

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10 ¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

APRIL



NY SIMMS

DUNG WIDDER BROWN

Woman Who Gambled on Second Love

RESPASSING FORBIDDEN! — They Made Love on the Air
But were Denied Romance

When comfort means so much



• Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable —so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.



They begged for introductions — but no one took her home!



Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone*. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come*. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more

women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable... a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT... NEVER NEGLECT MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

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Editor

CONTENTS

Special Features

I Need You, Darling.....	10
A true drama of lives behind the mike	
Young Widder Brown.....	12
Beginning radio's great story of a woman's gamble on second happiness	
Trespassing Forbidden.....	16
Did she have any right to his love?	
Hard to Get.....	20
Full words and music of a hit tune featured by Benny Goodman	
It's Easy Living.....	22
You'll be surprised to see how Jane and Goodman Ace live	
Girl Alone.....	24
Beautiful Pat Rogers finds a love to burn away all regret	
Tomorrow's Children.....	27
A message from Helen Hayes to lighten the hearts of mothers	
Your Child and You.....	28
Meet some of your next door neighbors	
Marriage on a Shoestring.....	30
Frank Sinatra has everything to sing about	
No Question About Love.....	31
Clifton Fadiman's unforgettable romance	
Stepmother.....	32
Kay Fairchild learns what successful marriage requires of a wife	
Let's Eat Something New.....	34
Recipes for a healthier, tastier Lent	
Junior Brain Trust.....	36
The Quiz Kids quiz you	
Superman in Radio.....	43
Our exclusive story of a favorite hero	

Added attractions

Something to Talk About.....	Fred R. Sammis	4
What's New From Coast to Coast.....	Dan Senseney	6
What Do You Want To Say?.....		9
Facing The Music.....	Ken Alden	38
Inside Radio—The Radio Mirror Almanac.....		44
Smiling Through.....	Dr. Grace Gregory	86
What Do You Want To Know?.....		92

ON THE COVER—Ginny Simms, singing star of Kay Kyser's NBC broadcasts

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is *so mild*," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride—and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. 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."



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



The Soap of Beautiful Women

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

Man of the month:
William L. Shirer.



Girl of the month:
Lovely Ginny Simms.



Broadcast of the month:
Ezra Stone's Aldrich Family.



SOMETHING to TALK ABOUT

■ Special mention for the girl on our cover, for a Berlin news commentator, for achievement in television and for a broadcast

FOR THE girl of the month I nominate Ginny Simms who adorns the cover of this issue. Beauty is a twice welcome commodity when it is accompanied by graciousness. Ginny Simms has increasing beauty, and—especially for a girl whose job it is to sing with a dance band (even Kay Kyser's)—a surprising quality of dignity.

There is a romance between Ginny and Kay Kyser. Hollywood, which seldom lets well enough alone, decided a long time ago these two were secretly married. I'll confess that when this rumor first came to my desk, I wired Pittsburgh and asked a reporter to check the marriage records for the past three years—on a tip that the supposed elopement took place there. But neither there nor in any other town, as far as I know, is there any record of any such marriage.

I do think these two will marry some day, when the excitement and fun has subsided a little and they begin to see that lasting happiness more often than not is insured only that way. In the meantime, Ginny's singing and Kay's music is a very pleasant combination.

FOR the man of the month, I nominate a man of medium height, stocky build, wearing glasses, thinning hair slightly in need of brushing, who stood at a luncheon recently and spoke of his life for the past year and a half in Berlin. His voice was the same calm, matter of fact, sincere voice that we all listened to so intently night after night during the past months of declared war in Europe.

He was William L. Shirer, and he was addressing a group of foreign correspondents. I was astonished at the intentness of his audience. Here was a group of men distinguished in their own right, paying the greatest compliment—a desire to hear his every word—to a radio broadcaster. Newspapermen are not usually inclined to such courtesy. William Shirer spoke off the record, a phrase used so frequently these days to prevent personal thoughts from reaching the public. In this case it was done to protect the new Berlin news broadcaster for CBS—not to hide any personal feelings. For as Bill Shirer spoke, there was the most profound contempt in his voice for the Nazis. Bill Shirer is back in this country so that he can sleep soundly again through a quiet night, so that he can eat what he wants, so that he can talk to whom he pleases and say what he pleases. Already his nerves are be-

coming whole again, though as he talks he still makes you feel that Europe and its heartbreak is near enough to touch.

FOR the news of the month I nominate television, which has bounced back from its state of lethargy. Again I have the feeling that this entertainment miracle will soon provide many of us with an entirely new kind of pleasure. There is television in the air—an Englishman successfully demonstrates a large size screen, large enough for use in a movie theater; CBS again shows its proud achievement in color television and observers are again impressed with its realistic quality and third-dimensional character; the national association of television broadcasters conducts a series of demonstrations and the Federal Communications Commission guardedly sends out to newspapers a story which between the lines reveals the fact that the Government is now ready to join in an effort to make regular commercial television broadcasts a reality.

FOR the program of the month I nominate the Henry Aldrich broadcasts. Years ago, when loudspeakers were first being attached to radio, eliminating the burden of earphones, it seemed easy to laugh out loud at radio comedians' jokes. It hasn't been so easy the past few broadcasting seasons. Personally, I find that Fred Allen can on occasion force from me a hearty chuckle, and sometimes Charlie McCarthy and Jack Benny. But there is another program, not commonly designated as comedy, which evokes in me the warmth of genuine and repeated laughter. It is the Henry Aldrich program written by Clifford Goldsmith, with Ezra Stone starring as Henry. A year ago when I picked this as my favorite program, the room on either side of me on the applause bench was plentiful. Today, there is continuous praise for these broadcasts, especially for Goldsmith. It is easier to get on the bandwagon now, the program has a Crossley (accepted popularity rating) of "29." This means nothing to you as it stands, perhaps, but interpreted, it means that there are only five other programs on the air today which are more popular in this nation-wide survey.

FRED R. SAMMIS

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

I'M SO WORRIED I COULD
CRY, TED. IT MAY BE
**INFECTIOUS
DANDRUFF**

NOTHING TO CRY OVER,
HONEY, MINE WAS TOO. AND
YOU KNOW HOW QUICKLY
LISTERINE HELPED ME.

combat **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF** the new, pleasant way with **Listerine Antiseptic!**

Easy home treatment gets after distressing scales, cleanses and invigorates scalp as it kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff.

If your scalp feels itchy, your hair seems full of scales, if annoying flakes shower down on coat collar or dress, look out. They may be a warning that infectious dandruff has started.

Heed this warning before the condition gets worse. Start now with Listerine and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful. You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and hair and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. While a few delightful applications may help you, it is better to continue the treatment systematically morning and night.

Listerine gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. Those distressing scales begin to loosen and disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and more invigorated. And don't forget: Listerine Antiseptic kills

millions of the germs on scalp and hair, including the queer parasite called the "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious-type dandruff.

Countless people find that Listerine Antiseptic brings results that are truly amazing. Thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country testify to that. Their experience is corroborated by painstaking research work which showed the following impressive result:

In a clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't fool around. Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum Ovale, or "bottle bacillus," which often accompanies infectious dandruff.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

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



WATCH YOUR CHILD'S SCALP! Children are by no means immune from infectious dandruff. Inspect your children's scalps once a week and if there is any indication of itching, inflammation or scaling, which so often accompany the infectious type of dandruff, start right away with Listerine Antiseptic.

The loveliest thing
in make-up

Chiffon
Face Powder...



Silk Sifted

CHIFFON is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattering, soft light of rendezvous candles.

Specially processed, Chiffon Face Powder is then sifted through the finest silk, to remove every tiny particle of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer-lasting.

Its unique Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine.



In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick
—for softer, more kissable contours. Four alluring new shades: Chiffon Red, True Red, Medium and Raspberry.

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream—the only cream you need to cleanse, help clarify and soften your skin.

Stop at your 5 and 10 for
all three . . . 10¢ each

DISTRIBUTED BY PRIMROSE HOUSE
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

What's New from



■ Radio's Blondie, Penny Singleton, becomes a bride. The groom is Robert Sparks, the producer of the "Blondie" movie series.

American Airlines photo

PENNY SINGLETON'S elopement with Robert Sparks didn't come as a very big surprise to any of her friends. The "Blondie" of radio and movies had hinted that she and the producer of her Columbia movie series would be married, but she hadn't said just when. The couple went to Goldfield, Nevada, for the ceremony, which was unusual because Yuma or Las Vegas are usually the towns selected by Hollywood people for runaway weddings. They were married there on New Year's Day under their legal names, Marianna Dorothy McNulty and Robert Salathiel, and went on a honeymoon to Cincinnati to visit Bob's relatives about three weeks later.

* * *

Fashion notes from NBC's Chicago studios: Purses made to look like small duplicates of real gas masks made their appearance this month, carried by Jane Webb of the Tom Mix cast and Dora Johnson, who is Evey Fitts in the Ma Perkins serial. Another military note is found in Betty Winkler's way of brightening a severe black wool suit by draping a generous splash of gold braid across the front. The idea is borrowed from an officer's dress uniform.

The Chicago girls go in for novel accessories in a big way. Frances Carlon, who plays Zenith Zambrini in Ma Perkins, has a lapel ornament in the form of two little gold sailors, each wig-wagging gold flags with ruby centers. One tiny tar wags an "F" and the other a "C". Blonde Louise King, the Lullaby Lady on the Carnation Contented Hour, has a new lapel watch to decorate her tailored suit. It's a replica of the Liberty Bell, crack and all, done up in gold and small diamonds. The watch face seals the bottom of the bell where the clapper would be. Ruth Bailey, Rose Kransky of The Guiding Light, gleefully displays an unusual clip in the shape of a globe. The little sphere is lighted by tiny diamond stars shining over the lapis-lazuli earth.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—A radio station isn't entirely made up of announcers, singers, actors and musicians. It also needs people like station WBT's Charles H. Crutchfield—people who may not be heard often on the air but are mighty important just the same. Crutchfield, whom everybody calls "Chuck", is WBT's program director, and a prime reason for the station's excellent reputation for good local programs.

Chuck used to be an announcer, but he possesses a fine sense of showmanship as well as a pleasing voice, and the former led him into the program director's post. Only occasionally does he announce a show nowadays, when he pinch hits for another member of his staff, or when the old announcing fever grips him.

Besides being one of the handsomest men in Charlotte, Chuck is a direct descendant of Sam Houston, first governor of Texas. He was born 28 years ago in Hope, Arkansas.



■ You don't hear him often, but Charles H. Crutchfield is behind every WBT program.

Coast to Coast

By DAN SENESEY



■ If you hear, "It's been nice talking to you," you've been listening to WSAY's news commentator, B. S. Bercovici.

Chuck played around with radio when he was still in college, announcing part-time on the local station. After graduation he took to announcing in earnest, and worked for several southern stations before joining WBT seven years ago. There he was an announcer for less than a year before he was made program director. At that time the staff consisted of just three announcers including himself, but it has grown until now it has two full-time continuity writers, five announcers, a transcription department with a librarian and complete library, and three assistants for Chuck.

All this spells success, of course, so Chuck was a little taken aback the other day when he made one of his infrequent appearances on the air, and an hour later received a telephone call from a dear old lady who remembered him from his announcing days, and said she was glad he was back at WBT and hoped he'd have good luck there this time.

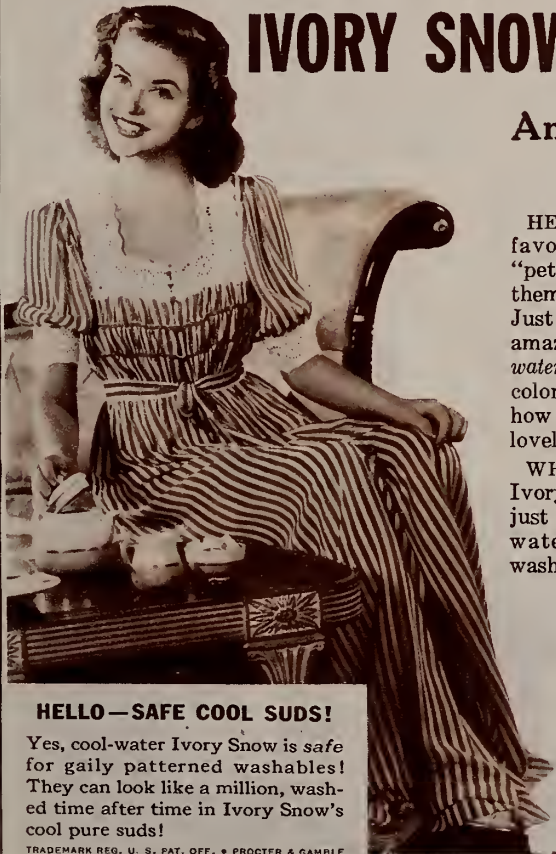
When Chuck isn't busy doctoring programs or hunting up new talent for his pet station, he can be found on one of Charlotte's golf courses, or sitting up on a deer stand somewhere in the Big Smokies, or on a rifle range beating the scores of his fellow-marksman—in other words,

he's an avid lover of sports. Incidentally, although he's good-looking enough to make feminine hearts flutter, he isn't married.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—B. S. Bercovici, who is heard by millions of people on the Mutual network when

he broadcasts from Rochester's station WSAY, landed in New York thirty years ago and almost cried because he couldn't speak English and was sure he'd never learn. Today his voice is one of the most cultured and pleasant on the air, but if anyone had told him then that some day he would

BRIGHT BEAUTY FOR SILKS! COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW ENDS HOT-WATER FADING!



Amazing speed! 3-second suds in cool water!
Amazing safety for silk lingerie!

HERE'S MAGIC FOR COLORS! Your favorite washable housecoat—your "pet" satin nightgown . . . don't let them get washed-out looking and drab! Just tub them with Ivory Snow—the amazing new soap that gives *cool-water safety* to every washable color in the rainbow! Then see how bright and lustrous those lovely colors can stay!

WHAT AMAZING SPEED! Ivory Snow bursts into suds in just 3 seconds—in safe cool water! So it's good-bye to washed-out colors—good-bye

to prints that are blurred and faded from hot-water washing! There's cool-water safety waiting for every washable you own—right in a blue-and-white box labeled Ivory Snow! Try Ivory Snow today!

LOVE FILMY STOCKINGS?

Wash 'em every night in cool suds—in pure suds—in safe Ivory Snow suds. Suds come 1-2-3 in cool water! It's 3-second magic!



NEW FORM OF
IVORY SOAP...
99 44/100%
PURE



HELLO—SAFE COOL SUDS!

Yes, cool-water Ivory Snow is safe for gaily patterned washables! They can look like a million, washed time after time in Ivory Snow's cool pure suds!

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

Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



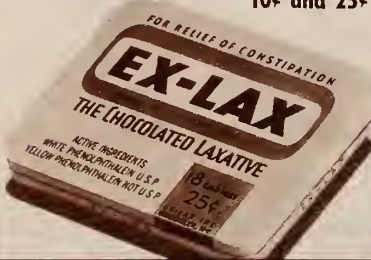
Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

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¢



make his living by talking English, Bercovici would have thought it was an attempt to make fun of him.

Bercovici was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and became the youngest accredited contributor to a Rumanian newspaper when he was fourteen. He and his entire family came to America when he was a young man, and that was when the tragedy of not being able to communicate with other people first struck him. He could speak German and French as well as his own language, but English seemed so different from all of them he was sure he'd never master it.

However, he did, and enrolled in the School of Chemistry at Columbia University. Although he took his degree in that subject, chemistry is one of the few things he has never practiced for a living. He switched to writing instead, and turned out plays, movie scripts, and translations. Then he opened his own publicity office, but three years ago he closed that and asked a New York station if he could go on the air as a news commentator. The station gave him his chance, but not much money—but the chance was all he needed. After a few months he switched to another station, which happened to be the local outlet for a New York state network. Listeners upstate liked him so much that WSAY asked him to move to Rochester and take over a sponsored program for them. Now he lives in Rochester, broadcasts locally for the National Clothing Company, and the Mutual network, of which WSAY is an affiliate, carries his talks to the country Mondays through Fridays at 11:00 A.M., E.S.T.

Bercovici is prematurely gray-haired, tall and slim, and a disappointment to those who see him for the first time, since everyone expects to find a ponderous old man with bushy eyebrows and an abdominal expansion.

His sign-off sentence, which he uses at the end of every broadcast, is "It's been nice talking to you," and around Rochester this remark has become so familiar that people have taken to saying it to each other instead of "Good-bye."

In the last year or so, Bercovici has made several accurate predictions over the air. As far back as the beginning of the war he foresaw the final occupation of Rumania by the German army. He also said that the Balkans would be the scene of political and military activities before a final decision would be reached; that the decisive battles of the war would be fought in Africa; and that, after the fall of France, there would be a

split between European and Colonial France. That hasn't completely happened yet, but events indicate that it isn't far in the future.

Since Bercovici has been on the Mutual network, countless requests arrive at WSAY for him to make personal appearances and lecture dates. Bercovici doesn't like financial details, so all these requests are turned over to Mort Nausbaum, WSAY's commercial manager and also Bercovici's personal manager. Mort, at the age of 26, finds himself in the dual capacity of commercial manager of an important Mutual affiliate, and personal adviser to one of the nation's important broadcasting figures.

Vigorous denials come from Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker that they're engaged. Bonnie says she definitely isn't engaged to Orrin, and doesn't want other people to think she is, because then nobody ever asks her for a date. However, I've seen them together, and no amount of denials can contradict the so-much-in-love looks that pass between them.

The Harry Jameses ought to be four by the time you read this. The family physician informed Harry, much to that trumpet-playing bandleader's delight, that the baby he and his wife expected around the middle of February would be twins. Mrs. James is the former Louise Tobin, who used to sing with Benny Goodman's band.

I talked to Joseph Kahn at NBC the other day, and learned that it's a mistake to take for granted those interludes of music which come on a network whenever something goes wrong and a program is interrupted. You know the announcement: "Due to technical difficulties beyond our control, the program you have been hearing is temporarily interrupted. We now entertain you with a brief recital of piano music."

That's where Joseph Kahn comes in. He's a stand-by musician, and he told me something about this little-known side of radio. Not that Joseph is nothing but a stand-by pianist—on the contrary, he plays with the NBC

(Continued on page 88)

■ Miss KYW was that station's hostess when it became a 50,000-watter.



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

First Prize . . .

REMEMBER OUR SOLDIERS

It is indeed gratifying to see the number of radio stations that are now broadcasting some of their programs direct from the army training camps throughout the country. I know the men in these camps are grateful to the stations, to the sponsors, to the performers who together make it possible. Such programs from camps do much to uphold the morale of the men at this critical time in our history. —J. Croughwell, New York City.

Second Prize . . .

A STORY FOR TODAY

In the many daytime serials presented over the air, I consider *Against the Storm* one of the most enjoyable, as well as beneficial. It is a valiant program, the heartwarming effect of which is reassuring in these days of conflict, and strife. The realistic characters might well be human people, and so appeal more to the radio audience than those whose problems are so obviously fictitious. Told with the author's sincere emotion, and deep understanding of human nature, it is the story of people who have the courage to overcome their frailties and unite in the bond of common friendship to find refuge "Against the Storm" of life.—Joan Braun, Albany, N. Y.

Third Prize . . .

DISCOVERED—A NEW VOICE!

I want to tell about a discovery I made a few weeks ago. It was while listening to Sammy Kaye's *So You Want to Lead a Band*.

You see, I am a nurse in a hospital, and one evening I was busy in my ward, my mind a thousand miles away, and not paying any particular attention to the radio which was turned on by one of the patients' bedside. I was suddenly startled by a melodious voice such as I had never heard before. It was singing "Down Where the Trade Winds Play." I
(Continued on page 71)

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 March 29, 1941. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

Does Soap Irritation Rob You of a Skin like "Peaches and Cream"?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap mild and agreeable to a sensitive skin



IT'S a red letter day for you to find that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is your lucky way in skin care.

You see, when your skin is sensitive to a soap, it's likely to cause unsightly complexion flare-ups that drive women wild. In fact, one woman in two says some soap or other irritates her skin.

So cream your skin with the mild, gentle lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Thousands of women find it *their* lucky way to a "peaches and cream" complexion.

And if you're a "stepper outer", your swanky gowns and sport clothes bare a lot of you to the world. So, as you bathe, cream each lovely curve of your body with Cashmere Bouquet's exotic lather. Look like "peaches and cream" all over. Be charmingly scented with the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

WHEREVER
GODD SOAP
IS SOLD, AT
THREE CAKES
FOR 25 CENTS

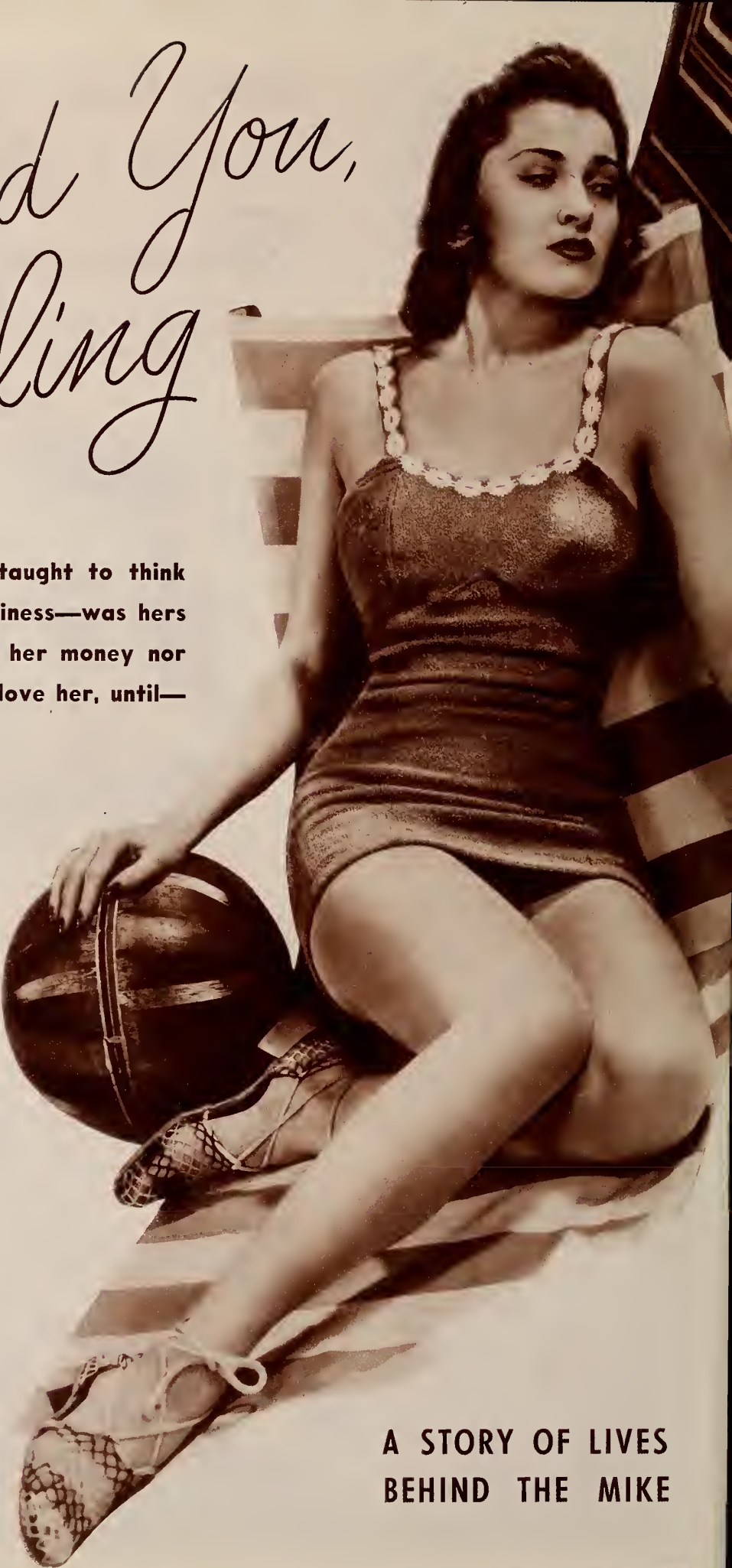
I Need You, Darling

■ All her life she'd been taught to think that everything—even happiness—was hers for the taking. But neither her money nor her beauty could make him love her, until—

I GUESS everybody knows the old saying that if you spare the rod you spoil the child. If there's any wisdom in sayings, then I'm sure the rod was never used on me, because I was certainly spoiled. It took me twenty-two years of living to discover something that most people manage to pick up right at the start. As Daddy said, you've got to *work* if you want people around you to love you. Most people know that, and accept it, but I had to learn it the hard way—by having my heart crumble to dust for a time, and knowing the warmth of desire in the face of Lee's indifference and coldness.

But the story doesn't start there. I think it starts with my father. His name is J. K. Chafee. That doesn't mean much to you unless you're in radio, but if you are, you'll know that he's what they call a big shot—vice-president in charge of programs for one of the big networks. He started in radio back in the earphone days, and he's gone right up with it. In return radio has made him rich and influential.

And from the day my mother died, when I was eight years old, his one interest outside of radio has been me. "Carol," he used to say, "there's only the two of us. We haven't a single relative in the world that I know of, so we've got to stick together through



A STORY OF LIVES
BEHIND THE MIKE



■ I couldn't face the thought of New York, and I couldn't see why our honeymoon should ever end.

everything no matter what happens.”

We did stick together. He was a swell dad. I could always tell him everything, and count on him to listen and to understand. He lavished attention on me as well as money. I went to the best schools, never wanted for anything. Even boys came to me when I wanted them, and left at my command when I tired of them.

That is, they did until Lee Ferris came along. It was just after my twenty-first birthday, and I'd gone up to get some money from Daddy for a shopping trip. His secretary said he was busy and asked me to wait for a minute. While I waited Lee came out of Daddy's office and walked through the room I was in. It was as simple as that, but I knew it right away. The way he walked—easy and graceful, like a finely-bred

animal; the way he put his hat on his head—jauntily, but without conceit; the way his eyes looked at me. Oh, I knew it right away. He was the man for me.

I asked Daddy about him.

“Why, Lee sings baritone in the Granger Quartet. He takes care of the quartet's business details, too. Why?” His fine gray eyes looked at me quizzically.

“Oh nothing,” I said. “But Daddy, he's a very handsome man.”

“So I'm told,” he said drily. “Miss Bainbridge says half the girls in the office would give an arm or two for a date with Lee Ferris.”

“Does he ever go out with anyone?” I asked anxiously.

“Not him. I don't believe the boy ever realizes the girls are interested in him. He's a nice guy.”

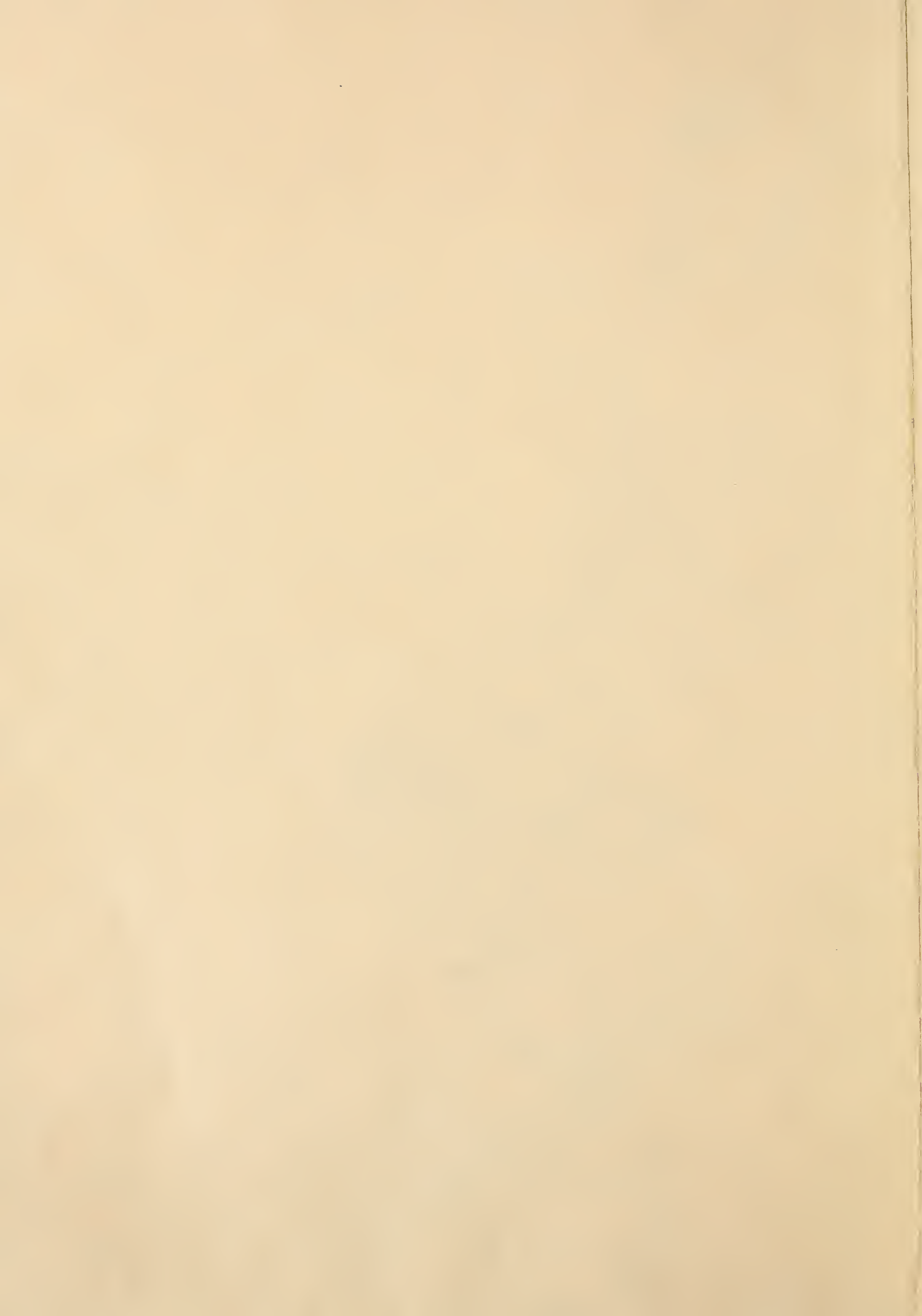
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The first part was easy. I had him introduced to me and then *accidentally* ran into him four or five times in the space of a few days. Each time I saw him I knew more surely that Lee was the one. Then I *happened* to go to his broadcast one night and later I happened to fall in with his sponsor. It all worked beautifully. The three of us—Lee, the sponsor and I—left the studio together and went across the street for a drink.

Afterwards Lee took me home. He had a little roadster, and when he stopped in front of our apartment house on the East River, I told him to pull up a little to where we could see the river.

It was (Continued on page 62)



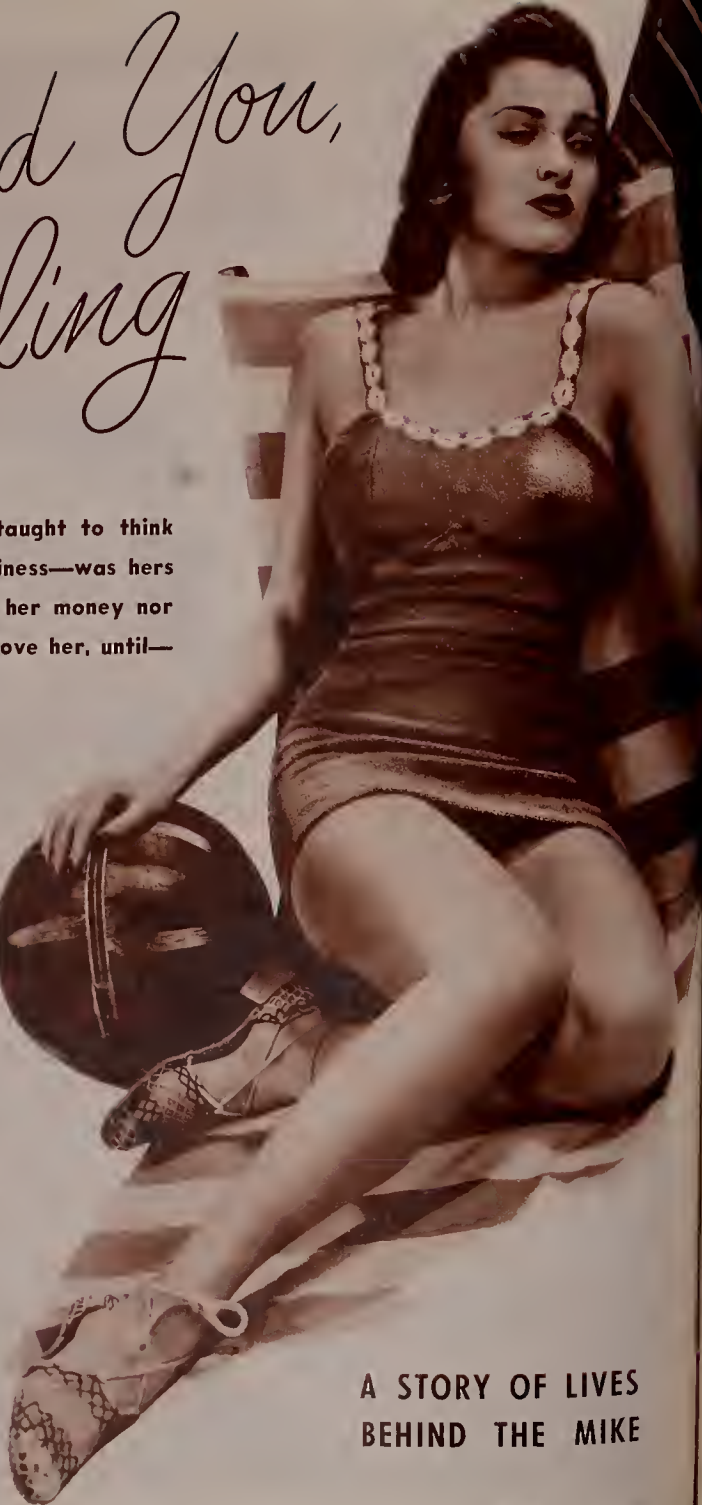
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Young Widder

CURIOUS the way Ellen felt as if this newspaper paragraph, this photograph of a man's face was a lifeline thrown out to her. Strange how it had come to her attention now when she had such desperate need of something to hold to, something to pull her out of the wreckage her life had become. She smiled then, that sad little smile which had come to hold neither lightness nor gayety, the smile which came only to her lips now, and no longer to her eyes.

The quiet of the room was hypnotic, holding Ellen as though she posed for a sculptor, her face in profile to the window, the sun flooding in, lighting the clear, soft alabaster of her cheeks, striking pale glints in the yellow hair, shadowing the tender curve of her mouth that even in repose couldn't help its warm invitation. The scraping of a pencil across the roughness of a tiny drawing board forced her mind back from its timeless dream and Ellen's gaze on the newspaper faltered. She had forgotten Janey was in the room. The child got up and came over to her, her warm little cheek resting against hers. Ellen's arm reached up and went around her daughter.

