


Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

MARCH




JANET LOGAN
as
KAY FAIRCHILD
in "Stepmother"
See page 24

NO MAN WANTED ME—Yet I Found Romance!

The Vivid Radio Drama of a Lonely Girl

HEAVEN ON EARTH—COMPLETE WORDS and MUSIC of the NEW SONG HIT



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is the *smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in the *smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in the *smoke!* Less than any of them—in the *smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

“SMOKING OUT” THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —



Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...
LIFE'S FUN...If your Smile has Charm!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and Massage

DO YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is YOU! It's a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon *healthy gums*.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health

routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Get Ipana Today!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor



Test THYNMOLD

for 10 DAYS at our expense!

YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure... that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation... then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses... even in the exacting new styles!

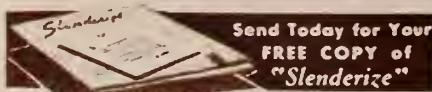
After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again... if it doesn't do everything you expect... it will cost you nothing!

MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and separate Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

ONLY \$1 DOWN

We want you to be thrilled with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it easy for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense! SEND NO MONEY—but write today for complete information telling how you can get your Thynmold for only \$1 down.



DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 183, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Send illustrated folder, sample of perforated material and details of Trial Offer and \$1.00 down plan.

Name.....
Address.....

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ON THE COVER—Janet Logan by Sol Wechsler
(Photo, courtesy of Columbia Broadcasting System)

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What do You want to Say?



First Prize . . .

AND STILL ANOTHER QUIZ!

We have had all kinds of amusing and constructive contests over the air—spelling, history, quizzes of numerous kinds—but why not one featuring good manners and deportment?

In my social work among the underprivileged, who in most cases live in communities with few library facilities, I've noted these families usually have a tiny, cheap radio, plus an avid desire to learn for themselves and their children, those niceties of human conduct that make for a more harmonious and cheerful living. In many cases if these people knew what to do in seeking work, they could secure the employment that means so much to them; and in knowing what not to do, they would keep the employment—employment that may mean the difference between security and insecurity.

Ruth J. Butner,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Second Prize . . .

A SURE CURE

I have found a cure for missing programs due to forgetfulness of the hour.

Each morning I check over the list of programs for that day. When I decide which programs I wish to hear, I set the alarm clock for the first program of the day and reset the alarm after I hear each program. This way I never miss a program which I am truly anxious to hear.

This is especially helpful for contestants who wish to hear the rules and announcements of prize contests.

Miss Mary Sale,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

(Continued on page 84)

This is your page!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— PRIZES —

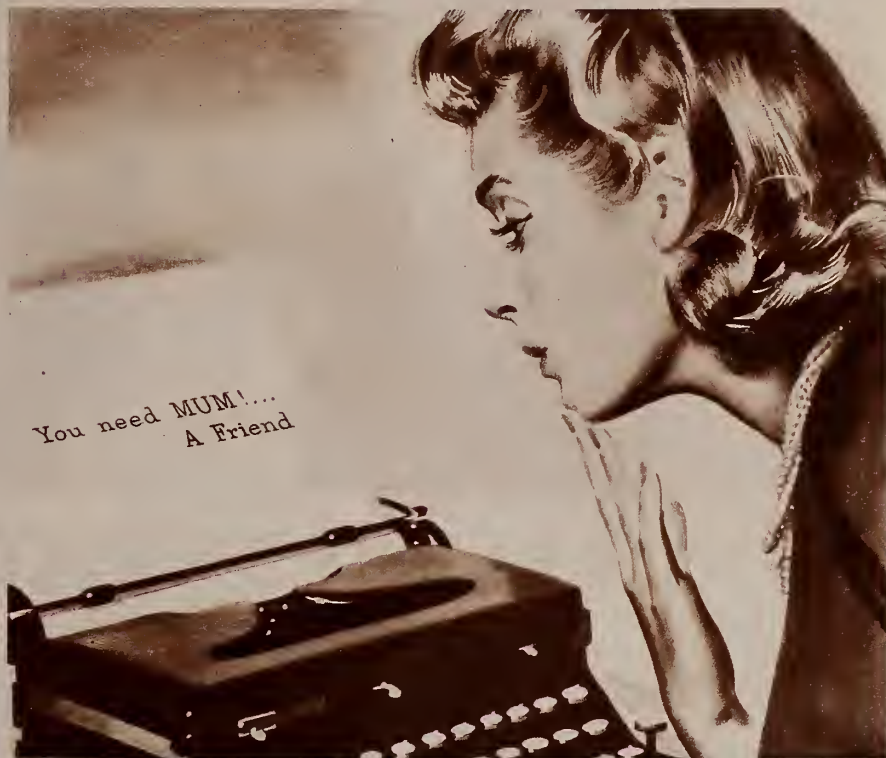
First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than February 25, 1941. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

If she can't take a tip—she'll surely lose her job



**Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.
Be sure underarms are always fresh!**

NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bernarr Macfadden (right), Radio Mirror's publisher, is a guest on Walter White's program.



NOBODY'S CHILDREN

I CAN tell you now the poignant story of how a complete half hour radio program was kept on the air for thirteen weeks through one rather famous listener's impulsive and sentimental gesture.

The story begins on a Sunday in July a year and a half ago, with the first broadcast over the Mutual network of a half hour program called Nobody's Children. Its studio setting was unique, for it broadcast from the reception room of the Children's Home Society of California, dramatizing the stories of the orphans at the Society. Movie guest stars interested in the program appeared without payment, making brief talks.

The program ran over a year, always with the hope that a sponsor would take the broadcasts. None did and so, on a Sunday this past fall, Walter White, who conceived the program and directed all its broadcasts, announced to listeners that the program would have to end. It could not afford to be continued, he explained, without sponsorship to absorb the costs of broadcasting the program.

A few days later, Walter White had a check for eighteen hundred dollars—enough to keep the program on the air several more weeks without sponsorship. The check was from Hedy Lamarr.

Grateful, he respected a request that the gift remain anonymous, but somehow, news of it reached Louella Parsons and was published in her column.

That is why I am able to write this story at all. I don't know whether the program will continue longer on the air, now that the additional weeks have passed. I hope it will, because as Walter White wrote me, "The purpose of our program is to acquaint listeners with the problems of the homeless and under-privileged child, also to stimulate interest in the older children, to the end that they will be given such essentials as a home, foster parents, and affection, understanding and opportunity."

He also wrote, "Miss Lamarr gave in the spirit that most gifts from the heart are made, in all sincerity, and even dated the check she sent me with her little adopted boy's own adoption date."

■ **The editor tells the touching story of a program that was kept on the air by a famous star's impulsive gesture**

RECENTLY I watched a rehearsal and broadcast by a truly remarkable woman, Hedda Hopper. In her appearance, her conduct and her success she is distinctly worthy of reporting. Miss Hopper has been credited with a good fifty years of living, yet she looked to me not over forty. She is also credited

with having a sharp, humorously biting tongue. She has. She wears hats she is proud of and which, judging by the one I saw, win men's praise in spite of their fantastic shapes.

Her broadcasts are conducted with a complete absence of formality. An hour before program time, Hedda sits down at a small workmanlike table with a microphone in front of her, her hat on, a pencil in her fingers, a cigarette burning in a glass ash tray, and begins reading her movie news for first rehearsal. At a floor microphone a few feet away, actors assemble to play their roles in the life stories of famous screen personalities, an important broadcast feature.

Then, fifteen minutes before air time, all the feeling of good nature with which the studio has been filled abruptly disappears. The network censors have just sent in Hedda's news minus several pet stories.

"What?" she screams while the program director stands beside her waiting for the storm to subside. "Why don't they throw the whole program off the air? Tell me—what's so libelous about saying that Charles Boyer wears a toupee?"

Ten minutes later she is hurriedly reading over the revised, and cut, script, still muttering to herself.

Five minutes later, with an air of great calm and good cheer, Miss Hopper is bringing her listeners the latest in the world of Hollywood glamour.

At the broadcast's end, she joins her friends who have waited for her in the sponsor's booth and rushes out, shouting goodbyes and hurling pleasant insults to the staff in the control room—ready to continue her dizzy round of parties, luncheons, previews, dinners, balls, night clubs and—on occasion—sleep.

FRED R. SAMMIS

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR



Look out for a **COLD . . . watch your THROAT**

—gargle *Listerine Quick!*

A careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders" . . . often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Even one hour after,

reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

That is why, we believe, Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds . . . why thousands of people gargle with it at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

These tests showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Mothers!
GET THIS AMAZING
Listerine Throat Light

Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve



75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
75¢ LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

BOTH FOR 98¢ **\$1.50 Value**

DEPRESSES TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT

CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY

Offer good only in continental U. S. A.

What's New from



**SOCIALLY ALERT
WOMEN
USE TAMPAX**



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

STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves* . . . For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-31-A
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.
() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



■ Brian McDonald, master of ceremonies of WJAS's Amateur Hour, and some of the twins who made its annual twin party a hit.

THAT'S a pleasant custom the sponsors of the Screen Actors Guild program have. At the end of each broadcast the feminine guest stars come to the footlights and are handed huge bouquets of flowers by page-boys. No other radio show does this, but that's no reason they shouldn't.

It's wedding bells for Paul Baron, orchestra leader on Luncheon at the Waldorf, and Wynell Russell, pretty New York girl.

The first fur necklace ever seen in the NBC Chicago radio studios—or probably anywhere else, for that matter—showed up around the shapely throat of Loretta Poynton (she's Pearl Davis in the Kitty Keene serial). It's made of mink, shaped into bells with gold clappers, and strung on a gold chain.

George Fisher, the Mutual network's Hollywood gossip columnist, was married last month to Nica Doret, a dancer, in an elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada. It's a second marriage for both of them.

They're saying that Skinnay Ennis may take over permanent leadership of Hal Kemp's band, following the tragic death of Hal in an automobile accident. Skinnay, who used to be a member of the band, flew from Los Angeles to San Francisco to lead it in its scheduled opening there the

night after the accident, while Hal was still living. The next day, after his death, the band cancelled its appearance. Skinnay leads the orchestra on Bob Hope's program, and he might incorporate the membership of the Kemp band into his own group or try to assume leadership of both.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Almost as firmly-founded a Pittsburgh institution as the smoking stacks of its factories is the Wilkens Amateur Hour which is heard every Sunday afternoon over station WJAS. And high point of the Amateur Hour's year is a truly unique annual broadcast—an amateur show in which all the performers are twins.

The Wilkens company has presented its Amateur Hour every Sunday for the past six years, without interruption except by the 1936 flood and two World Series. More than 3000 contestants have been introduced on the air, and \$15,000 has been paid out in awards, in addition to trophies. Many people who got their start on the WJAS amateur show have become professional entertainers, some reaching the big networks. The Wilkens Company (it's a Pittsburgh jewelry firm) helps these budding entertainers by operating an artist's service which books them for jobs without charging any fees or commissions.

Heard regularly on the Amateur Hour are its master of ceremonies, handsome Brian McDonald, announcer Jack Logan, "Tiny" Ellen

Coast to Coast

By DAN SENEY

■ Charity broadcasts are always all-star—here Edward Arnold, Bette Davis, Jimmie Newill and Connie Boswell are aiding the Red Cross.

Sutton, 250-pound songstress, and Harry Walton, who plays accompaniments for the contestants on the piano.

Brian and the others on the program work for weeks every year before the annual twin show, rounding up talented sets of twins between the ages of 5 and 18 to compete. Auditions are held, and the best pairs are used on the air, while the others are guests of the broadcast. Triplets aren't forgotten, either—they are brought to the broadcast as guests of honor. And what with all the twins and triplets and people who want to watch the show, Moose Temple Hall, where the broadcasts are held, is always filled to overflowing.

Here's something I can't understand: why, after hearing Gracie Fields, the English comedienne, sing "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World" on Christmas Day's broadcast tribute to England, doesn't some smart sponsor hire her? Or, at least, why doesn't she do more guest-starring spots? (Or maybe sponsors



just listen to their own programs.)

The war brought tragedy into the life of Cissie Loftus, the famous actress you hear in the title role of Meet Miss Julia, when she learned that her mother had died in London. Cissie had tried to bring her mother to

America, but the 84-year-old lady refused to leave her home near London's Croydon Airport. Not long after, Cissie received the report of her death—a brief note which did not say whether the death was due to natural causes or resulted from a Nazi bombing.

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin — and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

Now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

under a magnifying glass



Notice the irritation and tiny cracks and cuts you never knew were there.



SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

• Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chafing, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are switching to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains *medication* to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently yet must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

Make this simple test

Try it yourself, this way! Put Noxzema on one hand before retiring. *Feel* how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. *See* how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your druggist's today while the special trial offer is on!



FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY you can get the generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢! Try it today!

Beulah Brown, dusky comedienne on the NBC Show Boat program, has received nineteen proposals of marriage since the broadcast first went on the air—all of them by mail. What the writers don't know, apparently, is that Beulah, though not married, is never likely to be. She exists only as the voice of comedian Marlin Hurt.

It's a wonder more people in radio don't have nervous breakdowns. Soon after the networks stopped broadcasting music controlled by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, the producer of one program wanted a Spanish-American number for his girl soloist to sing. He picked one from the catalogue of a firm which was not affiliated with the ASCAP group and which therefore could have its music put on the air. But there was a hitch. The Spanish lyrics only could be sung on the air. The English lyrics had been written by a member of ASCAP and were therefore unavailable to the networks. If the producer had used them on the air he would have been sued for infringement of copyright by the man who wrote them—who happened to be the producer's own brother!

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The handicap of being born on a Friday the Thirteenth hasn't ever seemed to bother Jane Bartlett, petite feminine star of WBT, Charlotte. She has a charm and loveliness that attracts many friends; her voice brings entertainment and happiness to millions of radio listeners; and she can draw from a piano the kind of music most of us would give years of our lives to create.

With all her talent, Jane is one of the most unassuming people you've ever met. The program directors for her eight weekly shows on WBT—three sponsored and five sustaining—



■ Mildred Baker is commentator, script writer and home economist of Salt Lake City's KDYL.

say that she's so easy to work with because she demands nothing from other people, and everything from herself.

In Tampa, Florida, where Jane was a child, she was something of a prodigy. When she was three years old she could play the piano by ear, and began taking lessons then and there. At the age of ten she added the violin to her studies, and mastered it with such speed that she was invited to join the Tampa Symphony Orchestra, where she was the only child member of an adult orchestra in the whole United States.

Her family moved to Atlanta when Jane was fifteen, and she continued broadening her musical education, winning a couple of scholarships, giving concerts throughout the South, and appearing in theaters. From Atlanta she went to New York City

■ Joan Bennett receives a bouquet from the sponsors and a handshake from Jimmie Cagney on the Screen Guild show.



and more scholarships, one at the famous Eastman School of Music. While she studied in New York she played her own accompaniments and sang popular songs over Rochester's station WHAM.

In 1934 she moved to Charlotte, auditioned for WBT, and was immediately put on the staff, and just as quickly sponsored. Today she's one of the oldest people, in point of service, at the station.

Jane's home life is simple, with swimming, tennis and bridge her favorite diversions. She isn't married, and lives with her family.

SALT LAKE CITY — Diminutive Mildred Baker emphatically doesn't believe that you have to be a man to get ahead in radio. At station KDYL she holds down three jobs, all of them important: she's "Nancy Allen," home economist, on a baking concern's sponsored program, "Patricia Page," feminine commentator on events of the day, and one of KDYL's crack continuity writers.

Mildred first went on the air over KDYL when the call-letters of the station were known only to those listeners who possessed crystal sets with ear phones. She was a singer then, playing her own accompaniment and performing in a tiny burlap-lined room, called a studio out of politeness only, on the roof of a Salt Lake City hotel. Her announcer was also the station's technician and program director. He thought Mildred should sing jazz as well as classical numbers; Mildred knew she couldn't. He was firm in his insistence that she try, and she was firm in her refusal—but at last he won out. She stretched

her vocal chords to cover a couple of choruses of "When My Baby Smiles at Me," but was so unhappy over the result that she quit radio.

For a season or so she toured with an opera company, and then returned to Salt Lake City. At that time there was a resident theatrical troupe in town, and Mildred got a job playing ingenue roles and kept it for four seasons, appearing with Gladys George, Victor Jory and Donald Woods, who were all in the company.

But radio was growing up. The station changed hands and moved, and an opportunity came along for Mildred to be "Nancy Allen," home economist, on a sponsored program. "Nancy" went off the air after a while, but last year the same company revived her on the same station.

A year and a half ago Mildred joined the continuity staff at KDYL, glad of a chance to settle down after having free-lanced both as writer and commentator. Since then she has added both the "Nancy Allen" and "Patricia Page" shows to her duties.

Mildred is married, and the mother of Betty Ann, a particularly talented teen-age youngster who is as interested in music and art as Mildred herself. The greatest fun for all three Bakers, though, is to go camping together. Mr. Baker does the cooking and Mildred is the family's champion trout fisherman. Next summer, though, she hopes that perhaps the whole family can go to Hawaii, where her father was born.

Did you get a Christmas card apparently from your favorite movie star? A good many people along Radio Row did, and were puzzled un-

til they learned the cards were from Colonel Stoopnagle. He sent out a lot of them, all from different stars. Just a typical Stoopnagle joke.

Our listening-in scout reports that there's a young actress broadcasting over local stations in New York who ought to be heard on the networks, she's that good. Her name is Constance Moss, and the tip is free to sponsors.

"Evelyn" is the name of a Spitfire plane now in the service of Great Britain. The pursuit plane was named by its pilot, a Canadian flier, for Evelyn Lynne, songstress on the NBC Breakfast Club and Club Matinee programs.

Fred Allen will probably shoot me on sight for this, but here's how you can see him, in person, if you live in New York or ever come there for a visit. Go to the Somerset Hotel, a not very impressive theatrical hotel in the Times Square district, and hang around its barbershop. At least once a week, and sometimes oftener, Fred goes there for a haircut, shave and manicure. He always has the same barber and manicurist, and wouldn't think of going anywhere else. Look to Fred's loyalty for the explanation. The Somerset used to be his unofficial headquarters when he was an obscure vaudeville performer, and he loves the place. Out-of-work actors in New York know how frequently he visits it nowadays, and several of them are always around when he arrives, ready to count on Fred's well-known generosity for a handout.

SEE! PRETTY WOOLS STAY SOFT WITH AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW! 3-SECOND SUDS IN COOL WATER!

Easy now to give sweaters safe care!
No more worry about hot-water shrinking!

A GREAT BIG CHEER for the new Ivory Snow! It's a wonderful cool-water soap that's safe for the downy softness of sweaters—safe for every woolen washable a girl ever loved! This new Ivory Snow suds in 3 seconds—in safe cool water! No need for hot water and

hard rubbing that shrink woollens. Just squeeze your pretty sweaters gently through cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow and watch 'em come out soft and fleecy! You'll thank your stars for this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Try Ivory Snow today!

NOT A RUN IN SIGHT, thanks to Ivory Snow's nightly care! No hot water and strong soap—plenty of cool, pure suds to help stockings wear!



NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP
99% 100% PURE



LITTLE TOTS' WOOLENS thrive on Ivory Snow's safe care! It's the new cool-water form of baby's own pure Ivory Soap!

HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS!
No fear of hot-water shrinking for woollens, with cool-water Ivory Snow! Cool suds help sweaters stay fleecy!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE

I CAN still see Mr. Keen's startled look. It must have been the first time in his whole career that anyone had come to him and announced, beforehand, she intended to run away. I couldn't blame him for thinking I was crazy.

Perhaps I *was* crazy, a little—from loneliness, from the fear of being an old maid, from thinking about my plain face and unbecoming clothes and desperately pointless life.

I was twenty-eight years old. For six years I had taught in a New York public school. And it looked very much as if I would go on teaching there, forever—or until I was like some of the older teachers, embittered and weary and sour.

I lived in a dark, littered apartment with my mother, my sister, Annette, and George, Annette's husband. For a long time George hadn't had a job, and I paid the rent, as well as all the other expenses.

Don't think I minded that. I'm not selfish. But the longer I went on supporting three other people, the more they all expected me to support them. Long ago, George had stopped looking for a job. He'd refused several, because they were too small and trifling for a man of his abilities, he said. Annette thought he was the most wonderful person in the world, naturally, and couldn't see why I didn't think so too. As for Mother—well, Mother was sweet, and meant well, but she hated arguments and always urged me to be nice to George and Annette—which meant letting them have their own way at no matter what sacrifice to myself.

In the mornings I'd get up in the room I shared with Mother, and I'd catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror—I never had time for more than a glimpse, but that was enough. The plain, shabby dark suit, the thick glasses I wore because I used my eyes so much, the sallow skin, my hair done up in the quickest and easiest and therefore most unbecoming way possible—everything about myself and everything about my life told me I was a failure as a woman. I was nothing but a machine, and if that machine had emotions and desires of its own, it was obviously not supposed to express them.

But one morning at the breakfast table, I lost my temper. George had just calmly started eating the last piece of toast, which meant that I'd have to go into the kitchen to make some more. If I did that, I'd be late to school, if I didn't I'd go hungry. And of course I was never late to school.



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Annette wanted some money, and Mother was complaining that she didn't feel well and would have to go to a doctor. Mother collected visits to the doctor like other people collect stamps, and I knew it.

The last straw came when I said I wouldn't be home that night for dinner. A sly grin came to George's pasty face and he said, "Our little

school teacher has a date—is that it? Come on, Irene, confess."

"A young man?" Mother asked eagerly.

"Why don't you bring him around, Irene?" Annette said lazily, managing to convey to me her conviction (which I shared) that no man would even look twice at me. "Let us have a look at him." And

MR. KEEN, RADIO'S FAMOUS TRACER OF LOST

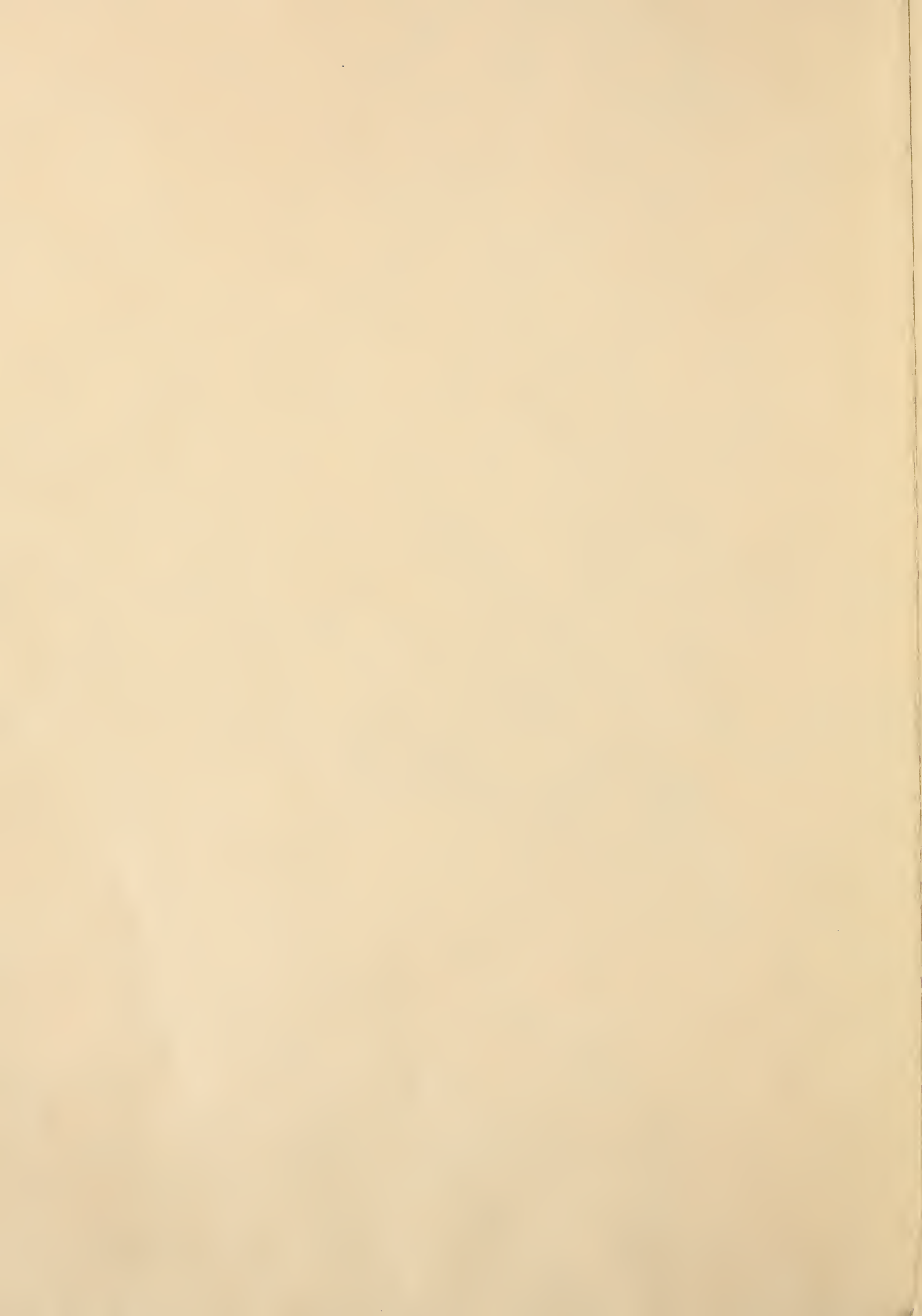
NO MAN WANTED ME -

Yet I Found Romance!

■ "I'm glad you've decided not to wear those goggles all the time," he said. "They loom up so big, nobody can see how pretty you really are behind them."



PERSONS, HELPS A LONELY SCHOOLTEACHER LEARN A LESSON IN LOVE



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MR. KEEN, RADIO'S FAMOUS TRACER OF LOST

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she giggled rather unpleasantly.

"It isn't that at all," I said miserably. "Mrs. Pringle, the Principal's wife, has invited me to dinner . . . And I think you're mean to tease me this way."

I SUPPOSE it was foolish to let my feelings run away with me, but once I'd started I couldn't stop.

"You know I never go out with men! I haven't money enough to dress myself—or any time to meet them, either!" I cried, fighting back tears. "Honestly, sometimes I just get so tired and discouraged I'd like to . . . to . . ."

George chuckled. "To what?"

"To run away!" I exploded. "Run away somewhere, and never come back." I honestly hadn't thought of running away before—not consciously—but as I spoke the words I suddenly saw a vision of real heaven. "Every penny I earn goes to you," I rushed on, "and you don't appreciate it. None of you! You don't like it if I'm not home every night—and you tease me about not having any dates with

■ "But I've got to do something about my life before it's—before it's too late. I've got to, Mr. Keen!" I said desperately.

Listen to Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at 7:15, E.S.T., on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpaste.

men . . . How would you all like it if I *did* run away?"

"Now, Irene—" Mother began placatingly, but George interrupted her.

Waving a contemptuous hand at me, he said, "You won't! But if you did, we'd go to Mr. Keen, the tracer of lost persons. He'd find you and bring you back, quick enough!"

And that was why I had to tell Mr. Keen I was running away.

I went to see him the next day, after school, without any appointment. It was sheer luck that I found him in. His plain, efficient-looking secretary showed me into an office that contained only a desk, two chairs, a filing cabinet and—Mr. Keen.

I'd been nervous about coming. I'd envisioned Mr. Keen as a stern, gimlet-eyed man who could see straight into your mind. Instead, though his eyes were sharp enough, he was rather small and very friendly looking, with graying hair and a smiling mouth. When I told him why I had come—

"But my dear Miss Leslie!" he said. "My profession is finding people, not helping them run away!"

I tried to explain. I told him about my fear that life was passing me by, and the way I supported the whole household, and their lack of appreciation. I said I hadn't ever thought about running away until I mentioned it in the heat of anger, but that now, the more I thought about it, it seemed the only solution.

"But . . . your own mother!" he said. "Your sister!"

"Yes," I admitted, "it sounds terrible. But I've got to do something about my own life before it's—before it's too late. I've got to, Mr. Keen!" I said desperately. "And I can't think of anything except running away. I can't talk to them—George and Annette will just get mad, and Mother will cry, and nothing will really be settled. Won't you please, please help me, by not looking for me if they come to you and ask you to take the case?"

"What makes you think they'd come to me?" Mr. Keen asked.

"They all know of your work—they've read about you in the newspapers—and coming to you would be the first thing they'd think of. In fact," I added, remembering George's sneering remark the morning before, "my brother-in-law said he'd have you find me, when I threatened to run away. He said you'd bring me back quick enough."

I was crying now, hardly aware of what I was saying. But I felt Mr. Keen's hand on my shoulder, heard his voice saying comfortingly, "Now, Miss Leslie, you're badly upset. If you'll just go home and get a good night's rest—then maybe things won't seem so bad in the morning."


"They will!" I sobbed. "They'll be worse."

He led me to the door, still talking kindly but refusing to commit himself about what he would do if the family came and asked him to find me. Yet, somehow, after I'd left him, I *knew* he'd do as I had asked. He was so kind, and at the same time so shrewd, he'd be bound to see through them and know that I was right. I had, even then, the first inkling of what I learned later—that Mr. (Continued on page 76)



■ Twenty-five years have passed since Gabriel Heatter fell in love with Sadie—but there's still a magical youth in their eyes and laughter

Photo, Courtesy of CBS



■ All the things he strived for, Gabriel Heatter now has—at home with his wife and daughter, Maida.

A Love to be Envied

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a boy and a girl first looked into each other's eyes, and in that instant the whole pattern of their lives was set. From that first moment, Gabriel and Sadie Heatter have dared to believe in their love. Neither has ever held back for fear of loving more than the other and being let down. And always it's been right that it should be like this. There's never been anyone else for either of them.

He was a young reporter on a Brooklyn newspaper, and she, a school teacher, was a friend of his sister's. Not a very intimate friend. In fact, up to that moment when the two girls met on a shopping trip in New York, they hadn't seen each other since childhood. It was

the merest chance that Sadie Hermalin, the following Saturday, went to the Heatter flat to visit her old acquaintance, and have a little longer chat than had been possible in the crowded store.

It was Gabriel who opened the door at her ring. "I'm Sadie Hermalin," she said, and she was suddenly and strangely shy. "I've come to see your sister."

He stepped back to let her in. But his eyes never left her. And her eyes never left him.

Sadie had brought her sewing, and the two girls settled themselves

Gabriel Heatter broadcasts Thursday and Saturday nights over Mutual, sponsored by Liberty; also Wednesday and Friday on MBS, and Tuesdays on We The People.

in the living room, where their tongues flew as fast as their shiny needles. It was 1915, and they talked of D. W. Griffith, who was directing a motion picture called "The Birth of a Nation." They suspected that President Wilson was going to marry the wealthy, widowed Edith Bolling Galt. They hoped the United States would keep out of the war in Europe. Stockings, they agreed, were sure to be more expensive, because with skirts going higher the silk part of stockings would have to go more than halfway up the leg.

Gabriel came to the doorway. Somehow, Sadie had known he would.

"I thought you'd gone long ago," his sister (Continued on page 53)

■ **Could she ever prove that when she offered him her love she was not merely paying a debt? The gripping confession of a girl singer who thought life wasn't worth living and a man who showed her that it was**

I WENT to the window and looked out. It seemed very far down to the street. Far enough for what I wanted, anyway.

It was late at night, and the stretch of asphalt in both directions was deserted. Directly below me was a street lamp; a few bugs battered themselves against its white globe, but otherwise there was no movement anywhere. Down at the end of the street, where it opened into the Boulevard, a car whizzed past, and then there was silence again.

My room was hot and close. Everything in it—the worn, cheap chairs, the imitation-oak table and the hideous blue runner on top of it, the rumpled in-a-door bed where I had been lying since seven o'clock, my few dresses hanging limply in the shallow closet—everything seemed to be waiting, silently, resenting my presence.

Across the street there was a dingy scrap of park—palm trees standing arid guard over the bare ground from which they had sucked all the life so that grass wouldn't grow, a waist-high hedge surrounding the whole thing. On a few benches scattered here and there I could make out the dim forms of sleeping men. Human derelicts—but no more derelict, I thought, than I. They were fools, hanging on to something that was no use to them—their lives. I wouldn't be such a fool.

This was Hollywood. This drab, silent side street and that ugly little park, they were Hollywood just as much as were the studios and the night clubs, the drive-in restaurants and the neon-lighted boulevards. For too many people, they were the real Hollywood.

I wouldn't be sorry to leave them.

I climbed out of the window. There was a narrow ledge just below it, and for a moment I clung there. That was a mistake. Sheer physical terror swept over me. It wasn't the thought of death, but of falling, crashing. My legs would not move to jump. I shut my eyes and relaxed my hold on the window frame. I felt myself topple out into space. I was falling. My eyes flew open and I saw the pavement rushing up to meet me. I think I screamed.

A dark shadow flashed beneath me. And then, miraculously, I struck not the pavement but something else—something that grunted and seized me and fell with me to the ground and then let me go.

I was quite unharmed, though the world was whirling in front of my eyes and I couldn't catch my breath. There was a roaring in my ears. It didn't seem possible that I was still alive; I couldn't adjust my mind to the realization that death had been snatched away so suddenly, so unbelievably.

Slowly the earth steadied. A man was beside me, getting to his feet and leaning over me.

"That was a fool trick." His voice seemed to come from far away, but it sounded grim and disgusted.

I opened my mouth, but no words came. Vaguely I heard excited voices and saw lights beginning to come on in windows.

"Come on," he said, taking my arm and starting to

pull me to my feet. "We don't want everybody in the block coming down here to see what happened. I'll help you to your room."

I was shaking violently, unable to stop, and still too weak to do anything of my own will, but he half-led, half-carried me to the deserted entrance of my apartment house and into the self-service elevator. "Third floor. Right?" he asked, a finger hovering over the control-board.

I nodded. The old elevator lumbered upwards and stopped; he swung the door open and led me down the hall. In front of my door I gestured weakly. A neighboring door opened and a frightened face peered out.

"She's all right," the man who had saved my life snapped. Then he pushed open my door and we went in. I sank down on the sofa.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

I nodded, dumbly, and he sat down beside me. He was young, I saw—young and broad-shouldered and shabbily dressed. He smiled, and little lines of good humor crinkled around his blue eyes—astonishingly clear and direct eyes, set wide apart above a straight nose and a large mouth.

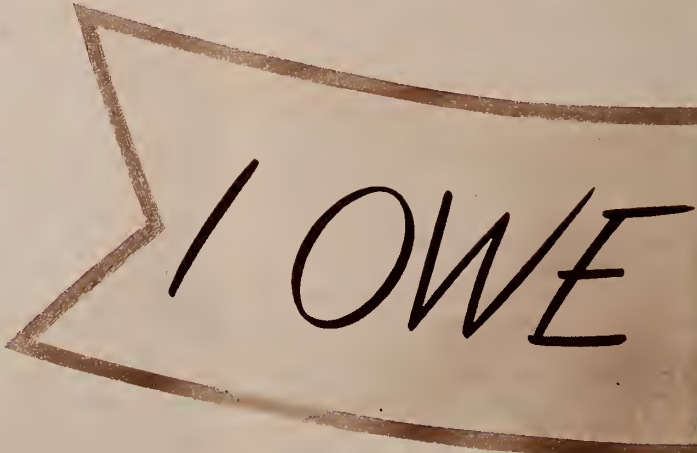
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"I was sleeping—or trying to—on a bench in the park across the way. I saw you getting ready to . . . take-off . . . so I jumped up and ran and got there just in time to catch you." He shrugged. "I used to play football in college. It wasn't so different from receiving a forward pass. You were a little heavier, that's all."


"Oh," I said. I knew I should thank him, or say something more to him, but I was still confused. I couldn't believe that I was alive.

"What'd you do it for?" he asked suddenly, and then colored slightly. "I'm sorry. None of my business, I suppose."

