear with him in his musical camedies, and is a close personal friend af President Raasevelt.

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 Edward flood across her weary mind, 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 great love for her? Had she failed him? Perhaps, perhaps—if so, it had been because she had been unable to believe that anyone could love her as he did. Joy mounted within her, rapture caught and held her, as her violet eyes, wide with wonder, searched his face. Oh, the sweet surety of the knowledge, at last hers, that he was right, that their love for the other was all, supreme, before which everything else faded, was unimportant.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "for being so wrong and foolish." Then with a gentle laugh, she pulled herself out of his arms. "But I've wonderful news, I can print my name, the parson showed me while I was sick—"

"My dear—some day you can show me—but now—" he lifted her up into his arms— "Honeymoon House is waiting for us, Amanda, my wife—"

And her heart sang as through the shadows of the evening, under the stars in the darkening sky, Edward carried her along the winding path.

"Wait, dear," Amanda whispered. He put her down beside him, and she looked toward the white house glimmering in the dusk. "Dreams come true," she said, softly; and his eyes 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 Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, weekdays at 3:15 P.M., E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue.

Superman in Radio

(*Continued from page 42*)

same story. Immediately news broadcasters and reporters flashed the word that the jewels had not been recovered and that Chickie Lorimer refused to tell where they were hidden.

Certain that the Yellow Mask would attempt to get Chickie out of the City Prison where it was reported she was being held, Superman arranged for Lois Lane, his paper's star girl reporter, to take her place. Sure enough, the Mask's henchmen freed Lois from her cell at gun's-point. Her instructions were simple: she was to tell the Yellow Mask—who would know, of course, that she wasn't Chickie Lorimer—that his men had seized her because 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 old days and Chickie had revealed to her the secret of the jewels' hiding place.

When Lois faced the Mask, she told her story convincingly. The arch-criminal, seeming to believe her, promised to reward her handsomely if she uncovered the jewel cache. Skilfully acting her role, the girl reporter baited Superman's trap by telling the Mask that the fortune in gems were to be found in a spot close to the Parkway Tower field.

Confident that his plan would work, Superman sped to the Tower field. Crouched in the darkness with Commissioner Malone and Jimmy Olsen, he waited for the Yellow Mask to walk into the trap—a trap baited with an empty suitcase. 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 East, its blinding searchlight sweeping the field. Without warning, it went into a power dive, hurtling down on the watchers in the field like some giant 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! Commissioner — they've made Lois talk! Come on—no more time to waste now!"

Remembering that Chickie Lorimer had described another hideout of the Mask's, hidden deep in the woods off an abandoned road, Kent rushed his companions to their car, settled himself behind the wheel and drove, caught by a fury that tore at him. Dawn was breaking as they approached the hideout. Stopping, Kent jumped out and immediately circled to the rear of the house. Jimmy and the Commissioner prepared to enter through the front, little suspecting that a trapdoor was hidden under the rug just over the threshold. A trapdoor leading to a concrete tank, six feet thick on all sides, rising eight 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 back—but too late! Their bodies hurtled, twisting and turning, into the black, open-mouthed pit. The fall wasn't great—Jimmy landed unhurt. But the Commissioner, heavier and 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 sliding over the tank top.

In a few minutes they could hear Superman, as Clark Kent, enter the house from the rear. Then, the Yellow Mask suavely greeting him. They listened as the Mask promised to conduct the reporter to Lois Lane if he'd reveal the hiding place of the gems. 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

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 hirelings at a crossroads and deliver to them the fortune in gems—and ask no questions.

Gloatingly, 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 long chance. But they had no other. 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 ankle 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 a faint. 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 awaken but in the darkness they could see nothing—and the Mask 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 the 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. Goodby—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 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 Clark Kent:

"Mr. Kent isn't here." It was the strong, vibrant voice of Superman. "Mask, this is the end for you. Here I come! Right through these bars!"