Janey, so thoughtful beyond her handful of years, so quick to her mother's moods, so aware when things were going well and when they were snarled and heartbreak threatened again. Even Mark, who had come after Janey, had been so protective with her lately, almost as if he knew he was the man of the house, little boy that he was, the man of a house that stood in frightened isolation, ringed by unsympathetic, watching eyes waiting to carry back to quick tongues any movements that might add to the ammunition of gossip.

Oh she hadn't been fair to these two youngsters of hers, Ellen thought, allowing them to see her desperation, her unhappiness. It was hard enough for children left fatherless, without putting her new burdens on them as well. Children shouldn't be brought up against reality this way. They should live in their own world, their own laughing, carefree child's world.

"My goodness, Mummy," Janey



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"Yes, darling," Ellen agreed. "It is a very good story. Listen, it's about a doctor, a very fine . . ."

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"No dear." Ellen tried to keep her voice casual. The children must continue to think of him as he used to be. She mustn't let her own heartbreak color their memory of him. "No, Janey, this is about another doctor. It's about Dr. Anthony Lor-

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"Yes, darling, but it's different now." Ellen found herself groping for innocent words that might turn away the questions. "Peter has resigned from the Center, for—for reasons he can't explain just yet. And now," she forced the lightness to her voice, "march off and do your

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"Thank God," she prayed silently, watching Janey slowly walk from the room, "I have two healthy youngsters to eat it." For now she was remembering the huge cake with only one slice cut out of it which Hilda had just put away.

There had been only one guest at Ellen's little tea room on Elm Street for lunch that day, a stranger just passing through Simpsonville who didn't know the town was boycotting it. But remembering his kind, middle-aged face Ellen doubted if it would have made any difference if he had known. He looked like the sort of man who would know gossip wasn't always true, who could understand how life has a way of involving human beings. Yes, he would sift a scandal, a man like that, sift it and study it and know how little, how pitably little of it was true and how much of it was false.

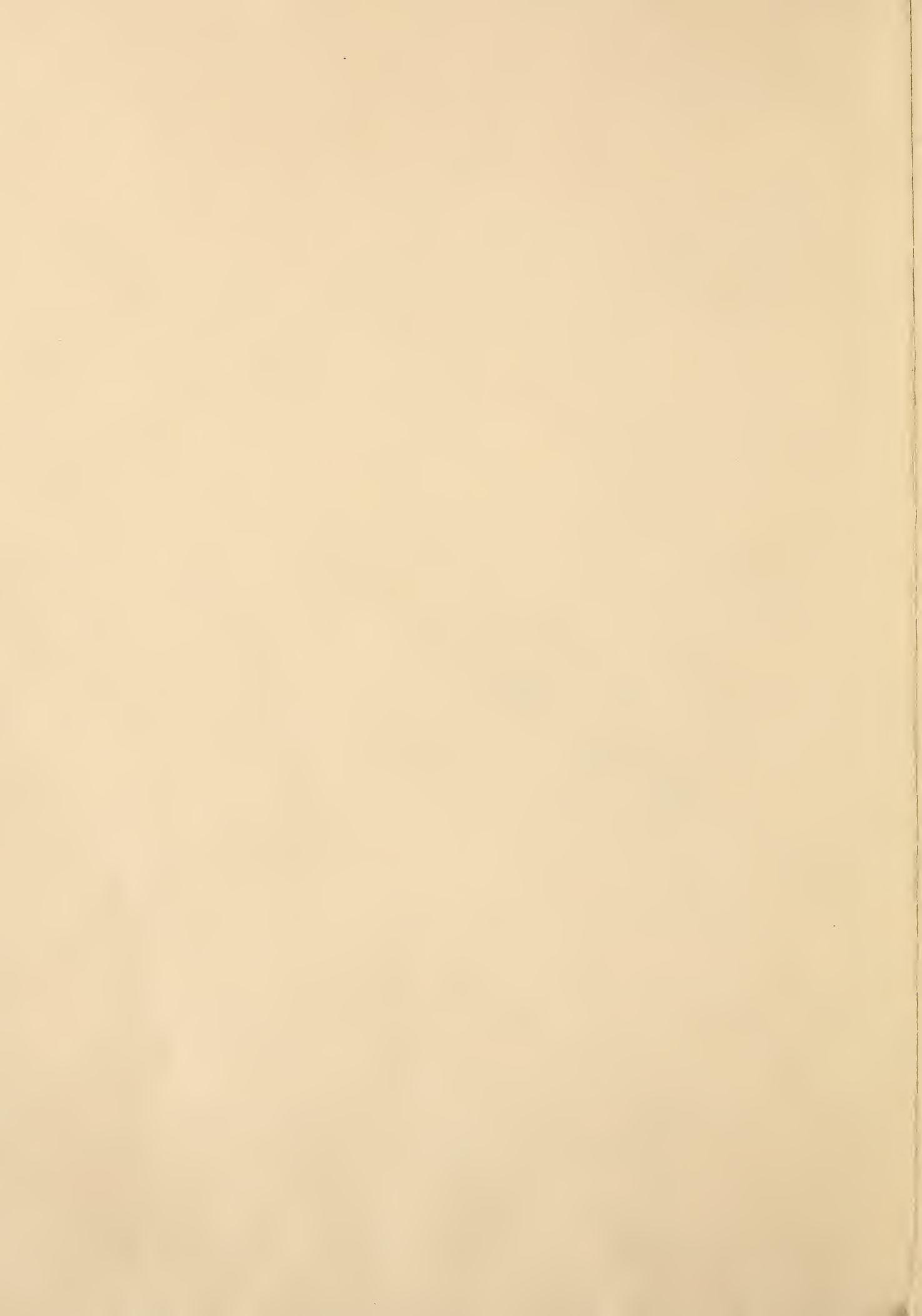
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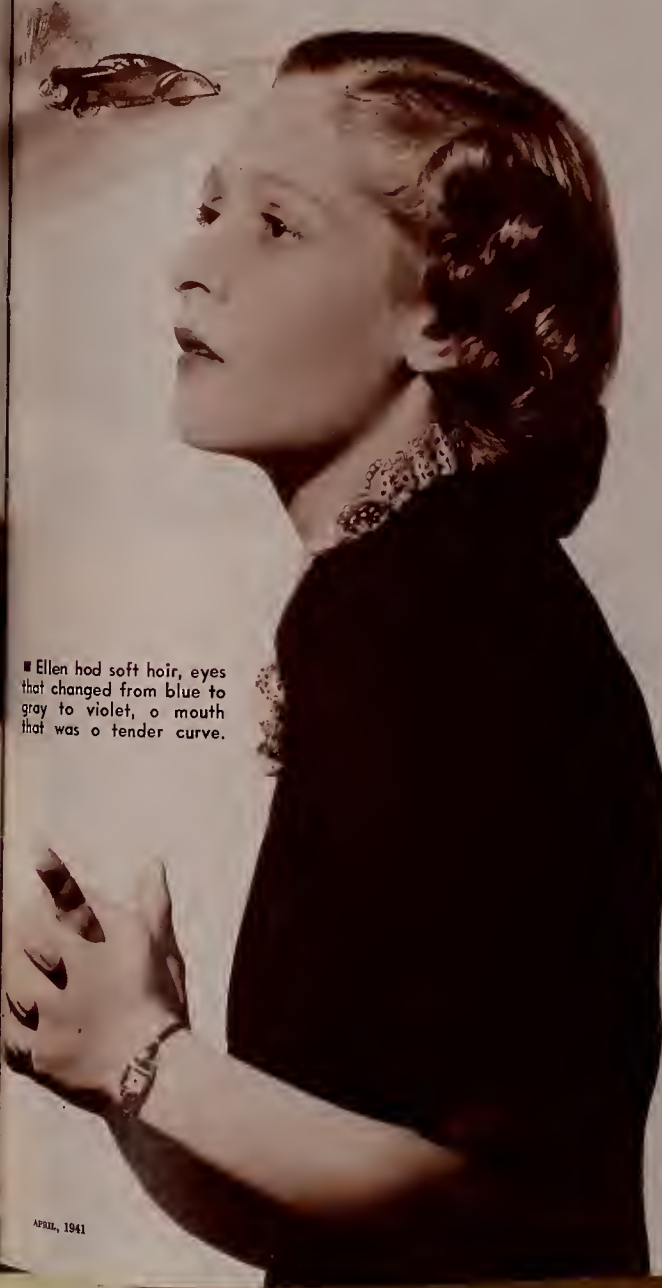
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It was only a few days ago that one of the directors of the Health Center had come to her with the news of Peter's decision. She had listened appalled, her mind going back to the beginning, back to the days when Peter had started the Center and had fought almost the whole town to keep it going. There had been so many selfish interests working against them in those days, but one by one Peter had conquered all of them, with Ellen in back of him.

THAT was how the love that had been there between them had grown, doing the work that meant so much to both of them, making it possible for the people who lived up in the Smoky Ridge section to get medical attention. First there had been that makeshift office and then, oh so slowly, the influential men of the town had become interested, even the ones who had been so much against them at first.

It had been so exciting then seeing their goal coming nearer and nearer, the clinic first and then the hospital itself! And what a red letter day it had been when they had been able to afford a head nurse and they had sent for Martha Todd who had been Peter's office nurse in New York, homely, capable Martha who had come to be Ellen's friend and who had stood by her so staunchly.

So the Health Center had grown until it was spoken of with respect all over the country; and now it was being threatened by Peter himself, threatened just as their love had been threatened and at last destroyed.

The Center, born of Peter's dreams and ideals, the Center which would never have come into existence without Peter there at the head of it. And now Peter was deserting it, leaving it as an unscrupulous captain would leave a foundering ship. And it would sink, go down with all their hopes, and the hopes of those patients who were getting well, and their dreams of new health. Unless . . .

Suddenly Ellen reached her decision. Her own dreams, her own ideals had gone into that Center too. It was a symbol of too many beautiful desires to let one man's weakness wreck it. Somehow she would save it, somewhere there must be another doctor with the vision and ideals Peter once seemed to have, a man stronger than Peter who would not waver when things went wrong.

Her hand trembled as she reached for the notepaper tucked in a compartment of the desk. She knew



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Yet, as she wrote, she had to force back a hundred doubts that began to flood her thoughts. It was almost like going up to a perfect stranger on the street to tell him a personal secret. It was foolish, dangerous, but the pen did not stop its swift travel across the paper. Once she had started the words flowed after each other, as though in flight.

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Quickly, she went down to the post office to mail it. And as she walked home afterwards she felt as if eyes were watching her from every window she passed. She saw the aspidistra plant in Maria Hawkins' parlor window move a little. And in front of the hardware store Mrs. Hammond and Geraldine Fiske

stood apart waiting for her to pass, failing to respond to her greeting and her smile.

It was as if the entire feminine population were seeing Ellen for the first time, seeing the soft, pale yellow hair, her eyes that changed from blue to grey and from grey to violet under her changing moods, her mouth, the slim lines of her small figure that were such torture to the plain ladies of Simpsonville. Now looking back Ellen saw how unthinking gossip was. Most women liked to talk about their friends, but it took a frustrated, unhappy woman like Maria Hawkins to be really vicious. Probably without Maria urging them on the women of the town would never have imposed that cruel boycott on Ellen's tea room.

Maria knew what the boycott would mean to Ellen. She wouldn't be able to hold out much longer

against it and then what would she do, which way could she turn? Even if Maria hated her so much, couldn't she think of Janey and Mark and see what losing the tea room would mean to those helpless children?

What ugliness, Ellen thought, drinking in the loveliness of the quiet little town, there could be hidden under beauty! She had been born and brought up here. She loved it so much, every twisting turn of its roads, every dear familiar house, every garden flowering now in springtime color. She knew it so well, knew the roads that led down to the river, the ones that led up to Smokey Ridge. How often she had driven up those roads with Peter when he had needed her help in desperate illnesses. She had even helped him bring babies into the world up there in that wild, desolate hill country.

Her heart turned over as she heard an automobile horn honking behind her. Could it be Peter? Would he dare be coming after her here in plain sight of everyone? But when she turned she saw it was only her oldest friend, Uncle Josh, grinning at her like a bad boy who had just been caught stealing jam.

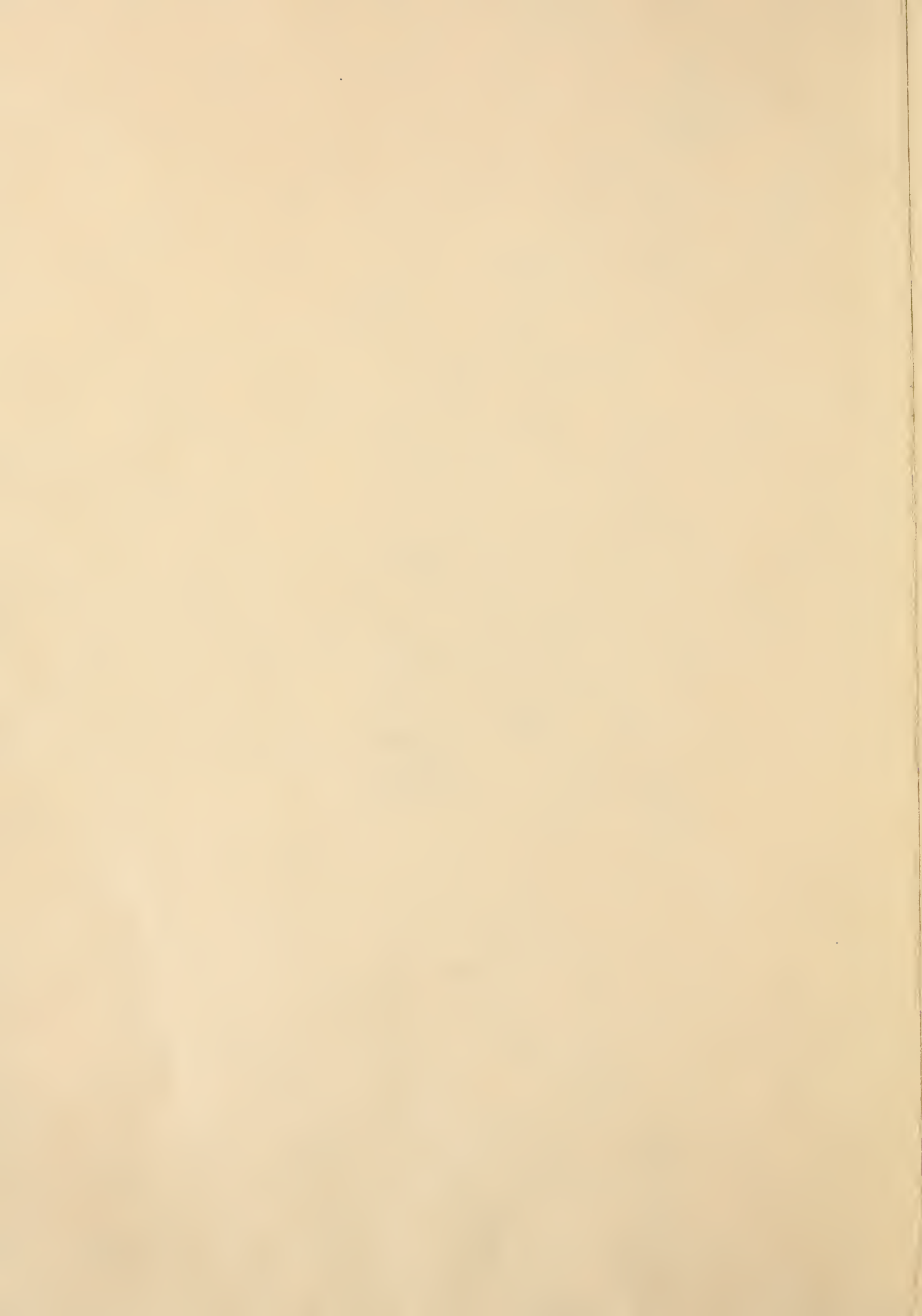
"Your car awaits you, Madame," he said jumping out of the familiar old battered jalopy and opening the door with an exaggerated flourish.

"You're a dear," Ellen patted his old cheek gratefully. "You've always got a little joke about everything."

"Lovely afternoon, ain't it, Ellie?" he said as he climbed into the seat beside her. "Look at them lilacs. Didn't expect them out so soon. Guess I'll have to give my bushes a pruning one of these days. What about yours, Ellie? Couldn't I fix them up a bit too? I like to get out in gardens these first warm days. Y'know the poets say spring is for the youngsters. But they're wrong, Ellie gal. Spring is fer the old fellers, like m'self. Takes the starch out of our bones, makes us feel like yearlings again."

Suddenly he realized that she wasn't listening, that her thoughts were slipping back again, back into the morass of hopelessness and despair from which she could never quite free them.

"Just leave it to time, Ellie," he said gently patting her hand. "Time's the greatest healer of them all. And stop blaming yourself, child. You aren't to blame for anything, unless it's being too pretty. And you can't blame yourself for that, can you? Anymore than you can blame (Continued on page 81)



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against it and then what would she do, which way could she turn? Even if Maria hated her so much, couldn't she think of Janey and Mark and see what losing the tea room would mean to those helpless children?

What ugliness, Ellen thought, drinking in the loveliness of the quiet little town, there could be hidden under beauty! She had been born and brought up here. She loved it so much, every twisting turn of its roads, every dear familiar house, every garden flowering now in springtime color. She knew it so well, knew the roads that led down to the river, the ones that led up to Smokey Ridge. How often she had driven up those roads with Peter when he had needed her help in desperate illnesses. She had even helped him bring babies into the world up there in that wild, desolate hill country.

Her heart turned over as she heard an automobile horn honking behind her. Could it be Peter? Would he dare be coming after her here in plain sight of everyone? But when she turned she saw it was only her oldest friend, Uncle Josh, grinning at her like a bad boy who had just been caught stealing jam.

"Your car awaits you, Madame," he said jumping out of the familiar old battered jalopy and opening the door with an exaggerated flourish.

"You're a dear," Ellen patted his old cheek gratefully. "You've always got a little joke about everything."

"Lovely afternoon, ain't it, Ellie?" he said as he climbed into the seat beside her. "Look at them lilacs. Didn't expect them out so soon. Guess I'll have to give my bushes a pruning one of these days. What about yours, Ellie? Couldn't I fix them up a bit too? I like to get out in gardens these first warm days. You know the poets say spring is for the youngsters. But they're wrong, Ellie gal. Spring is for the old fellers, like me! Takes the starch out of our bones, makes us feel like yearlings again."

Suddenly he realized that she wasn't listening, that her thoughts were slipping back again, back into the morass of hopelessness and despair from which she could never quite free them.

"Just leave it to time, Ellie," he said gently patting her hand. "Time's the greatest healer of them all. And stop blaming yourself, child. You aren't to blame for anything, unless it's being too pretty. And you can't blame yourself for that, can you? Anymore than you can blame (Continued on page 81)

TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN

A DRAMA OF MARRIAGE

■ Clay startled her with the intensity of his radio acting, making her forget that this was not real, that he could not love her—that he was a man already married!

I HAD long adored the radio voice of Clay Morlan, with whom I was to co-star. I had seen pictures of him. I was sure we'd get on well. A girl couldn't help trying to please a man that good looking. Not that he would truly be so exciting. Who wanted him to be? He was married and I was in love with my work.

I think I first decided to be an actress because I wasn't pretty and thought that if I couldn't have beauty I could make up for it by being famous. Then, as I began to grow up and my slim hips and trim ankles and wavy, ash blonde hair lent an air of appeal to me that had been lost before with my pig tails and braces to keep my teeth straight, I no longer had that reason for being an actress. But my passion for acting was too much of a part of me then.

After my graduation from a dramatic school, I haunted every radio station in my city. Eventually my persistence brought me a few small parts; then the director of a new and big day-time program happened to hear me and sent for me to audition for the starring role. Miraculously, after everyone else had tried out, the job was mine.

I was deliriously happy. It was a

wonderful new program. I liked the character I was to portray, I liked the director and the studio in which we were to broadcast. And, as I said, I was to co-star with Clay Morlan, already a famous star.

Then I went to rehearsal. Clay Morlan was at the mike when I was ushered in. And we were introduced. And he smiled. It was not the smile I had seen in pictures of him. It was as if he smiled gay, championing assurance to a homely little girl with a tear-stained face, who was still somewhere in my heart. That moment I was almost in panic, crying out inwardly not to start this thing so that it could not end in failure. Of course, he couldn't know. It was just a feeling of my own. I told myself so at once. And then I noticed all the cast was in the studio and I wondered why I had at first seen only him.

It lasted a century, that rehearsal. Our director was artistic, nervous, impatient. To him I was not a person at all, but part of a program, a new part not yet perfectly adjusted. He was worried about me. But little by little, I found Clay Morlan was leading me past and around his fault finding, as if we

were dancing together past people who got in the way, and Mike Fright didn't get me until I was alone that evening. It did then. I had to keep it at bay by studying the script with all my might, not giving myself time to think of anything else.

It was funny—about Clay Morlan and me. Almost from the first, I had the feeling that the lines we had been hired to speak had been written especially for us. Or else it was Clay, reading the lines, who made it seem that way. Sometimes he startled me, with his intensity, and I had to grope hastily for my own lines, almost forgetting for the flash of a second that they were lines, that this was not real, that I was not a woman whom he loved with madness.

He was so convincing that sometimes women in the cast would glance searchingly at me, and then at him. And one day I heard one of the men say to another:

"Well—Clay's always best at this sort of thing, portraying a man so much in love."

So they, too, not only I, were feeling sometimes that he was being his real self, not acting. And it was his real personality, then, feelings

■ His arms closed around me. In the half-dusk his lips found mine. A torment had ended. Now we knew.



which could be his own, that startled me, made my lip quiver, and my heart throb high against my throat. That was not as it should be, I'd keep saying to myself. I'd been in plays before. It wasn't as if I hadn't. And there had been good looking boys who played opposite me, better looking, some of them, than Clay Morlan was, and not married, either, as he was. Yet never before had I mistaken a play or a line for a reality to start and tremble at, or to set warmth flaming in my cheeks. I had felt real tears in my eyes when he read from his script:

"**D**ARLING, try to understand what I'm saying to you. Try to want to believe me. You could, if you'd let yourself believe.

"Tomorrow will be ours—alone together," he read on, with the depth and earnestness that I could feel electrify all the cast as well as me. "I've pretended love and know the difference. This time it is love. I never have loved any girl but you."

And again I had to grope hurriedly for my lines, and tell myself all the way home that if I were any kind of actress, my heart would not be torn so. I was disgusted with myself. I called myself absurd, to be moved by this man whom I scarcely knew. Once on a rainy day he had taken me home in his car. Once, when I'd been too worried to have lunch, and my head ached, he had sent out for tea and sandwiches for me. That, and kindly technical suggestions, were the extent of any interest he had shown.

Angrily I reminded myself that, the only other time we had been alone together, when he could have shown personal feelings if he chose, in look or tone or words, he had stood as far from me as the width of the elevator permitted. He never had been more cool and withdrawn. He had not even smiled the most casual of smiles. And all he had said had been something about the war in China, as if he were purposely thinking of the farthest-away place that he could find to think of.

For days and days, for weeks, I kept on telling myself things like these. It did no good. By then I had to read myself to sleep at night, or I'd be putting off sleep in order to think about him, to remember how he had looked, how he had spoken, that morning, that afternoon. And there were times I'd wake and have to snap on my light, to drive away a sense that he was there, was only as far away as he

had been when we were in that elevator together. It was a state of mind that simply could not go on. I'd have to put a stop to it somehow.

Perhaps, if I were to talk to him, get to know him as a friend, it would break this spell, this crazy, mad feeling I had. I was no girl to be falling in love with any one's husband! Why would I? There were men enough in the world. But a wish to talk with him was so natural. And I was making something else of it, by suppressing it. So I decided the way to set myself right, was to be friendly with him, reasonably, sensibly. And I would. Beginning the very next day.

And so I plunged into the most mistaken course I could have chosen. The very next afternoon I managed that we would leave the elevator together, so we'd have to

talk on the way to the street door. And that would be a beginning. I could make one conversation lead to another. I knew I could. I could. I didn't know what to say, as we walked toward the door. But that didn't matter. I said the first thing I thought of. I made him look at me, and then I smiled, and said, falling into step:

"I liked today's scenes. Did you, Mr. Morlan?"

First he looked surprised, surprised and resistive. Then his eyes flashed to meet my eyes, and his step slowed, and he answered:

"Yes. Yes they were unusually good," he agreed. He was speaking carefully, the way I'd speak if I were making words last as long as possible. But, even so, we were then at the door. He stopped and looked out through the glass, not offering to open the door, as if he assumed



I'd stop, too, if he did. He glanced along the street, and up at the sky, and said with an entrancing, twisted smile:

"Suppose I told you I keep my car out there, in hope there'll be another rainy day and I can take you home again? What would you say?"

And then we were out on the street and he was saying—

"It's clear now, but I think I'd better drive you home anyway, just to make sure." He said it so casually and with such a gay smile that I couldn't very well frown at him and refuse.

It was not like the day when there actually had been rain. We had talked easily that day. Today we knew he should not be taking me riding, though I had accepted his invitation. And he did most of the talking.

There were remnants of a snow-

fall in the streets. When I got home my mother said it had been kind of him to bring me, but her lips tightened a little when I told her who he was. I decided not to worry her by letting him bring me home again. I could have him leave me somewhere else, at a friend's house.

But Clay had a second thought, too. After that day he invited me to ride only when it was really bad walking. It was winter, though, with plenty of bad walking, and it became an unspoken agreement between us that on bad days he would take me home.

One day he suddenly suggested, "Maybe we'd have time to drive through a corner of the park. What time must you be home?"

Wind with snow flurries in it was tearing through the park. Dry, frosty branches crackled and tossed beneath it. The drive was broken up into patches of rough ice.

"At—dinnertime," I said.

There had come to be these days when I rode with him, and no other days at all. The gaps between, that some people called days, were mere punctuation, periods, dashes, spaces. I let him drive into the wind and cold of the park. It would mean another half hour with him.

BUT it was not at all like driving on the main road. In the park we were too alone. I was too aware of him, of the throb of his voice, and his glance, and his nearness. There was a strange tension between us, as if we were in flight together. And in a voice that said, "I love you—love you—love you," I made myself say instead, because this couldn't—just couldn't—go on:

"Let's—let's drive out and find coffee and waffles somewhere. It's so cold here."

He didn't answer at once. But we drove along until we found a coffee shop.

We sat at the solid, glistening white counter and after we had ordered, neither of us spoke. We could never acknowledge this thing that was happening to us—not only to me, but to him. For half an hour I had known that I was in love, and that it wasn't only I who was in love, and that we never could acknowledge that we were. I laughed shakily and said:

"Mother will be furious that I spoiled my dinner."

I was glad he laughed, too. Then we sat there a long while, talking, and other days we were there again. Once it had mattered little what we talked about, as long as we were together and talked. That wasn't so any more. I remembered every question he asked about me,

treasuring it as though it were a gift. And everything he told me, about him, seemed something precious he entrusted to me. We never, either of us, spoke of his wife. I knew, and he knew that I knew. That was all.

Soon there were days when he looked sleepless and ill. Sometimes it was evident he hated to be with me, hated himself for wanting to be with me. But also it was evident that he could not bear to stay away. He was reading his lines badly now, on the microphone, making nothing of them unless they happened to express feelings of his own. And if they did, he gave them too much significance, dwarfing everyone else in the cast but me, making of the others a faint background for me. There was not a day when my heart did not break for him—for myself—for her.

There was nothing, I said to myself, that we could do about it, nothing that would be of any use. He would have told me if there were anything. Divorce? It sounds so simple. But it was not simple. Or he would not go on silently suffering as he was suffering, instead of asking his wife to divorce him.

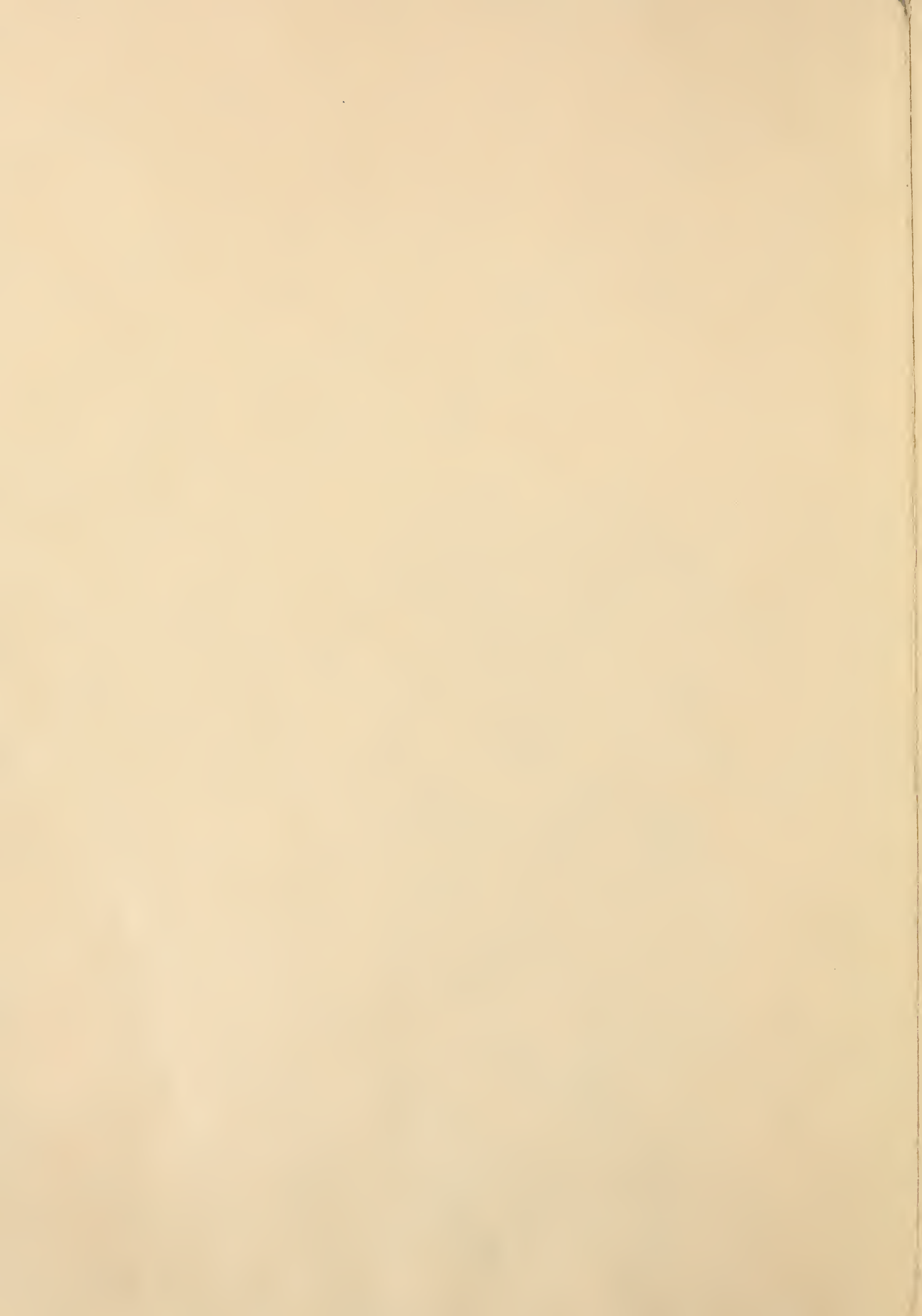
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Rehearsal ended, I fled through an unlighted room where audiences sat at certain hours. It was the shortest way to the elevators. I meant Clay to understand, by my not saying good night, that I'd be waiting for him at his car. We'd have to talk it through tonight, whatever came of it. Then it occurred to me that he might not have understood, and I turned to go back and tell him, and—I was in his arms.

I had not heard his step on the thick rug. I had not known the sense I felt, of his nearness. His arms closed around me. In the half-dusk his lips found mine. My arms clasped around his neck, I gave back kiss for kiss. Now he knew. That tortured question in his eyes would never harrow me again. He knew. A torment had ended, but a new torment was already beginning. We clung as though all the world were trying to tear us from each other, (*Continued on page 67*)



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I stood aghast. The woman who was paralyzed was standing! Her face was ashen, her eyes shone like fire in darkness.

HARD TO GET

■ A delightfully sophisticated new hit tune for Radio Mirror readers just as it is featured on the air and in records by Benny Goodman

Lyrics by
ARTIE SHAFTEL

Music by
LEORA HENDERSON

Hard to get_ But you can't lose me You can't wear me down_ I'll

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Hard to Get'. It consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Hard to get_ But you can't lose me You can't wear me down_ I'll'.

fol-low you_ To ev-'ry part of town. You're

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'fol-low you_ To ev-'ry part of town. You're'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

hard to get_ You may con-fuse me with your sly tech-nique _ I

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'hard to get_ You may con-fuse me with your sly tech-nique _ I'. The piano accompaniment continues.

love to play_ This game of hide and seek. I've

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'love to play_ This game of hide and seek. I've'. The piano accompaniment concludes the system.

cast a - side my fool-ish pride My heart's lead-ing with it's chin. And

tho'you frown when I'm a - round I'll just have to take it and grin. Oh!

what a shame Tho'you a - buse me Can't get me up - set — I

see your game You're play-ing hard get. _____

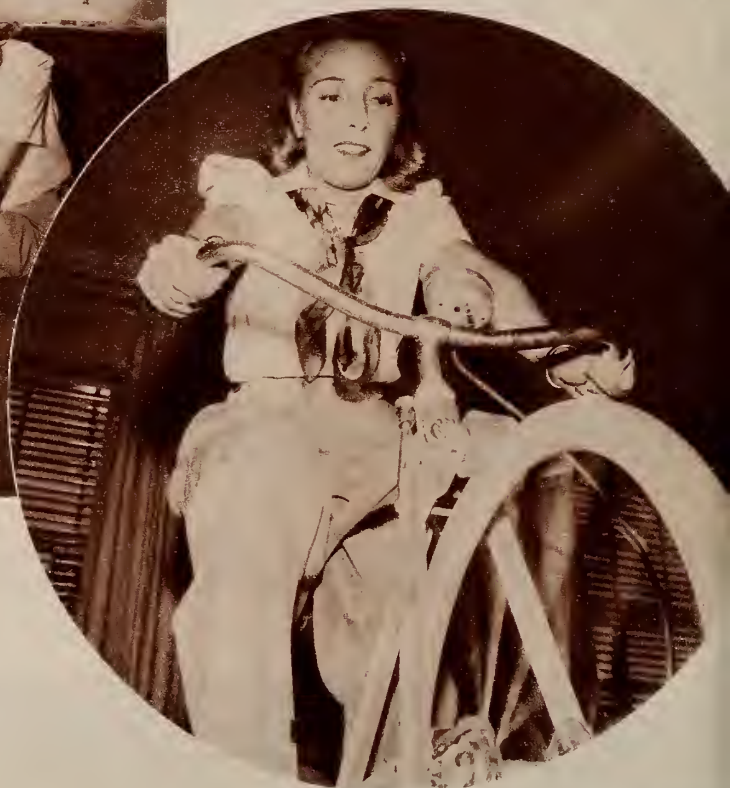
**RADIO MIRROR'S
PREVIEW OF A HIT**



■ Their home is a penthouse as luxurious as a Hollywood set, but visit the Easy Aces and you'll start by playing checkers on the floor and end by raiding the ice box

Photos taken exclusively for Radio Mirror by NBC

It's Easy



■ Top—in the modern living room—waiting for company, Goodman takes a nap so that he'll be fresh for any political arguments his friends might advance, while Jane reads and just waits. Above, before the fireplace, playing a game of Chinese checkers. Right, on this exercise bike, Jane admits she gets no place fast.

