DAVID HARUM—Living Portraits of All Your Favorites

Beginning the Year’s Great Radio Love Story—WOMAN OF COURAGE
All set for compliments with

THE SILVERWARE SERVICE of the STARS. All the glamour isn’t in Hollywood! Back east... up north... down south — up-and-coming young Americans are glamorizing their tables with the selfsame lovely silverware their favorite stars select. Your silverware dealer will show you that this is much, much easier than you’d believe... for just think of it — services start at $19.95 and Planned Payments can make your choice — yours TODAY!

1881 ROGERS
SILVER-REINFORCED FOR EXTRA LIFE
by Oneida Ltd. silversmiths

BRENDA MARSHA
Starring in
"THE SMILING GHO
a Warner Brothers Picture

73-PIECE SERVICE for 8 $57.50
106-PIECE SERVICE for 12 $67.50
in the Miss America TABLE-CABINET
(All Prices include Federal Tax)
There's magic in a lovely smile!
Help yours to be sparkling—with Ipana and Massage.

Look about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!
If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work... the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods.

And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"
say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
A Product of Bristol-Myers
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ON THE COVER—Alice Reinheart, heard as Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, on CBS

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood
A message of thanks to American women from the Queen of England, heard over the NBC-Red network

I FIND it hard to tell you of our gratitude in adequate terms. So I ask you to believe that it is deep and sincere beyond expression. Unless you have seen, as I have seen, just how your gifts have been put to use, you cannot know, perhaps, the solace which was brought to the men and women of Britain who are suffering and toiling in the cause of freedom.

Here in Britain our women are working in factory and field, turning the lathes and gathering the harvest, for we must have food as well as munitions. Their courage is magnificent, their endurance amazing. I have seen them in many different activities. They are serving in the thousands with the navy, army and air force—driving heavy lorries, cooking, catering, helping, and every one of them working cheerfully and bravely under all conditions.

I speak for us all in Britain in thanking all of you in America. I feel I would like to say a special message of thanks to American women. It gives us strength to know that you have not been content to pass us by on the other side. To us, in the time of our tribulation, you have surely shown that compassion which has been for two thousand years the mark of the good neighbor.

Believe me, and I am speaking for millions of us who know the bitter but also proud horror of war, we are grateful. We shall not forget your sacrifice. The sympathy which inspires it springs not only from our common speech and the traditions which we share with you, but even more from our common ideals. To you tyranny is as hateful as it is to us. The things for which we will fight to the death are no less sacred, and to my mind at any rate, your generosity is born of your conviction that we fight to save a cause that is yours no less than ours; of your high resolve, however great the cost and however long the struggle, that liberty and freedom, human dignity and kindness shall not perish from the earth. I look to the day when we shall go forward, hand in hand, to build a better, a kinder, a happier world for our children. May God bless you all.
It's December wedding bells for Virginia Dwyer and James Fleming. She's the young actress who plays Sally in the Front Page Farrell serial, and he's the announcer for John's Other Wife and Mr. Keen, among other shows.

They're predicting that Bob Hope's new movie, "Louisiana Purchase," now completed but not due to be shown until after the first of the year, will be one of the big hits of the season and will boost radio's Tuesday night jester to a new high in popularity.

Dorothy Lowell will be at home to the stork around the first of the year. As Our Gal Sunday, Dorothy has been a mother for some time, but it's a new experience for her in real life.

Charlotte, N.C.—WBT's newest and youngest star is a gay and breezy lass who literally pestered her way to radio stardom. Her name is Eleanor Bryan, and she's heard on the famous WBT Briarhopper show between 4:30 and 5:00 every afternoon, Monday through Friday, and at 9:00 Saturday mornings.

Eleanor began her campaign to get on the air when she was thirteen years old in Goldsboro, N. C. Her mother ran a boarding house, and some of her best guests were the Johnston County Ramblers, a singing and instrumental group that was very popular in the Carolina hill country, both on the air and in personal appearances. They had many fans, but none more adoring than thirteen-year-old Eleanor.

When the Ramblers got up in the morning, there was Eleanor out in the hall, starry-eyed, giving out with a hill-billy tune in her fresh young soprano, just to attract their attention. At meal times she nearly drove them crazy by yodeling to them between courses. When they went down town, if they weren't careful, she went with them. In fact, she made their lives miserable until, in utter despair, they decided to give her a chance to sing with them.

You guessed it—she was a sensation. She had a yodel that out-yodeled the best of them, and a personality that made everyone's feet start tapping the minute she went into a mountain tune. Accompanying herself on the "gee-tar," she soon made a name for herself that overshadowed the Ramblers' own. She sang with local bands at parties, made guest appearances, and at one time had a regular program with her eleven-year-old sister on Goldsboro's station WGBR.

When Claude Casey, WBT singing and yodeling star, made a personal appearance in Goldsboro a few months ago he heard Eleanor sing and lost no time in bringing her back to WBT to audition for Program Director Charles (Continued on page 44)
What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to sniffle... when you feel a chill... or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it’s time to act—and act fast! A cold may be getting you in its grip. What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.

**Kills Germs Associated with Colds**

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces... so called “secondary invaders” which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

**Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces**

Clinical “bacteria counts” showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic... up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn’t it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will always head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat**

1. Go to bed at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.

2. Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

3. At night, take a hot bath, or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to “sweat the cold out of your system.”

4. Don’t blow your nose too hard. It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

**NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS**

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

**WATCH YOUR THROAT**

WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

**LISTERINEthroat light**

**ONLY $1.75 BATTERIES INCLUDED**

JANUARY, 1942
AFTER Daddy died I couldn’t stay any longer in Rockford. There was the little shingled house we’d lived in together for ten years, and Aunt Carolyn would have been glad to move in and stay with me, but somehow—I just couldn’t.

I’d never known my mother, and Daddy had always been everything to me. All eighteen years of my life he’d mothered me, taught me the music we both loved, walked and talked and played with me. Aunt Carolyn once said he was too impractical, and I guess he was, really; but if he’d been any different he wouldn’t have been Daddy, and I wouldn’t have been me.

It wasn’t any surprise when he died. I’d known it was coming, and we’d even talked about it. But still, when it happened, I felt stunned, as though his going had been a physical blow. I even found myself hating the song we’d written together, “Love’s New Sweet Song.”

It had been published a few weeks before he died, and was an immediate success. And Daddy wasn’t even allowed the comforts the money it was bringing in would buy! After a lifetime of dreaming, his first dream had come true too late.

Cousin Eleanor’s letter, inviting me to come to New York and visit her, was like the answer to a prayer. I wrote back to her by the next mail, saying I’d come. I could hardly wait, then, to leave Rockford and start all over again. Life seemed to have stopped since Daddy died, and I wanted to start it going once more. I thought I had my plans all made. I’d visit Cousin Eleanor for a while, and then I’d get a job—because I knew I’d have to think about earning a living eventually. The song was earning money now, but it wouldn’t forever.

Luckily, I’d taken a business course in high school—my own idea. All Daddy had ever been able to think about was my singing. Armed with my short-hand and typing knowledge, I thought I might get an office job of some sort in New York.

It was the first time I’d ever been on a train alone, and I felt better by watching the other passengers and having dinner in the dining car and going to bed in the berth the porter made up. But the next afternoon when I got off the train at Grand Central Station in New York I almost wished I’d stayed in Rockford. People were rushing past in all directions and Cousin Eleanor was nowhere to be seen. I knew her address, but she’d promised to meet me and I didn’t think I ought to disobey instructions by taking a taxi, so I stood by the information booth with my two bags at my feet, waiting and feeling more and more unnecessary.

I began to worry, too, for fear I wouldn’t recognize her. It was two years since I’d seen her, and that was only for a day when she came back to Rockford to spend Christmas. I remembered a slim figure and a pretty, beautifully made-up face—but every woman I saw in the station seemed to have them. Cousin Eleanor had lived in New York for ten years, and she had her own shop on Fifth Avenue where she designed and sold very expensive dresses.

At last a young fellow in a whipcord uniform came up and asked if I was Miss Rowe. When I said I was he explained that he was Miss Jamieson’s chauffeur and that she’d sent him to meet me. “But I’m afraid, if you’ve been waiting long, there was a mistake in the time,” he said apologetically.

By then I was so glad to see somebody I didn’t care how much of a mistake in the time there had been.

He led me to an impressive looking car with velvet lilac-gray upholstery, and then we were driving along a broad street so fast I didn’t get a chance to see it was Park Avenue until we drew up for a red light. After about ten minutes he stopped in front of a tall apartment house and we went up in an elevator. As the elevator door opened I heard a babble of voices, and I walked right out of the car into the hallway of Cousin Eleanor’s apartment. People stood around, men and women with cocktail glasses in their hands, and turned to look at me curiously.

“Miss Jamieson is having a cocktail party, Miss,” the chauffeur said. “If you’d like to go directly into the drawing room, I’ll take your bags.”

In a daze, I walked down the hall toward the room where most of the noise of talking and laughing seemed to come from, and stood in the doorway trying to find Cousin Eleanor. Nobody paid any attention to me.

Some of the people were sitting around talking, but quite a few were gathered around the grand piano. I couldn’t see who was playing, but I heard one of them say, “Come on, Phil—do the Spinster at Niagara Falls number.”

A man on the other side of the piano laughed unpleasantly. “Yes, after all, you can’t waste an appre-

She wanted to be sure that he really loved her, for there was nothing else in the world she desired more. So she asked him to propose again the next night. She should have seen the danger!
The pianist struck a few chords. "Can't I?" he said in a bored voice. "What makes you think anyone in this room is worth singing for?"

That sounded insulting to me, but the people around the piano howled with laughter. And then I saw Cousin Eleanor, standing beside the pianist and looking cool and beautiful in a deep-green hostess gown.

"If you're going to do that song, Phil," she said, "please do it before Susan gets here."

"Susan? Who's Susan?" a woman with vivid red lips asked.

"Haven't you heard?" the man at the piano said, still in that indifferent, tired voice. "She's Eleanor's little cousin, a tender young damsel from the West. Stars in her eyes and corn stalks in her hair. And," he added woefully, "she sings! Like this:"

He played an introduction, with just enough wrong notes in it to be funny, and began to sing "Sweet Genevieve."

But it wasn't funny to me. It's never seemed funny to me to ridicule other people, particularly when you haven't even met them. And "Sweet Genevieve" may be old, but it's still a lovely song. I forgot where I was, I was so angry. And suddenly I'd picked up the song and was singing it as well as I possibly could. I felt I had to sing it well, throw it back at that man, whoever he was, who was sitting at the piano and hating the world.

The people at the other end of the room swung around, staring. I caught a glimpse of Cousin Eleanor, her mouth a long O of horrified astonishment. And then, beside her, I saw the man at the keyboard.

He was like his voice. He was handsome, but tired and unhappy and (Continued on page 62)
AFTER Daddy died I couldn't stay any longer in Rockford. There was the little shingled house we'd lived in together for ten years, and Aunt Carolyn would have been glad to move in and stay with me, but somehow—I just couldn't. I'd never known my mother, and Daddy had always been everything to me. All eighteen years of my life he'd mothered me, taught me the music we both loved, walked and talked and played with me. Aunt Carolyn once said he was too impractical, and I guess he was, really; but I if he'd been any different he'd have been Daddy and I wouldn't have been me.

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He was like his voice. He was handsome, but tired and unhappy and...
THE bells above the door tinkled and Martha looked up from her accounts.

"It was a wonderful movie, Mother!" Lucy cried.

For a moment, Lucy's blonde hair looked like a halo, with the street light caught in it. Then, the light was blotted out by two broad backs. Richey Kimble and Johnny Long followed Lucy into the Jacksons' grocery store.

"Bette Davis was simply marvelous!" Lucy said.

Martha couldn't help smiling at her daughter's extravagant enthusiasm. Sometimes, it worried her that Lucy seemed to think of nothing but movies and boys. But then, looking at Lucy's radiant, lovely face and listening to the breathlessly gay voice, Martha couldn't bear to be critical.

"I'm glad you had a good time, dear," Martha said. "Take the boys inside and make them some cocoa."

"You come, too, Mrs. Jackson," Johnny Long said.

"I'll be in soon," Martha said. "I've got some bills to make out first."

"Come along, Johnny," Lucy called. "And stop trying to get next to my mother."

Their laughter faded as Lucy closed the door between the store and the house. Martha sighed and tackled her accounts again. She always lingered on the accounts—anything to put off the unpleasant task of making out bills. Martha hated to ask people for money.

The store was very quiet. Although she could not hear them, Martha was acutely aware of the people she loved being near. She could almost see them back there in the house—Jim in his wheelchair, his strong capable hands
Martha knew she loved Jim, so strong and proud of his strength, hating the wheel chair which held him.

But she knew, too, that nothing—no one—had ever challenged her love before. And she was afraid

fashioning a delicately carved figure out of wood, Lucy with her two boy friends, flirting, showing off for them, Tommy, deep in sleep, his small, bright face peaceful, now, all the distress and unhappiness, that had haunted him those first months after his father had disappeared and Martha had taken him into her home, as her own little boy gone now, erased by Martha's love for him. And Lillian. Martha could almost hear her sister's shrill voice complaining, about having to work, about her nonexistent aches and pains, mouthing each complaint, as if it were her only pleasure in life. And Jim would be listening to her, a patient, tolerant smile on his lips.

Martha seldom permitted herself the luxury of dwelling on the past. But that evening, filled with a sense of well being, Martha allowed the past to creep back. And, strangely enough, in looking back at all that had happened since Jim's accident, it was the memory of the innate goodness and generosity of people that shone through all that long time of hurt and bewilderment.

PAIN. Yes, there had been pain and fear. Dr. Kennedy telling her that the falling scaffolding had injured Jim's spine, permanently, perhaps. That was pain. The thought of Jim, strong and proud of his strength, tied to a wheel chair for the rest of his life had hurt unbearably.

Yet, out of this hurt had come the realization of the depth of her love for Jim, the clear understanding that Jim's outward strength meant little, essentially, that it was the inner man she loved, his gentleness, his wisdom and his love for her and Lucy. And his need.

It was Jim's need that had driven all fear from Martha's heart. She had recognized, at once, that it fell to her to be all those things that Jim had been in the twenty years they had been married. It seemed to her, simply, that they were two, different parts of the same being and, now, the two parts had just changed roles.

While Jim was still in the hospital, Martha had cast about for some way to earn a living. It was no small problem. There were no jobs for untrained women in Farmington. Then, inspiration had come out of the idle chatter of Jim's sister, Cora.

"I declare to goodness," Cora had said one evening, "I wish there was a grocery store in this neighborhood. Main Street is so far and I always forget something."

"That's it!" Martha had said. "That's what I'll do—open a grocery store."

Cora had stared. "Martha," she'd sniffed, "sometimes you talk as if you didn't have the sense you were born with."

But the more Martha had thought about it, the better she had liked the idea. So, with the money left from Jim's accident insurance, the closed-in front porch of the house had been enlarged and turned into a grocery store.

However, Martha had soon discovered that the store was not enough. She was forced to supplement her income by renting out one of her rooms. At first, Jim had been against the idea. Martha knew it was his pride and she could understand that. It had taken persuasion and affectionate cajolery to win Jim around.

Yet, it had worked out very well. George Harrison had been just a
Sometimes, if for this living. was strong pride was Martha the soon, "was the face. he making the strength, wheel idea. good wheel was was MarUia the store his fell be the Lucy her house worried that anything and called. hated tackling to the laughter Lucy make the door couldn't her listen to the scaffoldings, listening to the shining laughter. Lucy had been killed by Jim's accident, the memory of the innate goodness and generosity of people that shone through all that long time of hurt and bewilderment.

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But she knew, too, that nothing—no one—had ever challenged her love before. And she was afraid
She couldn't shake that feeling of strangeness. She and Jim had gone to so many of these balls together. Now, though the same band was playing, she would be dancing in the arms of another man.

boarder for about a week. After that, he was like one of the family. Tommy adored him, with all the intensity of a ten-year-old's hero worship, Lucy flirted outrageously and, for Jim, George became a companion, a link with the outside world and the work Jim loved. George Harrison was the chief engineer on the Dam under construction nearby and he brought home with him the smell of machines and the gritty sound of drying mud, crackling underfoot, as it flaked off his boots.

Yes, Martha thought warmly, George was a good friend to them all. Sometimes, perhaps, he'd let his impulses carry him away, but, thinking back on those times, Martha found she couldn't resent the things George had done.

Like the time he had encouraged Jim to make something of his wood carving, which Jim did only to pass the time. Martha was ashamed, now, that she hadn't sensed at once—as George had—that Jim needed something to do to win back his self respect.

It still twisted at her heart to remember the look in Jim's eyes, the day George had returned from Twin Falls with the news that a gift shop had bought twelve of the figures and would take as many more as Jim could turn out. Jim had held the money, fifteen dollars, as though it were a fortune. And, he had looked so proud, his voice had been so full and rich, as he gave the money to Lucy. "There!" he had said. "Don't say your father never gave you anything. Now, you can have that dress you wanted."

Months later, when George was getting ready to go to New York on business, Martha had discovered accidentally that he had in his room a whole trunk full of Jim's carvings. Though she understood that George had only meant to be kind, by pretending he was selling the figures and, all the while, paying for them out of his own pocket, she knew, too, that the thought of being an object of pity and charity would be worse for Jim to bear than his former feeling of uselessness had been. Then, he had had no hopes, no illusions.
George had found her standing by the trunk. "I—I'm sorry," he had said. "I didn't want you to know."

"It wasn't fair—what you did," Martha had said.

"I knew," George had admitted. "But I had such faith in those things. I was sure they'd sell."

"But it will hurt him so much more, now," Martha had said. "He'll have to know—we can't go on—"

George had smiled. "He won't have to know, now," he had said, pulling a letter from his pocket. "He can carry on all his business directly, after this. I got hold of an old friend in New York—sent him some of the figures. He wants more—and at a better price." Then, George had sat down and taken her hand. "I hope you're not angry, Martha. I hope I haven't hurt you. I'd lay down my life before I'd hurt you—any of you. This is the closest I've ever come to belonging anywhere—to anyone—to a family."

And Martha had understood, suddenly, a great deal about the loneliness of people. The loneliness of wanderers like George and of people whom life had passed by, like Cora, and of the self-centered, like Lillian. And she had understood how much she and Jim had, of happiness, of fullness of being, enough so she could spare a little for these others. She could not be angry with George.

In fact, she had missed him while he was away. The house had seemed empty, somehow, and Jim had looked forward eagerly to George's return, too, so they could resume their long talks and friendly arguments. They had been disappointed, however, when George did come back, for he didn't take his old room in their house. Instead—and without explanation—he stayed at the hotel in Twin Falls until the house he was having built was finished. He was back in Farmington, now, living alone in his little, charming cottage, high on Sunset Hill. It had seemed strange to Martha, at first, that he didn't come back to live with them. But then, she'd decided that, like everyone else, he probably needed to have a place of his own, some sort of roots, somewhere.

The town clock chimed eleven and Martha started guiltily. Then, she smiled. The hateful task of marking out bills could be put off for another day. She closed her account book with a snap and locked the store.

The living room looked cheerful. Jim had his wheel chair pulled close to the fireplace and the firelight was warm on his face. He looked happy and, somehow, excited. Martha went to him and kissed the top of his head.

Jim caught her hand. "Lillian's been telling me about a place where they work miracles for people like me," he said.

"Really?" Martha smiled.

"Yes, really," Lillian said, petulantly. "Why, when I was there, I actually saw a man, who'd been carried in on a stretcher, walk out of there, a healthy, strong man. And doctors had given him up as a hopeless cripple, too."

Martha saw Jim's jaw tighten at the word. "It's very late, Lillian," she said. "You'll never be able to get up to make Mr. Schmidt's breakfast."

Lillian made a face. "That old skinflint," she said. But she started putting on her things. From the door, she said to Jim, "I'll bring over the booklet on that sanitarium, tomorrow. You can see for yourself."

She sighed. "Goodnight. I wish I had a car. I hate to walk."

"Goodnight, Lillian," Martha said.

"Sit down here, next to me, Martha," Jim said softly.

Martha sat down on a footstool and leaned against Jim's blanketed knees. They were quiet and they could hear Lillian stop at the kitchen door and ask the boys to take her home.

"As if anyone would molest Lillian," Jim grinned. "I guess she'll never stop hoping. Now, if it were you—" he patted Martha's head and she caught his hand and held it to her cheek.

"All right, you two lovebirds," Lucy said from the doorway.

"Could you stop cooing long enough to kiss a girl goodnight?"

After Lucy went upstairs, Martha leaned her cheek against Jim's knee and stared into the dying fire. They sat like that, for awhile, not saying anything. A log cracked and broke in half.

"A penny for your thoughts," Martha said.

"Oh," Jim started. "I was just thinking how wonderful it would be, if what Lillian said was true."

He sighed. "But what's the use of dreaming?" He lapsed into silence again, but now it was a heavy silence, heavy and hopeless.

"You're thinking of money," Martha said. She forced the vision of the long list of unpaid credit accounts out of her mind. "The store has lots of steady customers, now. We'll ask Dr. Kennedy. If he thinks the sanitarium will do you good, we'll manage. Don't worry.

Have we ever let each other down?"

"No," Jim smiled. His eyes were on the future again, and there was hope and excitement in them.

And Martha knew that she would do almost anything to keep that look there. She saw, suddenly, that it wasn't only for Jim's sake that she wanted him to get well. She wanted Jim back—in the old way—strong and sure of himself, to love her. It wasn't always as easy as she pretended to live this half-life.

It was Cora who was most vehement in her arguments against the scheme and then as usual who did everything she could to help. She took care of the store, the next morning, while Martha went to see the doctor. And, after Dr. Kennedy said the sanitarium might help Jim, if not to walk, certainly to make him much better, it was Cora who solved the financial problem. Grumbling characteristically, full of the pessimism she had developed through her lonely life, Cora nevertheless went right down to the bank and mortgaged her house for the necessary amount.

"Of course," she said, giving Martha the money, "I don't expect it will do him the least bit of good. But, he is my brother and he's the only one I have in the world. So, if I want to waste my money—"

Cora hugged her and laughed. "Oh, you silly, Cora—always trying to make us believe that you're so hard hearted when really you're as soft as putty."

Jim could hardly wait for all the arrangements to be made. He was excited and happy, like a little boy starting on a vacation. He was so pleased, he hardly knew what he was doing. He was sure of only one thing—that Martha was not to go with him, when he left. He hated (Continued on page 59)
THE director frowned as he fingered the pages of a radio script. "It's the best show I've ever read," he told the sponsor, "but there's one missing link."

"Going Darwin on me?" queried the sponsor.

The director explained. "I've a perfect cast," he said slowly. "It's a hundred per cent perfect—with one exception. I haven't been able to contact my character woman."

The sponsor laughed. "Good grief," he said between chuckles, "the woods are full of character women! I had to step over fourteen of them as I came into your office."

The director refused to join in the laughter. "Trouble is," he said, "that I've an old actress in mind, and she's given me a fixation. I heard her do a sight reading once and it was a wow! The name's Lambert."

The sponsor stopped laughing. "Not Addie Lambert?"

The director nodded. "Yeah, Adelaide Lambert," he said. "How'd you happen to know about her?"

The sponsor told him, "My father had a photograph of her in tights—it was faded as all get out, but he kept it under the handkerchiefs in his top bureau drawer. It was the last leaf of his salad days, I guess . . . I didn't know that Adelaide Lambert was in radio—she must be close to eighty."

"I guess she is pretty old," the director agreed, "and I guess she's down on her luck, too. Her clothes were pitifully shabby when I saw her last. Well, I sent her three special deliveries and a telegram but it's no dice."

"Where did you send them?" asked the sponsor.

The director said, "We've an agency address in the files."

The sponsor told him rather severely, "You should have sent the letters to her home," and at the director's raised eyebrows, "She must have a home somewhere . . . Ask your secretary to do a little detective work for a change, and if she doesn't get to first base call on my secretary. My secretary"—his tone was a trifle smug—"has a talent for digging up hidden things such as"—he chuckled—"elderly troupers."

The director was frowning. "But," he objected, "the show goes on tomorrow night. Our dress rehearsal is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon."

The sponsor advised, "Take a chance and wait. You can always get somebody to go on at the last minute if you want to—and Lambert would make swell publicity for our show. I'm not the only man who ever had a father."

Adelaide Lambert was putting her house in order. It wasn't a very large house—not for a woman who had lived in mansions all over the world—but it was the only house she had now.

"And lucky I am"—thought Adelaide almost without rancor, as she tore through half a dozen age-yellowed letters—"to have a roof over my head, not to mention a real fireplace."
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Her seventy years sat as jauntily on her shoulders as the gay hat upon her head and the glistening buckles on her shoes, as Addie Lambert, with a silent prayer, set out gallantly for her radio debut

Illustration by Marshall Frantz

The fireplace was a luxury when you stopped to consider that it was part and parcel of a furnished room. Few furnished rooms boast fireplaces that will burn actual wood and that will also consume ancient love letters. Adelaide sighed and was glad that during the full years she had paid Lucille a munificent salary. Lucille’s savings had gone into the purchase of a rooming house and Lucille’s warm heart had turned what had once been the front parlor, into Adelaide’s domain.

“Eet ees not mooch,” Lucille had told her ex-mistress regretfully, when Adelaide came to her in quest of haven, “but weeth your so-o beautiful things—” She left the sentence unfinished.

Adelaide Lambert sniffed a shade contemptuously. Her so beautiful things! Five years ago they had begun to vanish one by one. Her rosewood piano and her inlaid make-up box were God-knows-where. The heavily embroidered Spanish shawl, once draped above the fireplace, was draped there no longer. Decades ago a Grandee of Spain had wrapped it lingeringly around Adelaide’s shoulders. (“Adelaide Lambert’s white sloping shoulders are causing a furore in Madrid!”) Her jewel casket was gone, and so were the shimmering contents of it—all except the garnets. There had once been many pictures upon the wall—peering out from heavy silver frames. The heavy silver frames had been replaced by wooden ones from the dime store—and they were going, too. Indeed, they made a lovely blaze. So, for that matter, did the pictures.

Adelaide tore through the photograph of a smiling lad who had been a bearded general in the first world war—was it a quarter of a century ago? Yes, she was cleaning house. When a woman has passed three score and ten, it’s high time that she sweeps the record free of encumbrances.

Three score and ten! Even though she knew that she was living on borrowed time, Adelaide sometimes found it hard to believe that she was old. She had held youth close to her heart for so long—longer than any other actress on record. . . . At thirty-five she had accepted certain crown jewels from an infatuated youngster—and had returned them later, and very graciously, at the request of a distraught, though kingly, parent. . . . At forty, in mist-shrouded London, a gentleman who could sign H. R. H. instead of a name, had gone sentimental and had sipped champagne from one of Adelaide’s satin slippers. At sixty she had pooh-poohed an offer from a motion picture studio because the stage was still so warmly kind.

But now, with four score not very far away, even radio could do without her. For months past Adelaide had not even bothered to call the casting directors. She was tired of hearing some telephone operator say, “Nothing for you today, Miss Lambert.”

Reflectively, and with hands that were surprisingly
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The sponsor stopped laughing. "Not Adelaide Lambert?"

The director nodded. "Yeah, Adelaide Lambert." The director chuckled. "I'm going to be a director some day, and I'm going to turn Lambert into a great actress who'll play in your home for six straight weeks."

"Where did you hear her name?" asked the sponsor.

The director said, "We've an agency address in the like."

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"Kel ees not smooth," Lucille had told her ex-mistress regretfully, when Adelaide came to her in quest of haven, "but worth your so-beautiful things—". She left the sentence unfinished.

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But now, with four score not very far away, even radio could not keep her. For months past Adelaide had not even bothered to call the casting directors. She was tired of hearing some telephonic operator say, "Nothing for you today, Miss Lambert."

Reflectively, and with hands that were surprisingly
stead, Adelaide tore through another picture. It was the likeness of a young woman in a pompadour—and little else.

**THERE** was a knock at the door. Adelaide hastily shuffled together a pile of old programs and tossed them upon the fire. And then she rose, not too stiffly, and went to sit in front of the mirror that hung above a cheap, chintz-skirted dressing table. It was only after she applied powder to her nose and a dab of rouge to each wrinkled cheek, that she called—"Come in."

The door swung open and Lucille stood on the threshold—Lucille who had been an apple-cheeked French maid in the long ago, and who was now sixty-six. Adelaide said, "Oh, hello," and ruffled the fringe of her dyed hair with slender, parchment-like fingers, as Lucille stepped into the room and closed the door carefully behind her. Like most French women of her age and class, she wore rusty black, and her thin waist was bisected by the white of her voluminous apron strings.

"Mees Addie," she exclaimed, "what 'ave you been doing?"

Adelaide told her, "I've been tidying up."

Lucille raised her hands in horror. "When there ees cleaning to be done," she said, "you should call upon me. I am your maid, Mees Addie."

"You were my maid," corrected Adelaide gently, "now you're my landlady. There's a vast difference."

"I am still your maid," Lucille said firmly. Her voice became suddenly shrill. "Helas! There are so many blank spaces upon the wall. Where are the pictures and the programs?"

Adelaide made a scornful gesture in the direction of the hearth, and for a moment Lucille was at a loss.

"But the Crown Prince, 'e ees gone," she muttered finally. "And so is the Grand Duke. And so are all the lovely portraits of you when you were in the chorus of 'Prima Donna.' And so are—"

"Skip it," interrupted Adelaide tersely. "I told you I was tidying up! I'm not going to have a flock of bright reporters nosing through my room, getting copy for a sob story, when I'm gone."

The French woman's eyes filled with quick tears. Her voice shook when she answered.

"Mees Addie," she murmured unsteadily, "you weel be 'ere these many, many years. Ef you take care of your 'art, you weel live to be a 'undred."

"That's a swell outlook," sniffed Adelaide. "I don't want to be a hundred, Lucille. It's bad enough to be halfway between seventy and eighty without a job or a friend—"

Lucille's voice had grown even more unsteady. "You 'ave me," she said. "Mees Addie, 'ave I done anything to make you unhappy? Thesee room—when I next collect the rents, I weel 'ave een re-papered for you. . . . Maybe I can manage a new rug."

For no reason at all Adelaide found that she, too, was blinking to keep back the tears.

"Fiddlesticks, Lucille!" she said. "This room is perfectly adequate. It's far too good for me. I've made tons of money and I've never saved a cent. You earned a pittance and you hoarded every penny of it. Why should I be a graver and nourish myself on you?"

Lucille crossed the room swiftly.

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**Next Month!**

Why does a wife become suddenly afraid when her husband smiles at another woman? Read as a complete novel the absorbing story of JOHN'S OTHER WIFE, the radio serial heard daily

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Almost she put her arms around Adelaide's old shoulders, but something unexpectedly formidable made her draw back.

"Mees Addie," she quavered, "don' you feel well? I've never known you to talk thees way! You 'ave been so—so optimistic. So full of the joie de vivre."

"Anybody who can be full of the joy of life when there's nothing ahead, is a fool," Adelaide told her somberly. "I've always had an audience, Lucille—I've had applause and footlights and fan mail and presents. Now I'm an old lady and they're in the dust bin—where I belong!"

Lucille's fingers were nervously plucking at her apron. "But—but—" she stammered, "there ees the radio. There you 'ave still an audience."

"Thee was better. That's what I thought about radio—once," she said. "But radio didn't give me a tumble. Radio's a young art, and there isn't any place in it for old foggies. I found that out after I'd walked my feet ragged, tramping from office to office—" She broke off for Lucille was delving into an apron pocket.

"Then why," queried Lucille dramatically, "'ave they sent to you a letter from the Radio Mart where the so beeg stories go up in the air?" She smiled broadly as Adelaide reached, like an eager child, for the proffered envelope.

"Life looks darkest before the dawn," murmured Lucille. "N'est ce pas?"

**WITH** fingers that were much less steady than they had been when she tore the photograph of a prince to shreds, Adelaide ripped open the square envelope. Heavy bond paper crackled as she unfolded a single sheet. And then her voice came—high and shrill and angry.

"Lucille!" she stormed. "They've been trying to reach me for almost a week! Why didn't I get this sooner?"

Lucille shrugged. "It came by the special post," she said. "Why, Mees Addie!" for Adelaide Lambert was crying.

"Darn the luck!" she sobbed. "It's the first chance I've had to play a real part, and now it will be too late."

Desperately Lucille tried to exude comfort. "But," she asked, "weel they not wait for you? After all, you are the Adelaide Lambert."

"I'm a musty has-been," interposed Adelaide. "Glad of a bone of charity and a crust of human kind-ness. Radio can't wait, Lucille. This show they want me for goes on the air tonight. There must have been a dozen rehearsals already, and—"

Lucille's voice was calm. "Many a time," she said, "you 'ave gone on a stage without a single rehearsal and 'ave per-formed miracles. 'Ave you lost your mind, Mees Addie?"

"No—only my spunk," sobbed Adelaide, and then swiftly her face cleared. "Maybe I can make the grade, at that," she said, and her tone was brisk—"What'll I wear?"

The question of clothes had once been a matter of selection. It was a graver thing now that there was small choice. . . . The black taffeta with the white lace fichu might do if the rehearsal room were dark. A good dressmaker had made it, and the lace was real and the style was fanciful enough to be un-dated. . . . The jacket of velvet with the bead- ing might also do, but the question of a hat—Adelaide snorted—and shoes! "A woman," she told Lucille, "can get by with a shabby frock, if her shoes and hat are smart. Folk notice ex— (Continued on page 56)
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Presenting, in fascinating album photographs, the people you love to listen to on one of radio's most human dramas

Here at the racetrack is where you'll usually find David Harum and his friends—left to right, Aunt Polly, David, Susan Price and Mr. Perkins. Sponsored by Bab-O Cleaner, David Harum is on the NBC-Red network.
DAVID HARUM is a round-faced, stocky, kindly philosopher, ever willing to aid those who need help and quick to outwit schemers and evil doers. You've known him almost five years now and you began to love him when, as Homeville's town banker, he rescued the Widder Cullom from the grasping hands of Zeke Swinney. Since then, he and Zeke have been constantly feuding. David loves to swap horses and is the shrewdest horse trader in the county. The lovable old fellow is a confirmed bachelor.

(Played by Craig MacDonnell)
AUNT POLLY is David’s sister. Her bright blue eyes don’t miss much that happens in Homeville. She is always fussing over David and believes he couldn’t exist without her, but in spite of her busybody temperament, she’s a very sweet, practical woman and does a great deal to make David’s home a happy one. Recently, she thought David needed a wife and tried to marry him to an old school chum of hers, Amelia Truesdale, but, like most of her well-intentioned plans, it didn’t jell.

(Played by Charme Allen)
SUSAN PRICE, the daughter of "townfolks," is a very pretty and talented young woman. She once worked in David's bank and he's always considered her almost a daughter. She married several years ago, against David's advice. Her husband deserted her and met his death in a far-off place. After that, still being the most popular girl in town, she had many proposals, but turned them all down to marry Zeke Swinney's son, Bryan Wells. She and Bryan have had a happy life, in spite of Zeke's meanness.

(Played by Peggy Allenby)
ZEKE SWINNEY is a tall, sour-faced, slick-talking old rascal and skinflint. He loves to drive hard bargains and is constantly trying to get the best of his avowed enemy, David Harum. He's tried every mean trick in the book, but David is always too smart for him. Once, under David's influence, Zeke tried to turn honest, but it didn't work out. As Zeke said, "Never gonna try to be honest again, it's too much of a strain on my heart." Zeke is so miserable that even his own son dislikes him. (Played by Arthur Maitland)
Ruth had lived in dread of this moment when Michael would find a way to break down her defenses, to reach beyond her love and loyalty to her husband. Now, as he talked to her, she must decide finally what was in her heart.

THE STORY:

RUTH WAYNE could not entirely delude herself when John, her husband, left her in the small town of Glen Falls and joined an American medical unit assigned to the war areas of Europe. He was doing a brave thing, helping in a cause he believed in—but also, in a way, he was deserting her. He was turning from the comparative dullness of the life and work he had always known to the romance and excitement of war. Still, she tried to carry on without him. She kept her job with Dr. Carvell, the elderly doctor who had once planned on turning over his practice to John. The job was a necessity, because it was not easy to make income meet expense in the big frame house where she lived with Richard, her infant son, her adolescent brother Neddie, and her sister Sue and Sue’s husband and child. Her responsibilities helped to keep Ruth from being too lonely until she met Michael West, a young man who drifted into Glen Falls one night. Michael was stormy, sullen, and yet somehow appealing. He had been wandering about the country for some time, earning a bare living by singing and playing his accordion in taverns and lunch rooms. Dr. Carvell offered him a job and a room over the garage, and surprisingly he accepted. But he had been in Glen Falls only a few days when one of the young girl inmates of the nearby reform school escaped, and by accident Ruth discovered the girl, Gloria, in his room. Gloria’s instant hostility opened Ruth’s eyes to something she had deliberately tried not to realize—that she, herself, had grown to care for Michael West. Nevertheless, she undertook to help Gloria gain a legal release from the reform school. It was the least she could do for the girl who claimed Michael had promised to marry her.

In mid-July the heat came down on Glen Falls, making the asphalt on the streets soft and spongy underfoot. The open air was as close and oppressive as that of a closed room. Day after day the heat mounted, until it seemed that any moment it must reach its climax and break in a thunderstorm—yet each afternoon clouds towered up on the horizon, only to dissolve and fade away as the sun went down.

Ruth Wayne felt that events in her own life were waiting, too, breathless and poised, for the storm which might bring destruction before it cleared the air. A month had passed since the night of Gloria Ward’s escape from the Elmwood Training School for Girls. Gloria had been taken back to the school, and Ruth and Dr. Carvell had begun their task of obtaining her release legally. It had been more difficult than they expected; delay followed delay, with red tape, affidavits, appearances before the School’s parole board, and so on. But now, after four weeks, Gloria at last was to be released to Dr. Carvell’s custody.

Ruth had tried to thank him for his offer to give Gloria a home. “First it was Michael, and now Gloria,” she said. “You tease me because you say I’m always wanting to help people, but you’re the one who always ends up by giving the practical things, like places to sleep and food to eat.”

“I’m an old man, Ruth,” he observed. “I haven’t a great deal to show for my seventy years. I haven’t done as much for the world as I thought I would when I was a young medical student. So any little bit more that I can do in the time left to me is something I’m glad to add to the total.”

How much the doctor’s shrewd old eyes had seen of the situation between the three of them—Michael West, Gloria, and Ruth herself—she did not know. This was one subject she did not dare discuss with him.

Every detail of that hour in Michael’s room over Dr. Carvell’s garage remained in her memory. Her sudden impulse to visit him there—her discovery of Gloria, who had run to Michael for protection after her escape—and Gloria’s instant, intuitive jealousy... Jealousy, Ruth told herself that was unfounded, that was only the natural reaction of a terrified girl who had always found the world’s hand against her.

After Gloria’s return to the school, Ruth lived in nervous dread of the moment when Michael would find a way to slip past her defenses and say in words the things he had already said with his eyes. She did not want his love.
All month long she managed to avoid seeing Michael West alone. He always drove Dr. Carvell on his calls, and when he was in the house Ruth was usually with the doctor or at her desk in the busy waiting room. But on the day they knew Gloria would be released and would come to live under the same roof as Michael, the doctor went downtown to get a haircut, and Michael took the opportunity to seek her out.

"Why don't you let me talk to you?" he asked bluntly. They were in the surgery, where Ruth had been cleaning the doctor's shining metal instruments. He closed the door behind him and stood with his back to it, as if barring the way to escape. She realized with a shock how much he had changed since the afternoon she had first seen him in Haley's Grocery Store. Then he had been insouciant to the point of impudence, carefree, swaggering. Now his dark eyes spoke of strain and unhappiness, and there was a kind of uncertainty about his manner, as if he could no longer be sure of anything, not even himself.
"There's been nothing particularly important to talk about, has there, Michael?" she parried the question.

"Not important for you, maybe," he muttered. "The Doc tells me Gloria's going to get out tomorrow and is coming here to live."

"Yes. She's so—so very happy about it," Ruth remembered Gloria's incredulous delight. Surely she had never believed that Ruth, whom she still obviously considered her enemy, would try to get her released, much less that she would succeed. And that she was going to live so near her adored Michael, in daily contact with him, had been almost more joy than she could stand.

So I'll have to leave," Michael said. "I can't stay here with her."

Deliberately misunderstanding, Ruth said, "Of course you can! Dr. Carvell is a perfectly good chap—er—one—and felt abashed at his clear look of surprise at her obtuseness.

"That isn't what I meant. I mean I couldn't stay here, feeling the way I do about her. Every minute she'd be wanting me to show I loved her—but I don't, and I can't pretend I do. It was different before I—I mean, it used to be different. Back in Midboro, it didn't matter so much. She was only a kid, and we had fun together, and I thought we both knew nothing might ever come of it."

He stopped, and Ruth felt that he was waiting for her to speak. But there was nothing she could say that he wanted to hear, and after a minute he went on:

"It'll only make her unhappy, if I stick around. I can't hide the way I feel about things—I never could."

Again he stopped, and again she knew he was waiting, hoping, for some sign from her that would let him release all the pent-up torrent of words that clamored to be said.

But she could not let the silence continue forever. She said, at last, fighting to make her voice sound casual, friendly, "I'm sorry, Michael. The doctor and I will both miss you, but I suppose you must do whatever you think is best."

Michael's jaw tightened. Then he nodded. "Sure," he said in a dead voice, "I'll do what I think's best."

She felt unnerved and weak when he had gone, for she knew she had failed him. He had come to her, asking for help, and she had refused to give it. Nor did it matter that the only help he had sought was beyond her power to give.

The next day Michael and Dr. Carvell drove out to the School to get Gloria, and Ruth was at the house when they returned. Gloria wore a red cotton dress Ruth had bought for her, and she had lost the hunted look of the girl Ruth had first seen in the closet of Michael's room. She was bright, vivid, and alive with happiness.

"We'll make you so comfortable every minute you'll wonder how you ever got along without us," she told the doctor. "Won't we, Michael?"

Michael, standing beside her, smiled with his lips and said, "Sure."

"Because I really can cook," Gloria said, dancing around the room, touching a lamp here, a chair arm there, unable to stay quiet. "I used to cook my own meals in Midboro, and at the School they taught me more. And Michael will cut the wood and take care of the car and the yard and—oh, Dr. Carvell, you'll never be sorry you did this for me!"

The doctor chuckled, but Ruth, standing a little apart, saw Michael's sombre face and knew with terrible presentiment that Gloria's happiness could not last.

But she was totally unprepared for the news Dr. Carvell gave her three days later. All morning and afternoon he had been preoccupied. She had said nothing, thinking that whatever troubled him must be a personal affair, but at the end of the afternoon's appointments he said:

"Will you wait a minute, Ruth? Something's going to go very wrong, and I'm afraid you're the only one that can do anything about it."

Ruth sank down in the chair on the other side of his desk. "What is it?" she asked.

Instead of telling her at once, he observed, "I'm not trying to flatter you, Ruth, when I say you are one of the finest, most generous women I've ever known. I have to say it to explain what I'm going to tell you. Because fineness and generosity often bring their own particular troubles along with them... Michael told me this morning he's going to marry Gloria."

"Marry!... Oh, no!" Ruth breathed. "He mustn't!"

Dr. Carvell held her with a long look. "You're right," he agreed.

"He mustn't. He'd break her heart—and his own. But you're the only one that can stop him."

"I?" Ruth asked.

"Yes. Michael also told me that you were what he'd been looking for all his life—but that since he couldn't have you he might as well marry Gloria. He took longer to say it than I have, but that was the gist."

"He shouldn't have said that!"

"Perhaps not," Carvell said dryly, "but he did, and that offers us a way to help him—and Gloria. Do you think you can show him how unfair it would be to both of them?"

"I don't know," Ruth said tensely. "I... don't... know."

He leaned forward to cover one of her hands with his own. "I understand how difficult it will be for you," he said kindly. "It would be so much easier—for you—to step aside and let him do whatever foolish thing he pleases. But you've never been one to take the easy way, Ruth."

Ruth drew a deep breath. "I'll talk to him," she promised. "Only—Doctor, I'm afraid!"

And then Dr. Carvell did a strange thing. He slammed a desk drawer irritably shut, and growled, "John Wayne should've had sense enough to stay home and take care of you instead of running off to Europe! He'd deserve it if he came back and found he'd lost you."

Ruth got to her feet. "Would you mind asking Michael to come and see me tonight? At my house—Jerry and Sue want to go to a movie, and I'll be all alone."

It was twilight when Michael came, that evening, his eager urgency sounding in the very ring of his heels against the cement sidewalk. Ruth was waiting for him on the porch. Far off, against the darkening curtain of the sky, flashes of heat lightning flickered, like distant fireworks. He dropped down on the steps at her feet.

"You asked me to come...?" He sounded hopeful, and a little afraid.

"Yes. Dr. Carvell told me you intend to marry Gloria... You mustn't, you know, Michael."