"That's all right," I said slowly. "I was discouraged. I'm a singer. I ran away from home to come out here to Hollywood. I've been here a year, living from hand



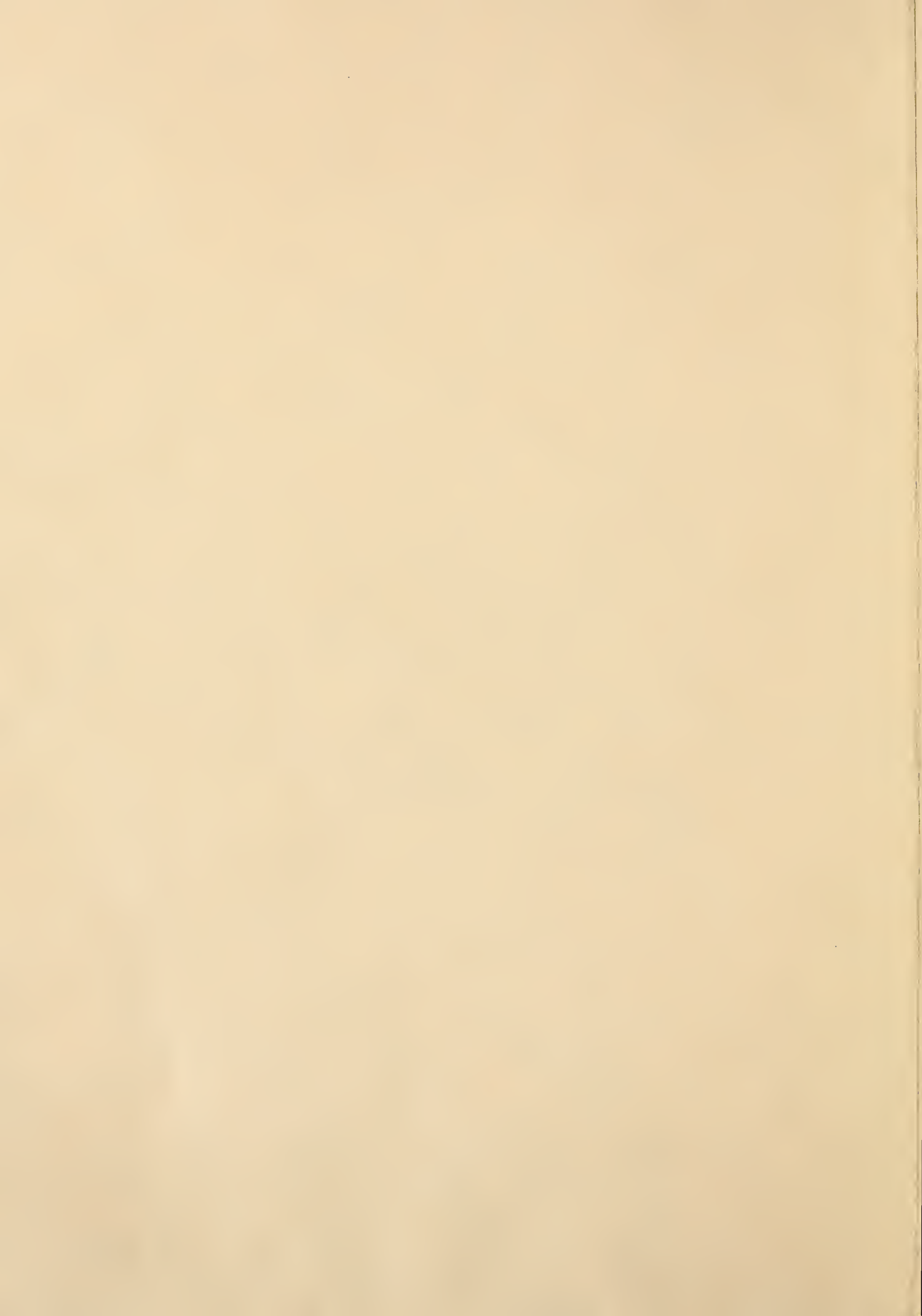
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YOU MY

LIFE



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I OWE YOU MY LIFE



■ I stopped. I knew there was no use trying to explain what had made me try to kill myself. I just couldn't put it into words.

to mouth. Last week it looked as if I was going to get a break, singing on a radio program. My agent said I was all set for the job, but today—yesterday, I guess it is now—everything fell through. Another girl got it.

"Um-hmm," he nodded as my voice trailed off. "That happens quite a lot, I understand. So?"

I felt as if I were talking in a dream. Everything had an air of unreality. I no longer wanted to die. I just wanted to rest. "I didn't see any sense in going on—struggling and hoping," I said. "I'm a failure, and I know it. Why keep on kidding myself?"

"YOU'RE a failure," he said. "You must be all of twenty years old—and you're a failure!"

"I'm twenty-three," I said. "And I don't think failure has anything to do with how old you are. Anyway—it wasn't so much being a failure. I—I just got so tired of

living the way I was—one day after another—all of them just . . . just days. I had ten dollars left when the chance at that radio job came along. I spent most of it for some decent stockings and a hat—and now it's all gone. I spent the last of it on a hamburger before I came home."

I stopped. I knew there was no use trying to explain what had made me try to kill myself. I couldn't put into words the dreadful, dragging sensation of weariness, the soul-sickness, the conviction that nothing was any good, would ever be any good.

"Funny you should be in radio," he was saying cheerfully. "That's my line, too. I'm a radio engineer. At least, that's what I studied to be when I was in college. Right now, I'd swap my college degree for a chance to wash dishes." He glanced around the room, and his eye lit on a half-open package of cigarettes lying on the table. "Hey!"

he said. "You're not broke. You still have some cigarettes. Can I have one?"

I stared at him. Then I began to laugh, and once having started, I couldn't stop. Merriment shook me like a terrier shaking a glove. It seemed so irresistibly comic that this man, who had saved my life, should be asking for a cigarette! But I knew that any moment the laughter would change to equally stormy tears.

He stopped me. He slapped my face.

With tears stinging my eyelids, but laughing no longer, I put my hand to my cheek, touching the place where it burned. He moved uncomfortably in his corner of the sofa. "Sorry," he muttered. "You needed it."

The silence lengthened, became something that throbbed between us with the pulse of the blood in my cheek.

"You are right," I said humbly, at last. "You must think I'm an awful fool. Being out of a job doesn't seem to have made you want to commit suicide."

Something was happening to me. I had never paid much attention to men. All my life I had had only ambition to drive me—ambition to be a singer, to be famous—and it had taken the place of the day-dreams most girls weave about the men they will some day meet and love and marry. I had never been in love, I had never even imagined myself to be in love. Most of all, I had never wanted to be in love. But now, rubbing my cheek, I still felt the sharp impact of his hand, and I felt his gentler touch as he had helped me into the apartment. I was watching the play of expression in his face. I was following the lines of his body as he sat beside me, seeing its strength and grace.

It wasn't as clear as that in my head, of course. All I was really conscious of was a growing interest in him and a growing desire to seem, somehow, less unworthy in his eyes.

"It'd take more than that to make me commit suicide," he said grimly. He reached over and helped himself to the cigarettes, lit one and inhaled deeply. "I haven't got much, but I'm not going to let go of what I have got. And you shouldn't either. Don't give up, not even when you have to . . . Look here." He turned on me abruptly. "You weren't out on that ledge very long, were you?"

"No . . . I don't think so."

"Well, you know where the park is, where I was. And there's a hedge around it. Would you have

said it was possible for me to see you getting ready to jump—get off the bench, hurdle that hedge, and reach the sidewalk under your window in time to catch you?"

"No," I admitted. "I guess I wouldn't."

"I didn't think it was possible, either. But I knew if I yelled, you'd jump all the sooner. And I was pretty sure your window wasn't high enough so you'd be killed, and you'd just be badly injured, which wouldn't solve any of your problems, whatever they were. So—though it looked impossible—I tried running to catch you. And it worked. You see?"

"I don't—" I began uncertainly.

Impatiently, he said, "It's what I mean by not giving up, even when you have to. Most of the time, the things that look impossible can be done. Maybe," and he laughed, "maybe you and I can even get jobs!"

"How long have you been out of work?" I asked.

"About three months ago I had two days' work digging trenches on a movie location. Before that—well, it doesn't matter much. It's four years since I worked at my profession."

"You make my troubles seem very small," I said.

"That was the idea," he admitted. "But I didn't mean to do it by making mine seem big." He stood up "You won't do anything crazy again, will you?"

"No." I moistened my lips. I wanted to say something, and it wasn't going to be easy. "I can't thank you enough for what you've done. You've saved so much more than my life . . . Some day I want to be able to repay you."

To my amazement, a frown appeared between his eyes. "Forget it," he said gruffly.

"But I didn't mean that!" I exclaimed, getting somewhat shakily to my feet. "I only meant—I want to be able to help you, as much as you've helped me. Where do you live—when will I see you again?"

"I'll drop by sometime," he said evasively. "As you can see, I haven't any permanent address," he added with a wry smile. His hand was on the doorknob.

"No—wait!" I called. It wasn't conscious thought that made me do it—but I went to him and kissed him on the lips. His eyes widened in surprise. Then with a quick movement he opened the door and was gone.

I leaned against the wall, listening to his footsteps recede down the hall.

I didn't even know his name.

The light of dawn was creeping in at the windows as I undressed. I threw myself down on the bed and slept the clock around.

I awoke to what seemed like a new life. That day, and the days that followed, it was as if he were with me all the time. The memories of his face, his voice, his gestures, were all so sharp and clear that he might have been beside me in person. The warmth of his lips was always on mine. At night, before I went to sleep, I would hold long conversations with him, telling him what had happened to me during the day—and telling him, too, how much I loved him.

AND things were happening to me, too! He had been so right. I saw it now, and the knowledge put new vitality into me, into my body and into my soul as well. Just as he'd said, there *was* always the chance that the impossible would become possible, if you would only expend a little more energy than you'd thought you possessed.

I went to my agent. I had never liked him much, but once I'd thought that having an "agent," no matter what kind, was enough to insure getting jobs. I knew better now, and I rather thought my agent was too lazy to exert himself much in my behalf. I was no longer satisfied with his shrugs and excuses, his often-repeated wail that "Things are dead." When I left him after that last interview I knew that I was on my own, I'd have to find my job by myself.

I won't go into detail about the next month. It would make dull reading, just as, except for one thing, it would have made dull living. The reason it was not dull was that *he*—that was the only name I knew him by—was always with me, encouraging me. For the first time I actually enjoyed the pursuit of a job. The long hours of waiting in offices, the occasional interviews, the hurried tracking-down of rumors that there might be a job here or a job there—I didn't mind them any longer. Something inside me, told me they were leading to a definite goal.

Luckily, I didn't have to worry too much about money for a while. There were still three weeks to go before my rent was due, and I pawned my watch (I'd always clung to it, frantically before) for enough to buy the minimum amount of food.

Within a week I had a job. Not much of a job to be sure—singing with a small band in an obscure and very unattractive night club—but I got paid for it.

Every night when I went home, and every day from my window, I watched for *him*. "I'll drop around some time," he'd said; and strangely, I was sure he would keep his word. I wanted to be ready for him—prove that I was as strong and courageous as he.

When I could, I kept on looking for a better job, and eventually I found one, as vocalist with a much larger, more professional band in a night club that had been open just long enough to be popular with the movie crowd. And there I was the success I'd dreamed of being. I had the thrill of seeing dancers turn and watch me while I sang, and of receiving satisfied little nods and smiles from my boss, the leader of the band.

I was able to buy some new clothes and put some money into the bank. I could have moved away from my cheap little furnished apartment, but I wouldn't do that. Once I'd thought it the most dismal and depressing place to live in the whole world, but now all its inconveniences and grimy sordidness became beautiful—because this was where he would come to find me. It was the link between him and me, and (Continued on page 81)





ALL her life, her money had brought only unhappiness to Patricia Rogers. In an attempt to start all over again after a broken love affair with John Knight, the trustee of her estate, she had changed her name and gone with her adopted son, Jack, and two friends, Alice Ames and Virginia Hardesty, to work as a reporter on a Phoenix, Arizona, newspaper. There she fell in love with Scoop Curtis, another reporter, who knew her only as Pat Ryan. On the eve of their wedding she revealed her true identity to him, and after the initial shock of learning that he was engaged to an heiress, he took the news calmly. But Pat's relief at having told her secret at last led her into the mistake of using her money extravagantly on luxuries they could not possibly afford on Scoop's salary, and Scoop, believing he would be marrying a girl whose money would be a barrier to their happiness, left her on the morning they were to have been married. Pat tried to hide her heartbreak, and remained in Phoenix until, one morning, she learned that Scoop

■ While they watched, a vague shape appeared, struck—there was a crash, then lurid flames.

Girl Alone

All the vivid drama of a well-loved radio serial is in this novel of Patricia Rogers, who had youth, beauty and great wealth but could bring none of them to the man she loved

had been badly injured. The news was brought to Pat by Stormy Wilson, a girl stunt driver in a troupe which Scoop had joined after leaving Phoenix. It was in an exhibition of stunt driving, Stormy said, that Scoop had been injured.

Pat rushed to Scoop, to find that he was paralyzed and had been told by the doctors that he would never walk again. She begged him to marry her, and at first he refused, but when she insisted, seemed to consent. That afternoon, however, when Pat returned to the hospital, Scoop informed her that he and Stormy had just been married. Crushed and deeply hurt, Pat resolved to return to Chicago, resume her real name, and accept the responsibilities of her fortune.

THE air, clear, and cold, stung Patricia's cheeks; it was invigorating after the heat of Arizona. The snap and tingle of the wind sweeping along Lake Shore Drive buoyed up her spirits, and banished, momentarily, any thoughts which still had power to hurt and wound.

She glanced at her wrist watch, and saw it was almost four. John Knight was due for cocktails and dinner at her new home. She would enjoy seeing him—and yet—none of the things she did had any meaning; she could find nothing to hold her interest. She made motions, saw people, because she must not stop long enough to remember the emptiness in her life waiting to overwhelm her. Patricia turned and started home, the wind at her back. If it would only lift her and carry her into some new existence, colorful and exciting. What, to be honest, had these past six weeks of motion and activity amounted to—nothing but a desperate effort to keep certain memories from hurting too much. Others had been more thrilled and enthusiastic than she. She remembered Virginia Hardesty's wide eyes, Alice Warner's close attention when she had told them her true identity. It had meant more to them than to her, when, at her suggestion, they had arranged to leave Phoenix and come to Chicago to live with her in the magnificent old mansion she had bought and had had redecorated. Yet, they were very dear to her; how lonely she would have been if they had refused. And Jack had certainly had the most glorious time with the place warming with painters, plumbers, carpenters, and then with interior decorators,

smearing himself with paint, clambering up ladders, and being generally underfoot.

Patricia sighed. She had believed it would be amusing to do, once again, all the things her money made possible; it had not been the success she had hoped. The workmen were gone; Alice and Virginia had found positions, Jack was in school; she must find something else to help strengthen the shell she was building around the hurt in her heart, the hurt which had gone so deep when Scoop married Stormy. Perhaps John Knight would be able to suggest a diversion. When Alice had returned to her former position as his secretary, Pat had asked her to tell John what had happened—last summer. She had not wanted him to question her. But she knew that someday she would have to talk to him; he was trustee of her estate, they had been very close—once. This evening might prove to be the time for the plunge—

"Oh," Patricia thought; "everything's so muddled when one's unhappy!"

She had almost decided not to say anything about herself. But, as she sipped her coffee, she glanced up, and found John watching her, his gaze intent and probing. She knew what he must be thinking.

"What's the verdict?" she challenged; "is this the manner you use toward clients?"

John smiled, unembarrassed.

"You've changed, Pat. And I was thinking you're lucky."

"Lucky?" Patricia's fingers drummed restlessly on the arm of her chair. "No, not lucky. You're wrong."

He shrugged, ignoring her words, pressing his point. "Yes, you are. You found out in time that your silly pretence of being a working girl wouldn't stand up. You should face certain facts."

"How much has Alice told you?" Pat's voice was a little unsteady.

"The general outlines. Enough to know your money made trouble. And it always would, Pat; you can see that."

"I didn't have a chance to find out." Her dark eyes were moody, bitter.

"No, Scoop Curtis had more brains than you. A man has to meet a woman on an equal footing. That's why I'm building my own fortune, and then, Pat—I haven't forgotten—"

"Please, John!" Patricia spoke in quick protest; she had not expected



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■ Virginia: happy bride of a few glorious, but too-brief hours.



■ Jack: whom Pat adopted, thinking thus to make her money do good.



■ Alice: Pat's friend, and secretary to John Knight, her trustee.

this. "Don't say anything. I need your advice. What shall I do?"

"Do? My Lord, what can't you do! You're back in the city you love; you can give Jack everything—the finest education—every advantage. You'll find plenty of uses for your money."

Patricia shook her head. After all it did not help to talk to another. "That's not what I mean. I'm just fumbling—no direction. I want something to interest me, keep me from thinking."

"Oh, I see. Running away again, aren't you? Find your real self, Pat, and what you want from life."

THE words were meant to have special significance and Pat looked quickly at the serious, handsome face so intent, almost arrogant.

"You won't get anywhere until you do—"

"You're terribly serious," Patricia interrupted, and forced a smile. "I thought you might have some ideas, not a suggestion to dig down into myself—that's not easy." She would not add, aloud: "It would hurt too much."

"A way out—a short cut?" John's eyes were doubtful, his voice challenging. "There aren't any."

"No—" she said, quickly. "There will be something—"

The trouble, Patricia realized the next day, as she thought over John's advice, was that she did not know what she wanted. Oh, yes, she did, but she was not going to admit it even to herself. It was not easy to stop wondering where Scoop might be, or what his life must be like now that he was a cripple. That hurt. Even her anger at him faded before that realization. She started to walk restlessly around the room. She picked up some letters from her desk, and tossed them aside. She simply must find something to

occupy her time; she must bury every memory deep, deep—And, almost as if in answer to the aching throb within her, came the soft tinkle of the telephone bell. As she lifted the receiver, she heard Virginia's excited voice.

"Pat, guess who's in town? Walking around as big as ever—"

And Patricia knew, knew with a sudden quickening of her heart.

"Scoop—" it was no question.

"Right. I ran straight into him at lunch today. Was he glad to see me—wouldn't let me get away. He's back on his old paper."

"He's walking! You mean—he's well?" Pat steadied herself with one hand on her desk.

"Yes, walking. He told me about it. Said his paralysis was some sort of nervous inhibition. I forget the long name for it. He just got over it—suddenly."

"Oh—" Pat was trembling.

"He wants to see you; kept asking about you. I didn't know what to say."

"Well, if you see him again," Pat said, her shoulders back, her chin lifted, "you can tell him—from me—I do not want to see him." She spaced the words slowly; then dropped the receiver before she could ask the question trembling on her lips: "Where's Stormy—didn't he say anything about Stormy?"

Patricia walked to the window and looked out, but she saw nothing of the bright, winter day. Why—why did this have to happen? Scoop, well and strong, working as a reporter in Chicago! He had no right to come back here. Her shut fist pounded against the glass. If I could only tear the thought of you out of me. And, why won't they die, all those dreams and plans I built around you? You married Stormy, didn't you, Scoop Curtis—made a fool of me, and I won't, I won't see

you again. But—your voice saying "Pitter-Pat"—the way your hair crinkles on your forehead—such silly things to remember—such silly things— And Pat felt the hot tears sting her eyes.

Patricia was frightened at what the news of Scoop's return to Chicago did to her. That terrible sense of futility which had filled her days disappeared, and eagerness which she had believed lost forever came flooding back into her life. She tried to deny it, but it was stronger than her will. But there was fear, as well, fear of further suffering. Why had he asked to see her? Would it be wise to talk to him, to know what he had in mind? He had hurt her, hurt her beyond belief; he had humiliated her, her pride still suffering, but she knew Scoop too well to believe he could do anything mean, or underhand. Each day brought the hope, as well as the dread, that he might telephone, or that somewhere, in a bus, theater, or restaurant, she would see him. Once or twice as Patricia thought she saw Scoop's familiar figure coming toward her down a street, her heart would quicken, and her body stiffen, only to endure disappointment mingled with a sense of escape when she realized her mistake. And it was almost a relief when one day, as she took her walk, with head lowered against the sudden blasts of icy wind, that Patricia did run into him. He caught her arm, and she raised her eyes. They stood, not speaking, just looking at each other, and his fingers tightened their hold.

"Knew this would happen sometime," Scoop said, after a little while. "Virginia said you wouldn't see me, or I'd been around. There's a lot of explaining due you, Pat."

"There's nothing to explain." She hoped he would think the wind had

made her breathless. "Is Stormy with you?"

"That's part of it. Don't be stubborn, Pat. I must talk to you. Let's get out of this gale—go to your home. Come on." He hailed a taxi.

Patricia settled stiffly into a corner of the cab, keeping her eyes on the street. She knew Scoop was watching her. The minutes dragged by, but, at last, they faced each other in the huge living room. Pat had flung her furs and hat onto a chair. A long whistle puckered Scoop's lips.

"Some place, this," he remarked; "but sort of vast and remote—no homey feel about it."

"Oh, Scoop did you come to tell me that!"

He moved quickly, and had her hands in his.

"I've been all kinds of a fool. But I thought I was done for—would never be any good again. If I'd only waited."

"Weren't you just a trifle too eager to marry Stormy to wait?" Pat jerked her hands from his, and walked over to the fire.

"Stormy? You can forget her. I didn't love her; she agreed to help me out. She's back at stunt flying. I haven't seen her since I've been on my feet."

"You expect me to believe that Stormy was just a sweet, unselfish girl, willing to sacrifice—"

"She's a grand girl," Scoop flared, "and she had some crazy idea she owed me a lot."

"It sounds swell, Scoop, but sort of fantastic—to me."

Scoop moved closer to her. His eyes were grave and level; there was no smile on his mouth which laughed so easily.

"Look at me, Pitter-Pat," and her

heart caught at the sweet familiarity of that name, "there is one fact that's got to register with you, and stick. No matter what kind of an idiot I've been, I love you, have loved you, and will love you—"

Pat threw out her hands in a helpless gesture.

"Just what does that mean? Why tell me now? As if we could turn back time, and be as we were—can't you realize what you've done to us—to me?"

"Stormy agreed we'd annul the marriage—"

"Oh, Scoop," she cried, "as though you could erase what's happened. Can't you guess how I've felt all these weeks! And you turn up, and say—let's forget—we'll start again—" Her eyes were blazing in her white face; they clouded suddenly with tears. "You took something we'll never find again—the sweetness—and you say it's nothing—"

"I don't say it's nothing." Scoop's lips twisted a little, as if in pain. "Lord, what wouldn't I give to have us as we were. But, Pat, don't blame me too much. Do you think it was easy—what I did? Maybe, we can't go back, but we can start again."

Patricia backed away from him. "I don't want to be hurt. You're asking too much. I'm not making terms, but, I'd have to be awfully sure—"

Scoop hesitated. "I understand." His voice was very quiet. "I don't wonder. But, I'll prove it's true what I've told you. We'll be happy yet."

Patricia watched him as he caught up his hat, and turned toward the door.

"Will we?" she whispered in the

silence of the room which suddenly seemed very vast and lonely. She steadied herself with one hand on the mantel, her eyes dark with emotion. Dare she let herself believe Scoop? He had done two crazy, impulsive things, one through hurt pride, one, as he thought, to save her from sacrificing herself. Scoop—Scoop—will you, will any man, ever realize that love, for itself, alone, is what matters, instead of spoiling and distorting it with pride, and doubt? Do you know that truth now? I must wait and see. I must not let myself hope too much. But as she caught up her hat and furs, she found she was humming a song as she ran up the stairs.

JOY, interest, had suddenly returned to Patricia's life. She could laugh again, really laugh. Scoop was in and out of the house, or calling her on the telephone daily. They had slipped naturally into the old comradeship, the unity of thought and interest which they had known in the past. And when John Knight had remonstrated with her, telling her how foolish she was to see Scoop again, she quite firmly told him not to interfere. Her doubts and fears grew less and less; hope would be denied no longer.

One afternoon Scoop arrived at the house with a stranger, a tall, distinguished looking man, faultlessly, though a trifle too formally, dressed. Virginia had already come in from work, and she and Pat were having tea.

Scoop introduced his companion as George Richman and added, "I want you to meet him. He gave me a lead on that insurance racket story. I told you about it, Pat. The paper got a line on it, and I've been sleuthing away. It's much bigger than we suspected. But it'll be in the bag soon."

"Mr. Curtis helped me." When George Richman smiled, his face changed, there was a curiously attractive quality about the man. Yet, as he crossed the room, Patricia sensed something theatrical, even fantastic about him. Then she noticed Virginia's eyes, wide with interest. She was disturbed; she did not know exactly why. She caught his next words. "He ran a story I wanted published. I made what return I could."

"But how did you happen to know about the racket?" Pat asked, bluntly.

"Oh," he waved a long, well kept hand, as if to dismiss the subject, "I have ways and means—ways and means—"

He settled (Continued on page 86)

■ "Lucky?" Pat's fingers drummed restlessly on the arm of her chair. "No, you're wrong, John. I'm not lucky."



Heaven On Earth

■ Kenny Baker sings it—Al Goodman plays it—and what's more, they both wrote it. Listen to this hit tune of the month on the Texaco program

Lyrics by
KENNY BAKER

Music by
AL GOODMAN

This is HEAVEN ON EARTH, — This is music and mirth — When I

mp

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "This is HEAVEN ON EARTH, — This is music and mirth — When I". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano).

found you I knew — I'll have HEAVEN ON EARTH. — This is

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "found you I knew — I'll have HEAVEN ON EARTH. — This is". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

liacs in Spring — When the night-ingles sing — When I

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "liacs in Spring — When the night-ingles sing — When I". The piano accompaniment continues.

kiss you I feel — I have HEAVEN ON EARTH — At the

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "kiss you I feel — I have HEAVEN ON EARTH — At the". The piano accompaniment concludes the system.

Copyright 1941, Kenny Baker and Al Goodman

sound of your voice — I hear angels re-joyce — All this

seems to be true — When I am with you — Earth was

nev-er like this — 'Till your love brought this bliss — Knowing

all of your worth — I'll have HEAVEN ON EARTH.

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

STEPMOTHER

A love from the past brings heartbreak into Kay Fairchild's

■ Mother Fairchild peered at the woman. Then she gasped. "A ghost!" she cried. "You've come back like a ghost, Anne."



gallant efforts to build a home for the man she dared to marry

Here in vivid fiction form is the dramatic radio serial of a woman who married a man older than herself. Tune in Monday through Friday, at 10:30 A. M., E.S.T., sponsored by Colgate Toothpowder, over the CBS network

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by Sherman & Marquette, Inc.

KAY entered Dr. Caryle's reception room, held tight in the grip of an awful tension. It was impossible for her to answer the invitation to relax of the chair where she sat until the doctor was ready to see her.

This visit was the last, she knew. She had seen four other doctors, and they had been unable to tell her what she wanted to learn. Dr. Caryle was her last hope.

No doubt, they had done their best, those other doctors, but they had failed to reassure Kay. It was no comfort to find them unwilling to commit themselves beyond the conjecture that the chances were ninety out of a hundred against her child being anything but normal. It was no comfort, at all.

"Your memory seems remarkably clear," one doctor had said to her, "but it only gives me a confused picture of your father's symptoms. I'm afraid to make a positive diagnosis on such slender clues. Actually, I cannot even be sure your father was insane. Now, if I had a case history—"

"But," Kay had said, "I've already explained how we travelled all over the country—how impossible it would be to collect the data for a case history—"

"I wish I could help you," the doctor had said. "But the best I can say is that it is highly improbable that your child would ever become a mental case."

"You—you're not sure?" Kay had asked.

"No," the doctor had said sadly. "In all honesty to you—I'm not sure."

That was the best Kay could get out of any of them. Without more definite information than Kay was able to provide, they could not be sure. And that day, after the fourth doctor had failed to give her a positive answer, she felt that she had reached the end of her strength.

Ever since the day John was elected Mayor of Walnut Grove and she, in the fullness of her love, had told him about the child they were going to have, her nerves had been crying out against her self-imposed need for secrecy. John himself, and even Peg and

Bud, his children by his first marriage, had noticed the change in her. It had been a mistake to tell John only half the truth about their child and nothing about her fears for it. She knew she must tell him someday, but she had kept putting it off, hoping that the doctors would relieve her of the necessity of telling him anything. So, despising herself all the while for what she was doing, she had managed to invent excuses for running up to Chicago two or three times a week. But this could not go on forever.

And, going home on the train that afternoon, she had already made up her mind to tell John everything. She couldn't bear to let him go on as he was, looking forward happily to the birth of his child. And that was when she picked up a Chicago newspaper and came across the review of a book written by Dr. Gustave Caryle.

The name of the psychiatrist had struck a familiar chord, but it was some minutes before she remembered that it was because her father had been very friendly with this Dr. Caryle, when they were living in Denver. Thinking back on this friendship, it had seemed odd. And from that thought had sprung another one. What if they had not been friends—if her father had been a patient?

She had written immediately for an appointment, including in her letter everything she could think of that might remind a busy doctor of an old patient. In a few days, she had received a letter asking her to call on Dr. Caryle. And now, here she was. . . .

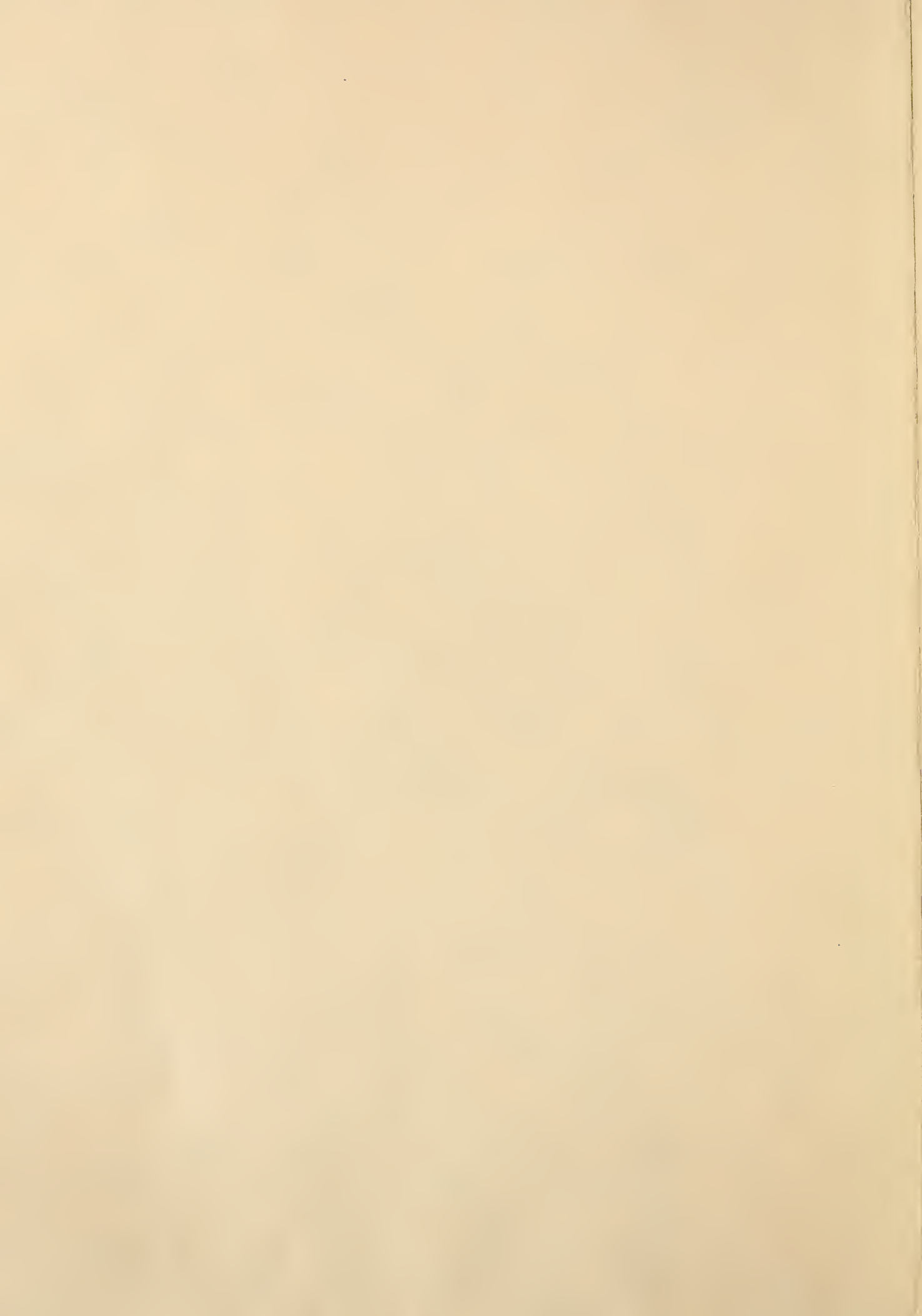
The soft voiced receptionist said, "Dr. Caryle will see you now, Mrs. Fairchild."

"I am very happy to meet you," Dr. Caryle said, taking her hand in his hard, strong one. "Your father often spoke of you."

"Then—you did know him?"

"Oh, yes, very well," Dr. Caryle said, leading her to a chair. "Now, tell me what's troubling you."

Kay shrank far back into the chair and went over it all, again. Painfully, careful not to leave out any small thing, she described her father's fits of depression, his



STEPMOTHER

A love from the past brings heartbreak into Kay Fairchild's

■ Mother Fairchild peered at the woman. Then she gasped. "A ghost!" she cried. "You've come back like a ghost, Anne."



gallant efforts to build a home for the man she dared to marry

Here in vivid fiction form is the dramatic radio serial of a woman who married a man older than herself. Tune in Monday through Friday, at 10:30

A. M., E.S.T., sponsored by Colgate Toothpowder, over the CBS network

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KAY entered Dr. Caryle's reception room, held tight in the grip of an awful tension. It was impossible for her to answer the invitation to relax in the chair where she sat until the doctor was ready to see her.

This visit was the last, she knew. She had seen four other doctors, and they had been unable to tell her what she wanted to learn. Dr. Caryle was her last hope.

No doubt, they had done their best, those other doctors, but they had failed to reassure Kay. It was no comfort to find them unwilling to commit themselves beyond the conjecture that the chances were ninety out of a hundred against her child being anything but normal. It was no comfort, at all.

"Your memory seems remarkably clear," one doctor had said to her, "but it only gives me a confused picture of your father's symptoms. I'm afraid to make a positive diagnosis on such slender clues. Actually, I cannot even be sure your father was insane. Now, if I had a case history—"

"But," Kay had said, "I've already explained how we travelled all over the country—how impossible it would be to collect the data for a case history—"

"I wish I could help you," the doctor had said. "But the best I can say is that it is highly improbable that your child would ever become a mental case."

"You—you're not sure?" Kay had asked. "No," the doctor had said sadly. "In all honesty to you—I'm not sure."

That was the best Kay could get out of any of them. Without more definite information than Kay was able to provide, they could not be sure. And that day, after the fourth doctor had failed to give her a positive answer, she felt that she had reached the end of her strength.

Ever since the day John was elected Mayor of Walnut Grove and she, in the fullness of her love, had told him about the child they were going to have, her nerves had been crying out against her self-imposed need for secrecy. John himself, and even Peg and

Bud, his children by his first marriage, had noticed the change in her. It had been a mistake to tell John only half the truth about their child and nothing about her fears for it. She knew she must tell him someday, but she had kept putting it off, hoping that the doctors would relieve her of the necessity of telling him anything. So, despising herself all the while for what she was doing, she had managed to invent excuses for running up to Chicago two or three times a week. But this could not go on forever.

And, going home on the train that afternoon, she had already made up her mind to tell John everything. She couldn't bear to let him go on as he was, looking forward happily to the birth of his child. And that was when she picked up a Chicago newspaper and came across the review of a book written by Dr. Gustave Caryle.

The name of the psychiatrist had struck a familiar chord, but it was some minutes before she remembered that it was because her father had been very friendly with this Dr. Caryle, when they were living in Denver. Thinking back on this friendship, it had seemed odd. And from that thought had sprung another one. What if they had not been friends—if her father had been a patient?

She had written immediately for an appointment, including in her letter everything she could think of that might remind a busy doctor of an old patient. In a few days, she had received a letter asking her to call on Dr. Caryle. And now, here she was. . . .

The soft voiced receptionist said, "Dr. Caryle will see you now, Mrs. Fairchild."

"I am very happy to meet you," Dr. Caryle said, taking her hand in his hard, strong one. "Your father often spoke of you."

"Then—you did know him?"
"Oh, yes, very well," Dr. Caryle said, leading her to a chair. "Now, tell me what's troubling you."