■ There are twin beds in the light, sun-filled bedroom (bottom). Jane's mirrored dressing table is every woman's dream. Below, Goodman at work in his study. The desk is cluttered with objects—from candy to old Christmas cards. Goodman's hobby is taking moving pictures. Left, enjoying movies filmed last summer.



Living

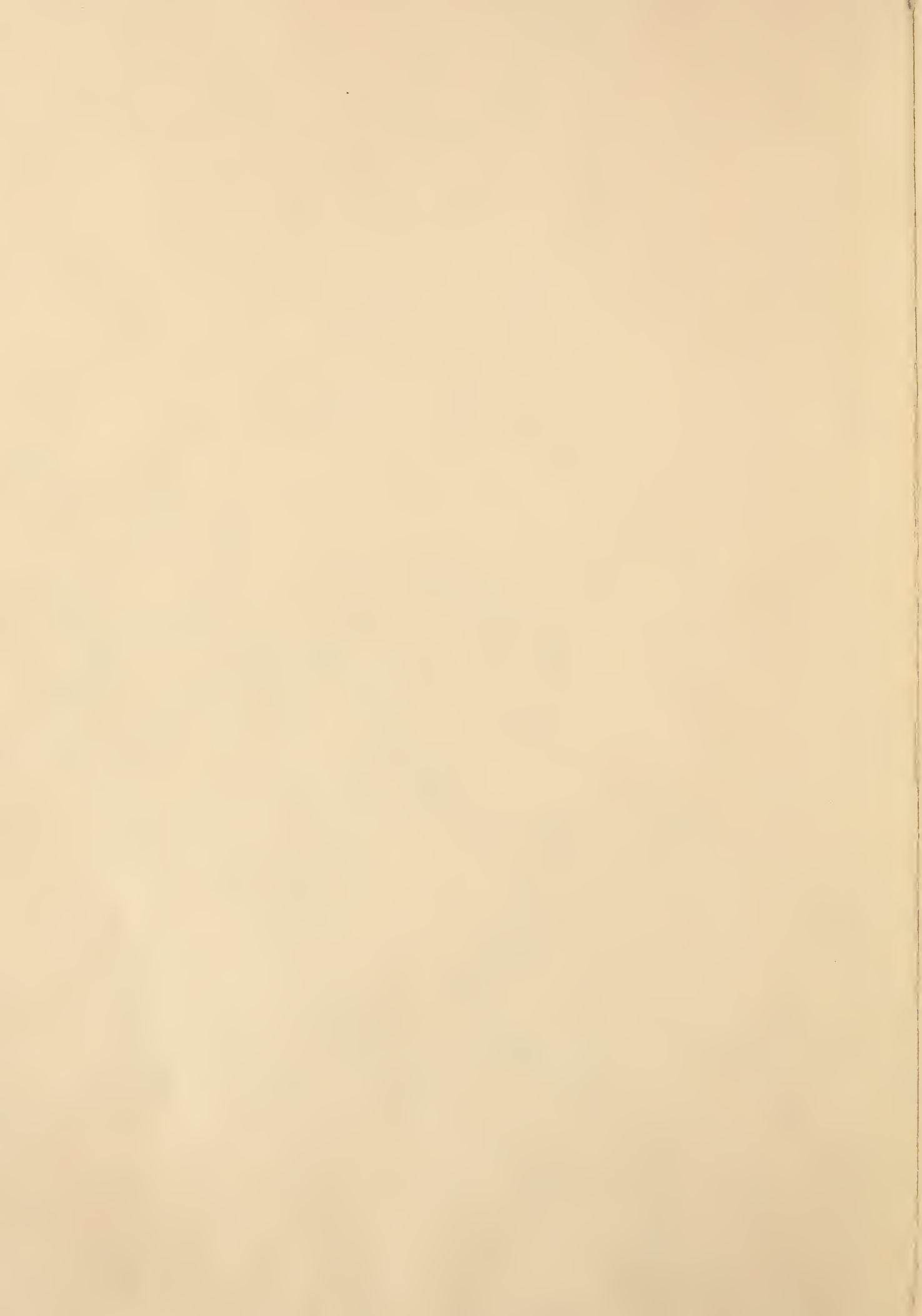
By JACK SHER

HOMES generally reflect the kind of people who live in them. Not the home of Jane and Goodman Ace, the "Easy Aces" you hear every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening on NBC's Blue network. The last place in the world you'd expect them to live in is a penthouse. Not only do they live in a penthouse, but it's on Park Avenue in a building called the Ritz Towers.

Goodman is about as ritzy as a hamburger sandwich. Jane is about as Park Avenue as a porch swing. But there they are and you have to see them at home to believe it. The catch is that the minute you get inside their home you forget all about Park Avenue and the Ritz Towers. Goodman is lolling about in an old robe, which Jane doesn't like. Jane is lying on the floor in slacks, begging Goodman to play a game of Chinese checkers with her.

You feel at ease. You feel, just looking at (Continued on page 93)







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Girl

HER fortune had never brought anything but unhappiness to Patricia Rogers. In an attempt to start all over again after a broken love affair with John Knight, trustee of her estate, she had gone to Phoenix, Arizona, changed her last name to Ryan, and found work as a reporter there. In Phoenix she fell in love with another reporter, Scoop Curtis, but when she confessed her real identity and made the mistake of seeming to flaunt her wealth in front of Scoop, he called off their wedding and left Phoenix.

Pat tried to go on and bravely continue her life, but when she heard that Scoop had been injured stunting an automobile with a troupe of traveling dare-devils, she rushed to his side—to learn that doctors said he would never walk again. She pleaded with him to marry her, but he refused, and instead married Stormy Wilson, another member of the dare-devil company. Disillusioned, believing that Scoop no longer loved her—not realizing that his marriage to Stormy had really been an act of self-sacrifice, Pat returned with her adopted son, Jack, to Chicago, determined to accept her money and build a new life.

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She rested her head on her hand, her eyes bleak; her nerves, strained and taut, made the lonely hours more difficult to endure.

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"Then meet me for lunch."

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"It should. Other people have gone on, made something out of—"

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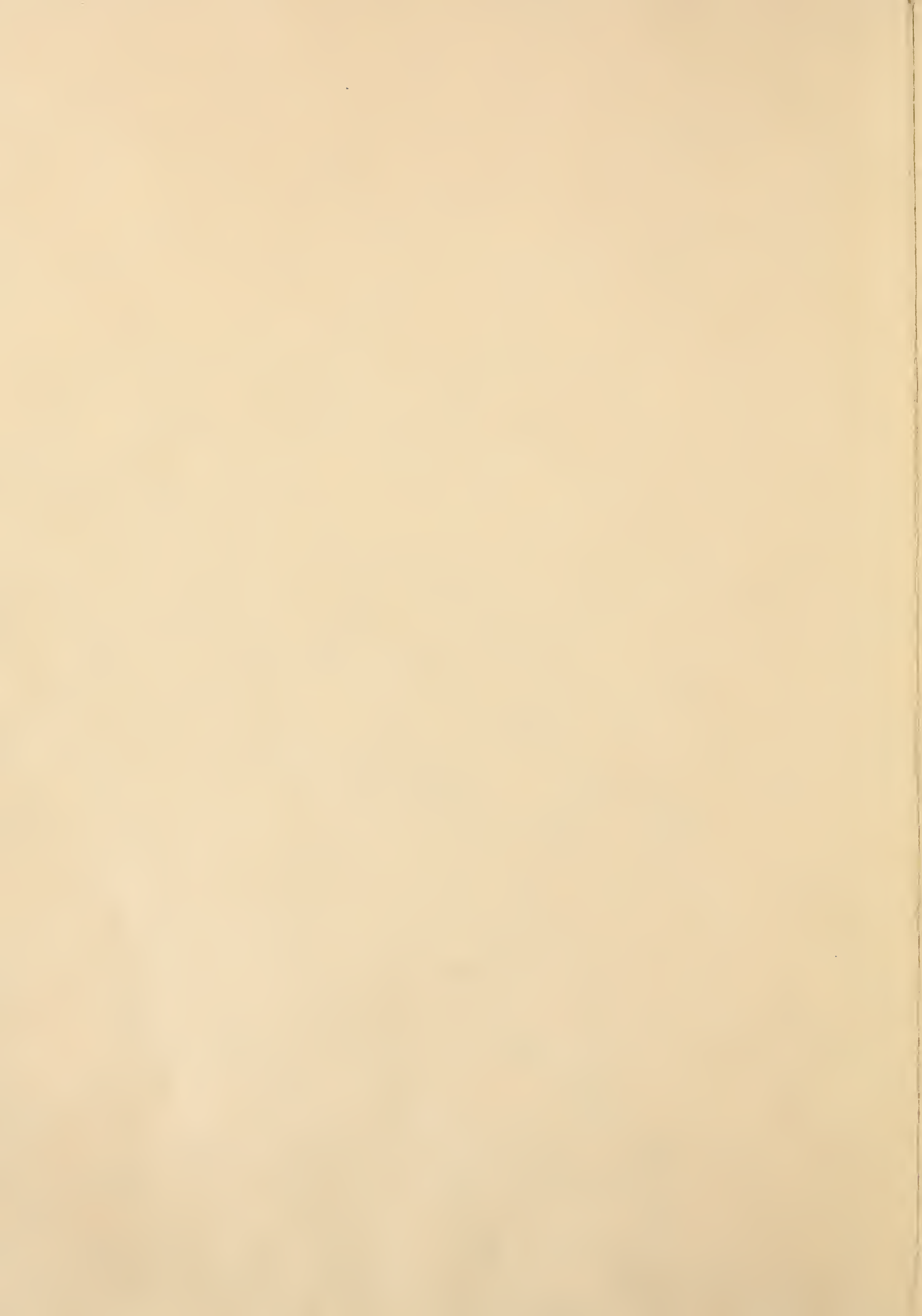
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voice now, as well as anger.

Scoop nodded. "She's wondering why you don't come around—if you don't like her. She'll suspect something soon. Remember, she thinks I loved you—once—"

PATRICIA jumped to her feet. "And after what's happened, Scoop, you expect me to run in and out of your house—" Her dark eyes blazed in her white face.

"Pat, don't feel that way. Can't you see what I'm going through?"

"Oh, Scoop—" With a swift motion Patricia crossed to him, her anger vanishing as quickly as it had come; her eyes were filled with unshed tears. "I shouldn't act like this." She touched his hand, and his fingers closed over hers. She realized with sudden clarity what the long drawn tension of his days and nights must be.

"If what we did is to be any use to Stormy, we've got to see it through," he said, simply.

Patricia dropped his hand and moved away, forcing herself to meet this new demand on her. She fought back the impulse to say:

"No, I shan't let myself suffer any more so Stormy can be happy—put me first this time." But she couldn't say that, or act in such a manner. "All right," she spoke, at last, "I'll come."

Scoop turned away, quickly; there was so much he longed to tell her, but there was nothing that could be said, really. "This afternoon," Pat called, as he stepped into the hall.

For a few minutes Patricia stood very still; she felt bewildered, as if she had been driven into a corner. Outside the windows the sunshine beckoned, the sky was blue, but there was no joy for her in the clear day. Scoop had been right: their sacrifice would be meaningless if Stormy ever suspected the truth. This was a situation from which there could be no escape. At that word, Pat smiled, bitterly. And, as she faced this fact, her world seemed to change, her outlook shifted. What she had to do, she would do, no matter how difficult or unpleasant it might be.

The ordeal of seeing Stormy proved to be more painful than

even her dread of it had led her to suspect. As she left Scoop's apartment a few hours later, Patricia felt bruised and numb. Was there comfort in the certainty she had done the right thing? That Stormy's happiness and peace must be kept secure because her love for Scoop was all that compensated for her blindness? All she knew was that the drain upon her own control had been almost more than she could stand; not to envy, not to be bitter, not to blame Stormy because she was in the position which should have been hers. Patricia drove faster and faster; she must get home—John would be there. He might be there, now, waiting for her. He loves me, she thought, and I need someone to love me, to protect me from the memory of Stormy's face when she speaks of Scoop.

How lightly, she reproached herself, had she dismissed John's devotion to her, how little had she cared how he might feel, in the days of her own carefree happiness! And, when, at last, he sat opposite her, holding his cocktail glass, and talking quietly, she watched him with a new comprehension. Her eyes glanced from his dark hair to the lean suppleness of his tall figure. Perhaps, she thought, I am seeing him for the first time as he really is. Impulsively, she spoke:

"I saw Stormy this afternoon. Scoop asked me to go and see her. He was afraid she might grow suspicious if I didn't."

John glanced quickly at her tense face. "Not a bad idea. The sooner you know what you're up against, the sooner you get over it."

"Get over it?" Patricia shook her head. "John—" she flung out one hand in an instinctive gesture for help. "If I only could—"

He was beside her instantly, and had her hand in his.

"Pat—I'm here—always have been." He touched her black hair with gentle fingers. "Come out to dinner with me; try to forget everything, if only for one evening."

Patricia hesitated. Forget? Could she forget even for a few hours? She lifted her eyes to John's face. Then with an unexpected sense of release she jumped to her feet. "You're right. I'll be ready in a minute."

The weeks which followed were strange, disturbing weeks for Patricia, (Continued on page 72)

■ "Pat!" John's voice held a rough edge. "Pat, dear—" His lips were on hers.



Photo by
Louise Dahl-Wolfe



■ "She's one of the nicest persons I know," says Helen Hayes about her 11-year-old daughter.

By
JUDY ASHLEY

word for it—that the world would surely be a finer place, a generation from now, if every parent would do as Helen and her playwright husband, Charles MacArthur, are doing for their two children, Mary and Jamie.

Helen was dubious about offering any advice about children for publication. With characteristic modesty, she didn't think she had any right to tell other mothers how to train their children.

"I'm so much luckier than most women," she explained. "I have my work in radio and on the stage, and with that work I earn enough money to afford nursemaids and governesses. Who am I to lay down rules for mothers who really have the *work* of caring for their children? It seems like a terrible piece of effrontery on my part even to offer a suggestion."

But I knew already of Helen's relationships with eleven-year-old Mary and three-year-old Jamie, and though it is perfectly true that a combined nurse and governess takes over most of the routine work of caring for the children, it's *not* true, as Helen intimated, that she isn't a capable and thoughtful mother. As a matter of fact—

"It seems to me," I said, "that being free of the small drudgeries—like seeing that they eat the proper foods, dressing and undressing them, picking up their toys after them—has given you more time to study and understand their deeper needs, in a way that many mothers can't, because they just don't have time."

"That's true, of course," Helen admitted. "I know that I respect Mary and Jamie as *people*—not as children, or as things that belong to me, but as real people. And I know that's important, between parents and children, much more important than most parents realize. I've never been able to understand how parents can expect respect if they don't give it."

This question of respect—it, I think, is at the root of Helen Hayes' answer to the problem of helping your children prepare themselves for the world of tomorrow.

"I think that children," she said, "are the finest people in the world. Every time they get off the track, I believe, it's because some adult has taught them the wrong thing to do. I'm (Continued on page 59)

Tomorrow's Children

■ Helen Hayes brings all mothers a message that will help them face the future with lightened hearts

HOW can I help my child to build a happy life in the world of the future?"

A great many mothers and fathers of America, as they read their daily papers, are asking themselves that question—asking it in fear and doubt, and finding no answers to satisfy them.

On an earth ruled by terror or the threat of terror, so many of the old safeguards seem, suddenly, useless. Our own experiences of twenty and twenty-five years ago appear to have taught us nothing. If they had, how could there be war in the

world now? How then, we ask, can we offer any wisdom to those innocent heirs of the world we've made—even though they will need wisdom so badly?

Helen Hayes, who besides being a very great actress (you know that if you've ever listened to her Sunday-night dramatic program on CBS) is one of the best mothers I've ever known, has one answer. Perhaps it isn't the perfect answer—perhaps no answer could be entirely perfect. But in it there is so much sound common sense and so much—well, *decency* is the best



Your

■ Meet some of your next door neighbors—eight happy prize winners in our recent photo contest for mothers and children



■ A snapshot study in mother love won the first prize—Mrs. W. O. Buehler, above, of Hamilton, Ohio, and her wide-eyed baby, at home.

■ Left, third prize winner—baby Karen, one year old, gets her first flower lesson from mother—Mrs. Keith M. Grimm, of Detroit, Mich.



■ "What a lovely family," said the judges, and so Mrs. Hyland G. Sanders and her four young children, of Central City, Ky. (above), won fourth prize; to young Mrs. Robert Durant and daughter (left), of Los Angeles, went the fifth.



Child

AND YOU



■ Above, a picture to bring back memories of a delightful summer spent at the seashore with her baby—Mrs. Howard Banks' entry in Radio Mirror's Mother and Child contest won the second prize.



■ The Reverend Willis J. Loar took this picture of his three-year-old daughter's birthday, while mother and baby brother watch her blow out the candles. This picture was awarded the sixth prize.



■ This grand studio portrait, left, of Mrs. Gordon Leisenring and her son Ronnal, of Denver, Colorado, won seventh.

■ Eighth prize — an unusual photograph of Mrs. G. Lachtman and her little girl, above, of San Francisco, California.



Marriage on a Shoestring

By NORTON RUSSELL



■ Sandra, whose birth was the ultimate happiness of two courageous youngsters.

■ Once he had only a dream and a girl whose faith was as great as her love for him. Now Frank Sinatra has everything to sing about



■ Nancy, the girl who said, "Do what you want to do, Frank, I believe in you."

HE is tall, very thin, with humorous gray eyes and wavy, black hair. He sort of slouches in front of the microphone and eases out the lyrics of a song as casually as a yawn. Yet there's always warmth in his song. And on this night he was singing:

"For tears would fill my eyes,
My heart would realize

That our romance is through—"

The way he sang this number, "I'll Never Smile Again," made you believe it. You told yourself that it was only a song and the youngster singing it was only another


good vocalist. But you knew, somehow, that he really felt it. That's why he was so good.

After awhile, he came over to the table and began talking about singing and about a girl named Nancy, who had great faith in him. And then you realized why he was able to get so much "heart" into his singing. Then you realized why this twenty-two-year-old kid, Frank Sinatra, was able to come up out of nowhere to sing with Tommy Dorsey's band and make "I'll Never Smile Again" the Number One hit of the year. You realized why he'd

become one of the very good reasons for listening to Tommy's program, *Fame and Fortune*, every Thursday night on NBC's Blue network.

A few years ago he was nobody. A small town kid, easy going, apparently worthless, but with a head full of the great American dream of success. He had one other thing besides this dream. He had a girl named Nancy, who loved him and had faith in him and had a dream all of her own.

You've probably seen lots of kids like these (*Continued on page 55*)



■ Boss of famous Information Please, heard Friday nights over NBC, "Kip" Fadiman recalls vividly when the song, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," meant just that to Polly, the girl he loved.

NO QUESTION ABOUT

LOVE

■ The story of the beautiful romance Polly and Clifton Fadiman have made exciting for twenty glorious years

WHEN he grasped her hand in his that first time they met, he wasn't thinking of what Jack had told him—about her sparkling wit, her honors at school, her ability to "wise-crack" even better than the boys who dropped by the house to see her brother. He was thinking only of the cool mist of her grey-blue eyes, the warmth of the gold in her blonde hair, the honesty of her smile. For the first time in all his fifteen years Clifton Fadiman was in love—in love for life!

Polly Rush smilingly returned his warm greeting and in her spontaneous, friendly way asked him to sit down. Then she looked at him appraisingly and liked what she saw. For she too was in love—in love for life!

A honeymoon in a furnished room, a budget of ten dollars a week, a joint wardrobe that fitted without crowding into one suitcase, meals of spaghetti and cheese—these are the bright fabrics that are woven into a tender love story that has lasted twenty glorious years, ever since that first moment when they were introduced by Polly's brother. Twenty years of finding themselves, of adjusting their relationships, one to the other; years of rivalry, of arguments neither could ever quite win—or lose. For Clifton Fadiman, although today he

acts as quiz master of Information Please, America's favorite question and answer program, long ago found in Polly Rush a partner who continually threatened to be wiser and wittier than the man she loved.

It's a strange thing that love can grow out of rivalry. Perhaps, in the case of Polly and Kip (they called him Kip in school and they still call him Kip) it was simply that rivalry sharpened their wits first, then made them aware of a deep respect for each other, and finally taught them that nowhere else, with no one else, could either of them find such everlasting happiness. . . .

Anyway, when Kip was honor student at Boys' High School in Brooklyn, and Polly occupied the same enviable position at Erasmus Hall High, rivalry was the basis of their friendship. Kip graduated with honors and won a scholarship to Columbia University. So did Polly. The scholarships, while helpful, didn't pay for all the expenses of a college education, so Kip decided to work his way through

Columbia. Polly decided she would too.

When they got their college degrees Kip wanted to go to Europe. He'd saved up pennies for years, with dogged determination, denying himself the good times most college boys take as a matter of course, and now he had the money for the trip. For the first time, Polly had to watch Kip reach a goal she herself couldn't. She had to stay home while he went abroad. But she did something almost as dazzling. She won a scholarship to Bryn Mawr, and while Kip was traveling she took her master's degree there.

It must have been their separation that showed them something they'd never realized before—that besides being friendly rivals, they were very much in love.

That knowledge was suddenly more rapturous, more vital and important than anything else in the world. The fact that Kip was then making exactly ten dollars a week simply didn't mean a thing. Why, they could get married easily—they'd have to live in a furnished room and do without a honeymoon, but what of that? They discussed an elopement, because it would be cheaper, as well as romantic. But Polly's grandmother, with whom she was a great favorite, begged them to (Continued on page 90)

By **ETHEL BARRON**

STEPMOTHER

"GEE, Aunt Kay, what's the matter?" Bud was saying from the living room doorway.

And Kay wondered with a start how long she had been standing there, holding the silent telephone.

"Get your things, Bud," she said. "We're going to your grandmother's."

"Aw—" Bud began and then lowered his eyes before something he saw in her face.

If she had been asked later how she had driven out to Mother Fairchild's that night, Kay would have been unable to tell.

Bud touched her hand. "Aunt Kay," he said softly.

And Kay realized they were in the car and she had somehow managed to park it at the foot of the snowbanked pathway to Mother Fairchild's cottage. The door opened and a stream of light made a lumbering silhouette of John coming toward the car.

"John!" Kay cried, running toward him.

John caught her shoulders. "Easy now," he said. "It couldn't be helped."

"Anne—oh, she's not dead, John?" Kay whispered.

"No," John said. "But it's pretty bad. The doctor's with her."

"Then it was a shock," Kay blamed herself. "I should have known she was too ill to be told."

"Kay, listen," John said firmly, "the doctor's been expecting this for some time. You're not to blame in any way. Now, pull yourself together."

"Must I go in?" Kay pleaded. "Must I see her?"

"You were the first person she asked for when she regained consciousness," John said. "Please, don't be afraid, Kay. She isn't. She knows."

They went inside then, into a hush that made even Bud whisper instinctively. To Kay, it felt as though the whole house were holding its breath, waiting for something. Peg and Mother Fairchild were sitting in the living room, silent, their faces like masks.

The doctor came out of Anne's bedroom just then. "Will you go in now, Mayor Fairchild?" he said.

"And Mrs. Fairchild—she's been asking for you." He turned to John's mother. "She wants you to be there, too."

Peg sobbed softly and Bud stared with wide, round eyes. Kay helped Mother Fairchild from her chair and, John supporting his mother, they went into Anne's room.

"I'm glad you came, Kay," Anne said. Her voice was very low, yet very clear.

"You mustn't talk," Kay said. And moved by sudden pity and affection, she pressed Anne's thin, little hand.

"I have to tell you," Anne said in that strange, bell-like voice. "I don't want any of you to feel guilty about anything. I knew about—I knew I was going to die. Months ago, I knew it. That's why I came back."

"It doesn't matter," Kay whispered.

Anne's fingers tightened on Kay's hand. "You—Kay—I want you to know how glad I am that John found someone like you. Sometimes—in all those years—I used to worry about the children—and John—" There was a startled gasp from Mother Fairchild and Anne shifted her gaze from Kay's face to the older woman's. "Oh—yes—" she said. "I—I never lost my memory. I just said that because I couldn't think of any other explanation—and I wanted to stay near the children—for this little time."

Her voice faded into a breath and a spasm of pain flickered in her eyes. John smoothed back her hair tenderly.

"John," Anne whispered. "I'm sorry—sorry for everything."

"No, Anne, dear, you—" John began softly.

"Please, there isn't much time," Anne interrupted. "I must tell you. I am sorry—and you—John—all of you, mustn't be sorry for me. You must forgive me. I wasn't in any accident that night. I was miles from Walnut Grove when the storm broke. I was—I ran away with a man."

There was a heavy, stunned stillness in the room.

"I was going to write to you,

John," Anne went on wearily, "but when I read about that overturned boat being found on the lake—I—it seemed so much simpler—to let everyone think I was dead." The pain came into her eyes again and her voice was like a sigh. "I—I'd like to talk to Kay alone. And then—could I see Peg and Bud?"

As soon as the door closed behind John and his mother, Anne breathed, "Will you do something for me, Kay?"

"Anything."

"In the top drawer—a letter in an envelope—a man's name on it," Anne spoke jerkily. "When I'm—when—send it to him, please." She was gasping a little for breath. "He doesn't know. I didn't tell him what my doctor said—I—he thinks I just wanted to see the children and that I'll come back—"

"I understand," Kay whispered and kissed Anne's forehead. "Wouldn't you like to see him? I could call—"

"No," Anne shook her head with an effort. "Better if he doesn't know—until—" Tears trembled in her eyes. "Peg—Bud—"

When Kay returned with Peg and Bud, Anne was lying very still, propped high on the pillows. There was in her eyes a faraway look of peace and a gentle smile made her somehow very beautiful.

"Kay," she said softly, "take care of them. They need you." Her eyes moved lovingly over her children's faces. "Peg," she pleaded, "forgive me."

"Oh, Mother!" Peg flung herself down beside the bed and buried her face in the pillow.

Anne did not die that night. For two days, she lingered on the edge of life and then, peacefully, quietly, on the second night, she slipped into her last sleep. Only then did Kay mail the letter to the man who was expecting Anne to return to him.

Sometimes, in the next weeks, Kay thought of that man and pitied him. She thought that perhaps she ought to write to him, but she could never think of anything to say. Then Peg came back home and Kay was so glad to have her there, that she gradually forgot about the man.

(Continued on page 75)

■ Kay had thought she knew her husband well, but she was to learn that in every marriage there are secrets which cannot be told until the last barrier of doubt and fear is gone. Read the final chapter of a novel of marriage based on one of radio's most popular dramas



Janet Logan
as
Kay Fairchild

Fictionized from the serial of the same name, on CBS Monday through Friday at 10:30 A.M., E.S.T., and 1:45 P.M., P.S.T., sponsored by Colgate Toothpowder.



■ From Mrs. W. J. Wilmington of Sugar Ridge, Ohio, comes this ingenious suggestion for a delicious variation: eggplant croquettes.

Let's eat



■ Mushrooms, cooked with onions and then stuffed with Brazil nuts and baked, are so appetizing you'll be coming back for more.

WHETHER or not we observe Lent strictly, there is no getting away from the fact that the Lenten season is an interesting one from a cooking point of view, a challenge to every one of us to create varied, appetizing and nourishing menus. For this reason, whenever I find such a recipe, I put it aside; and when I went over the recipes which earned prizes for so many of you readers in our recent Favorite Recipes Contest I put some of them aside too, just for this pre-Lenten department of ours.

Lenten meals, of course, mean that we must pay particular attention to vegetables, eggs and starches, and it is on these ingredients that this month's menus are based. Some of them, you will see when we come to them, can be used with meat if you prefer them that way, but all of them have this in common—they taste good, they are good for you and they are simple and economical to prepare.

Suppose we begin with the starches—and with two of our prize-winning recipes.

Bakers' Lenten Dinner

Mrs. Frank Baker, Millersburg, Ky.

- 1 cup macaroni
- 6 cups boiling salted water
- 2 tbs. butter
- 1 tbl. flour
- 2 oz. can mushrooms
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup grated cheese
- 2 hard cooked eggs
- Salt, pepper, paprika to taste

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain and keep hot. Melt butter in sauce pan, stir in flour then add mushrooms, milk and cheese and cook until thick

and smooth, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper. Place macaroni on buttered platter, pour on sauce, cover with egg slices and garnish with parsley and paprika. A hurry-up variation on Mrs. Baker's recipe would be to use canned spaghetti, which would eliminate making the sauce and cooking the macaroni; simply heat the mushrooms with the spaghetti and garnish with parsley and hard cooked eggs.



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.

Savory One-Dish Supper

Mrs. Winifred Lambert, Linden, N. J.

- ½ package wide noodles
- ½ lb. sauerkraut
- 2 tbs. minced chives or parsley
- 6 sausage patties

Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender, drain and arrange a layer of noodles in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with chives or parsley, adding salt and pepper to taste, then add a layer of sauerkraut, covered with chives or parsley. Continue the alternate layers, taking care to make the top layer of sauerkraut. Place sausage patties on top and bake in moderate oven until sausage is done and other ingredients heated through. For a Lenten variation, omit the sausages. This dish, too, may be made of canned spaghetti.

Peanut butter adds interest to this vegetable recipe which won a prize for its sender and will win cheers for you when you serve it.

Peanut Butter Vegetable Loaf

Mrs. Harry E. Whittaker, Taunton, Mass.

- 2 cups cooked lima beans
- 2 cups cooked carrots
- 1 cup coarse bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tbl. minced parsley
- ½ tsp. celery salt
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 6 tbs. peanut butter
- 2 tbs. bacon fat
- 1 egg, beaten
- ¾ cup milk

Chop lima beans slightly and dice carrots and combine with bread crumbs. Melt bacon fat, add peanut

something NEW



■ Left, Mrs. Harry E. Whittaker of Taunton, Mass., cooks this peanut butter vegetable loaf; above, a shrimp vegetable casserole.

butter, then seasonings, beaten egg and milk. Combine two mixtures and turn into buttered casserole or loaf pan and bake in moderate oven until firm (about one hour). Serve with white or tomato sauce. Lenten variation: Use melted butter in place of bacon fat.

Eggplant croquettes and mushrooms stuffed with Brazil nuts are two recipes which are Lenten specials and treats all the year round.

Eggplant Croquettes

Mrs. W. J. Wilmington, Sugar Ridge, Ohio
1 medium eggplant
2 eggs

Cracker crumbs
Salt and pepper to taste

Peel eggplant and cook until tender in salted water. Drain, then chop fine and add salt and pepper to taste, one beaten egg and sufficient cracker crumbs to hold the mixture together. Mold into croquettes, dip in cracker crumbs, then into beaten egg and into crumbs again. Fry in deep fat (390 degrees F.) until golden brown. Variation: Use leftover peas, beans, carrots, cauliflower etc., in place of egg plant.

Stuffed Mushrooms

1½ lbs. mushrooms
¼ cup butter
1 onion, minced
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
1 tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
1 tbl. tomato catsup
1 tbl. lemon juice
3 strips bacon
½ cup evaporated milk

Wash mushrooms, drain and remove stems. Chop stems fine and cook with onion in butter (low flame) for five minutes. Combine with crumbs, Brazil nuts, catsup, lemon juice and salt and pepper. Stuff mushrooms, top each one with bacon strips and place in buttered baking dish. Pour milk around mushrooms and bake at 400 degrees F. for twenty-five minutes. Lenten variation: Omit bacon strips.

No Lenten Cooking Corner would be complete without at least one fish recipe, so here is a fine, easily prepared casserole of shrimps and vegetables.

Shrimp Vegetable Casserole

1 cup coarsely broken wide noodles, uncooked
2 medium onions, sliced
1 green pepper cut in rings
1 cup canned or cooked peas
3 cups canned tomatoes or
6 medium tomatoes sliced or quartered
2 cans shrimp
½ tsp. salt
3 tbls. butter
¼ tsp. pepper

Drain shrimp and remove black center membrane. Combine ingredients, reserving enough shrimp, onion and tomato for decorative top layer, and turn into buttered casserole. Dot with butter, add salt and pepper and bake, covered, at moderate temperature (325-350 degrees F.) until done, about one hour.

VARIATIONS ON SEVERAL OLD THEMES

French Fry: Sweet potatoes, carrots (both cut as regular french fried potatoes are), onion rings, green pepper rings, cauliflower flowerets.

Broil: Tomato, eggplant, orange and canned pineapple slices. Brush slices with melted butter before placing under broiler flame, cook first on one side then the other until golden brown and tender.

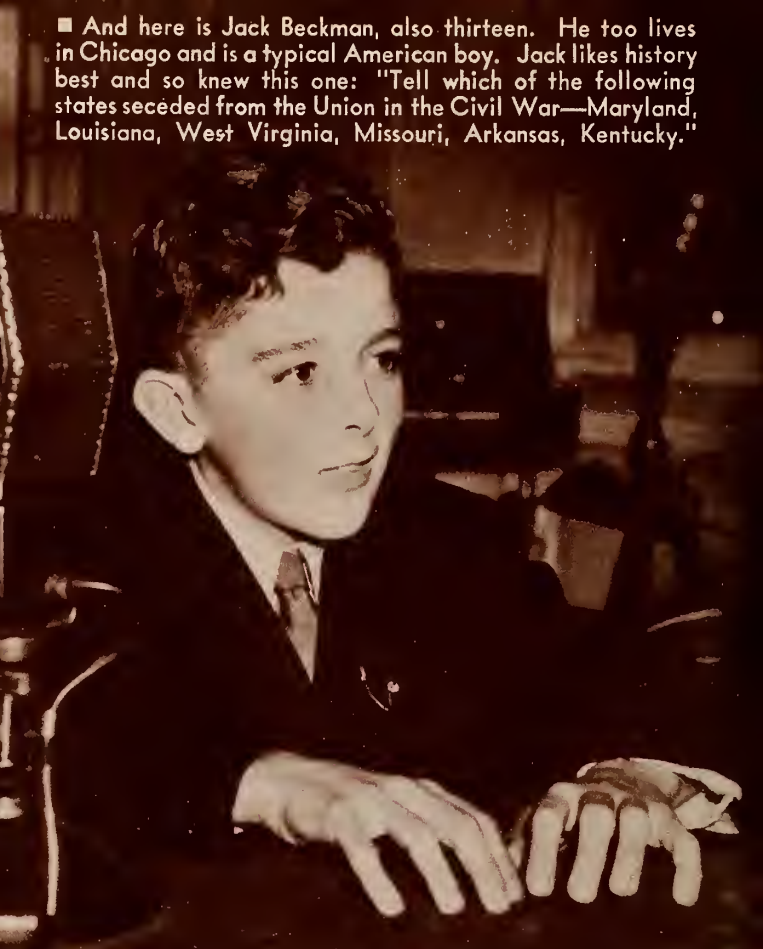
Roast: Carrots, parsnips, turnips, celery butts and small whole onions around a roast as you do potatoes. If old, vegetables should be par-boiled five to ten minutes before adding to roast.