He bent forward and said in an exultant whisper, "Ah, that's what I hoped you'd say. You've known all along, but you wouldn't let me tell you—!" (Continued on page 65)
Every season offers its newcomers to radio fame. This year, Dick Toda, at twenty-seven, a young and handsome romantic baritone, is the new singing star of Vaudeville Theater, heard Saturday mornings over the NBC-Red network, and is the composer of Radio Mirror's hit song published in this issue. Dick was born in Canada, and began an engineering career at McGill University where he excelled in football, baseball, and hockey. After graduation and a trip around the world, Dick decided that a singing career would be more to his liking. He's five-foot-eleven, has red hair and blue eyes.
GOLDEN SUNSHINE, pouring through the lilacs above my head, made waving shadows on the telegram in my hand. A breeze lightly flicked a spray of lavender blossom across my face, enveloping me in perfume. I shivered—no sun could warm me on this day—and pushed the spray away. I had always loved lilacs, loved this tangled twisted cluster of shrubbery which had served me as playhouse and fairy castle, but for the rest of my life they would be hateful to me, reminding me of this day and the misery it had brought.

I crumpled the telegram convulsively, then smoothed it out to torture myself again with the message it contained. "Frances and I married tonight. Wish us luck, Dick." The words danced before my eyes and I knew that if I were to read them over every hour until the end of time they would never lose their power to hurt me.

I had been in love with Dick Mason as long as I could remember. My parents died when I was six and I was adopted by their friends John and Ellen Mason. No one could have welcomed a child with more warmth and affection than Uncle John and Aunt Ellen lavished on me, but it was their son, Dick, a laughing sturdy little boy of ten, who was my idol from the first; Dick who could lift me to heights of happiness by letting me share his boyish adventures or plunge me into tears by barring me from them.

It was Dick too who was responsible for my interest in music, for as soon as I discovered his youthful ambition to become an orchestra leader I began to dream of the day when I would sing with him. Even if music had meant nothing to me for its own sake I would have developed a passionate absorption in it as something that would bind me more closely to Dick and make me important to him.

When, shortly after entering college, Dick organized an orchestra I was as proud and happy as he was. We wrote volumes of letters, each one filled with plans for the great day—we never doubted that it would come—when the "band" would become famous on the radio. I worked harder than ever at my singing, spurred by the thrilling realization that Dick relied on me for advice and understanding and that soon we would face the world together. But the thrill lasted only a short time for when, the summer following Dick's graduation, the orchestra was selected by the Bradford Utilities Corporation for its new radio program it was Frances Gregory, a well-known radio singer, whom he asked to sing with them.

"I'm sorry, honey," he'd said. "But you know how it is. We're a new outfit and we just have to have a big name for our singer."

And now Dick and Frances were married. How I lived through the weeks following their marriage I will never know. It was as though my unhappiness had built up a wall between me and the rest of the world, shutting me off so completely that I forgot there was a world or that I was part of it.
Gradually, though, I began to realize that I couldn’t go on this way. I would have to forget my dreams—no, not forget them; I could never do that—but face the fact that I must make a life for myself independent of Dick. When I learned that Steve Burke’s orchestra, playing for the summer at the Lake Tamarac Casino, was looking for a singer I rushed out to the lake, determined to get the job if I had to sing for nothing.

My first impression of Steve Burke was of a tall, casual young man with dark tousled hair and the bluest eyes I had ever seen. When I told him who I was and why I was there he grinned and said, “Are you really Kay Somers? Well, this is a coincidence. I was going to phone you today.”

“Phone me?” I repeated blankly.

Steve nodded. “I’ve been scouting around for two days,” he explained, “asking everyone I’ve met to recommend a singer and just about everybody suggested you. Your coming out this morning makes it practically unanimous.”

He was leading me to the rehearsal hall as he spoke and the next moment I was standing on the platform, a sheet of music in my hand, and Steve was signalling to the orchestra. Then panic gripped me. Suppose I should fail! I glanced at Steve. He smiled encouragingly and as if by magic my self-confidence returned. I didn’t need his enthusiastic, “Fine, Kay—simply great!” when I had finished to tell me that I had never sung so well in my life.

Steve drove me back home at the end of the rehearsal and on the way we arranged details about programs, my salary, rehearsals and so on. When he was about to leave he said, “I believe someone told me you’re a cousin of Dick Mason’s.”

I felt a sharp stab of pain. Even such casual mention of Dick’s name could hurt. “No, we’re not cousins,” I said dully. “Dick—Dick’s parents are my foster parents.”

“Oh, I see. Well,” lightly, “I imagine he’s pretty proud of your voice.” For a moment I couldn’t speak. More than anything else in the world I had wanted Dick to be proud of me. “I understand he was married recently,” Steve went on conversationally.

I bit my lips to choke back the sob in my throat but Steve was regarding me with such a puzzled expression that I had to force myself to say “Yes.” I couldn’t have said more without showing my emotion, but apparently Steve didn’t expect a more elaborate answer.

“Thanks again, Kay,” he said blithely. “I’ll see you tonight,” and the car shot away from the curb.

As the summer went by my feeling of self-assurance increased and I began actually to enjoy singing with Steve. It’s true that night after night instead of Steve’s dark tousled head it was Dick’s sleek blond one I pictured in front of me, true that when we were driving along dark pine-scented roads to my home at night it was Dick I imagined at the wheel, true,
I realized what a fool I had been. I should have foreseen what would happen when I broke my contract with Steve's band to join Dick. And now I knew the hideous truth—all my dreams were ended...

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too, that my longing for Dick was only intensified by Steve's nearness. But even though I thought so continually of Dick I unconsciously began to absorb some of the spirit of the orchestra. Two things were obvious from the start—that the boys were united in their devotion to Steve and that Steve himself was a skilled musician and director.

JUST before Labor Day Steve signed a contract for the orchestra to go to New York to become part of a radio program sponsored by the Mortimer Food Company. When he asked me to go with them all my old unhappiness swept over me again. Dick would be in New York and much as I longed to see him I didn't want to see him with Frances. I almost refused, then I literally made myself accept Steve's offer. I would have to see Dick and Frances together sometime. Besides, I tried to encourage myself, they had been broadcasting from Hollywood all summer and they were not scheduled to return to New York until late in the autumn. By that time I would in some way brace myself for the inevitable meeting.

The Steve Burke orchestra went on the air early in October. Our opening broadcast was the sensational triumph we had worked and hoped to make and when it was over, when the cheers of the audience and the delighted congratulations of the sponsors were only echoes in our ears, Steve led me out to his car.

"Straight home?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

He put the car in gear. "I was hoping if you weren't too tired we might go for a ride," he said wistfully.

Instantly I was ashamed of myself. This was the most important night in Steve's life; naturally he wanted to talk it over with someone.

"Oh, I'm not too tired to ride for an hour or so," I said gaily. "It will take me that long to tell you how proud I am of you, Steve—how thrilled about your success tonight."

"Your success, you mean," he said. He headed the car uptown. "Yours and the boys'. You're the real stars of the show."

We were still arguing this point amiably when Steve stopped the car in a secluded little park high above the Hudson River. A golden harvest moon hung low in the sky. For a moment Steve's head was silhouetted against it, then he turned and took me in his arms.

"The success won't mean any-thing, Kay," he said softly, "unless you share it with me." He drew me nearer, so that his lips were close to mine. "You know I love you, Kay."

I shook my head helplessly, too dazed to speak. I hadn't known, hadn't even suspected. I'd been so immersed in my longing for Dick that I'd never thought of Steve's falling in love with me. I hated myself for the blindness that had kept me from knowing in time to save him from unhappiness.

I pulled myself out of his embrace. "I'm sorry, Steve," I whispered. "So terribly sorry."

His hands gripped my arms. "You don't mean that—I can't believe you do. Ever since I've known you I've wanted you for my wife."

"I wouldn't have had this happen for the world," I said brokenly. "I do love you, Steve—but not the way you want me to."

"But, Kay," pleadingly, "if you love me just a little—"

"No, Steve!" I interrupted frantically.

He slowly loosened his grip on my arms, searching my face with his eyes as though in the moonlight he was seeing me clearly for the first time. "No, you couldn't change," he said at last, "because—there's someone else, isn't there, Kay?"

"That's the thing that's puzzled me about you from the first," he went on without waiting for me to answer. "That remoteness of yours, the listening look on your face as though you were waiting for someone you love—wondering why he doesn't come—" his voice trailed off and he was silent, staring into the moonshadows ahead. He turned to me again. "You're in love with Dick."

It wasn't a question, just a simple statement of a fact he had suddenly become aware of. "I see it now. It's in your eyes. You never mention him and when anyone else does your eyes go dead with unhappiness—I noticed that the first time I saw you. It's Dick you love."

"Don't, Steve," I cried. "You're only torturing both of us."

He leaned over and kissed me. "Kay, darling, I'm so sorry."

The compassion in his voice broke down all the defensive barriers I had so painfully built up. I felt the tears rushing down my face and then I was in his arms again, crying hysterically on his shoulder, telling him everything I had kept shut up inside me for so long.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have reacted violently to my confession that I was hopelessly in love with Dick, either avoiding me or adding to my unhappiness by trying to persuade me to change my mind. Steve was the blessed exception, for he did neither of these things. Instead, from that time on, he was generosity and understanding itself. He seemed always to be aware of my moods, to sense when I was unhappiest and to know whether it was gaiety or solitude I needed to restore my spirits. Many times I reproached myself for sel
fishly accepting so much when I
could give nothing in return, but in
spite of my self-reproach I grew
to rely more and more on his word-
less sympathy.
I was especially grateful for it
when I met Dick again. We were
just leaving rehearsal, Steve and
I, making our way slowly through
the crowd of performers, tourists
and autograph seekers who always
thronged the lobby when I saw
Dick coming through the street
entrance. Instantly the throngs around
me faded into nothingness and I
was aware only of that gleaming
blonde head and smiling face. All
my love and longing surged through
me again, turning me faint.
Dick saw me at that same mo-
ment and started toward me. “Kay,”
he called across the heads of the
crowd. “What luck, finding you
here like this. I was just going to
telephone you.”

“Dick!” I tried to match my tone
to his blithe one but it was a hoarse
whisper. I felt my knees trembling
and I would have dropped to the
floor if it hadn’t been for Steve’s
hand on my arm, steadying me.
His firm hand restored my self-
control so that I was able to greet
Dick with a passable pretense of
my oldtime ease and eagerness, to
introduce Steve and to acknowl-
dge my introduction to Frances
with the blend of cordiality and
naturalness the occasion called for,
even to chatter as animatedly as
they were doing.
Dick hadn’t changed at all. He
was still the gay, confident and
charming person he had always
been and would always be to me.
For Frances I felt an instant an-
tagony which I couldn’t explain
and which I felt I could never over-
come. It wasn’t jealousy alone,
nor was it because the perfection
of her clothes and her tall blonde
beauty made me feel dowdy and
unattractive. It was something with-
in her, something so elusive that
I couldn’t define it, which chilled
me, although outwardly she was
graciousness itself.

We continued to chat for a few
minutes and made vague plans to
meet again in the future, and then
Steve and I were alone again.
“Thank you, Steve,” I told him
gratefully, “for keeping me from
making a fool of myself in front of
Dick and Frances.” Steve’s only
reply was a sympathetic smile.

THAT chance encounter with Dick
tantalized me by holding out the
hope that other meetings would
follow. Every morning I waked up
thinking “Maybe I’ll see him to-
day,” but each day brought new
disappointment. I did see him once,
but that was worse than not seeing
him at all, for again he was with
Frances, smiling down at her as she
eagerly pointed out to him a luxu-
uriant mink coat in a Fifth Avenue
furrier’s window. While I watched,
trying to nerve myself to speak to
them, they turned away and, still
unaware of me, walked slowly,
laughingly down the Avenue. It
was a commonplace little scene, but
somehow the intimacy of it intensi-
ﬁed my loneliness, a loneliness I
couldn’t dispel even though from
that time on I threw myself into
my work with greater energy.

But while I couldn’t see Dick,
there was one way in which I could
keep up the illusion of being close
to him and that was through his
broadcasts. They became meat and
drink to me and although there were
times when Dick’s voice, in the mid-
night quiet of my living room, made
my wretchedness keener than ever,
nothing in the world could have
kept me from my radio when he
was on the air.

I don’t remember when it was
that I began to notice a subtle dif-
ference in his orchestra. At first
it was barely perceptible, but little
by little I sensed that it was not the
smooth-performing organization it
had once been; the programs be-
came ragged, uneven, and they grew
more so with each week’s broad-
cast. Impatiently I told myself that
I was imagining things, but it
wasn’t long before other people, too,
detected that something was wrong.
Rumors began to float around radio
circles that Dick Mason’s band was
slipping, that he had gone down in
the latest popularity poll, that his
sponsors were doubtful about re-
newing his contract, that he was
drinking too much—and that he and
Frances (Continued on page 47)
Steve's question, was saw was told painfully it was gay, passable said you fishly my tell a few skilled longed chat January. said. would that animatedly was Ever his I you I with felt wasn't the don't Steve shook the said hated watching, Fisher. physically accepting so much when I could give nothing in return, but in spite of my self-reproach I grew to rely more and more on his wordless sympathy.

I was especially grateful for it when I met Dick again. We were just leaving rehearsal, Steve and I making our way slowly through the crowd of performers, tourists and autograph seekers who always thronged the lobby when I saw Dick coming through the street entrance. Instantly the throngs around me faded into nothingness and I was aware only of that gleaming blonde head and smiling face. All noise and longing surged through me again, turning me faint.

Dick saw me at that same moment and started toward me. "Kay," he called across the heads of the crowd. "What luck, finding you here like this. I was just going to telephone you."

"Dick!" I tried to match my tone to his blithe one but it was a hoarse whisper. I felt my knees trembling and I would have dropped to the floor if it hadn't been for Steve's hand on my arm, steadying me. His firm hand restored my self-control so that I was able to greet Dick with a passable pretense of my oldtime ease and eagerness, to introduce Steve to and to acknowledge my introduction to Frances with the blend of cordiality and naturalness the occasion called for, even to chatter as animately as they were amicably.

Dick hadn't changed at all. He was still the gay, confident, charming person he had always been and would always be to me. For Frances I felt an instant antagonism which I couldn't explain and which felt I could never overcome. It wasn't jealousy alone, nor was it the perfection of her clothes and her tall blonde beauty made me feel dozy and unattractive. It was something within her, something so elusive that I couldn't define it, which charmed me, though I dearly would have given it. We continued to chat for a few minutes and made vague plans to meet again in the future, and then Steve and I were alone again. "Thank you, Steve," I told him gratefully, "for keeping me from making a fool of myself in front of Frances."

That chance encounter with Dick tantalized me by holding out the hope that other meetings would be possible. I was still thinking "Maybe I'll see him today," but each day brought new disappointments, but that was worse than not seeing him at all, for again he was with Frances, smiling down on her as she eagerly pointed it out to him a luxurious mint cost in a Fifth Avenue furrier's window. While watching trying to nerve myself to speak with them, they turned away and, still unaware of me, walked slowly, laughingly down the street. It wasn't a commonplace little scene, but somehow the intimacy of it intensified my wretchedness, as if I couldn't dispel even though from that time on I threw myself into my music.

But while I couldn't see Dick, there was one way in which I could keep up the illusion of being close to him and that was through his broadcasts. They became meat and drink to me and although there were times when Dick's voice in the midnight quiet of my living room, made my wretchedness keener than ever, noiselessly kept me awake, I had kept me from my radio when he was on the air. I don't remember when it was that I began to notice a subtle difference in his orchestra. At first it was hard to perceive, but little by little I sensed that it was not the smooth-performing organization it had once been; the personnel came ragged, uneven, and they grew more so with each week's broadcast. At last I told myself that I was imagining things, but it wasn't long before people, too, detected that something was wrong. Rumors began to float around radio eiretes that Dick Mason's band was slipping, that the orchestra was of the latest popularity poll, that his sponsors were doubtful about renewing his contract, that he was drinking too much—and that he and Frances (Continued on page 47)
Because so many readers were unable to obtain the recently published portraits of these two beloved radio characters, we are happy to present new and exclusive autographed pictures of Papa David and Chichi, stars of Life Can Be Beautiful. Tune in this inspiring message of faith, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker and sponsored by Ivory, Monday through Friday on the CBS network.

Photos by CBS
HELEN CARLSEN had come to the town of Latimer from a farm fifty miles north on highway U. S. 30. She had never been a waitress before, but when Bill Jackson, who owned the lunch room across the street from Latimer’s only factory, had offered her the job she had said yes. She had needed the job and it had seemed much better employment than housework.

But the first time the men had come tumbling in to Bill’s lunch room, shouting and joking, she had been scared almost speechless. She had walked stiff and erect in her blue and white starched apron dress, which did not entirely conceal the curves in her lovely, young body and she had waited on them mechanically, not daring to look into their faces.

Now, as she stood behind the counter, waiting for the factory whistle to blow, she smiled as she thought how silly she must have seemed to them the first few days. They were just ordinary working men, but they had treated her fine and had waited until she had gotten over her fright of them before warming up to her. Now, she knew all of them by their first names. She even knew some of their wives and their kids.

The factory whistle shrilled. Helen’s round, blue eyes came alive. The water glasses weren’t filled and the knives, forks and spoons weren’t even on the counter! Her hands moved swiftly.

“Hi’ya, Helen,” Joe Herman, a husky tool maker was first to the counter, “how’s my baby, today?”

Helen smiled. “Baby’s busy. Do you want the special? Corned beef hash today."

“Sling it at me,” Joe Herman grinned. “Now if I didn’t have a wife, you’d—"

But Helen didn’t hear the rest of Joe’s blarney, because knives and forks were rattling and husky, hungry men were calling for nourishment. She worked feverishly, sliding food up and down the counter, re-filling coffee cups, joking and kidding as she moved from customer to customer.

About half of the men had eaten and left before Helen noticed the new man sitting between her friends Pete and Tom. He was young, with a strong, rugged face and deep, moody brown eyes. When he looked up at Helen, for some unexplainable reason, she felt her heart beat a little faster. He wasn’t exactly good-looking, Helen decided as she re-filled his water glass, but he had strength and honesty in his face.

Helen guessed he was angry about something. And a second later she heard him say, “What’s all this mistering about around here? I told you my name was Ernie Dell. Ernie, get it. You got any objections to calling a guy by his front name?”

His remark was addressed to Tom, who reddened. “No,” Tom said, “we ain’t got any objections.” Tom stood up. “Well, guess I’m about through.”

“Me, too,” Pete said, getting up. Helen was amazed. Pete was leaving a plate half full of food. That wasn’t like Pete. “Guess I’ll get a little air,” Pete added, lamely.

The young man’s face tightened. “Little air, huh? Well, don’t let me keep you,” he said accenting the word me.

Pete and Tom shifted their weight uneasily. “Aw,” Tom said, “you don’t have to take it that way.”

“I’ll take it any way I like,” the young man said. “Well, what are you waiting for? Grab up that fresh air before it goes stale on you.”

After Pete and Tom left, the young man sat staring disinterestedly at his food. The others in the restaurant filed out. Helen walked over to where the young man sat and put her elbows on the counter.

“Anything wrong with the food?” she asked.

The young man didn’t look up. “Mm,” he mumbled. Helen laughed. “Gee! That’s a swell answer.”

The young man looked up, his eyes stormy. “It was okay, I guess,” he said.

“Aw,” Helen teased, “is that a way to be? Don’t you know you’re supposed to say it’s good, even if it wasn’t? And,” she smiled, “I’m supposed to thank you.
His brown eyes got softer. "Thanks!" he said. "Will you smile for me again?"

How well can a woman know a man after a few romantic words on a moonlight night? Helen had been so sure about Ernie and their love, but now she knew there was something he had not told her and she could no longer believe her own heart and tell you to call again."

"Yeah," the young man said, "and are you supposed to smile at me like that?"

Helen's smile got broader. "Anything wrong with a smile?"

"Wrong?" the young man said bitterly. "Look, you're the first person who's talked to me like a human being all day. Wrong? If anything's wrong it's with me."

"I don't see anything wrong with you," Helen said, knowing she was getting too familiar and not being able to stop herself.

"Look me over real good," the young man said.

"I am," she smiled.

"You mean you think I'm okay? I don't look like poison to you? You wouldn't take me for anything but a—a plain guy?"

Helen's face became serious. "I don't know what you're getting at," she said, "but, well, you look okay to me. I mean," she stammered, "you don't look like poison."

The young man managed a half smile. "Thanks!" he said. "They had me worried." His brown eyes got softer. "Sure sister! I'll call again. Now will you smile for me again?"

Helen blushed. "Why?" she said.

The young man got up. "Because," he said seriously, "if things keep on this way, I'm going to be needing that smile of yours. I'm going to be needing it bad. Something tells me I'm going to be awful lonesome in this town."

HELEN stood at the counter a long time after he left. An hour before she had felt peaceful, serene, happy. Now, well, somebody walks in, she thought, somebody you don't even know and looks at you a certain way and you look at him and then all the peaceful feeling inside you is gone and you feel different. She couldn't figure out whether she liked feeling different, but she knew she had to see him again. She knew he would be back.

All that afternoon she thought about him. Ernie. That was his name and he didn't like being called Mister. Maybe, she thought, the guys are just kidding him like they sometimes kid newcomers. She would have to tell Pete and Tom to cut it out. And, she smiled to herself, she would have to help Ernie get over being so sensitive. Pete and Tom were swell guys, they didn't mean any harm. They were just plain guys like Ernie was and they ought to get along.

When Ernie didn't come in for dinner that night,
After Pete and Tom left, the young man sat staring disinterestedly at his food. The only words he communicated to anyone were those spoken to the young waitress, who was too busy to pay attention to him. Helen walked over to where the young man sat and put her elbows on the counter.

"Anything wrong with the food?" she asked. The young man didn't look up. "Mmm," he mumbled, not noticing her presence.

The young man looked up, his eyes stormy. "It was okay, I guess," he said.

Helen smiled. "I'm not sure. Can you tell me what's wrong?" The young man didn't reply, but he seemed to be considering her words.

"I think I'll have a little more," the young man said, and she sat down at the counter.

Helen smiled. "I can understand that. Would you like me to get you some more food?"

The young man shrugged. "Sure, if you have time," he said, and she went to the kitchen to get him another order.

When Helen returned, the young man was eating the food she had prepared for him. "Thank you," he said, and she smiled.

Helen smiled back. "You're welcome. Would you like me to bring you something else?"

The young man shook his head. "No, that's all. Thank you." And with that, he left the restaurant, leaving Helen smiling after him.

Helen stood at the counter, observing the young man as he walked away. She thought to herself that he was a mystery, and she couldn't help but wonder about him. She continued to work, knowing that there was more to the young man than she could see at first glance.
Helen began to worry. She told herself she was silly to worry, that whether he came in or not wasn't really important. But, for some reason, it was. The dinner crowd was just about gone when she saw him standing in the doorway. Her heart jumped again, the way it had when she had first seen him.

"Hello!" she said. "Glad to see you back."

Ernie sat down at the counter.

"Say that again, will you?"

She blushed. "Well, I'm glad to see you, Ernie."

"Why do?" he asked.

"Listen, Ernie!" she said. "I know yours, too, it's Helen."

The way he had said her name made her happy. There was something nice about the way he said it. There was more than friendliness in it. "Why are you late?" she asked.

"The dinner crowd's almost gone," Ernie's face clouded. "Almost gone, huh? Maybe I'd better wait until the place gets really empty."

Helen made a wry face. "Now you're not going to start that again," she said. "You're just sensitive."

"Sensitive?" he said. "Listen, maybe you can tell me. Why does everybody avoid me like the plague? What makes people hush their mouths around here and wipe their smiles the minute they see me coming?"

Helen laughed. "You're just imagining that."

"Oh, yeah?" Ernie's face was tense again. "Everybody's slipping me the ice. In a nice way, of course. Everybody's 'ultra-polite. Nine guys called me 'Mister' this afternoon."

"What's so terrible about that?"

Helen asked.

"It's not natural," Ernie said. "I'm just a plain guy workin' in that factory, trying to make a living. Why don't they treat me that way?"

It's his first job away from home, Helen thought sympathetically. She remembered how she had felt. He couldn't be more than a couple of years older than she was. Nor could he know that the men at the plant had been keyed up and nervous lately. There had been trouble between them and the management, so Pete and Tom naturally would be suspicious of a new fellow in town like Ernie. "Please," she said, "don't let it get you."

He smiled. "Okay. Gee," he said, "I hope you don't think I'm a sap standing here complaining like this to you? After all, there's no reason why you should be interested."

"But I am," Helen said, quickly, "honestly."

He looked at her for a few seconds, then lowered his eyes. "Gee, Helen, I don't want to seem fresh, but...

She felt as tense as he looked. "Maybe you'd better have something to eat," she said.

"I get it," he grinned, it was a wide, wonderful grin. "I didn't ask for a date and you didn't say no but it's all just the same as if, isn't it?"

"Not exactly," she blushed. "Why don't you try again some other night?"

"I will," he said, and went out hurriedly, not waiting to eat. It was a week later before Ernie asked her for a date. He seemed afraid she would not say "yes" and surprised when she did. At nine o'clock, while she waited for him on the sidewalk in front of Pete's place, she decided she would find out what it was that had been bothering him:

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Next Month!

Another group of Living Portraits—see what the characters of your favorite radio serial, MARY MARTIN, really look like—in true life photographs—in February RADIO MIRROR

In the past week, she too, had felt the coolness in the way the other men at the factory had treated him. She had wanted to ask Pete or Tom about it, but she was afraid they would kid her about Ernie, maybe even in front of him, and cause a fight.

"Hello," it was Ernie. He had come up behind her and squeezed her arm.

"Hello!"

They decided to go down to the lake. It was a warm, clear night and Helen told him about old Luke, who rented out his battered row boats.

"Sounds swell," Ernie had said. "Sure you wouldn't rather take in a movie?"

"It's such a nice night," Helen had said softly.

And then, out on the lake, she had repeated it again. Ernie took the oars out of the water and let the boat drift. The lights along the shore of the lake glimmered like huge candles. There was a lusc drowsiness over everything and only the occasional croaking of a sleepy frog broke the stillness.

"You're swell out here," Ernie finally said. "Know what, Helen? I wish you'd let me see you every night."

Helen laughed. "You've been seeing me twice every day."

"At the restaurant doesn't count," Ernie said. There was a pause. "Yes, it does, too. Even when it's just a hello—and a smile."

His voice had gotten husky. She didn't know quite what to say, so she decided, trying to be light about it, "I hope you don't do what you did the other day."

"What did I do?" he asked.

"Grabbed my hand instead of your change," she smiled. "That was a fine thing! With a whole line of men from the plant watching you."

"I couldn't help it," he said. "Do you want them to start talking about us?" she joked.

"Aw," he was angry now, "what do I care what they talk about."

"Ernie!" She was frightened by the anger in his voice.

"Well, I don't," he said desperately. "Helen, it's just plain nuts. If some of them would get funny with me. But this politeness stuff—that's what's got me baffled."

She had wanted to talk about it before, but now she didn't. "Let's forget it," she said, kindly.

"How can I forget," he said. "I go around that place like a guy trying to fight his way out of a gunny sack. Seems like there's just nothing I can do about it. You can't poke a gun for being polite. But," he was trying to hold down his temper, "some day I'm going to sock somebody, I'm going to haul off and—"

"No, Ernie," Helen broke in. She felt panicly and lost. "Don't start a scrap. It might get you fired. Then—then, well, you'd be getting out of here."

The boat had drifted into the shore. They were both quiet now. Ernie got out of the boat and pulled it up on to the sandy beach. They began to walk down the beach. Helen didn't know what to say, so she walked beside him silently. He walked in long, steady strides. She knew he was trying to get the anger out of his system.

"Ernie," she said, finally, "I'm out of breath."

He stopped and looked down at her. "Why did you go out with me tonight?" he said.

It was very still. She looked up into his face. She had not quite gotten her wind back. "Well—" she began. (Continued on page 52)
Every night he hurries home from broadcasting to a wife, three children and two dogs—all of which Alan Bunce might never have had if he hadn't opened a certain door

By JACK SHER

The young man stood on the sidewalk, looking down the long alley that led to the stage door. From where he stood, he could see the marquee of the theater. It was noon and the lights of the marquee were out, but it read, "KEMPY" and below that, STARRING THE NUGENTS.

The Nugents were famous names in the theater. The young man was comparatively unknown. He had just arrived from Detroit, where he had been playing juvenile roles in a stock company. He needed a job.

If he went down that long alley and through the stage door, backstage he might find the man who could give him a job, a famous actor-producer named Augustin Duncan, for whom he had worked once. Duncan was now with the Nugents.

The young man hesitated. It was a long shot. Mr. Duncan might not be there, or he might not want to see him. In that split second, while he was making up his mind, the young actor didn't know it, but going down that alley was going to change his whole life.

The young actor's name was Alan Bunce. You hear him on the air as Young Doctor Malone. What happened to him is something that probably couldn't happen anywhere but in that celebrated district known as the Roaring Forties, the theater district of New York.

Alan walked down the alley, passed the stage doorman, who was sitting tipped back in a chair, his eyes closed, sunning himself like a fat cat. Stepping from the sunlight into the darkness backstage, Alan was temporarily blinded. Then, he heard a great, booming voice.

"Well, young man, what do you want?"

The figure became lighter and distinguishable. Alan blinked. It was the dean of the Nugents, the celebrated J. C.

"I'd like to see Mr. Duncan," Alan said.

"About what?" Nugent asked.

"Well," Alan hesitated. "I used to work for him." He could see very clearly now and he was a little nervous.

"So you used to work for him?" Nugent said a little skeptically. He had heard that one many times before.

"That's right," Alan said.

"Well—" and it was a very long drawn out well.

Alan stood there, shifting from foot to foot. Then a door opened and a girl stepped into the little backstage room. Alan's eyes met hers. His (Continued on page 54)
prepare but much of the preparation can be done in advance. And now for our menu and recipes. (Depending on local prices the cost for this meal for six persons should be about $3.50.)

**MENU**

- Canned blended vegetable juice cocktails
- Sage cheese and smoked turkey pate canape
- Smoked cottage roll
- Shrimp mushroom macaroni
- Mexican or French macaroni and cheese
- Salad bowl of raw vegetables
- Hot buttered rolls
- Molasses mint mouse
- Coffee
- Chill cans of vegetable juice in refrigerator until serving time. Just before serving, season to taste with lime juice and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce if desired.

**Sage Cheese**

1 lb. cottage cheese

1/4 to 1/2 tsp. ground sage, to taste

2 tbsp. minced chives

Milk

Combine ingredients, adding sufficient milk to make mixture spread easily. May be prepared in advance, spread on small crackers half an hour before guests are due to arrive. The smoked turkey pate is chilled in the jar, spread on crackers, dusted with paprika.

**Cold Smoked Cottage Roll**

- 1 smoked cottage roll (boned smoked shoulder of pork) 2 1/2 to 3 lbs.
- 2 tbls. shortening
- 2 medium onions
- 6 peppercorns
- 6 whole cloves
- 1/2 cup coarse chopped celery leaves
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tbl. brown sugar

Chop onion and saute with celery leaves in butter. Cover cottage roll with boiling water, add all other ingredients and bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer until tender, adding more water if necessary. Cool, remove from liquid and chill; slice just before serving. Allow 35 to 40 minutes per pound simmering time. Warning: Don't throw away the liquid. Use it for split pea soup next day.

**Shrimp Mushroom Macaroni**

- 1 package elbow macaroni
- 1 can condensed mushroom soup
- 1 medium can shrimp
- 1 small can ripe olives
- Salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce
- Grated cheese

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Thin soup with equal quantity of water (use the water macaroni was cooked in). Drain and chop shrimp and olives. Combine ingredients and season to taste with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Turn into buttered casserole and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

**Mexican Kidney Beans**

- 2 medium cans kidney beans
- 1 tbl. shortening
- 1 medium onion
- 1 large green pepper
- 1 small can pimiento
- Chili powder, to taste

Chop onion and green pepper and saute lightly in shortening. Chop pimiento. Combine onion, green pepper, pimiento and chili powder with beans and turn into buttered casserole, reserving a little green pepper and pimiento for the top. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown, adding a little hot water if beans get too dry.

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**Company at Ease**

Simple entertaining means delighted and comfortable guests, so plan a buffet supper for your next party.

**Soup WITH A FLAVOR**

Remember at the beginning of this article I told you to save the liquid in which the cottage roll was cooked for pea soup? Here's the way to use it. Strain the liquid and place it in the refrigerator—it will keep safely for a day or so—and when thoroughly cold skim off excess fat. Soak one package of dried split peas for several hours or over night, and simmer in the flavored liquid until soft, adding more water if soup gets too thick, also additional salt and pepper if necessary. When peas are cooked rub through a sieve to make puree, or rub port of them through sieve and leave the rest whole, if you prefer. Serve with croutons or thin lemon slices dusted with paprika, or place a spoonful of whipped cream or sour cream in each bowl and dust very sparingly with powdered mace. Lentils or beans may be used in place of peas.
To make it easy for you, here's an attractive and appetizing table setting for you to copy.

Salad Bowl

The salad bowl should be a large one, for your guests will want to nibble bits of salad with their cocktails. Our salad bowl shows a mound of radishes and cauliflower flowerets in the center and, radiating outward, green pepper and carrots, cut into strips, celery, scallions, parsley and watercress. The vegetables may be prepared in advance, kept in a damp cloth in refrigerator and arranged in salad bowl just before serving. Salad plates and forks may be included when you set the table, if you wish, also bowls of mayonnaise and French dressing, so that each guest may make his own salad.

Molasses Mint Mousse

2 egg yolks
1/4 cup New Orleans type molasses
1/4 cup sugar (brown or white)

Next to a poised, gracious hostess the most important requisite for successful entertaining is a perfectly appointed table . . . this doesn't mean an elaborate one . . . there is perfection in simplicity, too, as a glance at our buffet table will show you . . . make your silver the keynote of your table . . . its decorative use is as important as its practical one . . . if you have a silver bowl or tray, use it as the center of interest in setting your table . . . as we have used the handsome cold meat platter in our photograph . . . if you are thinking of adding to your supply of silver consider Grille knives and forks such as those pictured here . . . they're smart, new, serviceable . . . put silver away carefully after using it to avoid the risk of marring it by ugly scratches . . . be sure silver is polished until it gleams . . . that's part of its attractiveness . . . The silver illustrated is the Del Mar Pattern of 1881 (R) Rogers (R), which with the meat platter comes from the Oneida Ltd. silversmiths.

pinch of salt 1 cup milk
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
1/4 tsp. peppermint flavoring

Beat egg yolks until thick and creamy then beat in molasses, sugar and salt. Stir in milk, then fold in whipped cream, beaten egg yolks and peppermint flavoring. Freeze in refrigerator tray (coldest temperature) 2 to 3 hours, stirring occasionally.

Except for the final baking, the cottage roll and the two casserole dishes (you may wish to serve only one of these) may be prepared in advance, and placed in the oven half an hour before the guests are due to arrive. This half hour will give you time for such last minute preparations as spreading canapes, buttering and heating rolls, pouring cocktails and preparing salad, also for putting mousse into glasses.
When We Met

A romantic baritone turns composer and contributes a charming ballad as this month's Song Hit to Radio Mirror's melody parade. Hear Dick Todd sing his own tune on NBC's Saturday morning Vaudeville Theater

Words and Music by
DICK TODD
and
KATHLEEN CARNES

When we met the light that shone in your eyes Was true as blue summer skies

Darling on the day we met. When we met, the golden hue of your hair Your eyes like diamonds so rare, a vision that I can't for-

Copyright 1941 by Dick Todd and Kathleen Carnes, New York, N. Y.
get Moon-light, A sil-ver-y beam to show us the

way Star-light to bright-en the dream we're shar-ing to-day

When we met It seems like on-ly a day But year-shave fa-ded a-way

Darling since the day we met' met
Dinah Shore's velvety voice has brought her stardom on a show of her own.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:**

Dinah Shore, singing the newest popular songs on NBC-Blue at 9:45 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Sal Hepatica and Minit Rub.

Radio has its little jealousies, like any other business. Often, when success comes, there are plenty of people to sneer and say it wasn't deserved. But nothing of the sort happened when Dinah Shore was elevated to stardom on this Sunday-night program of her own, in addition to remaining featured on Eddie Cantor's Wednesday-night shows. In the first place, everyone knew she was good enough to rate stardom. In the second place, she's so universally liked around the studios, personally, that everyone was tickled pink when she was promoted.

Dinah's a tiny thing, with lustrous brown eyes and wavy brown hair. Dinah isn't her real name, but you can hardly blame her for changing it when you know that her parents christened her Fanny Rose. She re-christened herself after the popular song, and on her last trip to her home in Nashville, Tennessee, went to see a lawyer and had it made legal.

Singing for her supper first appeared to Dinah when she was about ten, and rendered "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby," at a meeting of her mother's ladies' aid society. The experience convinced her that nothing was quite as much fun as getting up and performing in front of an audience. So, although when she entered Vanderbilt University her parents thought she was studying to be a sociologist, Dinah herself wasn't fooled. She went ahead and got her degree, but she has never put it to any particular use.

Instead, once out of school, she came to New York and had a very unpleasant year getting no place. This was discouraging, because she thought she was already a full-fledged radio performer, having sung frequently on WSM, down in Nashville. Finally she got a job singing on Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom, on a local station—but the job didn't pay any money to speak of. Then Lennie Hayton chose her out of fifty-odd applicants for a new radio show, but something happened and the show never reached the air. Just the fact that she'd been chosen for it, though, gave Dinah the boost she needed, and NBC signed her up.

It was really the NBC program called the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street that "made" Dinah. It's such a good show, and she did such good work on it, that in no time at all everyone who knew anything about popular music knew who Dinah Shore was.

Dinah may be a big star now, but she still lives sensibly with her sister and brother-in-law in a New York suburban apartment. She isn't married, and cagily says she doesn't plan to be very soon, although she admits that there are at least a couple of young men in whom she's more than casually interested. Both are working for Uncle Sam and wearing uniforms right now, and anyway, Dinah's rehearsals and broadcasts and recording sessions, plus an occasional personal appearance, don't give her much time for romance.

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

November 30: Helen Jepson and Charles Hackett sing on the Ford Hour tonight on CBS at 9:00. . . Artur Rodzinski directs the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in its gala centennial series—CBS at 3:00.

December 7: Pianist Eugene List is the Ford Hour's guest tonight.

December 14: Clark Gable stars in "The Great McGinty" tonight on the Screen Actors Guild program, CBS at 7:30. . . And Richard Crooks sings on the Ford Hour.

M O N D A Y

Eastern Time

| P. M.        | S. T.       | 7:30 | 8:30 | 9:00 | 9:15 | 9:45 | 10:15 | 10:30 | 10:45 | 11:00 | 11:20 | 11:30 | 11:45 | 12:00 | 12:15 | 12:30 | 12:45 | 1:00 | 1:15 | 1:30 | 1:45 | 2:00 |
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2:00 | 10:30
2:45 | 10:45
3:00 | 10:45
3:15 | 11:00
7:15 | 11:15
7:45 | 11:15

T U E S D A Y

Eastern Time

| P. M.        | S. T.       | 8:00 | 8:15 | 8:45 | 9:00 | 9:15 | 9:45 | 10:00 | 10:15 | 10:30 | 10:45 | 11:00 | 11:15 | 11:30 | 11:45 | 12:00 | 12:15 | 12:30 | 12:45 | 1:00 | 1:15 | 1:30 | 1:45 | 2:00 |
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| NBC-Red:    | NBC-Blue:   |     |     |     |     |     |     |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |     |     |     |     |     |
| NBC-Red:    | NBC-Blue:   |     |     |     |     |     |     |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |     |     |     |     |     |

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1:45 | 12:45
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H A V E  Y O U  T U N E D  I N...

Red Skelton and his comedy variety show on NBC-Red Tuesday nights at 10:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Raleigh Cigarettes.

You'd never guess from Red Skelton's breezy manner that his life has been as full of ups and downs as a fever-chart.

Red had a first name—Richard—when he was playing boy parts in Virginia, Indiana, but it disappeared when he joined a traveling medicine show at the age of ten as a ukulele player, singer and comedian.

The others in the show took one look at his sunset-colored mop of hair and christened him. In between tours with the medicine show he managed to squeeze in enough lessons to finish grammar school, but then he hit the road for good, joining first a stock company, then a minstrel troupe, until a showboat.

He was only seventeen when he married Edna Stillwell, a theater usherette. She is still Mrs. Skelton, and as clever as she is pretty, which is saying a lot. With Edna, Red turned to a new branch of show business, walkathons, and for some time managed a precarious living by acting as master of ceremonies while Edna was the cashier. That particular manifestation of national idiozy finally died out, and Red wangled himself a screen test, which was completely unsuccessful. So in 1935 Red and Edna went into vaudeville, Edna writing the comedy material and Red delivering it on the stage. One bit of comedy had to do with the proper way of dunking doughnuts, and some movie producers thought it was so funny they gave Red a part in Ginger Rogers' picture, "Having Wonderful Time," on the strength of it. It didn't seem so funny on the screen, and Red deserted movies, temporarily, for radio. He was star of Avalon Time for a year, then signed a contract with MGM, made a smash hit in "Whistling in the Dark," and now is back on the air once more. It looks as though the lean years are over for good.

The Tuesday-night broadcasts are pretty much family affairs. Edna still writes Red's comedy material, and there is another happily married couple on the show, Ozzie Nelson, who leads the band, and Harriet Hilliard, who sings the songs.

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

December 2: The NBC Symphony Orches-дра has a new conductor for its concert tonight—Jim Jose Castro, from Buenos Aires.

December 23: Another new conductor for the NBC Symphony, starting tonight, is Sir Ernest MacMillan of Toronto, Canada.
WEDNESDAY

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<td>CBS: School of the Air</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>NBC-Red:</td>
<td>Stories America Loves</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC-Red:</td>
<td>CBS: The Man I Married</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>NBC-Red:</td>
<td>CBS: Woman of Courage</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC-Red:</td>
<td>CBS: Present Perfects</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
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<td>CBS: The Read of Life</td>
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THURSDAY

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Alice Reinhart created Chichi in popular Life Can Be Beautiful

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Alice Reinhart, our cover girl on this issue, who stars as Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful on CBS at 1:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Ivory. It's a wonder that Alice Reinhart is able to keep herself in New York within reach of a microphone. Because ever since she was a youngster—called "Shirmy" by her classmates—she has been a willing victim of the wanderlust. It took her no time at all to leave her home in California and get to New York where she was featured in a Broadway play, but even that didn't satisfy her, and she traveled all over Europe.

Now, however, it looks as though she has settled down for good. She created the role of Chichi when Life Can Be Beautiful first went on the air, and has become so closely identified with it that listeners probably would revolt if she ever left the show. Besides, she is now Mrs. Burke Miller, wife of an NBC executive, with a home of her own. That makes a difference.

Alice once studied journalism, and maybe that's why she is almost as interested in reading and writing as she is in acting. She has a hobby that sounds more like work. She wasn't always able to buy all the books she wanted, so in 1928 she began a book club, which now runs into the fifth volume. Each huge book is filled with quotations and excerpts from the world's greatest literature, all copied out in Alice's neat, small handwriting. In many languages, half of which are out of print. She has been described as a recluse, personable, different people at Masterline, however, finds her in her own office at 350 Madison Avenue, with friends such as Mrs. Widder and Will Rogers. Besides her scrapbooks, Alice owns a huge library, and books fill every spare corner of her home.

All this intelectuality doesn't keep her from being superstitions enough to cross her fingers whenever she walks on wood placed the long way around, or from being feminine enough to like expensive clothes. She's truly independent, and doesn't care a great deal whether people like her or not—but they usually do.

DATES TO REMEMBER

November 27: There'll be hilarity and good-fellowship at Duffy's Tavern tonight—enjoy them by tuning in at CBS at 8:30.

December 24: It's Christmas Eve, and CBS presents its annual program of carols, with famous guest singers, between midnight and 1 A.M., E.S.T. Don't miss it. It needs to be told what day this is. There'll be a lot of special programs. . . . One of the most interesting is that called "Something I Got to Tell You," on CBS from 10:15 until 10:45 tonight.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
This is Milton Berle's idea of co-star Laughton as Cpl. Bigh.

**H A V E  Y O U  T U N E D  i n  t o  . . .**

Three-Ring-Time, starring Milton Berle and Charles Laughton, with Shirley Ross and Bob Crosby's band, sponsored by Ballantine's Beer.

Until and including the broadcast of December 5, this comedy-variety show will be on Mutual network stations. Friday nights at 9:30, E.S.T., but on December 12 it changes networks and time, moving to NBC-Blue at 8:30.

Milton Berle is one of those comedians who go on the theory that you tell enough jokes, and tell them fast enough, some of them are bound to be good, and those that aren't so good will be quickly forgotten. He can tell five jokes a minute on any given subject, going on that way for a couple of hours without repeating himself. Frequently he delivers a clincher, as when he introduced his mother to the studio audience as "The Ziegfeld Berle", but on the other hand he often comes up with a story like the one about the actor who went to the premiere of his new picture at Grauman's Chinese Theater, where the cement courtyard is full of stars' footprints. "The picture was so bad," Milton relates, "that when the stars came out of the theater his own footprints kicked him in the pants."