Kay shrank far back into the chair and went over it all, again. Painfully, carefully not to leave out any small thing, she described her father's fits of depression, his

disappearances and his returns, drunk and filled with impotent rage, his growing addiction to drink and finally his death. Then, she went on to her brother, who had slowly lost all interest in living, until he was like a shadow among people—a shadow not speaking, not hearing, not moving. A shadow slowly fading into death, slowly escaping.

THEN she told him of herself—of her work as a newspaper woman, and then her marriage to a man so much older than she, her efforts to fit into his home and bring happiness not only to him but to his two children, grown-up Peg and adolescent Bud. Efforts that might have been successful, but for this new danger—

Dr. Caryle stood above her while she talked. He stood very still and

his tall, broadshouldered frame blotted out everything else in the room. She spoke up to him, her head lifted so she could watch his face. His expression did not change. When she was through, he sat down beside her and took her cold hands into his.

"You've been torturing yourself with this for a long time, haven't you?" he asked. Kay nodded and he patted her head gently.

The understanding and sympathy she felt in him was too much for her. She found herself pouring out the whole story of her childhood to him, the terror, the misery of it, the decision she had made at sixteen never to marry, never to fall in love. And about David, for love of whom she had run away from Chicago and how she had gradually forgotten about him in her new-found love for John Fairchild.

"What a pity," Dr. Caryle said in the end. "All this unhappiness—" He got up, shaking his head. "But that is all over now. Go home and be happy and don't be afraid of anything. Your father was not insane."

"But—Dr. Caryle—his fits of—" Kay stammered.

"Your father was not insane," the doctor repeated firmly. "I knew him. He was sensitive, that was his trouble. He was far too sensitive for the profession he chose. Unfortunately, only the unusual is news, it seems, and the unusual is too often depressing and sordid. It is not insane to be depressed by the sight of suffering and disaster. It is merely human. And your father was human. More than that, he was humane.

"He was deeply moved by the things he saw and wrote about and it hurt him that he could not help the people with whom his work brought him in contact. We had a long talk about that one night, I remember. I remember advising him to leave the newspaper business and become a writer. That might have saved him. But he said he couldn't give up his job."

"You mean because of us—his family?" Kay asked. Dr. Caryle nodded. "But—there's still my brother. He was ins—"

Dr. Caryle stopped her with a shake of his head. "Your brother's case had nothing to do with any inherited weakness," he said.


"Then—?"

"Then," Dr. Caryle said positively, "you have nothing more to worry about. Ever."

Her heart was singing with happiness as she left the building. Only now that the weight of this fear had been lifted did she realize how completely it had possessed her, how subtly it had hovered in the background of her life for years, governing her emotions, her actions. And now she was free and it was like stepping into the sunshine after a long confinement in a dark room.

She got on the train for Walnut Grove, feeling as though she were setting out on an adventure. She had the feeling that everything in her life would be different now. She could live freely, without pretense, without fear. Watching the sunlit countryside slip by, she marvelled at all the fears that had lived in her so long. How easily they had all been swept aside! And she almost laughed aloud, thinking of some of the things that had frightened and annoyed her.

There was the sudden arrival, three (Continued on page 70)



■ Kay was too tense to relax while she waited until Dr. Caryle was ready to see her. He was her last hope.

Kenny Baker



RADIO'S
PHOTO
MIRROR

■ Though he's a partner to Fred Allen's gay quips on the Wednesday night Texaco shows over CBS, and light-heartedly sings your favorite ballads, Kenny Baker is really a serious young man. Bent on furthering his career as a concert singer, Kenny has been engaged on an extensive tour all this winter, rushing back to New York for his broadcasts, and happy, if short, visits with his family—a wife he adores and two lovely children, Susan and Kenny, Jr.

Marriage or

By JACK SHER

IT WAS a warm, lush, Spring night in Central Park. The breeze coming from the small lake caressed her cheeks, lingered—and was gone. She felt free and careless and altogether happy.

She took off the tiny, perky hat, shook her golden red hair and her sea-green eyes filled with amusement. She laughed in that casual, easy way she had of laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" he said, still holding her hand as they

walked along the narrow path.

"At you, at me." She smiled now. "At the world and at nothing at all."

"I don't feel like laughing," he said. He was a tall, serious young man, quite handsome, with smooth, black hair, fair skin and warm blue eyes.

"What's the matter, Bill?" she asked. She held his hand tightly.

■ It's been a wonderful four years. Dorothy and Bill Spire in their lovely new apartment overlooking the East River.



"I don't know," he said, still serious. "I'm, well—well—gee, Dot, I'm just all mixed up."

They had stopped now, sat down on a bench near the lake. It was getting darker. Below them the lake was becoming more of a mirror for the beautifully lit buildings that bordered the park. You could see the shapes of the buildings in the water, the lighted windows, the reflections of multi-colored signs. It was like an etching carved by some gigantic hand. It was a little too perfect, too much like a picture set. You had to look up and see the real buildings, the real lights, to believe it. It was quiet, except for couples who intermittently strolled by talking in low voices, walking close together. A cop stood on the little bridge nearby, easily swinging his night stick.

"It doesn't seem like we've only known each other a week," he said.

"Maybe we haven't," she smiled.

He said, "Don't be mystical, Dot. The way I feel is very real. Darn it," he murmured intently, "you know I'm in love with you."

"Uh, huh," she said, "we're in love all right." She smiled at him again, as if all men were babies when it came to this sort of realization.

"Dot?"

"Yes?"

"Dot, are you listening to me?"

"Yes, Bill."

Bill grew tense, even a little annoyed in his excitement. "Is all you can say is yes? Listen, Dot, well—Dot, I think—well—" he paused and tried to find words. He looked down at his shoes and the words came out slowly. "Dot, will you marry me?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she put her lips against his cheek. "Of course, darling," she said.

Bill took her in his arms and kissed her. The cop swung his night stick vigorously and took a step in their direction. Then, he grinned, changed his mind and strolled away whistling and shaking his head, as if the law and the world and all young kids in the park at night were slightly touched.

After awhile, they talked intensely and excitedly, made plans, figured out how much they could live

Else

■ That was the very romantic ultimatum Dorothy Lowell gave the man she loved—
Read the intimate marriage story of Our Gal Sunday

on, argued, worried and schemed happily. They couldn't sit still on the bench. They walked until they were too tired to take another step and then found a more secluded bench near another lake, deeper in the park.

"Just as soon as Carl and I get started in business for ourselves we'll get married," Bill said ecstatically.

Dot frowned. "Do we have to wait 'til then?"

"Gee, honey," Bill said, surprised, "you wouldn't want to get married if we don't have enough money, would you?"

Dot laughed. "Why not, it's been done before."

They argued about that. Bill was always so cautious about things. She could work, she'd find a job. Bill was so old fashioned about not wanting her to contribute her share of the expenses. Imagine his saying they shouldn't get married until he was making a hundred dollars a week and could afford a maid! That was silly. She wouldn't mind going without things, at all. Of course, he was right about her not having any first hand experience with poverty. Mother and Dad had always given her the best of everything.

Dorothy Lowell, whom today you hear as Our Gal Sunday on the air, almost wished then that her life had been a little more difficult. It would be so easy then to say to Bill, "Look here, I've been in tough spots before. I can take it." But she really hadn't. She began to look back over her life, up until she had met Bill Spire.

You, Dorothy Lowell, she thought, may not have been born in the lap of luxury, but you've certainly had just about everything you ever wanted. Dad's being a successful lawyer had made it possible for her



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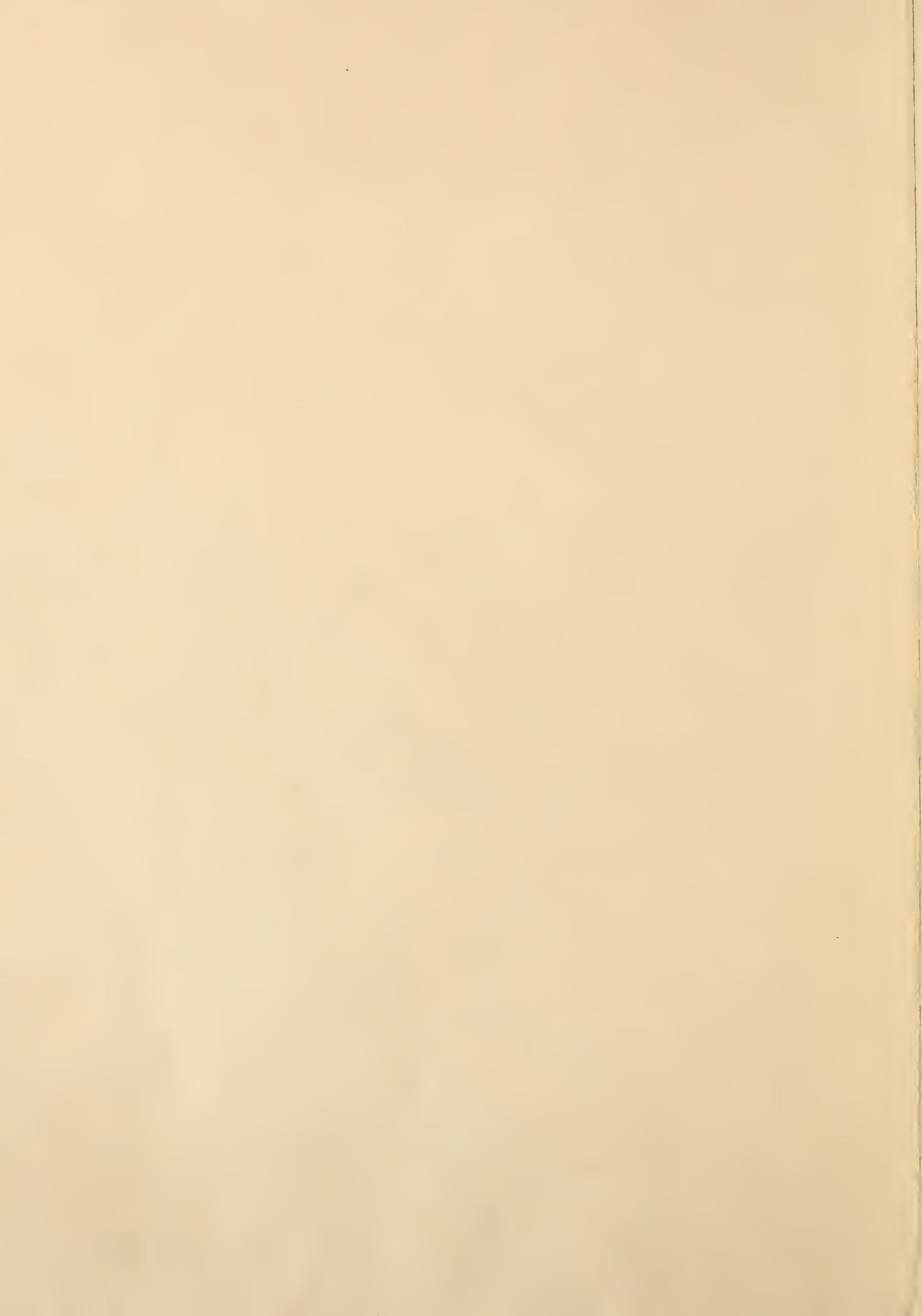
to go abroad to school. Austria, how vague and far away that seemed now. She remembered things almost as if they had happened to her in a dream, or rather, it was more like a newsreel you saw a long time ago. The boat, the little girl standing at the rail watching New York get smaller and smaller. And then strange faces and a strange language.

She remembered coming back, dimly, and the school in Brooklyn, Adelphi Academy, with the girls in pigtails and her own red hair always tangled and knotty. Then going away to Oakwood Finishing School, crying, not wanting to leave home, and then the easy, carefree times, the diary—oh yes—and that boy in Poughkeepsie. She laughed softly to herself. What would Bill think if he could have seen her then, so terribly, terribly in love with—what-was-his-name? He was

thirteen, she remembered that, and he was very handsome and never clean and he called her "Red." How that had scorched her feelings!

She had always wanted to be an actress, she couldn't remember when the stage hadn't been everything. Her mother, she remembered, had laughed once and said to friends, "Dorothy stood right up on the Fifth Avenue bus today and began to recite to people." Her mother understood, though. She had wanted to be an actress, too, until she met Dad. That's why she helped win Dad over when Dorothy had announced determinedly that she was going to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

She remembered all that very clearly. Learning to act, studying technique, going to the theater. That had only been a few short years ago. Garson Kanin and Martin Gabel (*Continued on page 61*)



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■ Always she had the courage to do what she wanted, even when her passion for Hal meant losing the love of the finest man she knew. A woman's moving confession of the choice she made

Passion Blinded

THE very man I hurt most told me I had courage to do what I did. Maybe he's right. But I need even more courage now. I need it to fight such loneliness and heartache as a girl rarely has to face.

You wouldn't know that if you saw me perhaps. I am very successful, as the world measures success. I am one of the best-known and most-in-demand accompanists in radio. I make money, I live well, I have friends—and yet it requires more courage for me to go on than for anything else I have ever done in my life.

I always had the strength to do what I thought was right for myself. It was courage, I suppose, that made me leave my home town in Ohio and go to New York equipped with just a hundred dollars and a certain ability to play the piano. Before I ran through my money I had a job—playing accompaniments for the radio department of the Deane Advertising Agency. It was only a part-time job at first. But I worked hard, and before long it was permanent. The months passed; I became their head accompanist . . . and, also, I became the fiancée of

Chet Barr, one of the company's big executives.

We were a great contrast, Chet and I. He was tall, slender, with light-blue eyes, a thin mouth. He was quick and keen and very ambitious. Something—a boyhood of poverty, perhaps—had taught him to live within himself, so that you were always conscious of his reserve, of thoughts that he would never let you see. I've never been like that. My face shows every emotion that crosses my mind. I'm impulsive and strong-willed, and I've never learned how to hide what I'm feeling.

We were engaged, yes . . . but even then I realized, dimly, that something was lacking in our relationship. Chet didn't seem to be in any hurry to set a date for the wedding, for one thing. He was content to drift along, taking me out to dinner frequently, occasionally to a party.

I knew why, of course. The company was building up its radio department by leaps and bounds, and he was terrifically busy. Once things quieted down, and Chet wasn't working at such high tension, I told myself, things would be

different. We'd be married, in a big church, and go away on a long honeymoon that would make up for all the months of waiting.

But meanwhile . . . Meanwhile, though I didn't know it, I was missing the great adventure of love for which I was ready.

Then I met Hal Stevens.

I was playing accompaniments for the auditions in one of the small rooms for Mr. Higbie, who was interviewing the talent that morning. Things were just routine for me until Hal Stevens got up and advanced to the piano with his music.

He was at least six feet tall, with curly black hair. There was both grace and power in his movements, a virile set to his jaw. Chet dropped into the studio just then, but he was vague and shadowy to me. I hardly knew he was there. As he handed me the music, his hand grazed mine. I felt a thrill, one that was actually painful in its intensity, go through me at that casual, accidental touch.

He sang "Danny Deever" and "Invictus." He had a rich, baritone voice. I played my best for the accompaniments, for instinctively I hoped his audition would be suc-

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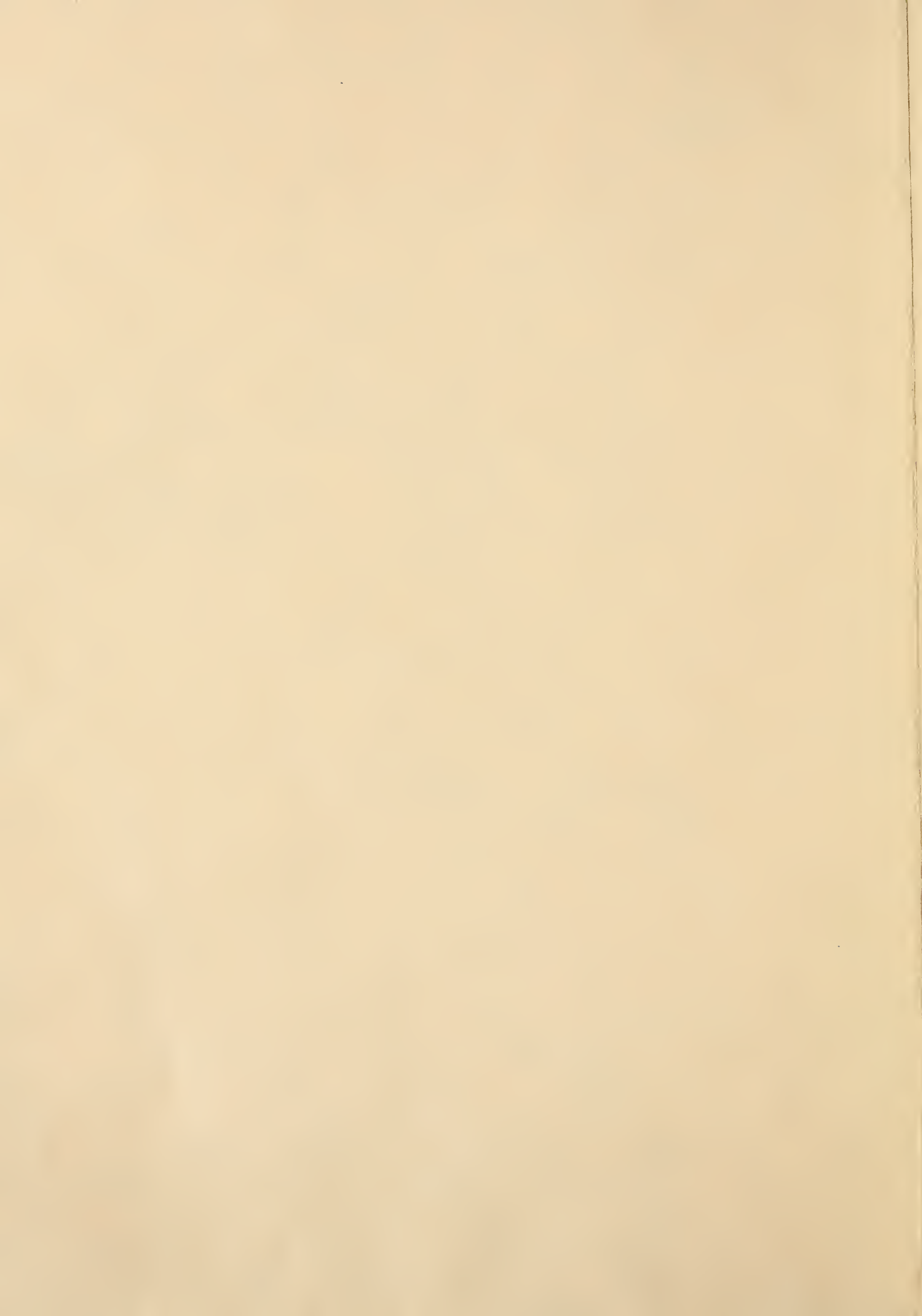
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"Thanks," I said. "Too bad we haven't a spot for you right now. But try us later. I think you've got something."

We drifted out of the audition room and stood in the doorway chatting. I felt under a sort of spell. His vitality, his magnetism simply flooded me. His speaking voice thrilled me as much as his singing voice had. He asked me to lunch right then and there. I found myself walking out of the building with him.

He told me a lot about himself at lunch. He had received his training in one of the best schools in New England. He felt he had it in him to make good in a very big way.

"All I want is the breaks!" he said. "Just one good break and the walls of Jericho will come tum-





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bling down for me." He smiled at me. "Not that I'm complaining of anything today. It sure was a swell break that brought you to the piano for me."

Impetuously he insisted on seeing me again—that very evening. I wanted to tell him I was an engaged girl. But I couldn't somehow. And as I didn't wear my ring during business hours, he couldn't tell from that. Besides, I think I really wanted to, so I said yes.

HE took me to a concert that evening. Then two days later it was lunch again. Then he asked me to go to a music-store with him to help him choose some new songs. And that evening it was dinner in a little French restaurant.

After dinner he said he wanted to go over his new songs. Would I come to his studio and try them out with him? I hesitated. A voice deep inside me, was warning me. But, I reasoned, why not? What was the harm? "All right," I said.

His studio was in the West Thirties, four flights up in an old-fashioned house. It was a curious place, a small room full of antique furniture he had inherited. There was an old upright piano in yellow wood, some fine hooked rugs and, behind a screen, a gas range and shelves for food.

"Living, eating, sleeping and working—all in one room!" he laughed. "But I won't be here long. Just give me one big break and watch me travel!" In another man it might have seemed conceit. In Hal it merely seemed justifiable self-confidence. Or was I prejudiced? Was I ready to believe anything he said because every minute I was with him I felt myself a new person, alive to the fingertips?

I went through songs with him for three hours. At the end, exuberant and excited, he gathered me in his arms and kissed me.

My response to his warm, eager lips frightened me. It was then I discovered how little Chet's kisses had stirred me. The vitality of Hal's kiss made my heart pulse into a high rhythm it had never known before.

I broke away, hastily said good-night and ran down the stairs, as if I were running from some danger.

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"Don't break off with him, Diane," he pleaded. "At least—not just yet. For your own sake. I—" His eyes dropped; it was hard for him, I knew, to make the admission that was coming. "I talk a lot about being a success. But I may never be. I may never be able to give you all the things Chet Barr could give you—all the things you deserve. And I won't ask you to marry me when I'm able to offer you so little."

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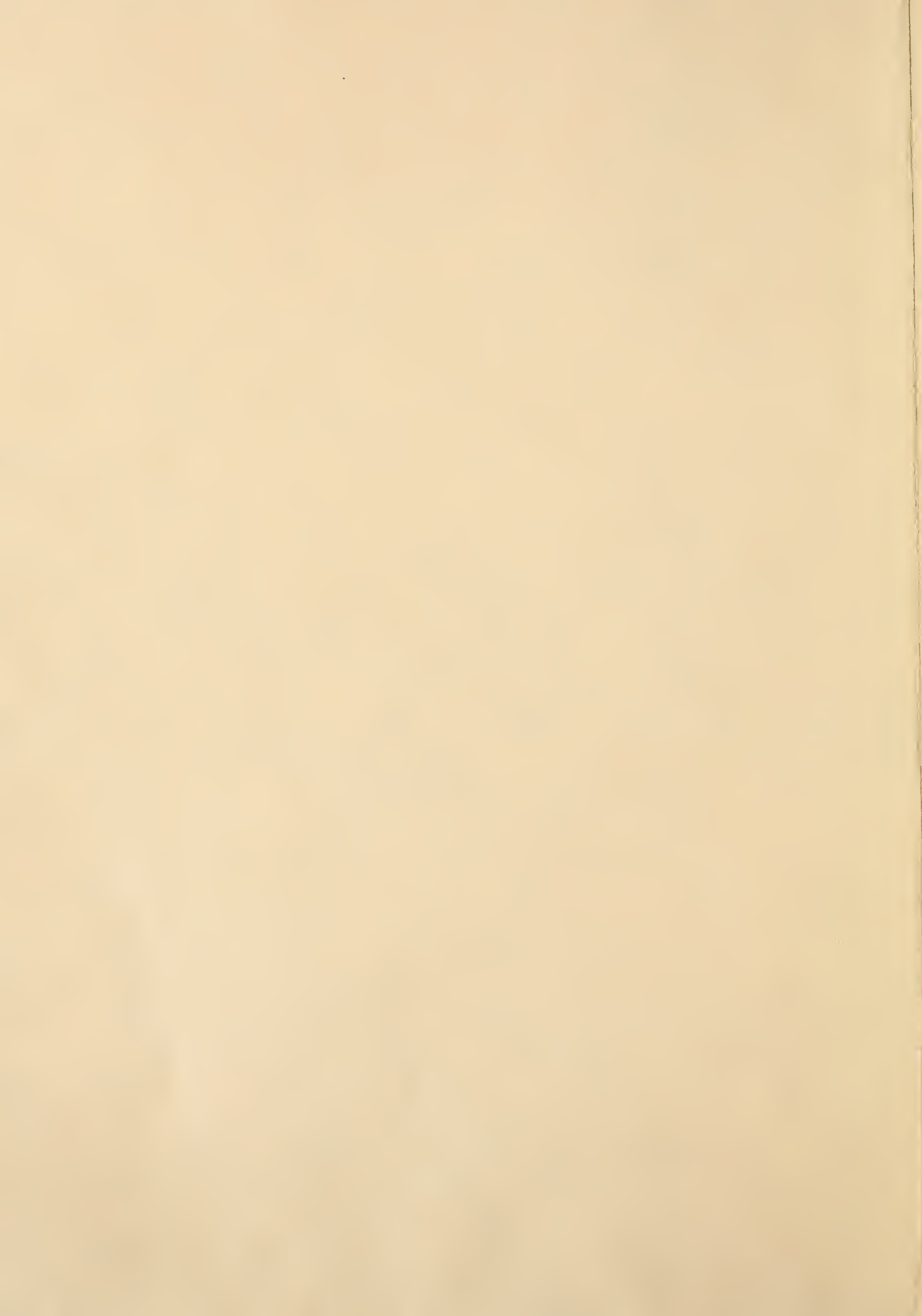
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"I love you, Hal!" The whispered words came from me without my willing them. And at the sound of them the joy in my heart mounted and mounted. I stopped thinking, caring, worrying. I let the tumult of love sweep me away entirely in its flood.

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bling down for me." He smiled at me. "Not that I'm complaining of anything today. It sure was a swell break that brought you to the piano for me."

Impetuously he insisted on seeing me again—that very evening. I wanted to tell him I was an engaged girl. But I couldn't somehow. And as I didn't wear my ring during business hours, he couldn't tell from that. Besides, I think I really wanted to, so I said yes.

HE took me to a concert that evening. Then two days later it was lunch again. Then he asked me to go to a music-store with him to help him choose some new songs. And that evening it was dinner in a little French restaurant.

After dinner he said he wanted to go over his new songs. Would I come to his studio and try them out with him? I hesitated. A voice deep inside me, was warning me. But, I reasoned, why not? What was the harm? "All right," I said.

His studio was in the West Thirties, four flights up in an old-fashioned house. It was a curious place, a small room full of antique furniture he had inherited. There was an old upright piano in yellow wood, some fine hooked rugs and, behind a screen, a gas range and shelves for food.

"Living, eating, sleeping and working—all in one room!" he laughed. "But I won't be here long. Just give me one big break and watch me travel!" In another man it might have seemed conceit. In Hal it merely seemed justifiable self-confidence. Or was I prejudiced? Was I ready to believe anything he said because every minute I was with him I felt myself a new person, alive to the fingertips?

I went through songs with him for three hours. At the end, exuberant and excited, he gathered me in his arms and kissed me.

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Mystery House

by
Kathleen
Norris



■ "I've loved you from the very beginning, Lynn," Page said seriously, sudden tears in her smiling eyes.

HE lay on the sun-washed bracken of the rocks sleepily, idly, staring at the blue sea upon which light was shining at last, and into whose long white blackness color and form had come. With the first light she and Barnes had gone about to the eastern face of the rock, had sat there waiting and watching for the faintest sign of life on the shore, that they might begin their calling and signalling. They had lighted a brush fire; the smoke of it went straight up into the clear blue air. Surely, surely anyone seeing that fire would sense that some one was in trouble, out on the Rock!

Barnes came to join her, throwing himself down on the sparse chaparral and falling as she had into a daydream that was part weakness and part hunger and silent largely because the two had said so many things to each other so many times.

"Lynn asleep?" he presently said.

"Yes." Page looked away and he saw her eyes filled with tears. "It isn't hurting him so much now," she said. "He'll just sleep that way until he—doesn't wake up!"

"He's got a lot more strength than you think, Page."

"I know. But nobody could fight that."

There was another silence. After awhile Page broke it.

"They'll find us some day, and the grill, and the blanket, and think that we picnicked here, and that our boat was carried away."

"Listen, that's no way to talk! We'll get out of this."

"Well, I think we will. But if we don't—Do you suppose they've all gone away from Mystery House?"

"I think so. They probably got right out. Probably they'll split; they won't want to be identified. The old woman will go east and live somewhere; Harwood will go back to China—"

"I've thought it all out," Page said, in a long silence. "Mrs. Prendergast probably was ill, perhaps dying, and Trudy Mockbee was thinking about the money. Flora came on to join her mother, and

either the mother had a plan to kill the old lady, or they thought of it together. I think Mrs. Prendergast—I mean *my* Mrs. Prendergast!—did it alone! She promised Flora money and Europe and everything poor Flora's been starving for, if she would keep her mouth shut. And of course she is Flora's mother. Any woman would stand by her mother.

"Then Lynn showed up, just at the end, and got in to see his grandmother, who told him she was dying and put the diamond into his care. That upset all Trudy Mockbee's plans, and except for his being ill with some sort of oriental fever, she probably would have given up the whole thing, perhaps kept the old woman alive. But the doctor said Lynn was dying, and two of the Chinese, a boy and an old man, actually did die, and it seemed as if Lynn never would live to expose her. And right in there Rand came along, broke, and with nothing but a lot of Chinese poisons left to show for all his years of work, and he fitted right in, to play her game for her, manage the Chinese, fall in love with Flora, or let her fall in love with him, which was the one way of shutting up Flora, and keep Lynn doped. There's no question that the 'tonic' was some Chinese drug that confused his mind, especially as he was just convalescing after a terrible illness.

"And then I came into the picture as a nurse."

Page fell silent. The sun strengthened and glittered on the sea, and shadows from the upsweep of the Rock and from the gnarled trees that clung to it precariously fell softly on the boulders and sea grasses and shrubs that descended to the blue water.

"The diamond," Page said dreamily, after awhile, "is three steps down the terrace from the second level. You must sit down there on the step and let your hand fall naturally on the garden bed beside it. There's a stain like white plaster on one of the bricks where the lime has streaked it, and right in a line with it, you put your finger straight

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"While we're talking," Barnes said, "there's something I want to say—two things; if we get out of this, we can discuss it again. But if we don't, and—anything happens to you, which I don't believe, I'm going to write the whole story and leave it in the cave. We have to. It'll be murder then, and Flora ought to be taken up before she gets in any deeper. I don't know what charges they could bring against Harwood. Drugging a sick boy isn't definable exactly, when the man who does it is a research man and has taken his M.D.; even if they prove murder against 'Mrs. Prendergast' they couldn't hold him as an accessory. He wasn't here. Well, that's that."

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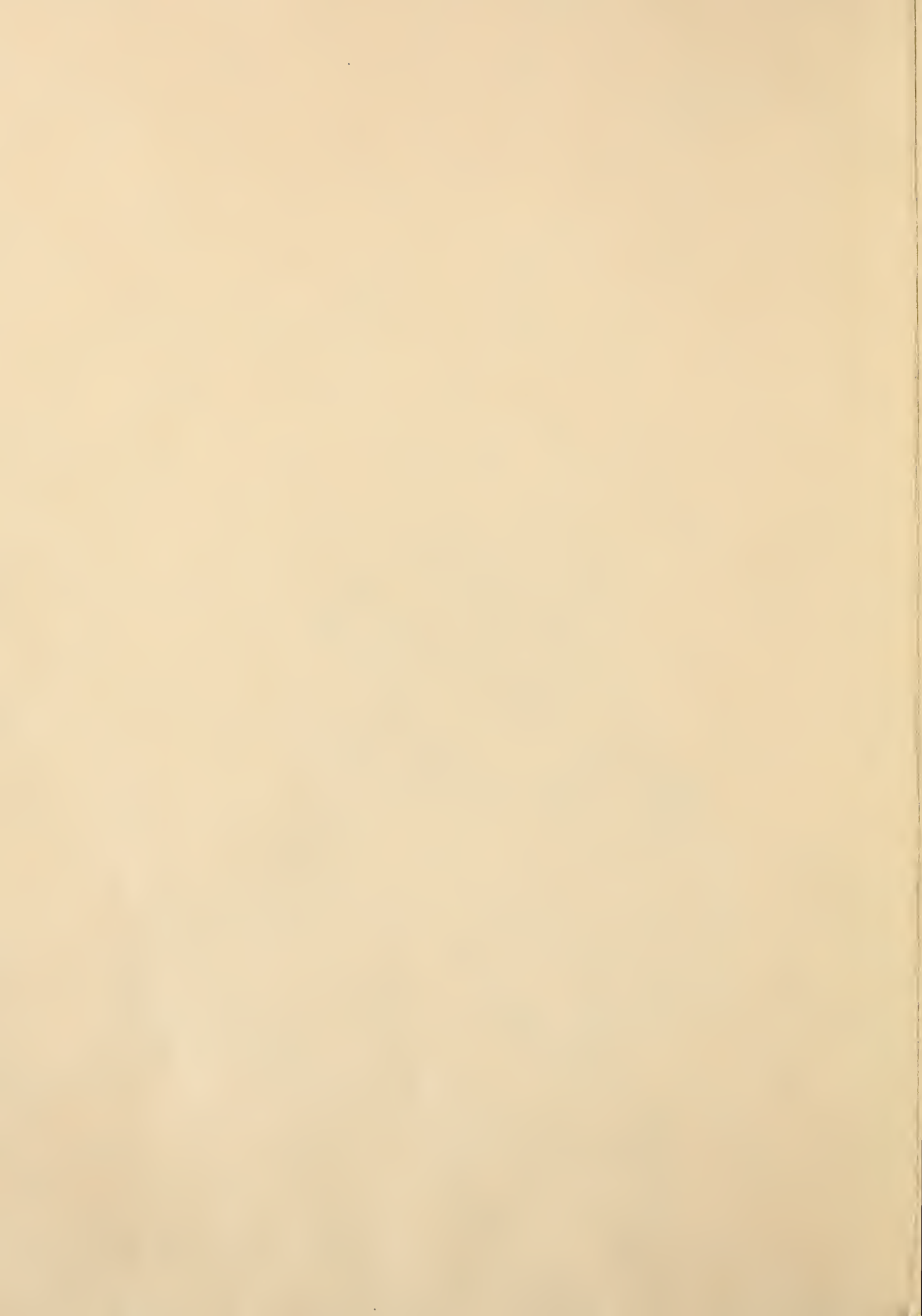
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For more stories by America's famous author of modern fiction, tune in "By Kathleen Norris" daily over the NBC-Red and CBS network (see page 42 for broadcast time), sponsored by Wheaties.

Illustration by Seymour Thompson

GLORIFY the



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8:00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

WITH all the talk about patriotism and hanging on to our American customs and ideals, I believe this month is a good time to talk about a typical American dish—hash!

Now I know lots of people think hash is just thrown together to save time and money and use up all the odds and ends that collect in our refrigerators. It's true of course that hash is economical since it utilizes leftovers which might otherwise be wasted, but it's equally true that when properly made there is nothing better. A whole meal can be planned with hash as the main ingredient. If you will select one of the following menus for tonight's dinner I'm sure you will receive your family's compliments.

I

Corned Beef Hash
Baked Tomatoes
Cole Slaw
Cornbread
Baked Apples

II

Lamb Hash*
Glazed Carrots and Pineapple*
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Raisin Bread Pudding

III

Smoked Tongue Hash*
Fresh Spinach Peas
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Banana Cake with Butterscotch Sauce*

*Recipe Herewith

In general the directions for making hash are the same; that is, you run the ingredients through the food chopper (if you prefer moist hash use the fine knife, otherwise the medium), add the dry seasonings and mix well, adding the liquid (or beaten egg, in one recipe) last. You have your choice of cooking



■ A Sunday breakfast treat—hash on a fresh roll, topped off with a poached egg. Left, a pleasing way to serve hash is in a glass baking dish.

the mixture on top of the stove or in the oven. I suggest baked hash for this month's menus since you will need a moderate oven for all these and if the hash gets too dry baste with equal portions of hot water and melted butter. Half to three quarters of an hour is the baking time for all these recipes.

The proportions of the ingredients for hash vary as the following recipes show, but remember that all measurements by cup refer to the ingredients after chopping.

Lamb Hash

1 cup cooked lamb
2 cups boiled potatoes
1 medium onion
1 small green pepper, minced
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ cup milk

Smoked Tongue Hash

1 cup smoked tongue
1 cup boiled potatoes
1 small onion
2 tbs. minced parsley
1 egg, beaten

This is best made of the heavy butt end of the tongue which usually is not brought to the table. No seasonings are included, since the tongue itself is so spicy, but additional pepper may be included.