Stuff and Bake: Turnips, onions, celery butts. Parboil until tender, scoop out centers and combine with bread crumbs, cooked rice, cooked or canned spaghetti for stuffing, adding salt and pepper to taste. Moderate oven until tender.

Season mayonnaise for salad of mixed cooked vegetables with curry powder, mace or nutmeg.

Combine shredded red cabbage, watercress, Spanish onion slices and paper thin carrot slices for a colorful midseason salad. Serve with tart French dressing.

■ And here is Jack Beckman, also thirteen. He too lives in Chicago and is a typical American boy. Jack likes history best and so knew this one: "Tell which of the following states seceded from the Union in the Civil War—Maryland, Louisiana, West Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky."



■ This is Edith Lee James, age 13, who lives in Oak Park, Ill. She plays the piano, but photography is her hobby. Her ambition is to be a professional photographer. One of Edith's questions was—"Define an intaglio."



■ George Van Dyke Tiers is another of those clever Quiz Kids. He's thirteen, too, and was born in Chicago. He's a whiz at geography and spelling. Here's a hard one—"If a cork is sunk into the sea to a depth of 40 fathoms, will it rise to the surface after it has been released?"

JUNIOR

■ Match wits with America's youngest set of quiz experts—if you dare—and see why the Quiz Kids, those amazing girls and boys of radio, have taken the country by storm

FROM a summer fill-in for the Alec Templeton show to regular winter broadcasts, now on the NBC-Blue network, Wednesday nights at 8:00 E.S.T.—that's the success of Quiz Kids, a question and answer program that employs only junior experts who haven't yet reached sixteen. Many a grown-up listener finds himself stumped by the questions which these amazing youngsters answer without hesitation. The children who are selected for the program are first nominated by listeners, then mailed an extensive questionnaire which they answer. Those selected on this basis are then granted a personal interview. Each child who actually takes part on the program gets a \$100 Liberty Bond. Here are pictures of some of Quiz Kids' brightest stars and questions each of them (save one) correctly answered. Match your wits with them and if you stumble, see page 82 for the answers.

■ Meet Geraldine Hamburg who is fourteen, and lives in Evanston, Ill. Geraldine has studied piano for five years and has given many recitals. She likes football; her ambition is to be a radio artist. One of her questions was, "Identify Widow's peak and Widow's Weeds."



■ Gerard Darrow, eight, was born in Indiana. At three, Gerard could identify all the birds. His hobby is collecting shells; he likes to roller-skate and swim. You can see from the picture Gerard didn't get this one—"Complete this saying: 'Keep your ear to the—'"



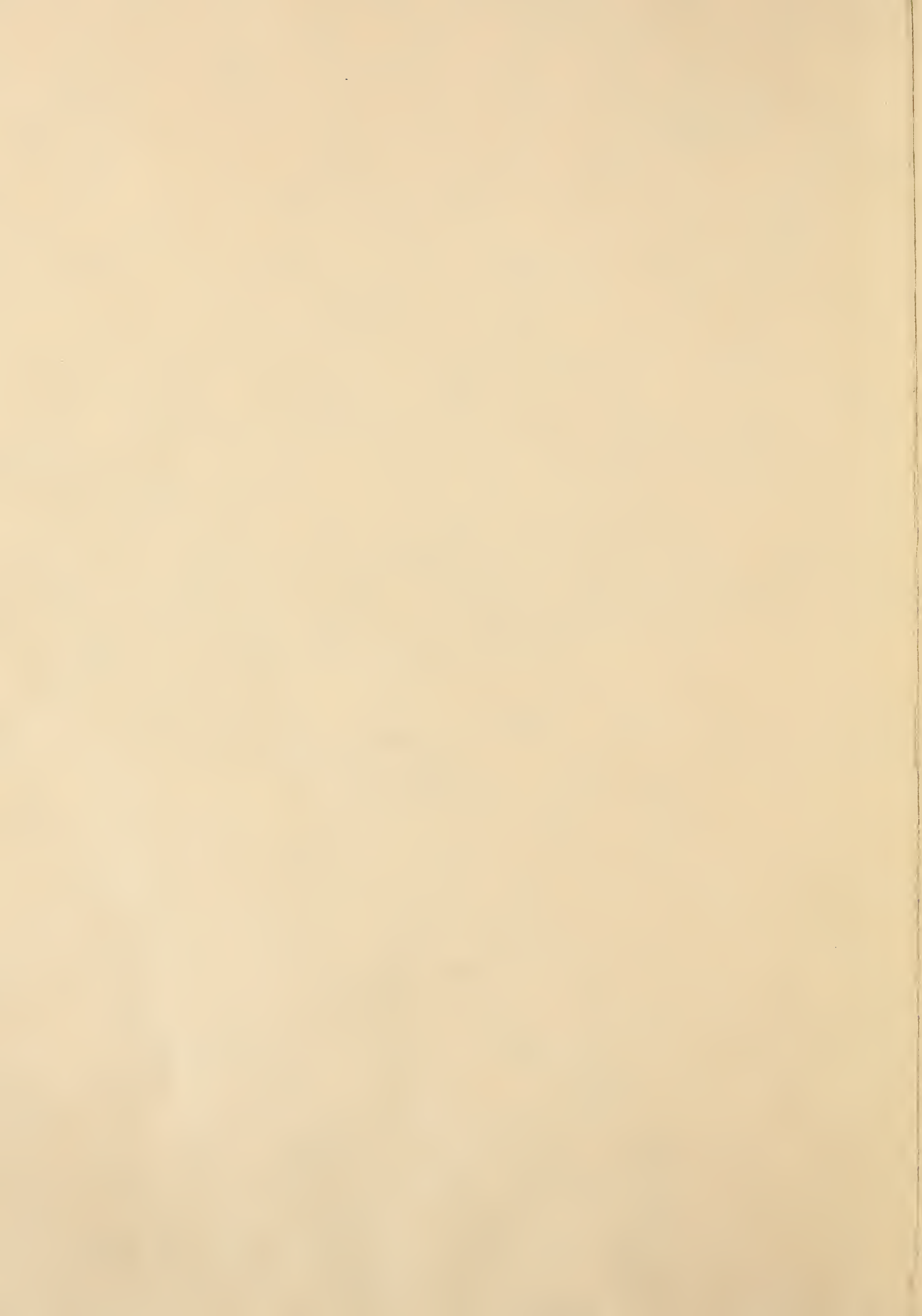
BRAIN TRUST



■ Joan Bishop is fourteen; has been studying music for a number of years and once performed with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; reads extensively, enjoys baseball. Here's one for you book-readers—"Name two fiction characters who made their escapes as corpses."



■ Meet Mary Ann Anderson, fourteen, from Chicago. She's a student of opera and Shakespeare; collects stamps, and dislikes baseball. See if you can get any of these: "What would you be carrying home if you brought an antimacassar, a dinghy, a sarong, and an apteryx?"





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By KEN ALDEN

FACING the



■ Pretty Lynn Gardner sings with Will Bradley's band.



BOB ALLEN, handsome young vocalist, is the best possibility to take over the leadership of Hal Kemp's band. However, at this writing, there was still a good deal of betting on Skinnay Ennis for the post. All radio row was shocked by the untimely death of the 36-year-old favorite. Hal left a widow and three children, two from his first wife. Although the funeral was held in San Francisco, the burial was at Hal's North Carolina birthplace where such close friends as Kay Kyser, John Scott Trotter and Saxie Dowell, and Hal's parents, attended the final rites.

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Downbeat and Metronome trade magazine polls. The bespectacled clarinetist is now on the road with his new band and recently played as soloist in another concert of serious music in Boston.

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THIS CHANGING WORLD: Xavier Cugat landed that Camel-NBC show and many say the BMI-ASCAP music war was largely responsible. The tango king has many tunes in his library that are in the public domain . . . Jimmy Dorsey is back at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania . . . Wayne King back at the Chicago Edgewater Beach Hotel .

MUSIC



■ Co-leaders of one band—drummer Ray McKinley and trombonist Will Bradley.



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* * *

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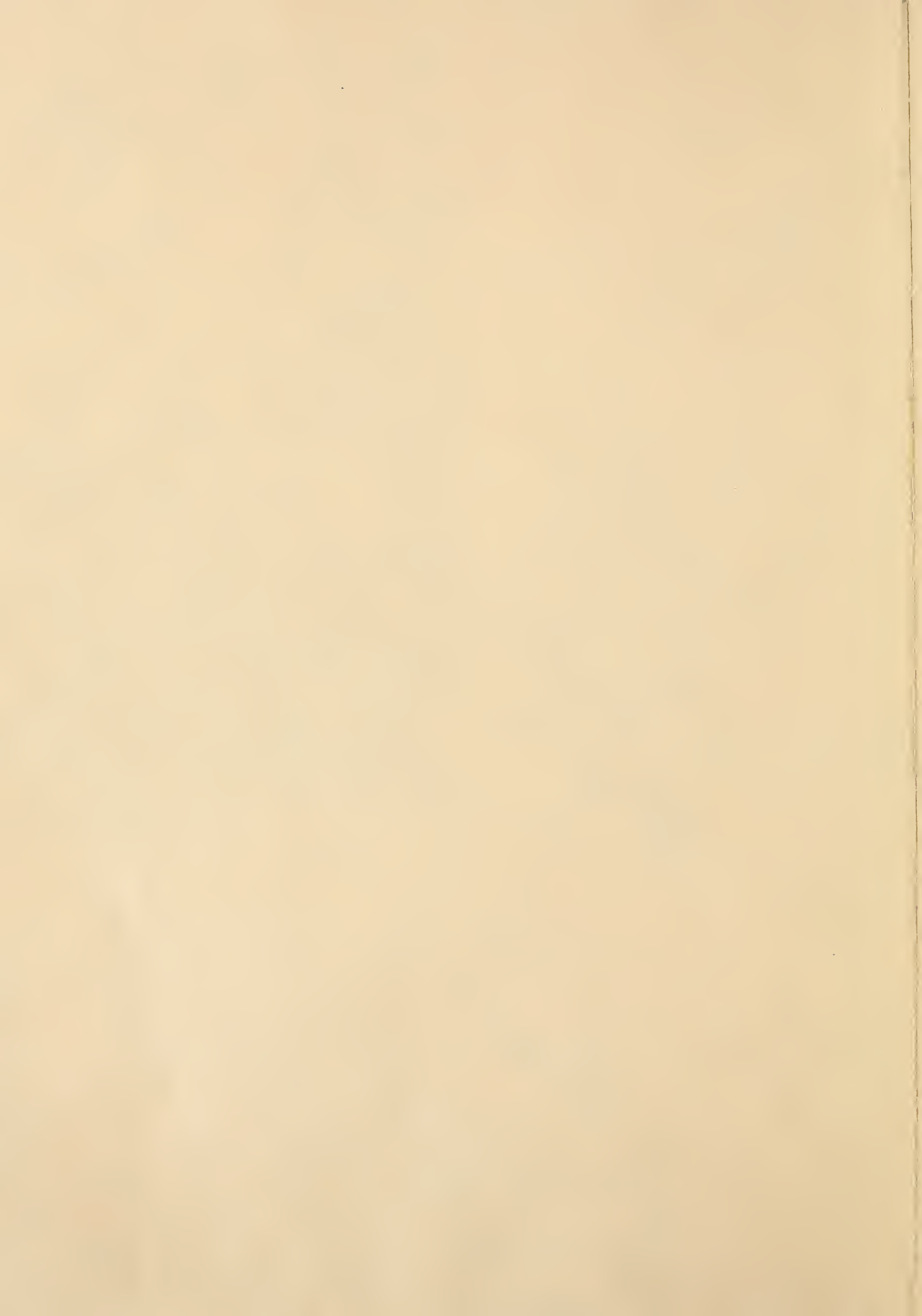
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THE BOOGIE WOOGIE BAND

Several years ago Benny Goodman found himself in an unhappy predicament. An important commercial broadcast was just a few hours away, and his star trombonist had suddenly fallen ill. Manager Willard Alexander flashed an S. O. S. across Tin Pan Alley's grapevine: "Save Our Swing." A typical radio row beachcomber heard the call and offered a casual suggestion: "How about Wilbur Schwichtenberg?"

The harassed manager fumed. This was no time for double talk or idle jests. But the man didn't flinch. He insisted there was a musician named Wilbur Schwichtenberg, who did most of his playing with a CBS house band. Later that night, with the broadcast successfully conclud-



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ed, Alexander carefully jotted the name in his little black book. Outwardly the book had no distinction. But from its hastily pencilled notes, many a great dance band had been formed.

"He's a great trombonist," someone remarked. "But good lord, what a name!"

Alexander looked up from his writing and smiled wisely. "You can always get another name. Try getting a good trombonist."

Today the slight-framed, personable horn tooter with the name, is more easily recognized as Will Bradley. He and drum beater Ray McKinley have formed a band earmarked for success. Organized less than a year ago, the partners in rhythm can look back on a series of precedent-shattering achievements. They destroyed the old theory that two men can't direct the policies of one dance band and still be friends. They introduced Harlem's savage boogie woogie music to the jitterbugs and made them like it. They became the first swing band to play New York's staid Hotel Biltmore and leave, still on amiable terms with the management.

The band made its debut in March, 1940, at the Famous Door. Will, Ray, and manager Alexander knew

they had a musically fine band, but that it lacked a basic characteristic. But after a couple of trips to Harlem, the boys knew they had the answer in boogie woogie. Up to that time, boogie woogie, a solid doubling of the average dance band tempo, had been jealously guarded by colored swingsters. A few piano pioneers like Bob Zurke and Meade "Lux" Lewis, had brought it south of Lenox Avenue. But only a few swing purists had accepted it.

On one of Ray's excursions to a Harlem hi-de-ho hideaway, he heard a dusky girl singer shout these words of encouragement to the rhythm section: "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar!" Ray borrowed the phrase and used it during vocal boogie woogie licks. Songwriters Hughie Prince and Don Raye wove a tune from the chant and "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar" shoved its way into juke box popularity. Swing jargon got a new expression.

The Bradley band of 14 musicians and two vocalists (Jimmy Valentine and pretty Lynn Gardner) includes many star soloists, like pianist Freddy Slack, who left Jimmy Dorsey for McKinley. Each gets plenty of individual opportunities. In this respect, the band differs from Glenn Miller's, Sammy Kaye's, and Ray

Noble's. They are all known as ensemble bands. The Bradley-McKinley combination resembles more closely the Benny Goodman or Bob Crosby type of band.

McKinley is 30 years old and hails from Texas. He is thin, nervous, and a double for Benny Goodman. He is married to Eleanor Sheehy and the couple live in the Hotel Piccadilly, hard by Times Square. Ray says he wouldn't live more than a block away from Broadway.

Bradley is two years younger and is the father of two children, Bill, three, and baby Shannah, 18 months old. "Shannah," explains Will, "is an Indian name meaning 'pretty one.' My wife, Pat, has fifty percent Cherokee blood." Will was born in New Jersey and now lives in Forest Hills, Long Island. Although McKinley's drums are prominently displayed on the bandstand, it is Bradley who gives the downbeat.

The band is now in the midst of a cluster of college dates, most of them in the south. But they hop back to New York or Chicago for their Columbia record sessions. They are a good bet to play the Glen Island Casino this summer, cradle of name bands.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Nelson Eddy: "Bittersweet" selections (Columbia 4263-4264) The MGM baritone was never in better voice as he recaptures the charm of Noel Coward's lovely score, including "I'll See You Again."

Leo Reisman: "Make It Another Old Fashioned" and "My Mother Would Love You" (Victor 27230). Two polished treatments of Cole Porter tune-twisters from "Panama Hattie." The vocals could be better.

Glenn Miller: "Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" and "Goodbye Little Darlin'" (Bluebird 10931) Ray Eberle is given the vocal assignment on a pair of ballads. Not top Miller but still excellent work.

Some Like It Swing:

Benny Goodman: "Benny Rides Again" and "Man I Love" (Columbia 55001) To make Goodman's record return auspicious this platter is 12 inches and sock all the way through. On its heels Benny has a swell version of "Nobody" from "Strike Up the Band" on Columbia 35820. Helen Forrest clicks on the vocals.

Artie Shaw: "Stardust" and "Temptation" (Victor 27230). A standout arrangement of a perennial favorite. Tommy Dorsey has a new "Stardust" on Victor 27233, that should rate equal bows.

Tony Pastor: "You're the One" and "World Without You" (Bluebird 10963). This relatively new band strikes out a solid tempo.

Gene Krupa: "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and "Blues Krieg" (Okeh 5909). Satisfying swing with emphasis on the drums.

■ Tops in romantic melody is Tony Martin's Wednesday show on NBC.



WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK . . .



Tests with 615 secretaries show a 29% longer lasting flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

615 secretaries, in 26 cities, tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When you buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. It's *delicious*. Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and rewrapped in plain wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands

(Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Thus Beech-Nut was tested against all the other brands. *Name on request.

They said: *more minutes of flavor*



*The most beautiful
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?



Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

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

SUPERMAN IN RADIO

FOR EIGHT days the Yellow Mask, master criminal, had held the mountain city of Dyerville and its 30,000 people in a grip of terror. The brilliant, twisted brain of the Mask which, for sheer evil and ingenuity, far surpassed anything the world had ever seen, had discovered untold means of causing earthquakes, fires and floods to menace the lives of every inhabitant of the city. What were his purposes? Where would his reign of terror end? No one knew.

Perry White, editor of the "Daily Planet," immediately assigned his two star reporters, Clark Kent and Lois Lane, to go to Dyerville and discover what they could about the diabolical plans of the Yellow Mask.

Instantly, Kent and Lois set out for the threatened city. Even Lois did not know that Clark, the mild, spectacled reporter, was Superman. Superman—the champion of the weak and oppressed, the visitor from a distant planet whose strength and powers were greater than those of any mortal man!

As their car neared the toll bridge over the Jefferson River, leading into Dyerville, a voice floated, ominously, from the loudspeaker of their automobile radio:

"Go back, Mr. Kent—go back—GO BACK. This is the last warning of the Yellow Mask!"

At first, startled, they wondered about the mysterious origin of the voice. But then Clark realized that the Mask must have used a super-powerful transmitter which drowned out all other stations. Unafraid, the man and the girl continued on. They passed the toll gate. They were on the bridge when, suddenly, the huge steel structure trembled and swayed. Lois screamed as their automobile slid toward the guard rail. Clark, wasting no seconds, jumped from the driver's seat. Ducking out of sight he tore off his street clothes and, as Superman, leaped up into the air.

"Got to save the bridge—and save Lois—not much time—good thing it's dark—no one saw Clark Kent change into Superman—Great Scott!—the bridge is rocking like a pendulum—if I can get down underneath it—down on the piers—quick—it's going—matter of seconds—down—down!"

Red cloak streaming in the wind, Superman plummeted down through the darkness like an arrow—while the great structure of struts and cables swayed and groaned above the river, while the car holding Lois Lane slipped—halted—and slipped again, nearer to the brink that yawned suddenly where, a moment before, there was solid road-bed!



■ Then the voice from the radio came again: "Very well, gentlemen, I shall destroy your city now! Run for your lives!"



■ Faster than an airplane, Superman flew to meet the boiling flood as it came down the gorge.

Superman stood poised for a minute on the sandy river bottom as his x-ray eyes pierced the murky darkness of the water.

"Why, the foundation is half gone—blown apart, as if it had been hit by a shell or a torpedo. So this is the work of the Yellow Mask! Those girders are just hanging loose—if I can only put them back where they belong—"

He went to work. Superhumanly, he began to straighten the twisted steel. It was difficult, even for Su-



■ He tore at the granite walls, ripped into the living rock—but more and more was needed.

perman—

"I don't know—it's pretty far gone. But maybe I can make it. If I don't, the whole thing will fall, crash into the river and take Lois along with it. Now then—one more pull!"

Straining with all the immeasurable strength in his body, Superman repaired the damage, righted the bridge and, assuming his disguise of Clark Kent again, ran back to Lois. He parried her questions about his absence (Continued on page 58)

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 Eu ope
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet
9:00	10:00	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-Blue: Luther-Layman Singers
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth
10:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Emma Otero
: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: Sammy Kaye
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 CBS: THE FREE COMPANY
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.
1:30	2:30	CBS: World of Today
1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale
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. Kaltenborn
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: Muriel Angelus
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	5:15	NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
4:30	5:30	CBS: Col. Stoopnagle
2:30	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: Dear Mom
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
6:30	7:30	CBS: Screen 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
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Deadline Dramas
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

Sunday's Highlights



■ Walter Camptan quizzes a pair of Powers models as Frank Forest (right) looks on.
Tune-In Bulletin for March 2, 9, 16 and 23!

March 2: Don't miss the Screen Actors' Guild show tonight at 7:30 on CBS—it has Bette Davis and James Stephenson in a radio version of Bette's big hit, "The Letter." . . . Lawrence Tibbett sings on the Fard Haur, CBS at 9:00. . . . And Orson Welles returns to the air for a guest appearance on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00.

March 9: Carole Lombard is the glamorous guest star of the Silver Theater today. . . . Rose Bampton is singing on the Fard Haur. . . . Ted Malane's American Pilgrimage program today visits the home of a strange genius—Ambrase Bierce—in San Francisco. Listen an NBC-Blue at 2:00.

March 16: Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Swan," is an NBC's Great Plays series—and it ought to be just as good now as it was when it first won success in 1924. . . . Grace Maere sings on the Fard Haur.

March 23: Guiamar Navaes, pianist, is the Fard Haur's guest tonight. . . . NBC's Great Plays takes a quick survey of the drama from 1920 to 1940.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Double or Nothing, on the Mutual network this afternoon at 6:00, E.S.T., sponsored by the White Laboratories.

A hundred and nineteen stations carry this quiz program every Sunday afternoon, which means that it has one of the largest hookups of any broadcast on the air. Yet a short two years ago Double or Nothing was a mere substitute for Bank Night in the Capital Theater in Washington, D. C.

One reason for its sudden success is the clever way in which it capitalizes on the "take a chance" spirit in all of us. Yet the title of the show is really a little misleading. Contestants don't exactly get double or nothing. Here's the way it works: Walter Camptan, the master of ceremonies, asks a contestant a question. If the contestant answers correctly he's awarded five dollars. Then, while the clack ticks the seconds away, the contestant has to talk extemporaneously for one minute on the subject of his question. For each pertinent, informative, or amusing fact he brings out in this ad-lib speech, Walter awards him \$2, \$3, or \$4, depending on the importance of the fact. Then he has to answer one more question. If he answers correctly he gets double the amount he has won during his ad-lib talk. If he

fails, he gets—nat nothing, but only the \$5 he won originally.

Double or Nothing has its share of music, too. Frank Forest, radio and concert tenor, made one guest appearance on the program during its first few weeks on the air, and made such a hit that he was added to the cast as a regular attraction. Eliatt Jacoby and his orchestra supply the rest of the music.

Walter Camptan, who thought up the idea of Double or Nothing and is its master of ceremonies, is only 28 years old, but he's already done more exciting things than most people of 50. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and at the age of ten was tauring the South as a boy pianist. In Raanake College he edited the year book, associate-edited the college paper, served as president of his fraternity, and directed five plays, one of which he wrote. After taking his baccalaureate degree he turned up as a member of the college faculty. In 1935 he entered radio in Raanake, worked for several stations and finally landed with WOL in Washington. Now, besides appearing on Double or Nothing, he is one of Washington's best-known announcers. On Mutual, you usually hear him intruducing the President and announcing special broadcasts.

Say Hello To-

ZORA LAYMAN—the feminine member of the Luther-Layman singers on NBC-Blue this morning. Zora can sing anything, from concert music to hot blues, and she can play piano, ocarina and harmonica—but doesn't like to play any of them. Born in the Colorado cattle country, she's an excellent rider. She's considered an outstanding authority on native American songs, like those she sings today.



Inside Radio - The Radio Mirror Almanac

		Eastern Standard Time	
P. M.	C. S. T.		
		8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
2:00	8:05	9:05	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-Blue: Josh Higgins
	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
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise
	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-Blue: Ted Malone
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: 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
	2:00	3:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
	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: 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
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
3:00	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
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: Fort Pearson
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: European News
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: BLONDIE
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: This is the Show
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: GAY NINETIES
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
6:35	8:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: Basin Street Music
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



■ Ted Malone reads poems that are famous and poems that are unknown.

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

March 3: From Madison Square Garden, NBC-Blue broadcasts the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament tonight.

March 10: Something special in the way of swing music is the Basin Street Chamber Music Society on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:35.

March 17: You can learn all about how precious stones are mined, cut, and sold by listening to the American School of the Air this morning on CBS.

March 24: Did you know Molasses and January, your old Show Boat comedy favorites, are back on the air now? Inside Rodio can't give you the time, because their program is recorded and sent to different stations for broadcast at different times—but if you want to hear them call up your local station and ask if it's going to have the show.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Ted Malone in *Between the Bookends*, on NBC-Blue at 1:15.

The nicest thing about Ted Malone is his simple, sincere, and all-embracing friendliness. He just naturally likes people, and he certainly has more friends than anyone else on the air. There's something about the way he talks on the air, something about the way he reads poetry, that convinces listeners he's somebody they'd like to talk to. Frequently they do talk to him, by writing letters—"Not for mail," Ted says earnestly, "but the kind of letters they might write to someone they'd known a long time." Then, on a trip to New York, they'll drop in to watch his broadcast of NBC. He doesn't have a regular studio audience, but any time a listener comes to NBC and wants to attend a Ted Malone broadcast, the page-boys have standing instructions to bring them in.

On week days, Mondays through Fridays, Ted has a fifteen-minute program during which he talks a little—without any prepared script—and reads poems selected from the works of famous authors or from the three to four thousand original poems listeners mail in to him every week. He's been doing this about eight years altogether. When he started it, he didn't like poetry himself. He'd been called on

to fill a vacant fifteen minutes on the air, and a book of poetry was the first thing that came to hand. Now he loves poems, because he discovered how much more beautiful and meaningful they were when read aloud, instead of silently.

On Sundays he has a half-hour program, the American Pilgrimage, in which he visits the homes of different American authors and tells listeners what kind of men and women the authors were.

Ted's a plump, quiet man with a pipe and a toothbrush moustache. He's been married ten years, and lives in a New York suburb with his wife and two daughters. One girl, nine years old, is named Verlio Eloine, after her mother, but she's never called anything but Bubbles. The other little girl, a year and a half old, has no real name as yet—Ted and his wife can't decide on one. In the meantime, Ted calls her Hoppy. "You can't be dismold or sour if your name is Bubbles or Hoppy," he says.

Ted leaves his home early every morning and commutes to New York and his office, just like any business man. He has six secretaries working for him in the office, he confesses shamefacedly. "I could probably get along with four, but I like to have six," he says. "This way, none of us work very hard, and we all have a good time."



Say Hello To-

JACK BAKER—whose nickname around NBC's Chicago studios is "The Louisiana Lark," partly because he was born in Shreveport, partly because he loves to sing. His real name is Ernest Mahlon Jones, he has been a semi-pro baseball player, a baseball coach and a schoolteacher, and his job as star soloist on this morning's *Breakfast Club* is the result of an audition he took at NBC back in 1936.

Complete Programs from February 26 to March 25

Tuesday's Highlights



■ Irene Wicker does one of her broadcasts from a children's hospital.

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

March 4: There's a mystery play that kids itself on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:35. It's called the Inner Sanctum Mystery, and if you like chuckles with your melodrama it's the show for you.

March 11: Ben Bernie is back in New York now, so on his show tonight (NBC-Blue at 8:00) you can hear Carol Bruce singing.

March 18: Ten o'clock Tuesday night is a perfect listening time, because you can take your pick. If you like comedy, there's Bob Hope on NBC-Red; if you prefer music, there's Glenn Miller's orchestra on CBS; and if you want to understand the news of the day, there's Raymond Gram Swing on Mutual.

March 25: Some of you have been writing in to Radio Mirror to say that Helen Trent is the most appealing heroine on the air. If you haven't yet fallen under her spell, tune in CBS at 12:30 today.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, on NBC-Blue at 5:15 P.M., E.S.T., rebroadcast to the West at 3:15, P.S.T.

Tiny, vivacious Irene Wicker is one of the most energetic people in the world. She's not only on the air with her song-story program for children every Monday through Friday, but she's recently started doing those fascinating Deadline Dramas on Sunday nights (10:30, NBC-Red) with Bob White. In addition she writes all her own programs and does the research for them.

Just now, without a break in her radio schedule, Irene is getting used to being the bride of Victor Hammer, wealthy New York art dealer. They were married the middle of January, driving to Baltimore and returning to New York in time for Irene to do her program on the air. Irene met Victor when she was broadcasting from the Chicago Fair—it was a publicity stunt arranged by their press agents in connection with an art exhibit Victor had at the Fair that first introduced them to each other. Then they didn't meet again until after Irene had moved to New York, when their acquaintance ripened into something much more important.

Irene loves pictures and art objects, which are Victor's main business interest; and he loves music and the radio, which are her main business interest, so they're a perfect couple.

Until her marriage, Irene lived in Connecticut, coming into New York every morning to work in an office she maintains near Radio City. Now she has closed the Connecticut house, but she still keeps the office and has regular office hours. One secretary types her manuscripts and keeps things in order at the office, but Irene does most of her work alone. She can't dictate very successfully, and doesn't use a typewriter, so she writes all her scripts in longhand. Her handwriting is nearly illegible, she admits, and frequently she can't read it herself.

She enjoys the great amount of research she must do to prepare her scripts, but once got herself into a research situation she almost didn't get out of it. She decided that once a week she'd do a program about two children who were traveling all over the world. First she read travel-agency folders to get the material necessary, but that wasn't enough, so she began stocking up on thick, heavy travel books. Before long she was so fascinated with her reading she didn't want to do any writing—so she brought the children back to the United States.

Victor and Irene don't entertain or go out much in the evenings, since both are hard workers and are ready for a few hours of relaxation when nighttime comes around. They've been talking about going to a play or a concert for several weeks now, and haven't yet found just the right time for it.

Say Hello To—

DOROTHY CLAIRE—who recently took over the star singing job on Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade program, heard on CBS tonight, tomorrow and Thursday at 10:00. Dimpled and blonde, Dorothy has been singing ever since she won an amateur contest at the age of six. She was born in LaPorte, Ind., and her parents were both musically inclined, though non-professional. Right now she has two sisters who also sing with bands, while a fourth sister is still in high school. Before joining Glenn Miller's band, she was with Bob Crosby and Bobby Byrnes. She's even prettier than her picture, and is 23 years old.



P. S. T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time	
8:15	NBC-Red:	Gene and Glenn	
8:05	NBC-Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB	
2:00	2:30	CBS: School of the Air	
8:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
9:00	10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins	
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 Martin	
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	20:30	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
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise
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-Blue: Ted Malone
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: Vallant 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 Martin
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	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 Dattine
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Matinae
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
3:00	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	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
4:45	5:45	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	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas		
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Fort Pearson
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
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Helen Menken
6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaitlenborn	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Count 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: Inner Sanctum Mystery
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

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl



Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *bold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

1



DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!



DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

2



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

3



DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that!*



DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing!*—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

4



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mts. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVD
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right!* Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



Name _____

Address _____

Wednesday's Highlights



■ Joon Bloine's beauty is enhanced by her taste in clothes.

Tune-In Bulletin for February 26, March 5, 12 and 19!

February 26: Today and every Wednesday for a few weeks you can hear a special program presented by the National Federation of Music Clubs. It's on CBS from 5:30 to 5:45 this afternoon. . . . Horoce Heidt's bond opens tonight of its old stomping-ground, the New York Biltmore Hotel. NBC carries the remote-control programs. March 5: High point of romantic song tonight is Tony Martin's fifteen-minute program on NBC-Red at 8:00.

March 12: Del Cosino and his band open at the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati tonight, with NBC broadcasting the music.

March 19: Don't miss Gabriel Heatter's exciting news broadcast of 9:00 tonight over the Mutual network.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Joon Bloine in Voliant Lody, on NBC-Red at 2:30 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Bisquick.

Round almost any corner in NBC's Radio City and you'll see a beautiful and well-dressed girl; but one of the most beautiful and best-dressed of them all is the star of Voliant Lody. The funny thing about Joan is that she isn't particularly vain of her good looks and she doesn't spend a great deal of money on her clothes. On the other hand, she does give them a lot of thought.

Joan's rules for being well dressed are simple. She loves color, line and fabrics, and believes that you have to love them to study them intelligently. She scorns frills, but knows how to be feminine without them. She hates to shop, but would rather shop than not look attractive. She says that the test of a becoming frock or hat is that you must be able to put it on—and forget all about it.

Joan designs her own dresses, sketching them out very carefully and taking the sketches to her own couturier, where she explains carefully exactly what she wants. Sometimes she takes along the material which she wants used, sometimes not. For shoes, she has had a mold of her foot made by a good New York shoemaker. Now, whenever she needs a new pair she simply calls him up and says, "Make me a pair of walking shoes in—" whatever leather she prefers. Her evening shoes, contrary to style, are all made with closed toes—she dislikes open-toed shoes.

She designs all of her hats, and makes most of them herself. Hats are an important part of her wardrobe, because the lights in radio studios are none too good, and she always wears one when broadcasting. Although she loves off-the-face hats, they're no protection to the eyes from the overhead lights, so she only possesses one.

Joan's desire to dress attractively isn't vanity. She says, "I've always felt that acting was only part of my job. Being friendly to the people I work with, and keeping up the spirit of the whole company—that's part of my job, too. And I couldn't do that if I came to the studio looking sloppy or put together ony-old-way."

Besides her program, Joan's main interests in life just now are a country home and her dog, Cricket. The country home hasn't been chosen yet, but for some time she has been visiting farms not too far from New York, trying to find one she wants to buy. The dog—and probably he is one reason she wants a place in the country so fervently—is a black cocker spaniel, not quite two years old. Joan tries to make up to him for apartment life by donning slacks and romping strenuously with him for thirty minutes or so, night and morning. She says it keeps the dog in condition, but wears her out. Cricket is also responsible for a bad fall Joan took on the icy sidewalk one recent winter night. She was running with him, she confessed after the doctor had discovered that no bones were broken.

Say Hello To—



EDGAR A. GUEST—the famous American poet whom you can hear over NBC-Blue this afternoon at 4:45, E.S.T., if you live in or near any of these cities: Pittsburgh, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Springfield, Mass., Fargo, N. D., Providence, Buffalo, Chicago, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Cleveland, Bridgeport or New Britain, Conn., Poughkeepsie, Washington, Plattsburgh, N. Y., York, Pa., Syracuse, Minneapolis or Detroit. It's nice to hear the familiar, homely Guest philosophy again—too bad the network isn't bigger so more people could enjoy him. He's almost sixty years old, lives in Detroit and commutes to Chicago for his program.

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	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
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Gulding 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
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise
	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-Blue: Ted Malone
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	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	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-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
3:00	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	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	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
	6:45	NBC-Red: Fort Pearson
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
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
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
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

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE
ON THE CAP

10¢



NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY
DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS
NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER



TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.