Charles Laughton's comic style is quicker than Milton's, and toward the end of the show he stops being funny entirely and presents a serious reading of some well-known poem or piece of literature. For this part of the program a bright spotlight is focused on Charles as he stands alone in the center of the stage. It's a dramatic effect, but that isn't the reason it's used. The reading requires intensive concentration, and the bright light has the effect of shutting off all the other people on the stage and in the audience from Charles so that he feels quite alone and able to concentrate.

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

November 28: Mutual has a prizefight scheduled for tonight at 10:00, between George Abrams and Tony Zale, middleweights.

November 29: The Metropolitan Opera broadcasts start today, direct from the Met's stage in New York. NBC-Blue is the network. 2:00 P.M., E.S.T.

December 5: Listen to Shirley Temple tonight in one of the four weekly broadcasts she's giving during December. She's on CBS at 10:00, E.S.T.

December 6: Arturo Toscanini conducts the first of two symphony concerts tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Blue, to aid the sale of Defense Bonds.

December 20: For the eighth consecutive year, Nila Mack presents her famous Christmas play, House of the World, on her CBS program, Let's Pretend. Listen at 1:00 P.M.
CLARK KENT and Lois Lane, star reporters of the
Daily Planet, reached Metropolis' railroad terminal
just as the special freight from Bolton pulled in.
The station echoed with the noise of hundreds of curious
spectators. Press photographers, cameras held high, were
already in position. Clark and his companion hurriedly
answered quick helo's from their fellow reporters. The
atmosphere was heavy with tension. All of them were
waiting—waiting for the arrival of a strange
robbery.

Somewhere in that long line of freight trains jerking along
the tracks was a specially armored car. A car carrying
five million dollars in gold.
The engine halted. The wheels stopped turning. The
cars were motionless. The guards, ready on the plat-
form, ran to reach the sealed car. But there, ahead of
them even, was Reginald Van Doren, president of the
Metropolis National Bank. And Kent watching that
armored group, saw them reel back in frightened amazement.
The treasure car gone—vanished! But how? The train had
made no stops—the precious shipment had been sand-
wiched in between 100 other cars. But it was gone!
The reporter left the station. He could do nothing more
in the disguise of Clark Kent. He must become, once
again, Superman! Superman, that champion of the weak
and persecuted who walked the earth as a mild, spectacled
reporter. He reached a deserted stretch just outside the
terminal and, in a flash, the tall blue-costumed figure
leaped high into the air. Flying with the speed of light-
ing, Superman followed the tracks from Metropolis to
Bolton searching every inch of the way with the sweeping
intensity of his x-ray eyes. Back and forth he went, but,
after 15 minutes, he knew it was useless.

Kent returned to the office of the Planet, curious to
learn if Editor White had heard anything that might help
solve the mystery. He hadn't. He could tell them only
that Bank President Van Doren seemed close to collapse
—the loss of $5,000,000 would mean his bank would be
forced to close its doors.

Superman listened to White's report, then, excising himself quickly, he left the Planet building.
no indication in his quick, swinging walk. He was on his
way to take another look at the tracks between Bolton and
Metropolis. He had reached the main curve in the track
when—

"Now—this is the spot where I'll see if my theory is
right. Let's see ... the tracks run along the base of this
mountain ... Wait! There's a movement in the brush
near that track!"

Speedily, he crouched low behind a thicket as the
crackling of the mountain brush near the track grew
louder. Then, sure now that his suspicion had been
correct, he saw a brush heap pushed aside and a man
emerge from a hole dug into the side of the mountain.
Springing out, Superman ordered the man to halt.
The stranger whirled, pulling out an automatic as he
turned. His words were short and threatening: "You
bud—you're coming with me. I ain't lettin' you go back
town and start blabbing about this tunnel."

Superman's first impulse was to laugh at the threat.
But then, realizing that this was his opportunity for an
inspection trip, he meekly agreed to follow his "captor."
The entrance, hidden behind the brush, was large but
very well concealed.

They stepped into a large well-furnished room, filled
with tough, vicious-looking men. They listened to the
story of Superman's capture. He, ignoring them, studied
the huge cave. His eyes widened when he saw a com-
pletely equipped short-wave sending and receiving out-
fit. But far more astonishing was what he saw in the
dim shadows in the rear. It was the missing freight car!

This attention was fastened on the object of his hunt—
until, with his super-senses, he felt a man creeping up
behind him. He didn't flinch or move as, out of the cor-
ger of his eye, he saw a heavy iron crowbar lifted high
in two strong hands come straight down for his head!
There was a dull, sickening thud but Superman only
smiled. A new unbelieving look of fear came into the
face of the one they called Muggsy. He could hardly
speak: "Bill! Did you see that? It came up behind him
over the head with that iron bar—and he's not even
hurt! And look at this bar—bent in two!"

Superman chuckled, then his voice became serious:
"I see all you men are starting to produce guns. They'll
do you no good."

"We'll see about that. C'mon—let him have it with
those Tommy-guns!"

The ugly, snub-nosed machine guns blazed away. But
the bullets bounced useless off (Continued on page 51)
If you've missed Hal Kemp's style of music, you can now hear it under the baton of Art Jarrett, left, along with his Irish tenor voice. Right, Art's vocalist, Gail Robbins.

There's always an army of over-enthusiastic followers for any new band. Sometimes this promotion does more harm than good and the band fails to live up to its advance reputation. This season has seen many a promising musical group falter on the road to success, unable to fulfill the glowing promises made by their Tin Pan Alley prophets. But one young outfit that has made the grade is Vaughn Monroe's. And here's the proof. Last May when they played New York's Paramount theater they were paid an estimated $3,000. When they return there on December 17, the price is a reported $7,500.

Enoch Light, who has been off the bandstand more than a year as a result of a serious auto accident, is rehearsing a new band. Another victim of illness, Al Donahue, is fully recuperated and reorganizing his band.

Guy Lombardo is quite serious about giving his fifteen-year-old sister, Rose Marie, a singing role in the band. Right now she's being carefully coached. The Lombardos are still packing them in at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York, where they're practically an institution.

Latest band to make a movie is Charlie Barnet's. They're working on the Universal lot.

The new $1,000,000 Coca-Cola series on Mutual has every band in the country angling for an appearance. Different bands are used every night, with the Saturday night broadcast spot assigned to the band who rolled up the largest phonograph record sales the previous week. These figures are compiled by a certified public accountant and 300 record dealers in 48 states are polled every week.

The rumor-mongers whisper that the Harry James' are splitting. They also insist that Helen Forrest will join the James band as vocalist.

Barry Wood's new Lucky Strike renewal gives him a run of three years on The Hit Parade.

This Changing World:

Jan Savitt booked for Chicago's Sherman House . . . Billy Butterfield, one of the great trumpeters of our time, now tooting for Artie Shaw . . . Bob Trup, the young Philadelphian who composed "Daddy," is now a permanent member of Sammy Kaye's band . . . Orrin Tucker has signed a new sister team of warblers, The Gourleys, aged 14, 15, 17, and 20 . . . Ben Yost, the choral director, turning his attention toward radio work . . . Paula Kelly, an able canary, is singing for Artie Shaw . . . Johnny Messner stays at the McAlpin Hotel in New York until May with an MBS wire . . . Colored singer Billie Holiday married Jimmy Monroe . . . Harry James' vocalist Dick Haymes has wed Joanne Marshall and Andy Iona, the Hawaiian bandleader, put a ring on dancer Leimoni Wood's finger.

Carl Hoff believes his decision to lead a dance band instead of a radio unit, has been justified. He's now on a long tour and his Okeh records are best-sellers.

The music and lyrics for the new George Abbott hit, "Best Foot Forward," were composed by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin, who are members of the radio rhythm group, The Martins.

Hal Kemp's mother is writing a biography about her son.

Discordant note: Trombonist Jack Jenney is bankrupt, result of an unsuccessful bandleading venture. He's now playing under Artie Shaw.

A few weeks ago Shep Fields tuned in a local New York radio station to listen to some popular music. He heard an unknown songstress do one song. Then he contacted the radio station and told them to hold the singer until he got there. A few hours later Ann Perry had signed a contract to sing with Shep. Larry Clinton under a similar situation discovered Bea Wain a few years ago.

There's still time to cast a ballot for your favorite dance band in the Radio Mirror Facing the Music poll to determine the most popular orchestra of 1941. You'll find a ballot at the end of this column. Last year's winner was Sammy Kaye.

Kay Kyser has still not made a decision on the successor to Ginny Sims in his band.

Jarrett Carries On

Only six musicians were left from Hal Kemp's band when singer Art Jarrett spoke to them one eventful night last Spring. The rest had drifted away, tired of waiting for a decision on a successor to the well-liked Carolinian who met an untimely death in December, 1940. Most of the boys took Hal's loss pretty hard, and there were among them a few who could not reconcile themselves to a new leader. Little Jackie Shirre, the bass player, accepted a job in NBC's Chicago house band. Singer Bob Allen decided to whip together his own band. Jackie LeMaire had a similar idea.

But the half dozen others decided (Continued on page 68)
Paul Whitey, back in radio with Burns and Allen, finds that his moustache can't be compared with Jerry Colonna's.

Uncle Dave Macon is such a fixture on WSM's Grand Ole Opry that the show wouldn't be able to get along without him—although once it looked as if it might have to. At right, Milly and Dolly Good are the Girls of The Golden West over WLW in Cincinnati.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 4) Crutchfield—who quickly offered Eleanor a contract that was just as quickly accepted. WBT artists like to be on programs with Eleanor because she's so full of infectious high spirits they can't help feeling better for her presence. She chews gum continuously, even during her song numbers. Nobody yet has been able to figure out how she manages to hit those high, thrilling notes with a huge wad of gum in her mouth.

Eleanor is still too young to be interested seriously in romance—unless you count the way she worships Claude Casey, her co-star on the Briarhoppers program and the man who helped her into big-time radio. She likes to dance, collects pictures of hill-billy bands, and wants to sing hill-billy stuff all the rest of her life. But her own favorite band, strangely enough, isn't a hill-y-billy outfit at all—it's Kay Kyser's.

Helen Claire, who plays Sally in The O'Neill's, practically didn't even see her bridegroom, Columbia University Professor Milton Smith, for a month after the wedding. Events conspired to separate the newlyweds soon after the ceremony, when Helen left to make an operetta appearance in St. Louis. When Milton drove to St. Louis to fetch Helen home, he discovered she'd been suddenly called to New York for an appearance for British War Relief, and had just boarded a plane. And so it went for nearly four weeks before Helen's busy schedule allowed her to catch her breath.

Betty Winkler is another frantic commuter. From Monday to Friday she's in New York, acting on The Man I Married and other programs; Friday afternoon she grabs a plane and flies to Chicago to visit her husband and incidentally to act on Mutual's Saturday-night Chicago Theater of the Air show.

PITTSBURGH — When Baron Elliott, house band leader at station WJAS, pulled out of Pittsburgh with his orchestra in search of a wider success, he lost his guitarist and swing novelty singer, Mickey Ross. Mickey decided to stay in Pittsburgh because he had a home there, complete with wife and children, and he didn't want to leave it.

That was a year ago. Today Mickey leads his own band in seven broadcasts every week over station KQV—four sustaining shows and We're In the Army Now, which is on the air three times a week. Not only that, but his band made its network debut a few weeks ago, playing on the coast-to-coast show with which NBC saluted KQV's addition to the Blue network.

Seven broadcasts a week means a lot of work, but Mickey's boys don't mind a bit. Like the others, they realize that one has to work, and work hard, if one cares to get anywhere in this world—and they realize, too, that they are getting somewhere, in the top spot of Pittsburgh dance bands, to be exact.

Mickey's a personable young man, not handsome, but gifted with a likable personality. He's twenty-seven years old and a master of the ukulele, banjo and guitar. The desire to be a musician hit him when he was fourteen, and he began practicing on the ukulele then. Later he taught himself how to play the banjo and guitar.

His band includes several musicians and an arranger, Leo Yagello, who used to be with Baron Elliott but decided, like Mickey, they preferred to stay in Pittsburgh. He has a baritone vocalist, Ted Perry, but no girl singers. In the last six months he has auditioned more than three hundred aspirants for the job, without finding anyone with the voice and personality he wants. So if you have ambitions to sing with a band, better get in touch with Mickey—you might fill the bill.

After broadcasting for a whole year and a half without a studio audience, the Monday-night Telephone Hour is moving into a new studio at Radio City so it can admit visitors to its shows and let people see as well as hear Francis White and Jimmy Melton.

The Lombardo family boosts a new musician, one who devotes himself entirely to vocal efforts. Brother Lebert became the father of a boy last month.

Orson Welles will be the death of Hollywood yet. He showed up at his radio rehearsal the other day in the most dazzling costume of terry-cloth which he had designed himself. In a sort of enthusiastic double-talk he described it as being "so warm, so cool, so light and so substantial," and soon had all the other masculine members of his Mercury Theater troupe yearning for suits just like it. If you hear that Hollywood tailors have all gone insane, you'll know why.

It's Mutual that will broadcast two of the big New Year's Day football classics—the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas and the East-West game in San Francisco.

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — "Here he is with plug—that gold chin. (Continued on page 46)
Not the truck that hauls the big guns or moves the army. Not the truck that delivers gasoline or moves pianos or carries the mail.

America's most important "truck" grows in the garden, the truck garden.

A L L VEGETABLES—especially green and leafy ones, yellow ones, roots and kernels—are vital to the nation's strength and health. From them come needed amounts of Vitamins A and C and many minerals we cannot live without.

What good would an army trucks be if the army itself were red-eyed, scurvy and anemic from lack of vitamins and minerals?

Fresh, canned, dried or frozen—your green and yellow vegetables are healthful and wholesome. Modern packing and delivery methods are designed to bring them to you with the least possible impairment. But you must be careful in the cooking. Save the juices. Don't overcook your vegetables; don't add soda. Don't pare away or throw away valuable parts.

And here is where America's cooks can add untold values to the nation's strength and stamina; the richer, more concentrated foods tend to tempt the taste. Chocolate fudge is easier to "sell" at the table than is spinach. So you, the cooks, must find ways to get more vegetables eaten. Serve salads, garnish your vegetable dishes tastefully, serve a variety of them, serve them at two meals every day.

Do this job well and you will contribute just as much to the nation's defense as any soldier or nurse or statesman.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, EGGS and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meats and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.
Do you Secretly long for Romance?

Linda Darnell and George Murphy starring in 20th Century-Fox Musical: "Rise and Shine". Easily have thrilling hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

Know the Lovely Part soft Hands can play Linda Darnell (Lovely Hollywood Star)

Your hands, too, can be rose-leaf smooth, cuddly-soft!

A little coarse, now? Jergens Lotion will soon help that! It's almost like professional hand care—with those 2 ingredients many doctors use to treat neglected, harsh skin.

If you use Jergens Lotion regularly—you'll help prevent that disappointing roughness and chapping. Because Jergens supplies softening moisture for your skin. No stickiness! $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Always use Jergens Lotion!

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE (MAIL THIS COUPON NOW) (Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3534, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
I want to have those soft hands Linda Darnell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.
Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

(Continued from page 44) whiskers and a million dollar smile—the man that wears no man's collar—the Dixie Doodrop—Uncle Dave Macon!"

That's the introduction that brings to the microphone, every Saturday night, one of the most picturesque and popular stars on the air. Uncle Dave is a standby of the famous Grand Ole Opry, which originates in Nashville's station WSM for broadcast over an NBC network.

Nobody knows Uncle Dave's actual age, although he admits it is "better'n sixty." The best guess is that it's close to 79, although anyone who has seen him in action on the Opry stage would find it hard to believe. He's a real problem for the boys in the sound-control booth, since he likes to amble all over the stage and generally "cut up" during performances.

When Dave Macon was a youngster his family moved from the farm where he was born to a small city. There his father managed a hotel, and Dave used to play the banjo and sing for the amusement of the guests. He entered radio sixteen years ago, when the Grand Ole Opry first went on the air, and was instantly popular.

In fact, he was so popular that talent scouts heard of him and offered him more money than he thought Uncle Sam had ever issued, if he would come North. Uncle Dave accepted, and the Opry cast gave him an impressive farewell party, at which a great many sincerely tearful good-byes were said.

To everyone's surprise, the following Saturday night, just one week later, Uncle Dave was back again. He explained that he'd been disappointed when he got up North and discovered that all the money he was making couldn't buy him such necessities as old-fashioned fried chicken, turnip greens, or baked Tennessee ham. He'd tried to stick it out, but as Saturday approached, with its thoughts of a Southern-style chicken dinner, he gave up and hopped on a train back to his native land and his beloved Grand Ole Opry.

Since then he has traveled through the Tennessee hills and even gone into other Southern states, but always has returned in time for the Saturday-night supper and broadcast.

Uncle Dave is the undisputed king-pin of the eighty-odd people whose combined efforts produce the WSM Grand Ole Opry broadcast. Aside from the WSM studios and, in fact, for miles in every direction from Nashville, he's a familiar and beloved figure. With him now is his son, Dorris, who joins him in such Macon specialties as "Chewing Gum," "Little Darling," "Cannon County,Wills," and "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be."

CINCINNATI—Way back in 1905 when David Belasco was producing plays there was only one "Girl of the Golden West," but now there are two, singing every day except Sunday on Cincinnati's powerful station WLW.

Milly and Dolly Good, the WLW "Girls of the Golden West," are sisters.

Milly is two years older than Dolly. They were born in the little town of Muleshoe, Texas, but haven't seen their native state for a good many years—not since 1930, in fact, when they launched their radio career in St. Louis. Three years later they left St. Louis and moved south to station XER in Mexico. Then came five years.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
with WLS in Chicago, and in 1938 they came to Cincinnati and WLW.
Right now they're being heard on a Top o' the Morning program every day at 6:30 A.M., and on Saturday nights as part of the Boone County Jamboree.

Milly and Dolly themselves are as sincere and unaffected as the songs they sing about the hills and plains and folks back home. Milly, who also plays the Spanish guitar, made her first public appearance at the age of four, but still confesses that she's a little bit nervous every time she gets in front of a microphone. Both girls say that they deserve no credit for their success, because they can't remember ever having had to work hard to get it. The greatest compliment ever paid them came in 1935, when after a successful audition at New York's Radio City on a Tuesday they were put on Rudy Vallee's program the following Thursday—even though the rush engagement meant rearranging the script of the show.

A few weeks ago the girls were thrilled by the excitement of doing their regular morning broadcast on WLW, then boarding a special plane and flying to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, to sing at a convention being held there, and returning to Cincinnati the next morning, just in time for the 6:30 broadcast. Milly reflects wisely, "In the days of the original Girl of the Golden West an adventure like that would have been impossible."

What You Taught Me

(Continued from page 27) were unhappy together. I tried to shut my ears to the gossip and then, when it was at its height, Frances proved the truth of part of it, at least, by flying to Reno to file suit for divorce.

Dick came to my apartment the day after she left. He had been drinking—that was obvious from the tense nervousness with which he paced the floor, from the way his hand shook, so that he nearly dropped the cup of tea I offered him. His unhappiness tore at my heart and I attempted to comfort him by saying, "Frances will come back, Dick." He shook his head. "No, she won't," he said bitterly—and instinctively I knew that I was right. In that moment I knew too, that it was about Frances that had always repelled me. It was selfishness, greed—a craving for luxuries which she would, I felt, go to any lengths to satisfy.

"She won't be back," Dick repeated as though he was aware of what I was thinking. "As soon as she found out that my sponsors aren't renewing my contract, she was through with me."

"Not renewing your contract!" I almost dropped my own cup in my agitation. The gossip was right, then, things were much more serious than I'd been willing to believe.

"Not that I'd take her back if she wanted to come," Dick went on vindictively. "All the trouble we're in now is her fault."

"Frances' fault?" I repeated. I was puzzled. None of the gossip I'd heard had hinted that she was in any way responsible for the orchestra's drop in prestige. "What did she do?"

"Plenty," Dick retorted. "She acted as if she were the star of the show. Countermanded some of my orders.

JANUARY, 1942

ALIX SETS A NEW STYLE IN BEAUTY...

You'll look more Alive in the exciting new powder shade Alix styled for you. Alix' color genius has created 5 thrilling shades, one to beautify every type of skin. Available now in the new

JERGENS FACE POWDER

Great Fashion Genius now turns to designing Powder Shades for you

There are 5 of these natural-beauty powder shades, styled by Alix. One is matchlessly right for you, to reveal the intrinsic loveliness of your own skin-tones.

Your skin looks more faultlessly fine textured! Jergens Face Powder conceals enlarged pores, tiny flaws. This new powder is velvety—fine by a new precision process. No betraying coarse particles allowed! It clings like a loveliness inherent in you. You can easily have this new flawless—skin look! Change to this glamerizing, hauntingly fragrant new Jergens Face Powder now.

FREE! ALL 5 ALIX-STYLED SHADES

(Paste on a Penny Postcard . . . Mail Now!) The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 1405, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, Paris, Ontario)
Please send—free—Alix's 5 shades in the new velvety Jergens Face Powder.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State __________

JANUARY, 1942
Stirred up jealousy amongst the boys, even set some of them against me. It got so that everybody was on edge all the time, and that's no way for a bank to run.

I nodded. Dick was right. It is almost as important for the members of an orchestra to be in harmony in their work, as for them to play in harmony. If Dick's boys were quarreling amongst themselves, it might be that reason they were not playing well together—and if Frances were the instigator of these quarrels... I don't know what I would have done.

I suggested, "can't you explain to the sponsors what has happened?"

"They're not interested in explanations," he hissed. "Just results. Unless,—for the first time since I had known him I saw that he was frightened. "Unless we can pull back our old standard—we're sunk."

"Oh, Dick," I protested, "there must be something—some way out."

He leaned forward in his chair, his eyes on my face. "There is," he said. "We'll pull through with you to help us.

"Why—how, could I help?"

"I want you to go on the program with me."

The room seemed to whirl around me. Sing with Dick—the thing I had always longed to do.

"I can?" his voice recalled to my senses. "You can save the program—save me. You're the only thing we can.

So he had said it; had meant that he wanted me. I felt like shouting for sheer joy, then swiftly, despairing for if it didn't work. I—just the boys—our success together—our plans for the future.

"Dick," I cried wretchedly, "I'd do anything for you—you know that—but I can't leave Steve."

His lips tightened. "It's the only thing—the only important thing. I've ever asked you to do for me," he said hoarsely. "Think it over—please think it over, Kay," he begged.

I did think it over—all that day and all the long sleepless night that followed. I had allowed Dick to follow me—Dick wants me. The words spun in my brain. But if I went with Dick, I would be walking away from Steve. I owed Steve everything—even this chance with Dick, for if Steve hadn't shown me the way to stardom, Dick, I feared it, would be the man I had given my trust to. If Steve trusted me, depended on me, he had built the program around me. To let him down now would be shameful. I knew it all, and I knew too that none of it counted against the supreme fact that Dick needed me. So I went with Dick, for he was the only thing I had ever wanted.

HAVING made my decision, I was frantically anxious to carry it out immediately. I phoned Dick right after breakfast and as soon as I heard his sleepy "I knew I could count on you, Kay," I called Steve and asked him to come to my apartment.

I was pacing the floor, much as Dick had been that morn, when Steve arrived, and, scarcely giving him time to get inside the door, I burst out, "Dick wants me on his program. He wants to release me from my contract, Steve."

I saw his face whiten. "You must be crazy, Kay," he said flatly.

Resentment at his tone stirred inside me, but I only said, "Dick's in a spot. The band—" I checked myself. I couldn't criticize Dick's orchestra to Steve.


"It isn't," I defended. "Any band is likely to go into an occasional slump.

"Sure it is," Steve agreed quickly. "But this isn't just a slump. Kay. The trouble with Dick's band isn't the band or the fact that he needs a singer. It's Dick, himself. I doubt," he went on steadily, "that you or anybody else can help him—and you're only going to get yourself in for a lot of unpleasantness if you try."

I knew Steve had no right to be critical of Dick. "I want to go, Steve," I said insistently. "Dick asked me to, and I'm going to, for I am not afraid of additional protests, but Steve didn't say anything at all. Instead he turned to my desk, drew out pen and ink and paper, started to write, and as he finished, still without speaking, he walked out of the room. I heard his footstages falling down the hall, then I closed the door behind him and shut it quietly. I knew they weren't coming true at all.

In the first place, though I had expected to be criticized for leaving Steve, I hadn't imagined that the criticism would be so harsh, so devastating, that I would feel like an outcast, but that I was needed to be.

On my way to rehearsal the very first day the people I met, people who had been cordial to me before, were aloof. In the street car, as I got in, I saw a couple of Steve's boys and they made no effort to conceal the contempt they felt for me.

I had expected that things would be different for me. I had expected that the realization that things were not right between Dick and me. I had looked forward to continuing the intimacy of old childhood days, but dreamed that he might fail in love with me, might ask me, when Frances had seemed happy with me, if she was hurt and humiliated when, from the first, Dick took my affection for granted as though it were a not very valuable possession. I always be at hand when he needed it and could be forgotten when the need was over. He didn't seem like the person I had known, the person I seemed to be a stranger—a stranger I could never love.

It took another rehearsal to make me aware of this strangety. Dick was the only thing important. It was during my second week with the orchestra and the rehearsal was one of the most painful experiences of my life. The band, boys, who had an important solo to play, was unable to attend because of a cold.

The man Dick selected as substitute soloist was unfamiliar with the selection and fumbled the solo passage every time he attempted to play it. It was an attempt to get rid of it and I expected Dick to take it in his stride as Steve would have done. Instead he grew irritable and soon after he had talked, I saw the nervous tension of the man in front of him. When he finally dismissed the man he walked over to the band and looked through them.

"You see what I've had to contend with, Kay?" he remarked. "The boys are folding up—losing their grip—in a speech which was addressed to them the hours spent in the club, drinking..."
more liquor than was good for him.

"Are you sure it's the boy's fault entirely, Dick?" I asked. "You were pretty sharp with them this afternoon. Perhaps if you'd try to be a little more patient . . ."

He looked at me in astonishment. "Don't be silly, Kay," he said sharply. "Of course it's their fault. I've always had a good band, but lately the boys have been letting me down."

And then I knew that Steve was right. The trouble was with Dick himself. He'd been accustomed to success and had taken all the credit for it, but he couldn't take the blame for failure. When trouble came he could only lash out weakly, blaming it first on Frances, then on the band; he couldn't face the fact that he and he alone was responsible. For the first time I saw Dick as he really was—vain, weak. The revelation turned my heart sick inside me, sent me scurrying through the twilight to the solitude of my own rooms where, alone, I faced the hideous truth that all my dreams were ended.

The weeks that followed were a nightmare of unhappiness for me. I suppose that the sensible, most natural thing would have been for me to leave Dick—and certainly after seeing him for what he really was I no longer had any desire to remain with him. But with odd enough that shock of discovery seemed to numb me, so that through shear lack of will to go I remained where I was.

For a little while Dick tried frantically to find a new sponsor, but all his efforts were unsuccessful. News travels fast in radio circles and no one wanted to take a chance with a man who had lost one sponsor down and might do the same thing again. To make matters worse, he managed to antagonize the few people who were willing to overlook his past record; he was arrogant where he should have been conciliatory, evasive when he should have been straightforward. Only the hope of future engagements had held the orchestra together after the loss of our sponsor and when this hope was gone there was nothing to do but disband.

But luck took this final blow with a bravo which was pitiful because it showed more clearly than anything else how weak he was. "I'll organize a new orchestra," he told me. His voice was thick with liquor as it was so often now. "I'll show them that I'm still the best band leader in the business."

It was a few days after the band dissolved that I began looking for a job. I signed with an agency which supplied talent for radio programs, called on orchestra leaders and program directors, and auditioned for one person after another, but none of my efforts came to anything. I didn't worry at first but gradually as one unsuccessful week followed another I began to feel that there was something odd about my failure.

One day, completely discouraged, I was on the point of calling Steve. I started to dial his number, then stopped. I couldn't ask Steve for help. I had taken too much from him in the past, given too little in return, to appeal to him now. I mustn't even think of Steve, mustn't remember, as I had remembered so many times of late, that night under the moon when he had held me in his arms. Besides, I told myself drearily, if Steven ever thought of me now, it

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YOU want to be yourself! You're fed up with pretending to be gay and gurgly . . . when you're gloomy and unsure of yourself.

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Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

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with Kotex!"
must be with contempt. My leaving had made no difference so far as his program was concerned—at least I was spared that self reproach—for Steve and his boys had continued to work together as they had always done and had become more popular than ever.

It was a scrap of conversation I overheard in a broadcasting studio the next day that told me the reason for my failure to get a job. I had auditioned for a program and, filled with new hope, was waiting for an elevator when a voice floated out of the rehearsal room I had just left. "Kay Somers," the voice evoked, and I stiffened expectantly. "I don't think we ought to take a chance with her. She's the girl who walked out on her contract with Steve Burke."

THEN I knew. My contract with Steve which I had broken. That was the black mark against me. I had been free, I had broken that contract of my own free will. I had left Steve to go with Dick—and having made my choice I knew now that I must abide by it forever. I could never get away from Dick now and since that was so I must begin all over again the hopeless task of trying to help him pull himself together. That was the only chance for either of us.

More weary, more discouraged than I had ever been, I walked over to Dick's apartment. I knocked on the door, heard him call "Come in" and was sitting at his littered table, pouring liquor and seltzer into a glass. The sight of him drinking—drunk—as though nothing in the world but drinking was in his mind, his gray eyes half portentously shut, his face alight with a fury I had never known. I slammed the door. Dick put down his glass. "What's the trouble?" he demanded in surprise.

"You are! I exploded. "All these weeks I've been trying to get a job and I've just found out that I'll never get one—nobody will ever hire me because I broke my contract with Steve to go with you."

Color flamed in Dick's face, then faded into gray, and as swiftly as it had come my rage disappeared. Losing my temper, I thought, would only make matters worse. "I'm sorry, Dick," I said. "Forget I said anything. I'm tired, that's all." Dick didn't say anything. He only looked at me. Then he slowly stood up and turned away. When he turned to me again there was an ugly, frightening expression on his face.

"So you think it's my fault that you can't get a job, do you?" he asked. "I didn't mean that, Dick," I said soothingly. "It's just that nobody wants a singer who had already broken one contract."

"He didn't pay any attention, didn't even seem to hear me. "I've been doing a little thinking myself, Kay," he said at last. "I was doing pretty well until you came along and I haven't had anything but bad luck since then." He finished his drink and poured another one. "I had a pretty smart deal myself—but a pretty swell radio spot. Then I took you—a second rate singer in a second rate band."

I felt the world crashing about my ears. This must be a nightmare.

"I tried to give you a break—" his face evolved a fury "—and you wrecked everything!"

"Dick! I cried hotly. Rage consumed me again. "That's not true and you know it! I'd never gone with your band if you hadn't begged me to help you—"

"Help me," he mocked. "A lot of help you were. You helped me lose everything I had—that's how you helped me."

"Why, you—" I heard myself scream, then I stopped. For the first time I realized what a fool I had been. I had watched, heart sick, while Dick drove himself to destruction and blamed that destruction on the band. I should have foreseen, then, that this day would come—the day when there was nobody but me left for him to blame.

Dick started toward me then and for a frantic instant I thought he was going to strike me. But he didn't touch me. He opened the door. "Get out," he shouted. "Get out of here!"

Slowly, like a robot, I dragged myself out of the apartment. As I closed the door slam violently behind me.

I have no clear memory of going back to my apartment. I should have expected that it would happen, but I hadn't expected—it and the shock of it seemed to kill my heart and mind. Walking along a city street which followed the familiar streets of its own accord. I don't remember anything that occurred until I reached my apartment and was standing silently there for me. As naturally as though we had never been separated he held out his arms and I walked into them.

Steve held our embrace. I would have remained in his arms forever but he took them from around me. "There are two things I've got to tell you, Kay," he said slowly. "First, that I love you."

"And I love you, Steve," he smiled unhappily. "I've waited a long time to hear that, dear. It—it makes the second thing that much harder to tell you." He hesitated. "Dick phoned me a little while ago," I looked at him questioningly.

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50
“Dick wasn’t really drunk when you got there tonight, Kay,” Steve went on, “and when you told him you couldn’t even get a job on your own, it was the first time he had realized for the first time what he had done to you. He knew you’d never leave him—why should you?”

So he put on an act. He kicked you out—and he did it so brutally that you could never go back. And then he said something to me.

For a long time after he’d finished there was silence between us. At last I said, ‘That’s the first decent thing he’s done for a long time, Steve. We can’t leave him alone now.’

Steve smiled tenderly. ‘I thought you’d say that, Kay,” he said under-

standingly. I thought he saw still wistfully in his arms and again I felt the magic of his kiss, then we were hurrying down the stairs and piling into his car.

We were just stopping in front of Dick’s apartment house when there came the noise of an ambulance sirens, the screech of tires against asphalt as it halted on the opposite side of the street. I looked up to see a group of people clustered near the curb, a police officer talking to two wildly excited men.

One of them was a taxi driver.

‘He must have been drunk,’ the taxi driver was saying excitedly. ‘He came plunging out of that liquor shop across the street—right in front of me without looking. He never had a chance—but I couldn’t help it—it wasn’t my fault—’ he broke off, incoherent.

The policeman turned to the second man. ‘Who’s this fellow you’ve got another bottle of liquor,’ the doorman took up the explanation, ‘though he looked like he’d already had plenty . . .’

I DIDN’T hear any more. I swayed forward, felt Steve’s rescuing arms. When the giddiness was gone, I started to consider Steve, as if aware of the torment that was pulling me forward, was at my side, and kept my smile to my face.

‘Two young men, who coated, were bending over a still figure which they had placed on a stretcher. I knew, even before I reached them, that it was Dick on the stretcher. The ambulance men moved aside as Steve and I approached, and I knelt at Dick’s side.

For a moment I could almost imagine that we were children again, Dick and I, and that he was pretending to be strong—there was no trace of weakness in his face now, only peace, serenity and the hint of a little-boy smile on his lips.

I felt Steve’s hand on my shoulder, saw the ambulance surgeon draw a sheet over that still face and then Steve was gently lifting me to my feet and pulling me into the haven of his arms.

Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 42) the chest of the Man of Steel. Unheeding, he advanced on the gangsters through the hail of lead. His iron fist swung in space, hitting them, sending them down, with the thugs toppled to the floor from his knockout punches. All ten of them cowered into a corner, Superman had one question: “Do you boys feel like talking now?”

One voice yelled: “You tell him Bill!” But Bill, cringing, protested: “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Bill will do to me if I squeal!”

Quick, Superman asked: “Who is The Boss?”

Bill was the first to answer: “We’ve never seen The Boss. Any orders we’ve had from him we’ve gotten through a loudspeaker at headquarters locally.”

“Never seen him, eh? And yet you’re very much afraid of him. Well, he can’t kill you now—so tell me how high that freight train is here?”

“Easy. Right outside there’s a steep curve and the train has to slow down to 10 miles an hour. Where we are they’re slowed to 5 miles per hour. You boys don’t do it as brakesmen were on the gold train. When they hit the curve and practically stopped, they uncoupled the car with a ratchet and pulled it back 7 miles an hour with the wheel brake on top. Right outside that hole where you came in we had set up a pair of guys with the ratchet for the regular order. We switched ‘em into place as the gold car reached it, let it slide in, pulled the switch again, coupled the other car to it and we were off.”

“But who was The Boss? He ordered Bill to contact that mysterious individual on the shortwave set. The gangster hesitated but the threat of Superman was too real. Calling “QWX,” he reached the master-mind and, directed by the Man of Tomorrow, spoke, tremulously, into the microphone: “Boss—an emergency—the five million—come quick!”

At those words Superman broke the connection, sure that The Boss, more anxious to save his money than conceal his identity, would come.

The minutes dragged on. With each passing one, the suspense grew greater. At last came a staccato tapping on the door. Superman jumped up: “That must be his signal. Now I’ll see who this Boss really is.”

Bill hesitated but then, haltingly, he twisted the lock. Any back.

“Never seen him, eh?”

With his face—It gave way to utter, incredulous astonishment: “You’re the Boss?—You—why—why—you’re Reginald Van Doren! You’re President of the bank!”

SUPERMAN, whose surprise was just as great, waited for no more. “Come on, Mr. President, I’m taking you to the police. But before he could reach the car, the bank Van Doren, stopping to ask no questions, yanked out a gun and pointed it at a pile of dynamite in the corner: “Mister, I don’t know who you are or whether you can walk out of here safely and unharmed or I’ll blow all us to kingdom come by sending a bullet into that dynamite!”

The gangsters blubbered with fear. Superman did not stop. But, just as he reached Van Doren, the thief pulled the trigger. In the blinding flash, no one saw Superman reach the dynamite cases—ahead of the bullet, scoop it up in his hand and let it drop harmlessly to the floor!

Van Doren’s maskara was over. The gold he had so nearly succeeded in stealing was safe. And Superman once again knew the satisfaction of defeating crime.
Plain Guy

(Continued from page 32) "Wasn't it because you felt sorry for me?" he burst out.

"No!" she was surprised at the sharpness in her voice. Why, she thought, do they always have to ask questions they know the answers to?

"Helen," he said and then she didn't hear any more because he took her in his arms and kissed her. She put her arms around him. No, Helen knew he understood, he knows. And she knew herself that she was in love with him and had been in love with him since that first moment she had seen him in the restaurant.

WHEN they got back to the boat, Ernie was different. His young, rugged face had lost its moodiness. He even whistled, slightly off key, as they rowed. Pete, sitting beside him and helping, back to old Luke's boathouse! She felt his hand over hers, warm and strong and she felt happy inside.

But when they said good night, lingeringly, before the house on Elm Street where she boarded, she saw the old lonely, angry-at-everything look come back into his face and Helen knew she would have to talk to Pete and Tom and get to the bottom of Ernie's story. Why doesn't she try to help him? He's as good a fellow as any she knows. "I don't believe it!" Helen said.

"It's a fact," Pete said. "Tom was there at the front gate when it happened. He was just workin' at a machine, just like the rest of us."

Pete and Tom seemed a long way off. Ernie! He Ernie! The little restaurant seemed to be wobbling under her feet. She struggled to get a hold on herself. She was still talking, still trying to help him.

"And maybe it's none of our business," he was saying, "but we figure he's just playing around with you. Helen's face was slightly sympathetic in his voice, "that guy is just making a clump out of you, like he is of all of us."

"I don't believe it," Helen said.

"Okay," Tom said, as the two turned to leave, "but if I was you, I'd find out his real name. For your own protection."

For your own protection. The words kept going around and around in Helen's head. Pete and Tom! Ernie! To the chauffeur! Ernie with a chauffeur! It wasn't real. Things like that didn't happen. He was just a plain guy, he had said, so himself. And he loved her, she was sure of that. But was she? Tom and Pete had no reason to lie to her. And how well did she know Ernie? One date. A few romantic words on a beautiful night.

That night, when he walked into the restaurant, not looking any different, not saying any different, she began to hope again.

"How about a date?" Ernie said. She wanted to say "No." But she said "All right." And then, after he had left, she was glad, because he would explain everything. She was sure he was telling the truth.

But he didn't. As they were walking home after the movies it began to rain and they ran up on the front porch of the boarding house and Ernie tried to take her in his arms. Gently she held him away.

"Ernie, I want to talk to you." Sure, but let me kiss you first. Say, you've been acting kind of funny tonight."

"Funny," Ernie, she said, "who are you?"

He looked at her in amazement. "Me? Well, can you tie that?" he said. "What's eatin' you, Helen?"

"Please," she said, and she felt the tears coming, "won't you tell me?" For a moment Ernie seemed still amazed, "what's there to tell? The name's Dell. Ernie Dell. I work right across the street at the factory, remember me? I eat at Bill's place. You know all the rest. I told you. I'm twenty-five and a plain, working guy. This is the first decent job I ever had and now you're always telling me your right name."

"Oh, maybe it is," Helen cried. Ernie Dell could have his real name, she thought. But now he was without something. "But you haven't told me everything, Ernie's face was flushed. "What haven't I told you?" he said in a hard, angry voice.

Well—she was afraid now. "What about that chauffeur that brought you to the plant?"

His eyes narrowed. "What about it," he challenged.

Before her eyes, Helen's eyes dropped to the wooden floor of the porch where the raindrops glinted. But Ernie said, "Pete and Tom!" He exploded, not waiting for her to finish. "So you've been talking to them about me? Isn't this strange!"

"Oh no, Ernie," Helen protested, but Ernie's voice went on: "I might have known you'd be the same. They aren't always out to get me. But you're their friend. Sure." Now he was talking breathlessly, all the words running out on the others who they knew, all you like. If you don't believe me— if you can't trust me, why all right?" Oh his face was flushed. With a furious tug at the brim of his hat, Ernie turned and slammed down the steps, out into the rain.

WHY Ernie kept coming into Bill's place to eat, she didn't know. He sat, alone now, at the far end of the counter. He had been coming in every day for the past few weeks, sitting alone, not talking to anyone, not ever speaking to her. A hundred times she wanted to say something to him, but when she came to serve him, something inside her went dead.

The noon rush hour was almost over. Tom and Pete, sitting as far from the counter from Ernie as they could get, were just finishing up. Helen might not have paid much attention to the tall, mean man who entered, if he hadn't been looking at Ernie so closely as Ernie got up to pay his check.

"Hi!" he said, as Ernie paid Helen, "aren't you the guy I picked up on the road a few months back?"

Ernie looked. "Yeah," he said, and he said hello for the first time in weeks. "How are you?"

"Out of a job," the man said, "but sorry."

"If you want to call it that," Ernie said. "I got a job."

The thin-faced man seemed to want to say more. Helen felt a rush of relief after telling him the name of the foremost
at the plant, wished him luck and left. Tom and Pete came over to pay their checks.

"Lucky guy," the thin-faced man grinned at Pete. He picked him up on the road a couple of months back and gave him a lift up to the gate." He laughed. "That's what gave me the idea of trying for a job here after I got canned."

Pete's mouth was open. "Are you the guy who drove him here?"

"That's right," the thin-faced man said. "I was chauffeuring for a fuss old dame at the time. She'd a had a fit if she knew about it."

He grinned. "She had a bit anyway and tied the can on me. Say, maybe you guys can put in a good word for me."

"You mean you ain't his chauffeur?"

Tom said, stunned.

The man looked puzzled. "You mean that fellah who just went out?"

Helen held her breath. Pete and Tom nodded.

"Naw," the thin-faced man laughed, showing a gold tooth. "Like I told you, I just gave him a lift that day. I picked him up on the highway and when he told me he was coming here for a job I gave him a lift, that's all."

 Tears were running down Helen's cheeks. Pete and Tom looked embarrassed. They put their money gingerly on the till and left. The thin-faced man scratched his head. "Say," he asked, "did I say something wrong?"

"No," Helen sobbed, "nothing wrong."

The thin-faced man went out and walked slowly toward the factory. Helen sat down at the counter. She couldn't keep the tears out of her eyes. She kept seeing the hurt, puzzled look in Ernie's eyes that night on the porch. She knew now that she should have trusted him, should have believed in him.

She put her head in her arms and began to sob. Then she heard someone pounding on the counter and looked up. It was Ernie.

"I'm decided," he said, "to have some dessert."

"Wha-aat kind?" Helen said, trying to keep her voice from breaking.

"Blackberry," Ernie said, grinning, "that depends. What do the guys around here eat?"

"I've been such a fool," Helen sobbed, not able to look at him. "I should have listened to myself—I should have listened to myself—I should have listened to myself—"

"You must hate me," Helen said. "Cut it out," Ernie said. "Sure, it was tough, but in a way, it was worth it. Now I know how swell it is to be just a plain guy. You miss out on an awful lot if you're not. Say, I'm beginning to make a speech. And that's not what I came in here for."

"Your dessert—" Helen said, trying to dry her tears on her apron.

"Not that, either," Ernie said, and reached across the counter.

When the cook came in from the kitchen, he opened his mouth to yell at Helen to turn off the fire under the coffee urn because it was boiling over. But she was half way across the counter being kissed, so he turned it off himself and crept silently back to his lamb stew, the tomorrow's special.

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

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Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.
Made For Each Other

(Continued from page 38) mouth opened in a way that way in a few seconds. She smiled. Alan had never seen such a beautiful girl. She seemed to float, rather than walk. Her hair was lighter in the sun, her skin was glowingly white and her eyes a deep, laughing blue.

"Hurrah!" J. C. Nugent said, with two shouters, "but he's busy rehearsing." He looked at the boy carefully. Then he smiled mischievously. "Tell you what," he said, "I take you daughter here at lunch. When you come back, Dun- can will probably see you."

To anyone who knows him will tell you, J. C. is like that. Bluff. A little frightening. But—swell.

Alan caught his breath.

Go to stop, J. C. Nugent said, "You do want to take her for lunch, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," Alan stammered.

SOMEHOW, Alan found himself outside, with the girl walking along beside him. He had about a dollar, just enough to get by at the tea room down in street.

The girl looked up at him. "Father forgot to introduce us," she said. "I'm Ruth Summers."