For variety, bake the hash in a well buttered ring mold placed in a pan of water. When the hash is

done, turn it onto a platter and fill the center with buttered noodles garnished with chopped Brazil nuts. Another variation is to break eggs, one or two per serving as desired, over the top of the hash when it is almost done, then return the dish to the oven until the eggs are set.

I don't believe you will have a scrap of hash left over—but if you do, here's a hint for Sunday morning breakfast. Cut fresh rolls part way through, spread open and butter liberally. Place a portion of hash in the center and brown beneath the broiler flame. Top with a poached egg and serve at once.

You wouldn't think that glazed carrots and pineapple slices have much in common, but they have; they both rely for their success on light corn syrup. Syrup combines just as perfectly with vegetables and fruits as it does with waffles and pancakes, giving them just the necessary sweetness. Corn syrup is important from a health standpoint too, since it contains a high percentage of dextrose which, as you know, creates the extra energy we all need during the winter.

Glazed carrots and pineapple slices and banana cake with butterscotch sauce are favorite dishes at all the Schrafft Restaurants here

AMERICAN DISH



■ Glazed carrots and pineapple slices (right), and banana cake with butterscotch sauce (above), are attractive side dishes for your hash dinner.



■ The family will never recognize this hash, dressed up in a ring form with center filled with buttered noodles and chopped Brazil nuts.



in New York City.

Glazed Carrots and Pineapple

- 1 bunch carrots
- 1 medium can sliced pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
- 2 tbs. melted butter

Scrape carrots and cook in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Drain pineapple and place in center of shallow baking pan which has been well buttered. Drain carrots and arrange around pineapple slices. Pour on sauce made of the syrup and melted butter and bake in moderate oven until carrots are tender and sauce begins to candy.

Banana Cake with Butterscotch Sauce

Use any desired white cake batter for the dough. Arrange sliced bananas in well buttered square cake pan, sprinkle with lemon juice and pour on the batter. Bake in moderate oven. Cut into squares and pour on butterscotch sauce, topping each serving with whipped cream.

Butterscotch Sauce

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup corn syrup
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium brown sugar
- 4 tbs. butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla
- 6 tbs. heavy cream

Combine syrup, sugar, butter and water and boil together until sauce reaches heavy syrup consistency. Cool and add vanilla and cream.



HERE'S a trick to make you and your guests forget that the thermometer is hovering around zero, one which will hit the spot after a skating or skiing jaunt. It's tea in a new style, piping hot and pungent, with a spicy aroma that tells you in advance how good it will be.

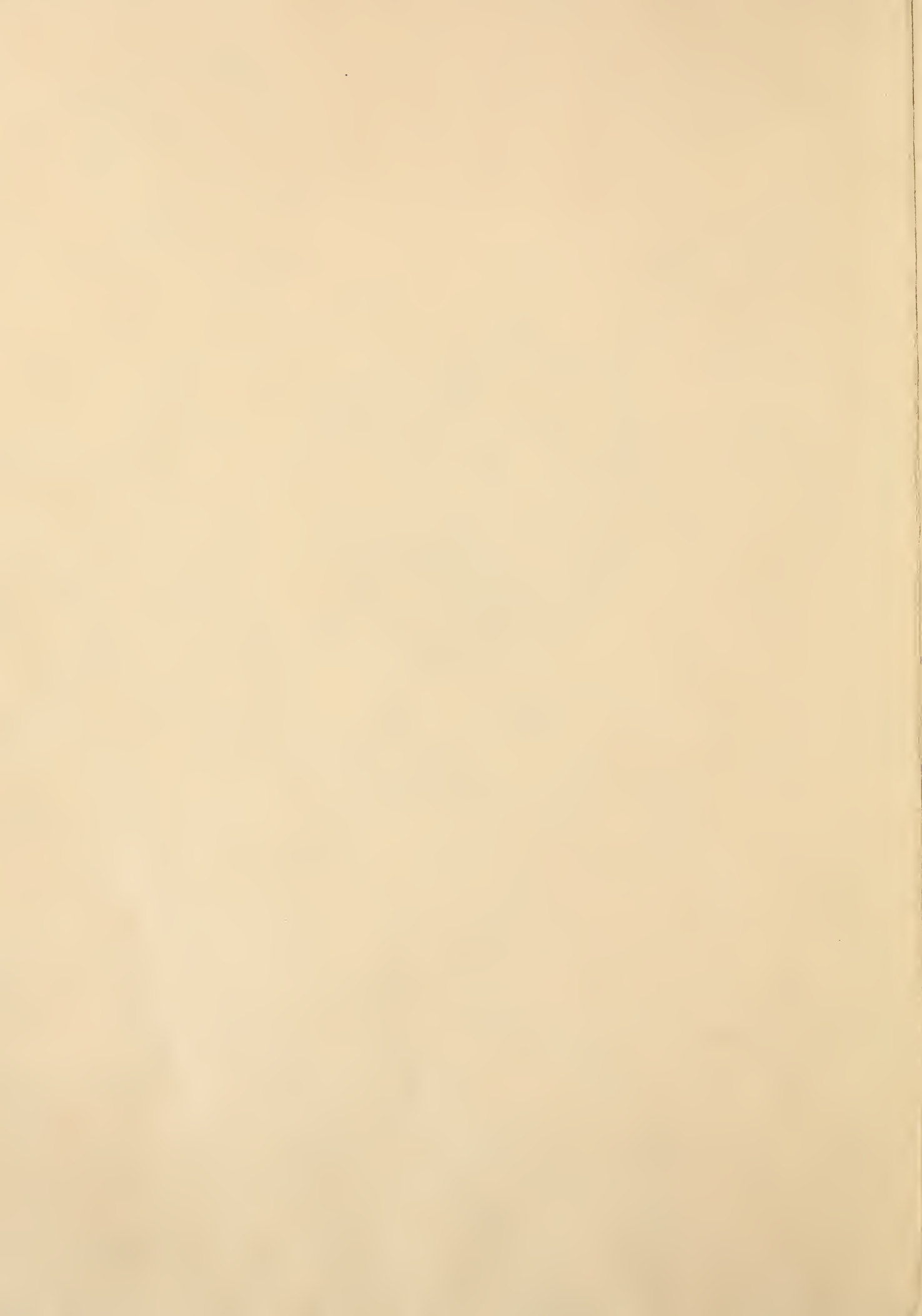
To each cup of hot tea prepared in the customary way, add a teaspoon and a half of sugar and a thick slice of lemon stuck with whole cloves. Instead of spoons use

muddling sticks—which are really sticks of cinnamon.

As pictured here, the tea has been prepared in quantity and placed in a heat proof glass punch bowl which rests on a glass teapot warmer guaranteed to keep the grog hot without boiling.

For less formal occasions, an earthenware bowl and small mugs of peasant design would be appropriate and attractive.

Serve with simple assorted sandwiches and small cakes.



GLORIFY the AMERICAN DISH



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8:00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

WITH all the talk about patriotism and hanging on to our American customs and ideals, I believe this month is a good time to talk about a typical American dish—hash!

Now I know lots of people think hash is just thrown together to save time and money and use up all the odds and ends that collect in our refrigerators. It's true of course that hash is economical since it utilizes leftovers which might otherwise be wasted, but it's equally true that when properly made there is nothing better. A whole meal can be planned with hash as the main ingredient. If you will select one of the following menus for tonight's dinner I'm sure you will receive your family's compliments.

I

Corned Beef Hash
Baked Tomatoes
Cole Slaw
Cornbread
Baked Apples

II

Lamb Hash*
Glazed Carrots and Pineapple*
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Raisin Bread Pudding

III

Smoked Tongue Hash*
Fresh Spinach Peas
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Banana Cake with Butterscotch Sauce*

*Recipe Herewith

In general the directions for making hash are the same; that is, you run the ingredients through the food chopper (if you prefer moist hash use the fine knife, otherwise the medium), add the dry seasonings and mix well, adding the liquid (or beaten egg, in one recipe) last. You have your choice of cooking



■ A Sunday breakfast treat—hash on a fresh roll, topped off with a poached egg. Left, a pleasing way to serve hash is in a glass baking dish.

the mixture on top of the stove or in the oven. I suggest baked hash for this month's menus since you will need a moderate oven for all these and if the hash gets too dry baste with equal portions of hot water and melted butter. Half to three quarters of an hour is the baking time for all these recipes.

The proportions of the ingredients for hash vary as the following recipes show, but remember that all measurements by cup refer to the ingredients after chopping.

Lamb Hash

1 cup cooked lamb
2 cups boiled potatoes
1 medium onion
1 small green pepper, minced
Salt and pepper to taste
1/4 cup milk

Smoked Tongue Hash

1 cup smoked tongue
1 cup boiled potatoes
1 small onion
2 tbs. minced parsley
1 egg, beaten

This is best made of the heavy butt end of the tongue which usually is not brought to the table. No seasonings are included, since the tongue itself is so spicy, but additional pepper may be included.

For variety, bake the hash in a well buttered ring mold placed in a pan of water. When the hash is

done, turn it onto a platter and fill the center with buttered noodles garnished with chopped Brazil nuts. Another variation is to break eggs, one or two per serving as desired, over the top of the hash when it is almost done, then return the dish to the oven until the eggs are set.

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1 1/2 cup medium brown sugar
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1/2 cup water
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Serve with simple assorted sandwiches and small cakes.



■ Veteran musical director of many a Broadway musical hit, Al Goodman conducts for Fred Allen's Wednesday show.

Facing the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

MADCAP Charlie Barnet has done it again. He took unto himself his fourth wife, and this time it was his pretty blonde vocalist Harriet Clark. Most of us thought the saxophonist would make Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's warbler, his next mate. Charlie is only twenty-seven. His new bride is eighteen.

* * *

Bobby Byrne has a cigarette sponsor and the program plans to put on only BMI tunes, those songs published by the network music company. After a test run in New York, the series will go network around February first. Listeners will be asked to title new songs and win cash prizes and subsequent royalties.

* * *

Contrary to rumors, the Pickens Sisters will not form a professional reunion. Jane, one of the trio, is doing too well on her own, currently singing in Ed Wynn's show "Boys and Girls Together." Sister Patti is playing in vaudeville with her tenor-husband, Robert Simons.

* * *

Wedding bells rang out for two members of Glenn Miller's band. Sax player Al Klink wed model Pat Moorhead and guitarist Jack Lathrop tied the knot with Barbara

Jane Mitchell, a secretary.

* * *

Jimmy Lunceford has switched from Columbia to Decca Records . . . Casa Loma is now playing in Los Angeles' Palladium . . . Woody Herman is back at the New Yorker . . . Russ Morgan has shaken up his entire band . . . Duke Ellington is now playing in Casa Manana, Culver City, California . . . Betty Bradley is now singing with Bob Chester, replacing Dolores O'Neill.

Xavier Cugat replaces Bob Crosby on the Camel NBC shows which is a victory for conga lovers over swing addicts . . . Jimmy Dorsey has replaced Glenn Miller at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York and Sammy Kaye decided to cut short his engagement at the Hotel Commodore in order to begin a lucrative one-night tour.

Eddy Duchin is now heard from Chicago's Palmer House, replacing Ray Noble, who is due to come east . . . Muriel Lane, an amateur, is now Woody Herman's vocalist, replacing the ailing Dillagene.

* * *

Word is going around that the master of them all, Paul Whiteman, is forming a new dance band and will break it in this month for Florida dancers . . . Enric Madriguera is making a comeback and just signed a recording contract

with Victor. The latter company lost its No. 1 Rhumba man, Cugat, when he switched to Columbia . . . You see Kay Kyser and singer Ginny Sims together off the bandstand as much as you see them on it. I saw them recently at the theater, and again talking in low tones over a light dinner.

ALMOST EVERYTHING

AL GOODMAN should be one of the happiest musical stars that shines on the kilocycle firmament. The stockily-built, black-haired veteran not only conducts the Fred Allen CBS charades but is musical director for Al Jolson's musical comedy hit, "Hold On To Your Hats." These two chores and his numerous Columbia recordings have made him not only popular, but prosperous.

Unlike a good many of his colleagues, Al has been happily married to the same woman for more than twenty years. Their love affair reads like a scenario for a Mickey Rooney—Judy Garland film.

Yet Al's heart is still heavy. For six years ago Al's boy died following an appendectomy. The fifteen year old son and his dad were inseparable. And time has not been a good healer. You can tell that when Al talks about the boy. His voice starts to choke up as he recalls



■ Two singing brothers who spell their names differently—Bob Eberly (left) of Jimmy Dorsey's band and Ray Eberle, who sings for Glenn Miller. Right, the radiantly happy engaged couple, Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker.



these memories. You can see it as you gaze about the spacious seven-room apartment that the Goodmans occupy on New York's Central Park West. I counted over a dozen photos of Herbert. There's one of a dark, handsome boy in the living room, another just above the piano and a lot more in the solarium.

"If he had lived things would have been better," Al said softly. "Something has gone out of my life that I can't replace. This may seem funny to you, but I haven't seen a football or baseball game since Herbert died. You see, we were real pals and we did so many things like that. Going back alone just wouldn't seem right."

GOODMAN'S life was touched by an earlier tragedy when another son died of diphtheria at the age of two. However, the oldest child, Rita, is now a full-grown, married woman and a mother. Needless to add, Al is quite the expansive grandpa.

Al has been in show business for more than two decades. Yet he's still in his forties and filled with a bouncing energy that some younger batoneers I know might well envy. Al is ever grateful for those many years in the theater.

"Show business experience is essential to radio work," he said. "When you have conducted night

after night, year after year, before different kinds of audiences in all parts of the country, you seem to know by instinct just what an invisible audience wants. Even though you can't see the people you play for, the illusion is there. So are the footlights, the scenery, and the applause."

Goodman has conducted the orchestras for more than one hundred and fifty Broadway shows. Performers like Will Rogers, Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, Fred Allen, Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman would often insist that the producer hire this competent music master. When Al Jolson made his rousing comeback this season, the mammy singer wouldn't bend a knee until he had signed his old conductor.

When Al studied music at the Peabody Conservatory in his native Baltimore he had originally intended to become a singer. But when he heard the booming voice of a barrel-chested classmate, he soon switched over to orchestrating. The possessor of that voice was John Charles Thomas. Al's change of plans was timely. Soon after, the Milton Aborn Opera Company came to the Oriole City and needed a rehearsal pianist. The seventeen-year-old ex-baritone applied for the job and got it.

The next season he asked Aborn

for a regular job. When the impresario agreed, Al made a bee-line for the girl who lived next door, to keep a childhood promise. Ever since they swapped home work notes, Al and Fanny Goodman knew they would be a permanent pair.

"When most of the kids went out to play ball at recess," Al recalled, "Fanny and I would sneak into the auditorium and sit at the piano. Sometimes we would play. Sometimes we would talk of all the wonderful things we would do when we grew up and were rich. And when my father insisted that I become a lawyer, it was Fanny who told me to stick to music."

They were married before the troupe left for Chicago. It was in the sometimes windy city that Al got his first break. The opera conductor got one of his usual temperamental fits and walked out just before curtain time. The cast was in a turmoil but producer Aborn had confidence in his latest acquisition.

"Albert, do you think you can hold down the spot?"

"I'm sure of it Mr. Aborn," the young man replied. A few hours later he proceeded to prove it and handled the score for "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" without any trouble.

On the west coast Al got a job playing piano for Earl Carroll,

who was then a composer. But Al Jolson heard about this young but capable conductor and hired him to conduct for his new show, "Sinbad."

"To this day I still don't know whether Al really wanted me because I was a musician or because he knew my wife's brother was a jockey," Al says.

Al and Fanny Goodman have a pretty heavy schedule. Because Al's musical tastes run from Bach to boogie-woogie, you're apt to see them at Carnegie Hall or some real low-down swing sanctum on 52nd street. They usually are with large parties. But most of their friends are not in show business.

Goodman's association with Fred Allen goes back many years. So the poker-faced comic has never been reticent about kidding Goodman just as he used to kid Peter van Steeden.

Al loves to banter with Allen but usually gives up easily. "I try to gag back with Fred as far as anybody can gag back with him. But I always lose."

THE Victor record company have asked a provocative question: "If you were marooned indefinitely on a desert island, what ten Victor or Bluebird recordings would you take along?"

My selections will certainly give the long hair critics shudders and my swing colleagues will probably sneer contemptuously. But I would rather pass up those records that are acknowledged classics for a simple, personal list that would always be a friendly catalog of memories.

First of all I'd want a Hal Kemp record, preferably "Got a Date With An Angel" because it was to Hal's music that I danced with my first real date. Gosh, I can still see that waiter's face when I fumbled to pay the check.

I would want Henry King's lovely "April in Paris" for that tune is my favorite and I wouldn't neglect Paul Whiteman's "Stardust." Somehow Hoagy Carmichael's timeless ballad must bring back romantic recollections to all of us.

A pair of swing tunes would be in the stock to help me forget my plight. Naturally they would be Benny Goodman's sizzler "Don't Be That Way" with Mr. Krupa at the drums, and Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine."

When I played Tommy Dorsey's



■ Shirley Ross joined the Ben Bernie program when it went out to Hollywood. Listen to Shirley sing and bandy words with the Old Maestro, Tuesday nights, at 8:00, over NBC.



■ He's radio's left-handed violinist—Johnny Long. Johnny's playing at New York's Roseland Ballroom. Dialers can hear him over the NBC-Red network.

"Marie" over and over, I would think of all the lesser bands that imitated the great chorus part.

For musical comedy, the handsome George Gershwin Memorial Album would be a treasure chest in itself.

If by good fortune I met some sarong-fitted native on the island, it would be good foresight to have a Xavier Cugat number along. "One, Two, Three, Kick" would fill the bill.

I would always like to guess what might be the current leader of the Hit Parade back home so I would take a chance with Sammy Kaye's "Nightingale Sang in Berkely Square."

And, because no matter where I would be I will never forget the land of my birth, I'd have close to me always, Kate Smith's stirring "God Bless America."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Jerome Kern Tunes (Columbia C34) Al Goodman. An album of beautifully orchestrated melodies by a great composer, including a thrilling version of "Old Man River."

Adios; Green Eyes (Victor 26794) Xavier Cugat. A pair of rumbas you shouldn't miss.

My Mother Would Love You; You Say the Sweetest Things (Bluebird 1921) Freddy Martin. This under-rated band continues to click or have I said that before.

Yes My Darling Daughter; Down Argentine Way (Bluebird 10920) Dinah Shore. Eddie Cantor's thrush is going places on the air and on the records.

Stardust; Old Fashioned Love (Columbia 35771) Eddy Howard. Dick Jurgens' ex-vocalist gives his version of two oldies and has excellent help from an all-star instrumental group.

Some Like It Swing:

Shanty In Old Shanty Town; Swing Me Bach (Decca 3409) Johnny Long. A promising band delivers with this one.

Beat Me Daddy; There I Go (Decca 3454) Woody Herman. Another boogie-woogie salute coupled with a sprightly foxtrot.

One O'Clock Jump; Blues in Thirds (Victor 27204) Sidney Bechet. The one real swing cut of the month played by five New Orleans devotees.

Wings Over Manhattan (Bluebird 10885) Charlie Barnet. An over-long jazz rhapsody of New York life highlighted by some fetching sax solos.

Make Believe Ballroom Time; Old Black Joe (Bluebird 10913) Glenn Miller. Up to the Miller standard. I think you'll like his dreamy tribute to Stephen Foster.



■ Above the bedlam, Superman's voice rang out: "Drop that timber!"

CLARK KENT sped northward toward San Miguel penitentiary through a forest of towering pine. He had just received orders from his Editor, Perry White, to join Lois Lane, the "Planet's" star girl reporter, at the prison. He was close to his goal when the road made a sudden turn and, in the twilight, he saw men in uniform barring his way. A police whistle stabbed the quiet. Troopers halted his car.

"Hold it up buddy—this is as far as you go!"

Clark's voice was pleasant and soft:

"What's the matter, officer? Road blocked?"

"Yeah—blocked right here. Turn around and head back where you came from. Where do you think you're goin', anyway?"

Kent's calm, low-spoken reply matched perfectly the outward personality of the mild-mannered, spectacled reporter—the disguise in which Superman walked the earth.

"San Miguel. I have a date at the prison. You see, I'm a newspaperman."

The officer's face clouded. His tone, suddenly, was sharp and curt. "Reporter, hey! How'd you get wind of this so quick?"

"Wind of what?"

"Don't give me that stuff. Who told you about the riot at San Miguel?"

Clark was genuinely amazed. Then his surprise turned to concern. A riot at San Miguel! And Lois was there, alone. Impatient now at the officers who barred his way, he wondered if the Wolf and Keno, im-

prisoned henchmen of the Yellow Mask, were behind the riot. If they were, it was time for Superman to get into action!

"Look, officer, I'm sorry but I have to go through. If there's trouble at San Miguel, I just haven't time to stop—"

The tall, stern patrolman couldn't believe his ears. Infuriated, he roared:

"Haven't time?—Say, who do you think you're talkin' to!"

But Clark sprang from the car. He could afford to waste no more minutes. He knew that his superhuman powers must even now be needed at the penitentiary. When wrong-doers were at work, Superman did not wait to obey the conventions and customs of ordinary men. Before the troopers could move, he ran ahead of them. And then they heard the gentle voice of Clark Kent turn, in a flash, into the strong booming tones of Superman:

"Sorry—I'd like to stay but I really can't. So long, boys—if you want to hold my car, I'll make a run for it! See you at San Miguel!"

Transfixed, the officers watched the astounding figure in blue costume, with its red cloak streaming behind, disappear down the road with the speed of lightning. In a second, Superman was too far away for them to hear him say:

"Too bad, fellows. I'd like to stay and chat but I can't do it now. If there's trouble at San Miguel, I have to be there—and be there in a hurry. Up we go—faster—FASTER!" Out of sight, he began to fly, cutting the air like a hurtling bullet. (Continued on page 85)

SUPERMAN

IN RADIO

■ Thrill to the daring rescue by radio's amazing hero, of beautiful Lois Lane in a prison of rioting inmates



■ The patrolman, infuriated, roared: "Who do you think you're talkin' to?" Below—Swiftly, Superman gathered the unconscious Lois in his arms.



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	CBS: News
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: News of Europe
8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet
9:00	10:30	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS: Symphony Orchestra
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
11:35	10:05	11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm
8:05	10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth
10:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
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: Wings Over America
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Sunday Down South
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: March of Games
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: On Your Job
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: American Pilgrimage
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: NBC String Symphony
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitenborn
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Yvette
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause That Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Pageant of Art
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Design for Happiness
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Met. Opera Auditions
		5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Col. Stoopnagle
	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Hidden Stars
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Your Dream Has Come True
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Double or Nothing
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: Show of The Week
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: News of the World
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Screen Actors Guild
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Dance Music
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
4:45	6:45	7:45 MBS: Wythe Williams
7:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Star Spangled Theater
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
9:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
8:00	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
9:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Serenade to Loveliness
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra



Helen Hayes and Raymond Massey, her co-star in a recent play.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 26, February 2, 9, 16 and 23!

January 26: Dan Ameche, who hasn't been heard on the air nearly enough lately, is scheduled to be on the Screen Actors Guild show over CBS tonight at 7:30.

February 2: Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson are on the screen Actors Guild program, doing a radio version of their smash movie hit, "The Letter." . . . Ted Malone visits Baaker T. Washington's home at Tuskegee Institute, NBC-Blue at 2:00. . . . The N. Y. Philharmonic on CBS has Joseph Szigeti, violinist.

February 9: Paulette Goddard and Henry Fonda co-star in "Destry Rides Again" tonight for the CBS Screen Guild Program. . . . Guest stars: Rose Bampton on the Ford Hour and Joseph Schuster, cellist, on the N. Y. Philharmonic program.

February 16: That delightful movie, "It's a Date," is on the Screen Guild program in a radio version, starring Deanna Durbin, Kay Francis and Walter Pidgeon in their original roles. . . . Nina Martini sings as the Ford Hour's guest, and Zina Francescatti, violinist, plays with the N. Y. Philharmonic.

February 23: On the N. Y. Philharmonic concert you can hear Nadia Riesenbergh, pianist. . . . Gladys Swarthout, famous America mezza-soprano, is on the Ford Hour.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Helen Hayes, starring in a different half-hour play each week, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., rebroadcast to the West Coast at 7:30, P.S.T., and sponsored by Lipton's Tea.

Unless you're a fanatical devotee of Charlie McCarthy (or unless you live in the Pacific Time Zone, where Helen and Charlie aren't on at the same time), you couldn't do better than to tune Helen Hayes in tonight. Most radio acting is good, but hers is magnificent.

You'd never guess that Helen was one of America's greatest actresses if you watched her rehearsing her radio shows. She loves radio, but is quite willing to admit that other people know more about it than she does. Na displays of temperament ever go on at a Hayes rehearsal, and afterwards, when the script has to be cut so it won't run overtime (it always does have to be cut, too), Helen goes home and lets other people wield the blue pencils. "I'd only get in their hair," she explains.

Besides acting on the air, Helen is starring in a Broadway production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." This means that she doesn't have much time this winter to spend at her home in Nyack, N. Y. She

usually stays in New York the latter part of the week, traveling up to Nyack Sunday evening after the repeat broadcast, and commuting between Nyack and New York Monday and Tuesday nights. Her playwright husband, Charles MacArthur, and her two children, Mary and Jamie, live in Nyack the week around.

Your first impression on seeing Helen offstage is one of disappointment. She isn't as pretty, you think, as you expected. Then she begins to talk, and you realize she's much prettier. Her whole face sparkles with animation; she tells a story, and her gestures and the intonation of her voice bring the characters in it to life right in front of your eyes. Just now, for her role in "Twelfth Night," she is wearing her hair in a way that ought to be a fashion for small women—it curls in crisp, tiny blonde ringlets all over her head. You can see the style in the picture above.

Helen is a lot more domestic than you'd expect an actress to be. When she's at Nyack, not working, she runs her home very efficiently—does the shopping herself, with special reference to her husband's likes or dislikes in food; spends a lot of time with the children, putters around in the garden, and so on.

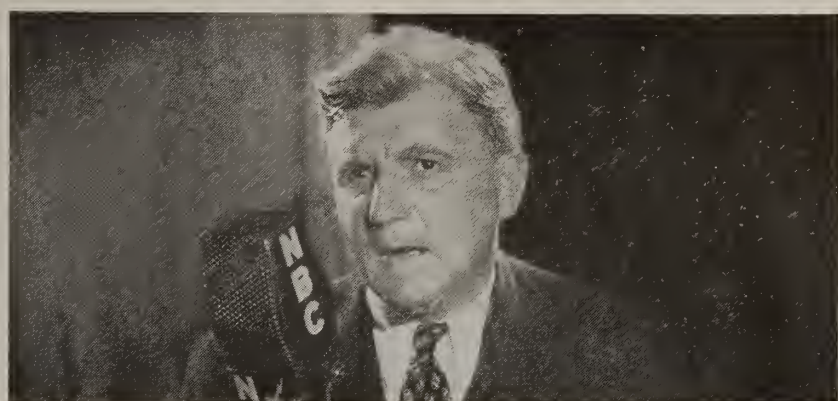


Say Hello To-

FRANK FOREST—whose tenor voice is heard tonight at 6, E.S.T., on the Double or Nothing program over MBS. He's a Minnesota boy who studied in Europe and later won acclaim singing in European opera, making his debut at La Scala in Milan. You've seen him in the movies, "Cham-pagne Waltz" and "I'll Take Romance." He's a bachelor, likes blondes, stands 5 feet 11 inches, and has dark hair.

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
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 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
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
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS-Red: Hymns of All Churches
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Rochester Orchestra
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Home of the Brave
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Jan Pearce
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
	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: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
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1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattered Gables
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
4:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Henry Cooke
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
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Those We Love
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: Pipe Smoking Time
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
	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 NBC-Blue: You're in the Army Now
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Show Boat
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Contented Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum

Monday's Highlights



■ John B. Kennedy gives you the news tonight on NBC-Blue.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 27, February 3, 10, 17 and 24!

January 27: *Woman of Courage*, an exciting serial starring Seleno Royle which has only been heard in the East up to now, has added a rebroadcast to the West. Listen at 12:45, P.S.T.

February 3: The CBS *School of the Air* on Monday mornings tells you about Americans at work—today's subject is "Citrus Fruit Growers."

February 10: Gene Krupo's bond closes tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. It's been broadcasting over CBS. . . . A worm and humor story is *The Goldbergs*, on CBS at 5:00.

February 17: Tommy Dorsey's band closes at Meadowbrook tonight. . . . The *Americans at Work* program tells about Cottle Roising.

February 24: Recommended for a half hour of music that's very pleasant to listen to: *The Voice of Firestone*, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: John B. Kennedy, in a review of the day's Associated Press news, heard over NBC-Blue between 9:30 and 9:35 P.M., E.S.T., tonight and every night except Sunday.

This is the same curt, incisive commentator whose picture you see at the beginning of every Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie newsreel. He has the kind of voice that makes you believe whatever he says is true—but that's all right, because he takes his job seriously enough to convince himself that when he makes a statement it's a fact.

The carelessly-dressed, tousle-haired Mr. Kennedy started his adult life as a newspaper reporter and went from there to magazine work. He was an associate editor of *Collier's Weekly* when that magazine decided to sponsor an air show, and just happened to be chosen as its master of ceremonies. So much fan-mail resulted that John gave up writing for the printed page in favor of writing for the microphone. He never took a voice lesson in his life.

John plays a good game of golf, swims, as he says, "with a rope," likes beer but no stronger beverage, smokes a pipe in and out of bed and sometimes even in the studio, where no one is supposed to smoke anything, and does his writing in the kitchen as often as he is permitted.

He sticks fairly close to New York now but there was a time when he was radio's most air-traveled reporter. Practically every week he would hop a plane for some part of the United States where a story was brewing, and would broadcast from there. Day by day, he never knew where he'd be twenty-four hours later.

John was born in Quebec, but he came to the United States when he was quite young, and got most of his education here, although he also went to school in England and Canada. He graduated from St. Louis University and then went into the newspaper business.

During the first World War, John directed the war relief activities of the Knights of Columbus, and worked in cooperation with Herbert Hoover in relieving distress after the war. Several foreign countries gave him decorations.

John's program tonight comes from a small "Talk Studio" just off NBC's news room, where the Associated Press teletype machines are located. John will arrive at NBC about 6 o'clock this evening, and will spend the time from then until 9:30 in looking over the news clocked out by the machines and writing his script around those items that seem the most important. It's only a five-minute script, but it takes a lot of work, because of frequent last-minute changes.



Say Hello To—

ESTHER RALSTON—heard as Madelyn in the CBS serial, *We, the Abbotts*. The former star of silent films is devoting most of her time to radio now, although she recently appeared in one new picture, "Tin Pan Alley." She's married to a New York radio commentator, Ted Lloyd, and doesn't want to spend too much time in Hollywood. She's tall, blonde, beautiful, and a very capable actress.

Complete Programs from January 24 to February 25

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
2:00	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	4:30 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
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 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
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
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
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: Home of the Brave
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Jan Pearce
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12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
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1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
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1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
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2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
7:55	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Henry Cooke
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:30	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
9:45	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
7:30	7:00	8:00 MBS: Wythe Williams
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: La Rosa Concerts
7:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
5:30	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
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
6:35	8:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle
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: Invitation to Learning
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Edward Weeks
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Tuesday's Highlights



■ Ted Collins takes it easy while watching a Kate Smith rehearsal.

Tun-In Bulletin for January 28, February 4, 11, 18 and 25!

January 28: Tuesday is the "Wellsprings of Music" day on the CBS School of the Air, and today you'll hear French-Canadian melodies.
 February 4th: Listen to the Court of Missing Heirs tonight at 8:00 on CBS—there's no telling when you'll have the thrill of hearing your name or that of a friend on it.
 February 11: Are you one of the millions that wouldn't miss a chapter of Life Can Be Beautiful? If not, do yourself a good turn and follow the crowd by tuning in on CBS at 1:00 or NBC-Red at 5:45.
 February 18: Sailors' songs and chonties are featured on the CBS School of the Air this morning. . . . For good comedy tonight, tune in Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC-Red at 9:30.
 February 25: Gene Krupa's band opens tonight at the Meadowbrook, broadcasting over NBC. Gene is still the apostle of the hottest kind of swing.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Ted Collins, reading the news on Kate Smith's mid-day program over CBS, sponsored by Swons-Down Cake Flour and Diamond Salt.

A stocky little Irishman with a brood grin and a boundless store of energy is one of radio's most important and successful men. But because he is Kate Smith's manager and business associate, you don't hear as much about him as you should. When Kate says, "Well, Ted, what's new?" on her noon-day talk today, and he begins reading the latest bulletins, you'll be listening to a man who really heeded the old proverb about opportunity knocking but once on everyone's door. When Ted first heard Kate sing, that was opportunity. It didn't have to knock twice.

Ted was born in New York a little over forty years ago, and learned as a kid that if you couldn't lick the biggest guy on the block you weren't going to get very far. Those early years gave him a spirit of independence he's never lost. He still takes no nonsense from anyone—neither from sponsors, advertising agencies, or network executives.

He went to Fordham University and is still one of its most loyal rooters. He loves sports of all kinds, and prides himself on possessing a strong and healthy body. It would be an excellent idea for him to build himself a penthouse atop Madison Square Garden, because he spends about three evenings a week there. For other

kinds of night life he has no use at all, and never attends Broadway hot spots.

Ted's married to the lovely blonde Jeannette Collins, and has an eighteen-year-old daughter named Adelaide. Until a year or so ago the Collines lived on Long Island; then they moved to a big apartment on Central Park West, near Ted's and Kate's office on Columbus Circle. The office is in the same building where Ted worked as an executive of the Columbia Recording Company, when he first heard Kate sing. As his bankroll increases, Ted likes the doily reminder, entering the building, of the times that weren't so easy.

His partnership with Kate—whom he calls Kathryn—has been just about perfect. At the very beginning, they agreed that Kate would sing and Ted would handle all business matters, and they've both stuck religiously to that agreement. Ted has furthered other careers besides Kate's, but he's done it so unobtrusively that he's never received much credit for it. Another thing Ted did for which he's never had the credit (or blame, if you feel that way about it) was to originate the guest-star idea when he had Kate and Ben Bernie appear on each other's shows.

When you first meet Ted, you think he's fairly hard-boiled and tough. That isn't so. He's really one of the tenderest-hearted men on Broadway, and will always lend a helping hand to anyone needing a break—because once he needed one himself.

Say Hello To-

RICHARD GORDON—who plays "The Bishop" in tonight's serial on NBC-Blue, *The Bishop and the Gargoyle*. Richard started his career in 1898 as a reporter and cartoonist for a Bridgeport, Conn., paper. In 1900 he switched to the stage, and began a long succession of increasingly important Broadway roles. In 1930 he joined NBC's staff of actors, and won fame as Sherlock Holmes—but after a while he refused to play the part any longer for fear of being typed. He and his wife (she was his leading lady in 1905) live in Piermont, N. Y., in a home with a big basement where Richard pursues his hobby of carpentry.





MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

United States



MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG

Canada



SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX

Chile



SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO

Argentina



SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR

Brazil

BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

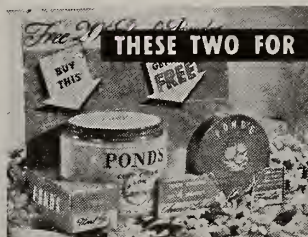
WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.



THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY—For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get absolutely free a 20¢ box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual
connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
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	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
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 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
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
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
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: Home of the Brave
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Jan Pearce
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: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 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: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, the Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Henry Cooke
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:30	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
9:45	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
6:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Tony Martin
8:15	7:15	8:15 NBC-Red: How Did You Meet
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
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
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
9:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
6:35	8:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: Spin and Win
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: KAY KYSER
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Wednesday's Highlights



■ Jeanette Nolan and Agnes Moorehead of the Cavalcade cast.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 29, February 5, 12 and 19!

January 29: Tany Martin's back on the air—good news for everyone who likes romantic song. Listen to him on NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight—and to the program which comes right after his fifteen minutes, *How Did You Meet*, which consists of dramatized accounts of listeners' meetings with their future sweethearts.

February 5: *Spin and Win*, an NBC-Blue at 9:35 tonight, is a complicated sort of quiz show with many prizes—but it's sort of fun, too.

February 12: It's Lincoln's Birthday, and the networks will have some special programs commemorating the life of that great American. . . . NBC broadcasts the Santa Anita Derby from the Santa Anita track at Arcadia, California.