With a great spring, Superman leaped from the stone floor up—up—and up. His huge shoulders crashed through the heavy bars as if they were silk threads. The Yellow Mask was standing, gun aimed straight at him. Beside the criminal were his two men and the jewel suitcase lay on the floor. The Mask pressed the trigger but Superman only laughed as the bullets bounced off his chest. The other two crooks leaped futilely on the Man of Tomorrow. A light smile played about his lips and his steely eyes glistened as he picked them up, one in each hand, and hurled them against the wall. The Mask watched, powerless. Then Superman's fist, traveling with the speed of unleashed lightning, hit the murderous thief. As the Mask slumped to the floor, Superman stepped to the phone.

"Time to call the police now. The jewels are here and I have the Yellow Mask and his two pals where I want them. It looks like Superman's work is over . . . at least for now. . . ."

I'll Wait for You

(*Continued from page* 27)

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 I couldn't, though I 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, if you didn'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 liquor 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 stale smoke. In the dark, she pressed against me.

SUDDENLY, clearly, right before my eyes, I saw Lucy. I had a strange feeling that if I listened, I could hear her. And then, I heard her voice: "Hold on to me, darling!"

I pushed the girl away 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 light and I was sitting next to a truck driver.

"Okay, Bud," the driver said. "This is as far as I take you."

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 noise almost split my head open. I felt weak and sick and I crawled back from the road into the shrubs and lay there. I don'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 said.

"Pick up some clothes for me," I said, "and pick me up on route 20."

"Okay," Harry said.

It seemed as though I had been walking for hours before Harry's Ford came tearing down the highway. It was probably less than half an hour. I changed my clothes in 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 year, that was all I'd bargained for. I told Harry.

"You're a fool," Harry 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 house and whistled up at Lucy's window. I saw her shadow on the shade. I minute later, the door downstairs opened.

"Jim—!" 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 inside. Mother and Dad went out for dinner." She pulled me inside and shut the door. "What have you done?"

"I—oh, God! Lucy!" I caught her in my arms and kissed her. "Lucy, say you love me. Say it!"

Her small hands were 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

side of the living room. And I told her. She listened, without a word.

"I can't go back, Lucy," I said, finally. "I couldn't face it. Marry me now—tomorrow. Come away with me. I've got a little money in the bank. It'll keep us going until I get a job. They won't start looking for me for a few more days. That'll give us time."

Lucy covered her face with her hands. "You want me to go with you—like that? Hiding? Afraid to walk down the streets in the daytime? You want me to do that?"

"Lucy," I said. "As long as we're together, what difference does it make?"

"No, no," Lucy cried. "You don't know what you're saying."

"You mean, you don't love me enough for that!"

"No," Lucy cried. "I love you too much."

"If you loved me at all—" I started.

"Oh, Jim!" Lucy made a helpless gesture with her hands. And then the doorbell rang.

"Who's that?" I asked, jumping to my feet.

"It's probably Harmon. He's coming to take me to dinner."

"I see," I said.

"You don't see, at all," Lucy said. The bell rang again, insistently. "I'll have to let him in. Get over on the other side of the room, where he can't see you from the hall. I'll send him away."

I crossed the room and flattened myself against the wall, pulling one of the heavy window drapes in front of me. Faintly, I heard the door open. Then a man's voice.

"Is something wrong, dear? You're so pale."

"No, Harmon," Lucy said. "I—it's just that I have a headache. I think we'd better call off the dinner."

"Let me get you a doctor," Harmon said. Steps coming toward the living room!

"No, no!" Lucy cried frantically. "I'll be all right. Call me tomorrow. I mean—I'll see you in the office tomorrow."

"Now, look, Lucy," Harmon said. "Something's wrong around here and I'm going to find out what it is."

I couldn't blame him for being suspicious. Lucy wasn't much of a conspirator. Or was it just that she didn't want to be? I peered out from behind the curtain. He had her in his arms and she was crying softly and he was petting her and smoothing back her hair. He picked her up, easily, like a child, and headed for the couch right in front of me.

The window was open behind me. I eased myself over the sill and dropped to the ground outside. The last thing I heard was Harmon's voice, soothing, murmuring, "Lucy, precious—Lucy—"

I didn't know where to turn. I was afraid to go home. I guess I was a little afraid of my father. He had a very strong sense of honor and duty.

I went to the only place I could think of—to Harry's. The stand was crowded. Harry frowned when he saw me at the counter. He pushed a key at me.

"Go on back to my cottage. Stay there. I want to talk to you," he said.