"I know," Alan said. "You're in the show. My name's Alan, Alan Bunce." The girl smiled. "This is sort of crazy, isn't it?"

Alan smiled, too. He felt more at ease now. "I think it's swell," he said. "The minute I saw you, I thought how I was going to get to know you."

"Me, too," Ruth said softly.

In the tea room, a typical theatrical hangout, there were other actors, eating busily, talking, showing business. But as far as Alan and Ruth were concerned, they all could have been in Singapore. A strange and wonderful thing had happened to these two, almost a story book happen-

Coming Next Month!

Complete words and music of a new Rudy Vallee hit tune.

"EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY"

He wasn't quite sure of anything, as he sat opposite this strange girl, whom he didn't really know, yet loved. Alan almost expected to wake up and find that all happened to him, but that he had been dreaming, and was late for school. After all, he was only nineteen. Before Alan was half way through that lunch, he had determined to make good as an actor. And for a reason, now.

But, when you want success the most, it is hardest to get. The next few months were lean ones. Sometimes Alan would get very discouraged when jobs didn't come up, but Ruth was always there to encourage and help him. His career seemed to have been planned from her own. The fact that he was often broke made not the slightest difference to the girl who loved him. She had faith in his future.

Then, about six months after they had met, the Nugents, J. C. and Ruth's actor brother, went decided to take "Kempy" on tour. That meant Ruth would go along, and she and Alan would be separated. They were both frightened. Sometimes companies go on the road for months. A hit company might tour four years. A few days before the company was to leave, Ruth and Alan sat in their little tea room, talking it over. They supposed they would do the part," Ruth said, "and I could find a job here."

Alan shook his head. "No. Jobs are hard to find now, and there's no reason why you should leave the play on account of me."

"But there is," Ruth said.

They sat there and talked for hours, but they couldn't find any practi- cal way to stay together. They talked back into the theater, not knowing how to figure out a way. As they stood by the stage door, Ruth's father came out, Mr. Nugent and grinned at them.

"Looks like I started something," he said.


"Not right now," Alan said. "How would you like to work with us?"

J. C. Nugent said, "You mean, go on the road with you?"

Alan asked, "But you can't have an unhappy daughter to worry about. You can understand Elliot and try your hand at stage managing."

The next three months were about the happiest Alan and Ruth had ever spent. The hard work, the long jumps from town to town, were nothing compared to the strain in the theater. Then, one night in Stamford, Connecticut, while they were working backstage, she said, "The Nugents said, 'Let's get married.'"

"When?" Ruth asked.

"As soon as we get back to New York."

"All right," Ruth said, and kissed him. And it was settled just like that, simply and without any fuss. The Nugents and Alan Bunce were married in Grace Church in New York City, not quite three years from the time that first met, back stage at the Belmont Theater. Then they set up housekeeping in a small New York apartment. They both opened in the west the week before their marriage, so instead of going on a honeymoon, they settled down to work.

In another year, Alan was playing the co-star role in "Tommy." Ruth was working too, in a nearby theater. After the play had been running for awhile, Alan went off and played the wood and play in "Tommy" out there. The day after he signed the contract and he and Ruth were packing to leave, they were both offered a chance to go to Australia.

They were bitterly disappointed, but they turned it down. It would have been their first real chance to have a honeymoon and it was a trip they'd always wanted to take.

"Never mind," Alan said. "We'll
get another offer. We're lucky together."

They went to the Coast and Alan played in "Tommy." Three days after they returned to New York, the Australian offer was made again. Gleefully, they accepted it. They were to leave in three weeks. One week went by and they could hardly wait for the next two to pass. Then, Alan got a phone call from a producer.

"Listen," the producer said, "I've got a hit play in rehearsal and my male lead is ruining the part. You've got to help me out."

"But I'm going to Australia," Alan said. He turned to Ruth and explained what was happening.

"At least, open the play for me," the producer wailed. "I'll get somebody to take over before you leave."

"Should I?" Alan asked Ruth.

"Of course," Ruth said. "You can't let him down. He's been nice to you. That's show business."

ALAN opened in the show. It was a smash hit called "The Perfect Alibi." It was the part he had been waiting for all his life. It was made to order for him. But when the time came to go to Australia with Ruth, as they had planned, Alan turned the part over to his understudy and sailed. He had played it just twelve days. He gave up something that few actors would pass by. But Alan was a husband first and an actor second. And he knew how much Ruth wanted to go on that trip.

Alan has never regretted giving up that part and going to Australia. They were away over a year, vabonding, troup ing, having the time of their lives. When the tour was over, instead of coming home, they hopped over to India. They travelled from Madras to Bombay and to strange and exotic places all over the globe.

There isn't much more to tell. They returned to New York and went on working. A family began to arrive, but up until three years ago, Ruth doubled in brass, being a fine actress and a good mother at the same time. Then, when Alan began to get very busy working in radio and on the stage, Ruth decided the children needed one of them near, at all times, and temporarily gave up her career.

She didn't feel like a martyr, either. For, just as Alan is a husband first and an actor second, Ruth is a wife and mother first and an actress second. In fact, it's Alan who is always urging her to return to the stage. He's very proud of her talent.

"Just the other day," Alan said, "a critic, in judging a new and brilliant young actress, said that she was the freshest and most exciting ingenue he's seen since watching Ruth Nugent in 'Kemény'."

Ruth is still a very young woman, still talented and beautiful, and she may very likely return to the stage, one day. But right now, she's happy and very busy with Lanny, aged eight, Elliot, five, and a little girl, Virginia, who is a year and a half old.

Alan and Ruth have a beautiful, rambling old New England place in Stamford, Connecticut. Every day, after finishing his Doctor Malone show, Alan gets on the commuters' express along with lawyers, doctors and businessmen and travels happily home to his wife, the three children, a pony, two dogs and a rabbit. All of which he might never have had if he hadn't walked down that alley to that stage door that day.
when Radio.

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She tried to keep her husband’s eyes from straying—

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EXTRA

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Song Hit of the Month

EXTRA

Plus all the delightful, exclusive radio features and departments.

FEBRUARY

Radio ON SALE DECEMBER 26

Final Glory

(Continued from page 14) tremors.”

Lucille was embarrassed. “Eef eet were the first of the month,” she murmured, “I would give you every penny of the collections . . . I’ve now but ten dollars in my purse. Weel that—”

Adelaide shook her head. “Ten dollars wouldn’t be a drop in the bucket,” she said. “I’ll need fifty. I believe I’ll pawn my garnets.”

Lucille’s face was suffused by a strange mistiness. “But the garnets,” she exclaimed, “you said you would never part with them. He—”

Adelaide said, with a degree of gentleness, “He’d want me to use them to stage a comeback.”

The pawnbroker knew Adelaide well. He took the garnets with a gesture of regret and handed over a sheaf of crisp bills. “I’ll keep ‘em separate with the rest of your stuff, Miss Lambert,” he said as he held open the door for Adelaide.

The hat shop she entered was not shoddy or cut rate—it was the best on the avenue, and the hat she chose justified the address! It was a smart hat with a little mauve bird set coyly upon the brim. It was the little bird that sold Adelaide. “I’ll wear it,” she informed the clerk. “No, don’t send my old one home—” Lucille’s rooming house was on a mean street and one must never lose caste with a saleslady. “I’ll stop by for it in a day or two.”

The shoes required more care. Adelaide knew that she should get something sturdy, to last—but she shut her soul to the voice of conscience and wavered between quaint square-toed satin slippers with an ankle strap and high heeled suede with buckles. The buckles won.

Fifty dollars for a new hat and a pair of shoes. It might seem a lot to some, but not to the Adelaide Lambert who had paid fifty dollars for far lesser items, in the past. She went trippingly down the street admiring her reflection in the gleaming plate glass store fronts. The hat was set jauntily upon her dyed hair. The slipper buckles were like prisms in the sunlight.

“I’ll knock ‘em dead,” she thought, just before she hailed a taxi and gave the address of the Radio Mart. “I’ll knock ‘em for a loop...” She did.

The dress rehearsal was almost ready to start when Adelaide Lambert walked into the room. The leading lady held her script in a firm hand and stood close to the microphone, testing it for height. The star was in front of a mirror, running a comb through his hair with its distinguished gray streak. The ingenu was curled up in a corner chair, staring into the distance, and the director was all set to go into the control room. He was just saying to his secretary, “That last letter must have gone astray, too—you’ll have to get me someone—” when Adelaide appeared. She paused, just across the sill, her hat tilted at its jaunty angle— the little bird fairly quivering. And—“I,” she said, “am Miss Lambert.”

It was as good an entrance as she’d ever made. It got them. Adelaide was aware of the electric current that ran through the room—and her nostrils quivered as the director rushed forward, his face showing intense relief.
“Miss Lambert,” he said, “Miss Adelaide Lambert?”

“The same,” nodded Adelaide.

The director said rather testily, “Then you did get the letter—I’m so glad! I was ready to give the part to someone else. You’re in the nick of time.”

Adelaide pulled off her soft turquoise skirt so that the buckles on her shoes were slightly more in evidence. She said slowly:

“How fortunate—for your show!” and, oddly enough, there wasn’t a shade of conceit in her voice—only a nonehance that was too casual to be assumed!

FROM that moment Adelaide Lambert—whose part was a rather small one—lost a wise, significant speech at the beginning, just a few telling sentences at the end of the script—became the star, in truth. Holding her mimeographed copy far away from her face—the better to see the printed words—she read her lines as she had always read lines, with verve and assurance. And when the rehearsal was over the others gathered around her and begged for the privilege of watching her hand. It was quite a reception, and Adelaide’s cheeks grew pink as she listened to praise which fell like manna all about her.

“You’re too, too good,” she said finally. “All of you. Really, you’re making me feel as if this is a debut.”

The director said, “It’s your radio debut, Miss Lambert. We’re going to keep you busy from now on—don’t worry about that.”

Adelaide said, “I have never worried—about anything—" which was a white lie. Her voice shook ever so slightly, and the leading lady, gen-

uity and enthusiasm, arm around the slight shoulders that held themselves so proudly erect.

“You must be exhausted, Miss Lambert,” said the leading lady. “I know! These rehearsals—they’re the very devil—and our director’s a slave driver. You must go home and take a good nap. But sleep with an alarm clock at your ear, for heaven’s sake. Because if you miss the show—”

Adelaide interrupted with laughter. “You may take a nap, my dear, she said, “you’re young and emotional and need to relax. But never in my life have I ever slept before an opening. And never have I missed a show.”

She was back in her room again—the room that looked empty without its pictures and its Spanish shawl. The fire was still smoldering on the hearth and the tip of a photograph had then been burned. “I was a riot, Lucille,” she said to the hovering woman who had once been her maid, “and was the director really beside himself? The children that support me are nice, but they don’t know the first thing about acting. . . . What could I teach them if they’d ask me?”

“Time?” queried Lucille.

Adelaide bridled. “The director,” she said, “is going to keep me very busy. That less of me, Lucille, from now on. . . . This script I’m to play in is only a one-shot—(how quickly one caught on to the jargon), and if there’ll be other shows . . . The director is simply crazy about me.”

The director commented Lucille, “Ees a man of sense.”

Adelaide went on. It was as if she were wound up. “They all crowded around me,” she said, “after I’d read my final speech. Even the electrician and the director’s secretary and another man who does things with wires in the control room. One girl—a pretty thing with a sweet voice—asked for my autograph. I gave it to her, of course.”

Lucille said, “When must you be back at thee place from which you'll broadcast your voice?”

Adelaide told her, “The show goes on at eight-thirty and runs for half an hour. I must be there by eight.”

Lucille nodded. “C’est bon,” she said. “That weel give you time to rest, and also for a bite of supper.”

Adelaide walked over to the mirror and removed her hat. She ran fingers through her hair until it stood upright.

“What’s the matter with everybody?” she wanted to know.

“I’ve had the wear. . . .”

“Tell the pretty girl to go home and take a nap, and the director told me to take it easy—and now you’re after me . . . I’ve no time to rest. Lucille—I must be letter perfect. I must memorize my part.”

“Why memorize eel?” queried Lucille.

Adelaide said, “I’m not sure of printed words—unless I wear glasses, and my spectacles are old-fashioned, and my lorgnette has been pawned, worse luck. I’ll learn the part, and don’t you try to stop me!”

Lucille sighed. “At least, Miss Addie,” she said, “you can learn your part lying down?”

“I’ll do no such thing,” Adelaide retorted. “I’ll learn my part standing . . . I’ll borrow that hat rack thing you have in the hall—it’s about the height of a microphone—and I’ll set it up in front of the mirror where I can see myself.”

Lucille threw wide her hands in a gesture of despair. “It will be devils, me and Addie, we can’t go on to the Radio Mart this evening? A star weeho’t er personal maid—she paused expressively, Adelaide smiled, her good humor returning. “I asked the director if I might bring you,” she said. “You understand, Lucille, that you’ll have to sit in the control room . . . Only the actors are allowed in the room with the microphone. But you can see me and hear me—and you may help me on with my jacket when it’s all over.”

THE control room was crowded. The author was there and so was the star’s wife. The sponsor was on hand, and there were a couple of ladies who had dined and wined with the sponsor. The ladies wore identical ermine caps . . . The production man was fussing with this and that, and the electrician was standing by, and the director was arranging the pages of his script and glancing at his watch—and saying the right thing to the sponsor and the wrong thing to the wife of the star. There was hardly room for one to squeeze in, but squeeze in she did.

Lucille, peering out of the glass cage, saw Adelaide Lambert coming toward the microphone. She walked proudly—her buckled slippers twanging, but Lucille noticed that there was a white line around her mouth and that the color in her cheeks was a dull scarlet. Adelaide had eaten no supper. Tense with excitement she beneath the umbrella, the shy young lady reveals her true identity—a generous bottle of your favorite April Showers Perfume! An adoral gift—for yourself or anyone else. . . . only $1.00

C H E R A M Y  p e r f u m e r
A P R I L S H O W E R S

Men love “The Fragrance of Youth”
had refused even a cup of tea and a slice of toast. Standing in front of the hat rack she had laboriously learned her part—pretending that she spoke through a microphone. When the director was saying, "is your announcer . . . You will now be privileged to listen to an original story featuring an all-star cast—" the name remained as his voice came suavely into the control room, Lucille—leaning forward—saw the harsh color recede from the cheeks of an old woman who was slated to make the opening speech. The others saw it too.

Then swiftly, miraculously, Adelaide Lambert's voice—that had been adored by fifty years of theater-goers—crept into the room, and Adelaide Lambert's old magic was taking the vast listening audience by storm.

The first speech was mercifully short. Lucille, her hands clenched so tight that the nails bit into the palms, heard Adelaide's voice reach its lifting period. It was an old lady's voice, but beautiful. The actress had stepped aside so that the leading lady and the star might take her place. Adelaide still stood stiffly erect, but Lucille wondered whether it was the light reflected on the glass walls of the control room, or whether she had slightly, on her high spike heels. She half rose, thinking—"I should go to her—she may need salve—" but the author's hand on her knee, forced her back, and the show went on.

Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. To Lucille, sitting beside the author, they were as many hours. To the director they were as many pulse beats. The big scene between the leading lady and the star was over, and the ingenue was speaking petulantly. Now the climax had been reached and passed, and the little old woman again moved forward, groppingly, to take her place before the mike, and Lucille, starting up—no hand on a knee could stop her now!—cried, "Mon Dieu, she weel—collapse."

The director's fingers were gripping the arms of his chair. He glanced at the sponsor and saw a big contract slipping out of the back door, and then—straightening herself with a vast effort, painful to everyone who watched—lifting her chin, so that the wrinkles in her throat were barely visible from the control room, Adela-}

"I would ruin the show if you went now," he said—"the audience would hear. She wouldn't want to ruin the show . . . The announcer will take only a minute."

A minute—a truce with eternity! But Adelaide Lambert wouldn't want to ruin the show. The announcer had come forward and said something with a group of keys and the production man pushed back his chair and then they were all rushing from the control room together. Then Lucille who reached Adelaide Lambert first. She flopped to the floor, in her red-black dress, and took the old lead—with her brilliant dyed hair into her lap. "Mees Addie!" she sobbed.

Adelaide Lambert didn't move for a moment. To the leading lady, pressing forward, she seemed dead already.

To the star—shoving her beautifully cultured countenance up under the little feet in their buckled shoes—she was a fragile ghost in a room full of living people. But Lucille could sense the flutter of the faint movement of lips, the sound she leaned forward so that she might hear the words that were surely coming.

But when Adelaide spoke she spoke strongly. She was not one to renege on a curtain call.

"How did I do?" she asked.

"We were splendid. You were splendid. The audience were splendid. The director, and his voice was miraculously steady. "Superb!"

Adelaide Lambert smiled, and the lids fluttered down to rest peacefully above tired eyes. Nobody thought that she would speak again, but she did.

"The applause," said Adelaide Lambert, "was terrific . . . But the footlights have grown—very dim."
WOMAN OF COURAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11) DRAGGED OUT GOODBYES.

So, she had to be contented with kissing him quietly before the others and then, watching from the door, while George lifted him into the car and closed the door behind him. Her eyes filled with tears. Jim was so gay, waving goodbye and shouting to them all.

Just then a hand was holding her hand. "He'll come back, won't he, Mrs. Jackson?"

"Of course, he will!" Lucy flashed. "It's wonderful that he's going to be cured."

"Then why are you crying, Mrs. Jackson?" Tommy asked.

Martha lifted her hand and smiled. "Because—well—I think it's wonderful, too." She watched the car disappear down the street and her heart offered up a prayer. "Oh, Jim, darling," she prayed silently, "God bless you and help you and give you what you want."

THE first four weeks Jim was away seemed like an eternity to Martha. It was hard to tell from Jim's short letters how he was progressing, if at all. And Martha couldn't help thinking that perhaps Cora's attitude was more realistic than hers or Jim's. It would be very easy to believe in miracles, but what if the miracle didn't come to pass? Would her love be enough to sustain Jim, if he were returned in a state of recovery? Was love ever enough to any man? Could any woman be all things to any man?

Thoughts like these weighed heavy on Martha's mind, and made her feel so lonely. It was a comfort to know that she need not act gay and light-hearted with him. There was something wonderfully warm and pleasant in George's letters. From her work to see George sitting nearby, smoking his pipe and checking over her accounts and looking up, for a moment, to flash her a look of understanding and friendliness from his quietly smiling eyes. Then, finally, Jim wrote that Dr. Ryan said he could have visitors. Martha was as thrilled as a young girl preparing for her first date. She put on the blue dress that Jim liked so much because it matched her eyes and she fussed over her long, blonde hair, brushing it and pinning it up and taking it down to do it over. She laughed at herself in the mirror. "You look all right, Martha," she thought. And she was glad. It wasn't very late happy, because she knew Jim had always been proud of the way she looked and she wasn't going to disappoint him, now.

They drove up to Jim on the terrace of the sanitarium, she was glad George had tactfully suggested she go up to Jim alone, first. For Jim was not gay, when he saw her, and their kiss had about it such a quality of young, long-separated lovers meeting, that Martha knew any other woman would have been embarrassed.

"Here now," Martha said. "We're a bit old for this sort of thing." "I'll never be too old," Jim grinned. "Besides, you don't look a day older than when I married you." By the time George joined them, his arms full of gifts from the rest of the family, Jim and Martha had settled down and Jim was chattering gayly about his treatments and the progress he was making. He was happy and he looked so much better than he had for months. Martha found all doubt and fear ebbing from her heart. Jim was going to be all right. Then it was her turn and George's. Jim had to be told all the gossip from home. They laughed over Tommy's comment on old Veronica Hall's idea of going to the High School commencement dressed as a witch and Martha described Lucy's costume.

"What are you going to wear?" Jim asked.

"Why—" Martha laughed. "I'm not going."

Jim's face clouded. "Martha," he said softly, "I know—you think because I'm—you think you shouldn't go because of me. That's not right. You know I want you to have a good time. You deserve it. And—and I'd sort of like to think of you at the ball—how you'll look—and." He turned to George reprovingly. "George, I'm surprised. Why haven't you asked her?"

"I—I meant to," George said, a sudden note of eagerness making his voice ring.

Jim laughed. "That's settled, then. And you see it to, George, that she has some fun. I'm counting on you. Well, here's my nurse—must be time for my treatment. I'm afraid you'll have to go now. He pulled Martha down to kiss her. "Don't worry too much about me," he whispered. When they were in the car, George said, "I'm going to kidnap you for awhile."

"What are you talking about?" Martha asked.

"We're going to celebrate," George said. "For weeks, you've been worried and now your mind is at rest and we're going to have a little fling, before you go back home and start playing Mother Father and Big Sister to everyone in town."

SOMEHOW, George had sensed her mood. She did feel like celebrating. For the first time in many months, she felt free of care. They stopped and phoned Lucy not to expect them for dinner. Then, they drove to Twin Falls and had a candlelit dinner with wine and music and Martha found herself laughing a great deal, good, honest, uninhibited laughter.

As they drove homeward, through the soft, June evening, it occurred to Martha that it was very odd a man like George had not married. She wondered why. He had money. He was handsome and his forty-some years sat lightly on his broad, straight shoulders. He was charming and considerate and generous. Most of all, he had an understanding, a sensitivity to the feelings and moods of others that was wonderful and very strange that he hadn't married.

He was three weeks off and there would have been plenty of time to make up for his absence. Martha felt she should make some concessions to propriety. Farmington had definite ideas about things and she knew that, even if she tried to explain Jim's attitude, his wanting her to go out and have fun, people would not understand. So, she compromised, by mak-
George Wheeling, well assists can Ask far NOTHI NG
Brand mission.

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I the thing, which you right wait for. This or Get your 25c

I'm sure you've heard the say, but it's true. Mystic flowers. This is why it's important to have a good druggist and a good druggist can be sure you're getting the best possible care. Mystic flowers are not only beautiful, but they also have medicinal properties. They're used to treat a variety of disorders, from rheumatic pain to nagging headaches.

But beware of counterfeit Mystic flowers! There are many fake Mystic flowers on the market, and they're not worth anything. They may look pretty, but they don't have the same medicinal properties as the real thing.

So the next time you need a Mystic flower, make sure you go to a reputable druggist. They'll be able to provide you with the real thing and help you feel better.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 13 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. Frowning or uneasy sensations with sleeping and waking 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 Dean's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidneys. Dean's Pills flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean's Pills, knowing over her old, black silk evening dress.

But, when she was dressed and standing before her mirror, she wasn't sure that even the black silk would pass. Lucy had insisted on it; those Nigel's gown up her lips with lipstick and throwing a black lace shawl over her blonde hair, like a mantilla. Martha felt strange. She wished she had said yes.

And thinking of Jim, she remembered what he had said about wanting to think of her at the ball, how she had looked. On the night when she picked up the phone and called him. He was so pleased. She described herself, laughing.

"I look like a hussy and it's all your fault," she finished. "So—if you hear any gossip—"

The day you look like a hussy," Jim retorted, "I'll have green hair. Now, you have a good time."

Having spoken to Jim made her feel better. Still, she couldn't shake that feeling of strangeness. She and Jim had gone to so many of these balls together. The same old band was playing the same old music and the evening was so full of memories and past laughter and gaiety, that Martha found herself losing all control of her sentiment.

And somehow, when the band started playing "The Merry Widow Waltz," Martha found that by closing her eyes and giving herself up to the rhythm of the familiar strains she could recapture the old feeling of oneness and perfect harmony that she always felt when she used to dance with Jim. The illusion was so complete that she wasn't even startled when her strong arms and her lips caught and held by a kiss that sent an overpowering dizziness through her.

For a moment, it seemed to Martha that time had really turned backward and she and Jim were young again, young and caught up in the urgency of their love. Then, she opened her eyes and stared comprehensively into George's face. Their eyes held, for a long moment, and before George let her go, Martha knew and understood everything.

Martha forced herself to laugh. She looked around her as though she were in a deserted corner, almost completely hidden by a tall, potted palm.

"Why, George!" she said, as lightly as she could.

"—I couldn't—" George began. Then, he made his voice light, to match hers. "I thought I ought to do what Jim would have done. That was just to cap your success as the belle of the ball," he added glibly.

"That's right," Martha said. "Thank you." And they looked at each other and both of them knew they were lying.

In the few days, Martha found that kiss forcing its way into her mind, time after time. She tried to tell herself she had meant nothing, that it was just instinct which made her interpret the look in George's eyes as love. But she knew this wasn't true.

She was afraid and confused. She was afraid, because that one kiss and her response to it had made very clear to her that her life had been since Jim's accident and how dangerous the situation was, now. She knew she loved Jim. Nothing could ever change that. And she would fight with all her strength against betraying that love. But she knew, too, that nothing—no one—had ever challenged her love or her strength before. And right then.

She felt she must see Jim, immediately, that seeing him, telling him what had happened would help her and kept her hold on reality. Right then alone, this time, even not telling George she was going, for fear he'd other things. She wanted this to be just between her and Jim. She wanted Jim to reassure her, to make everything all right.

And when she was there, she realized she couldn't tell Jim. Not now. Now while she was so afraid, so uncertain, the knowledge of her weakness and could only frighten her— and would so nothing. She understood then that this was something she must work out alone.

With the intuition of one who shares heartache, George seemed to have sensed what she felt and was there for her. "Dear Martha—Sorry to hear you were expecting chance for a vacation trip came up and I took it. Say goodbye to Jim for me. Hope all the news was good. Love, George.

George had gone, left her free to look into her heart. He was so scrupulously fair. This was his way of showing her the whole of taking advantage of her, in any way. And Martha was infinitely grateful to him.

Then, unexpectedly, there was a letter from Jim. As Martha read it, she felt as though a mountain had been lifted from her soul and the whole of her life stretched before her, clear and shining and full, of happiness chained hope, so she had to read the letter twice.

"Darling—" Jim wrote. "Good news! At least, I hope you'll think it's good news that this useless bulk will be back home again. And maybe it won't be so useless, either! Dr. Ryan feels that I've made such wonderful progress, I can't do much for me now that I can not only case up on my treatments, but that I can probably do just as well—if not better—at home with the care of my own. Oh, darling, it will be so much better that way. Just imagine! No more worry about money to keep me bettering well. Nothing going to stop me from getting on my feet now and living like a man again. I've been doing it; I'm figuring and I'll be able to pay Dr. Ryan for a weekly treatment (he's promised to drive down) with the money from my wood carving. So look—don't worry. I'll wire the day and the hour. And wait until you see me walk! In a couple of months, I'll be able to do it. I'll be the cutest, best looking fellow. And all the lads will know it. And me and tell me all I'm looking forward to doing it myself next week. And all love.

And then he was with Martha again, back in his wheel chair before the fireplace, his strong sure fingers creating enchantment. The pictures that figures he carved with such delicate precision. His good spirits were like an invisible torch of happiness light—light—light. He walked into the room and him flushed with joy, fought down a sudden, flashing fear. He was so sure, his hope so high, for, even to Martha, her eyes dimmed with tears of gratefulness, there remained a certain sobering reality. Watching the
effort cost Jim just to stand up, seeing the pain bring out beads of moisture on his forehead as he forced himself to take a few shaky steps, leaning heavily on the canes. Martha caught herself worrying if he had really progressed as well as she thought. And Martha was troubled, wondering how much of Jim's feeling that he could not come only from his will to have it so.

The following week, after Dr. Ryan had finished with Jim's treatment, Martha went out to his car with him. "Dr. Ryan," she said, "how is he—really? Are we doing all that should be done?"

The doctor frowned and sighed. "I was going to tell you, Mrs. Jackson," he said, "but I didn't quite know how. I'm afraid, you see, that your husband will ever be able to walk again. In the beginning, his reactions were so good—he progressed so amazingly. But, for a month now, there has been no improvement at all. If I hadn't felt his case was hopeless, I'd never have permitted him to leave the sanitarium.

Martha's heart stopped beating and then started up again. "Oh," she muttered, as if she had been hit. "I think it would be better, if he didn't know just yet," the doctor said. "He's long enough yet to stand that kind of a shock. If we were to tell him, now—" the doctor hesitated, then went on. "When the time comes, I can tell him myself!"

"I understand, Dr. Ryan," Martha said hollowly.

"And of course, I may be too pessimistic — the doctor continued. "Who can tell? Science is making remarkable strides every day. At this very moment, someone may be working out the cure for your husband."

WAS he hoping to console her? Martha wondered. Would he have been better, if he'd tried to help her find some way to go back inside and face Jim, some way to be able to listen to him and hope and still go on pretending that everything was all right, that there was still some chance, still something for Jim to fight for?

Martha had no idea how long she stood in the stillness of the late afternoon, or how long Cora had been standing there, that I don't think. She saw Cora, suddenly, with a start.

"That was the doctor's car, wasn't it?" Cora asked. Martha nodded. "What's the matter?" Cora whispered.

"Why—" Martha forced herself to laugh and it sounded horribly artificial, even to herself. "Why, nothing," she said. "Jim's had a treatment."

"Martha—" Cora said, grasping Martha's hand firmly. "Martha— she said, between her teeth, "if anything's wrong with Jim, I have a right to know."

And Martha realized how much Cora had loved Jim, how much her life would have been without that love. "I—I" she stammered brokenly, "the doctor—he—he's just told me that I can hope that Jim will ever walk again.

Cora shut her eyes for a moment. Then, "Does Jim know?" she asked.

"No. And he mustn't know—not now—not yet.

That's unfair to Jim," Cora said. "This thing put it off the worst it will be for him. I think it would be kinder to tell him now. It will hurt him, of course. But Jim's a good man——he'll pull through it. And the sooner he knows, the sooner he'll begin to plan his life as he'll have to live it—the sooner he'll realize that his life need not be over just because he has to get around in a wheel chair."

"No, Cora!" Martha cried. "He mustn't be told yet! Painfully, she told Cora what the doctor had said. "It will be hard for you—for me—but you'll have to help me, Cora. We've got to hide it from him!"

And Cora promised to do her best.

But any number of times in the next few days, Martha regretted that she had confided in Cora. Cora said nothing, but her grieffulness was so forced that everyone was suspicious. And Cora would forget herself and stop talking in the middle of a sentence. She was so badly that Martha expected him to ask her what was wrong.

A sort of tension crept into their lives. Even Lucy and Tommy were aware of it. They felt repressed in the house. And Lucy seemed to get the idea that she was wrong came out of the fact that Martha worked too hard.

"Here's your hat, Mother," Lucy said, as she crept in from the house, "you're going to the movies with Tommy and me."

"But, Lucy—" Martha began. "The store—"

"Never mind the store," Lucy said. "I called Aunt Cora and she'll be here in a few minutes."

"I'd rather not, Lucy," Martha said. "I'm a little tired and I think I—"

"You're telling me!" Lucy said. "That's exactly why you're coming to the movies—to relax and get your mind off the store and work and money."

STRANGELY enough, Lucy's remedy worked. In spite of herself, Martha found herself relaxing in the warm, dark theater, and after awhile, she even found herself being interested in the story on the screen. It was a silly story, but it amused her. She felt better afterwards.

Jim was alone in the living room, when they got home. As soon as they stepped inside, Martha felt as though a shadow had just enveloped her. Lucy and Tommy chattered on unconsciously about the picture and Lucy gave her father an imitation of the blonde siren in the movies, that brought a fleeting smile to his lips. Martha looked at Jim. He looked very tired and his eyes seemed dead.

"Lucy—Tommy—" Martha said, crossing to the mirror. "It's time for bed."

She kissed them both and watched them go upstairs. Then, as she turned to the mirror to remove her hat and pat her hair into place, she said, "You look tired, dear. I'll fix you some hot milk—"

"Martha—" there was something wrong with Jim's voice. In the mirror, Martha noticed he had hardened his jaw. "I want you to divorce me, Martha!"

Martha stared. She was aware that she looked as though she was holding her hat in mid-air, but she couldn't move. She couldn't breath.

What is the reason for this startling development of Jim's—and how will Martha prevent it from wrecking the home that she has tried so hard to hold together? Be sure to read next month's installment of Woman of Courage in the February Radio Mirror.
DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY LIVER

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. P. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—now sold by druggists everywhere.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but also still up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT without fail! 15c, 50c, $1.00. All drugstores.

(Continued from page 7) unpleasant. His features were all fine and clean, but his skin was pale, as if it didn't see the sunlight often enough. When I wished there was an embarrassed silence. Then Cousin Eleanor came rushing over. "Susan!" she said, "I didn't realize you'd—William should have been here! And you've grown so! I—" She turned around, making vague gestures with her hands. "Phil—everybody—is this my cousin Susan Rowe?"

She was so unhappy and sorry I was a little ashamed of myself. But Phil stood up from the piano, lazily, and said, "Don't be apologetic with apologies. Your singing showed me up for the clown that I am."

"It's all right, "I said softly. "No, it isn't. Won't you sing some more?"

He sat down and played the first bars of "Vilia," his long fingers rippling over the keys.

"No, thanks," I said. "I'd rather not. I didn't really want to sing before—I guess I just got mad."

"Pleased," he said, "to switch to "Love's New Sweet Song."

It was too much.

"No!" I cried. "Stop playing that!"

For the second time everybody in the room gasped. But now I didn't care how much of a spectacle I made of myself.

"I don't want to sing that song!" I sobbed. "And I don't want you to play it!"

Cousin Eleanor put her arms around me. "Now, Susan, you'd better quick. You're tired. I'll take you to your room. Phil didn't know who wrote that song."

LATER, after I'd had a bath and Cousin Eleanor's maid had brought me some tea, I was able to see that I'd acquired a peculiar, ill-man-nered child, and when Cousin Eleanor came in to see me I said so. But she was awfully nice about it.

"That sort of us were too blame too," she said. "You see, Susan, the people here this afternoon all pride themselves on being—sophisticated. And being sophisticated seems to mean mostly, forgetting that other people have any feelings. It's not a very nice attitude, I guess. . . . She smiled ruefully. "I do want you to be happy here."

"I will be," I told her. "I won't fly off the handle again, honestly."

"I'm going, you don't, dear?"

I nibbled at a piece of toast. "The man at the piano—Phil—he really can play well," I said grudgingly. "Who is he?"

"Oh—" Cousin Eleanor seemed to hesitate for the merest instant. I call him my partner. He's a boy with lots of talent and not much money. The talent is completely wasted—and the little bit of money has gone into my dress, where it could have been enough interest so Phil doesn't have to work."

"Was that bad for him?" I asked.

"Probably," she said with a little laugh. "But I'm afraid he'd starve otherwise. She stood up. "I'll run along and freshen up a bit, and then we'll have dinner."

That was my introduction to life at Cousin Eleanor's—or rather, Eleanor's, since she asked me to drop the

"Cousin." It was very different from Rockford. I didn't see very much of Eleanor, really, because she was in her dress shop all day and out nearly every night of the week, and sometimes with other men. Phil was in the apartment a good deal, usually with a glass of something in his hand, and we were friendly in a way that wasn't actual friendship.

I asked Eleanor if she knew of somewhere I could get a job, but she said no, and said with Phil and me to wait a little while and see how I liked New York before I decided to stay.

When, weeks later, I'd been with her about two weeks, Eleanor suddenly got a hurry-up call from Hollywood to design some dresses for a big new pic-


ture, "he said loudly.

Eleanor was there, looking at me fixedly, so I couldn't do anything but thank him and say I'd be delighted.

Phil came to the apartment the night Eleanor left, to take her to the train, and just before they went out Eleanor threw me a bundle, but now I didn't care how much of a spectacle I made of myself.

"I don't want to sing that song!" I sobbed. "And I don't want you to play it!"

Cousin Eleanor put her arms around me. "Now, Susan, you'd better quick. You're tired. I'll take you to your room. Phil didn't know who wrote that song."

BABY HELPS

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

Reader Service, Dept. RM-014
Radio and Television Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Love's New Sweet Song

"You— Good Lord!" he murmured, and then, weakly—"Why—that will be fine.

I'll make him decide that Eleanor or no Eleanor he's not going to see any more of me, I thought, and we headed for the Metropolitan in a taxi.

And I took him from room to room at top speed, but while a real-ized that I was missing lots of things I wanted to see, anyhow, I didn't like that much, either. I dis-covered when he said angrily:

"My dear Miss Rowe, you have now been standing in that traffic jam for two minutes and forty-five seconds. Just looking at that one picture for exactly ten minutes. At any second I expect the museum guards to move you bodily to the lunatory to do your staring."

"Very funny," I said.

"No, but—haven't you seen that painting yet?"

We, until just a moment ago I hadn't heard it.

"That's it?" he said in a startled voice.

Suddenly I didn't want to tease him.
any more—at least not about the El Greco I'd been looking at. “Someone told me that a great painting has a melody, and if you don't hear the melody inside yourself when you're looking at it, then you don't really have anything with you.”

He looked at me with surprised respect. “Whoever said that knew something about art.”

“I was merely,” I said. I started to walk away. “I want to look at that Rembrandt.”

“That’s a Rubens,” he observed, and it was too late to be surprised. It just hadn't occurred to me that he’d know anything about painting from another artist.

All in all, the day didn't turn out exactly the way I'd anticipated, but I have to say I'd rebelled. “Look!” I moaned when he came to get me that afternoon, “one more capsule of culture will kill me. How about something really different—like the Aquarium and Coney Island, and the Zoo?”

“Wonderful,” I said. “I’ve been dying to go places like that, but I didn’t want you to think I was just a kid. Let’s go!”

That day was different. Not only because we weeped at fish and monkeys instead of paintings and statuary, or because we had dinner at a famous place on the Coney Island boardwalk and didn’t have to worry about our clothes, but because we went on the roller coaster—but suddenly we liked each other. At least, I liked Phil. I didn’t want to punish him, now, for taking me places out of a sense of duty; I only wanted to make him think I was worth taking places for my own sake.

After dinner we danced in the Luna Park ballroom, to the music of a band that was noisy if it wasn’t anything else. One of the pieces they played was “Blue Moon.”

“Susan,” Phil said when they began to play it. “Susan, do you want to go?”

I could smile. “No. I don’t mind now. Daddy and I were always happy when we sang that song—and I’m happy now that I’ve met you—and I don’t want to you to play it for me.”

His arm around my waist held me closer, but he didn’t say anything.

Eleanor was away for three weeks. They were the most wonderful three weeks of my life, the last two especially. New York seemed to be full of fun at last. People had many things to do. Phil had stopped being the sarcastic, frozen-up person I’d thought I’d met when I first met him. Anything I wanted to do was fun for him—and anything we did together was fun for me.

On the evening before Eleanor was to return, we went to Coney Island again. It wasn’t the same. Phil was silent and unhappy. He snapped at the waiter, then dropped his cigarette on the floor and afterwards he said he didn’t want to dance. Instead, we walked down the boardwalk, to the far end where he could only see people, then leaned on the rail listening to the waves—a sad sound.

“If we're alone, Phil,” I asked. He whirled around so his back was to the rail and his face very near mine.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I’ve only been trying to get up my courage. Susan, I know it’s worthless—but will you marry me?”

“Will I—” I gulped, trying to force a lump that had suddenly risen in my throat. Then I didn’t say anything more for a while, because I was understanding a lot of things I hadn’t understood before.

Mostly, they were things about myself. I hadn’t admitted to myself that I was in love with Phil—but now I knew I was. And another reason I hadn’t admitted it was that I hadn’t believed he could possibly love me enough to want to marry me. He was so much older than I was, and he didn’t take even himself seriously. I didn’t—couldn’t—believe he meant it.

“Are you going to answer me?” he asked softly.

“I can’t,” I managed to say. “But why not?”

“I promised myself once,” I said, desperately trying to find words that would give him an opportunity to change his mind if he wanted to, and that still completely closed the door on my own happiness, “I promised myself that I’d never say yes to any man the first time he proposed to me.

“If I ask you again tomorrow night, will you believe I mean it?”

“...yes, I’ll believe it then,” I said.

But the truth was, I believed it all right. I couldn’t sleep that night, I was so happy and excited.

He’d asked me to go with him to the Skyline Club the next night, and to make sure and try anything we would be—Phil tall and slick in his black suit and white shirt front, me in a new dress I’d buy as soon as money came in, and the world out, all twinkling with its lights, on every side, waiters bringing things to our table and the band playing for us to dance. And I replied again:

“Susan, will you marry me?”

This time I wouldn’t wait. “I’d say, ‘Yes, oh, yes, Phil. And we’d find a little place downstairs I maybe a terrace, or a part of the hall where no one would see us, and he’d take me in his arms and kiss...

There my imagining stopped. I couldn’t even dream how happy that kiss would make me.

I wasn’t happy I almost forgot that Eleanor was due home that day. She got in just after lunch, while I was trying on the dress I’d bought that morning. I couldn’t stop to tell her the first thing she said was, “Susan! What in the world! That dress—”

I threw my arms around her and then I wanted to tell her everything of the dress whirling around me like a silky cloud. “It’s for tonight, Eleanor,” I said. “Isn’t it lovely? I knew it was extravagant—but it had to be just right. And I’m going to have my hair fixed the way you wear yours. And I—”

“Yes, wait a minute!” Eleanor said. “What goes on here?”

Even if she hadn’t asked, I couldn’t have held back. I had to tell her everything, while I took the dress off and hung it up carefully—that Phil had proposed the night before and that I was going to marry him. I was too full of my own happiness and too concerned with dressing again in street clothes and keeping my appointment at the hairdresser’s to notice that Eleanor received my news...
Helen Macfadden's amazing book, Help Yourself to Beauty, tells you how to banish skin defects—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—tells you how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

The price of this splendid 180-page cloth-bound book is only $1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of Help Yourself to Beauty—TODAY. Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Dept. WG-1, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

**SCREEN STAR BEAUTY**
—for you

It was a little too quietly. Afterwards I remembered how she sat down on the edge of my bed and abstractedly fished a cigarette from her case, smiling with her lips at my excitement but watching me all the while with somber eyes.

The Skyline Club, that night, was all that I had dreamed it would be—but only the Club itself was perfect. Everything else was wrong. When Phil smiled it was as if he had reminded his face to take that expression. When he spoke to me the words sounded rehearsed. And when the band started to play "Love's New Sweet Song" I cried, "What do they want to play that now for?"

The food the waiter had brought lay untouched in front of me. It would have choked me if I'd tried to eat it. "You might as well tell me, Phil," I said. "You've changed your mind, haven't you?

"I hate myself for this," he said miserably. "You've been a sweet little kid, and you had lots of laughs together, but—Well, I got an offer of a job in South America today. Venezuela—a terrible part of the country—no woman—"

"It looked better to you than me—" I asked in a choked voice. "Susan—"

I was pushing my chair back from the table, groping for my evening wrap and blinking fast to keep back the tears. "I—I guess I was a good idea to wait twenty-four hours, wasn't it?" I managed to say, and then, as he got up too and started to come—to ward me, "No, please—I'd like to go now, and I'd rather go alone."

I cried for a while, huddled in the corner of a taxicab, and when I got home I hurried to my own room. I didn't want to see Eleanor—not just yet. Bit by bit, I was remembering, piecing things together until I had an explanation for Phil's change of heart—and I was humiliated and ashamed because I hadn't guessed sooner.

Phil's friendship with Eleanor—the casual, the traditional I'd always referred to him—her attitude that afternoon when she learned we were going to be married—they all added up to something more considered, Phil her property, and somehow she'd persuaded him to give me up.

**THINKING back further,** I knew why she considered him her property, too. "The little bit of money has gone into my dress business, where it earns enough interest that Phil doesn't have to work," she'd said. I knew what that meant now. It meant simply that Eleanor had been supporting Phil.

Daddy always said, "When life sucks you in the jaw, Susan, don't waste time rubbing your back! Get busy doing something else, and you'll forget you've been hurt that much sooner." That was what I tried to do the next day. I remembered reading the paper about a committee that was arranging entertainment for Army training camps, so I went out early in the morning and went to their committee's office, sang for them there, and a few days later got a notice that I'd been named to the committee. Or the fact that I was Stephen Rowe's daughter and that I sang "Love's New Sweet Song," helped.

I tried to be as much of Eleanor, and she helped me by being out most of the time. When I told her what I was going to do she was so relieved she couldn't hide it. "That's wonderful," she said. "It sounds perfect for you.

Neither of us mentioned Phil. It was better that way.

I found in the next few weeks, that I really had a job. I went from camp to camp, singing on improvised stages with accompanied pianos picked up by other Army personnel. Sometimes there was opportunity to rehearse, sometimes there wasn't. But I had no regrets. They liked me.

Being a success was nice, of course. But I think I grew up in the three months I spent traveling around to the camps. It was the day I heard of Daddy died that night Phil changed his mind about marrying me. I don't know. All I know is that in spite of the many difficulties, there was an instant whirl of activity. I felt alone all the time. Completely alone—even worse than I'd felt after Daddy died, because now I'd found with me in the things he'd taught me.

**ONE night I did two shows,** at two different camps. An Army car was waiting to take me the fifty miles to the second one as soon as I finished the first. It was late there. We changed to khaki uniforms everywhere, on the platform and in the audience too.

I handed my music sheets to an orderly, and he took them to the pianist. When I was introduced I bowed, as usual, and said, "My first song will be that old favorite, "Ida.""