February 19: For a balanced ration of comedy tonight, why not listen to Eddie Cantor for thirty minutes on NBC-Red at 9:00, then switch over to the last half of Fred Allen's program on CBS at 9:30?

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: *Cavalcade of America*, an NBC-Red at 7:30, E.S.T. (re-broadcast to the West at 6:30, P.S.T.), sponsored by the E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co.

In the radio business this is what is known as an "institutional" program. In other words, it doesn't try to sell the product of its sponsor as much as it tries to build up good will and familiarize the public with the sponsor's name. Many radio programs are failures because, although they're good shows, they don't send the sponsor's sales up. *Cavalcade of America* doesn't have to worry about that—all it needs to do to be a success is give you an inspiring and entertaining half-hour once a week, and to that end it hires radio's most capable actors, America's best-known authors, and every now and then an unusual guest star.

Patriotism is its theme. Every week the story of some incident or significant phase of our country's history is dramatized. The people who run the show try to match up famous authors with subjects they've always been interested in. For instance, Alexander Waalcatt wrote and acted in a script about the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The *Cavalcade of America* people knew he was interested in the subject before they ever decided to do a broadcast on it, so he was the logical person to choose for the job. Other

authors who've done *Cavalcade* scripts are Marc Connelly, Maxwell Anderson, Cal Tinney and Stephen Vincent Benet.

The *Cavalcade* dramas are directed by a plump, dynamic little man named Hamer Pickett, who looks enough like Winston Churchill to be his American twin. A regular "stock company" of actors divide up the various parts on each script. There are eight of these regulars, they're heard on each program, and their names make up a list of radio acting aristocracy: Ed Jerome, Carl Swanson, Jeanette Nolan and her husband, John McIntire, Ray Collins, Ted Jewett, Agnes Moorehead and Kenneth Delmar. A member of this acting company may have an important role one week and only a couple of lines the next—just as actors used to do in the old-time stage stock companies which changed bills every week.

A *Cavalcade* broadcast is a dignified affair. Everyone, including the members of Dan Varrhees' orchestra, wears evening clothes as a matter of course. (Although once, as an experiment, Maxwell Anderson's play, "Valley Forge," was broadcast with the actors wearing the Colonial costumes of the drama's period. It was nice for the studio audience, but certainly didn't mean a great deal to listeners.) A Broadway theater, the Ritz, is used for the broadcasts, and an audience of 1200 people attends each one.

Say Hello To—

ANN THOMAS—a sweet-faced young miss of 23 who is radio's expert in tough-gal roles. You hear her tonight as the thick-witted maid, Lily, in *Meet Mr. Meek* over CBS—and other days when you tune in a particularly tough feminine voice, the chances are that's Ann too. She's a veteran of some 35 productions on Broadway, and long since lost count of all her microphone characterizations. Her biggest thrill recently came when Minerva Pious, Fred Allen's dependable comedy actress, had to go to Hollywood for two weeks and Ann was chosen to handle her roles on the Allen program. She's blonde, New York born, and single.



KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

“Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your
NEW-BORN-SKIN!” says *Lady Esther*



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

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

Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

IT SEEMS a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is “Yes!”, says Lady Esther. “Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream.”

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is *one* cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens the dry little flakes and surface impurities . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't true!

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!



SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

		Eastern Standard Time	
P. M.	A. M.		
		8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:00	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: This Small Town
11:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: The Road of Life
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	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
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
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Margaret C. Banning
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
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: Home of the Brave
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Light of the World
	2:00	3:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Jan Pearce
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	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: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
7:55	5:00	6:00	CBS: News
	5:05	6:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Bob Edge
10:00	5:30	6:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Henry Cooke
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:30	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
9:45	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
	6:30	7:30	CBS: Vox Pop
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Xavier Cugat
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Blue: Met. Opera Guild
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Ask It Basket
7:30	7:00	8:00	MBS: Wythe Williams
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Good News
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: City Desk
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Fame and Fortune
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
6:35	8:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
9:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Choose Up Sides
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: News of the World

Thursday's Highlights



■ Barrymore, Vero Vague and Vallee da some clowning.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 30, February 6, 13 and 20!

January 30: The beloved children's classic, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is on the CBS School of the Air this morning. If it was one of your favorites when you were a kid, don't miss hearing it. . . . Listen to Gabriel Heatter's news program on NBC at 9:00 tonight.

February 6: Listen to next week's news by tuning in Ahead of the Headlines an NBC-Blue tonight at 10:30. It recently moved to this new time from Sunday afternoons.

February 13: Frank Morgan is on the Good News program now, NBC-Red at 8:00—so, with Baby Snooks, it offers you a lot of comedy. . . . Far folks who take their Saturday-afternoon opero broadcasts seriously, there's the Metropolitan Opero Guild program, NBC-Blue at 7:45, talking about next Saturday's performance.

February 20: Recommendation of the night: the program that never disappoints, The Aldrich Family, on NBC-Red at 8:30.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Rudy Vallee's Sealtest Shaw, an NBC-Red at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.

After battling along for several months without making any remarkable dent in popularity-survey figures, Rudy Vallee's show has suddenly blossomed out into a half-hour that is real fun to listen to. That it wasn't so before was never Rudy's fault, exactly—things just didn't seem to click together into a fast, bright program. Now they do, and we all give thanks.

Part of the improvement, at least, is due to that Bad Boy of the American Theater, John Barrymore, Esq. John hasn't reformed. He's still the unpredictable possessor of a sense of humor that's likely to run amok any minute. He refuses to stick to the script, and nearly drives the people who write it crazy.

This is what happens every week. A couple of days before the broadcast, the program has a "preview"—a performance before a small invited audience. Barrymore takes the script and appears to read it, but inserts lines of his own that are so funny the script writers decide to incorporate them in the broadcast version. Then, by the time the actual broadcast is given, Barrymore has thought up a whole new batch of odd-lids. The presence of an audience seems to intoxicate him, and he just can't help wondering away from the prepared script. The wonderful thing

about him is that with all his spontaneous remarks, he never once has made the producers of the program wish they could censor what he says. His sense of showmanship and of what the public will like is so strong that he never oversteps the bounds of good taste.

John's verbal high-jinks help Rudy, too. In the past, Rudy has sometimes been a little too dignified on the air. He can't be dignified when John's around. It's impossible to keep a straight face when the wildest of the Barrymores starts clowning—not that he ever stops. For instance, when Rudy introduces Barrymore to the studio audience, John always responds with a beautiful display of "hom" acting: hand on heart, head thrown back, eyelids fluttering in pleased surprise. It brings down the house, and from then on anything goes.

You'd expect some outbursts of temperament between Rudy and John—and you'd expect wrong. Oddly enough, they get on fine. Rudy, mindful of his old desire to be an actor, studies the Barrymore technique and timing, and Barrymore, probably without meaning it at all, says he hopes he can learn from Rudy how to be a good business man and save his money. Anyway, they're fast friends—proof being that Barrymore's contract with the program was recently renewed for another thirteen weeks.

Say Hello To—



YVETTE—who sings the solos on Xavier Cugat's program tonight over NBC. Yvette, whose real name is Elsa Harris, was born in Birmingham, Ala., on September 17, 1922. Her family is of French extraction, so she comes by her stage name honestly. She learned her intriguing Creole patois when she was a child attending a convent school in New Orleans. When she was 17 she came to New York, intending to study art. But some friends heard her sing and urged a musical comedy career on her; she auditioned for stage producers and an NBC talent scout heard her. Result—a radio debut last January and instant success.



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fingernails
in the world!*

COLOR FLASH

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Indian Red
Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to your fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and compare this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing five, ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss—Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Many 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Many 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Many 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Many 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:00	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	10:45	11:00 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
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: Home of the Brave
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Jan Peerce
12:15	2:15	3:15 MBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Exploring Space
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: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scatgerood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Henry Cooke
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
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Army Show
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER
5:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Gangbusters
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Campbell Playhouse
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: I Want a Divorce
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: ARCH OBLER'S PLAYS
6:35	8:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: Your Happy Birthday
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Friday's Highlights



■ Jimmy Darsey's vocalist, Helen O'Connell—and Jimmy himself.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 24 and 31, February 7, 14 and 21!

January 24: Glen Gray and his orchestra open at the Palladium, the new super ballroom in Las Angeles, tonight. They're going to broadcast over NBC.

January 31: Joe Louis and Red Burman fight it out tonight at Madison Square Garden for the heavyweight title. NBC broadcasts the battle, with Bill Stern announcing. . . . Death Valley Days, an NBC-Blue at 8:30, has an interesting story to tell—about the telegraph operator who kept the wires open for eighty hours to send the news at Custer's Last Stand.

February 7: Waody Guthrie and Burl Ives sing music you aren't likely to hear anywhere else on the CBS show, Back When I Came From. It's at 10:30 tonight.

February 14: Jaan Blandell stars in a story of love and marriage in I Want a Divorce, over Mutual at 9:30 tonight. Each broadcast is complete in itself—it's not a serial.

February 21: Something that's vitally important to every American is told about on the CBS School of the Air this morning. It's the Panama Canal, and right now you'll want to know all you can about it.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Your Happy Birthday, variety and novelty program, an NBC-Blue at 9:35, E.S.T., sponsored by Twenty Grand and Spud Cigarettes.

As they say at the start of the program, all you have to do to win money on Your Happy Birthday is to be barn.

It's got so that brilliant minds stay awake nights now trying to figure out new ways of giving money away over the air. Edward Wolf, who is head of a firm which originates and produces radio programs, thought up this method, and it's such a good one practically every radio owner in the country will be tuning in before long — or at least making sure some friend is tuning in far him.

You don't have to listen to Your Happy Birthday to get a share of the \$1000 that's given away each week, but it certainly helps. On each program there are dramatizations of events which took place on three different dates. Let's say that one program will dramatize events on these three dates: January 20, 1912, August 14, 1920, and May 2, 1898. If you were barn one of these three days—month, day, and year—you're in the running for the money. After the dramatizations and same music by Jimmy Darsey's band, Tiny Ruffner, the master of ceremonies, introduces a movie star who picks one of three

candles out of a giant birthday cake set on the stage. Each of the candles has one of the three dates attached to it, and the one the movie star picks is the lucky date.

Then the movie star digs into a bowl containing slips marked with all the Congressional Districts in the United States, and selects one slip. Everyone who was barn on the winning date in the winning Congressional District gets a slice of the \$1000 if he has proof of his birthdate and place. If there's only one claimant, he gets the full \$1000. If there aren't any, that amount is added to the \$1000 on a future program.

But if you aren't listening in, and none of your friends who know your birthdate are listening in, you may never know you're entitled to the money. So better not take any chances.

Tiny Ruffner, who hasn't been heard on the air much lately, returns as the Birthday Man, and Mary Small is the Birthday Girl. She also sings a song or two on each program,—and very nicely, too. With all the drawing of the winning birthday and birthplace, there's no lack of music on the program, because Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly, Jimmy Darsey's two regular dance-band soloists, sing a number or two as well.



Say Hello To—

JAN PEECE—tenor star of the CBS Golden Treasury of Song this afternoon. You've also heard him frequently singing on the Radio City Music Hall program, Sundays over NBC. Jan came up to fame the hard way. He was born on the lower East Side to a poor immigrant family, and began studying violin when he was nine years old, using an instrument that cost four dollars and was almost too expensive for his mother to buy, at that. He began singing when he was 15, and grew up to play and sing in a hotel orchestra. Roxy, the showman, hired him for the Radio City Music Hall—and he's still there.

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



**LUX SOAP MAKES A
WONDERFUL BEAUTY
BATH! ITS ACTIVE
LATHER MAKES YOU
SURE OF DAINTINESS**

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LADY EVE"

**THIS GENTLE, WHITE
SOAP HAS SUCH
A DELIGHTFUL
FRAGRANCE — LEAVES
SKIN SWEET!**

**Clever girls take
Hollywood's tip—win
out with skin that's sweet!**

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use it—**



You

will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's sweet, appealing.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time
	8:00	CBS: News of Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra
	8:15	NBC-Red: Crackerjack Quartet
	8:30	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC-Red: News
	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Jim Robertson
	9:15	CBS: Burl Ives
	9:15	NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
	9:30	CBS: Honest Abe
	9:30	NBC-Red: Wise Man
	9:45	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
	10:00	CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee
	10:00	NBC-Blue: Sid Walton
10:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
	9:15	NBC-Blue: Richard Kent
	10:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Gallicchio's Orch.
	10:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
	11:00	CBS: Symphony Concert
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Song Folks
	11:15	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
	10:45	NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	11:00	CBS: Country Journal
9:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: American Education Forum
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Milestones in Music
	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
	12:15	1:15 CBS: Highways to Health
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Music for Everyone
	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Dance Music
	2:30	3:30 CBS: Old Vienna
	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Is My Land
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Campus Capers
	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: A Boy, a Girl, and a Band
	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Curtis Institute
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Report to the Nation
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Long Orchestra
	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: Dance Music
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Elmer Davis
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Listeners' Playhouse
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
	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: Artie Shaw Orchestra
	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Gay Nineties Revue
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Orchestra
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
	7:00	8:00 CBS: Your Marriage Club
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Orchestra
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
	7:15	8:15 NBC-Blue: Man and the World
	7:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
9:30	8:00	9:00 MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
	8:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:00	10:00 MBS: Chicago Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Saturday's Highlights



■ Milton Cross (right) in the Met's new control room.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 25, February 1, 8, 15 and 22!

January 25: The NBC Symphony program on NBC-Blue has changed its time to 9:35. . . . On Mutual at 10:00, the Chicago Theater of the Air has scheduled the operetta, "Cyra de Bergeroc," with Richard Bonelli and Marian Claire in the leading roles. February 1: Henry King's orchestra opens the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco tonight, broadcasting over NBC. . . . From Madison Square Garden at 10:30 tonight, NBC-Red broadcasts the Melrose Trock and Field Games. February 8: More athletics are supplied tonight between 10:30 and 11:00 when NBC-Red broadcasts the Boston Athletic Association Trock Meet from the Boston Garden. February 15: Yaur Hit Porode, an CBS at 9:00, takes you on a tour into one of the Army training camps as part of tonight's show. February 22: It's Washington's Birthdoy, and the networks will observe the event with special programs.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Metropolitan Opero Company, on NBC-Blue at 2:00, E.S.T., sponsored by the Texaco Company.

Last year about this time the future of one of America's great landmarks, the Metropolitan Opero House, looked uncertain, to say the least. It was in financial difficulties, and there didn't seem to be any way of getting it out. The wealthy people who used to maintain it by paying large sums far seats and boxes had gradually withdrawn their support until there wasn't enough money coming in to keep the famous old place going.

As a last resort, the radio audience which every Saturday afternoon tuned in the broadcasts presented by NBC was appealed to. And the listeners come through. Their contributions paured in.

One other thing happened, too. For several years it hadn't been easy for NBC to find commercial sponsors for the Saturday matinee broadcasts. But the big response to the appeal for funds proved that lots of people tuned in, and the Texaco company was impressed.

Some of the money was used to renovate the old auditorium. A new gold brocade curtain was installed, and so was a special radio control booth with a glass front, instead of the old, unsheltered "Box 44." The old boxes in the Grand Tier were torn out, and rows of seats put in instead. The changes, particularly the instollation of the

soundproofed control room, have greatly increased the clarity of the broadcasts.

Of course, radio listeners can't see the action on the stage, but they can take comfort in the realization that many people who are actually sitting in the Metropolitan Opero Auditorium can't see the stage either. The place is built in the old-fashioned horseshoe style, with balconies running around the sides clear up to the stage. If your seat is on the side (and unless you've paid quite a bit of money for it, it will be) you won't see much more than you would at home in front of your radio.

Today's opero goes to a great many listeners, separated by a great many thousands of miles. In the United States, it is carried by 131 NBC-Blue stations. In addition, it goes to South America over the powerful short wave stations WRCA and WNBI, with a special commentary in Spanish by Llopis de Olivares, instead of Milton Cross' English commentary which we in this country hear.

Milton Cross and most of the men connected with putting the opero on the air stay in the control room at the rear of the auditorium, but there is one NBC man backstage. He keeps on eye on the performance and telephones the control booth to tell Cross and the others of any minor changes in cost or performance that might interrupt or confuse the broadcast.



Say Hello To-

GWEN WILLIAMS—songbird on The Song of Your Life, tonight on NBC. Gwen decided to be a professional singer when she was 13 years old and won an amateur contest conducted by a radio station in her home state, Florida. In the University of Miami she majored in music, and after getting her degree came to New York, where she sang in night clubs before Harry Salter, Song of Your Life orchestra leader, heard her and hired her for his show. He says she has a brilliant singing future ahead. Gwen is married to Norman Foley, an executive in a music publishing firm, and insists that marriage can go with a career.

A Love To Be Envied

(Continued from page 13)

exclaimed, surprised.

"I'm going now," he said. His eyes rested on Sadie. It was as if he hadn't known there could be a girl like her, a girl softly turned, with young eyes, and a voice that came strong and clear because there was a quick, fine brain behind it.

"I tried to see you not long ago, Miss Hermalin," he said. "About a story I was working on for my paper. You knew the girl the story was about. But you were out of town."

"I'm sorry," Sadie said. "Why not try again some time?"

She could have bitten off her tongue. She was acting, she told herself, exactly like a stupid, smitten girl.

"I'm going to," he told her, "so soon I think it will surprise you."

Then he was gone and the room seemed less bright and warm.

The next morning, as Sadie was leaving for school—she had fifty-nine boys in her sixth grade class—the telephone rang. "Hello!" It was his voice. "This is Gabe Heatter."

"I didn't know newspaper reporters got up so early," she told him, excited, laughing.

"Usually they don't," he said. "When can I see you, Sadie?"

"Tomorrow night . . ." She was tentative.

"Tonight," he urged. "Don't make me wait until tomorrow, please. I . . . I'm so very fond of you!"

"Tonight, then," she said, a sudden lump of gratitude in her throat for his unashamed avowal. "I'll be waiting, Gabe."

From then on, they each knew they were in love. And neither tried to hide the fact.

THEY used to go to Luchow's in New York for the famous sauerbrauten and potato pancakes and dance to waltzes of old Vienna with their love warm in their eyes. They used to go to a little Italian restaurant, frequented mostly by newspaper men, and feast on spaghetti and drink red wine and listen to Neapolitan love songs. Saturdays often found them in Carnegie Hall and perhaps it was the exalted music and perhaps it was their love growing stronger all the time but later, in the Russian tea-room, they never saw anything beyond each other's eyes. Sundays they walked in the park, watching to see if any other girl wore violets as large and deep as those pinned on Sadie's shoulder.

They spent evenings before a coal fire in the Hermalin living-room. Mr.

■ From the family album—a photo taken more than twenty years ago—Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Heatter with their first born, daughter Maida.



Can you do this?

-without doing this?



One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, *the very first day* they were put on sale, was this:

Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust

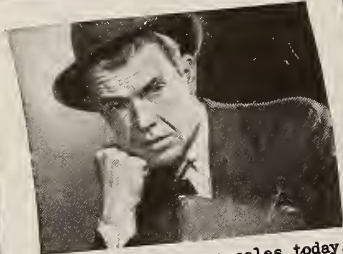
This fact means more to you than just the satisfaction of a sneezeless washday. It means that when these husky, *golden* chips come tumbling out of the box, every one is chock-full of washing energy. It means that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips put the *two* famous Fels-Naptha Cleaners to work—gentle naptha and richer, golden soap—a dirt-removing team that shames the half-hearted efforts of weak, would-be beauty soaps.

Get a box of *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your next washday. Write today to Fels & Co., Dept. 9-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory box. Use them in any kind of water—hot or cool—hard or soft. You'll get the whitest, sweetest wash you've ever had—and these golden, extra-sudsy chips will do most of the work.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



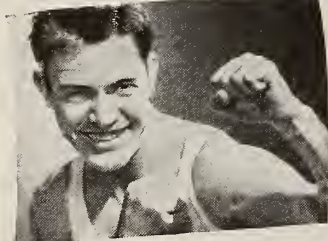
From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.



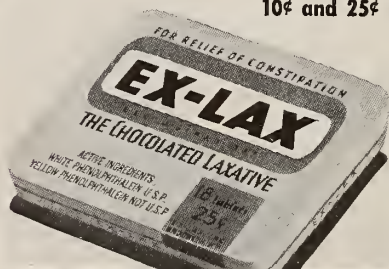
Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Hermalin, also a newspaper man, who loved Gabe as a son from the moment he met him, and Gabe used to talk while Sadie knitted socks and helmets for those fighting with the British and French forces overseas.

The men's talk was of the war always, of politics at home, of Pershing in Mexico, of newspapers, of sports. They talked quickly and authoritatively. And, true to their craft, they were hard-boiled and realistic one minute and then, without warning, incredibly sentimental and naive.

"It's amazing," Sadie would say, laughing, "that I should be so eager to marry a mad newspaper man after having had a mad newspaper man for a father. Some people never learn!"

The men would pull harder on their pipes at this and pretend to have forgotten she was there. Until Gabe no longer could resist reaching for her hand. Or until she surprised them by knowing about something they hadn't expected her to know about at all.

"Listen," her father would say, "the girl's got brains!"

"And she's beautiful, too," Gabe would add. For this to him always was the miracle.

Usually it was after Mr. Hermalin had gone to bed or been understanding enough to pretend he was going to bed that Gabriel would get a manuscript from his overcoat pocket and read Sadie a story he was writing.

"I have to make more money than I'm making on the paper," he would tell her. "I have to buy you a seal coat and a velvet hat with a plume. Do you really think I might be able to do fiction, darling? Does what I've written here hold you?"

SPRING comes to Brooklyn when the Trees of Heaven growing in the little back yards sprout pale green buds, when flower vendors pull horse-drawn wagons of petunias and pansies, geraniums and bachelor buttons through the quiet streets and their cries mingle with the hucksters calling "Strawberries . . . Fresh Strawberry-i-e-s . . ." when the river that runs beneath the bridges that link Brooklyn with Manhattan is a faded blue, when jewelers display trays of wedding rings in their windows. . . .

For these are immutable things, like the love of man and woman. Today they herald spring in Brooklyn just as they did in 1915 when Sadie and Gabriel were married; just four months after they first had looked into each other's eyes.

The caterer's men put up a red and white striped awning before the little Hermalin house. The florist's men turned the rooms into sweet gardens and trailed smilax and clusters of white roses along the banisters. The musicians, behind palms, played the wedding march. Sadie came down the stairs on her father's arm. Her veil was like a mist about her young face and she was smiling. For at the foot of the stairs Gabe was waiting, and he looked the way men do when they love one woman more than anything else in the world.

Today the Heatters have a big house on Long Island and a town apartment off Fifth Avenue. There are many to serve them. Two and three cars stand in their garage. Fur coats and velvet hats are no longer dreams but realities. However, before all this came to be, the years were uncertain and sometimes lean. At first they lived with the Hermalins in a house on Long Island to which they all moved from the house in Brooklyn. And it was here, early in 1917, that their daughter, Maida, was born.

Gabriel Heatter held his little daughter in his arms and the years ahead, which he'd previously thought of in terms of Sadie and himself, belonged now to Maida too. He saw her growing up . . . walking . . . talking . . . going to school . . . growing tall . . . And he marvelled that men and women should accept life, which is so altogether wonderful, so calmly.

"Darling," he said to Sadie, "I think it's time we made a home of our own. It may not always be easy going. But you'll manage."

FROM the day they were married he has shown that confidence in her. Every salary check or pay envelope he ever has received has been deposited in her hands, untouched. It was no empty phrase when he promised "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

Life for all of us is made up of little experiences. Obviously not all of them can be happy. Sometimes it was insufficient money that troubled the Heatters. Sometimes they saw far too little of each other because he had to work at night and sleep during the day when she had to be up and out with little Maida. Sometimes other women—and often they were women influential in business—found him as attractive as the girls in Brooklyn once had found him. And sometimes other men—and often they were business associates he brought home—found her as attractive as the boys in Brooklyn once had found her. But they never let anything that happened get between them.

"I think" Sadie Heatter says today "that every wife does well to discipline herself not to allow little things to be important. For if a man loves a woman her complaints will disturb him. And a man who is disturbed has less spirit to bring to his affairs. Besides, complaints are like termites. Slowly they undermine the bond a man and woman know. And when this bond is weakened a marriage is weakened too."

"This I know beyond any doubt . . . the minute you fuss about anything you give it greater importance!"

In 1918 Basil Heatter was born. And Gabriel, looking down on the male child in his arms, said to Sadie "They're saying this war soon will be over. But if in twenty years the drums should roll again . . ."

"As they will," Sadie said, "for all the noble talk that's been going round . . ."

He smiled, as he always did, at her fine, intelligent reality. And he

ON THE APRIL COVER—Watch for the beautiful color portrait of lovely Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's vocalist and leading lady

thanked God he had a wife he did not have to spare things but with whom he could share things.

"I hope we're cynics and it won't be the way we fear," he told her. "But if Basil should be called one day when he is grown—and the cause is right—may he be a brave soldier."

Gabriel Heatter was no different from other men before they find their way in the business world. He did what he could as well as he could. He worked on newspapers. He wrote advertising. He managed publicity campaigns. He executed foreign business for a linoleum firm. And sometimes his income was large and sometimes it was small and sometimes he had no income at all.

"I wanted to give you so much, darling," he told Sadie one evening as they walked around their little house while their babies slept upstairs. She had followed him out, sensing he was restless and discouraged. And he had taken off his top coat so, as they walked arm in arm, she could wear it over her shoulders too.

"Success will come, Gabe," she said. "You must have patience. Most men don't make their name until they're in their forties."

HE still likes to tell about the time he was offered ten thousand dollars for an advertising job. This happened when he was doing a sustaining program, reporting news seven nights a week, and being paid nothing for it.

"I hurried home," he says, "to tell Sadie the good news. Our reserve funds were pretty nearly gone and there were a dozen things the children needed."

Sadie listened to everything he had to say the way she always listened, with her whole attention.

"But Gabe," she said when he'd finished, "you've always believed radio would be important and those who grew up with it were like to be important too. And this job would give you no time for your program!"

"I still believe all that," he told her. "But, darling, we have to live. I can't be a fool . . ."

"I don't want you to give up your program," she said.

"But how will we live? How?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I only know we'll manage—somehow."

"I doubt," says Gabriel Heatter telling this story "that there's one woman in a million who would have done what Sadie did, or been as game as she was later on. For we had tough going for a long time—until, at last, I found a sponsor and a salary!"

Sadie Heatter says, "I deserve no credit for what I did—none at all. I knew—don't ask me how—that Gabe belonged in radio. And when you're as sure about anything as I was about this you don't mind things being difficult; you're always more or less looking beyond them."

She has the limitless courage of which women are capable when they're loved as deeply and solely as she's always been loved. And he has the will to succeed and the qualities of faithfulness of which men are capable when they love deeply and solely and receive the same undivided love in return.

Twenty-five years have passed since Gabriel and Sadie first met. Their daughter, Maida, is married now. Their son, Basil, is eligible for the draft. But there's still a magical youth in their eyes and in their laughter.



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

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Mystery House

(Continued from page 35)

And it's all so strange, our being out here, and perhaps all dying out here—"

Page got up and walked into the cave; she felt lame and weak.

The fog was wet and cold on Page's face, and there was no comfort in the cave. Lynn was there in the afternoon shadows; he was lying on his face on the brush they had gathered to make a sort of bed for him; their one old blanket covered him, but he shuddered with the cold. Barnes had hung his watch on the projecting broken end of an embedded root in the walls of the cave. Page looked at it. Ten minutes past three, and their prison was closed upon them for the long cold night, the night that would be broken by no hot food, softened by no blankets. She felt that she could not face it. She sat down and braced her back against a rocky wall, and wished that she might die, that this hunger of body and mind might be stilled.

AFTER awhile Barnes came in. The girl, who had been sponging Lynn's hot face, looked up at him as he blundered in the now thick dusk. Fog pressed after him and spread fingers like the visible fingers of death over the group. Page had fed the fire; it was by its dull light, for they dared not let it flame and smoke here in the closed walls, that they saw each other's faces.

It was night in the cave. No use to wonder about the fog-drenched Rock Island now, signalling, calling, watching. Her voice was tired anyway, and her throat sore. Barnes put wood on the little fire in the cave. Its smoke made straight for her eyes and she shut them on the dim interior, on the form in the shadows that was Lynn, on Barnes' haggard face lighted to an Indian redness in the dull glow.

Page curled her arm about a jutting bit of mossy rock, put her face down upon it. Her shoulders ached with the first approaching of the night cold. This was going to be a bitter night. But as Barnes reminded her after awhile, that meant a clear day tomorrow. Somewhere in the endless black hours she saw his silhouette against the mouth of the cave. He was looking out.

"Stars!" he said triumphantly.

And the morning, sure enough, was brightly sunny, with a quieter sea. They must make a try for the shore today, Barnes said. If anyone at Mystery House saw them approaching on their propelled logs they might get help.

While they talked they had been standing on the western face of the Rock, on the little promontory they called Beacon Hill, where they kept their signal fire burning day and night. Now just as they turned to return to the cave, Barnes in a strange hushed tone said the single syllable of Page's name.

Her back was to the sea. She turned and stood beside him, and for a long moment neither spoke. Page wavered a little against the man's shoulder, and he put his arm about her.

"Yes, sir; that's it!" Barnes presently said, clearing his throat.

Two miles away toward the west a big steamer had stopped in her course; she was moving again now, but straight for the shore.

"Oh, no!" Page said in a whisper.

"They've seen us, Page." Barnes was recklessly piling wood on the slumbering fire. A plume of smoke went wavering up into the blue sunshiny air. He and Page ran up the slanting face of the Rock between the scrubby brush and dwarfed oaks, silhouetted themselves against the sky, screaming, gesturing. The girl was crying hysterically.

"They've seen us! They're coming!" The heavenly message of a ship's whistle broke in through the sea-bird crying and the endless washing of the waves.

"That's it!" Barnes said huskily. Page was crying; she did not speak. Braced together by his arm, they never moved their eyes from the white swan that was slowly growing larger and larger against the sea.

"They may decide we're just picnickers and go away!" the girl whispered.

"They won't," Barnes said.

Nearer, nearer. The ship was heading straight for the Rock. She heaved to, a quarter of a mile away. Barnes had run down to the fire for a flaming branch. He waved it above his head.

When, panting with weakness, Page joined him, he caught at her arm, faced her about toward the ocean.

"See those fellows up there—toward the right?" he said.

"I can just see them moving.

"Letting down a boat," Barnes said, in a tone almost reverent. Page reeled against his shoulder and he held her tight, kissing her hair and her forehead, trying to laugh. "Don't cry, dear!" he said. "You've been so brave. There's nothing to cry about now! They're coming for us. I knew they would! I knew that just as soon as the fog raised we'd get away. We're all right now!"

STUMBLING in their haste, laughing, crying, Page and Barnes went down the Rock to the cave. Lynn was breathing heavily; and now and then he muttered to himself. He knew nothing of what was passing, as somehow they got him out of the cave that had been their prison for three terrible days and nights. He was not conscious when hands much stronger than theirs grasped the blanket on which he lay, and carried him away from the Rock.

Page knew she was not going to faint, but she could not speak to the three seamen who had brought the launch to shore, and even to smile sent rockets of agony through her head. Guided by strange hands, she somehow got into the launch and sat down, with Lynn's hot head cushioned against her shoulder, and then water and sea began to reel about her, to the accompaniment of the boat's crisp tuck-tuck-tuck, and her one look backward showed the Rock growing smaller and smaller, and the outlines of Mystery House merging with it on the line of shore.

It was all a dream—a dream shot with pain and hunger, and with weakness that was worse than either. There was a ladder, and some one shouting from above, "Keep your arm about her, Larsen; she's falling!" and then there were faces, and she began to explain that Lynn was terribly ill—he must be gotten to a hospital—and

she was crying bitterly. Women, looking on, a ring of faces pale with compassion, were crying too.

The blessedness of a soft bed was under her, and Bess O'Neal, an old friend from training school days, was giving her chicken soup, each scant teaspoonful a nectar beyond anything human lips had ever tasted before. Page lay back, broken and sore and dirty and weary beyond words, and opened her eyes only when she opened her lips for the spoon.

"Now don't rush me," the nurse said, "for this is all you can have for twenty minutes. The doctor's with the sick one, and the well one is having ham and eggs. You poor thing, you! This is Tuesday and you were there since when—Saturday? What do you know about *that*! You'll tie your boat more securely the next time! The well one has wirelessed for a doctor and a hospital and an ambulance, so your sick friend will be taken care of, but he's a pretty sick man, if you ask me."

"He'll get well now." Page sank back in the cushions.

THE *Princeton* moved on her appointed way between the port of Los Angeles at San Pedro and the harbor of San Francisco. The overnight passengers began to gather on the decks, overcoated, carrying their bags, and Page and Barnes and Lynn were among them. Lynn, feeble and bewildered, looking about him with sick, troubled eyes; Page seeing nothing but his fever-flushed face. She and Barnes were safe now. Only a few hours' rest, only hot baths and changes of clothing and regular meals stood between them and complete recovery from the effects of the three terrible days on the Rock. They could forget it now, forget the fogs, and the chill-shaken aching nights, and the dreamy despair of those long vigils when they had watched the shore and the sea. But what of Lynn? Was it too late for Lynn?

At the dock she was vaguely aware of crowds, photographers, newspaper men. The sun was shining brightly over San Francisco's seven times seven hills, and the miracle of everyday life was moving on briskly; trolleys and motor cars, children running in the sunshine, leisurely crowds coming and going! Page felt that she could never drink in enough of it to satisfy her starved soul. Just human contacts, hands and voices and the chipping of feet on pavements would never seem commonplace to her again.

The nurses at the hospital brought her a tray while she waited for the doctors' verdict on Lynn. Page talked to them a little of the strange accident, the "lost" boat that had drifted away and left her with the two men on the Rock, the thrill of seeing the big *Princeton* turn in her course and come slowly, steadily to the rescue, but she hardly knew what she said. Afterward she was tired and sleepy, and a kindly head nurse gave her a small white room to rest in, and put a warm blanket over her while she slept. Then there was more chicken soup and afternoon light warm on the white hospital walls, and Barnes back again, shaved and brisk and spectacled once more.

He sat down beside Page's bed and they talked, and it was all like a dream.

"Your friend Miss Bowditch telephoned, and Mrs. Chayne telephoned, and every one is very much excited

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about you, and the newspapers have pictures of you," Barnes said.

"It isn't three o'clock, Barnes?"

"It is. You've slept the day through. I've been seeing people—Mother first, of course—"

"And she was frantic?"

"Not at all. The firm had a wire yesterday saying, 'Detained in Los Angeles; writing, love,' and she was perfectly serene."

"Who would send that?"

"Harwood, perhaps. Perhaps Flora. Remember Flora asked me, in the boat, what my firm was? Anyway, we would have been dead before Mother ever got worried enough to make a move."

"We would have been dead," Page said thoughtfully. "Barnes, how long could we have stayed there?"

"I suppose another week. People don't die as fast as all that, you know."

"Another week! When I shut my eyes I can feel it all and see it all again—the fog and the rocks we sat on; I can hear the sea and the gulls and feel that weak—that hungry, tired feeling! Barnes, what did they say of Lynn?"

WITH the last sudden question she had laid her fingers on his hand; he felt them press his own.

"They don't know," he said, started to add something to it, checked himself and was still.

"They think he is very ill."

"Oh, but we knew that, Page!"

"Yes, we knew that. It'll be a fight now between the fever and his strength. Are they going to operate, Barnes?"

"They're afraid—not." He had phrased it wrongly, and he saw her color fluctuate.

"He's too weak?"

"I imagine they think so. I don't think they've decided."

"They wouldn't let me see him?"

"I don't think so. They've three nurses on the case. Mrs. Hibbs, his cousin, was here."

"Oh, that's so—she's his cousin! Did she see him?"

"She stood at the door and looked at him. She told me he was exactly like the picture of Edward Lynn, her aunt's son by the first marriage. She said that she had known of his marriage—the marriage of Lynn's father, but she had never known there was a child."

"You told her everything?"

"A good deal: about Trudy Mockbee's taking her aunt's place, and about your having the diamond safe. She says it's all clear now, clear why her aunt wouldn't see her—why there was so much secrecy. And she feels, as I do, and I suppose as you do, that there'll have to be an investigation about the two deaths—Mrs. Prendergast's and Mrs. Roy's."