Harry came in a few minutes. He looked around at the papers littering the floor. "I see you've been catching up on the news," he said. He lit a cigarette and sat down beside me. "Jim,"

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 casting 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 didn'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.

"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.

BABY HELPS

A dozen leaflets, written by Mrs. Louise Branch, our own Baby Page Editor, have been reprinted and are available to readers, all 12 for only 10c. Send stamps or coin, mentioning the ages of your children, to:

Reader Service, Dept. RM-124, Radio and Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

And it turned out that he was the man who ran that "The People Say—" program on the radio. Harry had written him, weeks ago, telling about how he was giving up his Diner so he could work for the U.S.O.—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 air in his place.

"But I can't do that," I said. "I'll get in enough trouble, as it is."

"No," Mr. Howell said. "I've checked on regulations. You're 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 House for every day 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 toward the men in the armed forces."

AND now for the special guest I promised you," Mr. Howell was saying. "May I present, Private James Lanson."

Suddenly, I realized I was talking. Once I heard my own voice, it wasn't so bad. And then, it began to seem to 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 you 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 see and 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 liberty become empty words—what is there left to fight for, to preserve, to defend? Remember us. Think of us and help us."

Mr. Howell 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 in the end. Mr. Howell pushed a telephone at me.

"Jim!" It was Lucy's voice, deep with tears. "Why did 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. Darling, you idiot! I've never stopped loving you for a minute. Harmon was nothing. Jim, listen. Your next leave—we'll get married—Army or no Army. I'll get a job somewhere 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 House. Some of 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 good conduct pass.

"Here you are, boy!" he said. "Go get married. You can peel potatoes when you come back."

Sponsored by Love

(*Continued from page 29*)

"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 but he was meaning what he said—"she has me for life."

They met, he told me, on September 28, 1928, 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 Lackay (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 snippily, 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. They had a horrible time. But when that argumentative Miss Fike made good her threat to leave early, John went along. He says he doesn't know why. 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 figure of speech.

John grinned again. "Ariel gave me a tandem bicycle for our thirteenth wedding anniversary," he told me, "and we can ride it, too—which is, 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 he was with when he met 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, because he had a wife not only to support but impress, that he introduced himself to radio. This was as an announcer for a "walkathon" in Tacoma. He worked almost as hard as the "walkers," themselves, but his voice, "sex-appealing" even as today, won him a job with station KVI in Tacoma which lasted two years.

But he is a restless individual, that Hughes. He didn't know what he wanted but he 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 contented, too. 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 also a three-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 enunciation, 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. They go 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 opinions concerning the Japanese New Order in Asia and what Uncle Sam should do about it, but various interesting miscellanea such as his aversion to blondes 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 there would end 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. Ariel Hughes tipped me off to it. You just sit and listen, politely, until he pauses for breath. And then you remark, artlessly, "I just love to hear you talk, *dear!* And I don't care what you say—just so you say *something!*"

Then, she says, he throws a book at you. But you win.

Say Hello To—

JONE ALLISON—the pretty nineteen-year-old mistress of ceremonies on the CBS Saturday-afternoon dance program, Matinee at Meadowbrook. Jone's a New York girl, and made her stage debut there at the age of four as a toe dancer in a school entertainment. When she was sixteen she won a competitive movie test, and appeared in her first picture. School seemed dull after that, but her parents insisted that she go to college for two years at least. Jone obeyed, and as soon as the two years were up, quit and went hunting for an acting job. Radio supplied that, 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.

Speaking of Eyes

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 Make-up 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.

Recommended Good Housekeeping Bureau

"If I had to choose just one item of make-up, I'm sure it would be mascara. Not only are my eyelashes light and very fine, but my eyes are small . . . so mascara does wonders for me. I like Maybelline for several reasons... It doesn't smart or get runny— it's easy to apply — and what it adds in appearance is amazing! By applying it deftly, I can even make my eyelashes curl right up over my eyelids."
(Recent broadcast by Jean Abbey over Station WOR)

Before using Maybelline

*JEAN ABBEY—Shopper-Commentator for Woman's Home Companion

Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

With **MAUREEN O'HARA**
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields again . . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-minute Christmas gift package of the year.

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.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE *They Satisfy*