CUTEX POLISH
is Porous

Thursday's Highlights



■ Geoffrey Bryant and Gertrude Warner of City Desk visit a real newspaper.

Tune-In Bulletin for February 27, March 6, 13 and 20!

February 27: A listening "must" for Thursday nights (assuming you can tear yourself away from Bing Crosby or Major Bowes) is the Town Meeting of the Air on NBC-Blue at 9:35. Most nights it's more exciting than a prize-fight.

March 6: Young Dr. Malone, on CBS at 2:00, is a serial that's climbing steadily in popularity because of its human, natural characters and situations. Have you formed the good habit of listening to it yet?

March 13: Xavier Cugat and his orchestra are scheduled to open tonight in the Hotel Roosevelt, New Orleans, broadcasting sustaining programs over CBS. The same band has its commercial program tonight, too, at 7:30 on NBC-Red.

March 20: Fletcher Wiley's matter-of-fact comments on CBS at 2:30 today will leave you with something to think about after the program is over.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: City Desk, an exciting story of newspaper life, on CBS at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., rebroadcast to the West at 9:00 P.M., P.S.T., and sponsored by Colgate Shave Cream and Brushless Shave.

City Desk isn't a serial—each episode is complete in itself, and you can enjoy it whether you've ever listened before or not. But the characters are the same every week—Jack Winters, played by James Meighan; Linda Webster, played by Gertrude Warner; Caruso, played by Jimmy McCallion; Mrs. Cameron, played by Ethel Owen, and Dan Tobin, played by Geoffrey Bryant. Jack and Linda are two reporters, and naturally they "scoop the town" on every episode, uncovering crimes that invariably baffle the police. Not too true to life, maybe, but good fun to listen to.

Gertrude Warner, who plays Linda, is a pretty girl who has come up fast in radio. She graduated from high school four years ago, and decided she'd break into radio. Just like that. For six months she haunted the studios, and nothing happened. Then the stroke of luck which is usually at the bottom of anyone's success came along. She was hanging around in a studio reception room one day when an actress fell ill. The despairing director, who had frequently been pestered by the job-hunting Gertrude, thrust the actress' part into her hands and told her to do her

best. Her best was very good, and she was started on her career. Gertrude's hobby is fencing, and she takes lessons at Salle Santelli, New York. Weekends she spends with her mother and small brother in Hartford, Conn., where she was born.

The picture printed above is a publicity stunt. It shows Gertrude with Geoffrey Bryant, who plays Dan Tobin, managing editor of City Desk's "Chronicle," apparently conferring over a printer's stone. It was taken in a New York newspaper office, and is about as close as Gertrude or her fellow-actor ever came to actually working on a newspaper. But maybe they were getting into character.

Bryant is a Texan, and has been an actor ever since he grew up. He's played on the stage in New York and London, and in stock company productions all over the country. The only sport he really likes is boxing, at which he's an expert. You've heard him in Death Valley Days, Aunt Jenny's Stories, Just Plain Bill, and Mr. District Attorney.

When you listen to City Desk, pay special attention to the music, which is written for the show by Charles Paul, a CBS staff organist-pianist-composer. Around the studios they consider him one of their most talented men. He's quiet and unassuming, but a demon for work. He never smokes, but during a long session of composing at the piano he manages to eat up a whole pound of peanut brittle.

Say Hello To-

GEORGE PUTNAM—the announcer for Portia Faces Life, on CBS this afternoon. George was born in Deposit, N. Y., but soon went westward with his family, stopping in San Diego, Calif. George studied to be a history teacher, but jilted that profession in favor of a WPA drama group. Later he toured the coast with a Shakespearian troupe headed by Tyrone Power's mother. Then came six months of highly unsuccessful searching for gold before he got a job as announcer on a San Diego station. Three years ago he joined the CBS staff in New York. Last June he married Ruth Carhart, the popular radio songstress.



P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:15		NBC-Red Gene and Glenn
9:00	9:05	NBC-Blue BREAKFAST CLUB
8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:00	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-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45 11:45	NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise
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-Blue: Ted Malone
12:15	1:15 2:15	NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	1:45 2:45	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	3:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: Jan Peerce
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
3:00	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
4:45	5:45	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	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC-Red: Fort Pearson
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 Ros
9:45	6:15 7:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15 7:15	NBC-Red: European News
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
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: Fannie Brice, Frank Morgan
5:00	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	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

“Almost a Miracle!”

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

will soon arrive
to enchant you
with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.



WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears . . . as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty . . . but only if you will help Na-

ture remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin . . . if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your

skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes . . . really cleanses . . . yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't true!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness . . . making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

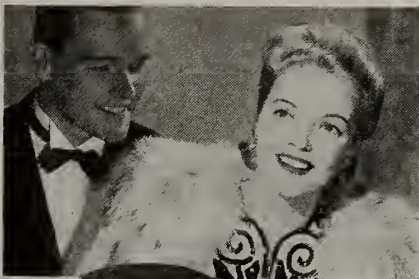
FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (66)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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



		Eastern Standard Time	
P. S. T.	C. S. T.		
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
2:00	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air	
	8:15	9:15 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	
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	
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise	
	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 Interns	
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 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	
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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	
3:00	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	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	
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today	
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: Fort Pearson	
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News	
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce	
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	
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 OBALER'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



■ Home of the Brave's Tam Tully, Jeannette Nolan, Jaan Banks, Dick Widmark.

Tune-In Bulletin for February 28, March 7, 14 and 21!

February 28: Nazimova stars in Arch Obaler's adaptation of "The Family," best-selling novel, on Everyman's Theater, tonight at 9:30 over NBC-Red. . . . NBC-Blue has the Madison Square Garden fight between Tammy Tucker and Gerry Webb, light heavy-weights, at 10:00—Bill Stern announcing. . . . At 8:00, NBC-Blue's Army Show is broadcast from Fort Bliss, Texas. It comes from a different Army Camp every Friday. March 7: Arch Obaler's play tonight is called "Problem Papa," and it's about a day in the life of a small boy. . . . The NBC Army Show comes from March Field, California. . . . And Bab Crosby's orchestra appears at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, with an NBC wire. March 14: Arch Obaler has scheduled a re-broadcast of one of his most successful plays, "The Ugliest Man in the World," for tonight. It stars Raymond Edward Johnson. . . . The Army Show is from Fort Lewis, Washington. March 21: It's a real event an Arch Obaler's program tonight, because comedian Eddie Cantor is the guest star. . . . Of course, Inside Radio must remind you that all Everyman's Theater plays listed here are subject to change.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Home of the Brave, an CBS at 2:45 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder and Swansdown Flour.

The title is a little bit misleading, in a way. This drama is a story of patriotism, but it isn't the flag-waving kind. It's the kind of patriotism that goes deeper, and has its roots in the love of a land, of traditions, and of ideals.

The most important person in Home of the Brave is Joe Meade, somebody you'll look forward to meeting every day. Joe has lots of the common sense that has always been so important in shaping America. Since he was raised on a ranch, he'd refer to this gift as "horse-sense" whenever he spat it in somebody else; he wouldn't ever spit it in himself. He hasn't much use for "isms" of any kind, and he can recognize anything that's false or phoney a mile away.

Tom Tully is the name of the radio actor who plays Joe. Like his radio character, he's big, ruggedly handsome, and deep-voiced. Like the character he plays in the serial, he was born in the West—in Durango, Colorado, a mining town in the heart of the Rockies. He left Colorado by joining the Navy, and got his first glimpse

of New York from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. After he left the Navy he tried writing short stories about his experiences, but none of them were published. Then, as he says, he "sweated, starved, argued, persuaded, cried and finally beat his way through Broadway, the legitimate stage and radio" into his present position as a successful actor.

Dick Widmark plays the role of Neil. He's a good-looking young actor who first saw the light of day in the peculiarly-named town of Sunrise, Minnesota, in 1914. But the family soon moved to Evanston, Illinois, which Dick refers to now as his home town. He's a graduate of Lake Forest College, where he served for two years as an instructor of speech and drama. He crashed radio two and a half years ago via the Aunt Jenny program. Not married, he lives in a New York apartment where he devotes his time to furthering his radio career, reading, and playing the drums.

Dick's leading lady, Joan Banks, who plays the part of Lois, is a beautiful blonde who is married to radio actor Frank Lovejoy, the lucky fellow. She and her husband lead very quiet lives, as they both carry heavy radio schedules. Her favorite possession is her Cocker spaniel.

Say Hello To—



MARY YOUNG—a former Ziegfeld Follies girl who is now bringing glamor to the role of Lily, the Creole, on Arnold Grimm's Daughter, heard today on NBC. Mary began her theatrical career as a dancer in a Russian ballet, switched to the Follies, and then in 1935 successfully auditioned for a radio job in Detroit. Two years later she married radio writer Charles Gussman, and they moved to Chicago to live. Mary was born in Chestnut Mound, Tenn., 22 years ago, and was educated in Detroit. When she isn't acting in the Chicago radio studios she's very busy being the mother of a little daughter who arrived in the world just six months ago.

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME- HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!

HERE'S ALL YOU
DO TO TAKE A
LUX SOAP
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL.** PAT THE
LATHER LIGHTLY
INTO YOUR SKIN



RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN COOL



PAT LIGHTLY TO DRY.
SKIN FEELS SOFTER,
SMOOTHER.
AND LOVELY SKIN'S
IMPORTANT!

Lux Soap **ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** are *quick, easy*
and they **WORK!**

This lovely Hollywood star shows
you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap
to guard her priceless complexion.
This gentle care removes every trace
of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try
Active-Lather Facials for 30 days!
See what they can do for you!

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND



**Milder! Costly Perfume!
Pure! ACTIVE lather!**

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	CBS: News of Europe
		8:00	NBC-Red: News
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra
		8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
		8:45	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
		9:00	CBS: Press News
		9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:00	NBC-Red: News
		9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
		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: Four Showmen
		9:50	CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee
		9:50	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
		9:50	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
10:00		9:15	CBS-Blue: Richard Kent
		9:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Kagen Orch.
		9:30	NBC-Red: Betty Moore
		10:00	CBS: Symphony Concert
		10:00	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
		10:00	NBC-Red: Concert Music
		10:15	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Club
		10:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
		10:30	NBC-Red: Gallicchio's Orch.
		10:45	NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:00	CBS: Country Journal
		11:00	NBC-Blue: American Education Forum
		11:00	NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
		11:30	CBS: Highways to Health
		11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
		11:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
		11:45	CBS: Jobs for National Defense
		12:00	CBS: Let's Pretend
		12:30	CBS: No Politics
		12:30	NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
		1:00	NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera
		1:00	NBC-Red: Music for Everyone
		1:30	NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
		1:30	CBS: Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC-Red: Dance Music
		2:30	CBS: Old Vienna
		2:30	NBC-Red: Saturday Soiree
		2:45	CBS: This Is My Land
		3:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
		3:00	NBC-Red: Campus Capers
		3:30	NBC-Red: A Boy, a Girl, and a Band
		4:00	CBS: News of the Americas
		4:00	NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
		4:30	NBC-Red: Curtis Institute
		5:00	CBS: Report to the Nation
		5:00	NBC-Red: Charlie Spivak Orch.
		5:05	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
		5:30	CBS: Elmer Davis
		5:30	NBC-Blue: Vass Family
		5:30	NBC-Red: Religion in the News
		5:45	CBS: The World Today
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Edward Tomlinson
		5:45	NBC-Red: Orchestra
		6:00	CBS: People's Platform
		6:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
		6:00	NBC-Red: Muriel Angelus
		6:15	NBC-Red: European News
		6:30	CBS: Wayne King
		6:30	NBC-Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood
		6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
		7:00	CBS: Your Marriage Club
		7:00	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
		7:00	NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
		7:15	NBC-Blue: Man and the World
		7:30	CBS: Duffy's Tavern
		7:30	MBS: Boake Carter
		7:30	NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle
		7:30	NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
		8:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
		8:00	MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER
		8:00	NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life
		8:00	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
		8:30	NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy
		8:35	NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
		8:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		9:00	MBS: Chicago Theater
		9:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
		9:15	CBS: Public Affairs
		9:45	CBS: News of the World

Saturday's Highlights



■ The Vasses—Frank, Weezy, Jitchy, Sally and Emily.

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

March 1: Get some tips on home-making from Betty Moore, who starts a new program this morning at 10:30 over NBC-Red. . . . The Santa Anita Handicap is being broadcast this afternoon over NBC. . . . CBS' People's Platform, tonight at 7:00, discusses "What Does Americanism Mean Today," with Cal. Theodore Roosevelt and Representative Sol Bloom among the guest talkers. . . . Listen to Wayne King's second program in his new series on CBS at 7:30.

March 8: From the Santa Anita track in California comes the San Juan Capistrano Handicap race, over NBC.

March 15: That interesting mystery serial, The Bishop and the Gargoyle, has changed its time to tonight at 8:30.

March 22: You'll get some chuckles and maybe some hearty laughs out of Your Marriage Club, on CBS tonight at 8:00. The only trouble with it is that it sometimes works the old, math-eaten jokes about married life a little too hard.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Vass Family, in their own variety show over NBC-Blue at 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Take one look at the bright, youthful faces above and you'll have a hard time realizing they are all radio veterans. You've heard them on more programs than you could count up to without taking altogether too long a time about it. Sometimes they've all been together; sometimes they've approached the mike separately. On occasions they've sung solos, but they haven't disdained to work in choral groups.

Their names are Sally, Weezy (Louisa), Jitchy (Virginia), Emily and Frank. There's another girl, Harriet, but she works as a hostess in a tea room, and seldom appears before the mike. Another boy, Leland, is in radio too, but he's more interested in the technical side of things.

They just drifted into radio, via Madge Tucker's children's programs on NBC. When they were children in South Carolina they learned many hill songs, just for fun, and these came in handy when they turned their attention to radio. Their Aunt Lulu—Mrs. Curtis B. Railing—wrote their scripts for them. Then Aunt Lulu went to London to go on the air for the BBC, and the Vasses didn't have any scripts any more. They sat around, wondering what to do. One of them said, "Let's have a story conference, with everybody suggesting ideas." It was a

very poor story conference, because no one had any ideas. Then another one said, "Let's try it a different way. Everybody go away by himself for two hours and write a script. Then we'll come back here and pick the best one or patch one together from the best parts of all of them."

It sounded like a good idea, so each of the kids retired and was quiet for a couple of hours. When they reassembled, Sally was the only one who had actually written a script. They read it, decided it was good, and since then Sally has done all the scripts for their shows, writing them on the kitchen table of the Vass apartment while the others are enjoying themselves. Sally doesn't mind. She thinks script-writing is fun, and simply puts in everything that happens to the real Vass family. When one of the girls begins going out with a boy steadily, the incidents connected with the new romance are put on the air. There is mighty little privacy in the Vass family.

Some of their fan mail comes addressed, appropriately, to the "Vass Family." One admirer wrote, in all seriousness, to "The Saturday Morning Bath Family." Sometimes Sally wishes she were writing scripts about a family that sings and acts on the air, because then she could use incidents like that too, as well as the things that happen around their home.

Say Hello To—



MURIEL KIRKLAND—who won Broadway fame portraying Mary Todd in the prize-winning play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Now she's playing the same character in the CBS serial, Honest Abe, heard at 9:30 this morning. Muriel made her first stage hit in the leading role of "Strictly Dishonorable," then went to Hollywood for several years' work in the movies. Now she's back in New York, dividing her time between radio and the stage. She's red-haired and tiny, was born in New Rochelle, and was educated first in a convent and later in the American Academy of Dramatic Art—where they told her she'd never be an actress!

Marriage on a Shoestring

(Continued from page 30)

two. They sit in public parks and on benches along lake shores. They're usually very close together. They don't see anyone else. They are thinking about marriage, usually, and a home of their own and the future.

In the case of these two, Frank and Nancy, it was the very immediate future they were thinking of that night down on the beach in Long Branch, New Jersey. Summer was ending. It had been a fine summer for both of them, easy and lazy and fun, until what had started out as just another summer romance turned into the real thing.

They had fallen in love with each other. No questions asked, no thought of the future. This was IT and nothing else mattered. But now, it was their last summer night together. The next day, Nancy would pack her things and hurry back to her job as a stenographer in a nearby Jersey town. Frank didn't have a job he could go to.

SO they sat there on the beach and looked at the ocean and wondered what would happen to them. Nancy couldn't support both of them. Besides, Frank didn't want her to work. Frank might be able to get a job, but that would mean his giving up his dream of becoming a singer. They had talked of a home of their own, a little apartment in Jersey City, and maybe a family. But that seemed a long way off now.

"Maybe I ought to get a job somewhere," Frank said.

"You mean, give up singing?" Nancy asked.

Frank didn't say anything for awhile. "I guess that's what it looks like, Nancy," he said at last.

"But you can't do that," Nancy said determinedly. "You just can't do what you don't want to do."

"Look, Nancy," Frank said. "If you stick by me, if you don't mind waiting, I'll get something."

"I'll wait," Nancy smiled. "If you know you can do it, I know you can, too."

"It'll be tough for awhile, but I know I can do it."

There weren't any heroics about this decision. Nancy had faith in Frank and in his talent, because she loved him.

She knew all about the trouble Frank had always had trying to convince his father that being a singer could be worthwhile. His father was an honest, hard working Jersey City fireman. He had wanted Frank to learn some trade. Nancy had heard all about their arguments. About Frank's saying again and again, "I want to be a singer, Pop." And about Frank's father always answering, "Son, that's plain darn foolishness."

All this had started when Frank was just a kid in grade school. There were rows because Frank skipped school and spent his time hanging around dance halls listening to bands. Then Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo began taking the country by storm and Frank spent every cent he could lay his hands on to buy their records.

During his High School days, Frank seemed to his family to be drifting more and more toward shiftlessness. There had never been a singer in the Sinatra family, and now here was Frank with these crazy ideas, chasing



ARE YOU A
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WIFE?

Does your
husband have
to give up one eve-
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day? Does washing leave
you so 'done in' you can't
even drag yourself to a movie?

THERE'S no better reason for using Fels-Naptha Soap than this: richer, *golden* soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha make a combination that can't be equalled for taking the back-breaking labor out of washday.

No weak, would-be beauty soap can get *all* the deep-down dirt the way Fels-Naptha Soap does. In hard or soft water, hot or cool, this Peerless Pair of Cleaners—gentle naptha and *golden* soap, provide washday help that saves your hands, your energy—yes, saves your money, too.

If you have been a 'washday wife' write to Fels & Co., Dept. 9-D, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Use it next washday and warn your husband you'll be ready to step out that night.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
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—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



MAUREEN O'HARA in "THEY MET IN ARGENTINA"
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE



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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	GRUNETTE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, send <input type="checkbox"/>
Oil... <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Acid... <input type="checkbox"/>		

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

bands around the New Jersey countryside and hanging around phonograph shops. His school seat was seldom warm. The High School principal was always calling to tell Frank's father how very absent from school his son was. Frank had told Nancy all this.

"My Dad raised the devil," Frank had explained to her, "and I guess I was pretty useless. But, you see, I wasn't really wasting time. Maybe I should have been in school instead of hanging around band rehearsals, but that was the only way I could learn anything about music."

By the time Frank met Nancy at the beach, his family had just about decided he would never amount to anything. He had left school to sing with small bands that paid him practically nothing. He had been fired from a job as copy boy on a Jersey City paper. He had gone off on tour with a Major Bowes unit and come home penniless. He had tried to explain to them how valuable the experience had been, how it had given him poise and confidence singing before theatre audiences. The family sighed and didn't understand.

Little by little, through that summer in Long Branch, Frank had told Nancy all these things and she seemed to be the only person who understood him. Now, he had to make good. He had to find a way to sing somewhere.

Nancy and Frank sat up most of that last night, planning, dreaming, scheming to find a way they could eventually have a life together. Finally, they worked out a plan. Nancy would go back to her job. Frank would go over to New York City every day and begin haunting the small radio stations.

THIS was the plan and Frank stuck to it. He waited hour after hour for appointments. He offered to sing for anything. Anything, to small radio station owners, almost always means nothing. So Frank sang for nothing. Then, he began getting programs. He sang on every small station that would have him. His first year in New York, he often had as many as eighteen programs a week. All this work earned him just enough for the carfare back and forth to New Jersey.

Sometimes, it would be too discouraging. "I don't even know whether anybody listens to my programs, Nancy," he would say.

"You wait," Nancy would say. "Some day, some one will hear you and give you a break. You can't say nobody listens to you," she added with a smile. "Why, some days I sneak out of the office to listen. You just keep plugging."

And Frank did. In those days, he sang everything that was written. To pick up experience, after a hard day at the New York studios, he would sing with small bands over in Jersey. For a long time, he held down a solo spot at the Rustic Cabin, a small New Jersey place.

Every night when he got through with work, he and Nancy would get together and talk about the way he sang and the way other singers sang. Whenever she could, Nancy listened to him on the radio. Frank believed then, and still does, that the words

of a song are much more important than the melody—that in order to put over a song, you have to believe the words you are singing. He worked hard to give every song he did a new interpretation. He worked consciously and deliberately for a style all his own.

Sometimes, it seemed as though all the heart and warmth he put into his lyrics was being wasted. His audience on the local stations was naturally small. But Nancy kept him going. She kept telling him how much better he was getting every day. They kept planning for that home of their own, even though it looked very far away.

It wasn't so far away, though. Frank was getting a reputation, even if he didn't know it. Band leaders were beginning to notice him. In Benny Goodman's band there was a trumpet player named Harry James, who thought Frank was swell. "There's a kid who can make lyrics mean something," Harry would tell the other Goodman men. "He makes the words of a song come alive. If I ever get a band of my own, I'm going to hire him."

Those words, had Harry James written or said them to Frank then, would have meant everything in the world. But he didn't. Another year went by, a year of only pennies in the pocket and Nancy's faith. Day after day, Frank trudged back and forth from New Jersey to New York.

But 1939 came along and Harry James decided the time was ripe for him to have a band of his own. One day, Frank came out of a small New York station's studio to find a tall, thin young man with a grin on his face standing there.

"Howya," the tall, thin fellow said. "I'm Harry James. I've been listening to you for a couple of years. How'd you like to sing with my band?"

Frank just stood there for a minute. Then he grabbed Harry's hand and said, "When do I start?"

"Right away," Harry said. Frank rushed to the nearest telephone and called Nancy to tell her the wonderful news. "Now we can get married, honey," he said.

That night, there was another all night session of making plans. They could see the future now. But there wasn't time to get married because Frank had to go right out on the road with Harry's band. The band clicked immediately. Nancy and Frank wrote letters every day and when Frank came back they were married in New Jersey, not far from the little apartment they had always wanted. That same week, Harry James and Band opened at the New York Paramount. After closing at the Paramount, Frank and Nancy got that little apartment in New Jersey. It wasn't big, or luxurious. Just an average, nicely furnished little place that all out of work kids in love dream about.

Other bands began to bid for Frank, but he stuck to Harry for a year. Then Harry's band, on tour again, arrived in Chicago at the same time as Tommy Dorsey's. Jack Leonard, Tommy's ace singer, was leaving. Tommy heard Frank one night at the Palmer House and decided he had to

It was announced last month that "PORTIA FACES LIFE" would appear in this issue. It will appear, instead, in a forthcoming issue of RADIO MIRROR.

have him. Harry didn't want to hold Frank back, for he felt that Dorsey's band was just the spot for him.

But following Jack Leonard wasn't all gravy. Leonard had been with Dorsey for years and had built up a tremendous following. Dorsey fans were bound to object to a newcomer.

Jack Leonard's reputation wasn't Frank's real worry, though. If it had been only that! But, in a few weeks, there was going to be more to worry about than just Nancy and himself. There was a baby coming. They had both wanted one and the job with Harry James had seemed permanent. Now, there was a chance to take another step up the ladder. But—what if Frank didn't live up to Tommy's expectations?

Band singers are a dime a dozen. Harry James would have to get another singer to replace him right away. If he failed with Tommy, there might not be another job open for months. There would be hospital bills to pay. At first, Frank thought of turning down Tommy's offer without even telling Nancy about it.

But Nancy knew something was worrying him before he had been home very long. At first, she thought it was just worry over the baby that was coming. Then, she realized it must be something else, something about his job.

ARE things all right with the band?" she asked him.

"Fine," Frank said. "Great. But Nancy," he hesitated and then blurted it out. "I've had an offer from Tommy Dorsey."

"That's swell," Nancy said, her eyes lighting up. "You've always wanted to sing with Tommy's band."

"I sure have," Frank said. "But look, Nancy. We've got to think of the baby. And, if I don't catch on—well—"

Nancy smiled. "Remember what I said down at the beach that night? I still mean it, Frank. Always do what you want to do. I still believe in you." She smiled again. "And I bet somebody else will, too. Three are going to be harder to beat than two."

Frank didn't hesitate after that. He called Tommy Dorsey that night and accepted the job. The first few months with the band were tough. Fans grumbled about Leonard being replaced. Sometimes, Frank worried and his confidence wavered. But Nancy was always there to bolster it up.

Soon, the tone of the fan letters began to change. People began writing, "That Sinatra kid sure can sing." And just a few days before Frank recorded "I'll Never Smile Again," the number that was to bring him fame, Nancy presented him with a seven pound baby girl.

Things are very much all right now in the little apartment over in New Jersey. What was a dream a few years ago, what was no more than a girl's faith in the boy she loved, has now brought to Frank and Nancy all the things they wanted.

The baby girl's name is Sandra. She's just four months old now. Because the music world finally gave them a break, Nancy and Frank want Sandra to become a harpist. But if Sandra is anything like her father, she'll be what she wants to be. Or maybe she'll be like her mother and some small town boy will "get there" because of her faith and love.



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

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete security.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



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Once you make this test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH, Louisville, Ky., and we'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



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That's why every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains an added ingredient to help keep your lips adorably smooth as satin. Coty "Sub-Deb" gives you not only exciting color... but also valuable protection against parching. Try Coty "Sub-Deb," and soon you'll be telling others of its blessed magic. \$1.00 or 50¢.

New Shades

4 OF THE 9 EXCITING SHADES

Gitane smart and dashing "gipsy" shade
"Magnet Red" a dramatic red red
Dahlia a flower-soft red... very young
Tamale new "Latin-American" shade

COTY

Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 43)

by saying that he had gone out to see if the bridge-road was still passable.

Quickly they drove to the office of the City Commissioner of Dyerville. They found the official beside himself with worry and fear of the menace hanging over his city and its citizens.

The Yellow Mask had demanded one million dollars. Unless it was paid by the following midnight, the city of Dyerville would be destroyed!

TWENTY-FOUR of the precious thirty-six hours passed. No one knew how to bring the threat into the open—no one knew how to fight the danger. The dark cloud hung ever lower over the city's heart. Only Superman was sure that he could meet and conquer the menace. Still disguised as Clark Kent, he questioned the Commissioner.

"Commissioner, suppose you were going to destroy Dyerville—how would you do it?"

"Well, Kent, look at this map. This is Harley Dam—with the Lake up above. If I were bent on destroying Dyerville, I'd blow out the Harley Dam. The lake behind it is ten miles long. Every drop of its billions of gallons of water would come down on us and wipe this city and its people from the face of the earth!"

The Commissioner finished speaking. Silently Clark and Lois followed him into the Council Room. The executives of the city had gathered to decide if they should surrender to the Mask and pay him the ransom he demanded for 30,000 lives. But they were brave men. Every one of them voted to defy the criminal! Then, as the vote was counted, the voice came again:

"Very well, gentlemen, you have made your decision—and I have made mine! I shall not wait until midnight. I shall destroy your city now—at once. The flood is already on its way!"

At that instant, Clark Kent vanished. Changed in a twinkling to the flying form of Superman, he flew faster than an airplane, back up the valley to meet the boiling, roaring flood of Harley Lake as it poured down toward the narrow gorge of the Jefferson River and headed, inevitably, for the city below!

"If I ever worked fast, this has to be the time. I must block up the gorge.

It's once chance in a thousand. Even Superman can't hold back a flood—it won't hurt me. I can't drown—but it can kill every living soul in Dyerville. Faster—faster—"

The wind whistled sharply as the winging figure cut through it. Racing ahead of the flood, Superman swooped down to the only place where it could be turned from the doomed city—the narrow bend of the gorge. Between the rocky cliffs, rising a hundred feet on each side, a towering wall of angry water thundered.

"There it is—can't get ahead of the water. But maybe I can block it off—send the rest of it down the old river bed! But I have to tear those cliffs apart—drop tons of rocks—here goes!"

WITH flood waters raging on every side, Superman tore at the granite walls, ripped into the living rock. He sent great masses plunging to the foot of the gorge. But more—and yet more was needed as the angry waters swirled through. Then—Superman saw a great point of stone hanging high overhead—

"One last chance! If I can rip that loose—crash it down there in the middle—Here's my last try!" His great muscles strained to the task. "Not much time—once more—it's cracking—starting to go—now!"

With a gigantic, crashing sound, the tons of rock fell. In the last second, Superman tore down the high rocky walls of Jefferson Gorge and turned aside the murderous flood into the old river bed. The City of Dyerville was saved!

Two hours later, Superman, disguised once again as Clark Kent, met Lois Lane in a telegraph office on the city's Main Street. She was triumphant:

"I beat you to it!—I've already sent Perry White the complete story of how Dyerville was saved from the flood! This is one time, Mr. Clark Kent, when you weren't in on it!"

Superman didn't answer. He only smiled to himself.

Next month—read another of these thrilling exploits of Superman, the strange being who devotes all his great strength to conquering the forces of evil.

Stars of screen and radio donate talent worth many thousands of dollars to plead for more "Bundles for Britain" — Claudette Colbert takes direction from Arch Oboler with a smile, while lovely Merle Oberon, in the foreground, waits for her turn.



Tomorrow's Children

(Continued from page 27)

honestly convinced that if a group of children were put on an island somewhere, and left there to grow up by themselves, they'd turn into a race of people who would amaze us with their generosity, dignity, and general ability to get along with each other without fighting.

"That's why Charlie and I do everything we can to give Mary and Jamie a good example. The one thing I think we really owe them is that. Mary is eleven years old, and not once has she heard a quarrel between her father and mother."

Helen's expressive face sparkled with amusement. "I don't mean to say that we don't quarrel. We do. We're both temperamental people, and there are bound to be explosions. But Mary never knows it. That's one thing we are agreed on. We may feel as if we'd like to cut each other's hearts out, but if either of the children comes into the room, the fireworks stop. We even stop *thinking* the quarrel, because we know children are sensitive and can tell when things are wrong even though no words are spoken.

THE children never hear us gossiping, either, or saying anything that indicates we are envious of someone else. I think we can at least spare them from contact with malice and envy.

"The result is that Mary, at eleven, feels she is able to join in an adult conversation, because she has never heard an adult conversation which repelled or confused her. Since she's on safe ground, she talks to grown-ups without either self-consciousness or precociousness."

"How about discipline?" I asked. "Don't you ever have to discipline either of them?"

Helen smiled. "Mary almost never. Jamie's more active and apt to upset things, principally, I suppose, because he's a boy. But— Well, I'll tell you about Jamie.

"He's adopted, you know. Some day—rather soon, I think—we intend to tell him about his adoption. We know exactly what we'll say to him, and rehearse it together, Charlie and I, every now and then.

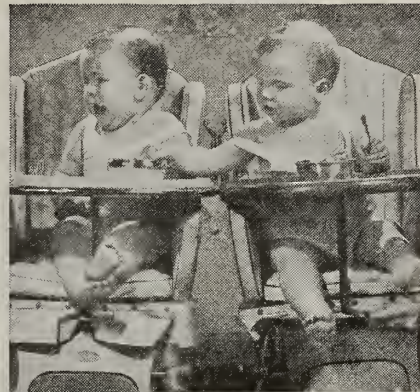
"We didn't want Mary to be an only child, and we decided to adopt a boy when she was about eight. We were a little afraid she might be jealous, after being the star attraction in the MacArthur household for so long, so we worked out a little scheme. Nothing was said to Mary until everything was arranged, and when I went in the car to get Jamie I took her along, telling her only that we were going after a present for her. At the hospital I took her into the room where Jamie was, showed him to her, and said, 'We're getting you a little brother, Mary. Do you like him?'

"She looked up at me and said, 'You mean he's *mine*, Mummy?'

"Yes, Mary,' I said, and from that moment Jamie has been her brother first and my son second. Jamie knows how things stand, too. That's why, when he misbehaves, it doesn't mean half as much for me to slap his hands as it does for Mary to look disapproving and say gently, 'That's not very nice, Jamie.' Then he hangs his head and looks as if his heart



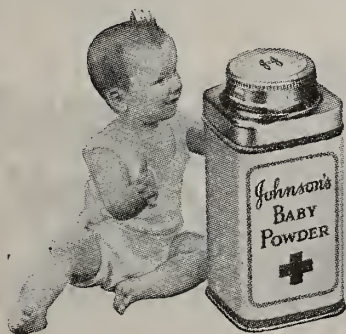
Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service... I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



Give your baby the comfort that keeps so many babies happy—Johnson's Baby Powder! It doesn't cost much but it's lovely and smooth... and, my! how it helps relieve chafes and prickles!

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

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YOUR hands can be always soft and smooth to love! Most girls' hands tend to roughen because hand skin dries easily. (Nature's softening moisture is whipped away by wind and cold.) But Jergens Lotion furnishes new softening moisture for your skin.

Almost like professional skin care! Many doctors use 2 special ingredients to help crude, rough skin to fresh-flower smoothness. Both are in Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Easy and quick! No wonder Jergens is the favorite Lotion! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00—at beauty counters. Get Jergens Lotion today!



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FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

were about to break."

Raising her two children was not a very great problem to Helen Hayes until last spring. Then, along with thousands of other mothers who watched war breaking out again and knew the world was changing faster than anyone could keep up with it, she was frightened.

"I asked a man I know, 'How can I help my children get ready for the future? How can I prepare them for it, when I don't know what is coming myself?' I hoped he might give me an answer," Helen said, "because he is the wisest person I know. He is an invalid, and he sees the world from a perspective the rest of us don't have.

"And he told me, 'Just remember this, Helen. Your children are going to be the pioneers of a new world. The things you have—the things they have now—they won't have in that new world. Prepare them to do without. Prepare them to be real pioneers.'

"That's why—" she was intensely serious now—"that's why Charlie and I are trying to accustom Mary and Jamie to the simple things of life, the fundamentals. We have bought a farm, just a small one, and both we and the children spend as much time there as we can. I want Mary and Jamie to know the land and understand it, because on the land life is at its simplest and most elemental.

"It's hard not to protect and coddle your children, and give them luxuries, when you have the financial means to do so. Every father and mother must want to make life easy for their children—it's the deepest and most natural sort of instinct to give your children everything you can. But today, with the future staring us in the face, that is a mistaken kindness. I do what I can to keep Mary and Jamie from getting used to things that when they are older, perhaps, they can't have.

THIS year I changed Mary's school. When she first began to attend school I spent a good deal of time picking out the right one for her. I went and sat in the classrooms of several private schools and one public one, and found out how the children were taught; and I finally selected a private one that seemed to me to be just right—advanced in its methods, but not too arts-and-crafts-y.