But the pianist came from the piano behind me was not "Ida." It was "Love's New Sweet Song." And the man at the piano, looking lean and tall, was Phil.

I couldn't sing—I couldn't even speak. I could only look at him, marveling because it seemed so wonderful a thing in the world to see him here.

"Go on, darling," he said in a low voice. "You'll be fine." I said. "Don't you think you could sing our song instead of "Ida"?"

The spell released me. "Can I?" I said exultantly. "Just play it and sing!"

The next few minutes were all hazy and confused. Nothing came real again until my smartphone was back stage, with Phil holding both of my hands tightly, tightly.

"But I thought you were going to South America," I said with lips that wouldn't stop their trembling.

"No—that was just an excuse," Eleanor told me. I had to break off with you, I knew it! I cried. "Oh, why did she have to be so mean—so cruel—?"

"She was right," he said, still holding my hands tightly. "She said I was no master—just no master—just no master—she'd never made any use of his hands or brain—a parasite. And I knew she was telling the truth. I knew it was a lie, but he was the lie,

"I thought that maybe a year in the Army might make a guy named Marshall worthy of a girl named Susan Rowe."

"Phil? Then—"

"If you'd be interested now in that second proposal—effective as soon as the Army lets me go."

I laughed—really laughed for the first time since that night at the Skyline Club. "Just ask me!" I said. "Just... just ask me!"
Big Sister

(Continued from page 22) "Hush, Michael, please!" It was even harder than she feared it would be, hurting him as she was going to be forced to hurt him. She faltered, "I meant that you and Gloria mostn't marry simply because you don’t love her—it would be a tragedy—a terrible tragedy—for you both."

"You see that!" he said eagerly. "But don’t you see too that I’m not the same fellow Gloria knew in Mid- boro—I’m not even the same fellow you came to see that night at the diner. Everything in the world looks different to me now."

That’s why—" Ruth paused, clasping her hands together, pressing her fingers with one another, pressing until the knuckles ached. "That’s why you mustn’t do what you know is wrong. You mustn’t marry Gloria, no—no matter how impossible anything else you want may be. I’m sorry—sorrier than I can say—or anything to make you think—"

"You didn’t have to do anything, or say anything!" he cried. "Just being you was enough."

"I’m married, Michael, she reminded him softly. "I have a husband—a child."

"Yes,” he said with bitter scorn, "a husband that deserted you—left you to take care of yourself. Oh, I never met him, but I know the type. Too big for his boots—couldn’t stand staying in a little place like Glen Falls because it wasn’t exciting enough."

"How can you say things like that when you don’t even know him!" she said sharply.

"Because only a guy like that could leave you and in the silence that followed, while she looked into his uplifted face, she felt a sharp pang of loneliness and the knowledge of what he said was quite true. Quite true—and still it could make no difference to her. She would go on loving him, just as he had loved her.

"Michael,” she said, "if John were here, it might be different. I don’t know, although I doubt it. Somehow, though, because he is all you say—because he went away and left me alone—I couldn’t let him down. It would be letting myself down too."

The sun was down. The sky had grown darker and, the leaves of the honey-suckle on the porch shimmered at the touch of a breeze heralding the long- awaited storm. Nothing came. Ruth saw Michael’s face, weary and unhappy.

"I suppose,” he said at last, "I should have known that from the first. You couldn’t let anybody down—ever.” He got up. “I’ll go now."

“Michael—you won’t marry Gloria?” He lifted his shoulders, let them droop again. "No, I won’t marry her... I want her to stay with Dr. Car- vell after I leave. And that’ll be pretty soon."

"You’re going to leave Glen Falls?"

"Sure. There’s no reason for me to stay here now."

He went slowly down the steps then, and disappeared into the shadow- es under the trees.

RUTH sat on without moving, in a kind of inertia—as if by staying very still she could put off the moment when she must begin living again. She saw all the clamoring boy from the Glen Falls telegraph office came up the walk and handed her an envelope.

Even as she took it, even as she signed the name on the cover by force of habit, she felt a foreknowledge of its news. She took the message into the house and turned on the light in the entry to read:

"Regret to inform you Dr. John Wayne missing after direct bomb hit on hospital. Coming out of operation." It was signed by the doctor in charge of the unit with which John had gone to Europe.

Dingly, above the turmoil of her thoughts, she heard Jerry and Sue outside, coming home from the movie. She could not see John crushed be- neath the wreckage of the hospital. She could only see him fighting against it, crawling and battering his way to safety.

Deliriously, she thought, “John!—you can’t be dead! If I had failed you tonight, I’d believe it. But not now. They’ve got to let you come back to me!” Who they might be she had no idea—the Fates, perhaps. How long she lay on her bed she never knew. Only, slowly, as the rain began to fall outside, the conviction came to her that she was right. The cable—what was it but words printed on paper? She had nothing to do with John. John was not dead. He was alive somewhere—maybe injured, maybe not even conscious or aware of her identity—but alive. She knew this, certainly and surely. He had to be, or she would not have chosen as she had.

Comforted by this knowledge, warmed by it, her weary body relaxed, and after a time she slept, gaining strength for the next day and all the days to come, until John would be with her again.

The End

For further thrilling listening, tune in Big Sister on the CBS network, Mondays through Fridays at 12:15 P. M., E. S. T.

Say Hello To

FRANK LOVEJOY—six feet of handsome acting talent whom you hear regularly on Dr. Christopher Ellerbe on Vactory Lady and in supporting roles on other serials. Frank was born in New York City, but of the age of six he left home to tour theaters selling Liberty Bonds. He attended the real school and college—New York University, where he studied banking. After graduation he got a job in Wall Street but left it for the stage just in time to beat the 1930 crash. After dividing his time between haunting movie offices and selling vacuum cleaners, he joined a Brooklyn stock company and worked on up from that humble beginning to become one of radio’s busiest actors. He’s married to pretty Joon Bonks.

JANUARY, 1945
What young girl wouldn't be pleased to get a Tangec "Smoothie" compact. The red, white and blue plastic case contains lipstick, rouge and powder. It costs only $1.00.

Listen to Joan Banks as Peggy on the NBC serial, The O'Neill.

As the holiday season approaches, you hear the familiar cry, "What shall I buy for Mary—or for Mother—or for Sis?" There's no need for a second thought on the subject this year, for Radio Mirror's Beauty Editor asked Joan Banks to make some suggestions for her readers. You all know Joan as Peggy in The O'Neill, the popular radio serial that's broadcast over the NBC-Red network every weekday at 12:15 p.m., E.S.T. Joan says, all you have to do is pick out any one of these beauty articles. You simply can't go wrong. There's one for everyone's pocketbook. Joan purposely suggested gifts which you wouldn't have any trouble in purchasing in your town. All you have to do is drop in at your favorite department store or drug counter and do your Christmas shopping early.

Here's a gift she'd love—Houbigant's Cheramy Set of April Showers perfume girl, eau de cologne and dusting powder, beautifully packaged at $2.95.

What about this Frenchy-looking Barbara Gould kit? It's a roomy bag containing eight cosmetics and make-up preparations, with ample room to tuck in the many necessities a college girl must carry. It comes in a soft kid finish leather fabric in a lush shade of red and brown, also in black crocodile grain fabric—cost $5.00.

Now, what girl doesn't just thrill to a new perfume? The House of Bourjois is specializing this Christmas on their popular odor, "Mais Oui," and prices range from 75c to $3.50.

And for only $3.95, there's Primrose's Houseparty Smarty. It's a tricky new travel kit. It's just the thing a girl wants to take along on her skiing weekends. It contains eight items for complexion care.

If there's a little girl on your list who likes to do her own nails, Joan suggests the compact manicure kit put out by Cutex. She'll be delighted with it. It's only $1.00.

Dorothy Gray has created a sensation with her Round Hat Vanity for loose powder. This vanity is in the shape of a miniature hat and sells for $1.50.

Take for instance this Hinds gift set. It contains a bottle of Honey & Almond Cream, Silver Lace Cologne, talcum powder and two cakes of soap. It's packed in a lovely shell-pink box, decorated with silver lace Christmas tree design, with turquoise blue ribbon, and sells for only $1.00. You can get a more elaborate set which contains a vanity powder case and lipstick for $3.50.

If there's anything further you'd like to know about the items mentioned here, just write to the Beauty Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Have you a Christmas gift problem? Of course you have, but here's a solution. One of these beauty items selected by lovely Joan Banks will thrill any woman.

66
"The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

...Sir Edward Grey, 1914

The Light of Freedom

Strange and prophetic, the words of Sir Edward Grey, and full of meaning for Americans.

For the lamps of America are not going out — now or ever. The lights of America must continue to shine, not only as a symbol of our own freedom, but as a beacon of encouragement to those countries whose lights have — temporarily — been blacked out by the totalitarian scourge that threatens so much of the world.

For two years, we have urged all America to unite in a Night of Light on Christmas Eve as a symbol of our belief in the permanence of the Light of Freedom that we in this country enjoy.

For two years, Governors and Mayors have issued proclamations, patriotic organizations of all kinds and descriptions have given it their backing.

For two years America has been a blaze of light on Christmas Eve.

This year, more than ever before, it is important that we Americans re-examine our beliefs; rededicate ourselves to the traditions that made us and the tasks that confront us.

So again we ask, as a means of symbolizing our belief in the light of freedom and democracy, that we light every lamp in America on Christmas Eve. Doing this depends on everyone — on you, and you, and you.

Will you, whether you can light a single candle or throw the master switch of a whole factory,

Will you turn on the lights?

Will you, if you live in a community where defense requirements make this inadvisable,

Will you light at least one lamp to join in spirit in this symbol of freedom?

The lights of America must never go out. Will you turn on yours this Christmas Eve?

O. J. Elder, Publisher
Radio and Television Mirror
FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 43) to hold out. They were proud of their association with a band that had few equals. They sincerely believed in the Kemp style if a man with a suitable personality and reputation could be found to lead them.

“The logical successor would have been Skinner Ennis,” one of the Kemp veterans told me. But, Skinner clicked on the Bob Hope show and did not want to break up his own unit.”

Other names were discussed by the boys and manager Alex Holden but for various reasons were vetoed. When Art Jarrett displayed an interest in the post they were ready to listen to him.

“Fellows, I always admired Hal Kemp’s band,” Jarrett said simply. “I want to try and hold to his style. It’s a great style and I never want to change it. Will you help me?”

The boys remained silent for a moment. Art felt the hard, steady gazes of twelve eyes on him. Then Porky Danzers, the little saxophonist who had played with Kemp for eleven years, walked across the room and shook Art’s hand warmly.

“I couldn’t help but feel that it was one of the nicest things that ever happened to me,” Jarrett says now.

Since last May, the band, with the six Kemp men as a nucleus, has been playing under Jarrett’s baton. They premiered in Chicago’s Blackhawk Cafe and came east last month to play in New York’s austere Biltmore Hotel, and cut records for Victor. You can hear them on NBC.

They have faithfully adhered to the Kemp structure and only fervid Kemp followers can detect a difference. The band plays sharp and clean and the Irish tenor voice of Jarrett blends nicely with the staccato brass and willowy reeds. The band’s newest vocalist is Olai Robbins, a shapely blonde who is one of the comeliest girl singers ever to grace a bandstand.

The old Kemp library is constantly referred to as nostalgic dancers request such old favorites as “Heart of Stone,” “Got a Date With an Angel,” and “Lamplight.” “We love to play them,” Jarrett says, “because we find it difficult to find tunes of that smooth tempo today.” Too many of the current numbers are ballads or jump stuff.

Jarrett also points out that many of Kemp’s famous arrangements were scored by such top-fighters as John Scott Trotter, Claude Thornhill and Harold Mooney.

Jarrett had a band once before. But when his wife, the aquatic Eleanor Holm broke the front pages in 1935 with her alleged Olympic champagne-drinking furor, Art left his band to go to Europe and help her. The publicity won them many engagements in vaudeville together and Art forgot about his band. After that Art made a couple of movies, one with Sonja Henie, and appeared in a few musical comedies.

Art is now thirty-one, his hair greying a bit, and handsome with a Killarney twinkle in his eyes.

He was born in Brooklyn, the son of two actors. His father is still active and last summer played a full season in stock.

Art and Eleanor were divorced in 1937. She later married Billy Rose. Art hasn’t rewed and swears he hasn’t even got a vanity girl.

“However, if I suddenly stumbled over a Hedy Lamarr in the lobby, my plans might be changed drastically,” he admits.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

The Martins: (Columbia 3633) “Just a Little Joint with a Jukebox”—“The Three B’s.” A catchy pair of tunes from the new musical “Best Foot Forward” sung by the boys who wrote them.

Art Jarrett: (Victor 27590) “It Must Be True”—“Everything’s Been Done Before.” A familiar pair wrapped up in smooth staccato tempo. The best record this band, which has a nucleus of ex-Kemp men, has made.

Mitchell Ayres: (Bluebird 11275) “I Don’t Want to See the World on Fire” —“When Are We Going to Land Abroad.” I’ll take this version of one of the country’s top tunes because on the reverse is a sprightly nautical number.

Tommy Tucker: (Okeh 6402) “Concerto For Two”—“Jack and Jill.”

Tchaikowsky has shown his venerable dust to the current composers. Nearly every band has recorded his haunting piano piece. For a vocal try Dick Todd’s Bluebird disk.

Dick Jurgens: (Okeh 6389) “DREAM Dancing”—“Delilah.” The top side is from the film “You’ll Never Get Rich” and is destined to win popularity. Jurgens plays it capably.

Xavier Cagat: (Columbia 3638) “Ma-Ma-Marie”—“Moon and Sand.” Here’s another tune that is getting a big play. Glenn Miller (Bluebird 11299) is also fascinated with it.

Freedy Martin: (Bluebird 11293) “Lou’aina Lullaby”—“So Shy.” Lilt- ing stuff by a band that knows what to do with its string section.

(Recommended Albums: Columbia’s excellent “Grand Canyon Suite” by Grofe, conducted by Andre Kostelanetz; Victor’s “Hot Piano” featuring solos by Ellington, Waller, and Hines; “Birth of the Blues,” a package of indigo favorites played by NBC’s Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St., and a four-star album of Artie Shaw hits.)

Some Like It Swing:

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27591) “Hallelujah”—“Pole Moon.” A bouncing, vigorous revival of the famed Vince Youmans song, backed up with a smoother arrangement that features Frank Sinatra’s silky voice.

Count Basie: (Okeh 6365) “Diggin’ For Dex”—“H And J.” So many of the current bounce records are similar that the best advice to you is to buy this Basie platter. It just about covers the field.

Les Brown: (Okeh 6377) “Joltin’ Joe DiMaggio”—“Nickel Serenade.” A post-World Series tribute to the great Yankee star. It will still please you next spring because it’s the cutest novelty number of the season.

Peggy Marshall, who sings with the Marshalls on the Ben Bernie program, just Entertainment, also arranges those tricky numbers.
RADIO MIRROR READERS GIVEN FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative, to 5x7 Inches Absolutely FREE!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5 by 7 inch size so that the details and features you love are more lifelike and natural!

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold or ivory and gold frames. They tell us that their hand-colored enlargements have living beauty, sparkle and life.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or kodak picture FREE. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or kodak picture (print or negative) and receive your beautiful free enlargement. Please include the color of hair and eyes for prompt information on a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural, lifelike oil colors and placed in a handsome frame to set on the piano, table or dresser. Your original is returned with your enlargement (10c for return mailing appreciated.) This free enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Just send the coupon with your favorite snapshot, print or negative right away, as this free enlargement offer may be withdrawn at any time. Write DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 571, 118 No. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture, print or negative and send to Dean Studios, Dept. 571, 118 No. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

Name .................................................. Color of Hair
Address .................................................. Color of Eyes
City .................................................. State

SEND COUPON TODAY
"Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke—so Camels are my favorite cigarette"

Leslie Morris

PETITE and charming, Leslie Morris (seated, smoking a Camel) wears a soft suit of her own design...navy wool frosted with ermine lapels. Noted for her magnificent interpretation of the simple, she seasons a red wool sheath with a jacket embroidered in gold thread, banded in mink. “All the time I’m smoking a Camel,” she says, “I enjoy it thoroughly. So much milder—and full of marvelous flavor! My guests prefer Camels, too, so I buy my Camels by the carton.”

At left, a distinctive Leslie Morris silhouette of flame-blue velvet...diaphanous star-studded veil. Prominent among designers who are making America the source of fashion, Leslie Morris says: “I find it’s more fun to smoke Camels. They’re grand-tasting—just couldn’t be nicer!”

At right, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper-satin appliqued with velvet scrolls...inspired by the ruby-and-diamond shoulder clip.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

28% LESS NICOTINE

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

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

The cigarette of Cordier Tobacco.
MARY MARLIN—See Your Favorites in Real Life Portraits

Thrilling Novelette—JOHN’S OTHER WIFE
Radio’s Drama of a Husband Who Was Tempted
Mary had a Little
(Inferiority Complex)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her — not AT her.
GIRLS liked her — because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were — well,
Just a — WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary's lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—wth a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary's eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Maybelline
World's Largest-Selling Eye Beauty Aid
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Haven't you noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who smiles! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and smile! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be right. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

For a Lovelier Smile— Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue— helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana and MASSAGE
February, 1942

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

DAN SENSENAY
Contributing Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Assistant Editor

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ON THE COVER—Delma Byron, heard as Diane in Kate Hopkins, on CBS

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

GIRLS! DON’T GIVE UP

IF YOU’VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION

Here’s grand way that
has helped improve complexions
of thousands of women

- If you’re blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you’re doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you’ve ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema’s benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It’s a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and powder base. See what it does for your skin!

2
REPORTING on TELEVISION

By Wil Marcus, CBS Writer

SINCE July first CBS has transmitted well over 300 hours of television programs designed to satisfy a wide variety of the public's entertainment and educational appetites. Art, music, dancing, singing, sports, children's stories, open forum discussions, and visual quizzes are a few of the program types that are being regularly presented.

William Shirer, Norman Thomas, Ex-Governor Philip LaFollette, Paul Draper, Patricia Bowman, Rex Stout, Michael Strange, and Major George Fielding Eliot are among the hundreds of celebrities who have already appeared before the CBS television cameras.

Yet ten years ago, CBS already had televised more than 2500 hours of programs. At that time, the images were poorly defined, the performer had to limit his movements to a space about as large as a bath mat, and he performed in a small, box-like studio in darkness while a flying spot of light rapidly traced and retraced his features.

Employing the modern electronic tracing or scanning method of television, Columbia today maintains its audio and video operation in a studio resembling a barn located in the Grand Central Terminal Building in New York City. The studio is huge and brilliantly lighted, and offers the performer the same freedom of action he enjoys on a spacious stage. Today's television images on the receiver are well-defined.

Naturalness, informality, and ease have been found to be valuable assets for television. According to Gilbert Seldes, noted author and critic who is director of the CBS television program department, "television shows things as they really are. Therefore the simple and the unpretentious come over beautifully. And everything that is faked is multiplied a hundred times. This means that informal shows, people being themselves, tend to be better than elaborate pretenses."

On Monday nights WCBW, the CBS television station, presents an hour program called "Men at Work." It offers talented specialty acts. Singers, roller skaters, tumblers, jugglers, dancers, mimics, and boxing cats represent only a portion of the talents that "Men at Work" has already presented. To date, well over a hundred artists have had an opportunity to adapt their particular talents to the television medium at the same time that the television audience has received a pleasing and entertaining show, informally presented.

Television's future is not nearly as well-defined as the sharp images that appear on the television receiver. However, many herald television—possibly even color television—along with commercial aviation and prefabricated housing as a great post-war industry.

Even at winter parties—
it's August under your arms!

Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is popular! So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum! Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire.

Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to keep you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use... protects for a whole day or a whole evening.

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAINTINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!

Of course we perspire in winter, Ellen, and warm clothes can make things worse! I always use Mum!

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

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

For Bristol-Myers

FEVERUARY, 1942
Movie stars know the importance of using the right treatment! If you've tried scented hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL Treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous complete FREE application of Glover's Mango Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by coupon only. Complete instructions and booklet. The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 552, New York
Send FREE samples, Glover's Mango Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically sealed bottles. I enclose $4 to cover postage.

Name
Address

GLOVER'S

Charlotte, N. C.—When station WBT turned over its famous Mid-night Dancing Party to the Fourth Army Corps during the recent Carolina war maneuvers, it performed a service that Army officials said was "unprecedented in the annals of radio."

With Private George Monaghan as master of ceremonies, the WBT Mid-night Dancing Party became a clearing house for news between the soldiers on maneuvers and their folks back home. It relayed messages from the boys to their mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts and friends scattered everywhere from coast to coast. It brought some soldiers to the microphone so families could hear their voices. It played musical numbers dedicated "To Johnny from Mom," or "To Mom from Johnny." In fact, it did everything that could be done to keep lonesome boys and their anxious families in comforting contact with each other.

The Army was lucky in having someone like Private George Monaghan to be master of ceremonies. George was an announcer at WTHT in Hartford, Connecticut, before going into the Army. There he announced the programs of Cedric Foster, news commentator. So it was only natural that the United States Army should take advantage of George's radio personality and experience by putting him in charge of the Dancing Party when WBT patriotically turned the program over to the Army's use.

Now the Carolina war maneuvers are over, and George is back in Fort Blanding, Florida, but both he and the Party did something that many soldiers will remember gratefully for a long time to come.

That was a nice Thanksgiving gesture of Joan Blaine's. Joan and the late Judith Lowery, radio actress who played in Valiant Lady until her death a year ago, were very dear friends of the Monaghans.

By Dan Senseney

They make a handsome foursome and they got a lot of laughs on the Treasury Hour over the NBC-Blue—left to right, Barry Wood, Kay Kyser, Dick Powell and Charles Boyer. Right, the Goldbergs celebrate their twelfth radio birthday.

Pvt. George Monaghan was master of ceremonies when WBT's Dancing Party went military.
friends. Every Thanksgiving Miss Lowery used to entertain inmates of the Old People's Home at dinner. This year Joan carried on the tradition out of respect for her old friend.

Rudy Vallee's having all his old dance and theater programs, broadcast scripts, press clippings and what not photographed on microfilm, partly to save space in the library of his Hollywood home, partly to make a permanent record.

PITTSBURGH—Feminine listeners to station KQV learn the latest news about fashions, as well as a good many other interesting matters, by tuning in Florence Sando's program, Everything Under the Sun, Mondays through Saturdays at 8:30 A.M.

Florence—everyone calls her Flo—has just turned twenty-three, but she has a Master's degree in Drama and Theater, is on the staff of the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and writes, produces, and serves as commentator on her own sponsored program. Not bad for so young and pretty a person. Pittsburgh is almost Florence's home town, but not quite—she was born in Wilkinsburg, a suburb. In 1935, after graduating from Wilkinsburg High School, she entered West-

(Continued on page 48)

"New Loveliness Awaits You!"
Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay “MILD-SOAP” Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming bride's like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay “MILD-Soap” Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for Loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it’s actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the CAMAY 'MILD-SOAP' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new Loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

FEBRUARY, 1942
It’s Mary Martin of the movies who takes Connie Buphie’s place on Bing Crosby’s show beginning January 1. She’ll be singing solos and duets with Bing for seven Thursday nights at least—longer if she and the Greater New York’s personalities and way of vocalizing. Connie had to bow out of the show to make a long-overdue series of personal appearances in theaters.

Charlotte, N. Carolina—When station WWJ turned over its famous Midnight Dancing Party to the Fourth Army Corps during the recent Carolina war maneuvers, it performed a service that Army officials said was “unprecedented in the annals of radio.”

With Private George Monahan as master of ceremonies, the WWJ Midnight Dancing Party became a clearing house for news between the soldiers on maneuvers and their families back home. It relayed messages from the boys to their mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts and friends scattered everywhere from coast to coast. It brought some soldiers to the macrophone so families could hear their voices. It played musical numbers dedicated to “Johnny from home,” or “To Mom from Johnny.” In fact, it did everything that could be done to keep long-distance boys and their anxious families in constant contact with each other.

The Army was lucky in having someone like Private George Monahan to be master of ceremonies. George was an announcer at WTHT in Hartford, Connecticut, before going into the Army. There he announced the programs of Cedric Foner, news commentator. So it was only natural that the United States Army should take advantage of George’s radio personality and experience by putting him in charge of the Midnight Dancing Party when WWJ patriotically offered to dedicate the program over to the Army’s use.

Here the Carolina war maneuvers are over, and George is back in Fort Blanding, Florida, but both he and the Party did something that many soldiers will remember gratefully for a long time to come. That was a nice Thanksgiving gesture of Joan Blaine’s. Joan and the late Judith Lowery, radio actresses who played in military plays until her death a year ago, were very dear friends. Every Thanksgiving Miss Lowery used to entertain inmates of the Old People’s Home at dinner. This year Joan called on the tradition out of respect for her old friend.

Rudy Vallee’s having all his old dance and theater programs, broadcast scripts, press clippings and whatnot photographed on microfilm, partly to save space in the library of his Hollywood home, partly to make a permanent record.

Permafluff—Feminine listeners to station KQV learn the latest news about fashions, as well as a good many other interesting matters, by tuning in Florence Gandy’s program, Everything Under the Sun, Sundays at 6:30 a.m.

Florence—everyone calls her Flo—has just turned twenty-three, but she has a Master’s degree in Drama and Theater, is on the staff of the Pittsburgh Evening, and writes, produces, and serves as commentator on her own sponsored program. Not bad for a young and pretty person.

Pittsburgh is almost Florence’s home town, but not quite; she was born in Wilkinsburg’s suburb. In 1935, after graduating from Wilkinsburg High School, she entered Westmoreland College and the Manhattan School of Music. (Continued on page 48)

By Dan Senseney

Baseball and Television Section

February 1945

Use GLOVER’s Medicinal Dandruff Treatment, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair! Movie stars know the importance of using the right treatment! If you’ve tried scented hair preparations; without results; switch now to GLOVER’S MEDICINAL Treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER’S with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You’ll actually feel the exhilarating effect, immediately! Ask for GLOVER’S at any Drug Store.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Glovers, Inc., 520 Fourth Ave., Dept. 117, New York. Send free sample, GLOVER'S Hair Medicine, a shaker and bottle. THE NEW GLOVER'S MEDICINAL Dandruff Treatment! SCALP & HAIR SCIENCE in Chemically treated hair.

Name

Address

GLOVER’S

Whatis New from Coast to Coast

“The New Loveliness Awaits You!”

Go on the CAMAY “MILD-SOAP” DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. R. C. Thorton, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., who says: “I’m so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild Soap' Diet!”

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

New Loveliness any day awaits you in the Camay “Mild Soap” Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are clearing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn’t mild enough.

Everywhere you’ll find charming brides like Mrs. Thorton, who have trusted the care of their complexion to the Camay “Mild Soap” Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it’s actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That’s why we urge you to “Go on the Camay ‘Mild Soap’ Diet!”

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you’ll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as always, go on, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE “MILD-SOAP” DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay’s mildest litter over your skin, paying special attention to the areas that need some extra cleansing. Face with warm water and towel dry skin. Follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.
Clark Kent and the editor listened attentively to the Chinese Doctor's words: "Before the next sun rises—I will be dead!" he said.

With the threat of an ugly, snout-nosed revolver, Huffman brutally forced Lois, girl reporter, to go to San Francisco with him.

DARKNESS had fallen in Metropolis' Chinatown. The narrow, winding streets were empty save for a few wraith-like figures, standing in shadowed doorways. Here and there a dim light burned in a store window piled high with bits of milky jade, lacquered boxes and all manner of strange curios from a land beyond the seas. The silence was broken only by the purr of a motor car moving slowly through the streets. Then, as its occupants noticed, under the dim street lamp, the number 44, it drew up to a stop.

The two men stepped out. The older one turned to his companion:

"Well, Kent, here we are. Chee Wan owns this jewelry store and lives just above it. Come on, let's go up."

The odd pair climbed the purring, ill-lighted stairs. They reached the top and knocked on the massive oak door. A stooped, aristocratic elderly Chinese answered in perfect English:

"Greetings, Mr. White. It is an honor to welcome the distinguished editor of the Daily Planet. The trip will be worth it, I assure you."

The Doctor's words were slow and measured:

"Before the next sun rises—I will be dead! Don't question that statement. If you will bear with me, I shall try to tell you why I have asked your help. In 1930, while traveling through Western China, I discovered in an ancient temple in the province of Shenshing, a goatskin manuscript composed by an unknown scholar 3000 years ago.

"The characters were faded almost beyond legibility, but by dint of patient effort I was able to decipher them."

"Excitedly, Perry White broke in: "Go on—what did it say?"

"You may not believe me—but there, written on a square of goatskin 3000 years old..."

In hushed, almost reverent tones, Dr. Wan continued with his story. He told how the manuscript described ten pieces of clear jade known as the Dragon's Teeth—each of them engraved with a different symbol representing a rare herb found only in the mists of western China. These herbs—all ten of them—when combined and ground into a powder were said to make the human body free of disease. Dr. Wan had collected all of the jade pieces, but the tenth and last was owned by a man, once his assistant, Hans Huffman, a dealer in jewels, a man who, knowing the value of the jade; would stop at nothing to get his hands on the other nine.

And now Wan, terrified that Huffman would kill him and steal the jade, wanted Perry White to take them for safekeeping.

While, trying desperately to ease the worry that seemed to weigh so heavily on the old man, insisted that nothing would happen to him. Laughingly he urged him to keep the Dragon's Teeth until the next morning. By that time he could get an expert from the National Museum to come in and look at them. Quietly, Dr. Wan acquiesced.

But, no sooner had the two newspapermen returned to their office than Kent turned to his superior: "Mr. White, I've got a funny hunch about that Wan case. If you don't mind, I'd like to go back and sort of keep an eye on the old man."

The editor nodded his agreement and Kent, waiting for no more, ran out of the building. Once alone he dropped the guise of the gentle reporter and became—Superman, Champion of the Weak and Oppressed! Quickly he leaped high into the air and then, red cloak streaming in the night wind, he sped through the darkness. In an incredibly short time he was back at the building he had left so briefly a while before. But too late! Some one had been there before him: Climbing lithe through the window, Superman saw the form of Dr. Wan lying on the floor, inert in a pool of blood. The gentle, learned Chinese had been beaten, to death! Only too obvious was the motive—the black velvet sack that had once held the precious pieces of jade was lying empty, near the body of its owner.

Wasting no time, Superman leaped to the windowsill and out! In a flash he had reached the office of Hans Huffman. But the jewel-dealer was gone! Questioning the employees in the building, and piecing together the fragments of the stories he heard, Superman learned that Huffman had left, burdened with travel for San Francisco. Huffman must be the murderer! With the ten Dragon Teeth he must be on his way to China!

Back to the office of the Daily Planet Superman sped. He had been right. Huffman, he learned, had boarded a coast-to-coast transport plane less than an hour before! Acting hastily, he persuaded the editor to send him and Lois Lane, star girl reporter, on the next plane out. Huffman must be stopped before he could get a...
China-bound boat!

But Superman had miscalculated the cunning of his foe. When he and Lois stepped down from their transport plane at the San Francisco airport, they were unable to find any trace of Huffman. Frantically, they searched for some clue that would tell them where to continue their search.

"Perhaps he slipped off the plane at the last stop before San Francisco," Lois suggested, "to throw us off the track."

Superman looked at his time table. "That would be Carson City," he said, "and there's only one way to find out if Huffman got off there."

"Let me go back," Lois pleaded. "You stay here and see if you can locate him. If I find he got off at Carson City, I'll wire and you can join me there."

Superman agreed. It was worth a chance that Lois's hunch was correct and somehow Huffman must be found. There was no way he could have known toward what peril the brave girl reporter was racing. For Lois had been right in her hunch. Huffman had stayed in Carson City, to avoid any possible pursuit. He was standing with his back to Lois, his face concealed by the paper he held up before him, when she asked at the hotel desk in Carson City if anyone answering Huffman's description had registered.

Seeing his danger, knowing how close his pursuers had come to finding him, Huffman lost no time in acting to protect himself. Following Lois to her room, he waited until the bell boy who had brought her luggage had left, then he sat at her desk and knocked. Roughly, he thrust himself inside the room when she opened the door and silenced her cry for help with the threat of an ugly, snout nosed revolver in his right hand.

Brutally he forced Lois to tell him that she was not alone in her search for him, that another reporter was still in San Francisco trying to find a clue to his whereabouts.

"So," Huffman snarled, "we shall send a telegram to this friend of yours—before we leave Carson City."

He showed Lois the message he wrote.

RETURN EAST AT ONCE VERY IMPORTANT LOVE LOIS

THAT evening Huffman and Lois set out in a second hand car for San Francisco. It was over an hour before Superman had the telegram and was reading the urgent message Huffman had sent in Lois's name. But Superman was suspicious of the wire and called Perry White in Metropolis. The editor was able to tell him nothing—except one vital fact: Lois had not returned. Then the wire must have been faked! Immediately, Superman called the Carson City hotel and learned what he had to know—that Lois Lane and a strange man had checked out of the hotel that afternoon.

That was all Superman needed. Up—up—and away—and, high above the dark countryside, the stalwart figure leaped forward in curious flight, following the thin ribbons of steel that wound in and out of mountainous ravines and over towering trestles. Faster and ever faster, mocking even the wind in his flight, he sped back to Carson City. Once (Continued on page 68)
Every day, and sometimes often than that, we practice the subtle art of make-up, but practice alone does not make perfect. If we let our make-up routine become automatic, and never try the new improved cosmetics and toilettries which are always coming out, the chances are that our routine will degenerate into something very careless.

The stars of radio are skilled cosmetics, always eager for new beauty hints. Lovely Joan Tetzel who plays the part of Lucy in Woman of Courage on CBS, puts on her make-up so subtly that you never think of it as make-up at all. You only think how lovely she is.

Preparing your complexion for the day begins with a thorough cleansing. Massage gently, face and neck, with your chosen cleansing cream.

Massage the cream gently with a circular motion, working upward and outwards from the chin. Relax the tense nerves at the temples, and smooth out frown lines. Cream and massage the neck.

Now remove the cream with cleansing tissue, and wash with warm water and mild soap. This soaping might well be done as you relax in the sweetened water of your beauty bath.

Oily skin and dry skin are both conditions indicating that the tiny oil glands do not function properly. For this, proper cleansing is the first and most obvious remedy.

After the cleansing, pat your skin briskly with a freshener or astringent or lotion as you may require. And now we are ready for the make-up.

First, the foundation or powder base. This may be a film of lotion or foundation cream. Or, for a mature or blemished skin, there are preparations more concealing. There is for instance a round cake of make-up which you apply with a wet pad. It is very popular because it stays on so well.

Rouge is the next step. Not too much, please—just enough to give your face a healthy natural glow. Whether you use the cream rouge or the dry, apply it in tiny dabs, and blend it well with your finger tips.

According as your face is oval, round, square, oblong, triangle, heart shaped, will find the proper placing of the rouge can do much to suggest the best contours. In general, start your rouge at the high point of the cheekbone, and follow the natural curve of the cheek towards the nose. Blend the rouge softly upwards, fading out at the outer corner of the eye. Practice will show you the best method for your face. However, rouge should be so natural that no one will notice it.

Powder first, if you use a dry rouge. But for any rouge be sure you also powder over it.

Powder should be patted on, beginning with chin and cheeks, and brushed off with a powder brush, a gadget that lasts a lifetime and is well worth the price.

Now for the lips. Be sure they are dry. Apply lipstick to the upper lip following the natural line. Then compress the lips, and suck them slightly back and forth to spread the lipstick well to the inside. Smooth the lipstick carefully with your finger tip, and finally press a tissue between the lips to remove the excess. If you have trouble getting the right outline, use a little brush and outline the lips first. Lips that are smeared or caked are always unpleasing, and the shade of your lipsticks must harmonize with your other cosmetics and with your own coloring. Lips that are startling in any way detract from the face instead of accenting it.

Last of all the eyes. And be very, very careful. If eye make-up is the least bit overdone, it is terrible. But the eyes and mouth are the really expressive and important features. They deserve an accent. An imperceptible mascara on the lashes is permissible for brunettes, necessary for most blondes. Eyebrows usually need a pencil or mascara, but be sure to get a natural and becoming line. But remem-ber, use it sparingly during the day; a little more at night. Eye shadow? Not for business. Almost imperceptible for other daylight engagements. Judiciously used, just a dab on each lid carefully blended off to the brow, it does help.

And now, after careful and intelligent use of the various and excellent cosmetics available to enhance your beauty, you have made a portrait of yourself at your best.
Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage
Lovelier Beyond Belief!

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains
wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

- If you haven’t tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can’t realize just how much lovelier your hair can look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother... makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special “dandruff remover” shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important cleansing is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!
All Special Drene now at your dealer’s in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER
and is for every type of hair... dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don’t rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls... by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

February, 1942
Here was the cement bridge over the river, just north of Varney, and then the beginnings of town—the ugly old brewery, the warehouses and small, one-story places where they repaired tires or welded metal. Then the shopping section; "downtown," we'd always called it. There was a new office building on the corner of Willow and Taylor Streets. I stopped the car for a traffic light that hadn't been necessary three years ago, and looked at the people on the sidewalk curiously, wondering if I would see a face I knew, trying not to feel relieved when I didn't.

Three years wasn't such a terribly long time. I'd been twenty-five when Chet and I were divorced, and now I was only twenty-eight. Not such a long time. Three winters, three springs . . .

Looking back, it seemed like three eternities.

Anyway, I said to myself, it was long enough for me to get over the pain of being wrenched loose from a husband, a home, a whole way of living. I was cured now. That I could come back to Varney for this visit to Katharine Ormsby was proof of how thoroughly I was cured. I could even meet Chet, if I had to—although I was glad I wouldn't have to, glad he was to be safely out of town for the week end.

I swung the car into our old street, Prospect Avenue—and then realized I had turned too soon. Katharine's house was on the next street, its back yard separated from ours—Chet's, I should say now—by trees and bushes I had planted when we first came there to live. There was an intersection before I would pass the house; I could turn there. But instead, I went on, lifting my foot from the throttle so that the car slowed down and I could look at the low, rambling house set far back on a big lot, with its hand-split shingles painted white, its graceful, natural lines, its air of belonging.

I don't know what I had expected, but I was surprised to see how neat and self-respecting the place looked—the wide lawn trimmed, the paint bright, the shades drawn evenly at the windows. Surprised, that is, until I reflected that of course, Chet would get some capable person to take care of things for him. He had his pride. Just as I had. That had been the trouble.

The house was back of the now, and I was rounding the block, drawing up in front of Katharine's big, old-fashioned home. And there she was, at the door, looking just the same as she used to—comfortably plump, smiling, thick hair streaked with gray and piled on top of her head. Katharine was older than I—old enough to have a grown son—but that had never made any difference in our friendship because she was indomitably young in spirit. I had never
How long before a woman can forget the man she loves? Three winters, three summers, three eternities? Rita stood unseen, looking at the man she had divorced, and she sobbed, for he was locked in another’s arms known her husband; he was dead when I first knew her.

"Nita Russell!" she said after we’d kissed, putting her hands on my shoulders and holding me off so she could look at me. "My, it’s good to see you again!"

"Not Russell," I said hastily, for a queer little pang had shot through me at being called that again. "Nita Kellar. Miss Nita Kellar."

"Oh—I forgot. That’s something I’ll have to get used to," she said without embarrassment. "But come on in—I’ll take you right up to your room and then you must come down and meet Irene."

"Irene?"

"Harry’s fiancée—my little boy has gone and fallen in love," Katharine said with a half-proud, half-regretful air. "He’s so young—only just out of college—that I don’t think I’d like the idea if Irene weren’t so lovely." She paused, struck by a new thought. "She’s very much like you, Nita, come to think of it. Very much like you as you were when you first came here to live."

"I hope that’s an advantage for her," I said, laughing. "Chet, for instance, probably would say that was reason enough for Harry not to marry her."

"Oh," Katharine said calmly, taking my overnight bag and starting upstairs, "I don’t think she’s jealous."

And I was left to ponder that remark while I changed my dress and put on new makeup.

It was true enough, I knew. But I had hoped I was the only one who knew how true it was.

We might have been so happy, Chet and I, without my jealousy. It was an illness, a disease, with me. How many times I had promised myself, promised Chet, that I would conquer it! And yet, the next time he dared to leave my side at a party and talk to another woman, or if his work kept him after hours at the office, suspicions I could not control flared in me, and there were quarrels, accusations, bitterness between us. For Chet was not the man to laugh off my distrust. To him it was something unclean. He wanted, demanded, complete trust from me.

"Don’t you see," he had once said, at the height of one of our quarrels, "that you’re driving me away from you? You make me want to be unfaithful!"

I hadn’t understood what he meant, then. I’d been too full of my own pride, too self-centered, to realize that my possessive jealousy could so easily chafe him into rebellion.

I realized it now. Three years of loneliness had given me plenty of time to think, and my thoughts had led me to one inescapable conclusion. Chet had not even been guilty in that last, violent (Continued on page 83)
Here was the cement bridge over the river, just north of Varney, and then the beginnings of town—the ugly old brewery, the warehouses and small, one-story places where they repaired tires or welded metal. Then the shopping section: "downtown," we'd always called it. There was a new office building on the corner of Willow and Taylor Streets. I stopped the car for a traffic light that hadn't been necessary three years ago, and looked at the people on the sidewalk curiously, wondering if I would see a face I knew, trying not to feel relieved when I didn't.

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I realized it now. Three years of loneliness had given me plenty of time to think, and my thoughts had led me to one inescapable conclusion. Chet had not even been guilty in that last, violent (Continued on page 13)
Kate Hopkins

Radio's vivid love story of a man who cared not the snap of his blunt fingers for anyone but himself and of a woman who loved him and learned that there is not room in life for selfishness like his

Kate Hopkins came down the broad curved staircase of Atwood House just as Pierre, the swarthy butler, was moving about the drawing room, emptying ash trays and switching on lights that had been cunningly placed to illuminate the graceful lines and subdued colors of old, expensive furniture. The warm Louisiana air stirred at the long windows, bringing with it the rich odor of bayou and canebrake—a scent a little too cloyingly sweet, as if to remind that under the lush growth of the plantation, nourishing it, were rottenness and death.

Across the hall other servants hovered over the table, setting it with a delicate lace cloth, heavy silver, glassware that caught and imprisoned the sparkling rays from the crystal chandelier. Everything was well-ordered, secure, steeped in peace; but Kate shuddered, and went quickly into the little writing room under the stairs, where it was possible to get a reassuring sense of being quite alone, quite unnoticed.

She dreaded the hours that were coming. If only those two friends of Jessie Atwood’s hadn’t arrived so unexpectedly!—and on today of all days. Jessie would be determined to keep up appearances before them, be brittle and gay as if she were on the stage again, playing the lead in a drawing-room comedy. Only, the situation in Atwood House was not a comedy; it was perilously close to tragedy.

Kate sat at the big mahogany desk, with its immaculate blotter, and leaned her head wearily against a clenched hand. Almost, she wished she had never left Forest Falls—or leaving it, had chosen some other day, any other day but the one on which she would encounter Jessie Atwood on the train. For one small incident had led to another, and without willing it she had found herself installed here as Jessie’s—as Jessie’s what? Nurse? Companion? Friend? None of those things alone, but rather a combination of all three. Jessie’s rampant unconventionality, of course, made it almost impossible for her to employ, simply, a nurse; as for friends, she was fond of announcing proudly that she hadn’t any, only acquaintances. And they were scattered all over the globe.

Robert, Jessie’s son, had inherited her uncanny ability to surround herself with violent drama—but not, Kate sighed inwardly, her fundamental sweetness. Robert was ruthless, Robert was hot-tempered and sullen, Robert cared not the snap of his blunt, strong fingers for anyone but Robert. And . . . Kate loved him.

She rose suddenly, impatiently, and went to stand at the window and look out at the night which seemed to pulsate with a life of its own. Yes, she loved him. She must have begun loving him that first minute Jessie had brought her here and she had seen his dark face, too self-willed to be called handsome. God knew she had fought against it . . .

When old Jessie Atwood first brought her to Atwood House, they found Robert engaged to a girl half his age, Diane Pers. There had been trouble with Elise, the Creole woman who had kept house for him in the fifteen years his mother had been away, traveling in Europe. Elise loved him, too; she would not step aside for Diane. But at last his will broke hers, and the way was clear for Robert and Diane to be married . . . Kate’s memory rejected the thought of those days, when it became more and more apparent to each of them that they were caught in an overwhelming, impossible emotion—when Robert realized, after all, how little he wanted to marry Diane, now that he knew Kate.

Well, only Robert would have been wily enough, ruthless enough, to put Kate’s own son, Tom, into Diane’s life. He had tried to arrange a marriage between them, and he had succeeded. But Elise would not step aside a second time, not for Kate, whom she had disliked from the first. And now Elise
was dead, murdered by some unknown hand.

The atmosphere in the writing room seemed, all at once, stifling, and Kate left it for the drawing room. Robert and his mother were there, alone; Col. Dunham and his little daughter had not yet come down.