"Are they going to arrest them?"

"Yes; police everywhere are on the lookout. They think Flora and the old woman were going to drive east, but it seems more likely now that they made straight for the Mexican border. Harwood lived there for awhile, it seems."

At three o'clock in the dark of the early morning Lynn was taken up to the surgery. At eight the next morning Barnes came quietly into the hospital to discover that while Page had changed her suit—the suit she had worn through all those days on the Rock—for a nurse's trim white uniform, she had not undressed and gone to bed all night long. Lynn was very

ill. He had had a few moments of consciousness and Page had seen him; he had immediately lapsed back into his muttering coma again.

"He's pretty bad, is he?"

"They say so. They telephoned for Mrs. Hibbs at four. But now she's gone home again. But he's so horribly—*weak*," Page said in a whisper, her cheeks wet. She and Barnes went out, came back again. Lynn still breathed, and now, with an abandonment of caution whose significance did not escape her, they let her go into his room. She knew why. They thought he was dying.

Not knowing what she did, Page sat down beside his bed and murmured to him, and he opened his heavy eyes and looked at her painfully as a man looks who knows not reality from dreams. She linked her hand in his hand. Presently he was lightly, restlessly asleep.

The clock's hands moved. Daylight dropped on the white wall, lay in clean angles on the floor, was gone. Nurses noiselessly brought pillows. Page's back was luxuriously braced. Somebody took off her shoes, wrapped her feet in a warm blanket that held a hot water bottle. Somebody else held soup of just the right temperature at her lips. Five o'clock, with the subdued clinking of trays in the hospital corridor and the smell of toast everywhere. Six o'clock, with winter blackness at the windows, and still Lynn, fretting sometimes, muttering sometimes of the gulls and the noise of the sea, slept on.

A doctor wrote "Faint?" on a card, and held it before Page's eyes—eyes that were heavy now in the hooded lamplight. She shook her head with a white smile; the vigil went on. Long afterward they told her that those eight solid hours of sleep then had been the miracle that had saved him.

* * *

COMING into a hospital room that was filled with spring sunshine two weeks later, Page sent a quick glance toward the man who was sitting propped in pillows in the bed. His fine eyes, still sunken, were fixed on her expectantly. She nodded at him with a reassuring smile, before setting the various things she had brought with her in their right places. His fountain pen was filled and went on the table beside his bed; his pajamas had been returned fresh and crisp from the laundry, there were magazines; there was a green paper box with wet violets in it and a small green glass bowl.

She did not look at Lynn while she went about, but he watched her steadily, contentedly. When at last she came to sit beside him and laid a hand in his, he gave a great sigh of relief.

"Always so horribly afraid you won't come back, Page, when you go away at night!"

"Goose!" she said. And for a moment of silence they smiled at each other. "You look quite specially rested and fine today," Page said then.

"It's because you're here," Lynn responded simply.

"I'm here, nothing!" she scoffed. "You look as if you'd liked your breakfast and slept ten hours and sat up in the sunshine!"

"All of which I did, Page," the man said, in his low, somewhat hesitant voice.

"Wonderful!" she approved.

"And now I've news for you."

"Of them?"

"Your lovely FACE
is satin-smooth to kiss."



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"I saw Flora."
Lynn's thin face paled; his eyes widened.

"They got them?"
"Just Flora. Her mother—I'll always want to call her 'Mrs. Prendergast,' I suppose—was too ill to move. She's in a hospital in Denver, and they can't do anything about her until she's well enough to be brought into court. They say she's dying. But they have Flora. I saw her!"

"You saw her?"
"Yes; at the court. Barnes took me there. She's not under arrest; she's just being held pending investigation."

"Did she talk to you?"
"Did Flora talk to me!" Page repeated. "She came across the room where she was being detained and clung to me. She was crying all the time. Hysterical and frightened; you never saw anything like it! She said; 'Oh, be my friend—help me! I never meant you to be harmed. I knew you wouldn't die out there. On Tuesday I was going to send a wire to San Francisco that you were out on the Rock!'"

SHE knew when she told us you might be out on the Rock that she was going to abandon us there. But you see Rand had thrown her down, Lynn. He told her right then and there that he was going to get way. There was nothing left but for her to escape, too! We've tried to trace him since. That afternoon he drew all the money he had out of a San Francisco bank and since then nobody's heard anything of him. Barnes said that if they got anything out of her they might get enough to go after him too, but I don't believe they will."

"I'm glad you're not with him, Page," Lynn said simply. "The dream is over, isn't it, and we're awake!"
"It seems to me," Page amended it, "we're going into the best of the dream."

Lynn picked up her brown left hand; looked at it.

"That isn't a dream, is it?" he said. Page's eyes followed his to the plain gold ring on her third finger.

"No; that isn't a dream. I wonder—" she said, laughing and flushing, "if we ought to make it one?"

"What do you think?"
"I've loved you from the very beginning, Lynn," the girl said seriously, sudden tears in her smiling eyes. "But in these last few days you've grown so different—you're getting well; your mind's all clear where you used to be so vague, and you're so—definite where you used to let me run you..."

She stopped, in difficulties. The man, lightly beating against her hand with his own thin one, laughed nervously.
"Don't you want your husband to be definite, Page? . . . I'm sorry."

Something in the hesitating yet infinitely tender tone, something of possession and domination, brought the hot blood to her face. Page was not laughing as she said, "That's it, you see. I've known you—one way all these months—and now you're changed. You were always just Lynn, who didn't think quite straight and who didn't count—nobody paid much attention to you—"

"You did," he reminded her quite seriously as she paused.

"Oh, well—I—yes, I did," Page

stammered, "because I was so sorry for you! Just tell me," she recommenced, smiling gallantly and blinking to keep the moisture from her eyes, "just tell me that you remember about that day—ten days ago, the day after the operation—?"

"The day we were married, Page?" Lynn asked gravely, all his laughter gone now, his eyes fixed on hers and his hand still lightly beating her hand.

"You did want me to—but I know you wanted me to—" the girl faltered in distress. Lynn frowned faintly, staring at her.

"You aren't serious, are you?"
"I think I am. If you didn't—if you were sick and didn't know—"

"I knew," he said, and for awhile neither spoke. "I'm so weak yet, Page," Lynn said then, "that it doesn't take much to make me play the baby! I've a handkerchief here somewhere—lend me yours. I knew," he went on in a low tone that he tried unsuccessfully to hold quite steady, "that you saved me. That when I was tossing about—it was always the Hawaiian volcano, Page, so frightfully hot and thick and close to me—"

"Don't think about it, dear."

"Well, in the middle of that suddenly to be back in this room and to have you here in your rumpled suit that you wore on the Rock, and with your hair all blown and salty—and yet you were in white, too, like a nurse—kneeling down, whispering to me: 'Would you like to be married, Lynn? Wouldn't you like us to be married right now?'"

IT was like something cool and safe and strong, in the middle of desert sands," he said after awhile. "I remember the cool feeling of your hand, and that afterward you leaned over and kissed me, and your lips felt so cool against my forehead. And then I remember your saying, 'Rest your head here, Lynn; I'm holding you!' And my head felt right, and there seemed to be such a coolness and darkness everywhere, and we were off the Rock!"

"Are you asking me seriously, Page," Lynn said, when for another strange moment or two there had been silence between them, "if I want to go back on that?"

"No, not really," she said, stirred as she never had been stirred in her life before, smiling and in tears.

"Then don't say that any more." Lynn rubbed his thumb on the gold ring. "It's you and I now until the end of the chapter," he said. "I never would have left this room alive but for you. There's nothing in my life but you. You can't leave me now."

He shut his eyes, and Page saw tears slip from under his lids and for a long time he did not speak, and she could not.

The placid sunshine streamed into the hospital room. Lynn dozed with his fingers locked in Page's fingers, and a look of infinite peace on his thin face. Page sat back in her chair and fell into a daydream. The Prendergast diamond, held carelessly in her palm, winked wickedly on the white walls in green and gold and pink. The Ked Anna, older than the pyramids, had reached the Winter of its days; but for Page and Lynn life was at the Spring.

THE END

NEXT MONTH—Portia Faces Life—A Radio Mirror Novelette—Complete in One Issue

Marriage or Else

(Continued from page 29)

had been seniors in her junior year. She remembered, delightedly, the play Gar had directed—the one in which she had played the lead—and how swell he and Martin Gabel had been after she left school, helping her get a part on Broadway.

She frowned now. Two plays. Not very big parts. Broadway had been tough. And then radio, this new field she had never even thought of entering until the Duchess Cafara D'Andria, a friend of the family, had introduced her to Carlton Aslop. Carl was Bill Spire's best friend and when he took her under his wing to teach her radio technique, it was inevitable that she meet Bill.

THEY were both working at that little New York station, WHOM, and Carl had said, "Bill, this is Dorothy Lowell. She's going places in radio." Bill had smiled and said he hoped so and then gallantly pitched in to teach her all he knew about the business.

And after the broadcast, Carl, Bill and friends from the radio station went over to the Park Lane Cafeteria, right across the street, and talked the night away over coffee. In seven short days she had become "Bill's girl." She didn't know how it had happened. Neither did Bill. It just happened. It was just the most natural thing in the world. And now, *marriage*. At *eighteen*. She whistled under her breath and turned to Bill.

"What do you think Mother and Dad will say?" she asked.

Bill looked a little frightened. "Do you think they like me?"

"Sure," Dorothy laughed, "but Bill, they just won't believe I'm grown up enough to get married."

They didn't believe it, either, that night when Dorothy got home and announced it breathlessly. Her father smiled. "You two kids think it over. I think you're just planning this to hear yourself talk." Her mother sighed and smiled and thought to herself that it would be a good many years before her daughter would be married.

Treating Dorothy like a child didn't help matters. It made her more determined than ever that she and Bill should marry. But Bill still felt cautious about the venture. He didn't want to have to depend on Dorothy working to keep things going. And she was young! He couldn't get around that. He was twenty-five—but a girl eighteen—well, maybe he was rushing things a bit.

Dorothy and Bill discussed, argued, worried about it for a whole year. Dorothy's parents went blithely about their own business. It was "just a romance" to them. They liked Bill tremendously; they thought some day he'd make Dorothy a fine husband. *Some day*. Then one night Dorothy and Bill really had it out.

Bill came rushing in with the news, that he and Carlton Aslop were going to be able to go into business together. At last, this dream they had had for four years was going to come true. They were going to open a small studio and make transcriptions to sell to radio stations. Bill was so excited about the venture he hardly noticed the expression on Dorothy's face.

"Bill," she reminded him, "do you remember what you said would hap-

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No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love disdained, if it contains the gripping interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be. Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of \$1,000, to the two second best

the two big \$750 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize-winning quality, if we can use it we will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 2c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$1,000
Second Prize—2 at \$750.....	1,500
Third Prize—5 at \$500.....	2,500
8 Prizes.....	\$5,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

- Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
- Do not send us printed material or poetry.
- Do not send us carbon copies.
- Do not write in pencil.
- Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.
- Do not send us unfinished stories.
- Stories must be written in English.
- Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.
- Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO, WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manuscript, a report or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

-----COUPON-----

R. M. 341

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pen when you and Carl went into business?"

Bill paused. That worried look came across his face again. That look Dorothy knew so well. "Gee, Dot," he said, "I remember—but—"

"Bill," Dorothy said firmly, "are we going to get married or not?"

"Well, sure we are, honey," Bill said.

"I mean," Dorothy said, "before I get too old to walk to the altar."

Bill laughed. "You're only nineteen, Dot."

"Bill Spire," Dorothy said meaningly, "we are going to get married next week, or else—"

Bill didn't say anything for awhile. He looked carefully at the girl sitting beside him. He saw the determined lift of her chin, the purpose in her eyes. She had never seemed so tantalizingly beautiful and alive. Then, he knew that it couldn't be "or else," that he couldn't go on without her. He knew then, in that minute, what he meant to her, too. Her lips were beginning to tremble just a little.

"All right, honey," Bill said, softly, "we'll get married right away."

"Oh, Bill," Dorothy said, and she buried herself in his arms. They stayed that way a long while before Bill finally spoke.

"We'll make out all right, I guess," he said, "but always remember one thing. I'm the one that's going to support this family."

"All right," Dorothy said.

"That means we'll have to live on the little I'm making now," Bill went on. "Say, do you know how to cook?"

Dorothy laughed happily. "No," she said, "I can't even make coffee."

THE following week was a hectic one. Dorothy's mother still refused to believe they were getting married. She wouldn't believe it until Dorothy came home with her trousseau. Dorothy's father was too amazed to do more than open his mouth, forget what he had to say, and close it again. Neither parent really objected to the marriage, but the air was full of cautious advice that week and it was a scared girl that walked to the altar with Bill.

It was a lovely wedding. All Dorothy's school friends, debutantes, the flower of society, were there. Bill's radio friends turned up en masse.

When it was over, one of Dorothy's cousins turned to Mr. Lowell and said, "Now uncle, do you believe Dorothy's married?" Dorothy's father laughed, shook his head, kissed his daughter and answered, "No, but I certainly wish these kids all the luck in the world."

Bill flushed, laughed and said, "Now do you mind if we get out of here? The bride has to learn how to make a cup of coffee."

They went to the Poconos for their honeymoon, a short honeymoon because Bill had to get back on the job and make a living for his new bride. They took an apartment at the Beaux Arts, in one of the nicer New York residential sections. It was more than they could afford, really, but they were filled with optimism now that they had each other. Dorothy talked Bill into letting her look for radio work to buy the "extras" she might need for herself.

Dorothy wasn't sure she could get anything in radio, but she was burning to try. She had worked only once on a network show. Bill had been able to help her get a job on the "45

Minutes From Hollywood" show. Not, strangely enough, because she was known as an actress, but because she looked like Ginger Rogers, whom she was hired to impersonate.

Dorothy came through with flying colors, and Bill was so proud of her that night!

Now, whether he wanted her to work or not, he would be just as proud if she got a full time job in radio. It took Dorothy less than a week to land a steady job on Allen Prescott's Mutual show. Not only did the show pay good money, enough for all the "extras" Dorothy wanted, but its master of ceremonies, Mr. Prescott, helped Dorothy through her domestic problems. Prescott, who as the "wife Saver," gave tips to women about cooking, took Dorothy in hand and taught her how to cook. Before long, she was hurrying home from the studio every night to whip up a tasty delight for a very tired husband coming home from struggling with a new business.

ALMOST immediately, Dorothy was making more money than Bill. Not a few times, they had scenes because she slipped some of this money into things for the apartment.

"We had an agreement," Bill would say angrily. "I'm to make the money for us, not you."

"You do, Bill," Dorothy would say, "but I can help a little, can't I? Say, in a year or so, you'll make my salary look sick."

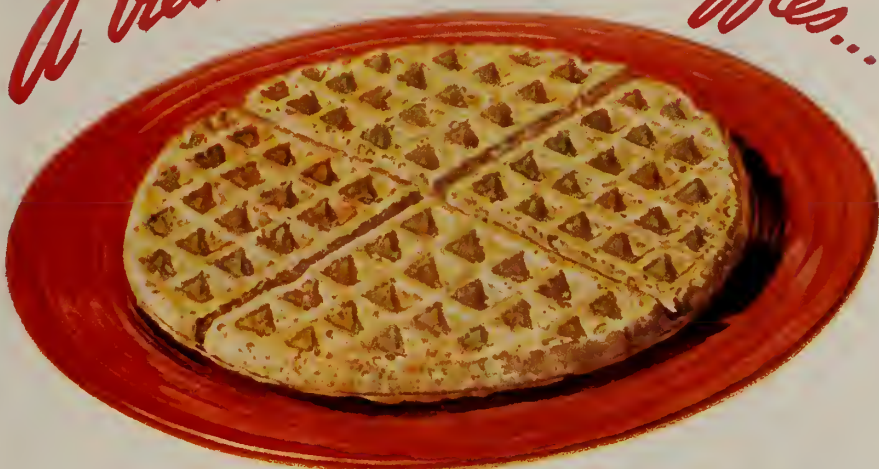
Bill would calm down, grin, and plug away determinedly. They had grand times, too. Their apartment was always a meeting place for actors, writers, directors, and well known people in the theater. Everybody loved the "two kids" who were fighting to get ahead. There were Sunday morning breakfasts, a delightful ritual, open to everybody who cared to cram into their little apartment. They played badminton in a nearby armory, went roller skating in Rockefeller Plaza, went to night clubs, or had parties for their friends at home.

Neither of them worried about finances very much, because Dorothy had faith in Bill and Carl making good. Those "rainy days" just couldn't come. Maybe it was this confidence, maybe it was just hard work, but Bill Spire and Carlton Aslop finally did click. They put their business "over" and were both hired by important advertising agencies. Dorothy went on to more radio shows, better programs, and finally the lead in Our Gal Sunday, which she's done for three and a half years.

It's really been a wonderful four-year marriage. It doesn't seem like four years to either of them. But in that time, Carlton Aslop, who was divorced, was introduced by Bill to Martha Scott and they've been married. And Bill and Dorothy have taken yearly trips to such places as Canada, Bermuda, Guatemala, West Indies and Panama. And they have a lovely, new, four-room apartment on East 52nd Street overlooking the East River, a place to crowd in even more friends for games and parties.

And Bill has gained a little too much weight, Dorothy thinks. And Dorothy still works too hard, Bill thinks. And they both still like to think and laugh together about that evening four years ago when Dorothy said, "It's marriage—or else."

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A HANDFUL OF BEAUTY



■ It's not hard work that spoils your hands, but lack of care, says Joan Blaine, heroine of the NBC serial, *Valiant Lady*.

THERE are distinct fashions in hands. We were a long time getting over an ideal of pale hands, pink-tipped, looking utterly useless. The type still perpetuated in wax models and illustrations.

The most beautiful hands I know, most expressive of modern ideals, are the hands of Joan Blaine, of *Valiant Lady* (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 P. M., NBC).

Any way you look at her, Joan Blaine is beautiful. She has the unusual combination of black hair and dark blue eyes. But being an amateur palmist of sorts, I immediately asked for a closer look at her fascinating hands. And there was the whole story. I never saw such versatile capable looking hands. Beautifully cared for, of course. But strong and energetic, with the marks of an amazing diversity of talents. No wonder. After winning all sorts of medals for oratory and debating, she went to Northwestern University on a scholarship and graduated in Speech, Liberal Arts, Law and Music. Besides her theatrical career she has had three years of concert work from coast to coast. In the theatre, she began with the Chicago Theatre Guild. Then there was Hollywood, stock and summer stock, and finally Broadway.

But Joan, not content with being actress, orator, musician, lawyer, and all the rest, has a flair for creating beauty all around her. She designs her own clothes, making them so perfectly the complement of her personality that, smart though they are, one thinks only of her and not of the charming dress. Her apartment is so beautiful and so characteristic that I

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

was not at all surprised that the creating of beautiful interiors is one of her avocations. Cooking is another. Also she is an outdoors girl, fond of riding and swimming. And a beautiful dancer.

Hands that do things are the modern ideal. It is not work and activity that spoils the hands, but carelessness. Nowadays there are so many special preparations such as hand creams, hand lotions and special gloves that there is no excuse for chapped, roughened hands.

Remember, your hands are in water many times oftener than your face—and they are not protected by cosmetics as the complexion is. You must make it up to them with soothing hand creams and hand lotions. No harsh soaps, ever, for any purpose. For the cleansing which active hands require frequently, use softened water whenever possible. Some of the perfumed water softeners you use in your beauty bath are good for hand-washing too. And there is a special sea-moss perfumed hand bath.

Hand cream left on all night is a great help. There are special hand gloves to wear at night made of an especially treated material which no cream can penetrate, so that instead of coming off on the sheets, the cream remains on all night to soften and beautify.

Gloves by day have something to do with the smoothness of hands. These raw winter days be sure you wear gloves that are warm enough whenever you go out. On the other hand, as springlike days come, do not coddle your hands with heavy gloves that make them perspire. And, of course, you will wear work gloves to protect your hands during any work that might get them begrimed.

All these creams and lotions and soothing baths will help with the cuticle, too. But when you manicure, there are special cuticle creams to soften it so that you may push it back with your orange stick. It is utterly unnecessary ever to cut a cuticle that is kept properly softened and pushed back.

IF your fingers are not naturally tapering (really creative fingers are apt not to be) you can make them seem so by choosing an enamel of a decided color, wearing the nails a little long and shaping them carefully. Experiment with various shades. The natural and the pale rose enamels are not becoming to everyone. The deeper shades are probably here to stay, because they are becoming and because they save trouble. No fussing about stains under the nail, or half-moons.

Of course every chip in the enamel shows up in the darker shades. And active modern fingers will somehow chip even the best enamel. The simplest remedy is to carry in your handbag a tiny bottle of the enamel you are wearing, or one of the new tubes. One brush stroke from the base of the nail to the tip repairs damages without giving a patched effect.

Breaking of the nail tips is a problem with everyone who wears the nail long. There is a nail tonic containing stimulating herbal ingredients which helps greatly. Believe it or not, it may be applied over nail polish.

Some women find that giving the nails an occasional vacation from enamel for at least the night and morning helps. Others have faith in a prolonged rest, days at a time with no enamel. The toughness of the nails is a matter of general health and physical temperament. Some are helped by such vacations and others do not need it at all. But above all, to avoid breaking nails, wear them just long enough for becomingness and no longer.

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

mustn't do anything that would make you hate me later."

Even then, I didn't admit to myself that he had convinced me. I still intended to tell Chet when he returned from his business trip two days later. But circumstances made it easy for me to keep silent. Chet was terribly busy, working day and night. We had almost no time alone together in the week after his return.

Then came the news that our agency had landed the big commercial account—and now, I told myself, before the actual frenzy of preparing the program began, was the time for me to tell him. We were going out to dinner together, for the first time since his return; the opportunity was perfect.

Only—at the last minute, Chet had to go to dinner with Mr. Richards, the sponsor, and called the date off. I had dinner with Hal, instead.

HAL was gloomy and a little distracted, and at last it came out; he was worrying about his career.

"I'm not getting anywhere at all," he said bitterly. "Do you realize, the only engagement I've had in six months has been substitute work in a choir?"

I patted his shoulder. "You'll get the breaks yet."

"I don't need breaks!" he said grimly. "Just give me one break, one opening and I'll hammer right through. Say, Diane," he went on earnestly, "I hear your company has landed the big Richards account and are getting up a program. They haven't lined up all their talent yet, have they?"

"No. Not yet. There's going to be a big audition next week, with the sponsor himself sitting in."

"Diane," he said tensely, "why can't I be auditioned for that program? You could swing it for me, couldn't you? You've got some influence."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't help, Hal. They want only people with reputations."

"That's all I hear wherever I go!" he burst out. "But how is a man to get a reputation if nobody will let him even start? Now look, dear," he pleaded, "you know I'm as good as any of them. You know all that's keeping me down is that I've never had a real chance. And something tells me this is it. If I can get a hearing—and that's all I ask—just a hearing—I know they'll like me. Won't you help me, darling?"

"I'd love to," I said dully, "but they won't audition any unknown for this program."

"I won't be unknown after they hear me!" He took me in his arms. He pleaded for my help. He seemed to summon up all the vital force of his soul and his charm and magnetic attraction for me to get me to give him this help.

I didn't want to do it. The only man who could get Hal an audition for that program was Chet—the man I didn't love and was still engaged to! All my knowledge of what was right and what was wrong told me that I couldn't ask him, of all people, to help Hal.

But, against that, I did desperately want to help Hal get ahead. And I

argued with myself: Hal was bound to go on and do great things. It was as much for Chet's benefit as Hal's for Chet to give him this audition. I would really be helping both of them. Why, in time Chet would thank me for having given him the opportunity to sign up a voice like Hal's before anybody else discovered it.

They were all very logical and nice-sounding arguments I gave myself. Coupled with Hal's intensity, they convinced me. The very next day I spoke to Chet about letting Hal in on that big audition for the new program.

"Hal Stevens? The name doesn't mean anything to me," Chet said briskly.

"I'm not surprised," I said. "He hasn't done much radio work, but he's a find just the same, Chet."

He eyed me quizzically. "Well, I guess you know talent when it shows up, all right. But look, Diane, the sponsor doesn't want to listen to any unknowns."

"He'll want to listen to *this* unknown," I said with conviction.

"All right," Chet agreed, laughing. "Tell him to show up for the audition."

It wasn't until I'd left Chet's office that the full realization of what I'd done swept over me. Now it would be harder than ever—almost impossible—to tell Chet that I was in love with Hal.

STIFLING my shame, I plunged into the day's work. That night I told Hal I'd arranged for the audition.

He acted like a kid. He shouted and carolled and grabbed me in his arms and hugged the breath out of me. He was extravagant in his expressions of gratitude toward me.

"I'll never forget this!" he cried. "I'll never forget it was you who gave me hope and help when there was nobody else in the world who had faith in me. Oh Diane—I love you!"

I helped him prepare his songs for this big audition. Like him I had the feeling it was the big break for him. The flow of confidence emanating from him told me that.

The audition was on a big scale. They used the main audition room, with its modern furnishings, luxurious leather-chairs. They had a band playing the accompaniments. I sat in one of the big chairs with the crowd of musical experts the painstaking Mr. Richards had brought with him. I wasn't worried. I knew Hal would make good. This was just the sort of audience he could impress most, one that knew music and voices. Behind the glass partition I saw Hal take his place. The band began to play. I closed my eyes to surrender to the spell of his voice. And I knew as by a sixth sense that everybody in the room was surrendering to it also.

Yes, Hal made good. He got a leading spot on the program. The sponsoring company was excited about him. Chet thanked me for having tipped him off about Hal.

"You always know the real thing when it comes along."

I saw very little of busy Chet be-

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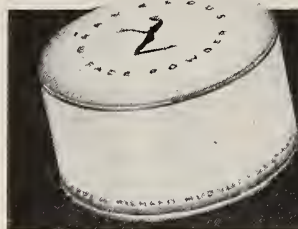
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fore the big opening of the program. And even less of Hal. Mr. Richards did nothing by halves, it seemed. He had Hal go to a famous music-teacher for several weeks of intensive coaching. Hal missed several dates with me, calling up at the last minute and putting them off.

I DID not attend Hal's first broadcast. I did not want to strive for his attention in the midst of the excitement and the celebrities with whom he would be surrounded. I wanted to have him and his voice to myself. And the only way I could do that was to stay home and listen to it pouring out of my radio, so young, so vital, so glad.

He was a bigger hit than even I expected. The next day there were sacks of fan-mail for him. The studio was excited. Mr. Richards, Chet and Hal had a conference. The result of it was given to me by Hal himself.

He came bursting into the rehearsal room in which I happened to be alone at the moment.

"What do you think—Richards is taking twice as many stations for the next broadcast! And he wants a bigger orchestra, on a semi-symphonic scale. Says that would be more appropriate for a voice like mine! I'm in, Diane, I'm in!"

Tears of joy came into my eyes. "I'm glad, Hal!"

He went on, excited, elated. Talked of plans for the future. He would move out of his studio at once. Had his eye on a certain pent-house. Needed new furniture, too—modern stuff. Overnight almost his whole life had taken a different direction.

I heard him with a smile. I was

so happy for his sake. Only—in my heart was the desire he take me somewhere that very night for a little celebration—just the two of us. But he did not even think of that. In fact, he told me he had a dinner date with a music-publisher who wanted him to introduce a number on the radio soon. I swallowed my disappointment.

We did not have dinner together until a week later. And then he excused himself immediately after it was over. He had an appointment with the sponsor, this time. I did not mind that. But he had been so abstracted all through the meal. There were times when he actually did not seem to be aware I was sitting opposite him. I went to a movie alone after he left. I cried a little alone in the crowded darkness of the theatre. But things would not keep up like this, I was sure. As soon as things quieted down a little Hal would have more time for me.

But it did not turn out that way. As time went on I saw less and less of him rather than more. He took a pent-house apartment and had me choose the curtains and draperies and even go shopping for them, but after that our appointments became fewer and fewer. I tried to be patient. I realized that a man in his position just did not have time of his own for romantic meetings, kisses. I made every possible allowance for him.

No, I didn't realize that Hal, successful, was not the same as Hal on the way to success. I did not realize he was drifting away from me. Until the day I dropped in unexpectedly at his new pent-house apartment—I felt

I had that right, at least—and found him entertaining a lady at tea. She wasn't very young or very pretty, but in the embarrassing scene that followed she acted in a cool, proprietary way towards Hal that made me bewildered and heartsick.

The lady was Elaine Richards, Mr. Richards' sister, spinster and art-dilettante. She was at least ten years older than Hal. I learned more about their relationship at the big party the sponsor gave for Hal a little later. Hal did not take me, but he sent me an invitation. I went.

It was a chance remark I overheard that gave me the confirmation of the truth I suspected. I was sitting behind a screen in a corner, alone and unnoticed, when I overheard it.

"Pretty big smash, this Hal Stevens!" said one man of the two I vaguely saw standing before the screen.

"Sure," said the other coolly, "he knows one of the most important rules for getting on—how to use women. Do you see him pouring it out for Miss Richards? That's the trick. Play up to the right woman, regardless of age or condition—that's the way to get ahead!" he ended cynically.

I DID not stay much longer. I went home heartsick.

I cried most of the night. Suddenly and sickeningly I saw Hal in his true light. His ambition meant more to him than anything else on earth. He—he had used me—until now when there was nothing more I could do for him. And now he had started with—no, no it just couldn't be true.

It could not be true that when he had had me in his arms in the back of his mind was only the desire to further his career. I thrust the thought out of my mind.

But it persisted. Everything that had happened since I gave myself to him out of pure love fell into that pattern. The way he had insisted I remain engaged to Chet. The way he had persuaded me to get him that big audition that had skyrocketed him to success. I sat up in bed with the awful thought that crashed through my mind. No, no—it couldn't be true that he had knowingly, deliberately sent me to beg his big chance from the very man he was injuring.

I slept not a wink that night. In the morning I dressed, swallowed a cup of coffee and went right over to Hal's apartment.

He was just up. "I'm sorry, Hal, I've got to speak to you," I said. "And you've got to listen. When you asked me to get you that audition, did you know I would have to speak to Chet Barr about it?"

He wanted to lie, but I was staring at him so steadily he could not. "Yes, I knew, what of it?" he asked defiantly.

"You—you could send me to the very man you and I were deceiving—yes, that's the only name for what we were doing, Hal. You could send me to that man to beg a favor for you!" I cried.

"What harm was there in that?" he asked coolly.

A FEELING of burning shame and revolt surged within me. And of horror, too. This could not be the

man I loved. He had changed into a stranger, a cold, hard, calculating, despicable man whose ambition controlled every act of his life—even his loves.

"There's one other thing I want to know," I choked. "Or rather, I'll tell you. When you met me, you knew I was Chet's fiancée, didn't you?"

He looked away, he had the grace to do that. "Yes."

"And you deliberately played up to me because you felt that sooner or later you could get me to use my influence with Chet to help you some time or other!"

He flushed. "That isn't so, Diane. I loved you."

"Yes, I can understand I wasn't altogether displeasing to you. But it was nice that I could be of use to you, too, wasn't it? So nice you could let yourself fall in love and know you weren't wasting time, either. It was just the perfect affair for you, wasn't it?"

"Now, Diane—really—"

"And now that you've gone part way up the ladder thanks to one woman, you've decided it's time to find another who might be able to help you the rest of the way. You're really quite expert in picking the right woman to love, aren't you?" I said furiously.

He looked out of the window, his foot tapping in nervous impatience. I looked at him, just once more, and that was my last look at the man who had thrilled my body and soul into their first real life, the man I had thought I would love until every fibre of me was dust. I turned on my heel and walked out.

The pain came when I reached

home again. I thought I would go mad. How could I have let my emotions betray me into falling in love with a man like Hal? The shame and horror of it overwhelmed me. I could not sleep nights or work days. My habitual courage completely deserted me. I made up my mind to tell Chet the truth once and for all. He was certainly entitled to it now. But I could not find the strength to do it.

Instead, for the first time in my life I ran away from a problem. I quit my job, resigning by letter, without seeing Chet. I gave up my apartment. I went to live in an old-fashioned brownstone-front house in a quiet street, where the landlady let me have the back bedroom and the use of the parlor with its old upright piano. I made a scanty living giving music-lessons to children of the neighborhood.

And there, as the weeks passed, after I had experienced an agony of suffering, the power of my love for Hal finally passed.

AND it was there that Chet found me, months later. One day I found him sitting in the parlor when I came in from the street.

"Chet!" I said. "Oh, Chet!"

We shook hands. We uttered the usual commonplaces. I trembled all over. How good it was to see him!

"Well, you little truant, I've come to take you back to your job," he said. "We're getting up a program that is to be accompanied only by piano music, and since you're the most brilliant accompanist I know, I've come for you."

He smiled, but there was no clue in the way he spoke that helped me



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fathom his real reason for coming. But it didn't matter why—he was there, asking me to come back to work.

"Oh, Chet," I repeated, "it's wonderful of you, but—"

"I don't get it!" he said. "You had a wonderful future in radio. There are lots of good mechanical pianists in the business but mighty few who can draw emotion and understanding out of singers the way you can. Why did you suddenly up and go—and without a word to me except to send my ring back?"

I had the courage now. I looked him right in the eyes and started to tell him all about Hal and myself.

He interrupted right away. "I knew all about that, Diane."

"You—knew!" I gasped.

"Yes, all the time." His tone was gentle and pitying. "Everybody knew, my dear. It was written all over your face. Everybody knew you were in love with Stevens."

I buried my burning face in my hands. As from a great distance I heard his voice go on.

"I was terribly hurt," he said, "but at the same time I knew you couldn't help yourself. I had to admire the courage you had in loving as your heart told you to."

He was silent a moment and my heart pounded in anxiety, waiting for his next words. Had he come back just to tell me that he'd known all along? Would any man, even Chet, do that. But it couldn't be—anything else.

"Well," he began again, "now there's absolutely no reason why you shouldn't come back and work for us," he said. "Will you do it?"

I SUDDENLY understood. Yes, I could go back now. Because there was nothing more in Chet's heart for me. He had cleansed it of me during the past few months just as I had rid my heart of Hal. It was safe to go back now—that was what he was really telling me. I could no longer hurt him by being near him, working with him, which was the main reason I had run away.

I managed to smile. "Yes—I'll go back, Chet. Thank you very, very much," I said.

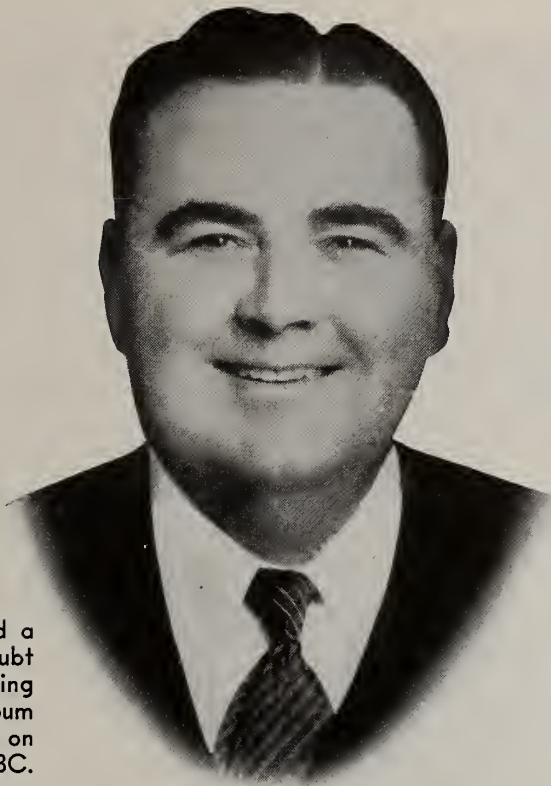
I have been back over a year now. I am a success in my chosen line of radio work. I am also a very lonely, heartsick woman.

Chet married a few months ago, a charming, gentle girl to whom he is everything in the world. Hal did not go up as fast as it seemed he would. He had a falling out with Miss Richards, it seemed, and her brother let Hal out the following season. His voice went back on him, too, because of the emotional and business tangle he was in, I suppose. He has a sustaining spot on a small station, though, and perhaps will make his way up again after a time—if he finds the right woman to give him his chance.