"But this year Mary started going to a public school, the regular grammar school in Nyack. It wasn't good for her, I thought—it wasn't good preparation for the future—to be always with the children of wealthy parents, protected from the democratic contacts of a real public school. I don't know what tomorrow's world will be like, but I do know that if it's to be worth living in at all, the democratic tradition will be an important part of it.

"I've thought a great deal about what my invalid friend said. My children—and the children of everyone else—are going to be pioneers! Pioneers in what kind of a new world? That's something no one can answer with certainty, but I don't think it matters. Pioneers always need courage and faith in themselves and honesty and a conviction in the value of their own lives. If I can help my children to develop and keep those qualities—because I know they already possess them—I'll be doing all that's possible to help them be happy and useful when they grow up, no

matter what changed conditions they find then.

"I'd be glad, of course, if I could provide them with material things that would make their lives happy and secure. But material things—money, I mean, and property—may not be much good in the future. All I can really give them, and be quite sure it will be useful to them, is character. And, when you come right down to it, the only way I can give that to them is by example. If they didn't admire and respect their father and mother, it would be rather silly to blame them for not being admirable or worthy of respect themselves.

"That's why Charlie and I refuse to quarrel in front of them, and it's why we don't gossip, or ever let them know that we have malicious thoughts. We aren't perfect, of course, and we don't try to appear so. But we do try to show the children that we actually believe in the things all parents say they believe in. We try not to tell them, for instance, that gossiping is wrong—and then undo the effect of our lesson by allowing them to hear us doing that very thing. Or to preach that 'money isn't everything' and then show them all too plainly by the things we do and say that we really think it is."

It seemed to me, as I thought over what Helen Hayes had said, that it all simmered down to a few cardinal points—very important points, that the whole world could study with profit. In a complicated society, our children will need a love for the simple things of life, for they are the only things they can be sure of. And in addition, they'll need an integrity—a return of the pioneering spirit—that too many of their elders have lost or neglected. We don't have to give them these qualities—for, Helen believes, they already possess them. But if we can help them to retain them, we'll have done our duty by the future.

"—wonderful to kiss
your satin-smooth FACE"



Dry Skin may Handicap Romance . . .

try this new "ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment

SO SIMPLE, yet so helpful in beautifying your complexion—this new Jergens Face Cream. A whole beauty treatment in one jar, "okayed" by Alex, the famous originator of lovely fashions.

so-quick way to cultivate fresh, smooth skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream, today.

Endorsed by *Alix of Paris*
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Just look! This one lovely new cream—

- (1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) gives a velvet finish for powder; and (4) makes a fragrant Smaath Skin night cream that helps amazingly against sensitive dry skin. And, girls, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early!

Who makes this many-purpose cream for you? Why, Jergens skin scientists. The same who make Jergens Lotion for winning soft hands. Light! Fragrant! A delightful,



ALEX OF PARIS

"CRAZY ABOUT THIS NEW CREAM"

"Improved my delicate dry skin amazingly," writes Mrs. E. Gibson, Seattle, Wash. "Expensive creams, elaborate facials, never helped me as your cream did from the first applications. I am delighted with Jergens Face Cream."

ALL-PURPOSE . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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

(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 1606 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario) Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

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I Need You, Darling

(Continued from page 11)

summer then, and the top was down. We could see the stars trying vainly to shine through the glare of the city. We heard the boats hooting distantly out on the gray-bosomed river, and saw their lights, like pinpoint lights marching sedately and carefully this way and that way, bound on their own strange errands.

Lee's arm fell across the back of the seat. His hand touched my shoulder. I moved over, close to him, wanting him to take me in his arms, wanting the pleasure of feeling his lean long strength holding me. "It's beautiful," I murmured.

"Yes," he said matter-of-factly. "It's a great fairyland, contrived by man for his own pleasure. But the fairyland has turned on its maker, and now it holds him in its grip. That's why the city is a woman—made from man and by man, but now it has the upper hand."

I didn't want him to talk like that. I only wanted him to hold me. I dropped my head until it rested on his shoulder. I knew the ghost of the perfume I wore haunted his nostrils.

He breathed deeply. "But beautiful!" he said.

I TURNED so my lips were near his. Against my ear was the tweedy roughness of the coat he wore, and the faint odor of good tobacco made me tingle all over. I caught his hand and drew it to my breast. Then his lips were against mine. At first lightly and caressingly, then harder and harder. His arms held me, then they demanded, then they became hard and strong like steel. I wanted to cry out, to tell him this was like Heaven slipping from my grasp to have him hold me so and not love me. Because he didn't love me. There was no love in his embrace, only passion. And almost I didn't care. I just plain wanted him.

He released me suddenly, and his arms let me go so completely that it was like being pushed away. He laughed. He laughed, and the sound came oddly on the midnight air, like an oath after a prayer, like a wrong note in the symphony that had played so briefly in my heart. "That's for the vice president's daughter," he said, and laughed again. He got out and came around to let me out. I felt my face go red and furious.

"Do you think—" I began.
"I don't think anything," he said. "I just know I'm not a toy to be tossed around by a spoiled brat. Your father buys my voice for fifteen minutes a day, but he doesn't buy me. All the money in the world wouldn't be enough to make me play nursemaid to a rich man's daughter. Remember that!" He turned on his heel and strode back to the car. I stood there for a minute, hating myself and Lee Ferris and my father and pretty much the whole world.

But it didn't last. I knew it wouldn't. The next day I realized that Lee's rejection of me had only made me love him more. Yes, it was love. I knew from the way my heart felt, from the way I got panicky and afraid when I thought of not seeing him again. And for the first time in my life I came face to face with a problem I couldn't tell Daddy about. I was ashamed of the way I'd thrown

myself at Lee, and frightened that I'd spoiled everything right at the beginning.

The next day I spent a long time in front of the mirror. I brushed my long blonde bob until it shone like burnished gold. I sprayed some new perfume into the air and then walked through it, so only a haunting fragrance would cling to me. I put on my newest dress and a plain black straw hat with a wide brim. Finally I was satisfied, or almost, and I went to the studio in time for Lee's afternoon rehearsal. When he came out I was waiting.

"Lee," I said, "I came to apologize—"

"You don't need to." He started to walk away.

"Wait!" I caught his arm. "I know I don't need to, but I want to, because I'm ashamed. I'm not really that way. I—I—" The blood began to creep up into my cheeks. I could feel it.

Lee looked at me, and something, I don't know what, made him soften. "No," he said. "I know you're not. Maybe I should be the one to apologize."

My heart began to sing again. It would be all right! "Don't," I said. "But will you come up to Connecticut with us for the week-end? Daddy's having a lot of people and I know he'd like to see you too."

He thought a moment. "Yes," he said. "I'd like to."

All the rest of the week I shopped for bathing suits and slacks and sports clothes, and every minute I lived waiting for Friday night to come. I didn't see Lee. I avoided him purposely, only telephoning once to arrange to pick him up in my car after the broadcast Friday night.

And it was perfect. For three whole days we played together. Looking back on it now I still think of it as sun-filled and cloudless, being constantly with Lee, swimming, sailing on the Sound, talking, dancing—knowing for the first time the ecstasy of love growing, blossoming inside me.

I HOPED that Lee felt something of this too. I wanted to believe it, and I tried hard to, but I knew it wasn't so. He began to like me, and I think to respect me, and maybe even to admire me, but he didn't love me.

Still, we were together, and this in itself was enough for the time. Later maybe I could make him love me.

One thing that made it easier was the way Lee and Daddy got along. They liked one another a lot. Daddy saw in Lee the same qualities I had come to love—the honesty and strength of purpose and character. "You could do worse," he said. "Carol, baby, I'd hate to lose you, but I just want to say that if you have to get married someday, I don't think you'll ever find a better man than Lee Ferris."

I hugged him. He knew. All that autumn and winter we went around together. My love for him grew deeper and stronger until it was the only thing that seemed to matter.

Then towards spring I began to see a change in Lee. At first he seemed restless and discontented. "It's this darned job," he said. "I've got a good voice, I think, and yet the only place

I can use it is in a quartet. I'd like to at least try to do more with it."

"But your lessons," I said. "You've always kept those up. Don't they count?"

"Oh, yes," he said impatiently. "They're all right, only I need more practice, and a really good teacher before I can get any place."

That gave me an idea. For three weeks I thought about it, and then I determined to have it out with Lee.

One night we stayed home together while Daddy was out. A big fire blazed in the fire place and threw long dancing shadows across the big room. We felt cozy and warm and protected from the river chill. Everything was just right. I kept thinking about it all evening. It was a hard thing to say. Finally I gathered my courage in my two clenched fists and went and sat so close to Lee on the big soft davenport that he had to put his arm around me. It felt so good to have it there again. I hadn't realized how starved I had been for affection.

I turned my face up to his ear and whispered, "Darling, will you marry me?"

He jumped. "Carol!"

"Now wait," I said. "Let me tell you. You know I love you."

"Yes, Carol, darling, I know," he said sadly. "And I wish I—"

"Don't say it," I told him. "I just know I can't go on seeing you and not have you with me all the time. It's so precious—"

"It has been, Carol. I guess you're about the best friend I've got."

FRIEND! I said. "I don't want to be your friend. I want to be your wife . . . Oh Lee, can't you marry me even for my money?"

Something in my voice, maybe the plaintive appeal, made him smile and kiss me—the first kiss since that night in his little car. "I don't know," he said. "I wish I did love you. I'd give anything—"

I kissed him then and made him stop. But I went on talking and eventually I won. I didn't know whether it was the life I promised him, or just his own niceness and his desire not to hurt me, that made him decide. At the end, he kissed me fondly, very fondly, and then whispered into my hair, "You're very beautiful, Carol darling. I'm a lucky guy to have you loving me so much."

Daddy was marvelous. For a wedding present he gave us a trip around South America that was just about perfect. We sailed on the afternoon of our wedding day. In the cabin that night Lee put his arms around me. He buried his face in my hair. His voice came huskily. "Darling, did I ever tell you you're the loveliest girl I've ever been able to imagine?"

"No," I whispered. "Tell me."

"You are," he said softly. "The way your hair grows away from your forehead, and your ears, so little and pink, like sea shells, and your nose, that gets saucy when you're mad, and the way you stick out your lower lip when you're thinking—"

"Darling!" I pulled his head down and made him kiss me.

It was like that for four glorious weeks. In Lee's arms all the bliss and beauty I had dreamed of became more than dreams, more even than reality. His lightest touch made my blood run first cold, then warmer and warmer until it became a cataract pulsing through my veins, pounding, pounding to be free and light like the air,

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demanding release—a wild bird with beating heart confined to a cage.

We stopped in Florida for the last of the season there. Lee wanted to go to New York right away to take up his radio engagement, but the sun was so warm and bright in Miami I couldn't face the thought of New York, and I didn't see why our honeymoon should ever end, so I made Lee stay for three more weeks. He didn't want to but I made him. At first I only had to say I wanted to stay, but after a week he grew restless again, and I thought up a daring scheme to keep him with me.

It took real courage to put it into words. "Lee," I said, "you know I have a lot of money—more than we'll ever use, and it's in my name too. I don't need to ask Daddy for it . . ."

"Yes," he said, "but I won't live on it. I told you that."

"Of course not," I said, but deep down I knew I did want him to live on my money. I wanted to make him all mine and keep him forever that way. But I went on talking. "And I wouldn't want you to, but I do think the least I can do is invest some money in my own husband."

"What's your idea, dear?" he said.

JUST this," I answered. "Why not take a year and do nothing but study music! You won't be bothered with business or rehearsals or broadcasts. You can develop your voice and satisfy yourself."

In the end he agreed. We stayed in Miami for another month, until the bad weather in New York was over.

Once settled in New York, Lee plunged into his practice with so much enthusiasm it made me afraid. Sometimes it seemed he liked music more than he liked me. Oh, it's silly to be jealous of a man's career, but I guess I was. I began to resent the daily trips to Signor Sarni's studio and the endless hours of practice.

He used to shut himself up in the music room in our apartment from two to six every day, and if I even so much as opened the door he told me to go away and not bother him.

And one other awful fear weighed on me more and more. I remembered that Lee had never loved me as I wanted to be loved—with the same white passion I felt for him. Never once had he been really mine. Only my body kept him and held him, and I was almost afraid to say it even to myself, my money! Yes, my money! I had to face it.

All the time this thought was growing in me like a death, I tried harder and harder to hold Lee. Several times Signor Sarni thought he was ready for auditions for opera, and each time I discouraged him on some pretext—saying another month would see still more promise, or that it was the wrong season, or sometimes I just managed to keep him out late a few nights, so it took a week of hard work to repair the damage. Occasionally I even let him sleep past the hour for his lesson.

I know it was wrong. I know now it was really dishonest, but I had to have him, and I had to do those things.

The months passed. The spring came again after the long northern winter. Lee grew more and more im-

patient. Nothing I did would take his mind off singing. Finally I decided to have a big party—a really big one, with lots of people and lots of champagne. I planned it for the last week in May, just before people began to leave for the summer.

When the night came Lee was morose and sullen. It was all I could do to get him into his dress clothes and make him receive the guests.

What is it they say about the hostess never having a good time at her own party? Well, I guess it's true. I never had a more wretched time in my life. I scarcely saw Lee all evening. Maybe it was my fault. I knew I shouldn't have asked Barbara Davis. She's an incorrigible flirt—the kind that's never satisfied unless all the men in sight dance attendance on her—and this night she singled out Lee for her attentions.

After all the guests had gone, about three in the morning, I found myself with a splitting headache. I felt as though it would be nice to crawl into a corner of the dirty, messy room and die. But I couldn't even go away. I was so mad I just had to talk to Lee. "I think when I give a party for you," I said, "the least you can do is to pay some attention to me. After all, I paid for it." My voice sounded cold and deadly as the jealousy that froze me.

LEE was facing away from me taking off his coat. I saw the back of his neck go brick red. He pulled the coat up slowly over his big shoulders. Then he turned around. His mouth made a grim and bitter line across his face. When he spoke, it was slowly and carefully, as though he were holding on tight to something that wanted to rise and choke him.

"I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this, Carol," he said. "But you've driven me to it and now I've got to tell you—"

"Wait!" I tried to stop him.

He went on inexorably. "I'm not blind, Carol. I know what you've been doing these last months to hold me down, to keep me tied to you. Well, I've been quiet because I thought all along you'd come to your senses before it was too late. Now I know you won't. You've grown into a hard and cruel woman. You'll do anything—stoop to anything—to gain your ends. All along I've waited to see the real woman come out. It hasn't. . . . You're still a spoiled brat!"

He paused then, and his shoulders drooped, but he looked me straight in the eye. "I'm getting out—"

I wanted to scream or throw myself on him and make him stop, but I couldn't. I stood there open-mouthed, listening, listening, to the dreadful words.

"I'm getting out tonight. And I won't be back. I couldn't come back to a woman who's considerate when she thinks it's good policy, and kind when it's the only way she can get what she wants."

I tried to stop him. I promised everything. I threw my arms around him and begged and pleaded, with sobs racking me, and tears flowing. But it did no good. He packed a bag and went away. I watched him go through the door, and heard it close.

The night was a long nightmare. I don't think I slept at all. When

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dawn came over the East River I sat at my window watching the rosy light fill the sky, hating the dawn and all things that meant life, because I wanted only to die.

At seven o'clock I telephoned Daddy. Was that my voice? That still, small thing that seemed to come from a great depth?

He came right over, and listened with downcast eyes while I told him the whole pitiful story.

"It's partly my fault," he said at last, wearily. "I gave you far too much. You expected things to be easy, and they aren't. I should have found a way to make you understand that you've got to *work* if you want people to love you... I should have told you. I saw it coming."

"But he married me for my money," I protested. "And it didn't hold him!"

He looked at me strangely then, and began to talk. He talked for a long time. "You go back to Lee," he ended. "And forget all your fancy stuff. Sublet the apartment, and go to him wherever he is with just the clothes on your back and maybe two dollars in your purse. Tell him anything you like, but go to him. And live on his money!"

"It won't work," I said weakly. "But I'll try. I've got to because I love him so much."

I DID it all as Daddy said. It took me a couple of days, but at the end of that time I'd learned that Lee had moved to a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment way down in the Chelsea district. And that he'd gone back to his radio work.

When he opened the door to my knock that night and saw me there, with the little suitcase, a flash went across his face. I thought for a minute it was joy. And when I told him I wanted to live with him on his money and really be his wife, the deep brown eyes lighted up from inside.

"It's a good idea," he said. "I can't do any real work with all that money around. I've managed to buckle down these last few days, and I'm going to get someplace. Signor Sarni has offered to coach me free."

"I'm so glad," I murmured. I wanted him to take me in his arms and hold me the way he used to, touch my face with his hand, make me a part of him again. But he didn't. All evening we talked about the future—his future. When I mentioned going to bed he smiled strangely. "This way," he said, and took me into the bedroom. He kissed me—on the forehead, and went back into the living room, closing the door firmly. A little later I heard him getting undressed and pulling out the couch to sleep on.

I cried myself to sleep that night, and for many nights afterwards. Because never once did Lee touch me except for that chaste little kiss on the forehead each night before bed.

Strangely, I came to value that token above all embraces. And it was a token. I felt it. I knew it.

All summer we lived like that, in the heat and noise of a New York summer. At first I thought I'd hate it. But I didn't. Lee and I talked a lot, and saw many people—mostly his friends, although after a while I no longer felt ashamed to ask my friends down to our tiny little place. I just stuck out my chin and stopped caring about what they thought.

It was such a puzzle to me. I had so

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little, and yet I was happier than I'd ever been. I took delight in marketing in the big chain stores and making every dollar count. I learned how to cook things that Lee liked and always I kept the house spotless even in the summer heat and soot. Yes, it was a puzzle. Something in me was changing, deeply and surely.

Autumn came at last, and Lee took auditions wherever he could get them. We waited breathlessly for the decisions to come in. For two weeks it seemed as though our whole lives revolved around the opinions of those men high up in their offices.

Then the letter came! Lee had been accepted! Nothing grand or startling, but it meant a secure hold on the first rung of the ladder.

That night we had a party to celebrate Lee's success. My Lee, singing in opera! When I thought of it my heart turned over in my breast with pride. Then a moment later came the familiar twinge. Because he wasn't my Lee. He was mine only as far as the bedroom door. There he always stopped as though he struck a solid wall. But I did love him! Just being with him was enough for now.

THE party was grand. I couldn't help thinking about that other party—the big one—and how unlike it this one was. Only eight of us, talking, playing the piano, singing, drinking a little dry sherry. That's all, and yet it had everything—good spirits, good talk, good people, good singing. More than once, when I caught myself up for a minute and looked around, the tears came to my eyes. I was so grateful.

But at twelve I made them all leave. "Lee has a big day ahead of him," I protested, laughing. "He needs his sleep. I know you'll understand."

Then I went to bed and lay there alone, but not lonely, hearing Lee moving about in the other room, wanting him, but not impatiently. Just waiting—for anything he chose to do.

Then I heard a step and the door opened. Lee came in and sat down on the edge of the bed. He touched my face with his hand. "Will you marry me, darling?" he said. I heard the huskiness in his voice and the clear strength of it.

In spite of myself I began to cry. He held me in his arms for a long time, until the love and joy of him came to me and the tears stopped.

"I love you, Carol," he said. "You know I didn't love you in the beginning, but you aren't the girl I married, now. You've grown up the way I hoped you would. If it hadn't been for all that money I wouldn't have had to call you all those horrible things. But I didn't mean them. I knew they were only a veneer over something fine and sweet and good. And I knew that if I could once find it—I'd *really* need you."

He kissed me then as though he meant it. The strong arms held me tight and close, his firm mouth pressed against mine until I felt like a great bird winging into the darkness of a great unknown forest, a stranger going home, a worshipper coming into a church. There was nothing for a time but the two of us, pressed together and held together by love.

And afterwards it was better too. I felt quieter and warmer, and stronger and deeper, than I'd ever felt before. Because now all this was mine for keeps—all of Lee, and all of Heaven that a mortal can stand.

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Trespassing Forbidden

(Continued from page 19)

until, all control abandoned, I snatched myself away and sank into a chair beside a little table. The unlighted lamp on the table mocked at me, like a symbol of our bafflement. And all the questions I had refused to ask, broke wildly from my lips.

"Is there nothing we can do about it? You can't love both her and me. You must choose, darling. If it's not me—I'll go away. You can't go on like this. It's doing terrible things to you. Do you—still love her, Clay?"

Even now I can see him there in the dimness, his face white, quivering a second, then set in hard, tight lines as he answered:

"I—never loved her, Anne. Not as you mean love. Not as I love you. Maybe with such love as was possible to me, five years ago. It seems like nothing to me now, except that I was flattered, proud to be her choice."

He stopped, fumbling for words. I prompted softly:

"She was—beautiful?"

"No," he said. "But—pretty, popular. At parties men crowded around her, just to exchange a word or a smile, to watch her. She was made for popularity. It contented her. She didn't really want anything more. She had no more—depth than that. But seven men had proposed marriage to her. I don't know why she accepted me. I think it was the psychological moment. Her friends were marrying. She fancied marriage. A wedding. A church full of friends."

HE started to pace the room, but returned to fling himself into the chair at the other side of my table.

"Please," he begged, "don't misunderstand. There have not been other men since we've been married. I don't think it could come into her mind to be untrue. She tries to be a good wife. We both have tried our best. We've grown fond of each other. We trust each other. We've been together five years. The only future she has ever planned for, is a future with me. Without me, there's nothing left her. No place in life, no means of living. She has never had a child. Doctors say there would be too much danger. We planned to adopt one, but—somehow—we never have. She lost her father many years ago, her mother recently. She has no one but me. Anne, how could I desert her? How could I even tell her?"

A weariness came over me.

"It seems—you can't," I said. "So I suppose that's all, then. You can't tell her, but you've told me—you've practically told me you choose her."

He reached across the table to grasp my hand and hold it, roughly, hurting it, not knowing that he hurt.

"I love you," he insisted. "That's why I can tell you. I can ask you to suffer with me, because I love you. It's absurd. I know that. Still—it's true. How could I ask a woman I don't love, to sacrifice herself for me? But later, Anne—if we'll only wait, she won't be so alone. Her sister is coming here in two months, to live with us. Then I can tell her. I will—then. I promise. I swear it. I see now. Alone, I couldn't see. It won't be so hard for her, if she has her sister—someone to be with. Then I'll tell her and—I'll ask for a divorce."

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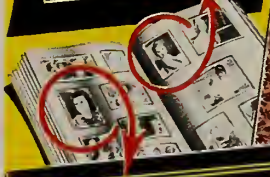
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Spent with emotion, I pressed my cheek against his hand, then rose unsteadily.

"Everything will be all right," he said. "We'll find that we can wait, and be ourselves again."

To be ourselves again! Not to live in silence or doubt or fear any more! It seemed more happiness than I could bear. I was hysterically happy, driving home. I even made him so. We laughed at anything and nothing. But we did not park. We did not kiss. We both had keyed ourselves to wait. Only at my door, we held each other tight, a long moment, and even then I didn't lift my face to be kissed. It was buried against his shoulder. I think his lips touched my hair. That was all.

I woke early the next morning and went to the window to watch the dawn pass from gray to gold. People across the way were getting up. A sunlamp shone through their white window-shades. A milkman's wagon was stopping next door. A messenger on a bicycle was peddling up the street. He stopped next door, too. No, he had only stopped to peer at the house number. He was starting on again. And—he was stopping again—at our house, coming in at the gate.

A CHILL of dread and fear crept from my heart through all my body. Wrapping my dressing-gown around me, I flew downstairs to the door. But maybe it only was a message from Clay, instead of the telephone call I had expected. My shivering abruptly overcome, I felt life spring into all the happy little laughter muscles in my face. Breathless, I took the letter the boy handed me. And it was—it was for me. It was—from him.

Dancing back to the stairs, to the melody I'd brought home the night before, I dropped down on a step and tore open the letter. And the gladness that had started singing through all my being, was silenced and frozen. The letter, in Clay's writing, said:

"Dear Miss Carrington: I'm writing so that you'll know I'll be back at work in three or four days. I got a little scratched-up in a car smash, last night, and thought you might be alarmed if you read of it in the papers or didn't know till you were at the studio. I wasn't driving. It wasn't my car. I won't be jailed or anything. But I'll be here at the hospital until the doctors know just how badly Della is hurt, and what must be done for her. She was unconscious a long time. Now—"

THE letter fell from my hand. I thought I never would be able to take it up again and read the rest of it. I think I knew then what this was to mean to him and me. I knew by the very fact of his writing—by the formality of his letter—as though we already were parted—and by the care he took to reassure me first and make me understand little by little. Della. His wife. Hurt. Unconscious.

I crept upstairs and automatically dressed to go and face what that day was to hold. Somehow I got through rehearsal and broadcast. His letter had asked me not to go to the hospital to see him, not to call him on the telephone there, but to wait to hear from him.

All day he sent bulletins, and all the next day and the next. At the end of the third day I knew. Della's

life was safe. She only—he said only—would be—unable to walk. Only! She only would be helpless, completely dependent on him. Only! The world stopped. It was the end of everything.

Clay did not come to see me. Our author wrote him out of the script for three days. On the fourth day we met at the studio. He would not look at me until the broadcast ended. I whispered love words into the microphone, stifling in my heart the real love that rebelled there. I riveted my eyes upon the script until they burned and ached in protest, for fear of what they would say if I let them be seen.

But our ordeal did at last come to an end, and we went—so quietly now—out through that same room where audiences waited, and were in the street before either of us spoke. We drove in silence to the coffee shop, and there he told me. He told me everything was changed. The arrival of Della's sister couldn't help us now. No divorce could be asked. If I wished, he would get himself released from his radio contract, and we need not go on meeting. Because nothing could ever be done now that could bring me happiness, he said, and we must make ourselves forget. We must never talk of love or think of it, again. If I wished, he would stay on the program, if he could help more by staying. But he thought it would be better for me if he left. I'd been crying silently all the time he talked. I couldn't stop. I couldn't talk, except to say:

"Stay. And I'll stay."

I DIDN'T care. If it killed me, to stand at that microphone, listening to words of love that had become hollow mockery, I'd die. But until I did, we would be together, even if only to suffer together.

That was what I thought that day. It's easy to talk of dying, and say, "I don't care." But, when you say that, you think of being dead, not of being slowly tortured, killed a little every day, by your own words, and words spoken by the one voice that can wake in every fiber of you, in every thought, every motion, a heart-breaking wish for life.

It was not until early summer that Clay again asked me to drive with him. I didn't see how talk could be of any use, but if he thought it could be, to him, perhaps it could. I thought he meant we would drive to our little shop, but he drove aimlessly awhile, then stopped.

"Della listens to us every day," he said abruptly, like a person determined to get something over with quickly. "She thinks you're wonderful. She wants to see you. Could you bear to come home with me, to see her? I know what I'm asking. It will do as much to me as it will to you."

His look, his tone, were so utterly without hope of anything, that I reached over to lay my hand on his hand on the wheel. It was the first caress that had passed between us since the night of the car wreck.

"Poor darling!" I said. "But we can't be through with it by my not going to her. She'll persist. We can't explain. It would always be before our minds. We'd live it through a hundred times instead of once."

He nodded, and started the car. But I had never known anything could

cause such agony as going into their house, into Della's room, seeing her, crippled, unable to walk, to move without help.

Yet it was she who made it possible for me to remain. She was all Clay had said she was, sweet, charming, pretty. She talked, made us talk, about the broadcast, the story we were in, and about sound effects, and our author. Then, suddenly taking Clay's hand as we stood trying to get away, and looking like a suddenly resolute child, she said:

"Miss Carrington,—Anne,—I listen to you every day. And after all, I know Clay. And I know he and you are not playing at being in love. You —are in love."

Somehow I was able to catch back my breath in a note or two of laughter. It was meant to express surprise.

"We—try to be convincing," I said. "But don't say you're convinced."

She looked shrewdly, almost wisely, at me and then at him.

"Only people in love," she said judicially, "could be as merciful as you're being to me, ready to die of love for each other rather than acknowledge it to me. And only people in love," she went on more vehemently, to silence the protest Clay had attempted, "could be as blind as you are being. You can't imagine anybody wanting anything but love and marriage. But I'm through with life. I want—"

"Della," I interposed gently, "you only say that because you're hurt and ill. As soon as you're better—"

"I'm never going to be better," she cried. "You know that. And I know. And what I want is to go away into a home, where there are other people who are—crippled like me. That's what I want. And you want freedom to marry. And I want you to have it. I'm not sacrificing. I never sacrifice. I want what I want. And I expect you to help me. And I want to help you. I don't know how to go about divorce. But we'll find out. We must all find out, and talk again tomorrow."

SHE held out a hand to me, and told Clay to take me home and that we must come at the same time the next day. We both tried once more to dissuade her, Clay by reasoning and I urging that we wait and think, and not do things we might too late regret. But her voice became almost hysterical, and we promised we would do just as she wished, and left her. But on the stairs I stopped.

"I'm going back," I said. "I can't leave her like this. I know what she's doing. She's crying her heart out. I've got to make her understand we won't do as she says. Don't come with me. Women understand women. When I tell her I won't, she'll know I won't."

I did go back. Della's door was open, but I paused to knock, fearing to startle her. I paused, and stood aghast, appalled at what I saw. The woman who was paralyzed was standing! At one side of the chaise-longue on which she had been lying, she must have dragged herself a distance of several steps, for, leaning forward, she could touch a small table, and to that she clung, motionless, with both hands. Clinging, twisting, she drew herself nearer to it, one foot, then the other. She took away one hand from its support, grasping it harder



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True Story

with the other.

Then I could see her face. It was ashen. Great beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Her mouth was a thin, distorted line. Her eyes shone like fox-fire in darkness. But she was standing upright now, not crouching any longer, or leaning. Cautiously she slid one foot before her, watched it move, and a contortion that would have been a smile in a face less drawn, writhed across her face.

A moment she stood, swaying a little, gloating over her success. Then the other foot slid forward, and again the first, and then again the other. It was more a step then, not so much a pushing, sliding motion, but a step. Slowly she crossed to the other side of the table. There the hand that had been clutching it, found all at once no support beneath it. She screamed. I ran to her. She collapsed in my arms. With all my strength I managed to place her again among her pillows.

"I'll call the doctor," I said, starting toward the door.

But she would not release my hand, would not let me go.

"No," she said. "It's nothing. It's over now. He's coming, anyway, in a little while. He's told me that if I were a stronger kind of person, there could sometime be an impulse strong enough, a wish great enough, to re-coordinate the will and muscles. Then I could walk. But he said I'm not capable of that. He didn't know my temper, or how mad I'd be, to see you two walk out. The way you look at Clay! The way he looks at you! I want that, too."

BUT her face had a narrow, tight look, and her body still trembled from the superhuman effort she had been making, and I begged:

"Let me call the doctor."

She repeated, "No. He'll come. Besides, he said if once I could walk, I could always. It's ended. It won't come back. I had a wish great enough, a wish to live again and be free to find love, as he has found it, and you have found it. Clay and I never were in love. I got to think that maybe no one ever is. But you are. And he is, now. And I want life and love, too. And I'll have what I want. Just as I walked when I really wanted to walk. I did walk, didn't I, Anne? You saw me, didn't you?" Her eyes went past me, and I turned around.

Her challenging was not for me, but for Clay, who, white and still, was moving slowly into the room. Her scream had brought him to the door. He must, I realized, have heard every word she said. She saw him now, and wanted him told that she had walked, told so that he must believe.

With his help, she walked again when the doctor came. The doctor called it a miracle of will power. She laughed, though traces of struggle and exhaustion lingered in her face and her laugh sounded hard and quick and tense, as she answered:

"No. It was just a miracle of bad temper."

I think I never have seen a person happier than she was, as her prospect of freedom drew near, and of finding love as Clay had done, in spite of their mistaken marriage. And so she has done. She was married a few weeks ago, six months after the divorce became final. I can offer her no better wish than to hope she will be as happy, in this new marriage of hers, as Clay and I have been in ours.

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What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 9)

immediately inquired the name of the golden singer and was informed that it was Arthur Wright. Since then I have never missed an opportunity of listening to this magnificent singer.—Edna Shrieves, New York City.

Fourth Prize . . .

AN INSPIRATION TO EVERYONE!

This letter is a tribute to Connie Boswell—not only to her ability but to her brave, unconquerable spirit. I have just read her remarkable life story—of how she overcame every almost unsurmountable obstacle until she reached the heights and became one of radio's greatest personalities. I never dreamed when I heard Connie's lusty voice over the radio that she was singing from the confines of a wheel-chair. Surely the glorious example of this wonderful girl should spur weaker wills on to greater achievement.—Harris, Charlotte, N. C.

Fifth Prize . . .

LET'S KEEP RADIO DEMOCRATIC

Inasmuch as 20 percent of the serials are tops, and 60 percent more are good, I think they compare very favorably with any other type of radio entertainment in the pleasure and interest they afford. These sweeping attacks made against them or any particular kind of program strike me as just plain cussedness. Radio's greatest good lies in the very fact that it caters to all types and interests and ages; maybe its greatest need is listeners who pick, sort, and enjoy rather than kick, dent, and destroy.—Loretta Capes, Imlay City, Michigan.

Sixth Prize . . .

AGAINST THE MUSIC WAR

May I ask just what the ASCAP music war is all about? I have read several articles about it, but I do not understand its exact purpose and what the ultimate outcome will be. I do know that it has confused me, that I cannot recognize any of my favorite programs since their beautiful theme songs have been replaced with a few meaningless chords and scales.

We have also been getting an overdose of "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." Please don't misunderstand me. I love some of the old songs, especially the works of Stephen Foster. But even his songs get monotonous, program after program.—Mrs. Bill Battle, Jr., Rome, Ga.

Seventh Prize . . .

AND FOR THE MUSIC WAR

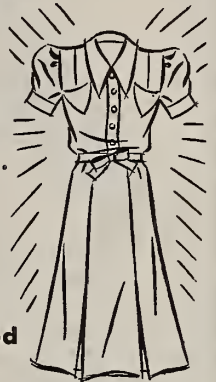
There is a fresh gust of wind from the south whistling about the eaves and the rain is fairly assaulting the windows. But I'm enjoying the warmth of the fireplace, and the radio is playing sweet rhythm. As I sit here listening to "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Annie Laurie," and "Beautiful Dreamer," I've never enjoyed the radio so much in years. This ASCAP mix-up pleases me. Maybe the jitterbugs don't agree with me, but in the meantime I'll say this is one disturbance that is soothing to the nerves.—Ruby Wheeler, Aberdeen, Wash.



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(Continued from page 26)

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blurred as they were by unhappiness, torn by rebellion, yet filled with an undercurrent of hope which increased as the days passed. There were hours when the sheer health of her young body made her glad to be alive. There were evenings when, returning from a dinner or the theater in John's car, she felt the vibrant quality of the man beside her, and her blood moved quickly, and the need of love stirred her with its imperative urgency.

Spring had come; a spring of sudden rains, of sunshine, and warm winds. Patricia and John stood by the open windows of the living room; the trees in the street were veiled in green, the air was soft against their faces. He stepped closer to her, but she did not move away. Then his arms were about her, and he swung her around so she faced him.

"Pat!" His voice held a rough edge. "Pat—" His lips were on hers, and her eyes closed as a deep sigh shook her. There was delight, joy, in being held against him; her nerves, her body relaxed into the unexpected sweetness of it.