“Come in, Kate, and join the happy family circle.” Robert greeted her. “Mother needs your support; she’s floundering badly.” He bent down and put his hand on a cocktail shaker. “Let me pour you a drink.”

“No, thank you.” What pleasure, she wondered, did Robert always get out of offering her liquor, when he knew perfectly well she didn’t like the stuff? But the answer to that question was perfectly plain: he enjoyed anything that made her seem cold, repressed, puritanical.

“Then I shall have another,” Robert said, pouring. “Mother— you?” When Jessie shook her head he went on, “Mother disapproves of having a cocktail before all the guests are assembled. Wasn’t it clever of her, Kate, to invite a man I don’t even know—and his subadolescent (Continued on page 59)
John's Other Wife

Elizabeth, his home, his children meant everything to John Perry. But Marianne's golden youth was beckoning him to forget them all and follow her into forbidden realms of romance.

Copyright 1941, Anne and Frank Hummert

JOHN PERRY was in the middle of a busy afternoon. One duty after another had kept him chained to his desk in the Willison Department Store. He had no time to look out the window and see the bright, jiggly October day, the faint touch of frost in the air, the people walking with bounce in their steps, the whole street moving more briskly. John knew that Christmas was coming only by the extra demands the store made upon him.

When Elizabeth was announced, he had a moment of slight annoyance. Then he shrugged it off and told the girl to send her in. The minute she stood in the office he was glad. She brought some of the bright, frosty October day in with her. Her blue eyes danced, her step lilted, there were roses delicately etched on her cheeks. Before she spoke, John knew an instant of sheer appreciation. Elizabeth was all that any man had a right to expect in a wife—and more, too. She had stuck by him, nursed him, forgiven him, mothered his children, shared his love, forgotten his mistakes and applauded his triumphs. And every once in a while as now he was struck again by her beauty—the mature, settled beauty that a fine woman wears like an ever present garment.

"Hello, darling," he said. "You look good enough to eat." He got up and walked around the desk and took her in his arms.

Elizabeth pretended to push him away, but John could tell from the warm look on her face that she wanted him to kiss her. "In a business office!" she said.

"Come on down stairs, darling. We'll have a cup of tea. I need some time off."

"In a minute," Elizabeth said firmly. "I want to talk a little business first." She pushed him backwards, into the chair behind his desk, then sat down on the opposite side. "This is the way you sit when you talk business, isn't it?"

"Yes," John smiled. "Now what can I do for you, Mrs. Perry? Believe me, anything within my power is at the command of a woman with your beauty."

"So that's what business is like," Elizabeth laughed. "I should have gone into it myself."

"Moments like this are very rare, dear Mrs. Perry."

Elizabeth dimpled at John's teasing. He caught the flash of happiness and adoration that came with her smile and was mirrored an instant in her eyes.

"Seriously, John," she said, "I'm worried about Claire Bartlett."

"Claire Bartlett?" John repeated.

"You know," Elizabeth urged. "I was telling you about them. They've been having such a hard time. Harry's been out of work for almost a year."

"Oh yes," John said noncommittally.

"Poor Claire's been running a little book and gift shop," Elizabeth continued. "That one around the corner on Decatur Street, but it doesn't bring in much money and they do need more."

Elizabeth hesitated at John's continued silence. She sat down and John sensed her disappointment. He shook his head dubiously. "You mean you'd like me to see if there's something open here for her husband?"

"If—if you could," Elizabeth said, some of the eagerness back in her voice.

John shook his head. "I don't like to do those things," he said slowly.

Marianne's fresh young voice seemed to float about him. John listened—not moving, as Elizabeth quietly stood by his side, listening too.
Later that day, and in the succeeding days, John forgot about the Bartletts and their problems. It was not until he got home from the store the following Tuesday and Elizabeth mentioned they were expected for dinner that he remembered them.

Elizabeth slipped her arms around him in quick embrace and then ran to help Granny with the dinner. John went into the pleasant, wide living room with the big bay window fronting on the street. It was a small house, not really big enough for their family—little Carol and the baby, Joy, besides. Elizabeth, Granny and himself—but John had liked this room ever since the previous year, when they had been forced to move from the big house on the hill. Sometimes he thought he liked this room better than any he’d ever been in. Then he realized that it was home to him. His books lined the walls, his pipes rested on the table, waiting for him, his family spent the day here. Yes, it was home. That was why he liked it.

“Caroll baby!” he called.

“Daddy!” The soft, little-girl voice had scarcely died when Carol burst through the door from the kitchen. “Daddy, I’m helping Granny make soup.” Her dress was spattered a rich tomato color.

John swung her up in his big arms. “Hello, baby.”

“I’m not a baby any more, Daddy. I’m a big girl.”

John laughed. “All right, sugar-pie. No more baby. I’ll put you right down. I’ll never lift you again.”

“Oh, you can lift me, Daddy, even if I am a big girl and have to watch out for Joy.” Her voice was as light and sweet in John’s ear as a bird’s note.

Granny came in from the kitchen. “Bedtime, dear,” she said, and bustled Carol off upstairs.

John looked after them, waving to Carol through the banisters. “She’s a wonderful child,” he said to Elizabeth, who had followed Granny into the room. He put his arm around her, and together they watched Granny bundle the little girl upstairs with much waving and calling good night. Then the Bartletts came and soon they were at dinner. He had to admit to himself that he liked them both.

“I may be an odd character,” Claire said. “But I like the winter. The snow and cold make me thrive.”

“There’s nothing odd about that,” John said. “I’m part Eskimo too, I believe.”

Elizabeth laughed. “I can vouch for that. I have a hard time get-
John's Other Wife

Elizabeth, his home, his children meant everything to John Perry. But Marianne’s golden youth was beckoning him to forget them all and follow her into forbidden realms of romance.

*Copyright 1914, Anne and Frank Hummer*
jacket him to put on an overcoat. John thinks he belongs in the Arctic.”

“That leaves you and me, Elizabeth,” Harry Bartlett said. “Maybe we should go to an island somewhere near the equator. Because I like the sun.”

“It’s an date,” Elizabeth said.

John looked at Elizabeth. “I can’t spare her, Harry,” he said, and he thought as he said it how true it was. How much attached he had become to the settled, orderly life and love she gave him. He thought of the comfort and relaxation he felt when he sat in the big chair in the living room after dinner with a fire glowing slowly on the hearth, Elizabeth knitting or reading just where he could look up and see her without turning his head. And upstairs would be Carol and Joy asleep, and perhaps Granny, returned from one of her beloved movies, would come in and tell them about it. Then they would go upstairs to bed, and perhaps on the stairs he would put his arm around Elizabeth’s waist and be able to tell by touching her that she loved him and he loved her.

John brought his mind back to the dinner table just as Granny brought in the dessert. The conversation had shifted.

“She has a really good voice,” Claire was saying. “It’s a pity she can’t go on studying. But then, you can’t have everything, and Marianne is lucky in just being as pretty as she is.”

“Your sister?” John said politely, but he had a sudden desire to change the subject. He knew all about Marianne. The story was very old—a youngster with a half-formed talent becoming the vehicle for an older person’s idle, half-forgotten dream of childhood. John drew Harry into a conversation, and found him open and engaging to talk to.

Later, when the Bartletts had gone, John stood in front of the bureau, taking off his tie.

“How did you like Harry?” Elizabeth asked.

“All right,” John yawned.

“How much all right?”

“Well, I’m going to see what I can do for him. Is that all right enough, darling?”

“Of course it is, John. I’m so glad,” Elizabeth said.

John put on his pajamas and climbed into bed. “We’ll begin to take on extra help for the Christmas rush pretty soon. He should fit in.”

Elizabeth threw open the window and stood for a minute in her bathrobe letting the cool breeze blow on her uplifted face. “It hardly seems possible winter’s here again,” she said.

“Uh huh.” John had forgotten about winter and about Harry Bartlett. His mind whirled for a moment with plans for the next day—things to find out and things to do. Then gradually he sank down into sleep.

A week passed, slowly for the children and fast for John and Elizabeth, faster still for Granny. John sat down in his favorite chair after dinner, lit a match to his pipe, and crinkled open the evening paper. It was good to be quiet and peaceful at home after the hectic day at the store. It came to him consciously as he began to read, how well off he was—not in money, but in other things that count for more. When Elizabeth came into the room he knew it at once, although he kept the paper up before his face. Elizabeth sat down, and John sensed from her restlessness that she had something to say to him.

“Let’s have it,” he said. “There’s something on your mind.”

“I met Claire’s sister, Marianne, today. She just came back from
Harry the Centuries gladd," intended chance, light, she go. "Well," John joked. "We must have her over. Anyone as pretty as that deserves to have me know her."

"I'll make a bargain with you," Elizabeth replied. "If you'll get Harry that job, I'll have her right over."

John pushed the paper away from him. "When you want something, you're completely unscrupulous, aren't you?" He reached up for her face and found her lips.

"It would mean so much to them if Harry could find something," Elizabeth murmured against his cheek. "Claire told me today that she had to sell their piano to pay the rent and lay in a decent stock in the store for Christmas. Now Marianne won't have any way to practice her music."

"That's a shame," John said, genuinely sorry. "I didn't realize they were that hard up. I'll find something for Harry tomorrow."

"Oh darling!" Elizabeth's joy was so colored with pride in him and thankfulness that John was immediately glad he had agreed. "And John," Elizabeth added, "I told Marianne that she could use our piano to practice on if she wanted to." She said it quickly. John shrugged. "I don't suppose she will very often. What's the difference?"

"Oh no," Elizabeth said. "I was afraid she wouldn't take the offer seriously, so I made her promise to come every afternoon."

John looked over the top of the newspaper. "Do I have to listen to a female songstress?" he said. "Not unless you want to," Elizabeth said. "You can please yourself about that."

"Okay then," John retired behind his paper. "But make it in the afternoon, when I'm at the office. I like to be quiet in the evening."

He was half serious, half joking. "We will," Elizabeth promised. "And do please try to find something for Harry."

"I will," John said. "I won't forget."

EARLY in the following week, John got away early from the office and came home to rest a while before dinner. He knew that Marianne came to practice now every day, but he thought by five o'clock she would be gone. Driving home a little early, before the traffic had become heavy, gave him a wonderful sense of well-being. It was late October, and a light, early snow, soft and dreamy, had begun to fall. The street lights came on and made the snow sparkle as though set with diamonds. On the bare branches of trees the wet crystals clung thickly, so that the world seemed fested.on. John drove slowly, enjoying every minute of it.

When he came into the house, he paused a moment in the vestibule, then closed the door gently. The fresh young voice seemed to float about him, to fill the house with the song. It ended; another began.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes—" Centuries ago Ben Jonson had dreamed a dream of a girl and love and a cup of wine—perhaps on such a night as this. He made the dream into words, and an unknown musician made it a song with sound and cadence.

John Perry listened—not moving. The dining-room door swung open and Elizabeth walked quietly to his side and stood with him, listening as he listened. Her hand found his and held it. The song ended and Marianne's head turned to the window. She sighed and stood up.

"I'm sorry you stopped," John touched the lamp switch. "You must be Marianne. Elizabeth said you had a nice voice."

Marianne was flustered. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Perry. I didn't realize it was so late. I intended to stop before you came."

"Nonsense," Elizabeth spoke for the first time. It was as though she had not been in the room until now. "I'm glad he heard you. Now he knows why I was so anxious to have you come here to practice."

"Elizabeth said you didn't like singing—especially women singers," Marianne said. She stood in front of the piano slowly gathering her music.

John saw her then for the first time—the sheer youth and vitality of her, the clear, warm color of her skin, the softly burnished hair. "I guess I was wrong," he said. "I like the way you sing."

"I'm so glad," Marianne said. John could see she was partly shy and partly proud to hear his praise. He found her coat, and helped her into it. Then she was gone.

After dinner John settled down again, but tonight he felt like talking. "There's a job at the store I think Harry Bartlett could fill," he said. "I'm getting in touch with him."

"I hope you do," Elizabeth said. "And say, that girl can really sing. I was surprised. You don't even have to be a musician to know that."

"Yes," Elizabeth murmured. "I told you she had a nice voice."

"And she's very pretty," John added. "She ought to go far."

"Yes, if she has a chance, but there's not much opportunity for singers out here in the Midwest," Elizabeth said. "She'd make it," John said, and he believed it.

Two days later he was able to place Harry as a stock clerk, and a week later he knew with gratification that Harry had made a go of it. He was fast and careful and accurate, the chief stock clerk told John. It (Continued on page 50)
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“How much all right?”

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Elizabeth sat down, and John sensed from her restlessness that she had something to say to him. “Let’s have it,” he said. “There’s something on your mind.”

“I met Claire’s sister, Marianne, today. She just came back from Chicago.”

“Oh yes?” John said. “What’s she like?”

Elizabeth got up and moved over to stand beside John’s chair. “As pretty as a picture, and very, very charming.”

“Well,” John joked. “We must have her over. Anyone as pretty as that deserves to have me know her.”

“I’ll make a bargain with you,” Elizabeth replied. “If you’ll get Harry that job, I’ll have her right over.”

John pushed the paper away from him. “When you want something, you’re completely unscrupulous, aren’t you?” He reached up for her face and gave her a kiss. “It would mean so much to them if Harry could find something.”

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He listened—not moved.

The dining-room door swung open and Elizabeth walked quietly into the parlor, sat down in her chair, and listened as he listened. Her hand found his and he held it. The song ended, and he turned to take the glass she held to the window. She signed and stood up.

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Marianne was flustered. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Perry. I didn’t realize it was so late. I intended to stop before you came.”

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THE STORY OF

Mary Marlin

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Now, in beautiful album photographs, you can see as well as hear the lovable people who have brought you so many listening hours of happiness and romance.

MARY MARLIN (right) is charming and feminine, but she is also clear-headed, courageous and the center of everything that happens in her community. When you first met her, she was mostly concerned with making a home for her husband, Joe, who was a young lawyer, and their son, Davey. Then Joe was elected to the U. S. Senate and shortly afterwards left on a mission to Russia, where he disappeared. Mary assumed Joe's position in the Senate. Since then, she has been courted by Rufus Kane, President of the United States, and David Post, Joe's old law partner. Mary has accepted David's proposal of marriage, believing that her husband is dead. Whatever happens, Mary's life will continue in a rich and exciting way.

(played by Anne Seymour)

DAVID POST (left) is a kind, true friend of Joe and Mary Marlin. He has loved Mary for a good many years, but, out of loyalty to Joe, never mentioned this until all hope of Joe's return had been abandoned. On that fatal night when Joe returned, David asked Mary to marry him and told her of his love. Mary really thinks she loves David, but it's not the kind of love she had for Joe. She sees in David a sweetness and a dependability which are lacking in most men, and knows that he loves her and understands her as few people do. Whether or not David wins Mary, he will still go on loving her, still continue being the best friend she has ever had and the most considerate. He is a man to love, admire and respect.

(played by Carleton Brickert)
Tune in Mary Marlin weekday mornings and afternoons over the NBC-Red and the CBS networks, sponsored by Ivory Snow

FEBRUARY, 1942
RUFUS KANE (left) President of the United States, is a fine, capable man who has a great love for all people. Ever since Mary came to Washington he has been her constant companion and has learned a great deal from her inspirational conduct in times of stress. Mary, in turn, has imbued Rufus Kane with many of her political dreams, the ones she and Joe once shared. Rufus claims to love Mary and has been an ardent suitor for her hand, but Mary has told him that she does not feel toward him the way a wife should feel toward a husband. Rufus, however, has not given up hope that Mary will change her mind and is constantly showering her with attention. Mary has still kept to her plans about marrying David Post, but the fact that the whole country knows how Rufus feels about her is often embarrassing. Rufus is not a man easily cast aside; he has a charming personality, a keen sense of humor and Mary is very fond of him. Then, too, not many young women can easily turn down the position of First Lady of the Land. Rufus is still sure that some day Mary will consent to be his wife.

(Played by Rupert La Belle)

SARAH JANE KANE (right) is the President's mother and, in lieu of a Mrs. Rufus Kane, is the mistress of the White House. Mrs. Kane is a sweet, simple woman who comes from a humble background, yet, because of her innate common sense and her graciousness, has made a great success of her job. She has, of course, great pride in her son and his accomplishments and there is a touching devotion between them. Of late, Sarah Jane Kane has not been in very good health, but, regardless of this and in spite of her son's warnings, she still manages to get around Washington on various social and humanitarian errands. She has a great affection for Mary Martin and would like to have her as a daughter-in-law. Mary also loves Sarah Jane very much and often goes to her for advice and help. This sweet, lovable woman, getting on in years, is a symbol of greatness to the entire nation as well as those who know her well. Like her son, she is quick to speak out in defense of the poor and downtrodden. All who know her hope that she has a good many more years to live and to bring courage and help, not only to her son, but the millions throughout the nation who love and respect her.

(Played by Charme Allen)
JOE MARLIN is Mary's husband, a handsome, impetuous man, one whose ambition and brilliance catapulted him from a small town law practice into the United States Senate. When he was sent to Russia, his plane crashed and he was severely injured, suffering a temporary loss of memory. He was eventually able to find his way back home, only to hear his friend, David Post, proposing to Mary. He believed that Mary loved David and so he went to a friend's house who, at first, didn't know him because of the beard he grew in Russia and now keeps to hide his identity.

(Played by Robert Griffin)
ARNOLD, the only name he is known by, is Mary Marlin's butler. Arnold is inclined to be, at times, a little fuss-budgety and short-tempered, but he exerts considerable influence in the Marlin household. On many occasions, he has been a great source of help to Mary, who regards his advice highly. Arnold is more like one of the family than a butler and his life is not without romance. Anabelle Fairweather, Davy's nurse, idolizes him and would like to have him for a husband. Arnold has different ideas, but romance or not, his loyalty to Mary is unquestionable.

(Played by Robert White)

BUNNY MITCHELL, Frazier's wife, is a young, beautiful, vivacious woman. Bunny is likely to be flighty, but she has just become a mother, which may improve her temperament.

(Played by Templeton Fox)

FRAZIER MITCHELL, a soft-spoken, gentle, aristocrat of the old school, is an old friend of Mary Marlin's. When he first met Joe and Mary he took a tremendous liking to them and backed Joe's senatorial campaign. During the last presidential election, he ran against Rufus Kane and was defeated, but took his defeat like a real gentleman. The big problem in Frazier's life is his young wife, Bunny, who often causes him worry. He has now retired to his estate just outside of Washington where he raises horses. Mary is very fond of him, and visits him often.

(Played by Fred Sullivan)
Romance
ON THE RUN

He prayed to be saved from girls who wore bright hair ribbons—but now Joan Banks wears bigger and brighter ones and Frank Lovejoy, her husband, loves them!

BY JACK SHER

They're both in radio—but not at the same time. Joan plays Peggy in The O'Neills on NBC, Frank is Jarrod in Light of the World over NBC-Red.

The two trains, one headed North, the other traveling South, stopped for a few minutes in the station at Rye, New York. The commuters in the southbound train were startled by a young man who seemed, for the moment, to have gone a little berserk. He got up from his seat, tried to open the window and, failing this, began to pound on it, at the same time making frantic gestures.

A few seconds later, the commuters on the northbound train were amazed by the antics of a pretty, blonde-headed, blue-eyed girl, who suddenly sat up straight in her seat and began nodding her head and, as her train pulled out, blowing kisses at the young man in the window of the train across the way.

This incident occurred just a few weeks ago. The commuters are probably still wondering what it was all about. Perhaps some of the more romantic ones would like to know if the boy and girl, traveling on trains going in opposite directions ever did get together.

We could tell you whether they did or not, but that would be revealing too soon the outcome of one of the most amusing and romantic stories in radio. The young man's name is Frank Lovejoy and you hear him on such shows as Help Mates and Light Of The World. The girl is Joan Banks, who plays Peggy on the O'Neills and often stars on the Kate Smith show opposite such screen lovers as Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power and Charles Boyer.

Frank and Joan are actors, but they were not "putting on an act" that day on the train. The "key" to what was happening are the keys that Frank was jiggling. He might never have been jiggling those keys on the train that day if the girl, Joan, hadn't worn a bright, blue ribbon in her hair the day he first met her.

It was a day in January, 1940, and Frank came into a CBS studio to join the cast of a show called "This Day Is Ours." The star of the show was a certain Miss Joan Banks, who bounced into the studio a few minutes later wearing that bright, blue ribbon in her hair. "Please save me," Frank thought, "from coy, young things who wear ribbons in their hair." And, although he didn't say it, Joan felt his antagonism.

She had seen this Mr. Lovejoy just once before at a recording studio and had decided, on sight, that the tall, handsome, brown-eyed, young man was a decided wash out and she was completely unimpressed. Now, as she stood there being introduced to him—sensing his scorn—she thought very unkindly of casting directors. For, this was the young man with whom she was expected to fall in love! In the script, of course, but, even so!

Nothing (Continued on page 75)
Bob shouted, “Couldn’t you have handled this better? I told you—”

Love

TURQUOISE-BLUE water foamed and danced under the sun by day, and by night the moon, so much larger than I had ever seen it before, threw a milky light everywhere, striking incandescent gleams from the waves. The ship glided over the sea like a huge swan, stopping now and then at a port where raw southern colors almost blinded our eyes. We’d go ashore, Bob and I, to hire a carriage or an automobile and ride through the strange, exciting streets, have luncheon in a shady courtyard where bronzed Indian girls waited on us with foods whose violent seasonings burned our tongues; then we’d return to the ship, with its luxury, its clean white decks and obsequious stewards, its soft music and dancing and big, beautifully-appointed rooms.

It was our honeymoon. Sometimes, waking late at night and hearing Bob’s quiet, regular breathing by my side, feeling the warmth of his strong body under the covers, I thought of Martie and how wrong his unvoiced objections to our marriage had been. How could I help but be happy? I had the ecstasy of Bob’s love. That would have been enough in itself. But, so I had the assurance of a luxurious, gracious life—of money, position, security, everything that a girl who had worked, and worked hard, ever since she was sixteen could ask for.

Martie knew all this, but even at the wedding I had seen that quizzical look in his eyes which always said as plainly as words, “All right, Judith, have it your own way. You’re making a mistake, but it’s your mistake.”

Always before, whenever he looked like that, he’d been right and I wrong. But this time, I said exultantly to myself, I was the one who was right—so beautifully, perfectly right.

Bob didn’t like Martie, but then there were so many things Bob didn’t know, couldn’t understand. He didn’t know how, after Mother died, when it was up to me to support my brother and sister, I’d worked in a five-and-dime store, spending all my noon hours in the Times Square district, trying to persuade booking agents to give me a job—any job, anywhere, so long as it was singing. It was hopeless, of course, and would have remained hopeless if one of the agents, friendlier than most, hadn’t said:

“I can’t use you, baby, but I’ve got a friend that thinks he’d like to manage a girl singer. I don’t know why, but he does. I’ll ask him up here and let you sing for him, if you want.”

That was how I met Martin Reynolds. He didn’t look like any Broadway agent or manager I’d ever seen—and that was natural enough, because he was a corporation lawyer who happened to love Broadway, the theater, night clubs, all the glamour and glitter of that strange thing called “show business.” He was tall and spare, with a quiet way of talking. I never saw him angry or upset. He seemed to carry a detached, tolerant kind of amusement with him wherever

She knew what she wanted of love—someone nearer her own age, handsome and gallant. But she forgot to look past her new husband’s shining armor to the selfish human being underneath.

24
The True Drama of a Radio Singer

he went, whatever he did. He wasn't handsome, his features were too rugged for that, but he had the sort of face you'd never forget, once you'd seen it, full of character and purpose. When I met him he was thirty-one, which seemed ancient to my seventeen, and he had a dusting of white against the black of his hair.

For five years after that first meeting in the shabby office of the agent, we were partners. Really partners. We trusted each other completely. Martie found jobs for me—and it was wonderful how, with his wide acquaintance along Broadway, he opened doors that I had knocked on in vain. He selected a singing coach for me and paid the bills out of his own pocket. He went with me to the hairdresser's and supervised the creation of a coiffure that would frame my face most becomingly; and to stores where he led me away from the flashy dresses my immature fancy selected to others which were always subtly, flattering right. For every one of the dozens of details that go into making a career as a singer he had an answer.

And he made a success of me. I went on and on, from a third-rate night club to a second-rate one, from a guest appearance on the radio to a good sponsor and then a better one, from a part in a musical comedy to a one-picture Hollywood contract which Martie did not approve of, because he said I wasn't ready, and which turned out to be just as disastrous as he'd predicted. That set us back for a while, but not for long. Another musical-comedy part, a new radio contract at a higher figure, and we were on top of the wave again.

Oh, I knew what Broadway said about us, but I didn't care because it wasn't true, and because all the gossip was the result of simple jealousy. There never was a hint of love between us. Martie never even kissed me, and while I felt a deeper affection for him than for anyone in the world except Johnny and Norine, my brother and sister, it was as a person, not a man. I knew what I wanted from love—someone nearer my own age, handsome and gallant, who would dominate and adore me, give me everything and de-

mand that I give him everything in return.

Someone like Bob Trayne.

I met him after the broadcast one night, in a group of people the sponsor had brought. He was tall as Martie, but there the resemblance ended. Blond hair above an incredibly clear bronzed face, white, even teeth when he smiled, broad shoulders that told you he'd been a star athlete in college, a manner toward women that was assured, yet full of deference . . . these were what I saw that first evening. And I fell in love with them.

In the silence that followed, my love for him withered and died.
Bob shouted, "Couldn't you have handled this better? I told you—"

She knew what she wanted of love—someone nearer her own age, handsome and gallant. But she forgot to look past her new husband's shining armor to the selfish human being underneath.

Turquoise-blue water foamed and danced under the September moon, and by night the moon, so much larger than I had ever seen it before, threw a milky light everywhere, striking incandescent gleams from the waves. The ship glided over the sea like a love swan, stopping now and then at a port where raw southern colors almost blinded our eyes. We'd go ashore, Bob and I, hire a carriage or an automobile and ride through the strange, exciting streets, have luncheon in a shabby courtyard where bronzed Indian girls waited on us with foods whose violent seasonings burned our tongues; then we'd return to the ship, with its luxury, its clean white decks and obsequious stewards, its soft music and dancing and big, beautifully-appointed rooms.

It was our honeymoon. Sometimes, waking late at night and hearing Bob's quiet, regular breathing by my side, feeling the warmth of his strong body under the covers, I thought of Martie and how wrong his unvoiced objections to our marriage had been. How could I help but be happy? I had the ecstasy of Bob's love. That would have been enough in itself. But also I had the assurance of a luxurious, gracious life—money, position, security, everything that a girl who had worked, and worked hard, ever since she was sixteen could ask for.

Martie knew all this, but even at the wedding I had seen that quizzical look in his eyes which always said as plainly as words, "All right, Judith, but you're going your own way. You're making a mistake, but it's your mistake."

Always before, whenever he looked like that, he'd been right and I wrong. But this time, I said exultingly to myself, I was the one who was right—so beautifully, perfectly right.

Bob didn't like Martie, but then there were so many things Bob didn't know, couldn't understand. He didn't know how, after Mother died, when it was up to me to support my brother and sister, I'd worked in a five-and-dime store, spending all my moon hours in the Times Square district, trying to persuade booking agents to give me a job—any job, anywhere, so long as it was singing. It was hopeless, of course, and would have remained hopeless if one of the agents friendlier than most, hadn't said:

"I can't use you, baby, but I've got a friend that thinks he'd like to manage a girl singer. I don't know why, but he does. I'll ask him up here and let you see for yourself, if you want."

That was how I met Martin Reynolds. He didn't look like any Broadway agent or manager I'd ever seen—and that was natural enough, because he was a corporation lawyer who happened to love Broadway, the theater, night clubs, all the glamour and glitter of that strange thing called "show business." He was tall and spare, with a quiet way of talking. I never saw him angry or upset. He seemed to carry a detached, tolerant kind of amusement with him wherever he went, whatever he did. He wasn't handsome, his features were too rugged for that, but he had the sort of face you'd never forget, once you'd seen it, full of character and purpose. When I met him he was thirty-six, which seemed ancient to my seventeen, and he had a dusting of white against the black of his hair.

For five years after that first meeting in the shabby office of the agent, we were partners. Really partners. We trusted each other completely. Martie found jobs for me—and it was wonderful, how, with his wide acquaintance along Broadway, he opened doors that I had knocked on in vain. He selected a singing coach for me and paid the bills out of his own pocket. He went with me to the hairdresser's and supervised the creation of a coiffure that would frame my face most becomingly; and to stores where he led me away from the flashy dresses my immature fancy selected to others which were always subtly, flatteringly right. For every one of the dozens of details that go into making a career as a singer he had an answer.

And he made a success of me. I went on and on, from a third-rate night club to a second-rate one, from a guest appearance on the radio to a good sponsor, and then a better one, from a part in a musical comedy to a one-picture Hollywood contract which Martie didn't approve of because he said I wasn't ready, and which turned out to be just as disastrous as he'd predicted. That set us back for a while, but not for long. Another musical-comedy part, a new radio contract at a higher figure, and we were on top of the wave again.

Oh, I knew what Broadway said about us, but I didn't care because it wasn't true, and because all the gossip was the result of simple jealousy. There never was a hint of love between us. Martie even kissed me, and while I felt a deeper affection for him than for anyone in the world except Johnny and Phoebe, my brother and sister, it was as a person, not a man. I knew what I wanted from love—someone nearer my own age, handsome and gallant; who would dominate and adore me, give me everything and des-
I didn't find out until later that his family was wealthy and that Bob himself was regarded as one of the most brilliant and promising young men in Wall Street.

The morning after our meeting he telephoned me, and that night we had dinner together before my show, and afterwards. The next day it was the same, and the next, and the next. It was as if I didn't live at all when I wasn't with him—

I sang and talked to Martie and kept appointments without even thinking about what I was doing.

Martie saw what had happened, and one afternoon about two weeks after Bob and I had met he said something that shook me out of my dream, if only for a minute. The program I was singing on was due to go on the air in another month, and Martie had an offer from another sponsor.

"But I guess we'd better turn it down," he said—and stopped, eyeing me, waiting for what I would say.

"Turn it down?" I was puzzled. "Why? It's a marvelous offer."

"Marvelous," he agreed. "But I imagine you'll be retiring soon. After you're married."

I felt my cheeks grow warm. "I— I didn't know I was going to be married. Nobody has asked me yet."

"It looks to me as if somebody will, pretty soon. Or I don't know the signs when I see them. Didn't you go out to the Trayne place on Long Island last week-end to meet Bob's parents?"

"Well—yes," I admitted. "But that doesn't necessarily mean—"

"Oh, but it does," Martie said, smiling. "With someone like Trayne, it's practically the same as a proposal."

"Maybe they didn't like me," I objected. "Maybe they don't want their son marrying a radio and musical comedy singer."

"They're not that old-fashioned," Martie observed. "Besides, after you're married you won't be a singer any more."

Sometimes Martie's assumption that he knew how things would turn out was very irritating. I said, "I don't know why you say that. I don't know a thing about it, Martie Reynolds."

"Maybe not," he said. "But I'll bet Trayne asks you to marry him, and if you say yes, I'll bet you have a fancy society wedding and go on a cruise for your honeymoon and give up your singing and go to live in an expensive house in the suburbs."

He spoke humorously, but I couldn't meet his mood. "Martie," I said tremulously, "don't. I couldn't. After all you've done for me—all the money and time you've spent helping me get ahead—I couldn't quit now. Not just when I'm making enough to bring you something on your investment."

"That's nonsense! I never thought of you and your career just as a business proposition," he said sharply, frowning. Then the frown was gone and he went on, so quietly I forgot his momentary flash of vexation. "I mean, helping you has been a hobby with me. It was a gamble that paid out very well, that's all. You don't owe me a thing, and if your happiness should depend on giving up your singing—why, you go right ahead and give it up."

"But it won't," I answered. "I'm sure it won't."

Just the same, I reflected a little uncomfortably as I lay half-asleep beside Bob, hearing the steady throb of the ship's engines pushing us through the sea, everything had happened as Martie said it would—so far. Bob had asked me to marry him, and when I said yes he had simply taken it for granted that I would give up my career. He was right, of course. He made more than enough money, and I didn't have to support my brother and sister any longer. Norine was married to a trumpet player in a good dance band and Johnny had a job with one of the broadcasting stations. It was as Bob had said:

"I want to see something of my wife—I don't want to come home at night just when you're starting to work. And—well," he looked embarrassed, "whenever you sing a song every fellow that hears you feels like you're singing for him. I wouldn't like that."

And I wouldn't have liked it either. I wanted all my songs to be for Bob, and Bob only.

I snuggled down deeper into my pillow and drowsily tried to envision my life as it would be when we returned from our honeymoon. It would be strange to live in the big house Bob had bought on Long Island, waited on by servants, meeting Bob's friends—those successful, well-dressed people who talked so familiarly of a world I didn't know. Strange—and yet delightful. Broadway and radio, their fierce competition and easy good-fellowship, seemed very far away.

But—as Bob turned in his sleep and his hand fell lightly on my arm—the way we were to live didn't matter, really. I could have been happy in a one-room hut, with Bob. The intensity of our love blotted out any other considerations. Being together was the only thing that mattered—wealth and comfort, the gor-

geous wedding at the church, the long cruise to Rio and back, the home and the servants, were all only the icing on the cake.

Only one little thing happened to mar the perfection of the honeymoon. It was in Rio, where we were to have a whole week. A little stack of cables and radiograms was waiting for us at the hotel, from Bob's father and mother, his brother, his partner in Wall Street—and one for me, from Martie.

"Hello," it said. "Have a good time."

When Bob saw it he set his lips. Without any comment, he tossed the slip of paper down on the table and turned to look out of the window to the gay activity of the street below.

I knew as well as if he'd told me that he resented even this slight intrusion of Martie on our honey-

As soon as I saw Martie, I realized how terribly I had been missing him.
moon—that he was jealous of my old friendship, and that when we returned I must give Martie up entirely. For an instant I felt the injustice of this—but then I told myself that it only proved the depth of his love. He could not share me, not even a little.

I went over and linked my arm in his. “Let’s go down and explore Rio before lunch,” I said.

I forgot the look of cold, stubborn resistance that had come over his face when he saw the radiogram. I forgot it then, but I was to remember it later.

There’s no point, really, in telling you very much about that first year of my marriage. It seemed at the time very uneventful—too uneventful. And yet things were happening—little things, taking place beneath the smooth surface of my life. I didn’t even know of their existence until, inexplicably, another incident, as seemingly trivial as any of the others, showed my husband to me in a new light.

We had been to a Broadway theater, and in the crush of people, coming out after the performance, we met Mollie. She was an old beggarwoman into whose outstretched palm I had often put a coin in the days when I was a Broadway star myself. Now she recognized me, and smiled, and waited for Bob to give her some money. Instead, he brushed past her, holding me firmly by the arm so that I had to follow. “She’s probably got as much as we have right now,” he muttered.

To me, that wasn’t the point, although I knew Mollie always had enough money to stake out-of-work actresses to their week’s room-rent.

What hurt me was Bob’s rudeness, the way he closed his mind to the feelings of others, even of his wife. From the theater we went on to a night club where Bob would spend many times the largest amount he could have given Mollie. I couldn’t swallow the sandwich and wine he ordered for me, and pushed them away untouched.

BOB didn’t seem to notice anything wrong. There were some people we knew at the night club, and his attention was taken up by them, particularly by a man named Harrison—a middle-aged man whose cruel, heavy-lidded eyes never smiled, although his voice was loud with forced joviality. I thought him one of the most repulsive people I had ever met.

He was with a much younger girl, an exquisite thing whose slim figure and rose-petal complexion were oddly at variance with the calculating, disillusioned expression that came over her face when she looked at Harrison. Before I could stop him, Bob had asked her to dance, and I was left with Harrison. He wanted me to dance too, but I pleaded a headache and refused. I couldn’t stand the thought of being in his gross embrace.

Suddenly I hated the place—the bored, overdressed people capering on the dance floor, the too-loud orchestra, the taste and money lavished by people who knew their job on decorations which were hardly noticed, the poorly prepared food at ridiculous prices, the smoke, the liquor, the extravagance. I had been part of all this once—but I’d been one of those who really worked to supply the entertainment, and I realized that I must have built up in myself, without knowing it, a contempt for those wealthy people who frequented places like this.

But—no, I admitted honestly, it wasn’t just the place that depressed me tonight. I kept thinking of the unpleasant incident at the theater, and from it my thoughts went back—back to moments in the months since we returned from our honeymoon.

The time when Bob came home to find that I had invited my sister Norine and her husband to dinner, and was so pointedly polite that they never came again ... The night I first realized that Bob enjoyed having his masculine business friends see my beauty, enjoyed the knowledge that they envied him his possession of me. I had been flattered at the time. Now I was not so sure. ... The long evenings when Bob, working late at the office, left me to dine alone (Continued on page 64)
I didn’t find out until later that her family was wealthy and that Bob himself was regarded as one of the most brilliant and promising young men in Wall Street.

The morning after our meeting he telephoned me, and I had dinner together before my show, supper afterwards. The next day it was the same. And then the next. It was as if I lived at all when I wasn’t with him. I sang and talked about the apartments without even thinking about what I was doing.

MARTIE saw what had happened, and one afternoon about two weeks after Bob and I had met he said something to me out of my dreams, if only for a minute. The program I was singing on was due to go off the air in another month, and Martie had an offer from another sponsor.

"But I guess we’d better turn it down," he said—and stopped, eyeing me, waiting for what I would say.

"Turn it down?" I was puzzled.

"Why? It’s a marvelous offer." Martie replied, "But I imagine you’ll be retiring soon. After you’re married!"

I felt my cheeks grow warm. "I— I didn’t know I was going to be married. Nobody has asked me yet."

"It looks to me as if somebody will, pretty soon. Or I don’t know the signs when I see them. Didn’t you go out to the Travey place on Long Island last week-end to meet Bob’s parents?"

"Well—yes," I admitted, "but that doesn’t necessarily mean—"

"Oh, but it does," Martie said, smiling. "With someone like Travey, it’s practically the same as a proposal."

"Maybe they didn’t like me," I objected. "Maybe they don’t want me marrying a radio and musical comedy singer."

"They’re not that old-fashioned," Martie observed. "Besides, after you’re married you won’t be a singer any more:"

I suppose Martie’s assumption that he knew how things would turn out was very irritating. I said, "I don’t see why you say that. You know a thing about it, Martie. Reynolds."

"Maybe not," he said. "But I’ll bet anyone asks me how you and I are, and if you say yes, I’ll bet you have a fancy society wedding and go on a cruise for a honeymoon and give up your singing and go to live in an expensive house in the suburbs."

He spoke humorously, but I couldn’t help his mood. "Martie," I said tremulously, "don’t, don’t. After all you’ve done for me—all the money and time you’ve spent helping me—get away—I don’t quit now. Not just when I’m making enough to bring you something on your own."

I never thought of you and your career just as a business proposition," he went on feelingly. "That wasn’t ever the idea."

Harrison was frown was gone and he went on, so quickly I forgot his momentary flash of vexation. Harrison, helping me out with a hobby with me. It was a gamble that paid out very well, that’s all. But it gave me a thing and if your happiness should depend on giving up your singing—why, you might have a thing and it will suit you.

"But it won’t!"

Just then, I reflected a little uncomfortably as I lay half-asleep beside Bob, hearing the steady throb of the ship’s engines pushing us through the sea, everything had happened as Martie said it would—so far. Bob had asked me to marry him, and when I said yes he had simply taken it for granted that I would give up my career. He was right; of course. He made more than enough money, and I didn’t have to support my brother and sister any longer. Norine was married to a trumpeter in a good dance band and Johnny had a job with one of the broadcasting stations.

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I wouldn’t have liked it either. I wanted all my songs to be for Bob, and Bob only."

I snuggled deeper into my pillow and thoughtfully tried to make my life as it would be when we returned from our honeymoon. It worked strange to live. But his house Bob had bought on Long Island, waited on by servants, meeting Bob’s friends—those successful and well-dressed people who talked so familiarly of a world I didn’t know. Strange—and yet delightful. Broadway, radio, their fame and adoration and easy good-fellowship, seemed far away."

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Only one little thing happened to mar the perfection of the honeymoon. It was in Rio, where we were to have a whole week. A little stack of cables and radiograms was waiting for us at the hotel, from Bob’s father and mother, his brother, his partner in Wall Street—and one for Martie."

"Hello," it said. "Have a good time."

When Bob saw it he set his lips. Without any comment, he tossed the slip of paper down on the table and turned to look out of the window to the gay activity of the street below, as well as if he’d told me that he resented even this slight intrusion of Martie on our honey-

As soon as I saw Martie, I realized how terribly I had been missing him.

But he didn’t know it until he looked out the window and saw a crowd of people going to the theater, and then he turned and saw Martie."

She was an old beggarwoman into whose outstretched palm I had often put a coin in the days when I was a Broadway star myself. Now she recognized me, and smiled, and waited for Bob to give her some money. Instead, he brushed past her, holding me firmly by the arm so that I had to follow. "She’s probably got as much as we have right now," he muttered.

To me, that wasn’t the point, although I knew Martie always had enough money to take out-of-work actresses to their week’s rent.

What hurt me was Bob’s rudeness, the way he closed my mind to the feelings of others, even of his wife. From the theater we went on to a restaurant where Bob would spend many times more than he had in his pockets, careful not to have any money left over."

BOB didn’t seem to notice anything wrong. There were always people we knew at the night club, and the acompaniment was taken up by them, particularly the orchestra leader, Harrison—a middle-aged man whose heavy-lidded eyes never seemed to blink, although it was cold with forced joviality. I thought him one of the most repulsive people I had ever met.

He was with a much younger girl, an exquisite thing whose slim figure and rose-petal complexion were oddly at variance with the calculating, disillusioned expression that came over her face when she looked at Harrison. Before I could stop him, Bob had asked her to dance right away. Harrison pleaded a headache and refused. I couldn’t stand the thought of being in his great embrace.

Suddenly I hated the place—the bored, overdressed people capering on the dance floor, the too-loud orchestra, the taste and money lavished by people who knew their job well."

To the men, the liquor, the extravagance, I had been part of all this before—I had been one of those who really worked to supply the entertainment, and I realized that I must have been up in myself, without knowing it, a contempt for those wealthy people who frequented places like this.

But—no, I admitted honestly, it wasn’t just the place that depressed me tonight. I kept thinking of the unpleasant incident at the theater, and from it my thoughts went back—back to moments in the months since we returned from our honeymoon.

The time when Bob came home to find that I had invited my sister Norine and her husband to dine, and was so positive that they never came again—"

The night I first realized that Bob enjoyed having his masculine business friends see my beauty, enjoy the knowledge that they envied him his possession of me. I had been flattered at the time. Now I was not so sure."

The long evenings when Bob, working late at the office, left me to dine alone (Continued on page 27)
I GUESS it was because I was trying to escape my life that I met Larry and dragged him into it. If I hadn't heard his voice that night, soft and sort of drifting in the wind across the sea of waving grass in the twilight, you never would have heard it later, and one of radio's scandals would never have happened. Yet how can I look back and wish away that first evening.

I had ridden off from the ranch house just at sundown, driven by the urge to forget the scene inside which might as well have been 2500 miles east, with its clatter of wise smart talk. I rode until I lost myself on the wide plain, letting my horse take me where he would, the reins hanging loose while I took my last deep breaths of the cool freshness of the wind that swept down from the mountains. Tonight I would fill my lungs full enough of the curiously pungent resinous fragrance of the Western air to last me through another stifling New York season. Tonight I would etch into my memory the changing gray-green of the willow trees that outlined the meandering pattern of the creek in the valley below. I would keep this last night and hold it against the horrid harshness of my New York life. When the low husky notes first came to me, they were just another part of the lovely night.

"Let cattle rub my tombstone round
And coyotes mourn their kin;
Let horses come and paw my mound,
But don't you fence me in!"

There was a warning in the last words, but I didn't hear it then. I remembered it afterward, though, when it was too late. Now I was not thinking, just feeling the magic of that deep, soft voice, so gentle, so surely kind, for even in Larry's singing you could imagine you heard a sort of decent dignity.

For a moment when he had finished there was only the slow firm step of my horse's hooves on the turf, and the faint creaks of my saddle. Then his shout came, startled and startling: "Hello!"

I spurred my horse forward and saw the tall figure standing at the edge of the bluff, his ten-gallon hat under his elbow. "Hello," I answered.

His blue eyes rested on me steadily, what looked like a kind of surprised wonder in them. Suddenly I felt shy, felt the need to fill the silence in the dusk between us. "I—I'm lost," I said, breathless for no reason.

"That's soon fixed," he said in a comfortable, easy drawl that would make you hand your life right over into his hands. "Where you bound?"

"The Bar X Dude ranch on Gopher Creek," I told him, suddenly ashamed of the address. He'd think I was just another foolish chattering Easterner. And yet I couldn't help talking on. "I guess I sort of lost track of time. It's so beautiful here—"

He didn't answer. It was almost as if he didn't hear me. The way he looked at me was queer, as if he had to keep on studying until he found out something about me. I asked innately, "Do you come here often?"