I have never seen him. I never want to.

So I have lost both the men I loved each in so different a way. I work hard. I have friends but there is an emptiness in my heart that time does not seem to fill. My days seem long and my nights are lonely.

Well, if a girl has the courage to do as she pleases, I suppose she must also have the courage to pay for this privilege. I'll find it somehow.



If you've ever owned a radio you've no doubt heard Frank Munn sing on the American Album of Familiar Music on Sunday nights, on NBC.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

IF YOU own a radio then you've probably heard the golden voice of Frank Munn, star of the American Album of Familiar Music, for he has been singing on the air for the past eighteen years.

Frank started life in New York City as the son of George H. Munn, policeman. When both his parents died it was his grandmother who guided him from baby buggy days to broadcasting.

Starting to work as soon as he could find a job, he served as a shuttle-boy in an embroidery factory for \$3.00 a week. The buzz and rhythm of the machines led him to hum and keep time with them. Soon, as he discovered the joys of vocal expression, he began singing an accompaniment to them. Friends heard his splendid but untutored voice and urged him to take up music.

While studying he worked at his regular job and took part in church and club amateur productions. His work in these theatricals came to the attention of the phonograph companies. His first and most important "break" came while he was making records for Brunswick. It was there that he met Gustave Haenschen, NBC conductor, with whom he has been associated in business and friendship ever since. After making records which sold by the thousands and made him nationally famous, Munn turned to radio.

His first song on the radio was "Little Mother O'Mine." That was in 1923. Among the songs which he has sung more than a hundred times each are "Rose of Tralee," "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling," "The Rosary," "Auf Wiedersehen" and "Roses of Picardy."

Not content with just being a radio favorite, Frank Munn is also a radio fan. He spends at least two hours

a day listening in and his favorite programs are, as you may have guessed, musical ones.

He likes the opera and attends regularly, his favorites being "La Traviata," "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Rigoletto," "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." His favorite operatic voices are those of Enrico Caruso, Geraldine Farrar, Antonio Scotti, Tita Ruffo, Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Louise Homer and John Charles Thomas.

His favorite color is blue; his favorite phrase is "Take it easy." He believes in "breaks," but not in hunches. He hates to get up in the morning and he hates to go to bed.

* * *

Dorothy Mantay, Schenectady, N. Y.:
The cast of Martha Webster is—
Martha Webster..... Bess Flynn
Virginia Craig..... Toni Gilman
Lucy Craig..... Betty Philson
Winfield Craig..... Jimmy Donnelly
Dick Craig..... Carleton Young
Mr. Alvin Craig..... Ray Collins
Lloyd Crawford..... Donald Cook
Wilbur..... Ralph Dumke
Kay Smith..... Gretchen Davidson

Daytime Serial Listener—Luise Barclay plays Connie Tremayne in Arnold Grimm's Daughter. The role of Stanley Westland is taken by Bret Morrison.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Those wishing to join a Lucille Manners Fan Club can do so by contacting Shirley Grapper, 164 West 79th Street, New York City.

Tommy Ryan fans are invited to join his fan club by getting in touch with Dorothy Donder, 131 Bremond Street, Belleville, N. J.

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT OR DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT OR DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Buddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT OR DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT OR DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT OR DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN DRY <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN OILY <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>

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Stepmother

(Continued from page 26)

weeks before, of Mother Fairchild. John had written his mother about the baby, of course, but even he had not expected her to come flying back from California on hearing the news. But she did. And, after months of barely remembering that John had a mother, Kay had suddenly found herself with a mother-in-law. And such a mother-in-law!

Mother Fairchild had settled herself in the guest room and, although she talked of finding herself a house, she never looked for one. She kept herself busy, instead, by running the family, ordering Matty about, advising John as to the administration of the city government and generally handling them all like children.

It had annoyed Kay, but, preoccupied with her worry over her baby and her desperate visits to the Chicago doctors, she had made no effort to assert herself. Now, she realized that she had been afraid to antagonize Mother Fairchild. For some reason she could not fathom, John's mother didn't like her. Everything pointed to that. The way she had gone off to California the day John and Kay were married, her never once writing to Kay, and now her complete disregard of Kay's position in the family.

PEG was waiting with the car, when the train pulled into Walnut Grove. "My!" Peg exclaimed. "You look all sort of shiny. Have fun?"

Kay laughed. "I had a wonderful day," she said. "I had no trouble at all, getting exactly what I wanted." Which was true. "You drive, Peg, I'm a bit tired."

"Well, in your condition—" Peg said in perfect imitation of Mother Fairchild and they both laughed.

"Peg," Kay said, after awhile, "how would you like to take over my work at the dress shop?"

"You mean, give up my job on the Journal?" Peg asked. Kay nodded.

"But, why?" "Oh, various reasons," Kay said. "For one thing, I think you've learned all you can learn about the newspaper business in a small town. For another, I'd like some time off. I want to fix up a nursery, a really nice one."

Peg drove in silence for a few minutes. Then, "You know, Kay, the guest room would make a perfect nursery, it's so sunny and everything."

"Yes," Kay said, "but—" "But grandmother, huh?" Peg smiled. "Oh, well, she'll probably be getting herself a house soon."

"Has she said anything, recently?" Kay asked.

But Peg changed the subject. Kay wondered what the girl meant. That she meant something was obvious from the strange smile lurking on her lips. It occurred to Kay, and she scolded herself inwardly for not having thought of it before, that Peg must have chafed under her grandmother's domination. Poor Peg, who valued her freedom so highly.

That same evening, Kay got an inkling of what was on Peg's mind. Peg directed the conversation to

houses, leading Mother Fairchild into making her usual statement—"I'll have to be looking around for a place, soon"—and then very quickly.

"I was out on the River Road on a story, this morning," Peg said gaily, "and I saw the darlinest place. You must see it, Grandmother."

"I—why—I'd love to see it," Mother Fairchild said.

"I'll take you out there in the morning," Peg spoke again quickly. "You'll love it."

"Well—I don't know—in the morning—" Mother Fairchild murmured. "I've got a lot of things to—"

"Now, Mother," John interrupted. "The house won't fall to pieces if you take a few hours off." He turned to his daughter. "That's the old Howard place, isn't it, Peg?"

FOR some reason, Kay felt that John and Peg had plotted the whole thing.

Now, Bud broke into the conversation. "Say, Dad," he said, "didn't Mr. Howard have a handball court on the back lawn? Gee, Grandmother! Can I bring the gang out to play on it?"

Mother Fairchild laughed a bit awkwardly. "Here, now," she said. "I haven't taken the house yet."

But Mother Fairchild was no match for the combined salesmanship of John and Peg and Bud. Kay was amazed by their cleverness. Their attack was sudden and they worked very fast and almost before Mother Fairchild could catch her breath she was settled in the rambler-covered cottage.

Having arranged that to her satisfaction, Peg gave Andy Clayton her two weeks' notice and went to work in the dress shop with Gen Porter. And Kay was free to build her nursery.

Sometimes, in the next weeks, Kay was tempted to laugh at herself for being so happy. It seemed a bit silly to get so much joy out of the little things that made up her life. Planning meals, shopping for the baby, arguing with the carpenter and the man who was painting the nursery rhyme cartoons on the walls. But it was fun and it made her happy.

And her happiness transferred itself to the others. Even John's Mayoral dignity was removed with his coat, when he entered the house. Sometimes, listening to him with Peg and Bud, Kay felt that he was hardly older than they were. Mother Fairchild blossomed out rather pleasantly, too. She loved the fuss of big family dinners on Sundays. At Christmas, they had a riotous time, hiring a sleigh to deliver Christmas baskets to the East Side families and then singing and jingling all the way out to Mother Fairchild's sumptuous, old-fashioned Christmas dinner.

The week after New Year, the nursery was finished. Kay had kept the room locked while it was being built, because she wanted to surprise everyone, even John. But, the morning it was finished, she was so pleased with it and so happy generally, that she wanted to share her pleasure. So she phoned Mother Fairchild and asked her to come and see it.

Coming soon—another great love story—Clifton Fadiman's unforgettable romance!

They were both upstairs in the nursery, when the doorbell rang. Matty was out marketing, so Kay excused herself and ran down the stairs to open the door.

A thin, small woman with a sad, pale face was standing on the porch. Her eyes looked very large and deep, shadowed by the brim of a cheap hat, which was covered with snow. The snow was clinging to the worn fur collar of her shabby coat and her thin shoes were wet with it.

"Yes?" Kay asked.

"Does—does John Fairchild live here?" the woman asked. Her voice was low and a little tremulous.

"Yes," Kay smiled. "Won't you come in? He isn't at home now, but perhaps I can help you. I'm Kay Fairchild."

The woman swayed slightly and put out a thin, gloveless hand to grasp the doorpost. "Kay Fai—" she whispered. "You mean, Mrs. Fairchild?"

"Yes," Kay said. "Please come in. You look so—so tired and cold."

The woman stepped inside timidly. Kay closed the door and turned to lead the woman into the living room. The woman was hanging on to the back of the hall chair and staring at the foot of the stairs.

Mother Fairchild was standing there. She took a few steps forward, her head stuck out in front of her, peering at the woman. Then she gasped and stepped back.

"A ghost!" she cried. "You've come back like a ghost, Anne."

"If I'd known that John had married again—I—I didn't know—" the woman whispered. "I wouldn't have—" and her knees gave way and she was a forlorn heap on the floor.

Kay stooped and loosened her collar. "Please call the doctor, Mother Fairchild," she said quietly.

"Do you know who that is?" Mother Fairchild cried shrilly.

"I gathered that she's John's first wife," Kay said calmly.

"We must call John. What will we do? What will people say?" Mother Fairchild prattled.

"Of course, we'll call John," Kay said. "But first we must call the doctor. This woman is ill."

KAY'S apparent self control had its effect. For once, Mother Fairchild took the orders. By the time John came home, breathless with haste and terrified that something had happened to Kay—for Mother Fairchild had dramatized the need for secrecy and urgency—Kay and Matty had half-carried, half-supported Anne to the guest room in the attic and the doctor was with her.

John burst into the living room, where Kay and Mother Fairchild were waiting.

"Darling," he sighed, gathering Kay into his arms. "I—from the way mother talked, I thought you'd fallen downstairs—or something."

"It's not me," Kay said, wondering how you tell a man he's got two wives. "It's—"

"Anne's come back," Mother Fairchild blurted.

"Who?" John asked.

"Your wife—Anne—she's come back," Mother Fairchild repeated.

John's hold on Kay tightened until she could hardly breathe. "Nonsense, Mother," he said. "Anne's been dead for eight years. She was drowned—"

"Apparently, she wasn't, John,"



"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"



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Kay said. "She's here—upstairs, right now. The doctor's with her."

"It can't be," John said, shaking himself. "You're sure it's Anne?"

"Of course, I'm sure," Mother Fairchild said.

"This is—this is ridiculous," John said. "What can we do?"

Kay pushed him away gently. "At the moment," she said very quietly, "it's not a question of what can be done with her. Obviously, we've got to take care of her. She's ill and needs attention and I suspect she has nowhere else to go."

"But Kay, darling," John said, his face ashen with worry, "what are we going to do? What are we going to say?"

"Don't say anything," Kay said. "First, we must get her well. It seems to me that is the only thing to do now."

"Honestly," Mother Fairchild said, "I don't see how you can take this terrible blow so calmly. Why, if—"

KAY silenced her mother-in-law with a glance. "Hysterics aren't going to help," she said sharply. "I'm going upstairs, now," she added, "to see whether there's anything I can do."

The doctor was waiting on the upstairs landing. Anne was very ill, he said, suffering from malnutrition and exposure. He also suspected some heart trouble, but he could not be certain from his cursory examination. When the doctor left, Kay tiptoed into the room and stood by the bed, looking down at Anne.

Anne was asleep, sunk deep in a sleep of exhaustion, one hand clutching the corner of her pillow. Poor woman, Kay thought. What had happened to her? Where had she been all these years? And why, why had she come back now? But there were no answers to these questions. Anne slept on.

Kay went to her own room and sat down by the window. She had been cool enough downstairs, but now her nerves gave way to panic. Now that she was alone, she could admit to herself the enormity of this thing that had happened. John's first wife had come back! John had two wives living under the same roof! There were the children, Kay realized with agony. How would they take it? How would Peg feel? And Bud?

Why had Anne come back? What did she want? Kay tried to tell herself that it didn't matter, that John loved her and that Anne could have no claims on him any longer. Anne was so pathetic and beaten looking that she wrung the heart with pity. If John were to mistake pity—as so many people have done—for a reawakening of love?

Nor did it help Kay to remember the Enoch Arden Law. Anne had been gone for eight years and the law ruled that after seven years a person was legally dead. Though Anne had no legal claims on any of them, what of her moral and emotional claims? Anne belonged to Walnut Grove and she was the mother of John's children. She was ill. Her sudden re-appearance was dramatic. The whole thing would appeal to people, arouse their curiosity, start their tongues wagging. Kay's heart constricted with a sense of futility. She smiled bitterly at her own fine words downstairs. Yes, they must wait until

Anne was better. But what if Anne did not get better? If the doctor's suspicions were correct, might she not be a chronic invalid, not sick enough to be bedridden, just weak and helpless enough to command sympathy? And Kay had a picture of herself being placed in the role of a usurper. The wife who stood in Anne's way!

The tongues started wagging even sooner than Kay had expected. The very day after Anne's appearance, people began to call on Kay. Anne, of course, was too ill to leave her bed. No one mentioned her. But eyes were curious and heads were cocked, as though listening for some revealing sounds from the rest of the house. Lips spoke of ordinary things, but they curled surreptitiously with anticipation.

"We've got to do something," Kay said to John, one evening after a week of this sort of thing. "Everyone knows about Anne. I don't know how they found out, but they did. We can't go on giving the impression that we hope to keep it secret."

"But, what can we do, darling?" John asked.

"Anne is well enough now to tell you something about what happened to her—where she's been. You've got to talk to her. And then we'll give the story to Andy Clayton. That ought to keep them quiet."

But it didn't. Anne's story only added to the mystery. Kay did her best to write it so it would make some sense and Andy printed it in full. It told of how Anne had been caught out on the lake in a sudden squall, that night eight years ago. She had tried to get back to shore and had finally managed to scramble to the beach far from the clubhouse landing. But, climbing up the slope, she had fallen. And that was all she could remember. She had only remembered that a few weeks ago, when it had come to her suddenly who she was and where she belonged. She couldn't remember anything else, where she had been, or what she had been doing.

THIS merely served to whet the collective appetite of Walnut Grove. Now, people were openly curious. They gathered in gossipy groups in Kay's living room, fussing over Anne, who was well enough now to sit in an easy chair before the fireplace. They cornered Bud. "Isn't it wonderful," they twittered, "to have your own mama back?" The dress shop did a remarkable volume of business and Peg was worn out with trying to evade the questions that were hammered at her all day.

Perhaps the most terrible thing of all was to watch Anne's desperate attempts to win the love of her children. Peg was shy and timidly tender with her mother. She recalled enough of her childhood to be able to go back over the past with the sad-voiced woman, who was so different from the mother of her memories. But Bud was miserable. To him, the woman was a stranger. The word "Mother" had no meaning for him. He was stiffly polite and thoughtful, but he avoided his mother as much as possible.

Eventually, Anne was well enough to go out a bit and the talk and interest gradually died down. But now Kay realized that the time had come to make some permanent arrange-

ments for Anne. Kay was sorry for her and still worried about her condition, but that Anne should go on living in the same house with them all was unthinkable. Kay was not concerned so much by the sly smiles of Walnut Grove, although she saw that for a man in John's position the conjectures and insinuations of the townspeople might be dangerous. She was far more concerned with the decisions that no longer could be postponed, that must be faced, for all the heartbreak they might mean.

Kay had consulted the doctor again and learned that his original suspicion had been correct. Anne had a very bad heart condition. So bad, in fact, that the doctor advised against telling Anne what was wrong with her, because in most such cases the shock of the knowledge was fatal. This was the thing that bothered Kay. For, when John heard about Anne's dangerous condition, he was terribly distressed and, moved by pity, he became more attentive, kinder and gentler with her.

HIS motivations were very clear to Kay and she didn't mind. But Anne misunderstood. She began to pay more attention to her appearance and, several times, Kay saw her flush with excitement when she heard John coming into the house. John didn't seem to notice this reawakened interest in him as a man. But for Kay it contained the elements of tragedy.

Then, in February, Mother Fairchild caught a slight cold and had to stop her visits for a few days. She was very restive and lonely during that time. And, when she was well again, she turned up one evening with a fine suggestion. Why didn't Anne come to live with her?

"I'd love to go, Mother," Anne said. "But," she smiled wistfully, "I—I hate to leave my children. I've just found them again and—"

They were all gathered in the living room and when Mother Fairchild spoke, her words had the impact of a bombshell.

"Why not take the children, too?" she said.

"Mother!" John cried. Then, as though he were afraid he had offended Anne, he added, "It isn't as if Anne were going far away. The children can go to see her every day. We'll all see her as often as possible."

"Oh, please," Anne broke in. "I wouldn't think of such a thing. They belong here—in their home—with their father." She got up and moved toward the door. "I'll just pack my few things and we can go in a little while. I—I think I'm a bit tired."

Mother Fairchild waited until she heard Anne close the door of her room upstairs. Then she burst out against John.

"Really, son!" she said. "I can't think what's happened to you these last years. How can you be so cruel? That poor, little woman! Can't you see how she feels?"

"Now, Mother. be reasonable,"

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John said. "I'm sure Anne doesn't expect us to break up all our lives just because she had an accident eight years ago."

"You're being very selfish," Mother Fairchild said, pursing her lips righteously. "I think it's sinful to separate a woman from her children. At least, you might let the children choose whether they want to be with their mother or with their step-mother!"

There was a heavy silence for a moment.

"Perhaps I should go away," Kay said quietly.

"No!" Bud cried.

"Kay, you mustn't even think of such a thing!" John said.

"Humph!" Mother Fairchild snorted. "Bud, don't be silly. Your mother loves you and needs you."

"I won't go with you," Bud cried defiantly. He ran to Kay and clung to her arm. "Don't let them make me, Aunt Kay. Don't let them!"

KAY took his hands in hers and held them tight. "Don't, Bud," she said. "No one can make you do anything you don't want to."

"Spoiling him," Mother Fairchild said. She turned to Peg. "And what about you?"

Peg had stood up. Now, she backed away before Mother Fairchild's piercing look. "I—I don't know," she murmured, waving her hands helplessly. "Kay—" she whispered, as if she were asking for help.

"Make up your own mind," Mother Fairchild ordered. "Personally, I think you owe it to your poor, sick mother to be with her."

Upstairs a door was closed and Kay was afraid Anne would walk in on the argument.

"Couldn't we discuss this some other time?" she suggested. "I don't think there's any point in making Anne more unhappy now."

There was no time to say any more, for Anne appeared in the doorway, her coat over her arm and her shabby travelling bag in her hand. She put down her things and crossed the room to Kay.

"You've been very kind," she said, putting out her hand. "Thank you."

"We'll be seeing you often," Kay smiled. "You're not really going away, you know."

Anne turned to her son. She put her arms about Bud and murmured tenderly, "Be a good boy. And come to see me—often—I'll miss you terribly." Her voice was choked with tears.

Kay glanced at Peg. The girl was still standing, back against the wall, her face twisted with pity.

"Peg, dear—I—" Anne stammered through her tears.

"You don't have to say goodbye to me," Peg said quickly, very quickly, as though she had to say it before she changed her mind, and admitted the truth—that she wanted to stay with Kay. "I'm going with you. Wait until I get my hat and coat. I'll pick up the rest of my things tomorrow." And she ran out of the room before anyone could say a word.

For the first few days after Anne's departure, it seemed like a happy solution to have her living with Mother Fairchild. But, as time went on, Kay realized that it was really worse than having her in the house.

The house seemed terribly empty without Peg. It didn't help much to

have Peg dropping in for awhile every day, either, for Kay could see that the girl was not entirely happy. Then, too, this arrangement effected John. He felt duty bound to go out to see Anne every day and to take Bud with him as often as possible. This wasn't easy—or pleasant. For Bud still couldn't bring himself to feel anything toward his mother. He went to see her because his father said he must, but, whenever he could, he found excuses for disappearing so he wouldn't be home when his father set out.

And it seemed to Kay that the family she had fought so hard to bring together, to consolidate, was being split up and there was nothing she could do about it. Bud was developing a frightening knack for evasion and subterfuge. John was almost never at home. And Peg was unhappy. To make matters worse, instead of resting out at Mother Fairchild's, Anne was busying herself with activities far beyond her strength. Kay tried to warn Mother Fairchild against letting Anne run about so much and give so many teas and dinners for her old friends. But Mother Fairchild scoffed at her warnings. "She's perfectly all right," she would say. "All Anne needs is a little happiness."

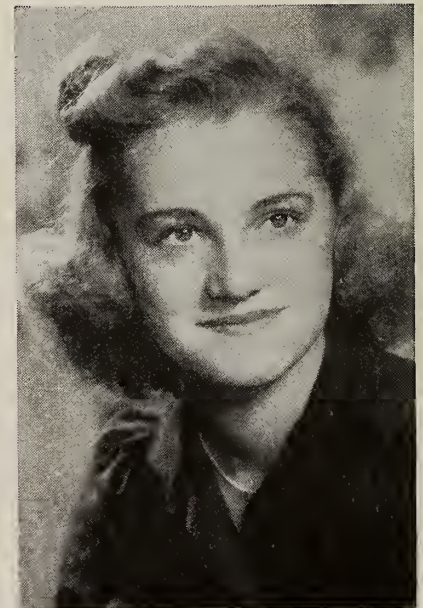
Then, a few weeks after Anne had moved, John began to seem worried. He grew reluctant about going to see Anne. Several times, he appeared on the verge of telling Kay something, but each time he checked himself.

FINALLY, one morning in March, he forced himself to speak.

"I don't know what to do, Kay," he began. "It's been bothering me for quite awhile."

"What has, dear?"

"Well, you see," John said. "Some time ago, Judge Peterson spoke to me about getting this business of



Ruth Nagel made her professional debut, acting with her Dad, Conrad Nagel, who directs radio's Silver Theater program, Sundays, on CBS.

Anne straightened out legally. He said that a man in my position couldn't afford to let things slide. So—well—he arranged everything and there was a private hearing of the case and—”

“Oh, John!” Kay exclaimed. “You should have told me.”

“I know,” John said. “But I didn't want to upset you.”

“John, what was the decision?”

“No, no, darling,” John cried, taking her in his arms and hugging her close. “Don't worry. It's all right. The court decided that Anne has no legal claims and our marriage is valid. But—you see—” he went on rather painfully, “I had to make a choice. There was never any question in my mind, of course. I couldn't give you up, ever. You're a part of me. I love you. Only, now I don't know how to tell Anne without hurting her too much. I don't know how to explain it to you—but—I think, I'm afraid that Anne—”

“I know, John,” Kay interrupted. “I've known for a long time that Anne hoped you would take her back as your wife. I think your mother wanted that, too.”

“You're so wise, Kay,” John whispered, “so wise—” He straightened then. “I've got to tell her,” he said.

“Oh, John,” Kay cried, “What will it mean to her?” “It's unfair to let her go on—hoping—” John said. “She has to know the truth. Each day longer makes it that much more difficult. I've got to tell her right away.”

John wanted Kay to go with him, but she refused. She knew that if she were going to have to face such an ordeal, she wouldn't want Anne there to see her pain. It would be bad enough for Anne, without having to pretend bravely before her rival, her victorious rival, at that.

“You know best,” John admitted. “I'll be back soon,” he said, kissing her at the door.

To make the time pass more quickly, Kay got Bud to play a game of Rummy with her. But she found it hard to concentrate on the game. The minutes seemed to drag and Kay grew tense with the strain of listening for the sound of John's car.

“Rummy!” Bud cried. “Gee, I beat you again, Aunt Kay.”

That was two games. They played another. Still John did not come back. Kay tried to rivet her attention to her cards, but her thoughts kept straying. John had been gone an hour. It only took fifteen minutes to drive out to Mother Fairchild's. What could have happened?

“Rummy!” Bud yelled gleefully. “Boy! You're terrible tonight, Aunt Kay. That's four games I beat you.”

The telephone shrilled and Kay almost upset the card table in her hurry to get to it. It was John.

“Kay,” he said, his voice all taut and thick. He sounded almost as if he had been drinking. “Come out here, will you? Bring Bud with you. And hurry!”

“John!” Kay cried. “What is it? Has something happened to Anne?”

But the wire was dead. John had hung up already.

What was the event at Mother Fairchild's house that caused John to call so urgently? Has he failed in his decision to tell Anne that she has no place in his life? Be sure to read the climax of this dramatic novel in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR.



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No Man Wanted Me—

(Continued from page 12)

Keen is always far more interested in helping people than in finding them.

I went home from Mr. Keen's office, hanging on to a strap in the crowded, smelly subway. Annette had come in late from her bridge club and was crossly preparing a dinner, mostly out of cans, in the kitchen. George had been in the living room all afternoon, and a pall of stale cigarette smoke hung over everything. Mr. Keen had said things might seem better if I went home and rested, but I'd been right; they seemed worse.

I made all my plans before the following Friday. It seemed to me I was being very efficient and working everything out exactly. That just shows how naive and simple I still was—though I'll never say I'm sorry for what I did.

On Friday night, while the rest of the family was away at a movie, I packed my clothes and closed the door of the apartment behind me—for, I told myself, the last time.

I knew where I would go. The summer before, two other teachers and I had planned a vacation in Vermont. At the last minute, I hadn't been able to go along because Mother fell ill and wanted me to stay home and care for her; but when the other girls returned they gave me such glowing reports of the good times they'd had—the dances, the hikes, the long evenings of laughter and fun—that Vermont had stayed in my mind as the ideal place to go.

NOW it was winter, but I'd run across a small advertisement in the travel section of the Sunday paper, telling about Three Maples Farm in Vermont. It sounded exactly like the sort of place I wanted. I didn't want a big hotel; I couldn't afford it, for one thing, and—why not admit it?—I was afraid to go, alone, to a place where there would be lots of beautiful girls, well dressed and sure of themselves.

It was a sparkling morning, as cold and crisp as a lettuce leaf, when I arrived at Three Maples Farm. I'd wired them to expect me, so Mr. Wilkins, the owner, was at the station to meet me, driving a fat, sleek horse hitched to a sleigh. He put me in the front seat beside him, tucked a robe around me, and away we went.

The strange surroundings, however, had brought a change in my mood. Suddenly, I was realizing what I had done. It seemed to me, just then, that through all the past week I must have been almost out of my mind with irritation and vexation. For the first time, I was frightened. What was I doing up here, spending what little money I had when I should be using it to support myself while I looked for another job? I couldn't find another teaching position, that was certain—not after leaving my school so abruptly. I felt a little conscience-stricken about that, but then I told myself there were plenty of substitute teachers who would be just as good as I, and would jump at the chance to take the job.

But then, gradually, the stingingly fresh air and the sparkle of the sun on the snow began to raise my spirits. I wouldn't regret what I'd done! For the first time in my existence I'd

been courageous, and I wasn't going to be a coward now. The future would take care of itself somehow—and meanwhile I'd make the best of the present.

I turned to the ruddy-cheeked old man beside me. "Are there many people staying at the farm?" I asked.

"Nope," he said unconcernedly. "Sorta slack season right now. Only one boarder besides yourself—young fellow named Draper. Come up fer the ski-in' . . . You ski?"

"Why—no. No, I don't," I said, disconcerted by the news of the one other guest, wondering what he would be like—fearing and yet anticipating the moment of meeting him.

"Better learn," Mr. Wilkins said, returning to the subject of skiing. "Got a few pairs around the house you can paddle 'round on."

A FEW minutes later we were at Three Maples Farm, drawing up before a compact brick building with neat white curtains at the windows. I liked the looks of the place, it was so comfortable and clean and self-respecting looking. As I jumped from the sleigh I began to feel the thrill and tingle of adventure. A strange new sensation of life, of vitality, was coursing through me. Whatever else happened, I would, I would, have this time of peace and happiness.

Mrs. Wilkins, as chubby and cheerful as her husband, met me at the door and showed me to a bright little room on the second floor. "Now, I'll tell you just what I told Mr. Draper," she chattered. "I want you to feel like a real member of the family, Miss Leslie. Dinner's at noon and supper at six and breakfast at eight, and we eat in the kitchen because I think the folks that come here like it that way—and if they don't," she laughed, "they can just go back where they came from."

When she had left I unpacked and changed my clothes. Before leaving the city I'd bought some much-too-expensive outdoor clothes, and now I put them on—long ski trousers of a lovely gray and a white and red sweater that clung softly to my figure. It was wonderful to see the difference just a few becoming clothes made; I twirled gaily in front of the mirror before running downstairs to explore the farm.

I found Mr. Wilkins in the barn, putting the sleigh away, and for a while we talked—or rather, he talked, pointing out the hill back of the farm, explaining how much land he owned.

Then a young man came across the farmyard, carrying a pair of skis. Mr. Wilkins motioned him over, and introduced him to me. "This is Mr. Draper, Miss Leslie," he said, and then he twinkled. "Maybe he'll teach you how to ski."

"I'd be glad to," Mr. Draper said at once. He had a nice smile, showing even, white teeth. When he spoke, he looked at me with real interest and friendliness—which didn't, however, hide his frank appraisal.

I said, "I'm afraid I'd be awfully stupid on skis. I'll probably get stuck in a drift first thing." That wasn't what I wanted to say at all. I'd much rather have said something gay and confident, but the habit of shyness was still too strong in me.



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"Probably," he agreed. "But I'll pull you out."

He propped the skis up against the wall of the barn, and we wandered toward the house. He was from New York, he said, his first name was David and he wished I'd call him by it. "There's no sense in being formal," he laughed. "As Mrs. Wilkins says, we're both just part of the family."

That was how it began. I think I fell in love with him the instant I saw him. I felt as if I had stepped into a new world—a world in which glances and intonations spoke more loudly than words, in which each day was a promise and each evening a treasure-house of memories.

I STOPPED wearing my glasses, and spent some time in arranging my hair more becomingly—and had my reward when David said approvingly: "I'm glad you've decided not to wear those goggles all the time. They loom up so big nobody can see how pretty you are behind them." He hesitated, and then laughed. "They made you look exactly like a prim little school teacher."

There was something about the way he said it—as if being a school teacher was the most sickeningly dull thing to be in the whole world—that made me blush and look away.

For a whole week we had a glorious time. We spent long hours on the slope back of the farm, with David teaching me how to keep my balance on those treacherous skis. I was almost sorry—though I would not have admitted it for worlds—when I became expert enough to navigate by myself, for it meant there would be no more of those moments when David, one arm around me, helped me regain my feet.

And then, at night, there was the delicious sensation of weary muscles, the delight of eating huge meals at the kitchen table, with Mrs. Wilkins always urging us to eat more, the warm intimacy of the cheerful, lighted room in contrast with the cold darkness outside.

Though I was living in a fool's paradise, I had never been so happy.

And then, one evening about seven o'clock, the old-fashioned wall telephone in the kitchen rang sharply, three times. "That's for us," said Mrs. Wilkins, and answered. "Hello? . . . Miss Leslie? Yes, just a minute."

I felt prickling dismay run over my skin. So they had tracked me down, after all! Desperately, I regretted my folly in giving Mrs. Wilkins my right name. Now all this enchanted happiness would come to an end!

But there was no way out of the situation now; Mrs. Wilkins was holding the receiver toward me and looking expectant, and David was waiting for me to answer. I got up and crossed the room in a daze.

But it was not Mother, nor Annette. It was Mr. Keen. I almost sobbed with relief when I heard him say, "Your family came to see me yesterday, Miss Leslie. I just wanted to tell you I understand now why you ran away. I won't tell them where you are."

"Oh, thank you!" I said. "But—but how did you know—" I was going to say, "where to find me," but, suddenly conscious of the listening silence behind me, I let my voice trail off.

Mr. Keen understood what I meant, though. "You practically left a trail of arrows pointing to Three Maples Farm," he chuckled. "Did you know you'd cut an advertisement for it out

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of the Sunday paper, and left it in your desk at school? Finding you was the easiest job I ever had."

"But you won't tell them?"

"No, my dear. You stay away and have a nice vacation, and when you get back I'll help you straighten things out with your family. You are having a good time, aren't you?"

"Oh, simply wonderful! And thank you so much—you're the dearest man in the world!" This time I couldn't keep the delight and happiness out of my voice—for not only did I know now there was no chance of the family finding me, but Mr. Keen's opinion proved that I had been right, and that running away had been the best thing to do.

They say that pride goes before a fall. I don't know about that, but I do know that happiness goes before misery. Within a few short hours I was to realize that I had been living in a dream, and come face to face with stark reality.

I hung up and returned to the table, feeling self-conscious. But David was looking over the evening paper and didn't ask any questions about my telephone call. If I had been wiser in the ways of men, perhaps I would have known he was a little too interested in the paper.

AFTER supper we all—Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins and David and I—sat in front of the fireplace in the living room, talking and laughing. But about nine o'clock the farmer and his wife went to bed, leaving us alone, and then David fell unaccountably silent. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind, and at last he spoke.

"Do you know, Irene," he said, "you're a very mysterious person?"

He smiled down at me—I was sitting on a low hassock at the side of the hearth—but his eyes were grave.

"Mysterious?" I said, trying to speak lightly. "I don't think so."

"Oh, yes, you are. You arrive here—in this out-of-the-way spot—practically wearing a disguise, with those big spectacles and your hair done up in the most unbecoming way you could figure out. Then, when you discover I'm the only other guest here, you drop the disguise, but you still don't tell me anything about yourself—where you come from, what you do when you're not at Three Maples Farm, or anything at all. I've told you all about myself, hoping to draw you out, but you just look mysterious and say nothing."

"I—I haven't meant to," I said, avoiding his gaze. There was an electric tension between us now which I must break. It wasn't in his words, but it was easy to read in his eyes, in the way he stood, not relaxed, staring down at me so intently—that he was pleading with me.

I must tell him something, end this desperate evasion of his questions with halting, half answers.

A smile was still on David's lips, but he was watching me closely. "I'm beginning to wonder if you aren't somebody important—a famous actress, maybe . . ."

There was excitement now in his voice, a curious rising quality—almost as though he were elated about something. Unconsciously he took my hand in his. I wondered if he could feel the frightened beat of my pulse. It seemed to throb even into my fingertips.

An actress! He thought I was a famous actress in disguise! It was such an utterly ridiculous thought—and

then the certainty swept through me. He liked me, was fascinated by me because I intrigued him, because the glamour I really lacked had been supplied by this mystery about me.

"Oh David," I thought to myself, "you deserve everything but the truth about me." Aloud, I said, "Yes," not really knowing what I meant, except that I must tell him something.

"You are, then," he said quickly.

"Yes," I repeated, caught up by his emotion, carried away by my desperate longing to keep his interest—the only interest so close, so dear that I had ever had from any man. "Yes—I'm an actress.

"I—I came here to rest. I hadn't expected to find anyone here—"

"I knew I was right!" David exclaimed, more calmly. "I guess I knew it all along, only—" he broke off and walked back to the old dog-head chair that stood near the fire, its black leather glazed to a fine softness.

"I—" but he didn't seem to be listening and so I stopped and we sat an endless time in silence. He broke the quiet when he scratched a match on the heel of his boot and lit a cigarette. "Smoke?" he asked. I shook my head. He stood up and stretched.

"I seem to be ready for bed," he yawned. "Will you excuse me?"

He hadn't said anything any different, yet nothing was the same now between us. He knew that I knew, but he turned and went quickly up the stairs.

For a moment I didn't follow and then I went up to my room. For a long time I sat at the window, the light turned off, looking out over the snow-covered fields and thinking.

I had told him I was an actress because that was what he had wanted me to say. He had wanted me to be famous, to have glamour and excitement. So I had lied to him—or let him think I was something else than the plain, unromantic, school teacher I really was.

And it had spoiled everything.

I might as well face the truth.

The interlude was over.

"Stay away and have a nice vacation," Mr. Keen had said, "and when you get back I'll straighten out things with your family."

ALL that didn't matter now. The only thing that mattered was David. I was in love with him. I did not think he loved me. He was only interested in me as a figure of mystery.