"Marry me, Pat—let me love you," his words were muffled, broken, as his lips brushed her cheek, and were pressed against her hair; "I've waited—I'll make you happy—Pat."

PATRICIA let her head drop to his shoulder. She needed all he could give her, not only of passion, but of tenderness and companionship.

"Yes, John—yes—" it was as if something had broken within her, loosening the tight constriction which had held her bound, releasing her into freedom. And with the words came an urgent necessity for action—no more waiting—no more delay—She drew a little away from him so she could look into his face. "Yes, John—if you'll marry me now—at once—"

"You mean it, Pat, you mean it?" She nodded, her lips parted.

"Then—get a coat—pack a bag—we'll cross the State line—"

The words were sharp, and beating through them was an almost desperate intensity. Patricia glanced at him quickly; was he afraid that she might change her mind?

John was standing where she had left him in the hall when she came running down the stairs. She felt his hand close over hers, drawing her out into the street, helping her into his car. They were speeding through the spring dusk, through the warm night, to love, to a fulfillment long delayed—to that room in a quiet hotel in which he came to her and took her in his arms. The words of the marriage service were echoing in her ears, as his lips pressed hers, possessive, demanding. Patricia lifted her hands to his face, and her mouth grew eager under his kiss.

Patricia watched the man beside her, as they drove back to Chicago early the next morning; her eyes were tender, her heart was singing, her hands lay relaxed in her lap. Not for one second would she have foregone the rapture, passion and unutterable sweetness of the night just past, but—had she been wise to marry in this manner? She wanted their life to be serene, orderly, beautiful in all its details; the old Pat of thoughtless actions, of impulsive moods must not be

permitted to spoil the relationship she hoped to have with John. She sighed, and John glanced at her with a smile.

"Well, Mrs. Knight, just what are your plans?"

There was a little pucker between Patricia's eyes; then she laughed.

"Don't think I'm crazy, dear—you mustn't misunderstand me, but—" she hesitated.

"Out with it. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing is wrong. It's been wonderful." She placed one hand against his on the steering wheel. "But, I've always been too impulsive. I'm wondering if we should have waited and had a formal wedding. What I'm trying to say is that I want everything to be right for us, and maybe, we shouldn't have run away like this—"

"As if that mattered. It's up to us to make it fine—"

"I know that. But I sort of feel it was the old Pat acting, not the Pat who's your wife. Why did you let me, John?"

He shook his head. "Maybe, I was afraid if we waited—"

Her fingers pressed more firmly on his. "Never be afraid. I love you, dear." Yes, Patricia thought, her eyes on the road before them, I do love him, deeply, tenderly, passionately.

"John," her voice held a new assurance, "no one need know what we've done. There's no one to question me at home. Let's have a real wedding next week. You may think me silly, but I shan't be content if we don't."

"And not live together until then?" There was dismay in his voice.

"I know. But I do feel so strongly about this. Please, dear."

JOHN stared ahead, his eyelids puckered. Then he said, slowly, thoughtfully, "If you want it that way. Perhaps you're right."

"Thanks, John," Patricia said, gratefully. "And when we get into town, just drop me somewhere. I'll see about my clothes at once."

As Patricia hurried home for lunch, her thoughts kept time to the beat of her heart. Everything necessary could be done in a week. When they came back from their honeymoon she would see about closing the house; that would give Virginia and Alice ample time in which to find an apartment. They would return to John's penthouse; later they could find another place. She had already ordered her wedding dress, the days to come would be filled with fittings, shopping, with the thousand details to be arranged. There was just one thing she dreaded, and that she would do at once, and get it over. As soon as she entered the house, she went to the telephone and called Stormy. When Scoop knew, the past and all it had held, would be finished with forever. She had decided to let Alice tell Virginia the news; it would be easier for them both that way.

Through the crowded days which followed Patricia had little time in which to think. The tender, passionate and deep emotion she felt for John had hidden her earlier love like a mist shutting away everything but the present. And the hours slipped quickly by until that minute when she stood at the entrance of the church, her

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hand resting on the arm of an old friend of her father's who had flown on from New York to give her away. The music rose, flooding toward her as she stepped into the aisle. She saw faces about her as she moved onwards to where John waited. Alice—Scoop with Stormy beside him—Jack, home from school for the wedding—Virginia. Was that Virginia? I'm glad, Patricia thought, it means she doesn't hate me any more. Then John's hand was holding hers, the minister was speaking the last words of the wedding ceremony. Across the quietness there came a sharp, sudden crack. Patricia swung, clutching at John; there was a sickening, tearing pain in her side. John was holding her; she was on the altar steps; she heard screams, running feet. Her wide eyes, uncomprehending, saw John's face and Scoop—what was Scoop doing here, bending above her, calling her name? His face blurred, was lost—

IT was still, very still at the bottom of the black pit where she lay; now there was a light, and Patricia struggled toward it. It was a lamp, shaded and dim, and a strange woman in white sat by it—a nurse. As she tried to move, a stab of pain caught her, cleared her head; she tried to speak, and at her low murmur, John crossed from the shadows of the room, and bent above her.

"Pat, darling!" How white his face was, how strained and drawn. "Oh, God, Pat." He checked himself. "You'll be well soon, dear. You're all right."

Patricia's eyes flickered, closed; she was so tired.

"You'll stay, John—don't leave me." His hands closed over hers.

"Always, Pat—always." When Patricia opened her eyes again there was sunlight in the room, and John was sitting beside the bed. She was in the penthouse; then she remembered—the church—the shot—"Was it Virginia?" she asked.

John hesitated. "Yes," he answered. "Where is she?" Pat cried. "She didn't mean to kill me, oh, I know she didn't. What's happened to her?"

"She's all right, dear. You mustn't get excited. She was going to commit suicide. She was on her way to that hotel where she and Top Hat stayed; but some friends met her, and insisted she come with them to the wedding. And, when she actually saw you—in your bridal dress—being married—something just snapped, and she fired—that's all she remembers."

Tears were running down Patricia's white cheeks.

"Don't let anything happen to her, John; she mustn't be arrested."

"No, Pat, of course, I won't. She's broken hearted at what she did. And, strangely, this has cured her. It's like the crisis of a fever. She's sane and calm. And she's with Stormy."

"Oh," Patricia whispered. She felt suddenly exhausted. She closed her eyes, and nestled down further in the pillows. She would sleep and rest. John would attend to everything, and when she was well she would see Virginia.

The days passed swiftly; there were hours of sleep and rest, quiet talks in the evenings with John. Patricia could feel health and strength flowing into her body. The wound in her side was not deep; it was healing rapidly. Soon, she thought, I shall be well and strong, and John and I will

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start on our honeymoon. It was a bitter shock to her hopes and plans when John came hurrying into the penthouse one day, his face worried and troubled. Pat was sitting by the window, propped up by pillows.

"Bad news, dear," he said. "I've got to leave for South America, at once. I was afraid this might happen. I've done my best to get out of it, but I can't. There's a bad muddle down there over some land grants, and it looks as if I were the only one to straighten it out."

"Oh, John," Patricia cried, "must you go? I—" she stopped at the pain in his eyes.

"I know. To leave you for a day, a few hours is bad enough. And this may be weeks. Oh, Pat," his voice broke, "just when you're mine, after all these years—"

She drew his head down on her breast, and kissed his hair. She struggled against a feeling of dread, of actual fear. I'm becoming morbid, she thought, but, oh, I don't want to be left. Yet he wouldn't leave me if he didn't have to, and I must not make it harder for him than it is already. "I'll write you every day," he said, "and when I get back we'll have our honeymoon."

I T was lonely, terribly lonely without John; the evenings were so long, where before they had passed so quickly and contentedly, as he had sat with her, talking and reading. It had been the first real companionship Patricia had ever known, and she felt its loss through every hour. The arrival of John's letters each morning was the one event for which she waited, and she read and reread them, thrilling to the deep, passionate love in them, hoping each one would tell her the day of his return.

Then one morning there was no letter; the day passed—another day, and still no word from him. When after four days she was still without news of him, or from him, she called his office, only to find they also wondered at his silence. Patricia was frightened; what could she do, to whom could she turn? And, that afternoon, when the butler came and told her Scoop was asking to see her, she was both afraid and relieved. He might know something—newspapers had a way of finding out things. But one glance at his face banished her hope.

"What is it, Scoop?" she asked, attempting to keep her voice level, her heart from racing. "Do you know anything about John? You're worried—"

"John?" Scoop's face showed his surprise.

"I haven't heard from him for days, and I'm frightened. If not, what brought you here?"

For a long minute Scoop stared at her, then with an utterly weary gesture, he said:

"Stormy knows."

"Knows what?"

"That I love you—"

"Scoop! How can she? What have you done?"

"It's always something I do—I know that." He dropped into a chair, and ran one hand through his hair. "It was at the church, Pat, when you were shot. Stormy was frightened, begged me to get her out of the crowd. She had her hand on my arm. And I—I—" his voice choked. "I shook her off. I said something mad, crazy—something about how I'd lost you forever—something about love—Oh, Pat, I was wild. I didn't think. I left her."



Desi Arnaz and his movie star wife, Lucille Ball. Desi is to do short-wave broadcasts to South America.

There was silence in the room. Patricia shut her lips. She did not trust herself to speak. You never thought, did you, Scoop—like a child—you've done it again. I'd like to tell you what I think. But I won't; John has shown me how much better it is to be patient and gentle. At last, she asked, quietly:

"What has Stormy done?"

"Nothing as yet. I found her at home. Someone had put her in a taxi. The only thing she's said is: 'You shouldn't have lied to me, Scoop—I'm not worth it'. Then she insisted I go find Virginia and bring her to us; she thought she could help her. Oh, God—" his head dropped on his clenched hands.

"I'm sorry, Scoop," Patricia's voice broke, "but—you must make Stormy believe she's wrong, that you do love her. There are different kinds of love. I've learned that. You must prove it to her."

"I can't prove something that isn't true."

SCOOP rose to his feet, and stood looking at her; his eyes passed from her hair, her face, over her slim body. "I thought you'd better know," he said, turning away. "It's been so useless—so useless," he repeated. At the door he looked back. "I'll keep trying." But there was no hope in his voice.

Patricia rested her head wearily against the pillows of her chair. The pain, the anguish, the renunciation—all for nothing; not even blind Stormy happy. And she had once envied her. And John—where was John? She needed him as never before; he was strong and gentle. She longed to have him with her, to hear his voice. Panic crept over her; no, no, nothing could have happened to him—Oh, God, she prayed softly, let there be a letter from John tomorrow.

Thus the good intentions of Scoop and Pat have only succeeded in tangling their lives still more hopelessly—with Stormy's heart broken, with John Knight strangely missing. Read the amazing climax of this swiftly paced serial in the May RADIO MIRROR.

Stepmother

(Continued from page 32)

Kay tired very easily now that the time for her baby to be born was drawing near and it was good to have Peg around to do errands and attend to the housekeeping.

It was late in May and Kay was transplanting bulbs in the garden, when the pains began to come.

Days later, lying in her cool hospital bed, looking down at the funny, little, puckered-up face of her son as he lay in the crook of her arm, Kay's heart was filled with gratitude.

Her baby never failed to fascinate her. He was so perfect, so beautiful. He grew so quickly, like a fat little flower bud. Everything about him delighted her, the way he looked and smelled, even the way he shrieked lustily. Sometimes, she would smother her face against his round, little chest and whisper, "Oh, Billy, Billy. I love you so much—so much." And the baby would chortle and squirm.

THAT summer, John insisted on keeping the family together and he rented a cottage in the country, not far from Walnut Grove. They were all very happy there. Bud and Billy were inseparable. Both of them got brown as chestnuts and their shrill glee carried the days along swiftly. Peg and John drove into town every morning to work, but they always managed to get home in time for a swim.

To Kay, the summer seemed to fly. It was like a long, sunny day of laughter and a long, soft night of moonlight on the slow river. And then it was over and they reopened the house in Walnut Grove, with a flurry of mops and dust cloths.

Calmly, easily, the days passed, with just enough activity and work in them to make Kay glad when evening came and the younger ones were in bed and she could rest with John to keep her company.

She wanted it to last, this luxurious sense of contentment, of fulfillment. She wanted it so much that, at first, she refused to recognize the things that should have warned her that something was wrong with John. They were little things, his inability to laugh at Bud's jokes, his quickness to irritation over trifles.

But, the day when Peg first brought Bert Weston to the house, Kay found she could no longer ignore John's attitude. She had spent a pleasant afternoon with Peg and Bert Weston and she couldn't help noticing the sparkle in Peg's eyes, whenever the girl looked at the tall, good-looking young man. Kay had liked him, too, and they had chattered and laughed a great deal.

When John came home, however, their gayety had died down. He came into the house without a smile and his greeting to Bert was distant, almost as if he were unaware of him. And at dinner, the conversation, which had moved so happily in the afternoon, became labored and embarrassed with John's silence.

All the while, Kay had the feeling that John was resentful, that he was annoyed with Peg for bringing this stranger into the family circle. Later, after Bert had left, Kay tried to explain to John that it had been at her suggestion that Bert stayed to dinner. But John didn't seem to be listening.

Although Peg continued to see Bert,



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John did not openly voice his objection. In fact, after Peg had timidly asked whether he couldn't help Bert find work, he even got him a job on a road maintenance gang. And gradually, Kay got the feeling that she had been mistaken in thinking that John didn't like Bert.

Then, on a Sunday afternoon, Kay was startled out of her dreamy contemplation of the first, sprouting buds on the elm tree in the backyard by John's return from a hurriedly called conference at the office. There was a pent-up, bitter anger in his eyes. Kay turned from the window and stood there, her back against the light, waiting for him to speak.

FINALLY, he said sharply, "Kay, you must speak to Peg. She's making a laughing stock of us. Do you know what she does? She drives out almost every night and picks up Bert when he's through with his work."

"But, John," Kay protested, "what's wrong with that?"

"Wrong?" John repeated. "The mayor's daughter running after a day laborer?"

"John!" Kay was shocked. "I never expected you to be—a snob!"

Strangely, John flushed then and brushed his hand across his forehead uncertainly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean it to sound like that."

He said nothing more, but his silence was even more disturbing than his words had been. Kay was certain that something was troubling John profoundly. But try as she would, she could find no reason for his moods.

And suddenly, Kay realized that all these weeks she had been living in a dream of peace, a peace that had in reality left them. She was at cross purposes with the man she loved and he with his daughter. Nor could she deny now, with this realization thrusting itself upon her, that Bud felt the strain of his father's peculiar behavior, too. Her stepson was quieter, less inclined to laugh, absent for longer periods from the backyard where he used to play so much with his friends.

The days dragged and Kay felt that the whole family was waiting, watchfully, tense with anticipation. Then, driving back across the East Side one afternoon, Kay was shocked to see Bud loafing with a crowd of boys outside a cheap poolroom. It was only two o'clock. Bud should have been in school.

Kay pulled up to the curb and called to him. "Going my way?" she asked with a smile.

Bud started guiltily and, leaving the boys without a word, got into the car. Kay drove homeward in silence. Presently, Bud fidgeted and said,

"I'm sorry, Aunt Kay."

"Suppose we forget the whole thing?" Kay said. "Even where that place is—?"

And shamefacedly Bud said, "I guess you're right, Aunt Kay."

Kay didn't tell John about Bud's escapade. It would be time enough if it happened again. Which seemed unlikely for spring brought baseball and Bud had a new interest. When the school team went out for practice, Bud haunted the ball field and dogged the footsteps of the coach, until in sheer desperation, he allowed Bud to try out for the team.

"I made it!" Bud yelled as he ran into the house that afternoon. "I made

the team, Aunt Kay!" He was dirty and grimy and one knee of his pants was torn, but he was happy.

All spring, Bud practiced, three afternoons a week. He skinned his knees and sprained a finger and wrenched a shoulder, but he wouldn't have given up practice for anything in the world. During games, he sat on the bench and shouted himself hoarse and waited to be sent in to play. Finally, the coach told him he could play in the last game of the term.

Bud was so excited all week long that he could hardly eat. On Saturday, hours early, he put on his baseball uniform and wandered restlessly about the house. By two o'clock, he was feverishly excited, when he ran into the living room to say he was leaving and to make sure Kay and John wouldn't be late.

"I'll get somebody to save you seats," he said. "Don't be late. I don't want you to miss any of it."

"We'll be there, darling," Kay assured him. "Don't worry."

A few minutes after Bud left, the telephone rang. It was for John. When he put down the phone he reached for his hat.

"I've got to go out for a few minutes," he said.

"Oh, John!" Kay exclaimed. "Can't you postpone it until after the game? Bud wants so much to have you there."

"I'll be back in time," John promised.

BUT he wasn't. Kay waited until almost three o'clock. The game would start any minute. She stayed until the hall clock began to strike the hour and then, with the speed that comes from urgency, she left the house and ran to the car. It took only a few minutes to drive to the ball field, but even so, she was terribly late. All the benches were crowded and she had to stand. She could see Bud sitting in the dug-out, his uniform all dirty in front. And he sat there all through the rest of the game.

After the game was over, Bud was already in the car when she got to it.

"You were late," he said, his face full of an emotion he tried to choke out of his voice. "And Dad didn't come, at all."

"He had to go out on very important business," Kay said placatingly. "That's why I was late. I was waiting for him."

"I made a home run," Bud said. "That's wonderful!" Kay said. "I'm so proud of you."

"It wasn't much," Bud said.

Kay tried to get him to tell her more about the game, but he answered only in monosyllables. As soon as they reached home he hurried to his room. The house became very silent then. It was nearly dinner time before John returned.

"John—Bud's baseball game—" she reproached him. "He's terribly disappointed because you weren't there to see him make a home run. And I waited so long for you I was late."

John frowned abstractedly. "The game . . . ? Oh—oh, yes. I forgot all about it, to tell the truth."

"You ought to speak to him, tell him you couldn't get away from the office."

He didn't answer; indeed, he seemed scarcely to have heard her. Yet when

The characters and situations in this work are wholly fictional and imaginary, and do not portray and are not intended to portray any actual persons, living or dead.

she pressed him, seeking an explanation for his preoccupation, he smiled quickly and apologized, saying he'd been thinking of something else.

From that day on, Bud drew in upon himself. Kay, though she tried, was unable to reach him. He was polite enough. There was no specific thing for which she could criticize his behavior. But he had retreated into a queer, half-sullen, adolescent world of his own.

It was July when quiet humdrum Walnut Grove was shocked by a sensational incident. A small fruit shop on the East Side was held up by three young hoodlums and in the scuffle the Italian shopkeeper was shot and wounded.

And the day after the hold-up, Andy Clayton telephoned.

"Kay," he said, "I'd like you to come down to the office—and bring Bud with you, please."

At the *Journal* office, Kay and Bud found Andy talking to a poorly dressed woman who spoke broken English.

"That's him!" she cried excitedly at sight of them. "He is the boy what stand outside! He is the only one I know—from picture in your paper. Si!" And she nodded emphatically.

"Andy!" Kay exclaimed in a small voice. "What is all this?"

"This is the wife of the man who was hurt in the hold-up yesterday," Andy said gravely. "She's been telling me a strange thing. I thought you should hear it. . . . Bud, were you at that hold-up?"

Bud's face was pale and he was clenching and unclenching his hands. He didn't say anything—but Kay knew, with sickening realization, that he had been at the hold-up.

"You can tell us, Bud," Andy was saying in a gentle voice. "Nothing will happen to you. Who were the other boys?"

Bud, his head bowed, his gaze on the floor, stubbornly kept silent.

"I shouldn't be doing this at all," Andy groaned to Kay. "This woman came to me instead of the police, because of the picture in the paper. . . . I ought to have sent her right over to the station to tell her story."

"Bud," Kay pleaded, "I'm sure you didn't have anything to do with the hold-up, really. But you were there—this woman saw you. Won't you tell us who the other boys were?"

"I—can't," Bud said painfully. And that was as much as he would say to all Kay's entreaties. Helplessly, she took him home and called John.

At first, John was patient with the boy. But as he struggled to break down the wall of stubborn silence Bud had erected around himself, she saw that patience begin to go.

"This is a serious thing, son," he argued. "Stealing's bad enough—but that shopkeeper was shot. He might have been killed. And—and you're the mayor's son. That will make things harder for me, but not any easier for you. If you take all the blame—refuse to tell the names of the other boys—they'll send you away to reform school."

Bud shot him a frightened glance. "I—I just can't tell you their names, Dad," he said.

John's jaw hardened. "That's nonsense! Bud—I haven't whipped you since you were a little boy. But unless you tell me who else was mixed up in that business yesterday—I'll whip you now!"

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Only a stiffening of Bud's slender body showed that he had heard.

Kay felt ill. She watched them go upstairs together, heard the door of Bud's room shut behind them, and then covered her ears with her hands to shut out the sounds of the cane against Bud's flesh.

John came down, white and trembling, and threw himself into a chair. He covered his face with his hands. "He won't tell me," he moaned. "I might have known he wouldn't—that way. It was—brutal of me."

She wanted to answer, to comfort him. But there was no answer she could give.

It was the same all that week. Bud repeatedly refused to tell the names of the boys who had engineered the hold-up, nor would he identify any boys who were picked up by the police. In desperation, Kay went to Bert Weston, asking him to help her, knowing that the people on the East Side might talk to him because he lived among them. The only clue she could give him was the name of the poolroom where she had once seen Bud.

Then, because John refused to take advantage of his position as mayor to have it delayed, the trial was called and Bud was taken in as the lone defendant. It was not easy for Kay to sit quietly, watching while the Judge shot questions at the white-faced boy—questions which he refused to answer.

SUDDENLY there was a commotion in the rear of the courtroom and Bert Weston shouldered his way through the crowd. He was pushing a tall, gangling boy before him. Kay recognized him as one of those who had been with Bud in front of the poolroom that afternoon.

"Your Honor," Bert said, "I wish to give this—young thug into your custody. And I'd like to give my evidence."

So, at last, the complete story of the hold-up came out—the story as Bert had learned it by his inquiries on the East Side. Part of it Bert told himself; more was in the sullen testimony of the boy, a budding gangster who had thought it clever and fool-proof to use the mayor's son as a blind and cover-up for his hold-up job. He admitted, now, that Bud knew nothing about the robbery that night, until after the shots had been fired.

"We all run away," the youth mumbled. "Bud with the rest o' the gang. He was scared. Wanted to tell the cops just what happened. But I told him if he did, me and the gang'd get his old man. That shut him up."

Beside her, Kay felt John's body grow tense, and her hand stole over to press his. She knew what he must be thinking, and what agony his thoughts were bringing him. Bud's silence had been only to protect his father—the same father who had whipped him for refusing to speak.

Bud did not get off scot-free, for—knowingly or not—he had been acting as look-out for the gang. He was put on probation and placed in Kay's custody.

Then the court was adjourned, and the crowd of people ebbed through the big swinging doors into the hall, until only John and Kay, Bert and Bud and Peg, were left. There was a moment of embarrassed silence. Then, John offered his hand to Bert. "My thanks and my apologies go together, Bert," he said simply. "You've done—what I should have

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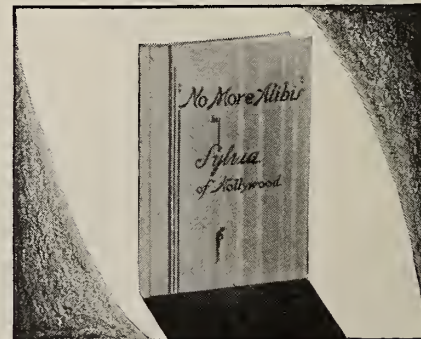
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done myself, and didn't."

Bert's handsome young face flushed with pleasure—and Peg, clinging to his arm, looked up at him with worship in her eyes.

They went home then, all of them together. But at the house, John found a pretext for keeping Bud with him while the others went inside. Half an hour later, they came in together. Kay never knew what John said to Bud in those thirty minutes, but it was something that wiped away the misunderstanding of the last months so magically and completely that it might never have existed.

Dinner was a gay meal, and afterwards Bert took Peg and Bud to the movies—"To celebrate," he said. John and Kay were left alone.

John sank wearily down at her feet and rested his head against her knees. "There's something I have to tell you, Kay," he said.

"Yes, dear?" she murmured.

"I won't be running for re-election this fall," he said quietly.

"You won't . . . !" The statement was so unexpected that for a moment she could not comprehend it. "But why not?" she asked at last.

John leaned forward, so that he was no longer touching her. "Orders from the political bosses of Walnut Grove," he said in a bitter voice.

"But . . . I don't understand. I thought—I thought when you became mayor the political machine was broken."

That's what I thought all the time—until last April."

"Last April!" she repeated in amazement. "This has been troubling you all that time—and you've never told me?"

He turned so she could see his hurt, bewildered face. "I couldn't tell you," he said. "I was ashamed."

Then, before she could speak, he was rushing on, eager at last to unburden himself.

"Ashamed!" he repeated. "All my life I've been ashamed and helpless and dependent!" He silenced her shocked protest with an uplifted hand. "Please don't try to stop me, darling. I've got to tell you—everything. You see—"

He paused, as if searching for the right beginning.

YOU remember, I told you about my brother, who died when he and I were both boys." Kay nodded. Long ago, when she first met John, he had mentioned that brother. She had all but forgotten about him since.

"I didn't tell you what Bill's death did to my mother. It made me the most important thing in her life. She centered all her love on me, and watched me and guided me every minute of my life. She tied me hand and foot with her love.

"She sent me to school and when I graduated I found that she'd arranged with the bank here in Walnut Grove to give me a job. I went on living in her house. She even—"

John pronounced the words with painful care—"even selected Anne for me, as a wife—almost forced me to marry her, or would have forced me if I'd tried to resist. And when Anne disappeared and we thought she was dead, Mother began taking care of me again. Then you came to Walnut Grove and I fell in love with you. Falling in love with you was the first independent thing I ever

did in my whole life."

Kay realized, as she listened, that much of this she had already known—known, and refused even in her heart to recognize. It was all so plainly, so obviously the reason for Mrs. Fairchild's dislike of her.

"You were like new life to me," John was going on. "It was wonderful. I felt strong. Confident. I thought I could do anything, alone, independently. For a while, I could. But the strength you brought me was only an illusion, really. It went all to pieces when Clark fired me from the bank. I was frightened, weak, all over again. . . . Being elected mayor kept me from showing, too much, how I felt. I was all right again. I did very well on my own, as mayor. Or . . . I thought I did."

Kay seized upon this. "What do you mean, *thought*?" she exclaimed. "Of course you did."

But John shook his head. "No. That's just it. I didn't. There's just as much crooked politics in this town as there was when Clark was running it." He smiled wanly at Kay's look of disbelief. "I didn't know it either, darling, until last April, when a pair of ward heelers came and told me 'the boys' didn't want me to run again because they were tired of working their graft around me. They want someone in office who will play along with them."

"You mean . . ." Kay said, and left the sentence unfinished.

"The graft has been going along as it did in the old days," John said. "The only difference is that they've had the bother of hiding it from me. Now they want to operate without that trouble."

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Young Widder Brown

(Continued from page 15)

a rose for blooming."

"Thank you, darling," Ellen reached over and kissed him as he stopped the car before the tea room. "You help me so much and you make me feel ashamed when I see that anxious look coming into your eyes because then I know I'm wearing a very long face again and worrying you and that means I'm thinking again, instead of forgetting."

Thinking, always thinking, Ellen realized desperately as she went into the tea room. Would she ever be able to stop it? To look forward again instead of backwards?

She made herself a sandwich and poured a glass of milk and putting them on a tray carried them into her tiny little living room.

"I'm going to have fun," she promised herself, "and be nice and luxurious and lazy the way I always longed to be when the tea room kept me rushing so I didn't have a moment to myself. I'm going to catch up on my reading and just enjoy myself."

SHE looked at the magazines she had bought the week before and turned the pages trying to interest herself in them. But after a while the magazine fell from her listless hands. It was torture reading those stories. Life wasn't like those stories.

Why couldn't life be like those stories, Ellen thought. Why couldn't real women, too, fall in love with the right man instead of the wrong one?

Peter had seemed like the right man in the beginning. She remembered

him as he was when he first came to Simpsonville, that day he had given Mark first aid treatment when the dog bit him. She had been amazed at his skill, not knowing until later that Peter was a doctor. Peter had been unhappy then but when he told her his story she had been able to help him. Maybe that was the reason she had grown to love him so much, encouraging him, showing him the way to regain his confidence. Women always like to feel they are needed.

And Peter did need her then. Desperately. She remembered his face, the horror in his eyes when he told of the operation he had performed on the man who had been his father's friend and who had sent him through college and medical school. Peter had been heartbroken when the old man died after the operation and had blamed himself. Maybe another doctor, an older, more experienced one could have pulled him through. Maybe . . . oh, there had been so many maybes Peter had found to torture himself with but in the end she had dragged them all out into the open, confronting him with them one by one, showing him how heedless his torture had been, how quixotic it had been of him to leave his practice in New York and come to Simpsonville and make a hermit of himself out of that mistaken sense of guilt.

Then later when she had urged him to get in touch with his old friends again Peter saw that she was right, for a post mortem had revealed his benefactor had died of an incurable

disease, not the results of that operation at all.

"You've made a man of me again," he had said to her then. "And I'm going to spend the rest of my life thanking you, darling, always."

That was when he had first begun to dream of the Health Center, when he had decided that his life and experience could be put to so much more good here in Simpsonville than in being a fashionable specialist on Park Avenue in New York.

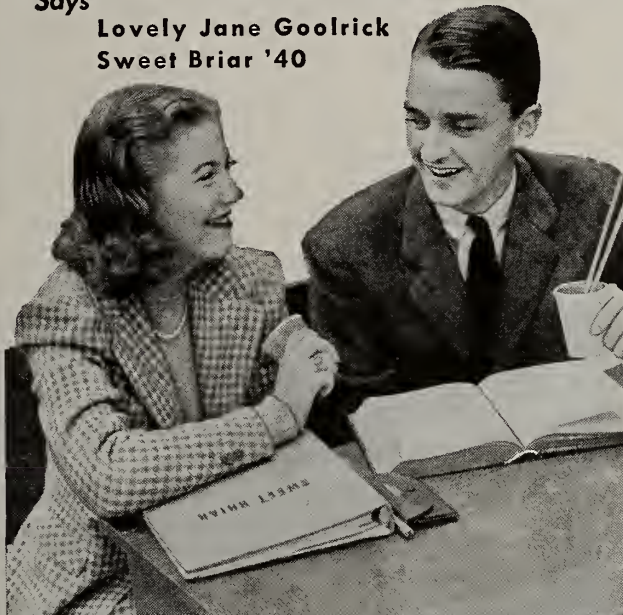
REMEMBERING, Ellen almost felt as if she had gone back to those days again. She could almost smell the bread and the cakes baking in the oven down in the kitchen. The kitchen was always full of that smell of spices and browning cookies then. They were so busy those days, with her getting up at six in the morning to set the bread out in the rising pans, making great bowls of icing to cool in time to spread on the cakes she kept putting into the oven, cramming in as many at a time as it would hold. It took so much baking to make enough money to keep a roof over Mark and Janey's heads and their little stomachs full of the sort of food a growing child needs.

The town had rallied around her then, buying her bread and cakes for bridge parties and teas and dinners. She hadn't dreamed that she would ever be able to save enough money to start a real tea room some day and have good, Swedish Hilda down in the kitchen helping her. They had

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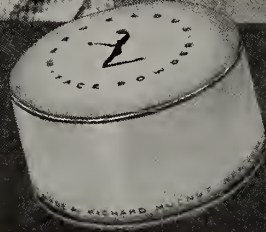
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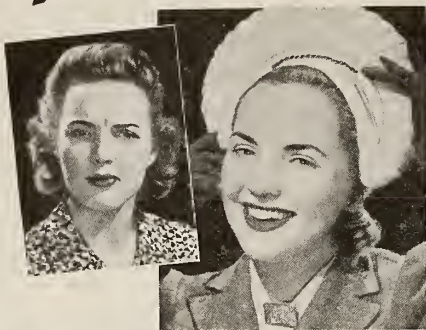
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been anxious days, often, but they had been happy ones, too, full as they were of good hard work and ambition.

But the best part of it all had been Peter. Life had been so lonely before he came, so terribly lonely, used as she had been to a man's step about the house, a man's love to cling to. After the first awful shock of her husband's death was over, after that first blinding sorrow had left her little by little so that it had become only a remembered pain rather than the constant physical one and then, in the end, that enduring loneliness, she had turned more and more to the children, giving them now not only the adoration she had always lavished on them but the love she had once given their father as well. They were twice loved, those children, once for themselves and once again for the father who had been taken away from them.

When Peter had come it was miraculous how she was able to look ahead, to dream of herself by a man's side again. They would have been married then if Ellen hadn't felt that a widow with two children was an impossible burden for a doctor who had to establish himself in a new town.

THEN Joyce Burton had moved to Simpsonville with her wealthy father. Joyce, with her beautiful clothes, the assurance her money gave her and so pretty, too, in her spoiled, petulant way. Joyce who was used to getting all the things she wanted. And she had wanted Peter. Ellen knew that the first time the girl looked at him.

Maybe she shouldn't have been so bitter about Joyce in the beginning when she saw the tricks the girl was always playing in her efforts to woo Peter away from her. Maybe she should have seen even then the beginnings of the strange neuroticism, the twisted mental streak Joyce couldn't really help, any more than she could help those great staring eyes of hers.

Peter had liked Joyce. That was one of Peter's charms—liking people. But after Joyce persuaded her father to give the five thousand dollars which started the hospital fund, Peter had acted almost as if Joyce had helped him more than Ellen had.

Ellen hadn't been able to endow the hospital with money. She had been able to give only her ideas, her encouragement and sympathy, her time that she could spare so sorely. And when the town in its gratitude for what she had done for the Health Center voted that Ellen become Peter's assistant she had worked as hard as he had, giving her every loyalty and thought to making it successful.

Then had come that awful, bitter quarrel with Peter.

He had been late coming back to

the Center after a date with Joyce and the patient who had just been operated on was desperately in need of treatment. Ellen had ordered the assistant to proceed, though it was against Peter's instructions.

"Ellen," Peter had said roughly, "what was the matter with you? Had you lost your sense?"

"But you were late, Peter," she replied. "The patient might have died."

"I left my instructions," he went on remorselessly, "and you failed to follow them."

"I—I couldn't follow them," Ellen stumbled, driven by the anger of his words, "they—they were wrong; you weren't there when you said you'd be."

But Peter's bitterness had continued, had found words that cut across her heart like a whip lash.

When he said, "I thought you loved me," Ellen had cried out in protest, "But I do. You know I do." And she had cried, gently, because Peter wasn't listening, was continuing:

"There must be someone else." Even then, they might somehow have forgotten the bitterness of their quarrel if Ellen had been able to postpone her trip out of town, but it had been her aunt and the wire had said:

"URGENT YOU LEAVE AT ONCE. DOCTORS DO NOT ANTICIPATE MANY MORE DAYS."

SO she had left, leaving Peter with his bitterness, leaving him with Joyce. It wasn't until her aunt was well on the road to recovery that she was able to return.