He nodded, still not speaking. I couldn't stand that look. My cheeks burned and I was glad of the dusk to hide their silly quick color. "I

Fictionized from the radio script, "A Little Bit West of Heaven," by Roger Quayle Denny, broadcast on the Stars Over Hollywood program.
If I hadn’t heard his voice that night, drifting into the deepening twilight, one of radio’s scandals would never have happened—and I would never have found my love


should think you would,” I babbled. “I—I’d like to stay here forever.”

“Would you?” he asked quickly. “Why—yes.” And it was true. “That’s funny,” he said thoughtfully.

“Why?”

“Well . . .” His gentle voice hesitated. “That’s an idea I’ve had myself for quite a spell.”

“You mean you’re planning to buy this spot?”

“Not planning,” he said with a wistful kind of chuckle. “Just pipe dreaming.”

I looked around me again. The dusk had deepened, darkening the mountain to a velvet pansy purple, making it seem to float in the golden atmosphere around it. Imagine seeing the changing moods of that mountain through all your days, waking up to it each morning, looking up from your work to refresh tired eyes and spirits, watching the sun set behind it from your own doorstep! I sighed, thinking of the life to which I had to return tomorrow. I asked hastily, “I’m all turned around. Where is this spot?”

“A little south of Cheyenne,” he began, then broke off with his shy, laugh, diffident yet confiding. “And a little west of heaven.”

“You mean because it’s hard to get?”

“I reckon that’s it.” He shrugged his wide shoulders. “How would a cowboy come by $5,000?”

Funny, but the answer didn’t occur to me at all. It took Carlotta for that. Things always happened fast when Carlotta came into the picture. For that matter, I guess they started happening fast before that, even on the slow ride back to the ranch with Larry. It wasn’t that we said much, just the expected things like my telling him my name was Melody Blane. I rejoiced foolishly when he did not make the usual joke about it but just told me his own name, Larry Smith, and that he was one of the hands at the ranch where we were staying. And he sang some more, the same songs that were to make all the trouble, and still I didn’t wake up to what would happen when I introduced him to my boss. I want to be fair to Carlotta Birch. You have to know more about her than just the things she did, to un-
Youth the Red Hook
district of Brooklyn where she grew
up, a child doesn't grow up at all
without learning early to grab—and
grab quick. That's how she got
where she was when I became her
secretary—in the biggest talent
agency in Radio City, with her name on
the door.

Don't get the idea that these
methods lessened her attractiveness
as a woman. They didn't. There
was something compelling about her
very ruthlessness. She had
an amazing power over people. I felt
it myself so that I slaved for her.
But with men she was devastating.
When they looked into her snapping
black eyes they forgot about insipid
qualities like beauty. Maybe the
scientists would say it was simply a
tremendous charge of physical vital-
ity, but whatever it was, it worked.
I had never seen it fail, yet I was
foolish enough, that night, to hope
it would not work on Larry Smith.
What a hope!

The lights from the ranch twinkled
below us like dusty stars as we
came up over a gently rolling
slope. I wanted to hold back, to keep
this moment, but our horses began
stepping quickly and soon we were
back in the circle of light from the
main house. Carlotta was standing
indolently on the porch as we
walked back from the stable.

I knew the minute I introduced
Larry that I should have found some
way to avoid this meeting. Her
quick shrewd glance traveled up his
six feet of easy strength to rest for
an instant with pleasure on his
tanned face with its deep-cleft lines
of laughter around the blue eyes.
Then she was smiling her acknowl-
dgment of my introduction.

Yet she said nothing more than
"Hello," and when she turned and
went into the house I caught
my breath in relief. I excused my-
self and followed her, leaving Larry
on the porch lighting a cigarette—a
parting as casual as our meeting had
been. I went to work in our suite
in a sort of dazed dream, mechanici-
cally typing out the last of the let-
ters Carlotta had dictated to me,
while she packed her exquisite fra-
gile white lingerie which she would
let no maid touch.

N ONE of the pauses of my typ-
ing we heard the last notes of a
song, a burst of applause and then
the low, soothing hum of another
brief chorus. Larry was still down-
stairs, singing now for the bored,
idle ranch guests I had seen sitting
around the huge open fireplace. He
was singing in the same tender,
unself-conscious manner as when I
heard him first out on the range
when he had thought himself alone.

"I rode across a valley range
I had not seen for years . . ."

Carlotta stopped with a web of
intricate lace in mid-air, and did
not move nor speak until he finished
the final words with their ominous
threat:

"But don't you fence me in!"

"Hmmm. Not bad singing."

Carlotta's tone was calculating.

"Not bad!" I exclaimed involun-
tarily. "Why, it's far more than
singing. It's the voice of the West.
When you hear it you can see the
great plains of Wyoming and the
purple mountains; you can smell the
sagebrush and the poplars—"

"Well!" Carlotta's amusement
woke me from my daze. "If this
guy can make our little untouched
Melody go poetic over him, he's got
something none of our other talent
ever had. Maybe I'd better take
back what I said about not signing
any more singing cowboys."

I jumped. "Oh, Carlotta, you're
not—"

"Why not?" she snapped briskly.
"Take down that phrase you used.
What was it—"the voice of the West'
and the rest of it. I'm going to have
myself a little talk with your Larry
Smith."

"Oh, no. Please—"

She turned and stood looking
back at me with her gamin grin.
"What is this, child?"

"It's just—" I floundered miser-
ably, trying to figure out exactly
what I did mean. "I don't know,
but he doesn't belong in New York
—in radio. It would ruin him. He
belongs here. He wouldn't fit into
your—our kind of world."

She laughed. "Oh, yes, he'll fit.
When we're through with him."

Helplessly, I watched her dart
out the door. I typed furiously
to keep from hearing what she
would say. I could imagine the
startlingly forthright opening that
had caught many a far more sophis-
ticated man off guard and swept
him inevitably along into agreement
with her plans before he realized
where he was heading. It always
worked.

But this time it must not work!
I found myself suddenly full of de-
termination to block Carlotta's game.
It was my duty. This was just a
naive, honest, friendly guy, com-
pletely vulnerable to her practiced
routines. He had no idea what he
was up against, and I did. How
could I stand by and see her take
his life, as she had taken so many
others, and wring from it every drop
of profit and then toss it away, use-
less for everything that had mat-
tered to him?

I gathered up my signed letters,
dashed with them to the rustic mail-
box on the veranda, then ran to
stand in the dim light of the French
windows of the great pine-paneled
living room.

The crowd had thinned out. Only
a few determined bridge players
still sat near the roaring flames of
the huge stone fireplace. That meant
Larry had left. I ran down the
dusty path to the corral. I thought
I saw the outline of a tall figure
standing beside a horse as I came
near, but nothing moved. I slowed
my steps. When I reached him,
what could I say? I couldn't come
dashing up like a breathless school-
girl and stammer out that he must
be aware of Carlotta's wicked wiles.

As I hesitated, I heard Larry's
laugh. It was shy, low, husky with
an embarrassment that was boyish
and—lovable. "Thank you kindly,"
he said, "but I guess I can't take
that in one dose. Eastern folks may
move a lot faster than we do out
here, but I still don't figure any
woman would fall for me that fast—"

"Darling, listen." Carlotta's voice
was pleading, urgent, and she was
standing so close to him that their
silhouettes almost merged into one.
"You come with me and I'll show
you!"

He said slowly, his voice a shade
rougthened, "If I thought I could
hope—" He broke off, began again.
"How can you know a thing like this
—so soon?"

She said, "You don't need time
to know a thing like that. It's just
like the way I felt when I heard you
singing. To me you were the voice
of the West (Continued on page 79)
Orchestra leader, radio star, talent scout, movie actor, song writer (his latest composition is RADIO MIRROR's hit of the month), rich man, bachelor. No longer a crooning saxophonist, but a solid citizen of Hollywood, happy owner of a new seventeen-room California house, with a "for-sale" sign tacked on the door of his famous Maine lodge—dead symbol of his jazz career. More proud of his private den than of newspaper clippings, of his recordings of the world's great musical classics than of jive. Strongest desire: to be an actor accepted by the critics. Reason he might succeed: coaching by John Barrymore with whom he shares honors on the Vallee Sealtest radio broadcast every Thursday night on NBC.
Every Hour Of The Day

From dawn till dark you’ll be humming this new hit tune by an expert in hit tunes—Rudy Vallee, who plays it on his Thursday night program on the NBC-Red

Lyrics by
DICK MACK

Music by
RUDY VALLEE and ELIOT DANIEL

From the time that the roosters start a crow-in' till the time that the starlight is a glow-in' From the moment day's begun from the dawn till setting sun Darling, I love you From the time that the day-light starts a stream-in' till the time that the candle-light is gleam-in' When the sun is rising high, and the moon is in the sky Darling I love
The birds and the bees hum happy melodies they're happy because they know. The flowers and the trees are swaying in the breeze and whispering I love you.

So from the time that the farmer starts his hayin' till the time that he's done with evening prayin' as the minutes fade away every hour of the day darling I love you. From the you.
THE STORY:
EVER since Jim Jackson was crippled in a fall from the scaffold of a house he was building, Martha's greatest problem had been to keep alive in him the will to live. Her other worries—earning a living for Jim and herself and their two children—often seemed unimportant compared to this much more difficult task. For Jim was moody, embittered by his helplessness, only half convinced that Martha, in spite of her steadfast loyalty, could really love the wreck of a man he felt himself to be.

With what money she could scrape together, Martha converted the front part of their home into a neighborhood grocery store, and took in a lodger, faithful George Harrison, who after a time could not hide his hopeless love for her. By saving every penny, Martha even managed to send Jim to an expensive sanitarium, where for a while it seemed he might be cured. But when he returned home, the doctors told Martha their hopes of seeing him walk again would never come true. Martha kept the news from Jim, for his belief that he would get better had already made a new man of him. But her plans to help him over the inevitable disappointment when he learned the truth were shattered. Coming home one evening after leaving Jim alone with his sister, Cora, she was horrified to hear him demand that she divorce him.

MARThA stared. She was aware that she looked silly, standing there, but she couldn't move.
She forced herself to take a deep breath. She forced herself to put down her hat and turn around, as though these simple, normal actions could inject some sanity into what was going on.

"What did you say, Jim?" she asked quietly.
"I said I want you to divorce me," Jim repeated.
Martha's first thought was that he was making a terribly ill-conceived joke. She looked at him. He didn't look like that. He looked unhappy.
Suddenly, Martha noticed Cora's knitting on the sofa. Cora must have been very upset to have forgotten her knitting, Martha thought. And then, she knew.
"When did Cora leave?" she asked. "What did she say to you?"
Jim's face colored hotly. "Cora didn't say—"

Jim's sudden words robbed Martha of all power to move. She could not even breathe.

"Yes, she did," Martha said.
"She's told you what Dr. Ryan said. She knew you weren't supposed to know, but—"
"That's right!" Jim interrupted angrily. "She refused to treat me like a child—like the rest of you—"
Martha passed a trembling hand...
It was his fierce pride that made Jim demand a divorce—and Martha knew this, but it did not lessen her heartache. How could she convince him that all his doubts of her were mistaken, and that she had never stopped—never would stop—loving him?

Read Woman of Courage as a moving love story, then tune it in daily, Monday through Friday, over the CBS network, sponsored by Octagon Soap in the East, Crystal White in the West. Photographic illustrations posed by Esther Ralston as Martha, Albert Hecht as Jim, Horace Braham as George.

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Jim’s face tightened and his eyes flashed with something that was almost hate.

“You think I need you! But I don’t need you!” he almost shouted at her. “I don’t need anyone.”

“Darling,” Martha begged, “listen—”

“I want you to divorce me,” Jim said stubbornly. “I don’t care to discuss it any further.” Quickly, he wheeled himself across the living room and into the downstairs room that had been his, ever since his accident.

Martha ran after him. She had no idea what she could say, but she felt she mustn’t let him go like that. “Jim, please,” she said. “We must—let’s talk this out.”

Jim turned to her from inside his room. “There is nothing to talk about,” he said coldly. Then, calmly, with terrible deliberation, he closed the door quietly in her face.

Martha stood there stunned. She could have understood, if he’d slammed the door. But this cold, deliberate shutting her out had a finality about it that froze her heart.

Mechanically, Martha locked the doors and put out the lights. She went upstairs and lay down on her bed, fully clothed. She had no energy for anything. It was as if something had died inside her.

He wanted a divorce! She could understand everything but that. She could understand that he was shocked. She could have understood, if he’d gone to pieces, if he’d hated her for her deception, if he’d abandoned himself to despair. But a divorce!

The tears came and Martha buried her face in her pillow to smother the sound of her weeping. For twenty years, she had been building what she thought was a perfect marriage, with love and devotion and understanding. And she had always thought that she had succeeded, that their love would weather any trial. But she had been wrong. Now, when Jim needed her and when she wanted—no, needed—to prove how deep her love for him was, he turned from her. He wanted to cast her out of his life.

When daylight streaked into her room and brought Martha’s thoughts back from the helpless muddle into which a night of tortured soul searching had put them, Martha got up from her bed, wearily. She changed her rumpled clothes and washed, automatically. Then, she went downstairs and started breakfast.

Somehow, the sunny kitchen, the smell of the coffee and the sound of the sizzling bacon—all this, so normal and sensible—made the events of the night before even more incredible. Lucy and Tommy, their faces fresh and bright, came bounding down the stairs, drawn by the smell of food.

“Dad’s late, the lazy bones,” Lucy said. “I’ll get him.” And before Martha could stop her, she had danced out of the room. In a moment, she was back. “He says he doesn’t want any breakfast,” she said. “Doesn’t he feel well?”

“I—perhaps that’s it dear,” Martha said. She turned to the boy. “Tommy, I’d like you to dust the store shelves before you go to school.”

“Sure,” Tommy said, attacking his eggs.

Lucy eyed her mother curiously. Martha did her best to behave normally. She even tried to eat her breakfast. Tommy gulped down his milk and piled his dishes in the
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"Yes, she did," Martha said. "She's told you what Dr. Ryan said. She knew you weren't supposed to know, but—"

"That's right!" Jim interrupted angrily. "She refused to treat me like a child—like the rest of you!—Martha passed a trembling hand over her eyes. She now knew that he would probably never walk again. He couldn't even be angry with Cora. She knew Cora had only done it because she loved her brother. And, in a way, it was a relief not to have to pretend any longer.

"But, Jim," Martha said softly, "a divorce. Why? Why?"

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"Sure," Tommy said, attacking his eggs.

Lucy eyed her mother curiously. Martha did her best to behave normally. She even tried to eat breakfast. Tommy gulped down his milk and piled his dishes in the
sink dutifully. Lucy waited until he had closed the door behind him, then she turned to Martha.

"Mother," she said quietly, "what is it?"

Martha looked at her daughter. There was no point in trying to hide anything from those bright, young eyes.

"Last night," Martha said, "your father asked me to divorce him."

FOR a moment, Lucy looked as though she were going to laugh. Then she said, "I don't believe it. Why?"

Martha had no answer for that. In a whole, sleepless night, she had found no answer to that. But she did best to explain to Lucy what had led up to Jim's decision.

"That Aunt Cora!" Lucy said angrily. "She never knows when to mind her own business. What did she have to tell him for?"

"You mustn't blame her," Martha said. "She was only doing what she thought was right."

"That's the trouble," Lucy cried. "Aunt Cora's always doing something cruel and mean for someone else's good."

"Lucy!"

Martha and Lucy started. Cora was standing in the back door, her face pale and pinched.

"What do you mean by that, Lucy?" Cora asked.

"You know what I mean," Lucy flared out, shaking off Martha's restraining hand. "You had to tell Dad that he'll never get well. And now he wants Mother to divorce him," Lucy cried. Suddenly, she covered her face with her hands and ran blindly from the kitchen.

"Martha," Cora whispered brokenly, "you don't think—"

"No, Cora," Martha said. "I don't think you suspected this would happen. I understand." Cora's lips were trembling. "Here, sit down. I'll give you some coffee."

"I—I couldn't help it, Martha," Cora said softly. "He talked and talked about what he was going to do when he could walk again—and—I couldn't bear it."

Cora began to cry, quietly. Martha patted her thin shoulder and went silently about her work in the kitchen.

"Oh!" Jim said from the doorway. "I thought you had all finished breakfast."

Martha watched him dumbly. He was turning his chair to go away. Cora jumped to her feet.

"Jim Jackson!" Cora cried. "You wait and listen to me, now!" She strode to his side and grasped his shoulder. "What's this nonsense about a divorce? How can you be such a fool?"

"It's not nonsense," Jim said calmly. "I've made up my mind, Cora."

"You've lost your mind," Cora said. "Where will you go? How will you live?"

"I'll find someplace to live," Jim said quietly. "As for money—now that I know Dr. Ryan's treatments are useless, I can use the money I earn from my carving to live on. It'll be plenty for a cripple." Martha could see what an effort it cost him to say the word.

"And what about Martha?" Cora asked angrily.

Jim caught his breath. But he pulled himself together quickly enough. "Martha?" he said gently, almost with clinical detachment. "Martha will be better off without me. Martha's an attractive woman. She's young enough to marry again and find some happiness with a man she can respect and love, someone who can take care of her and Lucy."

He hadn't even looked at Martha. He was talking as though she weren't there. "Oh, Jim!" she cried. "Don't—don't—The bell in the store tinkled. "There's someone in the store, Martha," Jim said. "I don't care," Martha said. "This is more important. Jim, please—let's talk this over. I'm sure we can—"

"There's someone in the store, Martha," Jim repeated firmly. And the next minute, he had wheeled himself back to his room and closed the door.

Martha had no idea how she got through that morning. She waited on customers and made change and wrapped packages, almost mechanically, without ever once being conscious of what she was doing. And all the while, her mind was on Jim.

By four in the afternoon, she was worn out from her sleepless night and the nervous strain of her day. She was sitting behind the counter of the momentarily empty store, with her head in her hands, when Lillian bustled in.

"Guess what, Martha!" Lillian shrilled. "I got a card from George Harrison in California. He sends his regards to everyone. But I suppose you got a card, too. Or a letter? Martha, did you hear from George?"

"—" Martha gathered herself together. "Maybe. I haven't looked at the mail, yet. I've—been too busy."

"Martha!" Lillian exclaimed. She narrowed her eyes and peered at her sister. "What on earth's the matter?"
"I'm just tired," Martha hedged. "You've been crying," Lillian said. And, because she knew it was better to let Lillian know than to parry her question, Martha told her everything. "Well, good riddance, I say," Lillian observed. "Don't you dare say such a thing!" Martha flared up. Her temper was wearing very thin, by this time. "I love Jim. And nothing can ever change that."

"More fool you," Lillian said, stalking to the door. Several times in the next days, Martha tried to approach Jim, without success. He had built a wall of silence and unhappiness about him, through which it was impossible to break. He rarely left his room and he wouldn't let anyone but Tommy do anything for him. Martha didn't know what to do, where to turn. Lucy avoided her father, the confusion of her torn loyalties being too much for her. Martha went about her duties, more or less evading Jim, for fear he would mention the divorce, ask her what she was doing about it. And she would be unable to answer him.

Then, one afternoon, the bell in the store rang and Martha looked up and it was George Harrison. Her first impulse was to run to him and cry out her heart on his shoulder.

"Hello, Martha," George smiled and put out his hand. "It's good to see you, George," Martha said, governing her impulse. Strange, she thought, that just having him there made her feel better, safer. "Did you have a nice vacation?"

"Fine," George said. And he started to tell her of the places he'd been and the things he'd done.

Martha wasn't listening to his words. Vaguely, she heard his voice and found comfort in it. Suddenly, it occurred to her how much she had missed him. She saw then, that without knowing it, she had come to depend very heavily on George for sympathy, for understanding, for kindness. And it seemed strange, yet somehow right, that he was always there when she needed him.

"Martha, you haven't heard a word I said," George grinned.

"Oh! Oh, yes, George," Martha said quickly. He took her hand. "Something's wrong, Martha," he said gently. "Maybe I can help. Don't you want to tell me?"

Martha looked at him gratefully. But she couldn't tell him. He couldn't help her in this. It wouldn't be fair to ask him, knowing that he loved her. "No," Martha said. "Nothing's wrong."

"I see," George said. He smiled into her eyes and she knew he understood.

The door from the house opened and Jim wheeled himself into the store. He hadn't been near Martha for days. Now, he had come in of his own accord. Martha's heart beat faster. Maybe he had changed his mind!

"Jim!" George exclaimed, going back to him. They shook hands heartily. "You're looking fit. It's wonderful to see you people again."

"It's good to see you, too," Jim said. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were sharp, speculative. They darted quickly from George to Martha and back again.

And Martha, watching him, knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that she and George—that with him out of the way! Martha wanted to cry out in protest. There was a short, heavy pause. George regained his composure first.

"How about coming down to the Taver with me, Jim?" he said. "We'll have a glass of beer to celebrate my return."

Martha expected Jim to refuse, but he didn't. He even allowed George to push his wheelchair through the store and out to the street.

Jim stayed out so long that Martha worried for fear that something had happened to him. But, when she saw him wheeling himself down the street, sitting more erect than he had for weeks, her heart bounded with hope. Maybe he had talked to George and George had cleared things up.

But she was wrong. Jim stopped in the store for only a moment. "Martha," he said, "you haven't started divorce proceedings."

"No," Martha admitted. "I thought—I hoped you'd—"

"I haven't changed my mind," Jim said. His eyes were cold and distant.

There was no evading the issue, Martha thought wildly, searching for words that would postpone action. "You must see a lawyer," Jim went on. "What will I tell him?" Martha asked. "Tell him it was cruelty—mental cruelty."

"But Jim," she objected helplessly, "no judge would believe that. Everyone here knows you, knows all about you and that you couldn't be cruel."

"Well, let the lawyer find some other reason," Jim said, turning and wheeling himself into his own room. Not because she hoped any longer that waiting would change Jim's mind but (Continued on page 69)
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Martha looked at her daughter. There was no point in trying to hide anything from those bright, young eyes.

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"What about Cora?" Lucy said anxiously. "She never knew when to mind her own business. What did she have to tell him for?"

Martha didn't know herself, either. "I'm afraid she never thought it."

"That's the trouble," Lucy cried. "Cora always does something cruel and mean for someone else's good."

"Lacy!"

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MARThA wasn't listening to his words. Voguely, she heard his voice and found comfort in it. Suddenly, it occurred to her how much she had missed him. She saw him then, that without knowing it, she had come to depend heavily on George for sympathy, for understanding, for kindness. And it seemed strange, yet somehow right, that he was always there when she needed him.

"Martha, you haven't heard a word I said," George protested.

"Oh!" Oh, yes, George," Martha said quickly.

He took her hand. "Something's wrong, Martha," he said gently. "Maybe I can help. Don't you want to talk?"

Martha looked at him gratefully. But she couldn't tell him. He couldn't help her in this. It wouldn't be fair to him, for he had loved her.

"No," Martha said. "Nothing's wrong."

"I see," George said. He smiled into her eyes and she knew he meant it.

The door from the house opened and Jim wheeled himself into the store. He hadn't been near Martha for days. Now, he had come in of his own accord. Martha's heart beat faster. Maybe he had changed his mind?

"Jim!" George exclaimed, going back to him. They shook hands heartily. "You're looking fit. It's wonderful to see you people again."

"It's good to see you, too," Jim said. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were sharp, speculative. They darted quickly from George to Martha and back again.

And Martha, watching him, knew what he was thinking. He was thinking about her and George—and that with him out of the way! Martha wanted to cry out in protest. There was a short, heavy pause. George regained his composure first.

"How about coming down to the Tavern with me, Jim?" he said. "We'll have a glass of beer to celebrate my return to you."

Martha expected Jim to refuse, but he didn't. He even allowed George to push his wheelchair through the store and out to the street.

Martha watched him go so long that Martha worried for fear that something had happened to him. But, when she saw him wheeling himself down the street, more erect than he had for weeks, her heart bounded with hope. Maybe he had talked to George and George had cleared things up.

But she was wrong. Jim stopped in the store for a moment. "Martha," he said, "you haven't started divorce proceedings."

"No," Martha admitted. "I thought—I hoped you would."

"I haven't changed my mind," Jim said. His eyes were cold and distant. "There was no evading the issue. Martha thought wildly, searching for words that would postpone action. "You must see a lawyer," Martha said.

"What will I tell him?" Martha asked.

"Tell him it was cruelty—mental cruelty."

"But Jim," she objected helplessly. "No judge would believe that. Everyone here knows you, knows you believe that. Everyone says it's too bad about you and that you couldn't be cruel."

"Well, let the lawyer talk some sense to you," Jim said, turning and wheeling himself into his own room. Not because she hoped any longer that what would change Jim's mind but...
UPPERMOST in every woman's mind this winter as she runs her household in the most efficient manner is the problem of a food budget. Defense of nation has meant defense in the kitchen; recipes must serve a dual purpose—they must call for new, delicious foods and they must point the way to save money.

That is why I became so excited about a friend's wonderful method of making use of every left-over scrap from the day's meals. Actually it is a modern, American version of the traditional French soup pot. This friend of mine keeps a large container in her ice box and into it, after every meal, she puts all the left-over food. For instance, say you are having hamburger steak with onions, potatoes and squash for dinner. When you've cooked the potatoes and squash, you pour the liquid off them into the ice box container. After the dinner is over, add to the container all the small left-over portions of potatoes, squash, onions and hamburger with its gravy. The next day you will have a delicious, thick, nourishing soup to serve for lunch or dinner. That night, you will again add the liquid from the freshly cooked vegetables, along with the left-overs of the vegetables themselves, and whatever else you served for your dinner. That will mean a third day's thick soup. Don't hesitate to add to this "soup pot" even such casserole dishes as macaroni and cheese. All kinds of vegetables can be used, bones from roasts (or simmered and their liquid used), even salad ingredients such as tomatoes, celery, parsley and even watercress and chopped celery leaves, for flavor, along with herb seasonings such as thyme, basil, sage, savory, marjoram or rosemary. When meats or gravies have been added, excess fat should be skimmed off the next day before the soup is heated. A new kettle with fresh ingredients should be started about every third day.

If you've cherished the belief that things which are good for you are dull to eat, you have been passing up excellent ways of serving delicious foods at a minimum of cost. It is these "variety" meats which I am going to recommend to you this month as an ideal way of saving money and giving the family—and yourself—something new. Meats such as liver, heart, kidneys and brains, which are rich in vitamins and minerals, are also highly prized by gourmets.

### Brains with Black Butter

- 1 set calf's brains
- 2 tbsls. vinegar
- 4 tbsls. butter
- 1 tsp. minced parsley
- Pinch salt
- Dash pepper

**By Kate Smith**

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.
Wash brains in cold water, remove skin, arteries and membranes and soak for one hour in cold water to cover. Drain, cover with boiling water, add 1 tablespoon vinegar and simmer very slowly (fast cooking will make brains fall apart) for 15 to 20 minutes. Blanch by plunging into cold water, then drain. Break into segments or slice in half and pan-fry lightly for 5 minutes, using just enough butter to prevent sticking. Serve with black butter, made by cooking remaining butter over low flame until black but not burned, then adding remaining vinegar, together with salt, pepper and parsley.

Kidney Stew

1 doz. lamb kidneys
2 medium onions, cut fine
1 bay leaf
1/4 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
4 lb. mushrooms (optional)
1 tbl. minced parsley
1 scant tbl. flour

Skin kidneys (your butcher will probably do this for you if you ask him to), cut in thin crosswise slices, cover with cold water and bring slowly to boil. Drain and throw water away. Return kidneys to cooking pot, pour on sufficient cold water barely to cover, add onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper and simmer very, very slowly for one hour. (If you use mushrooms, they should be sliced and added at the end of the first half hour of cooking.) Thicken to desired consistency with flour and add parsley. If desired, just before serving add tomato catsup, sherry wine or Worcestershire sauce to taste.

Kidneys en Brochette

1/2 doz. lamb kidneys
1/2 lb. mushrooms
6 slices bacon
1 tbl. melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Skin kidneys and cut crosswise into "bite size." Alternate kidney, mushroom and cross-slices of bacon on long skewers. Brush with melted butter, add salt and pepper and broil, turning frequently, until kidneys are brown and tender (about 15 minutes). For those meatless days try this tempting dish of baked fish fillets—a new recipe to delight everyone.

Baked Fish Fillets

1 1/4 lbs. fish fillets (haddock, flounder, etc.)
3 tbls. butter
3 medium onions
1/4 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
Dash mace
Juice of one lemon
1/2 wineglass sherry or white wine

Slice onions in thin rings and saute lightly in butter until golden but not brown. Make a bed of half the onions in bottom of baking dish, place fish fillets on top, and cover with remaining onions. Sprinkle with salt, add pepper and dust lightly with mace. Add lemon juice and wine and bake at 350 degrees until fish is tender and brown on top (12 to 18 minutes), depending on thickness of fillets. If preferred, omit lemon juice and wine and substitute milk for liquid.

Baked Stuffed Heart

1 beef heart
6 slices bread (stale or toasted)
1/4 tsp. sage
1/4 tsp. rosemary
1/4 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. pepper
2 tbl. shortening
2 medium onions, chopped fine
1/2 cup chopped celery leaves
1/2 cup boiling water
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
2 tbls. lemon juice
1 can mushroom or tomato soup

Wash heart in cold water, remove any hard parts and soak in cold water to cover for one hour. Drain, cover with boiling water and parboil slowly for 30 minutes, drain again. For stuffing, roll bread into coarse crumbs and combine with dry seasonings. Saute onion and celery lightly in shortening, add boiling water, lemon rind and juice and combine with dry mixture. Place heart in buttered casserole, pour on soup and bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. until tender (about 2 hours).
It took a popular song to skyrocket bandleader Tommy Tucker to stardom, and here he is talking it over with Mitz, his wife. Left, Tommy's vocalist, Amy Arnell, takes off her shoes when she sings.

AFTER a tour of the east and midwest, Kay Kyser is back on the west coast for a six-month stretch which will include work on the new RKO movie, "My Favorite Spy." One of the reasons the "professor" should be glad to be back in Hollywood is that his ex-vocalist, Ginny Simms, is out there, originating her solo CBS shows.

The Jan Savitts are the proud parents of a baby girl. Incidentally, Jan has re-hired his colored swing singer, Bon Bon.

Helen O'Connell has sufficiently recovered from her appendectomy to resume her vocal duties with Jimmy Dorsey.

Have you noticed how improved the musical selections of your favorite bandleaders have been since the ASCAP settlements?

Following the Harry James and Artie Shaw trends, Charlie Barnet plans to add a string section to his band early in 1942.

Teddy Powell was doing splendidly at Rustic Cabin, a Jersey roadhouse. The crowds were enthusiastic. The network wires were plentiful. Then the place burned down, taking with it a good portion of Powell's music library and many band instruments.

That Benny Goodman keeps on making news. No sooner had he added Sid Weiss to his band as the new bass player, than he started to experiment with a quartet consisting of piano, drums, trombone and clarinet. This wasn't enough to keep him busy so he started to make plans for another concert engagement, when he pulls out of the Hotel New Yorker in January. Off the baizeband Benny is busy putting his New Connecticut home in shape. This abode has set the gossipers busy predicting Benny about to take himself a wife.

Count Basie is out of New York's Uptown Cafe Society and the spot has reverted to a more intimate type of jazz as expounded by John Kirby and Eddie South.

There is still time to vote for your favorite band in Radio Mirror's annual Facing the Music popularity poll. You'll find a convenient ballot at the end of this column.

Raymond Paige has organized a 45-piece orchestra composed of talented musicians, ranging in age from 16 to 25. He calls the group "Young Americans" and their first effort is a handsome Victor record album.

To set up this group, Paige interviewed 1,200 applicants, auditioned 800. He found one younger than a soda fountain, another driving a truck. One of his girl violinists was formerly a house maid.

THIS CHANGING WORLD

Xavier Cugat is due to make a new movie. . . . Bobby Warren, formerly Mark Warnow's arranger, has turned songwriter. He has two hits, "City Called Heaven" and "Number 10 Lullaby Lane". . . . Johnny Long is on the air fourteen times weekly from Meadowbrook via CBS and MBS. Long's band returns to the New Yorker in the Spring following Woody Herman there. . . . Mitchell Ayres goes into Chicago's (Continued on page 73)
Selena Royle—who plays the title role in CBS' popular serial drama, Kate Hopkins, every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45, E.S.T.

Most actors and actresses who talk about "wanting to get away from it all and buy a nice quiet little home in the country," don't really mean what they're saying and wouldn't willingly go farther from Times Square than Hoboken. Selena is different. She wanted a home in the country so badly that she has actually bought one in Pennsylvania, and gets up very early every morning to make the long trip to New York and her broadcast rehearsals. The house is something to see, too—it's an old schoolhouse that Selena has completely remodeled, and is the apple of her eye.

Selena is the daughter of a theatrical family. Her mother was Selena Fetter, a famous star of an earlier day, and her father is Edwin Milton Royle, noted playwright and author of "The Squaw Man," which was made into Hollywood's very first movie by Cecil B. DeMille.

She made her stage debut when she was sixteen, acting in her father's play, "Lancelot and Elaine." After that she appeared in about forty plays on Broadway and troupied in stock. She was one of the first stage actresses to invade radio, and up to four years ago divided her time between the microphone and the footlights. Now, though, she sticks to radio, although she might go back on the stage if she could find a play she liked.

Honey-haired and lovely (that's her picture as Kate Hopkins you'll find on page 13), Selena is one of radio's nicest people. She is chairwoman of the Radio Division of the American Theater Wing for British War Relief, and during the depression was the originator and leader of an organization called the Actors' Dinner Club, which maintained a place where out-of-work actors could get free meals.

Radio directors like to have Selena in their casts because she's always cooperative and easy to work with, and never temperamental. Maybe that's the reason she has had parts in more than fifty daytime serials and night dramatic shows, which is something of a record.

She must have some leisure time, though, because she is the author of four pieces of work that are now going the rounds of publishers and producers—a children's book, a three-act play, a book on the technique of acting, and a radio serial. Her father, who should be an authority, says the play is a good one.
HE'S THE DREAM GUY,
ALL RIGHT!
(but he walked right out of the dream)

ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

- The inedible thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. But, don't fool yourself—others do.
- Sometimes, of course, halitosis is systemic. But most cases, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes.
- So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has become a daily “must” with so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morning and night, and before business and social engagements.
- This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)
HAYE YOU TUNED IN...

Lucy Monroe, singing on Manhattan Mercury-Go-Round, sponsored by Dr. Lyons Toothpawder, on NBC-Red every Sunday night at 9:00, E.S.T.

THEY DOING THE LARGEST lady who, quite by accident, has become the country's foremost singer of "The Star Spangled Banner." She has sung it more times than you could count, in splendid patriotic rallies, benefit performances, in Army camps and in the big musical production called "American Jubilee" which was one of the highlights of the New York World's Fair. Lucy is well-equipped to sing the National Anthem, because she has a lovely clear soprano voice, and also because she herself was born in America and received all of her early education here.

It isn't easy to go from the back row of the chorus in a musical comedy to grand opera and "The Star Spangled Banner" but Lucy did it. She progressed from the chorus to a singing part in a musical comedy, but lost the job because the director said she was too unsophisticated. That switched her interest to more operatic kinds of music, and maybe was a good thing for her. Anyway, she made the grade, and has sung in several different opera companies, although never the Metropolitan, and with the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

She isn't sure just how she started singing "The Star Spangled Banner." In 1937 she was invited to be the American Legion's official soloist, and of course she sang it there. In "American Jubilee" she sang it several times a day, in the finale of the show, and by that time the tradition was established that if the Anthem was to be sung in public, Lucy Monroe was the best person to get. She travels all over the country, and has sung in over 1200 performances of the show, and has sung every time she has appeared.

Specializing in the Anthem made her the logical person for RCA-Victor to choose when they decided they needed a director of Patriotic Music. She holds that post now, and passes judgment on most of the patriotic music that's written, helping to decide what is worthy of being recorded. Also, she's a member of the Music Sub-Committee of the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation, which means that she goes to different camps organizing entertainments.

Inside KDKA Radio - Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

February, 1942
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
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**TUESDAY**

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<td>B/C/ST: BREAKFAST CLUB</td>
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Ralph Locke creates Papa David in popular Life Can Be Beautiful.

**HAVE YOU TUNED IN IN . . .**

Ralph Locke, as “Papa David,” in the popular CBS serial, Life Can Be Beautiful, sponsored by Ivory.

Papa David is one of the sweetest characters ever created by radio, and Ralph Locke, who has played him on the air ever since the serial started, has put a good deal of himself into this role and his interpretation. For instance, it would be just like Papa David to spend his leisure hours as Ralph’s spends his. Summers, Ralph and Mrs. Locke live in a cottage on City Island, an island at the entrance of Long Island Sound. He commutes back and forth from New York City, and does as much swimming as he possibly can.

Quite a few years ago a violent and sudden summer storm came up, and when it had passed, many bathers, caught unexpectedly in the water, were drowned. Many of them were children. That bothered Ralph so much that he constituted himself a sort of unofficial lifeguard for the scores of youngsters who swim at City Island beach. All summer long he’s on hand, a sharp eye out for signs of distress, and many a child owes his life to Ralph’s alertness and swimming ability. “It’s just a hobby,” Ralph says modestly.

In winter, the Lockes move to New York and live in a comfortable apartment halfway between the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, both of which Ralph attends religiously in the baseball season. He likes baseball better than the other sports, he says, because in it, when a player comes to bat, he’s entirely on his own. That appeals to Ralph more than the elaborate team-work of the other games.

Ralph is a broad-shouldered, slimly-muscled man of past middle age, and looks a lot younger than he is. He and Mrs. Locke have been married "more years than you’d believe." She used to be an actress, but he persuaded her to retire when they married. They have no children, and are obviously very much in love.

He has been an actor practically all his life, but snorts angrily if you suggest that acting is a glamorous profession. "It’s all artifice and no art," he says. "It’s a trade. Why should people applaud an actor for giving a good performance, any more than they applaud the grocer for building a good door? It’s his business to give a good performance!" Several times he’s been offered good contracts in Hollywood, but has always refused them. Just doesn’t like the movies. Similarly, when he was a leading man on the stage, he carefully fuddled any move on the part of managers to give him stardom. "You’re a star," he reasoning, "and have you to hunt a starring role. If you can’t find it, you’re out of work. But if you’re just a good actor and the play you’re in closes, there’s always another play. You keep on working." Ralph is a good actor, and he keeps on working.
Margo's an actress, a dancer, and a singer on Cugat's show.

**HAVE YOU TUNED IN...**

Margo, singing on Xavier Cugat's Camel-sponsored program, Thursday nights on NBC-Red, has a number of Beniamino's House.

It's quite appropriate for Margo to be on Xavier Cugat's show because Xavier is her uncle by marriage. In fact, it was Margo who was introduced to Carmen Cugat, Margo's aunt.

Margo is short—very, very short—fourteen years of age. She is the daughter of Margarita Guadalupe Bolido Castilla. She comes from an old Mexican family, and when she was a little girl she was brought up by her grandmother and her Aunt Carmen. Carmen, a singer, brought the little Margo with her to the United States. When Xavier Cugat met Carmen, in Hollywood, he first had to look at her to be sure that he had a chance to court her aunt. When he called Carmen on the telephone, Margo was there, and when she insisted on talking to him, she would be there when he came to call, and she stymied the romance completely until she had decided that he was good enough for Carmen.

Xavier and Carmen together fostered Margo's natural talent for dancing, and by the time she was in her teens she was dancing professionally with Xavier's orchestra. She was at the Waldorf-Astoria when Ben Hecht happened to see her. He was hunting for a girl to play the lead in a movie he was making, "Crime Without Passion," and Margo's strange little face—too flat to be called pretty, but with a haunting look of sadness—impressed him so much he gave her the part even though she'd never had any acting experience at all. That started her on an acting career that led her to both Hollywood and the Broadway stage.

Margo was married to Francis Lederer, the movie star, in 1937, but they're still together, although she wouldn't think so to hear them quarrel sometimes. Their Latin temperaments lead to violent scenes which mean nothing to Margo, and every now and then Xavier declares furiously that he'll have nothing more to do with his niece because she won't take his advice. Nobody is fooled, and in a short time they're friends once more.

Thanks to Xavier and Carmen, Margo's musical education includes the piano as well as singing and dancing, so that she could succeed as a pianist if she tired of her other jobs.

In New York, Margo lives at a hotel in the theatrical district and likes night clubs. She's rehearsing in a new play, in addition to her radio work, and is actively interested in Russian War Relief.

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**FRIDAY**

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**THURSDAY**

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<td>8:00</td>
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<td>KDKA: The Art Club</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: School of the Air</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: Stories of Our Lives</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh</td>
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<td>CBS: Big Brother</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: Honor of the Country</td>
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<td>NBC-Red: Woman of Courage</td>
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**Eastern Time**

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**FEBRUARY, 1942**
S I G H T L Y  S O U T H E R N

This month's cover girl is Dixie-born and blonde and you hear her in leading roles in two big daytime serials, Kate Hopkins and The Mystery Man.

LUCKILY, there's a full-color portrait of Delma Byron on the cover of this month's Radio Mirror, so there's no need to make an attempt at describing what she looks like. It couldn't be done adequately anyway—she's much too beautiful for words, with a beauty that leads you to believe it must be true what they say about Dixie.

For Delma is a Southern girl, who has kept just enough of her Southern accent to be interesting. Her father's a tobacco planter near Mayfield, Kentucky, and can't understand why his daughter is so crazy about the stage because none of her ancestors were that way. He approves, however, and always listens in as she plays Diane Pers Hopkins in the Kate Hopkins serial, or Iris Duluth on NBC's current Mystery Man story, "Red Roses and White Roses." Her mother died some years ago.

Delma first came to New York, at her father's expense, to study English and the arts at Columbia University. Stage-struck as she was, though, she cut more classes than she attended, and spent most of her time studying dramatic technique with Benno Schneider, the famous coach, or working as a photographer's model. (She walked into the Powers agency, left her picture there, and began to get calls for work just like that.) Finally, after a year and a half, she gave up college entirely and went out after a theatrical career full-time.

You've heard how hard it is to get jobs in the movies? Well, not for Delma. According to her, the hard thing is to get good ones. She went out to Hollywood as a Twentieth Century-Fox contract star and had one good part, the ingénue lead in a Shirley Temple picture, "Dimples," and a lot of bad ones in B pictures. So when her contract was up she came back to New York, toured for forty weeks in "The Women," acted in summer stock, and established herself in radio by winning a role in The Goldbergs. As anyone in radio can tell you, once Gertrude Berg's keen judgment has passed an actress, other casting directors who know Mrs. Berg's ability to pick talent will offer her plenty of work. That's the way it was for Delma.

Delma is twenty-five years old, single, and without matrimonial plans. She lives in a New York apartment and enjoye life very much. The two things she likes to do best are bowl and go to plays. She sees practically every show that opens on Broadway, unless it is so bad it closes before she gets a chance. In other words, she is still stage-struck. Like most New Yorkers-by-adoption, she loves the country, and seldom is in it. She wears clothes well, because she is slim and slightly taller than average, but doesn't go much for hats. That's all right, too, since her blonde hair, brushed so it glints, is better looking than any hat that was ever invented.
NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin’s engagement to S. Gail Borden Tenant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond’s Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer’s training at Fort Riley.

HER STARSAPPHIRE

Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. “I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it,” she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She’s ENGAGED!

She’s Lovely!

She uses Pond’s!

See how her SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond’s Cold Cream thick over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. “I adore the cool, clean feel Pond’s gives my face,” she says.

2. Eugenia RINSES with lots more Pond’s. Tissues off the cream again. This second time helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You’ll love Eugenia’s SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care with Pond’s Cold Cream. Use it every night—and for daytime clean-ups. See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier. You’ll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.

Send coupon for 5 POND’S Beauty Aids

1. Pond’s SOFT-SMOTH Glamour Cold Cream
2. Vanishing Cream
3. New Dry Skin Cream
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
5. Pond’s “Lips” (5 shades)

POND’S, Dept.IBM-CB, Clinton, Conn. Send me samples of 5 Pond’s Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

(Offer good in U.S. only)

FEBRUARY, 1942
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5) minister College and majored in journalism. She was the leading female character part in college dramatics led to a fellowship to the School of the Theater, Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, and there she studied for and obtained her Master's degree. After getting her degree she stayed at Western Reserve as publicity director of the University Theater, in her spare time writing and producing programs on Cleveland stations.

Then, early in 1941, she moved to New York, hoping to crack the Broadway theater. A few months were enough to show her how difficult it is to find an opening in that competitive world and, since Flo is more sensibel than most, she returned to Pittsburgh, joined the Pittsburgh Playhouse, persuaded KQV to let her do a program of theater news on the air, and before she knew it had become so well liked by listeners that Kaufmann's Department Store hired her to run a daily program for it on KQV. This she does very ably, with the assistance of Bob Prince, the sponsor's sports announcer.

Bill Monroe leads the Blue Grass Boys on WSM's long-run entertainment, the famous Grand Ole Opry.

He's neither actor nor commentator, yet many-voiced George Provol is heard daily on KDYL.
How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!"

Your face powder should improve your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn't do these things it is not a true cosmetic!

The whole secret is finding the exactly right shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!