I thought of what would happen if I told him who I was—and dropped my face into my hands as if by doing so I could shut out the pictures that came trooping into my mind. The dreary, dull contrast of everyday life would kill all the romance and glamour with which David had surrounded me. It would not even be a quick death, but a long one, lingering and painful. I'd have to watch him trying to be polite when his interest in me had fled.

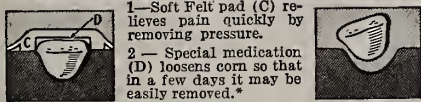
No! Better to let this interlude together be perfect—better never to tell him anything. At least, I could keep these memories.

But the decision did not make the long night pass any more easily.

The next morning, choosing a moment when the kitchen was deserted, I put in a long distance call to Mr. Keen. "You can tell Mother you've found me," I said dully. "I'm coming home tonight."

"But Miss Leslie!" Mr. Keen sounded worried as well as surprised.

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"What's the matter? Your voice is so different from what it was last night. What happened?"

"Nothing. I've just come to my senses, that's all."

"Hmmm," Mr. Keen said. "There's a man mixed up in this," he added shrewdly. "Isn't there?"

"Well—yes," I admitted. "But that doesn't have anything to do with my decision to come back home."

"I think maybe it does. . . . You wait, Miss Irene Leslie," he ordered. "I'm going to fly up to see you. I'll be there this afternoon." And before I could argue, he hung up.

David had already gone out, without asking me to go with him. And that was all I needed to prove to me that my decision had been right.

Mr. Keen arrived about three in the afternoon.

"Now, just what is all this?" he asked when he had taken off his coat and hat and Mrs. Wilkins had left us alone in the sitting room. "Last night when I talked to you I said to myself you were extremely happy. And now . . . well, all I have to do is look at you to know you aren't."

HIS sympathy, his evident concern for my happiness ahead of anything else, broke down my last shred of reserve. On the verge of tears, I told him everything. I let him see my inner belief that no man could be interested in Irene Leslie, school teacher and family drudge, and I confessed that I would rather keep the memory of this one romance, even if it had to end, than see it ruined by dull realities back in New York. When I'd finished he took my hand.

"Irene, Irene," he said, shaking his head. "Do you really have such a low opinion of this young man?"

"Low opinion?" I forgot to be angry, I was so startled. "But I haven't a low opinion at all. I love him. I told you that."

"Yes," he said, "I believe you do. But at the same time you think he's capable of losing interest in you just because he finds out you're an ordinary, sweet girl—and a much prettier girl, incidentally, than you'll give yourself credit for. If he'd really do that, wouldn't he be a pretty shallow sort of person?"

"You don't understand," I said. "It's all been so lovely and romantic up here . . . so exciting. Seeing me in New York—meeting my family—would be such a—a dismal contrast. Particularly when I've let him think I'm some one important."

"I think all the romance and excitement has been in your mind, Irene," he said thoughtfully. "Not in his. I don't know him, of course, but I'd be willing to bet that is true. . . . You see, Irene, your life has been so drab and narrow that you don't really understand people. Least of all, men. Now, I want you to promise me that you'll tell him who you really are—"

"I couldn't!" I exclaimed.

"Suppose he is disappointed? Suppose he does lose interest in you? It will be better that way—better to end the whole thing—than to think for the rest of your life that you had found happiness and lost it because you were afraid to reach out and take it." His gentle face was very grave.

I sat there, turning over and over in my mind what he had said, and slowly the conviction grew that he was right. It would be better to do as he said. I had been brave enough to run away from home; I mustn't go



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back to being a coward now.

"I'll tell him," I said at last. It was dark when David returned. I was waiting in the sitting room, alone; Mr. Keen was in the kitchen, talking to Mrs. Wilkins. I heard David come in and close the front door quietly. Then his footsteps went slowly along the hall.

"David!" I called. The footsteps stopped. He stood in the doorway, looking in.

"Oh—hello," he said shortly, as if he weren't very glad to see me.

"David—come in. I want to talk to you—tell you something."

He came in reluctantly, but he didn't sit down. "What is it?" he asked.

"I have a confession. That is," I said, "I want to tell you who I really am. You—you guessed what I was the first time you saw me."

A puzzled frown wrinkled his brow. "I guessed . . .?"

"Yes. You said I looked like a school teacher. Well—that's what I am."

"A—school teacher! Then you weren't telling the truth last night!" David leaped forward, put his hands on my shoulders, and held me away from him, laughing. All his moodiness had vanished. He was delighted.

"Did you believe me—" I began but he was rushing on.

"You crazy little kid! You acted so self-conscious when I tried to find out who and what you were, I was surer than ever you were a mystery-woman. And I don't like mystery-women."

"Then that's why you've been avoiding me today?"

"Of course! When you said you were a famous person, here for a rest, I knew I'd been kidding myself all along, thinking you were really interested in me. After all, I couldn't very well let myself get any more in love with you—an actress—than I was already!"

"Well, young man," said Mr. Keen's voice from the doorway, "it's a good thing you said that. She'd never have believed you loved her unless you told her yourself."

David whirled around. "Who are you?" he demanded angrily.

"He's Mr. Keen, David," I said. "A very sweet and wise man."

"Let me give you some advice—both of you," Mr. Keen said. "Stop letting your imaginations play tricks, for one thing. And Irene, stop running away. I don't blame you for running away from the drudgery of your home. But you went looking for romance, and when you found it—you couldn't believe it was true. Neither could David, for that matter. So each of you was all ready to run away from the thing you wanted most. You'll never get anywhere, that way."

"Well, I'm not running away from anything now!" said David, and he took me in his arms.

Still I held back. "My family . . ." I murmured.

"What about your family?" David asked. "If they belong to you, they must be swell."

"But they're not," I said, "they're selfish, and demanding, and I don't want you to have to deal with them—"

Mr. Keen broke in. "I had a little talk with your mother and sister and brother-in-law last night," he said. "I think I opened their eyes to a few things—principally to how badly they've treated you. And if David will just be firm with them—and if you will, too, Irene—I don't think they'll cause you any more trouble. The important thing is to change your responsibilities toward them, Irene—not to run away from them."

David held me even closer.

AS I write this, David and I have been married for two years. I can afford to forget, now, the old days, for they have gone for good. With David and Mr. Keen to back me up, I had the courage to tell George and Annette that I would no longer help them, and Mother that although I recognized a duty to her, I wouldn't let her run my life. It was painful at first, but gradually things straightened out. George, when he realized I meant what I said, went out and got a job, and now he and Annette are living happily in an apartment by themselves. Mother and David are good friends, and I'm sure she is much more contented now than she had ever been since my father's death.

Mr. Keen was right. It was good for me to run away once. But you can't run away all the time.

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I Owe You My Life

(Continued from page 17)

as long as I stayed there it could not be broken.

But two more months passed, and he didn't come. Now it wasn't so easy to pretend that he was with me all the time. Cold fear began to creep into my heart. He'd gone away, to some other city. He'd forgotten me completely. I never had meant anything to him . . . I would never see him again.

And the success I had won was dry and tasteless. People flocked to the night club, and I knew it was at least partly to hear me sing, because they told me so. A radio network put a remote-control booth in the club, and we were on the air every night, and my agent—a new one—was sure he could get me on a commercial program as a soloist. I didn't care. What good was success if I couldn't take it to him and lay it before him like a gift, saying, "It's because I love you that I have all this. Take it, and share it with me."

SICK despair was with me all the time—despair because I had been such a fool, because I had not insisted on knowing his name, at least. And he didn't even know mine; he might hear me singing on the air and never know it was I, singing for him.

Then, one night, I met him again. I was singing at the night club, and I looked out over the floor. There he was, at the side, standing by one of the tables. At the same moment, he caught sight of me, and I saw his face light up.

I don't know how I finished the chorus of that song. Maybe I didn't, at all. My mind was a blank until I had left the stand and was threading my way through the dancing couples toward him. It wasn't until I had nearly reached him that I saw what he was doing there. He was dressed as a waiter, and he was placing food on a table occupied by a stout, middle-aged couple.

My mind registered the information, but I didn't care. It made no difference to me whether he was a waiter or a movie star—he was back, and that was all that mattered. Hurriedly, he finished what he was doing and turned to me.

"Hello," he said, smiling. "So you did do the impossible, after all!"

"Yes!" I breathed. "And I've been looking for you everywhere, to tell you. But you never came back—and I didn't know your name—"

The couple at the table were looking at us in amazement and disapproval.

"I got a job too, you see," he said. "This is my first night here."

"Yes. I'm so glad!"

He looked away from me and glanced uneasily around the room. I was aware for the first time that the music had stopped and people were returning to their tables. Many of them were looking at us curiously, and the frown on the face of the middle-aged man beside us had deepened.

"I must see you," I said. "At two o'clock—when the place closes—can you come to my dressing room?"

"All right."

I turned and went back to the bandstand, happiness carrying me along so I seemed to be floating,

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rather than walking. When I reached my chair at the side of the orchestra I looked back to the table where he had been, but he was gone.

I didn't see him again.

After an hour had passed I knew something was wrong. Between songs I left the bandstand and went to the head waiter in his little cubby-hole near the kitchens. He was a large, florid-faced man who could be very polite to customers and very surly to subordinates, and he looked up crossly as I entered.

"That new waiter," I said breathlessly. "The one that came to work tonight—what's happened to him?"

He looked me up and down, and then said, his gaze fixed insolently on a point just over my right shoulder. "He's gone. I was forced to dismiss him."

"Dismiss him!" The monstrous cruelty of it—that he should have lost, so soon, the job that meant so much to him; that I should have lost him again, almost before I'd found him—made me speechless for an instant. I managed to gasp out, "But why?"

THE corners of the head waiter's thick mouth drew down. "For creating a disturbance in the dining room. Unfortunately, I cannot dismiss you, too, or I would."

"But that was no disturbance!" I said, remembering the brief moment we had talked, the way we had parted as soon as we were aware people were looking at us. "He's a— a very dear friend of mine—I hadn't seen him for months. I had to talk to him!"

"Employees of this restaurant are expected to keep their personal affairs to themselves. I advise you to remember that, Miss Searle."

Once I would have been cowed by his arrogance. Now I was angry—furiously, desperately angry—at the injustice of what had happened to the man I loved, at myself, but most of all at this stupid, pompous creature who had robbed me of the love I wanted more than anything in the world.

"You had no right to dismiss him for the few minutes we talked!" I cried. "But I don't care about that

now. Where did he go? Where can I find him?"

"I have no idea," he said. But I felt he was lying. I could see past his superior air to the snobbishness that inspired it. I knew he had bitterly resented the small disruption of his dining room routine that we had caused, that he did not want me to profit by it, and that he disapproved, on principle, of any connection between a common waiter and a singer in the band.

"I'm quite sure you wouldn't hire a waiter without asking him for his address," I said in a cold rage. "Either you tell me that address or I'll go to the manager."

His eyes narrowed. "That would be very dangerous for you."

"I don't care if I lose my job! I'll do my best to see that you lose yours!"

For a moment he studied me. Then he reached for a small filing-case on the desk and drew out a card. "The address he gave is 146 Carson Street," he said sullenly.

"And—" I hesitated, but this was no time for worrying about what the head waiter would think. "His name?"

He didn't bother to hide his scornful amusement. "Your—very dear friend's name is Quirk. Tom Quirk."

I went back to the bandstand, thankful that I had only one more group of songs before the evening was over. I must see—Tom—as soon as possible! For this was real irony—that after he had saved my life and put new courage into me, I should be the instrument of his undoing! I had promised myself that I would repay him for his help, and instead, his first sight of me had brought about the loss of the first job he'd had, probably, in months.

No man, no matter how courageous he was, could go through what had happened to Tom tonight without letting bitterness and despair strike into his heart. I knew—too well—what it meant to have work snatched from you when you thought it was within your grasp.

As soon as I could, I hurried out of the night club, called a taxi and gave the address of 146 Carson Street. The driver looked at me in a curious



■ The newly married Don Wilsons found time for a bit of honeymooning when the Jell-O program visited New York. Don's bride was Peggy Kent, the daughter of 20th Century-Fox's president.

way, but he said nothing until we stopped in front of a dingy, wicked-looking building in the poorer quarter of Los Angeles.

"You sure this is the place you want, Miss?" he asked then.

I looked at the house. A dim bulb over the door illuminated a sign: "Royal Bayard Hotel. Rooms—40 cents."

"Yes," I said, a lump in my throat. It was such a pathetically pretentious name for that drab place! "This must be it."

A frowsy man behind a grill in the entrance of the Royal Bayard jerked upright in his chair as I came in. I must have been a strange sight there, in my elaborate, daringly cut evening gown, my face carefully made up for the bandstand. I didn't give him time to wonder at me.

"Mr. Quirk," I said. "Does he stop here?"

"Uh—yes," he gulped. "Yes—ma'am. Room eleven, upstairs. He just come in a little while ago."

"Thank you," I said, and went up the creaky, villainous stairs. It was almost too dark to see in the upper hall, but finally I found room eleven. I knocked.

THE door swung open, and he stood above me, looking down with an impassive face. I stepped inside, quickly. The room was small, sordid in its atmosphere of poverty and neglect.

"I—I had to come," I said weakly, intimidated by his silence, by the lack of welcome in his expression.

He gave the knob of the door a little push with his hand, so that it swung to and shut with a slight click. "You should have stayed away," he said flatly.

"But it was my fault you lost your job! Don't you see?—I couldn't—"

He interrupted impatiently. "Don't worry about that. It's nice of you—but I'd probably have been fired pretty soon anyway. I expect I'm a lousy waiter."

It was as I had feared. This night had been all he could stand—the last indignity. His voice was mocking, bitter. His shoulders—so broad, so strong!—were sagging as if he'd been whipped. Now it was he who was hopeless, convinced of the futility of all effort.

"But you mustn't feel that way!" I said. "You—you said yourself that nothing's impossible—if only you don't give up!"

"I know I said that. But it's easier to say things like that to other people," he said slowly, "than keep believing them yourself."

"Tom!" It was the first time I had ever spoken his name; it was unbelievably sweet on my lips. "Can't you see that everything is changed now? I've found you—we're together—I'll help you—I have plenty of money—"

He turned his head away. "You don't owe me anything!"

"It isn't a question of that! I—" It was hard to say. I had come here for only one reason—to tell him I loved him. But I had so little experience in love, so little knowledge of it. Involuntarily, I lowered my eyes, and felt the skin of my cheeks grow warm with embarrassment. "I love you," I said, very softly. "I want to be with you. That's the reason I came here—not because I thought I owed you anything."

He said, almost angrily, "Stop talking like that! It's easy enough to see

The Man Bette Davis Married

When unpredictable Bette Davis got married on New Year's Day at Rimrock, Arizona, she gave the millions who love her a double surprise. Few, if any, expected her to marry at this time. Still fewer knew of the place that Arthur Farnsworth, New England businessman, had gained in her heart.

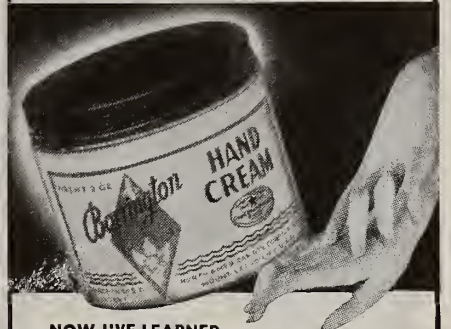
After the first surprise of the headlines subsided everyone began to ask about the lucky man—what was he like, where did he come from, how long had Bette known him, what about his family background, what of his business career and the hundred other things of interest? And who could supply the answers?

Photoplay-Movie Mirror for March had just gone to the printer. The order went out to stop the presses, re-make the magazine. A new story—a news story—the story of Arthur Farnsworth—must be included for our readers.

And so today, right off the presses, you can read in Photoplay-Movie Mirror the story of the man who won the heart of Bette Davis. Now you can have the answers to the questions everyone is asking. Be among the first to know the whole story. Get your copy now. Only 10 cents at the nearest news stand!

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Northwest Airline Photo

"Oh, 'deer,'" said Phil Harris, Jell-O maestro, receiving this trophy in Canada. Behind Phil is Norris Goff, Abner of Lum & Abner.

what you think you're doing. You've decided you owe me a debt, and if my pride won't let you pay it one way, you'll pay it another." Then, seeing my stricken face, he added more quickly. "Thanks for trying it—but you're not a very convincing liar."

I could think of nothing to say. I had come to him, offering my love, knowing that perhaps—probably—he cared nothing for me. I'd been prepared for a rebuff—but not this kind. I had thought at least that he would believe me.

I felt as if I were up against a blank wall. There was nothing more I could do.

But—was that true? Wasn't there always one more thing you could do, to make the impossible become possible? Wasn't there always one more effort you could make, if you were willing to throw away cau-

tion, restraint, doubts?

Yes!—there was! And I knew what, in this case, that extra effort must be.

"I'm not lying!" I said desperately. "I'll make you believe me!" I came closer to him. "I've never said this to any man before—because I've never loved any man before. Maybe words can't tell you what I mean. But if you'll take me in your arms—if you'll keep me here, with you—if you can tell me tomorrow morning that you still don't believe me . . . If you still think then that I'm only paying a debt—I'll go away, I'll never see you again—"

Comprehension came into his eyes slowly. "You mean—" he whispered.

"Let me prove how much I love you!" I pleaded. My arms were around him, my hands pressed against the hard muscles of his back. "Darling! That's all I ask of you!"

And at last he believed. I felt myself swept off my feet, caught up into an embrace that told me I had conquered.

When he set me down again, neither of us could talk. We could only laugh breathlessly, and look at each other, and try to realize that something beautiful and precious had come into our lives. And when we did speak, it was only in disconnected, half-formed sentences.

"I've wanted so much to see you again—but I didn't dare—"

"Tom! If only you had!"

"I wasn't getting any place—still out of a job. After the pep talk I gave you, I'd have looked an awful fool—you'd've known it was all just whistling in the dark—"

"But it doesn't matter now! We're going places, together! I'm on the air—I'll ask people how you can get a job—"

"We'll be married tomorrow!"

Suddenly, he sobered. "All the same, I'm ashamed of myself. It was you that had the courage to break through my—my pride and—and doubts, by doing something any woman must find it hard to do . . . offering yourself to me . . ."

"But it was you," I told him, "that taught me how—by proving that nothing is impossible!"

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

Third Prize . . .

ANSWER TO A TIRED HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER

Lanny Ross offers a program that is the answer to a tired housewife's prayer. This goes for her husband, too. In the first place, this well-mannered singer is smoothly introduced by the previous program announcer (Amos 'n' Andy). Then importantly, the songs of Lanny Ross positively astonish with their different kind of beauty, their wide range and their heartwarming quality.

In my opinion, and I listen to radio with the regularity of a weather-man studying the heavens, Lanny Ross has a real radio mission.

Mrs. George Keenan,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Fourth Prize . . .

WE WANT JUDY BACK

Why is it that someone as good on

the radio as Judy Garland should be taken off and her place given to guest stars? In the movies, Judy is a wonderful actress as well as a singer and comedienne. I am more of a Judy Garland fan than ever since hearing her on the air. I'm sure there are many more who feel the same way.

Why can't we have her back?

Mary Fisher,
Lyons, N. Y.

Fifth Prize . . .

CAUGHT IN THE ACT—OF LAUGHING

I am in the dog-house tonight. My keeper put me there because she is a sage and sober octogenarian and I am barely a septuagenarian, and frivolous. She caught me listening gleefully to—of all things—Col. Stoopnagle's program. I try not to, but if I accidentally hear that infectious laugh, and "Don't people have more fun than anybody?" I am lost. I just sit giggling to the end.



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How I would like to be among those present at a Stoopnagle party!
Cecile Blue,
Rusk, Texas.

Sixth Prize . . .

WHAT, NO TELEPHONE?

"Be At Home When The Telephone Rings!" Radio these days seems bent on filling telephone companies' pockets. I wonder what's the big idea? Pot O'Gold, A. & P., Wings of Destiny, and many other programs are demanding a telephone in the home—to be able to compete for their worthy prizes. Those of us not fortunate enough to be able to afford a telephone, are left out in the cold as far as having a chance is concerned.

Are phone companies putting the pressure on radio to sell their wares? Why don't the sponsors of such programs realize that there are families in this country that could use a substantial prize award, and that they are perhaps the majority buyers of those sponsors' products? And that their few cents go for that particular product—not for the convenience of a telephone!

Mrs. Margaret Donovan,
Lewiston, Me.

Seventh Prize . . .

WHAT'S ALL THE WHISTLING ABOUT?

There remains one objection to the ever-increasingly popular audience participation program, which as a devotee of this kind of enlightening entertainment, I'd like to see eliminated. This listener refers to the annoying habit studio audiences have of whistling their applause! Now, despite the informality encouraged at the studios during this type of program—quiz contest affairs—studio audiences ought to be discouraged from offending with such noise those not privileged to attend the broadcast in person. It not only sounds noisy and shrill at the listening end, but it cheapens the program as well.

Why not have polite little signs on the walls of the studio to the tune of "Please refrain from whistling your approval—it doesn't sound so well to those listening in at home!" And then a good time will be had by all!

Ruth Bracker Stone,
New York, N. Y.

Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 41)

"There's the prison—and there's the riot—that State Trooper was right. I think it's time Superman took a hand in this before somebody gets hurt. Down—down. . ."

Landing lightly just outside the high prison gates, he paused for a moment. Then, effortlessly, Superman vaulted the wall. He appeared out of the tear gas smoke as a group of convicts, carrying a huge twenty foot timber as a battering ram, massed for a concerted rush on the main gates.

Above that bedlam, Superman's voice rang commandingly: "Stop that! Drop that timber!"

The convicts, not knowing their new adversary, turned to knock him out of the way. Superman spoke again:

"I said drop that timber." They

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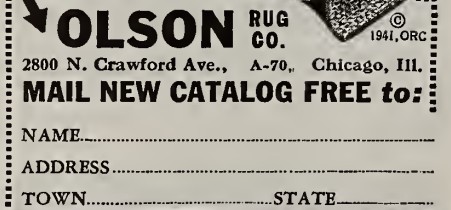
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ignored him. "All right, it simply means I have to take it away from you."

HE said no more. Whirling, he snatched the ram from the prisoners' clutching hands. Panic-stricken, they huddled together as Superman swung the timber as if it were a bamboo cane and cleared a space. He drove the convicts, yelling with terror, back across the yard and into the cell-blocks where the guards locked them up.

But more than half of the rioting prisoners were still loose, scattered in the prison buildings. Superman had no time for them now. He must find Lois. With the riot quelled temporarily, he could once again become Clark Kent, newspaper reporter. No one saw the red cloaked figure vanish into a cloud of gas.

Seconds later, Kent was sitting in the Warden's office. He had only one question:

"Where is Lois Lane?"

As the Warden started to answer, a guard burst in. Breathlessly, he reported that the Wolf and Keno, carrying Lois Lane, had slipped out of one of the buildings. With a small band of helpers, they had made their way to the prison's steam plant.

Clark, quickly, asked the location of the plant. Waiting for nothing else, he sped from the office. Once outside, the reporter, hidden by the heavy clouds of rolling tear gas, became—in a split second—Superman!

But before the Man of Steel could reach them, half of the Wolf's men began to work frantically to open the tunnel leading to escape beneath the

steam plant. The others fought off the prison guards with hoses loaded with live steam from the boilers. Bound hand and foot, Lois lay, trembling, beside a boiler. The Wolf held a steam hose nozzle pointed at her. He was ready to open it if his escape were blocked.

But Superman's X-ray eyes had seen through the heavy clouds. Racing against time, he dashed across the yard. As he plunged into the hissing, flesh-searing steam, he heard the guards cry frantically: "Come back here—you'll be killed."

Superman only smiled to himself—"Oh, no, I won't. They don't know that steam can't hurt me." Then, shouting—"Go on, boys—turn it on full and watch out for yourselves. Because here I come!"

THE convicts, terrified by the grim, T revengeful figure, scattered. Swiftly, Superman gathered the unconscious Lois in his strong arms. "I'll get her out of here and turn off that steam, quickly. When she comes around, she'll just see Clark Kent—and so will all the rest. Superman is no longer needed. The guards must have rounded up every one of those convicts by now. So—it is time for Clark Kent to reappear. No one can know who Superman really is!"

But Superman was wrong. Two convicts had gotten away—in the confusion, the Wolf and Keno had made good their escape! Lois and he had not heard the last of the Yellow Mask and his hirelings. Be sure to read the next chapter of "Superman in Radio" in the April Radio Mirror.

Girl Alone

(Continued from page 21)

himself beside Virginia, and Scoop dropped into a chair next to Patricia. The fire crackled on the hearth; the room should have been peaceful and cozy, shut away from the wind which beat against the windows, but Pat felt disturbed. She only half listened to Scoop; she kept glancing toward the two on the other side of the room.

"Who is he?" she asked, suddenly. "Who? Oh!" Scoop followed her gaze; "I don't really know. It wouldn't surprise me to find he's one of the gang—maybe, playing his own game on the side. I may be all wrong, at that."

"He's funny," Pat continued in a low voice, "people don't go around dressed up like that except at weddings and funerals. Look at that silk hat—a top hat—" she laughed. "Somehow that name suits him. I guess he's more amusing than sinister."

Apparently aware of her scrutiny, Tophat rose to his feet.

"If you'll excuse me—" he bowed formally. "I must be going. I hope, Miss Rogers, you'll let me come again." He crossed the room, stopped, and added with impressive emphasis: "I wish you'd use your influence, and persuade our friend here to be careful. I've warned him he's in danger. He's too near the truth; he's making it uncomfortable for some people."

"Oh, nuts," Scoop laughed, and Pat saw, for the first time in weeks, the old, familiar grin on his face. "I've come through tighter spots than this." He leaned toward Pat, and

whispered: "Don't worry. And let Tophat come around; he's useful."

Patricia turned as the door closed to see Virginia with bright eyes and flushed face.

"He's wonderful," she exclaimed. "He's so interesting—he's asked me to dinner tomorrow."

"Oh," was all Pat could find to say, and could think of no reason for the vague, uneasy sensation she experienced at the mention of the man she had nicknamed Tophat.

PATRICIA grew more and more uneasy as the days passed. Yet, she could not deny that Tophat was amusing, brilliant, an interesting talker. She attempted one day, when he had arrived at the house earlier than usual, and was waiting for Virginia to come in from work, to pin him down as to what he actually did, and had done. But after he had talked fluently about himself for half an hour, she discovered she had no more facts than before her first question. But she told herself, after she was alone, and Virginia had left to have dinner with Tophat, that does not necessarily mean he is part of the racket Scoop is trying to break up, or that his past will not bear looking into. Still those intangible, disturbing doubts persisted in nagging at her.

Virginia was in a whirlwind of excited happiness; she went singing through the house, she bought new clothes. Scoop absorbed in the trail he was following, only grunted when

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Patricia attempted to question him, and shrugged the subject away with a careless: "Virginia's old enough to take care of herself." And Pat became really frightened when Tophat drew her aside one day; this time his warning was direct. "Tell Scoop to call the hunt off. He may listen to you. The gang he's after won't stop at murder." But she was helpless. Scoop only laughed, and Virginia put her fingers to her ears and ran away at the first word Pat said.

Then one Saturday morning Scoop arrived at the house, looking rather grim.

"Tophat called the turn," his voice was crisp. He held up his soft hat. The small round hole made by a bullet was plain to be seen, just above the ribbon.

"Scoop," Pat cried, through white lips. "Scoop—"

"Well, they missed. Don't worry, Pitter-Pat—it's over. I've got them on the run. What I came to say was, try to prepare Virginia. She has a shock coming. And, don't let her do anything foolish."

"She won't listen to me," Pat answered, hopelessly. "I haven't any proof."

"You will have, soon. I'll call you later."

PATRICIA ran quickly up the stairs. Virginia should be home as she did not work on Saturdays. But there was no answer to her knock. She pushed open the door, and stared; drawers were open, the closet was partially stripped of clothes. And then she saw the note. Pat knew what was in it before she tore open the envelope. Her lips quivered as she read the last lines: "He's so wonderful, Pat, and I love him. I'm so happy. I trust him, and if he wants to be married this way, I know he has a good reason for it. I'll always trust him—"

Pat reached the telephone somehow, choking with relief as she heard Scoop's voice.

"Oh, Lord," he almost shouted, "what a mess. The papers are on the street; the whole story's broken. He was the brains of the racket, and the police are after him. I never thought she'd be as crazy as this—"

"I've got to find her. What can we do? We must—Scoop, we must—"

"Hold on, let me think. Here, get out your car, and be ready to start. I'll be there in ten minutes. I'll see if the cops have picked up anything." And he slammed the receiver down.

The roads flung themselves toward Pat, then receded. Red lights, green lights—stop, start again. All Scoop had said was: "They're after him. He's heading for the state line." Pat was stiff with cold, sick with anxiety by the time they ran into a small town, and a State Trooper stopped them.

"We've got him," he announced in answer to their questions. "He must be nuts. He's in that florist's there, buying flowers for his bride."

A long sigh from Pat: "They've been married?"

"Sure; one way we got onto him. She's up there." He waved toward a hotel in the middle of the block. "The store's surrounded—he can't make a getaway."

And then across the still cold air came the sharp crack of a shot—and another, like an echo. Pat and Scoop were out of the car, and running down the street. Across the entrance

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of the shop, his arm still full of flowers, sprawled the body of a man. Scoop took hold of Pat's shoulders, and turned her around. She heard someone say, "Resisted arrest," and remembered she had seen a revolver in the outflung hand of Tophat—Tophat, romantic, unscrupulous Tophat whom Virginia loved—Virginia—waiting for him in that hotel room! "Scoop!" Pat pulled frantically at his coat, "we must get to her before the police."

Again they were running, running in out of the cold, asking the desk clerk questions, hurrying along a long hall—opening a door to see Virginia as she turned toward them with a radiant face.

"Pat!" she exclaimed in amazement. She glanced at Scoop. "What—how—" she hesitated as Patricia crossed the room, and took her in her arms.

"Virginia, dear, something—has happened—"

THERE was the sound of heavy footsteps along the hall and a policeman came to the door. Virginia's eyes widened; the radiance was wiped from her face. She caught at Pat, as her lips formed a question, though no sound came.

It had to be told somehow; there was no way of softening the blow.

"He's dead, dear. He was shot resisting arrest—"

And then Virginia screamed: "You brought the police—you never liked him—George—darling— You showed them the way—George—I'm going to him—let me go—" She began to struggle.

"No—no—not yet—no—" Pat pleaded, and Scoop placed a hand on Virginia's shoulder. "I didn't bring them—I tried to get here first—oh, my dear, I'm sorry—sorry—don't—don't—"

Pat held her close as Virginia broke into dry, choking, dreadful sobs.

Virginia would not listen. She could not even hear what Pat, with desperate patience, tried to tell her. She let herself be taken home, and a nurse ordered. But she refused to talk; she lay, white and still, the only sign of life the slow tears which rolled down her cheeks, the broken murmur of her voice, calling to the man whose bride she had been for a few, brief, glorious hours.

It was after another futile attempt to talk to her friend, that Scoop found Pat huddled in a chair in the living room, her eyes circled by weariness and pain. He touched her hair; and she tried to smile.

"Pat, dear, we can't go on like this. I'm as cut up about Virginia as you, but brooding won't help. Let's pull out of it. We'll start over again—you and I."

"What do you mean?" Pat asked, wearily.

"I've heard from Stormy. She's flying up north. And I've radioed her to come down, to help get our marriage annulled. I'll ask her when she gets here."

"But—will she?"

"Sure, that was our arrangement. Smile when you look at me, Pitter-Pat. This time no slip-ups."

"Are you certain, Scoop; are you certain? I'm frightened. Something always happens."

"You're tired, Pat, and nervous. Stop worrying." He drew her to him, and she let her head rest against the roughness of his coat.

"No more mistakes," Pat thought; "no more mistakes. We'll be happy—at last."

THE weather changed; the wind veered to the south, bringing rain; it grew warmer; at night a heavy mist rose from the earth, and a fog crept in over the lake. There was a blanket of wet gray over the landing field at Union Air Port the evening Patricia and Scoop waited by the administration building, huddled in their coats. Their ears strained for some sound. No planes were leaving that night, but Stormy had radioed she was coming in.

"Isn't she due?" Pat asked, nervously. "Can she land in this fog?" Do you think she'll mind my being here? Shouldn't you see her alone? Scoop, maybe I had better go—Scoop—"

"Hey, you've the jitters; it will be all right," Scoop tried, vainly, to keep the strain out of his own voice. "They've turned on the flood-light—she ought to see that. Anyway, she'll get directions from the operator. Stormy could fly in a pea soup. There's a plane now—hear it—Say, what's the matter?" he called as a man ran past them.

The CAST of GIRL ALONE

Patricia Rogers... BETTY WINKLER

Scoop Curtis.....PAT MURPHY

Stormy Wilson Curtis.. JUNE TRAVIS

John Knight.....SYD SIMONS

Jack.....FRANK PACELLI

Virginia Hardesty
LAURETTE FILLBRANDT

Alice Ames.....JOAN WINTERS

(Illustrations posed by members of the cast)

"She can't hear us. She's calling for directions. Something happened to her reception. Says she's got to land—gas gone." "Hey, keep clear of the field," someone yelled, as Pat and Scoop moved out from the shelter of the building. "She may strike anywhere in this muck."

Patricia shrank back against the wall; the droning overhead had risen to a roar. She raised her hands to her face. Somewhere toward the distant light a vague shape slithered, struck—there was a crash, and then flames—lurid flames, streaking the clouding grayness. People were running, shouting. Scoop had disappeared. Trembling, she turned and pushed the door open, and found her way to a chair in the waiting room. More voices, and steps coming nearer. Through the open door she saw a still figure carried into another room. There was the clang of an ambulance, and a doctor hurried by. Pat rose to her feet as Scoop came into the room, his face streaked with wet and dirt.

Her eyes asked the question she dared not put into words.

He shook his head, his face drawn and haggard.

"No, not dead—not even unconscious—cut up a lot. She crawled out—but—she says she can't see—something about flames—and her eyes—"

Terror flooded over Pat.

"Scoop—" he took her cold hands in his.

"Wait, Pat," he said; "wait—and see—"

Minutes—hours—Patricia never knew how long it was as Scoop walked the floor, and she stood, rigid by the chair. She only knew that when the doctor came in, she found it difficult to move. She heard his words as from a great distance—words—horrible, terrifying words.

"Blind? Yes, I'm afraid so. The flames got her eyes. Must have seared across them, for she's not burned badly. A few bad cuts, but nothing serious. She's asking for you, Mr. Curtis."

Scoop was standing very still. "Tell her I'll be there in a minute—just a minute." He passed one hand across his own eyes, and as the doctor hurried from the room, he faced Pat.

"You heard." He flung out his hands in a helpless gesture, and the cold fear tightened around her heart. "I can't let her down—can I?" he cried desperately. "Pat!" She could not move, she could not speak. "She'll never fly again—she's blind—Stormy's blind—do you know what that'll mean to her?"

Pat stepped toward him; the floor waved under her feet. He looked into her eyes, his own dark with pain.

"She doesn't know why I sent for her—I'll tell her I wanted her with me—Oh, my God, give you up again—Pat, what else can I do?"

SHE reached for his hands; she heard herself saying: "Yes—the only thing to do—"

His arms were suddenly around her, his lips on hers. Then he was gone, and she was alone. This wasn't true, of course; it couldn't be. She moved quietly down the hall toward the room where Stormy lay. The door was open. She saw the covered figure, the bandaged head, the white face turned toward Scoop as he bent above her; the fumbling, groping hand that touched his sleeve as he kissed her. Pat turned, stumbling, out of the building, across the field to her car. The fog was lifting. It had done its work. She was driving home to that great, lonely house. Twice before she had happiness in her grasp—twice before it had been taken from her. It had happened again, and this time there was no one to blame. She opened the door of her home, and went up the great flight of stairs to her room. Her body was shaking, her lips trembling. She sank down by a chair, and buried her face in its cushions. She did not think; she could not cry. She was conscious of but one fact; she and Scoop would never be together; she and Scoop would never be happy.

How will Pat re-make her life after this new tragedy? Will she be able to accept the fact that she and Scoop can never find happiness together? Read the next chapters in this thrilling story of an unwilling heiress in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR.

NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

Here she is with her favorite toy—*Emilie*, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

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Emilie

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KARO WAFLE SYRUP

KARO
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