She would never forget how she felt that day rushing back to Simpsonville on the train. How could she ever forget that last day? The wheels chugging beneath the swaying floor of the train kept whispering Peter's name and her heart echoed the whisper. Just "Peter, Peter, Peter" . . . over and over again so that the name became a litany on her lips.

Her first shock came when she saw Peter wasn't at the station to meet her. She hadn't wired anyone else she was coming, wanting those first moments alone with him but as she walked past the Hawkins house she heard Maria call her name.

So it was Maria who told her, her shrewd little eyes glowing as she saw the color fade from Ellen's cheek, the smile on her lips.

"I expect you were thinking Peter would be at the station to meet you," she said. "He's out of town. On his honeymoon. He married Joyce Burton yesterday morning. Right smart for a young doctor to marry a rich girl like that. Money comes in handy, doesn't it?"

"Peter wouldn't marry for money," Ellen said, forcing herself to hold her

CORRECT ANSWERS to the QUIZ KIDS' QUESTIONS

- Geroldine's answer was—Widow's peak is a lock of hair growing in the middle of the forehead. Widow's weeds are mourning garments.
- Gerald should have said—"Keep your ear to the ground."
- Joan said—The Count of Monte Cristo and Emmy in the novel, "Escape," by Ethel Vonce.
- Mary Ann's answer was—Antimacassar—o crocheted doiley used on backs of chairs. A dinghy—small boat for rowing or sailing. A sarong—cloth garment made famous by Darathy Lamaur. An Apteryx—o small bird of the astrich family.
- Edith's definition was—An intaglia is a seal.
- Van Dyke answered—"No, the pressure of 40 fathoms (240 feet) is so great that the cork would not rise as it would be compressed by the great pressure."
- Jock said—Maryland did not. Louisiana did. West Virginio did not. Missouri did not. Arkansas did. Kentucky did not.

head high like that, forcing back the tears so close behind her thick eyelashes. "If he married Joyce it was because he loved her. I know that and you *should* know it, Maria."

When she had opened the door to her own house, Mark and Janey had come rushing to meet her and she saw that they had been crying. But it wasn't until the woman who had been taking care of them had gone that Janey turned to her.

"Why did Peter marry Joyce, Mother?" she had demanded trembling.

"Oh, darling," Ellen had whispered. "Janey, darling, it's so hard to explain. You'll understand when you grow up. Some things are hard to understand when you're young."

"Then I never want to grow up," Janey had whimpered.

Oh, she should have stopped it then, loving Peter. But when he came to her telling that Joyce had tricked him into their marriage when he, so furious in his hurt at his quarrel with Ellen, had turned to Joyce's comfort, she found she must forgive him. For she was a woman in love.

"Oh, Ellen, I've been such a fool," he had said. "After we quarrelled I got drunk. And then I don't know what it was, if it was her sympathy, or if it was needing someone to take the empty place you had left or if it was only my hurt striking at you as I thought you had struck at me. . . . I . . . I . . . oh, darling, I am so confused, so terribly confused."

HE had hated Joyce then and Ellen had almost hated her, too, for what she had done. But afterwards she had stopped hating her, after the quick mental collapse that had sent Joyce to a sanitarium.

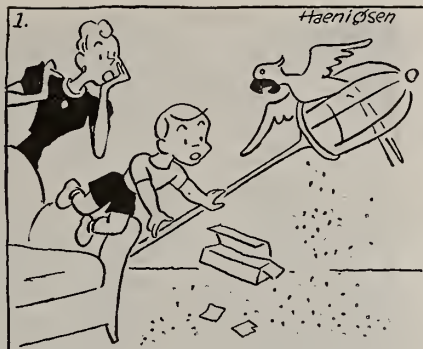
The doctors had said she would never recover if Peter divorced her, as he wanted to do. But it was Ellen who made him stand by his wife. And later, when she knew how hard it was for Peter and her to keep on seeing each other this way, day after day, when she knew how the town was gossiping about them, when even little Mark and Jane were made the targets for the gossip about her, she resigned from her post at the Health Center.

She had fought so desperately in all those months to tear her love for Peter out of her heart. And it had been so useless to try, with Peter always coming to her, leaning on her, depending on her, loving her.

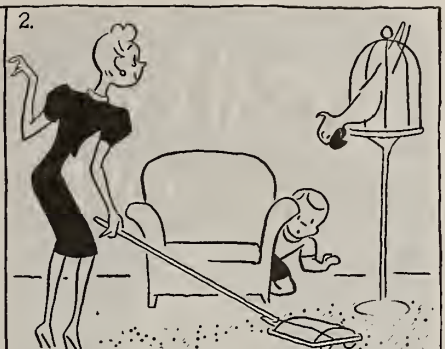
But it wasn't until Joyce was discharged from the hospital as cured that Ellen knew how weak Peter really was. Joyce, so frail and white, so dependent on Peter, clinging to him, all her old arrogance gone, Joyce as bewildered as a child now that she was back in the normal world, needed Peter so much more than Ellen needed him. And Peter had refused to stand by her.

Strange that it was through another woman's hurt Ellen really saw Peter as he was, so selfish. Strange that what she saw didn't change her love. Ellen had been his only strength and without her he was a weakling. She could never forget that day Joyce came to her weeping, saying that Peter had told her to leave him, that he hated her.

"He loves you, Ellen," the girl had been almost hysterical, and Ellen knew then that she must help her—for Joyce's sake, for Peter's, even for



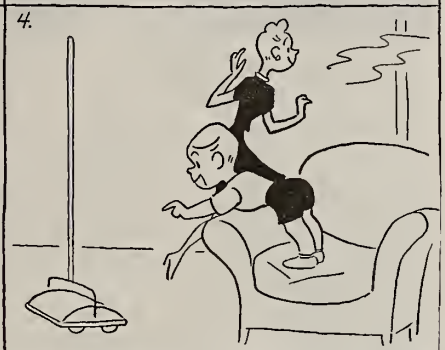
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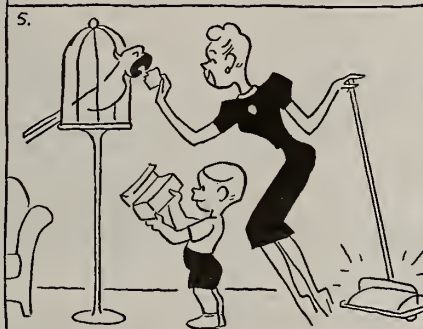
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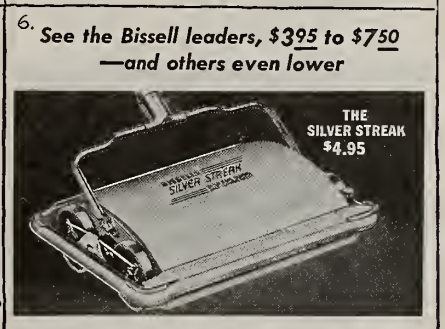
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LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses

10¢ for 2 rinses



Receiving the Liberty award of Valor in Citizenship for their rescue of Mark de Tristan, who was kidnapped last summer—left to right, J. Edgar Hoover, Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, Citizen Ellis Wood, Bernarr Macfadden, the publisher, and Citizen Cecil Wetsel.

her own. Peter's only salvation, as a man, must lie now in keeping his marriage vows to Joyce.

"No, my dear," Ellen had said softly. "He only imagines he loves me, as I once imagined I loved him. Tell him that. Tell him . . ." She clenched her hands to force the words. "Tell him I never want to see him again—that he was right when he said there was someone else I loved. Urge him to go away from Simpsonville, with you, and forget me and find peace somewhere else."

BUT Peter was not to be put off so easily. Ellen's message, brought to him by Joyce, only released in him a full tide of fury. He was like a man possessed—drinking, coming to the tea room and demanding to see Ellen, refusing to go to the Center, driving crazily through the quiet town during the night, and at last disappearing from his home completely, so that there had been no word of him for nearly a week and the frail thread that held Joyce's reason was beginning to snap, and still Peter refused to give her the comfort that might save her.

And the town was talking, blaming Ellen for it all—blaming her not for the mistakes she had made honestly, but for the intriguing and scheming of which she was innocent.

. . . Ellen awoke with a start, her heart pounding from the shock. A car outside backfired again, then the engine caught and raced and the car sped away.

"Just Josh Higgins leaving the office," Ellen said in anger at the fright which had held her a moment. "I must have been dreaming—"

She stopped then at the pain of her memories. The food lay on the tray in front of her, untouched, and she stood and carried the dishes back into the kitchen. All she could feel was an overwhelming sense of futility.

What had it availed her to go back over the past months, searching for an answer? The letter! She was remembering the white envelope with the blue ink, the stamp she had put in the corner—and the color rose into

her cheeks. Perhaps there was an answer after all, that another man, a stranger might write.

Hours after the children had been put to bed that night, Ellen lay thinking still again of the twisted lives so near to her, of poor, tortured Joyce, of Peter and of what was going to happen to the Health Center. Then the thought of Loring came to her like a quiet peace, a hand held out to her in the darkness, and she fell asleep.

Often, after that, she thought of Loring, waiting for the letter that might come. But as the days went by and he did not answer, the old fears closed in over her again.

Then, one day, a stranger came into the tea room.

"Mrs. Brown?" he asked. And as she nodded, "I'm Dr. Loring. I was driving through this part of the country. That's why I'm here in person rather than by letter."

"Oh yes," Ellen said politely, and for the barest fraction of a second she didn't consciously realize that here, talking to her, was the man upon whom her hopes for the future rested. "Oh—" Ellen said again and then she moved toward him. "Dr. Loring, I—"

HE did not wait for her to find conventional words of welcome. He said, in a voice that was cold, impersonal, almost as if he did not like her, "To come right to the point, Mrs. Brown, do you mind very much my asking exactly why you wrote that letter to me?"

Ellen flushed. There was a quality in his words that was stinging her. "I . . . I thought you might be able to help me . . . to help the Center." She was floundering under his aloof scrutiny. "You see, Dr. Turner, who is responsible for everything that's been done there, has had an . . . an unfortunate experience in his private life and is thinking of leaving Simpsonville."

"I see." Still that coldness in his voice, that quality that was almost dislike of her in his eyes. It troubled Ellen, wanting this man's approval as she did. Instinctively, she was liking

what she saw in him, his tallness, the dark eyes she felt could be as tender as they were cold now, the strength that showed in his mouth and chin, even more now than it had in the newspaper photograph.

"You—live here?" His eyes flicked across the room, with the tables set for the meals that were no longer served.

"Yes, this is my tea-room," Ellen said, her voice rising imperceptibly to meet the challenge of his question.

"I'm surprised," he went on, "that a layman, an outsider like yourself, should have such a strong interest in a Health Center." Now the words were not just stinging, they were being hurled at her, like so many stones. "I should have expected a request such as yours to come from someone more intimately concerned with the hospital. From Dr. Turner himself, for instance."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," Ellen said, facing him now, her breath coming more quickly.

"Apparently not," Loring said with the same quiet coldness. "Apparently I don't understand at all. That's why I think I shall have to ask Dr. Turner himself what all this means."

"Oh no!" Ellen made an instinctive gesture of dismay.

"No?" Loring turned and there was almost a sardonic expression on his face as he paused a moment. "You don't want me to see Dr. Turner?"

NO. But there's a reason—it's for Dr. Turner's own sake.

"Really?" He was politely skeptical. "That's interesting. But I'm afraid I must judge for myself. If you don't mind, I think I'll go on to the Center now."

"Very well," Ellen said dully. "Whatever you think best."

She watched him stride across the street, the door of his car slammed, there was the quick roar of his engine starting and then he was driving down to the end of the street.

Ellen stood in the doorway, watching, watching. She took a step forward, as though to follow the car, but then she knew that she didn't want to be present when the interview took place. But though she stayed perfectly still, she could see Peter as clearly as if he stood in front of her. His eyes were dark with fury. She could see Loring too, and his face was white with the shock of learning the whole story.

Why had she written that letter? But how could she have possibly foreseen that Loring would come here himself, wanting to talk to Peter? Was she to win the hatred of two men—one who had loved her so, and the other who might have brought her some measure of relief? She turned back into the tea-room that didn't need her, and whose familiar arrangement of chairs and tables seemed strange and vaguely hostile. The silence returned no answer to the furious questionings of her heart except the remorseless loud ticking of the clock.

Has Ellen's well-meant attempt to save the Health Center brought more unhappiness to herself and disaster to everything she has worked for? What effect will Anthony Loring have upon her life? Be sure to read next month's instalment of this moving story of real people.

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You know that gray hair spells the end of romance ... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

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Mary T. Goldman Co., 7621 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

Black Dark Brown Light Brown
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YOUR OPPORTUNITY To Win A Rich Reward

ENTER THIS TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST TODAY!

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., announces another great true story manuscript contest with the attendant rich rewards for writers of acceptable true stories.

It began on Thursday, January 2, 1941, and ends on Monday, March 31, 1941. Eight big prizes ranging from \$500 up to the magnificent sum of \$1,000 will be awarded for successful true stories submitted. Perhaps yours will be among them.

Do not hesitate to enter because you have never tried to write for publication. Already Macfadden Publications, Inc., has paid out over \$650,000 in prizes for true stories, largely to persons who never before had tried to set a story down on paper. What they did you too should be able to do.

So start today. Select from your memory a story from your own life or which took place in the life of a relative or acquaintance. Write it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, 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 skillfully 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 each....	1,500
Third Prize—5 at \$500 each.....	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 HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

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-----

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name

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Town..... State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

*Smiling
Through*

■ Good health and proper care are the twin secrets for beautiful and healthy teeth

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

A REALLY attractive mouth is something that is absolutely within your own control. It is a matter of strong, beautifully cared for teeth, perfect mouth hygiene, and expression. With these, you can smile your way through almost any situation. Smiles are irresistible.

The first thing I noticed about Ann Shepherd, who plays the title role in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne on CBS, five days a week at 3:00 P. M., E.S.T., was her smile. It was a generous smile, not afraid to be friendly with all the world. And the warm, well-shaped lips revealed a set of the most attractive teeth I have ever seen; strong, even, and beautifully cared for.

Having beautiful teeth is not a gift from your fairy godmother. It is a matter of mouth hygiene and diet, primarily. The rules for both are well known, but they seem to need repeating every once in so often, because nine out of ten people show avoidable dental defects.

Go to your dentist every six months at least—and if your teeth show signs of improper care or defective nutrition, I hope he does not mince words in telling you off. Brush your teeth at least twice a day—at least. Keep two toothbrushes on hand, so that you will have one always stiff and dry. Change your toothbrushes frequently. A new toothbrush a month is a good idea.

When you brush your teeth, be sure you do it correctly. Never

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



■ Ann Shepherd, radio's Joyce Jordan, knows the loveliness of perfect teeth.

brush into the gums, and never use a scrubbing motion except on the biting surface. Brush in the direction the teeth grow, with a sweeping-out motion. If the tongue is a little coated, brush the tongue also. See to it that the brushing massages the gums—they need it.

Finally, use real care in the choice of your dentifrice and your antiseptic mouth wash. You are perfectly safe among the better dentifrices; you will find no harsh abrasives, and no deficiency in cleansing ingredients. But some may suit you better than others. Powder or paste? Try both. And do not forget the new liquid dentifrice which is so popular. Keep on until you are acquainted with all the well-known tried and tested brands of dentifrice, and then make your choice. Other things being equal, the one that pleases you best is the best for you, because you will enjoy brushing your teeth. The same goes for mouth washes.

A mouth that is beautifully cared for is one of the surest ways to keep your breath sweet and, more than

that, your health good. But even the most scrupulous care of the mouth and teeth is not enough. You must have a proper diet, containing calcium, phosphorus and vitamins. Such a diet is essential to the health and vitality of your whole body as well as your teeth.

Do not believe the twaddle about pearly teeth. If your teeth are strong and healthy, they will be beautiful. Teeth naturally vary widely in color, as any dentist will tell you. Sometimes rather large teeth give an effect of personality which is just as pleasing as the very small regular ones. Like your teeth the way they are, nourish them properly, and take good care of them.

IRRESISTIBLE *Charm*



YOURS WITH *Irresistible* LIPSTICK

A new season! A new personality and IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick to give you glamour! Fashion leader in the spring parade is the smart woman who chooses her lipstick as part of her costume. FLASH RED for pastels! CANDY STRIPE RED for that patriotic accent to your navy and white! RUBY RED for sophisticated black! FUCHSIA PLUM to vibrate with the new South American shades! Secret WHIP-TEXT process means a softer, creamier, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching ROUGE, FACE POWDER and POWDER FOUNDATION.

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Also in Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen

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ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND
DRUG, DEPARTMENT and 5 & 10c STORES

What's New from Coast to

Coast

(Continued from page 8)

Symphony, on the Cities Service program, and on Information Please, in which he regularly sits at the piano for the musical questions. He was in a recent Information Please movie short, too.

The networks devote a good deal of thought to having the proper fill-in artists available at all times. Every staff musician or announcer of a network is frequently assigned to stand-by duty, according to a carefully worked-out schedule. For instance, when the President of the United States is slated to make a radio address, a symphony orchestra is on hand in case there is a line-break. During the progress of a sports broadcast a dance band is ready with a medley of football airs or popular tunes. The networks always try to have a kind of music ready that wouldn't destroy the mood of the program scheduled.

Stand-by musicians, when on duty, sit in NBC's studio 2B, a small room equipped with three microphones, a piano, organ, and control room. Somebody is there, just in case, every minute the network is on the air, waiting for the red light which is a signal to start playing.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Just because a business firm in Huntington, West Virginia, decided to try advertising on the air, Beckley Smith became a news broadcaster. Until then, he'd been the firm's star salesman, and that was why he was assigned the job of arranging and announcing the program. The show sold products for the sponsor, all right, but it also sold Beckley to radio—or radio to Beckley, which amounts to the same thing. All this happened in 1927, and "Beck" has been announcing ever since. Now, on the staff of WJAS in Pittsburgh, he's recognized as one of the leading news broadcasters in the east. "Beck" is now in his seventh con-

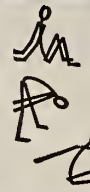


■ From star salesman to announcer —Beckley Smith is in his seventh sponsored year on station WJAS.



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Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's **ASTHMADOR** the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. **ASTHMADOR'S** aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. Try **ASTHMADOR** in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to **R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-42**



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It's hard and firm... sparkling eyes... a new zest for life... all yours if you follow the simple, easy instructions of Bernard Macfadden in his new book, *Exercise and Like It*. It makes exercising a game with a prize no money can buy—dynamic health. Order your copy today. At your booksellers or direct from the publishers, \$1 postpaid, **MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC. Dept. RM-4, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

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Send any clear snapshot, photo, bust, full length, groups, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper **FREE**. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and **FREE FRAME**. Your original returned with your **FREE** enlargement. Send now and kindly enclose 10c for return mailing. (Only 2 to a Customer.)

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

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MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. 10 days approval. Your package comes by return mail.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 20-p, Jefferson, Iowa



■ Station KDYL's Douglas Crosby Gourlay — he considers radio work a romantic profession.

secutive year of being sponsored by Pittsburgh's big Kaufmann's Department Store. He's heard twice every day, except Sundays, at 12:30 and 6:15 P.M., and since he began this sponsored series he's done 3,756 news broadcasts. It's a Pittsburgh record—and, as far as anybody knows, a national one as well.

Born in Russell, Kentucky, "Beck" is 41 years old. He's happily married, and has one child, Beckley, Jr.

* * *

Raymond Gram Swing has decided that work's the only thing that will keep him healthy. He took a three-week vacation, fell ill the first day of it, and spent practically the whole time in bed.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—From as far back as he can remember, current events have always had a peculiar fascination for KDYL's chief announcer, Douglas Crosby Gourlay—and that, he believes, is why he is in radio today. Up in Vancouver, B. C., where he was born, Doug first decided that if he didn't go to sea as a profession he'd find something equally romantic to do on land. Being a news commentator in radio seemed to fit that description, so with no previous experience in broadcasting he applied for and obtained the job of newscaster at one of Vancouver's stations.

It just happened that the manager of an Ogden, Utah, station was taking a vacation in Vancouver in 1937, during the first week Doug was on the air, and heard him doing the news. The next thing Doug knew, he was hired away from Vancouver and settled in Ogden. He didn't stay there long, either, because six weeks later he moved to KDYL in Salt Lake, where he's been ever since.

Doug is young—in his twenties—blond, handsome, well dressed and with a slight English accent. He's quick at making friends, and has more of them, in and out of radio, than anyone else on the KDYL staff. His favorite year-round sports are badminton and swimming.

He's still single, and insists that the one and only girl for him is still in Vancouver. Some day soon, he says, he's going back to her.



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You can dye your accessories in thrilling new colors with **INSTANT RIT**

It's easy! It's fun! And you'll get professional results, because RIT—and only RIT—contains *neomerpin*, the same penetrating ingredient used by professionals.

RIT dyes clear through every thread.

RIT dyes evenly . . . no streaks!

NO BOILING

Use Instant RIT to make old things look new!



27 colors . . . at drug and notion counters everywhere

NEVER SAY DYE—SAY RIT

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Don't tell me you're old-fashioned three days a month!



Many modern women have stopped giving-in to functional periodic pain—now depend on Midol for comfort. Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined, and 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective!

Midol contains no opiates; is made expressly to relieve the typical functional pain of the menstrual period. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should help you. All drugstores. Large size, 40¢; small size, 20¢. Coupon brings trial package.



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Please send free, in plain wrapper, trial package of Midol.

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SMART GIRLS carry the improved

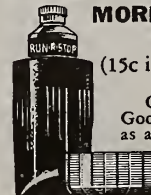


You can't carry a new pair of stockings with you. But it's easy to carry RUN-R-STOP in your handbag. Then, when a run starts, touch a drop of this colorless liquid to it, and your worries are over. It comes in colorful purse vanity and instantly, permanently stops runs and snags, in silk and Nylon hose. Easily removed. Ask for RUN-R-STOP today. Only 10c at dept., hosiery, shoe, and 10c stores.

RUN-R-STOP

MORRISTOWN N. J.

(15c in Canada)



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised herein

10c Complete, tube in vanity



If you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it, similar to its former natural shade. . . in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking, always!

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lovely new color even after shampooing, salt-water bathing, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains clean and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

Easy To Use — Canute Water is pure, safe, colorless and crystal-clear . . . remarkably easy to use at home. Experience is not necessary.

SAFE! Canute Water has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless. Skin test NOT needed.

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No Question About Love

(Continued from page 31)

have a real wedding instead. So a wedding it was—a very simple ceremony, with only the members of the two families present.

And the rivalry stopped. Instead of pitting her wits against Kip's, Polly now harnessed them for his benefit—as she has done ever since.

The furnished room was their home, frequent spaghetti and cheese —because that's a nourishing dish and very filling—was on their menu, and as to clothes: "I had one dress and loved it," Polly says now.

Outwardly it was all a lark, a carefree, Bohemian adventure that refused to admit there was in it anything of sacrifice or struggle. But beneath the bravado were two youthful spirits, determined and just a little frightened, who knew very well that living on ten dollars a week was no joke.

Polly knew Kip could write. It was the one thing he loved to do, and he had a talent that she determined grimly must not be stifled by marriage, financial worries or anything else. Quietly, she went about making things as easy for him as she could. She rolled up her sleeves and went job-hunting on her own.

Eventually she found one. It was about the worst kind of a job for a bride that could have been imagined: secretary to Ganna Walska, the opera singer, which meant that Polly would have to travel a great deal and see very little of her new husband.

POLLY didn't let even herself think that accepting the job, giving up her home and embarking as traveling companion to a temperamental prima donna, was a sacrifice. She reflected that they needed the money and it would give Kip a chance to write.

She traveled for six months. The pay was good, and the money extremely welcome. But—much more important to Polly—Kip was lonely and wanted her back home; so she quit and came back to New York.

And now here is something that proves how young and unworldly they were after all. In spite of those six months of loneliness, in spite of their comparative poverty, Kip now insisted that Polly must have her trip to Europe. She had the time, he reasoned, and she'd helped earn the money. Besides, he'd had his trip and it wasn't fair for her not to catch up. Polly demurred, but not too much.

It's hardly necessary to point out that by the time she returned, the Fadiman treasury badly needed replenishing. And Polly had by no means forgotten her self-imposed duty of seeing that Kip had the opportunity and freedom to write. This time she found work with the Anderson Art Galleries in New York, where she wrote innumerable pamphlets and brochures about pictures. There she carried on happily until 1932, when Kip was earning enough money to let her take time off and have a baby.

Kip had amply justified Polly's faith in him. He'd advanced from his office-boy job in a publishing office to a much better position at another publisher's, where he subsequently became editor-in-chief.

Polly went about having a baby in a thorough, business-like way. By the time young Jonathan Fadiman

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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arrived she'd read enough books on child rearing to be an authority on the subject.

The years of hardship and struggle are now happily over, but the Fadimans maintain a simple kind of life. They've just moved to a new apartment at 74th Street and Fifth Avenue which is a masterpiece of comfort and beauty—but not of extravagance.

Polly, with the help of her housekeeper, runs the home. She is an excellent cook and frequently takes charge of the kitchen to prepare Kip's favorite dish, chicken. He is easy to cook for, and balks at only one thing—spaghetti.

Polly is very blonde, very beautiful, and completely without vanity. A friend once asked her where she bought her clothes. She laughed. "Look in my closet. You'll find two dresses there, but darned if I know where I bought them."

A typical Fadiman day starts at nine o'clock in the morning. Breakfast together is a ritual when Kip is in town. Then he goes to the office, and after Polly has gone over the household schedule with her housekeeper and seen little Jonathan off to Lincoln School, she devotes the balance of the working day to the Child's Study Association. This is an experimental school which is her chief interest outside her home. The association publishes a newspaper which she edits, donating her salary to charity.

POLLY and Kip still like to argue.

Talk is their greatest diversion and they can entertain themselves for hours discussing any subject of current interest. Once or twice a week there are guests for dinner.

Among the Fadimans' good friends are President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Clifton has been master-of-ceremonies at many of the dinners at which Mrs. Roosevelt has been guest speaker. Mutual respect and admiration between the First Lady and affable, charming young Mr. Fadiman resulted and Mrs. Roosevelt has frequently invited Polly and Clifton to her home in New York.

A short time ago, the Fadimans purchased a little country home in Westport, Connecticut.

Here they entertain Kip's two brothers, Eddie and Bill, and their families. The brothers and sisters-in-law are all close, intimate friends. No social or business deal is planned unless all three families are in on it.

At Westport too they entertain Polly's mother and father, who is a practicing dentist; her sister, who is married to a physician, and her two brothers, one of whom is a teacher at New York University.

Kip's mother pays tribute to her daughter-in-law with simple, straightforward sincerity: "She not only has brains and beauty, but also poise, tact and understanding. There was no indication when Clifton married her that he would mingle with the type of people who have since crossed his path, but Polly has taken it all in her stride. She is a fine wife, a good mother, and a dearly loved daughter-in-law."

And if the Clifton Fadimans themselves were questioned, they'd probably pretend that their affection today is as casual as it was in that long-ago time when two high-school kids found fun in outwitting and competing with each other. Don't be fooled. It isn't.

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

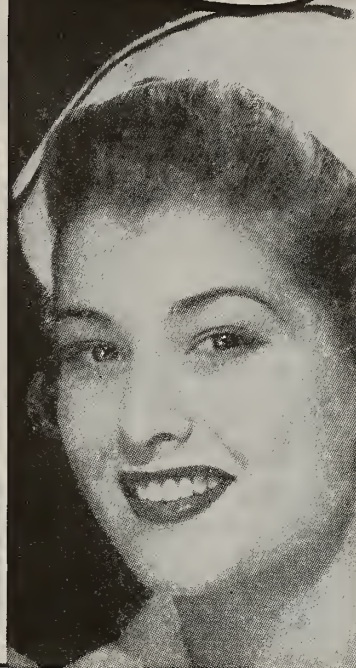
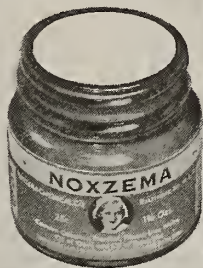
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larly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from
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will be amazed with the
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TRIMAL

What do you want to know?



■ Beatrice Kay's the sob-
singing soubrette in CBS's
bright Gay Nineties Revue.

SHE'S the gal with the hemi-demi-
semi quaver in her voice and
she's no small part of the hilari-
ous goings on Monday nights at 8:30
when the Gay Nineties Revue broad-
casts over CBS.

Her name is Beatrice Kay and she
puts over those sob songs of the
Mauve Decade with such perfection
that it brings out roars of laughter in
present-day audiences.

To listen to her, you would take it
for granted that here is a singer who
actually performed in the 1890's, so
realistic is her blues style, but Beat-
rice is still a young woman.

Born in New York of artistic and
music-loving parents, she started her
theatrical career at the age of six,
appearing in Col. McCauley's famous
stock in Louisville, Ky., as "Little
Lord Fauntleroy." For this she re-
ceived \$35 a week.

Beatrice's more formal education
came in grade schools in New York
and Louisville, the Professional Chil-
dren's School and Mount Kisco Prep.
Some of her schoolmates were Gene
Raymond, Helen Chandler, Ruby
Keeler and Milton Berle.

She studied dancing but never took
a singing lesson. She says she's
neither a soprano nor a contralto.
"It's just a raspy voice," she insists,
good-naturedly. "I once tried to sing
for several weeks while bothered by
a sore throat. The result was a rasp.
I continued to sing and discovered
my new voice was more popular than
the old."

In the Gay Nineties Revue, when
Beatrice sings those numbers which
were popular before she was born,
she first studies all she can to learn
the background of the song and the
personality of the songstress who
made it famous.

A vivacious and intensely-studious
young miss, Beatrice Kay spends her
more private moments composing
music, dabbling with paints and
building furniture. She's even had a
few stories, sketches and newspaper

articles published.
And now for intimate details: She's
5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 108 pounds,
has brown hair and blue eyes and an-
swers to the nickname of "Honey."

If she could arrange it, Beatrice
would live in the country, prefer-
ably at her grandmother's home in
Delaware, N. J. Just an old-fashioned
girl, after all.

Mrs. Daisy Stiles Hickock, Woodbury,
Conn: Luise Barclay plays the part
of Connie Tremayne in Arnold
Grimm's daughter. Stanley West-
land is played by Bret Morrison.
Betty Lou Gerson takes the role of
Mary Marlin.

Jean C. Hine, Haines City, Florida:
The casts you asked about are as
follows:

Those We Love

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Kathy Marshall | played by Nan Grey |
| Kit Marshall | Richard Cromwell |
| Dr. Leslie Foster | Donald Woods |
| Elaine Dascom | Helen Wood |
| John Marshall | Oscar O'Shea |
| Aunt Emily | Alma Kruger |
| Martha, the maid | Virginia Sale |

Hilltop House

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| Bess Johnson | Bess Johnson |
| Jean Adair | Janice Gilbert |
| Jerry Adair | Jimmy Donnelly |
| Steve Cortland | Joseph Curtin |
| John Barry | David Gothard |

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George Santos, 396 Main Street,
New Rochelle, N. Y., has organized a
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fans.

A fan club for Jimmy Valentine,
vocalist with Will Bradley's orches-
tra, is being started. All those inter-
ested are asked to write to Betty
Kearns, President, 1658 Wallace
Avenue, Bronx, New York.

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Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE women's medicines made to relieve distress of weak, nervous spells due to functional periodic complaints. Beneficial for older women, too, to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

It's Easy Living

(Continued from page 23)

them, as if it were all right to toss your hat on a chair, take off your coat, and go see what you can find in the ice box. That's just what they expect their friends to do.

The Aces, who live easily, have lived and broadcast in New York for seven years. The Ritz Towers has been their home for the past three years. They have a four-room suite, which is as luxurious as a Hollywood set designer's dream. The living room is large and spacious, very modern, with soft lounges, comfortable, symmetrical chairs and numerous mirrors. There are twin beds in the light, sun-filled bedroom. Against the wall is a large dressing table for Jane. In one corner is an exercising bicycle.

Goodman's study—actually his workshop—is equipped with a chesterfield lounge, where he lies to ponder on scripts. There's a tremendous desk, cluttered with objects, from candy to old Christmas cards. There are two telephones, black and white twins and a picture of Jane.

The view from every window in the penthouse is breathtaking. On one side you can see all of Central Park, stretched out green and seemingly never ending. From the living room and the terrace you can see Radio City, Times Square, the Hudson River and even the shores of New Jersey.

GOODMAN and Jane Ace both came to the big city by way of Kansas City. They went to school together. Goodman began proposing at the age of twelve. At sixteen, Jane slapped his face because he tried to kiss her. A few years later she married him.

Goodman had a job as a reporter on a Kansas City paper. At the time Jane accepted him, he was doing a Hollywood chatter column on station KMBC. One day, while Jane was watching him from outside the studio, he sent out a note telling her to come in because he was out of chit chat.

Jane went into the studio, began chattering aimlessly and that's how the Easy Aces program got started. A sponsor hired them. Then fired them because the Aces, now a union—being married—wanted \$50 a week instead of \$30. Fan letters forced the sponsor to rehire them, but he couldn't keep them long because bigger sponsors were bidding for them.

The Aces idea of a good time is the movies, an occasional prize fight, or a good play.

They don't go to night clubs, because they have a night club of their own. Friends call it the "Club Ace." The "Club Ace" is a bi-weekly gathering of friends in the Aces' apartment.

An evening at the Aces' consists of doing nothing—with gusto. People in show business, everyone, broke and rich, come up and just sit around and talk. Of late, there have been hectic political discussions. When customers of the "Club Ace" get hungry, Goodman sends down to the delicatessen for chicken legs and sandwiches.

Jane and Goodman Ace aren't really host and hostess at the "Club Ace," they're just part of the gathering. Sometimes they leave a discussion, go to the movies, come back and take up where they left off. Everything is easy, informal, democratic—which is a pretty good description of Jane and Goodman Ace.

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THE PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR EXPERT JURY NAMES ITS SELECTIONS!

In a community noted for its beautiful girls, mecca of curvaceous loveliness and physical perfection for all the world, what glamorous charmer has the best figure of all? The selection requires courage as well as careful study. Photoplay-Movie Mirror has the courage and its jury of experts — a cover artist, a fashion expert, a famous doctor and a noted showman — is qualified beyond question.

The result of their survey is announced — and illustrated — in the new April issue, now on sale. In it you will find not only the first selection but nine runners-up as well — the ten best figures in Hollywood, beauty capital of the world. Is your favorite actress among them? Get your copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror at the nearest newsstand — now — and see for yourself!

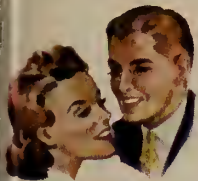
(Photoplay-Movie Mirror recognizes this figure as Hollywood's most perfect. Do you?)



ALSO for your enjoyment in this issue
Roz the Reckless, the Private Life of Rosalind Russell
—Brenda Defies the Rule, story behind the uncon-
ventional marriage of Brenda Joyce—Three Girls Fac-
ing Life, by Faith Baldwin—The Boy Linda Darnell
Loves, by Gladys Hall—Here's How I Live, by Bill
Henry—Clark Gable on the Spot—Tobacco Road,
How Hollywood is doing it—Let The Stars Teach You
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