You see, my powder is different because it's made differently! It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown and re-blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

FEBRUARY, 1942
John's Other Wife

(Continued from page 17) always made him feel good when his judgment of a man was justified.

That same night, when he got home, Elizabeth was in a strange state of excitement. "Come in here," she said even before he had his hat off. "I've got something to tell you."

He went into the living room and sat down. Elizabeth perched on the arm of his chair.

"We had a meeting of the Women's City Club this afternoon," she said. "Some of the girls wanted to give a big affair this winter, probably about Christmas time, and you know, just like a flash I thought of Marianne. I told the Committee about it and they put it up before the Club and everybody is just crazy about it. So I think we should hire Webster Hall and let Marianne give a solo recital."

"How do you know she's good enough?" John said.

"I'm sure she is," Elizabeth fairly danced across the room. "And doesn't Mr. Willison own Webster Hall?"

"Yes," John admitted. "I think he does, along with half the other things in London."

"That makes it very easy." Elizabeth couldn't keep the excitement from her voice. "You're the manager of his store. I'm sure you could arrange it."

"Yes," John admitted. "I could arrange it, but I hate to ask him for anything. He's not a man that gives favors very easily."

"But you wouldn't be asking him for anything!" Elizabeth protested. "We expect to pay rent."

"Well, all right then," John said. "I will speak to him. But I don't guarantee the results."

He stood up and reached for his tobacco jar. "My advice would be to talk to Marianne about it first."

SEVERAL times during the evening Elizabeth, unable to restrain her enthusiasm, brought up questions about the proposed concert.

"Listen, darling," John finally said, "I know less about music and concerts than any man you ever heard of, probably. If you want any help with the business arrangements, I'll do what I can for you. But the musical questions you'd better leave to Marianne, as I told you."

The press of business, the hundreds of people to see, the before-Christmas rush that gained speed and weight seemingly from itself, drove from John's mind all other thoughts until two days later when his secretary announced in the middle of a typically busy afternoon that Marianne Phillips wished to see him.

She came into the drab business office like a breath of sweet winter wind, roses glowing in her cheeks, wet little drops of melted snow glistering on the fur collar of her coat.

"Why, Marianne," John said. "What brings you here?"

Marianne's eyes glowed brightly. "I couldn't stay away," she said. "I had to come and thank you for all you've done for me."

"Oh, Elizabeth has told you, then?" said John.

"Yes, and it's the chance I've been waiting for. I'm sure I can do it. I'm sure I can make them like me. And thanks to you—and Elizabeth—and I'm going to have the chance."

"Why, it's nothing," John began. "Elizabeth's done everything, really. I had nothing to do with the plans.

Marianne threw open her coat. "Oh, but you did. Elizabeth told me how you were getting the hall and making all the business arrangements."

John couldn't help but notice the whiteness of her throat. "Oh, that," he said. "It's nothing."

"Well I think it's something," said Marianne.

The telephone on John's desk rang. He picked it up at once. "Yes. Yes, I'll come right down."

He turned to Marianne. "I'm sorry. I've got to go downstairs a minute. I know you'll excuse me."

"Of course," she said. "I didn't intend to intrude on your time. I really just came to thank you."

LATER, when John was back in his office, he fell to thinking of Marianne, of that sheer buoyancy, that vital quality she carried with her. It must have been the same thing he heard in her voice that afternoon he had come home early. It was the quality of youth calling to the world for adventure and excitement, the eagerness to meet the world on its own terms and conquer it.

Then, again he forgot. His days grew busier, his effort shorter. He never left the office until 7 o'clock and often it was later. He made the arrangements with Mr. Willison to use Webster Hall on the evening of the twenty-third of December. It was on a Thursday and Elizabeth said that it should be the best night of the whole year.

"I think we're all ready," Elizabeth said a few days later. "We've arranged for the piano and accompanist, and I've been trying to get Marianne to decide what she'll sing. The little minx doesn't seem to want to make up her mind."

"She will," John said. "Give her time. She's probably practicing a couple of hundred numbers right now and she'll decide on the ones she likes best."

Elizabeth moved to the piano and struck a chord. The Committee did a lovely thing today. They decided that Marianne was to have half the profits besides the flat fee we had arranged to pay her. If we sell all eight hundred seats at two dollars each as we plan, there should be enough left over for her to buy a piano.

"You mean she won't be practicing here any more?" John said.

"I thought you'd be glad to hear that," Elizabeth replied, smiling.

John opened his mouth to read without having answered Elizabeth.

ANY other day but the next, John thought, he would have been delighted to hear his secretary's voice telling him that his wife was outside and sees him. He had a fraction of a second, his eyes on the sheaf of work piled before him that take every minute of the rest of the day if it were to go on that way.

"Ask her to come in," he said.

His annoyance must still have been written on his face, for when Elizabeth came into the office.

"Oh I'm sorry," she apologized.

"No," John forced himself to say. "I couldn't get everything done any- way."

"It's just that I'm worried about Marianne," Elizabeth said.

John's annoyance vanished. "What's the matter?"

"She wouldn't say anything to me," Elizabeth said. "but Claire did. The poor girl hasn't a thing to wear for her concert. She just thought of that. Now she doesn't even want to go through with it."

"Why, that's silly—" John began.

"Yes," Elizabeth said hurriedly. "That's what I told Claire. I told her I would speak to you. Don't you think Marianne should come to the store and pick out an evening dress?"

John frowned. "I'd like to, Elizabeth," he said, "but I don't quite see how I can."

"Let her charge it," Elizabeth told him. "Until after the concert."

"Oh," John said, "I didn't know what you meant."

He pressed the buzzer on his desk. "I don't see why."

Kay Kyser and John Barrymore can't hide their faces behind those costumes—a scene from the new RKO-Radio musical, titled "Playmates," in which these two radio stars are featured.
"Lovely skin makes hearts beat faster"

MERLE OBERON

Alexander Korda Star

"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"

1. "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

2. "Then rinse with warm water—follow with a dash of cool—and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3. "Now touch your skin. See how soft it feels—how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— it's PURE! It has ACTIVE lather! It's MILO!
COMING NEXT MONTH!

Now that you have seen all your Mary Marlin friends as they really are in the Living Portraits on page 18, be sure to get your copy of the March issue of RADIO MIRROR to read the complete story of MARY MARLIN as a thrilling novel.

DON'T MISS THIS EXCITING NEW SERIAL

He walked behind the piano into the space made by the big bay window and looked out at the quiet winter scene. Snow fell gently, a drier snow than he remembered. It was a perfect winter night. He brought the piano closer to the window and played the melody from memory. The music filled the room, and he felt a sense of peace wash over him.

"The next afternoon Marianne came back to the office. This time he was downhearted to see her. "I have been thinking a lot since you came in," he said. "I haven't been able to do any work for a week. And I was just about to go home for a cup of tea. Now I'll have company."

Marianne seemed to sparkle all over. "I'd love that," she said. In the employees' lunch room John sat cross-legged on a stool and fell to thinking of the last time he had come down in the afternoon for tea, with Marianne. "You get too busy to do these things," John said, "and yet I think they do you good. If I have a breathing spell in the afternoon, a little talk like this and a little to eat, I do twice as much work the rest of the day."

"I'm glad I'm a good influence," Marianne smiled. "Aren't you going to tell me something?" he pleaded.

"Oh—just about what to sing," Marianne said. "I've gone over everything I know and nothing seemed just right for the song."

"You came to the wrong man," said John. "You should see your teacher for advice of that sort—but I have one thing to suggest—the song you were singing the night I came in and caught you.

"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes?"

"That's the one. I always liked that one."

Marianne was excited. "She sang it in church, and the organ was perfect."

"I think that's the one," John said. "It's the right key for your voice.

"Fine," John said. "Marianne was standing perfectly still, a half smile parting her lips. Highlights from the shining bodice had caught up the shaft of light, and it was as if she was thought. Like an eager child showing off proudly to her father. John thrust the unwelcome comparison aside and became engrossed in the scene that was the wax figure. She was holding the fluffy skirt away from her, was pirouetting around with fresh, youthful grace. He could see her face as she was thought. Like an eager child showing off proudly to her father. John thrust the unwelcome comparison aside and became engrossed in the scene that was the wax figure. She was holding the fluffy skirt away from her, was pirouetting around with fresh, youthful grace. He could see her face as she was thought."

"I—I think that's my choice," John said. "It's the right key for your voice."

"Well, I think we'll try it," Marianne said. "I'll bring you home, John called to her.

Afterwards, John thought of those moments with a quickening of feeling. Marianne was so fresh and unspoiled, a desirable woman to please a man.

"I—I think that's my choice," John said. "It's the right key for your voice."
was not in any sense prosaic. It made her eyes look deep and dark and transformed her hair into a shining cap. In her hand her hat swung gaily. She blabbered over, "I can hardly believe it's almost here. In another ten days I'll be on that stage—I know I'll be nervous."

"Don't think about it," John said. "You'll give the best recital this town ever heard."

Marianne grasped the lapels of his coat in her two hands. "If you believe I can do it, John, then I can," she said.

John couldn't resist touching her hair with his hand. "If you don't win them with your singing alone you will with the way you look," he said.

Before he could move, before he could say yes or no, Marianne had risen on her tiptoes and kissed him swiftly, fleetingly, squarely on the mouth. Then she was gone across the street, through traffic, and had disappeared into the crowd of late shoppers.

John stood there for a moment, a half smile crinkling his face, feeling the touch of her warm young lips. He turned about and went back into the store. It seemed dull and musty, robbed of all its freshness. Even his work was stale, though he could scarcely afford now any sense of disinterest, and in the evening, instead of going out, as he had thought he wanted to the day before, he found he simply wanted to stay home. Nothing Elizabeth proposed sounded good to him.

The next day at about the same time, John caught himself wondering whether Marianne would come again. At four, when she had not appeared, he went downstairs alone for tea. But the bare lunch room seemed today a cold, uninviting place, and he left hurriedly.

Several times that night, as he lay restlessly in his bed, he awakened to hear the muffled night noises of the city coming through thickly falling snow. And each time he found difficulty in going back to sleep. The even, quiet breathing of Elizabeth irritated him and he wished she would wake up so that he wouldn't have to hear her.

Nor was it any easier, the following afternoon, to concentrate on work. As early as two o'clock he found himself beginning to wonder whether Marianne would appear. Once he put his hand on the telephone, intending to call her, but drew it back before he made the call. At three o'clock his secretary said the words again, "Marianne Phillips to see you, Mr. Perry."

Magically the late December afternoon sun streamed in the window with new force. "Show her in," John said.

Marianne entered and as she did so the office door swung closed behind her. John stood up and Marianne came directly around the desk toward him. "John!" said Marianne, standing very close to him. "Would you do me another favor?"

"What?" John smiled.

"'I've been working on the program all day and I've just about decided to do an aria from Faust.' But I'd like to see the hall first and sing a few bars just to see if my voice is big enough to fill it."

John thought rapidly. "We can arrange that," he said. "Wait here a
That Thursday, just two days before Christmas, was another bright, glittering winter day. The Christmas trees on the lawns of the houses gave the whole town a festive aspect. Driving down to Webster Hall with Elizabeth at his side, John thought of the decorations in connection with Marianne. He couldn’t rid his mind of the thought that all this festivity was really for her. "Do you expect a big turnout, Elizabeth?" he asked anxiously.

Elizabeth was eager. "Of course. Everyone will be there. All the tickets were sold a week ago and we had had so many calls for more that we arranged to have some extra chairs in the rear of the auditorium. I think we could have sold twice as many."

In front of Webster Hall the cars drove up one by one to let out the people who were to hear Marianne sing. The doorman stood impeccably in evening clothes and the ushers scurried up and down the aisles. John and Elizabeth joined the throng and went inside. Their tickets were in the fifth row on the aisle, but as the usher led them down, Elizabeth turned impulsively to John. Dismay was in her voice. "John, we completely forgot the flowers!"

John shook his head in chaparr. "That’s right," he said, "and now it’s too late."

Elizabeth drew him out of the aisle. "No it isn’t," she said. "That store down on Main Street is still open. You can run down there and get the biggest bouquets they have."

And when he hesitated, she said, "John, you’ve got to. She’ll be broken hearted!"

It was farther than he had thought to the shop and the florist, in his excitement, took seemingly forever to bind the ribbons and cut the stems to the right length. Then, when finally the flowers were wrapped up and the florist paid, John skidded back over the icy streets to the stage door and found the head usher to explain about

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer than the napkin they’d been buying

From a guest appearance to a permanent spot on the Old Gold Show, Mondays on the NBC-Blue network. That’s what happened to Bert Wheeler (left) and Hank Ladd, popular comedy team.
handing the flowers up to Marianne on the stage, two bouquets after the first series of songs, and the others after the concert was ended.

It had taken too long! By the time John had run back to the front of the hall and hurried through the lobby, Marianne had started her first song. First faintly, and then more clearly, he could hear her voice echoing through the hall. Something was wrong—what was it? Quietly he opened the door into the auditorium and stood a moment in the blackness at the rear, listening. Was it because he had come so hurriedly out of the accustomed noise of the street that Marianne's voice sounded so thin, so tremulous? But then he sensed the restlessness of the audience, half heard the slight stirring, could see some turn and look uneasily at each other. His heart began to beat in anger and fear. What was the matter? Then Marianne had finished her first song and polite applause scattered across the aisles.

John stepped forward and strode down to where Elizabeth was sitting. As he walked down towards the footlights he looked up and saw Marianne had caught sight of him. He smiled and tried to send confidence and hope to her. A look of gratitude came into her expression: John could see it. He seated himself, the pianist began the introduction to the second song. This time she began with assurance. John felt that she was looking directly at him, singing directly to him. Sitting listening, his memory swept John back to that afternoon again when Marianne sang in the half-darkened living room with the snow clouding the window panes, while he stood in the vestibule listening.

Suddenly from the stillness around him, from the raptness on people's faces and in their attitudes, he could tell that Marianne was no longer failing. He sank down into a kind of blissful oblivion, his eyes riveted on the slender, beautiful girl on the stage, his ears filled with the strains of the haunting old song, his mind filled with the knowledge that she sang directly to him and to him alone. He knew now why she had done badly on the first number. He could see it all. Marianne had looked distressedly for him in the audience, searching out Elizabeth, looking anxiously at the empty seat beside her and wondering if he were coming at all. And he knew that Marianne loved him. Just how or why was not important. But she did. That much he knew.

When the last number on the program had been sung, the crowd stood up and clamped for more, the rafter rang from applause. It was obvious to everyone that Marianne blushed for sheer joy, and everyone loved her for it. She sang three encores, and each time the audience refused to let her go. Finally she made a little speech and told them she was tired, but would repeat one more song for them. It would be—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms..."

Elizabeth had arranged a reception for Marianne at their house after the concert. John wanted to talk to Marianne, to be near her, but somehow he was never alone with her. The evening seemed too short. Before he knew it Marianne had left with the Bartletts, and he and Eliza-
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Joan Blondell (Lovely Hollywood Sat)

All day he expected Marianne to come to his office and in the middle of the afternoon she did.

"You were wonderful," John told her. "That’s the biggest success this town has seen in years."

Marianne threw her arms around him impulsively and kissed him. "It was all because of you, John," she said. "I couldn't have done it without your help."

"Yes you could," John said. "I didn't do anything to speak of."

"Then do something for me now," Marianne said. "Help me celebrate. Oh I just can't believe it's really true, that it's really happened." Her eyes sparkled; her young lips, fresh, faintly moist, expressive, made John laugh delightedly.

"I thought we'd celebrated last night."

"Oh that. But that was with everyone. I mean just by ourselves, the two of us."

"Why—" he was about to chide her gently. But he never finished his sentence. His eyes swept the desk, seeing only routine, dull, binding work that could wait, then back to Marianne’s face, eager, expectant.

"Can’t we?"

"Why not?" John surrendered to the impulsiveness that stirred within him. He took his hat, slung his coat over his arm. "Come on, what are you waiting for?" Her arm through his, they hurried out of the office, without a backward glance at the surprised secretary staring after them.

"Cocktails, tea, dancing, what have you?" John turned to Marianne beside him in the car, a warm woolen blanket wrapped around her legs.

"A ride!" Marianne exclaimed.

"A ride in the snow."

"Good." John turned away from the shopping district, out towards the River Road.

"I didn’t get a chance last night," Marianne said, "to tell you how much I liked everything—the flowers and the people, the auditorium, and you, sitting there listening to me."

John gripped the steering wheel harder, until his knuckles showed white. "Why did you like to have me sitting there?" he asked quietly.

Marianne’s long lashes brushed against her cheek. "Because you knew what I was trying to say."

"What were you trying to say?" John said evenly.

Just then they came to a level place beside the road where the snow had been cleared away. Now—now was the time to decide. John pulled the car off the road and stopped it just above the river bank. Finally Marianne spoke.

"You know what I was trying to say, darling. That I love you and need you."

In spite of himself, in spite of his foreknowledge, John felt a sense of shock. "Marianne, you mustn’t say that!"

Marianne’s lower lip quivered a little. "I must, because it’s true."

John put his arms around her and drew her toward him. Her head fell...
on his shoulder so that the little hat she wore was pushed back and her soft fragrant hair brushed against John’s cheek and nostrils with its perfume.

There was a catch in his throat. “Don’t forget Elizabeth.”

“I’m not forgetting Elizabeth. Why do you think I am sad?”

John put his hand against the side of her face as it lay against his shoulder. It came away with the ghosts of tears clinging to it. “Don’t cry, darling,” he said. “It’s all right. You don’t have to cry.”

He was shaken, deeply disturbed.

Marianne was young, unutterably, achingly desirable and she loved him. To many men that would have been enough. To John it was a signal of danger. She drew him and attracted him. He wanted her from the bottom of his heart. Yet he pulled the car back on the road, letting Marianne stay inside the circle of his arm.

The sun had gone down now and they drove back in silence. In a few minutes Marianne took out a small white handkerchief and dried her tears. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to cry. But John, dear, what’s going to happen to us?”

John kept his eyes fastened on the road. “I don’t know, Marianne, I don’t know. Last night, when you sang, I knew then what had happened to us.” He moved his arm impatiently.

“I’m almost old enough to be your father,” he continued, half to himself. “I’m a settled, respectable business man with a wife and two children and a household to look after. You’re young and gay—and very beautiful—and wonderful to be with. And I know, too, what people will say. But none of that seems to mean anything, Marianne. I just don’t know.”

Marianne forced a smile to her lips and linked her arm through John’s as he drove. But her voice was tremulous. “You know I love you, John, and anything you say or do will be all right with me.”

After he had left Marianne he drove home, and alone in the car he faced for the first time the thing he must do. He had heard so many times of men his age—in their thirties—finding a young girl and leaving their wives and families. John had never had sympathy for them. Yet here he was—at the same crossroads. He could ask Elizabeth for a divorce, marry Marianne and try to grow young again—forget his age and all he had done. Or he could say goodbye to Marianne and settle again into that easy, padded rhythm that had become his life.

It was really a choice between youth and age, he faced. How could he be long in doubt?

John had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. There were things to be done at home, things that must be done to keep the children happy. And yet when he got there he had no heart for these simple little tasks.

The instant Elizabeth saw him, she asked him to come upstairs to their room. She sat down in the small chintz-covered chair in front of the window and as she did so John realized how perfectly arranged, how nicely run his whole household was, how lovely in her fine, mature way Elizabeth had become. Here it was again—the choice between this old life of his, settled, orderly, arranged for his special benefit and

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February, 1942
pleasure, run to suit his needs—and
the new, untried, challenging life
with Marianne.

Elizabeth sat there white-faced,
calm, in complete possession of her-
self. "I know how you feel, John," she
said. "You don't need to tell me.
A blind person could have seen last
night when Marianne sang. I've been
waiting for you to come to me. I
knew you would."

"Yes, Elizabeth," John said. "I've
come to you. Only—" he paused un-
happily. "I can't tell you how my
mind will go or what I'll do. I don't
know myself." He leaned against the
door jamb and he felt suddenly weak
and restless. He wanted to pour it
all out to Elizabeth, to tell her of the
lift and excitement he felt in Mar-
ianne. He wanted to tell her that
many times he found himself doing
things that he hadn't done for years.
He felt young again, that was it, with
Marianne. And with Elizabeth he
felt old and solid and respectable. "I
wonder if you realize—" he began.

"You don't need to talk, John,"
Elizabeth said quietly. "I think I
know how you feel, and John, it's
up to you. I want you to know that.
You know that I desire your hap-
iness more than anything else and if
you could find that happiness with
someone else, then—" She stopped
and clenched her hand on the arm
of the chair. "But I can't talk about it.
I won't have a scene, and tonight,
on Christmas Eve, with Carol bubbling
over and Joy wide-eyed, I've got to at-
tend to them. So—" her voice trailed
off. "I wish you'd go away until you
know." She bowed her head.

John stood there a moment looking
at Elizabeth, looking at the room in
which they had been so happy. Then
he turned on his heel without a word,
went downstairs, still looking about
him at the house which had become
a symbol of the life they led. At the
front door he paused for a moment
and looked back from the dark of
the night into the lighted living room
with the big tree blazing with lights,
red, green and blue, in the corner.
Even here there were sounds from
within—sounds of life and activity
in the kitchen—the movement and
stir of a family. John strolled away,
got into his car and drove off into
the night.

The age-old Christmas festival
went on, and took up, that night
and day, the attentions of half the
civilized world. Across the ocean the
city raged, but even the warriors
made obeisance to the festival of
Christmas and halted the war in defer-
cence to it.

In the morning the sun came up
and smiled on a world in which the
people had become conscious of the
simple virtues of love and good-will.
It smiled on John Perry as he stood
at noon in the same spot and looked
into the holly-wreathed windows of
the living room. He put his key in
the lock, turned it slowly and pushed
open that door.

Little Carol heard the sound.
"Daddy," she screamed, and in an
instant she was upon him—all dimpled
little legs, tousled black hair and
flashing brown eyes. "I've been wait-
ing for you. Mommy said you would
be here pretty soon."

"She did?" John said eagerly.
"Yes. She's upstairs, Daddy. I think
she wants to see you, too. But after-
wards will you come right down?"

"Yes, yes, I will," John said. He put
her down and raced up the steps two
at a time.

Elizabeth met him at the door to
their room. She said nothing, but
she smiled. John took her gratefully
in his arms.

"You were expecting me?" he said.
"Yes, of course," she said. "I al-
ways expect you. Did you see Mari-
an's face?"

John was humble. "Yes, I took her
to dinner last night and told her—"

"Told her what?"

"I told her you and that I couldn't
leave you—or Carol or Joy or even
Granny.

That evening, after the children
had been put to bed and Granny was
in the kitchen fussing with food for
the next day, John and Elizabeth sat
in the pleasant disorder of the living
room littered with toys of the chil-
dren, old wrappings, Christmas cards
and pine needles. They talked.

"I could see it coming," Elizabeth
said. "Marianne had a very deep
 crush on you, darling. That's what
I get for having such an attractive
husband."

John reddened a little. "I guess it
comes to every man some time.
When he's settled and secure with
his wife and family he begins to
have a doubt and if some young girl
comes along who admires him and
likes him and flatters him, he's apt
to take her seriously."

Elizabeth nodded. "I know," she
said. "But let's not mention it any
more, darling. I'm so glad you came
back—really knew you would."

"I think I did, too, deep inside," John
said. And he was grateful for the
warmth that came to his heart
when he looked around him at the
pleasant litter in the room, but most
of all he was grateful when he looked
at Elizabeth.

---

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ment stores or in handy purse sizes
for 10¢.
Kate Hopkins

(Continued from page 13) daughter— to make my homecoming the merrier".

Jessie's old face — in spite of her seventy years, it still held a memory of the beauty that had made her the idol of the London stage. Flushed. "I told you, Robert, I didn't invite them. They descended on me, and if it had been anyone else I'd have begged off. But I used to worship Major Dunham's father—he was the only man I ever loved who didn't love me— and old affections die hard."

"It doesn't matter," Robert said. "Nothing matters now. I'm free. You really can't imagine, Mother and Kate, how it feels to stand trial for murder—and then be acquitted!"

But it hadn't been a real acquittal. Kate thought warily. How could Robert be so gay about it? A clever lawyer—the absence of any real proof that Robert had been Else's murderer—a well-timed motion to dismiss the case against him—and he was free. But not proved innocent. Even the judge, dismissing the case, had intimated from the bench that he believed Robert guilty; and certainly everyone in that crowded courtroom had believed it, too.

M O R E important than what the judge believed was what Tom, Kate's own son, believed. Only that afternoon he had said, "I don't want you to be unhappy, Mother. The judge practically called him a murder-er who couldn't be brought to justice. You don't think so. Perhaps I don't think so."

"You do think so," she had said. He hadn't denied it. Instead, he said, "The whole world will. And if you're married to him, you know what that'll mean."

"Do you think a thing like that would stop me, Tom?"

"No," Tom admitted. "It wouldn't stop me, either. But it wouldn't make you happy."

A little impatiently, hearing him talk of happiness—he was so young; it was hard to believe he was old enough to have married Diane—she had said, "People don't live to be happy. They live the way they have to because of these changes, the times, the opportunities... I know the real reason you don't want me to marry Robert Atwood. It's because you're my son, and in your mind I'm per-mitted to have only two genuine feel-ings—mother love and respectability. I'm also a woman, who's not very old. But I'm willing to forget that, if only you'll be frank with me. Tom, you wouldn't want your mother married to a man the world thought was a murderer, would you? You wouldn't want people thinking that your mother and this man had schemed to marry you off to Diane—had planned, executed, a crime. True, not, you wouldn't want people believing it, would you? Would you?"

Sullenly, Tom said, "You can't stop people from thinking."

"Oh, Tom," she pleaded, "tell me what you think. Say it out!"

"No," his honesty made him say, "I wouldn't!"

And that was all Kate wanted to know.

In Robert's jail cell, one afternoon before the trial, she and Robert had planned for the future when he should be acquitted. (Continued on page 61)
Mightier Than a Tank

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Bombers can blast whole cities into the earth.
But neither can conquer a people whose nerves can "take it," whose strength is great, whose courage is high.

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Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.
MAJOR DUNHAM was a spare, sandy-haired man whose speech and features were both dry and clipped, and Nancy was a child out of a picture-book. "He was desperately fragile, with eyes as blue as the lupine in one of her own English hedgerows. But tonight neither of them existed for Kate except as buffers against the inevitable moment when Robert would come to her and ask that a date be set for their wedding.

That moment came after dinner, when Nancy had been sent to bed and Jessie and Major Dunham had bent their heads over a backgammon board. Robert stood at one of the long windows leading to the terrace, and with his eyes called to her to follow him. She could not have refused.

They did not speak at once. A moon like an orange bursting with juice hung over the live-oaks, but its light could not penetrate the shadows at the foot of the drive, where it skirted the bayou. Robert sighed. "But it hasn't changed, none of it. When I was in jail I used to think, the moment I'm free I'll walk out into the air and say—I'm free again. And I thought everything would be different—better, and cleaner. But the world doesn't look any better to me now than it did before. It looks worse."

"Because of what the judge said," Kate told him.

Robert turned to face her. "No—because of you."

"Because of me?"

"I must have a vile streak of romance in my nature, Kate. It was going to be the end of one of those fine stories—the innocent man with the shadow lifted from his name rejoins his loved one in the sunny world of right. But the world of men isn't sunny, it's gray. And the loved one—you looks a little unrejoinable."

"Robert—dearest—you know that's not true. It's only your own depression that makes you say it. You feel the stigma of being freed without..."

(Continued from page 59)
Robert flung his cigarette away and tumbled a new one from his case. "Conventional!" he said. "I told you! And puritanical too!"

"Robert—I love you," Kate said, striving to bring her disordered emotions into some kind of coherence. "I want to marry you. But not now. Can't we wait—until all this has been forgotten, maybe until the real murderer has been found—was hard to isolate myself in a little kingdom of my own and tell the rest of the world to stew in its own juice."

---

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She was about to deny this, but again the memory of Tom stood be-
tween her and what she wished to say. Instead, she heard herself speak-
ing the truth. "I come of very simple people, Robert, very law-abiding, very solemn. It's hard for me not to—not to let the opinion of other decent people count with me. Harder still to isolate myself in a little king-
dom of my own and tell the rest of the world to stew in its own juice."

---

"I don't feel it at all!" he rapped out savagely. "The devil with what the judge thinks or what anyone thinks! But you're a very conven-
tional woman, Kate. You feel the stigma, right enough."

"I know," Jessie agreed. "I've felt that way many times. When it comes to bungling things I'm practically a champion. But—" She broke off, leaning forward to look out of the window. "Curious, Kate. Have you noticed how that child never laughs, never shows it in any way? It's unnatural, at thirteen!"

"Nancy?... No, I don't think I have," Kate said abstractedly. "She seems a nice child, though."

"She's a darling! It must break her father's heart to leave her in the United States. But of course he can't take her with him to London."

---

"I must go."

"No! Please—I can't!" It was not a bellowed; just a heartbreaker of a plea for sympathy and for for-
giveness too. "I wish I could, but it's too hard... I understand. And I don't blame you. This place has caused you enough unhappiness."

"It isn't that," Kate faltered. "You've been so very good to me and I've loved you for it. Only—please be good to me once more."

Let me go...

The young woman purred her lips sadly, resignedly. "Yes—well, as I said, I can't blame you. Do what you have to do, Kate."

SHE would leave by the first train the next morning. That afternoon she wandered out of the house, into the garden. Here was the tree, the spot of grass, where Robert had sat so many days when he was ill and she was nursing him, those days when he had been so unhappy that he thought he loved each other. She sank down on the bench, letting futile regret have its way with her. She was almost with irritation that she discovered she was not quite alone. On the other side of the bench sat Nancy Dunham, whom she knew. Nancy Dunham had been quietly reading; now she came around and looked at Kate, smiling timidly, uncertainly.

"Hello, Nancy," Kate said, striving to speak naturally. "I didn't know you were here. Do you like Atwood?"

"Very much indeed," the child said in her polite, mature English way. "I shall hate to leave it."

She was packing, and Kate sat in the easy chair by the window in Kate's room. Through the open window came the cheerful click of croquet balls from the lawn below, where Major Dunham and Nancy were playing. "I don't even know, any longer, who treated who badly. I only know I'm useless here, and that I can't walk into a room without being reminded of Robert. I want to close off everything that's happened at At-
wood from the rest of my life and forget, if I can, how badly I bungled things."

---

"I'm sorry," Nancy said simply. "Mrs. Hopkins, you shouldn't be so sad."

"Of course. But you mustn't be. I was sad too, at first, because there was nothing I could do to help. But Daddy showed me how wrong I was. He says it will all be over some time, and then things will be ever
To this child, steeped in the atmosphere of war, it was inconceivable that any tragedy other than that all-engulfing one was worth a moment’s sorrow. Seeing Kate’s sadness, she had supposed at once that it was—that it could be—caused by but one thing, thought of the world’s travail. Who knew what griefs lay behind Nancy to bring her this point of view?—the death of a brother; the bombing of a loved home, the rude and brutal smashing of a whole existence and life-plan? Not Kate—she did not know, because she had been too deeply absorbed in her own troubles, which seemed now so small and unimportant.

“I cried like anything,” Nancy was saying, “when Daddy told me he was going to leave me in the States and go back to London. But he told me I was helping Him that way, because I wouldn’t worry him and keep him from doing his very best work. So now I won’t feel badly, no matter where Daddy decides to leave me, because Daddy’s work is really the only thing that matters.”

“Is it very important, this work of your father?” Kate asked weakly.

“Oh yes, very important, but very secret. Even I don’t know what it is,” Nancy assured her. “But I just wanted to tell you, Mrs. Hopkins, when I saw you looking so unhappy, Daddy always says we mustn’t be downhearted, but must just fight back the best way we can. I hope you don’t mind?” she added, a little apprehensively.

“Mind? Mind?” Kate laughed tremulously. “Heaven, Nancy, you’ve done me more good than you can possibly imagine. If you’ll believe it, I was doing something I’ve sworn I’d never do. I was thinking my troubles were the only ones in the world.”

But Nancy had done more than show her that they weren’t. Kate reflected. There was another, more personal truth, still only dimly apparent. How she and Robert had come about their misunderstanding didn’t matter now, really. The important thing was to “fight back,” as Nancy had said—not to run away from Atwood because life here had defeated her momentarily, but to stay and wait until the decisive moment when she could grapple with it again. “I’ve never been a coward before,” Kate thought. “I’m not going to begin now.”

Robert could not stay away forever. “You’d like to stay here in Atwood, you said, didn’t you?” she asked.

“Oh! yes, very much. It’s so lovely!”

“Well,” Kate said, standing up, “I should think that could be easily arranged, and I’m sure your father would be delighted, knowing he wouldn’t have to worry about you at all while he’s in London. Come with me—we’ll go talk to Mrs. Atwood!”

*Follow Kate Hopkins’ romantic life by tuning in daily at 2:45 P.M. E.S.T., over CBS, for further exciting chapters.*
Love Is Kind

(Continued from page 27) in boredom. . . . The scores of dinner parties we were always giving, at which the guests were all people Bob knew and I didn't.

And I thought, too, of the brief moments of flaming desire, beautiful in themselves, that Bob and I had known together. Yet . . . apart from those moments, were we ever really intimate? Did we ever know, or care, what the other was thinking, feeling? I cared, but did not know—and Bob, it came to me, did not know, a little surprised at the acuteness of his observation.

"I was thinking," I said. "I didn't know it was so obvious."

"I don't like to see a beautiful woman being unhappy." He leaned closer, and I caught the odor of whiskey on his breath. His gaze traveled past me and rested for a moment, significantly, on Bob out on the dance floor, then returned to me.

I drew away, angry because he had guessed some of my thoughts, angry too at his intimation that if I was unhappy it was because of Bob.

"Your husband is making a remarkable career for himself in Wall Street," he went on. "He works very hard—I suppose it must be lonely for you."

"Not particularly," I said, wishing the music would stop and Bob return. I wasn't flattered by his obvious efforts to flirt with me, only bored and disgusted. All at once, looking up, I saw Martine Reynolds coming into the club. It was like an answer to prayer. He caught sight of me, smiled, began threading his way through the tables toward me.

In the few seconds before he reached the table, I realized how terribly I had been missing him. I had deliberately stopped seeing him, knowing that Bob expected and wanted me to do so. But the loss of his friendship had left a hole in my life that nothing else could fill. I needed his calm sanity, his humor, his tolerance. More than anything, I needed the way his thoughts had always seemed to meet mine.

More than ever, seeing Martie, I knew that Bob and I had never really talked to each other. Our marriage had been purely physical. We could speak to each other only in the language of love. We had never once discussed anything—and I remembered with a pang the long talks Martie and I used to have, about people, the way to sing a song, the right of men to wear mustaches, President Roosevelt, anything and everything from the important to the absurdly trivial. Martie had always listened to my opinions, but they irritated Bob. He didn't want me to have one thought that wasn't his.

Martie was standing beside the table, holding my hand in his, smiling and glancing curiously at Wells Harrison. I introduced them, and Martie saluted.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I asked him.

He nodded toward the bandstand. "Matter of business. I may take this girl singer under my wing."

"Oh," I said, a little dashed but try-
ing not to show it because Martie was watching me with sly amusement. He would know it had never occurred to me that I'd look for someone to take my place. I said defiantly, "It's been a whole year since I left you. You haven't been in a hurry to start a new Tribly on her way."

A little sombrely, he said, "I was never a Svengali to you, Judith. I never had to be."

I felt a warm surge of regret. He'd missed me, too, and he'd been hurt because I'd stopped seeing him after our marriage.

Wells Harrison was looking sulky, and I was glad. I hoped he'd get bored enough to go away. But he didn't, and Martie and I exchanged commonplace conversation until Bob returned with the other girl.

He stopped short when he recognized Martie. "Oh—hello, Reynolds," he said guardedly, and did not offer to shake hands. I blushed for his rudeness as Martie, perfectly composed, stood up and said goodbye.

**NOT** LONG after, to my relief, we left—and I realized, in the car, that I was afraid to mention Martie to Bob, afraid to express my resentment at the way Bob had acted. I was afraid because I knew words would make this bad matter worse.

Bob broke in on my wry thoughts. "How'd you like Harrison?" he asked. "Great old guy, isn't he?"

I was too tired and dispirited to be tactful. "I didn't like him much," I said. "He tried to make love to me."

Bob laughed sarcastically. "Don't be the kind of woman," he said, "that imagines every man that tries to be polite is making passes."

I drew my evening cloak closer around my shoulders. As if it could protect me against the hurt of Bob's words!

"You ought to know I'm not that kind of woman," I said, wishing we were home, or, failing that, wishing we could drive the rest of the way in silence. We were both on edge, I thought, all too ready for a quarrel.

"Well, just don't get Harrison sore, that's all. I need him. With his help—" his voice lost some of its vexation and became more enthusiastic—"I can put over a deal that'll really land us in the money. So kid him along, if you want a new mink coat."

As always, when he spoke of his work, of making money, he was alive, happy. I sighed. "I don't want one, particularly," I said. "And haven't we enough money already? We both have everything we need."

"Nobody ever has enough money," he insisted. "But we'll have a lot of it if my plans with Harrison work out. And," he threw a quick, impatient look at me, "for God's sake stop acting like a tragedy queen! I don't know what got into you tonight. We were supposed to have some fun!"

"Yes," I murmured, but so low I don't believe he heard. "We should have fun.

We drove the few remaining miles without speaking, and unpressed and went to bed with only a constrained "good night." Bob fell asleep quickly, but I lay with eyes closed against the strengthening dawn light, and tried not to think. I was grateful for just one thing: at least we hadn't argued about Martie Reynolds. And yet he must have been in both our minds. At last I fell asleep, and woke after Bob had gone to the office. That was one thing about him I never could understand—no matter how late he was in getting to bed he always seemed able to start to work at the usual time the next day. Thinking of this, though, I remembered something else. On week-ends, when we might have had real companionship together, Bob was always too tired to do anything but sit in an easy-chair surrounded by the Sunday papers—unless we were entertaining some of his friends.

If only passion had held us together from the very first, I wondered, was even that slender tie weakening now? Looking back, I could not help seeing that Bob was less attentive then, in all the small ways that a woman treasures so, than he had been just after our marriage.

In a panic, I saw myself like the wives I met at the Country Club—bored, idle, shut out of their husbands' lives now that the first glow of romance had faded, and, from necessity, devoting themselves to gossip, matinees, shopping and an occasional defiant flirtation or infidelity.

But I wouldn't be like them, I decided, clenching my hands into fists and walking up and down the luxurious bedroom out of sheer inability to be still. I would fill my life will interest in spite of Bob—I would not be so wholly dependent on his love, so much in danger of desolation if that love were withdrawn. Or if. I could not help adding, it became valueless to me.

I had always wanted children, planned on having them. Now I
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mustn’t wait any more time. But Bob, when I told him I wanted a child, was violently opposed to the idea. “We’ve only been married a year,” he argued. “Why do you want to tie yourself down so soon? Have some fun first!”

This insistence on having fun! I suppressed the desire to ask him what he meant by fun, and pleaded instead, “But we do want children—sometime, and wouldn’t it be best to have them now, while we’re young too, and can enjoy them?”

“If I’ll be a long time yet before we’re really old,” he said; and then, coming closer and putting his hands on my shoulders, he added in that deep, low voice that never—ever—failed to thrill me: “Don’t you know the real reason I don’t want you to have a baby? It’s because I don’t bear to think of having to share you.”

I held him close, once more sure of his adoration. Again, for the moment, I felt the blessed, sure sense of rightness that had been with me on our honeymoon.

ONLY later, when the moment had passed, I wondered more sanely: did Bob dread sharing me because he loved me—or only because I was his, one of his possessions. Only his possessiveness show off to others like his new car or the new, bigger house he talked of building if his business with Wells Harrison went well?

We were seeing a great deal of Wells Harrison now. Much more than I wanted to see. It was dangerous, dangerous, football games, weekend trips—always with Wells and some girl, never the same one more than twice. The presence of this feminine part seemed to never stop him, though, from making it plain in his clumsy way that he preferred me. I carried his advances as well as I could, but the time came when I couldn’t keep up the farce any longer.

He came to the house one afternoon, unannounced, when I was alone. Even now, I don’t like to think of that hour—of his perfunctory explanation, which he did not trouble to make convincing, that he had been driving past and decided to drop in for a drink of his complaint that I spent all my time avoiding. Of his attempt to make me in his arms, to kiss me—

Remembering it all, I shudder now with the same horror distance I felt then. It was physically impossible for me to do anything but push him away, so fiercely that he could not help seeing how much I loathed him. When he had gone, red-faced and angry, I cried hysterically. Bob found me, an hour later, hidden in a corner of the huge sofa, still shaken with sobs. I clung to him, too upset at first to tell him what had happened, grateful for the touch of his hand, his grip.

“But darling, what happened? Why are you crying?” he kept asking, and at last I explained.

“Wells Harrison—but he came here while you were away—tried to make love to me—”

His arms slackened, his body drew away, and looking up I saw that his face had gone white.

“What did you do?” he asked tensely.

“I got rid of him—I told him to go away and never come back. He’s horrible, Bob, horrible...”

Abruptly he released me entirely and stood up. I couldn’t read his face in the instant that I saw it before he turned his back to me—I only knew that he was deep in thought, and that his thought was bad news.

He took a few steps toward the telephone, put out his hand to take the instrument up—then withdrew it suddenly, and muttered, “No, it wouldn’t do any good to call him.”

“Bob—what’s the matter?” I asked.

My words seemed to break the control he’d been keeping upon himself. He startled about and almost shouted, “Good Lord, Jim, what in the world have you handled this thing better? I told you—And right now, the worst possible time. You’d had no chance to—”

He broke off, biting his lip hard.

In the silence that followed, all the love I had had for him withered and died. I was a prisoner.

“You mean I should have encouraged him—let him make love to me?” I said dully. “So he would help you make money? Is that what you mean?”

“Oh, of course not!” he declared defensively. “I didn’t mean anything of the sort—just that you knew Bob was stake and you could have been more tactful. After all, a girl with your experience—I thought you knew how to handle yourself.”

His voice grew hard and brittle, “you liked Martin Reynolds better.”

I caught my breath. But the shock of seeing him reveal himself so thoroughly was so great it drove out my anger, leaving me numb, frozen. I had never known this man, until now.

“Yes,” I said. The soft carpet sank under my feet as I stood up. “Yes, I liked Martin Reynolds much better. I still do.”

DAZEDLY I walked out of the room, out of the house, leaving only to take a coat from the hall closet. I wanted to take with me nothing that belonged to my life with Bob.

When I had gone perhaps a hundred yards from the house I remembered that I had no money. But there was a cab stand in the village—and Martie would pay the fare. When Bob had deposited me in front of the New York apartment house where Martie lived. I hurried through the lobby, into the elevator. Over his shoulder Martie might not be home, but I put the thought aside. He would be—

He was. He opened the door himself, and stepped back with quick eagerness to let me enter.

“Hi, Martie,” I said simply.

“I took a taxi into town, but I haven’t any money. Will you pay for it, please?”

It was like Martie not to ask questions, but to step quietly to the house telephone and send word to the doorman to pay the driver, then turn and, still matter-of-factly, say, “Do you want to go back to work?”

“Yes, I—oh, Martie, there’s nothing left for me but work!” And for the second time that day I began to cry—but this storm of weeping was not the hysterical torrent of a few hours before, it brought with it a queer kind of comfort.

Martie waited while I cried myself out. “You left him?” he asked at last, but it was more of a question. “Do you want to tell me about it?”

“I would,” I said helplessly, “but what’s the use? You know practically. You’ve always known it wouldn’t work. If I hadn’t been so—
mad about him—I'd have known too."

It was almost dark in the big, comfortable, slightly shabby room. Only one lamp, by Martie's easy chair, threw a warm, coppery light. I heard Martie murmur, "I'm sorry it's been so tough on you, Judith—but I won't pretend I'm not glad you're back."

"Martie—you're so good to me. You don't even say, 'Told you so.'"

"Why shouldn't I be good to you?" he asked. "When I love you?"

"You—love me?"

"Of course. I always have. But there was never any sense in telling you—until now." He took me by the hand and led me, unsuspecting, to the lounge. "You said just now," he went on, "that there wasn't anything left for you but work. That's not true. Not if you don't want it to be."

Deeply moved, I said, "Martie—dearest—you don't have to be so generous with me. I made a mistake, but I can take it—really I can."

"You think I said I loved you just to make you feel better?" he asked, a little reproachfully. "But I always hoped that some day I could tell you that. I never could until now. You had a—well, call it a dream—that always stood in the way."

"A dream?"

"Most women have it, I guess, but only a few are unlucky enough to have it come true," he said. "I held one of my hands cradled in both of his, and for once he was speaking without any hint of his old light mockery. You wanted a knight in shining armor—a story-book hero. And you got him—someone who dazzled you so much with his good looks and charm that you couldn't see past them to the human being underneath."

"But I did love him!" I said. "I wasn't just fooling myself."

"Of course you weren't. You were being fooled—into forgetting that your husband had to be a person as well as a lover. If you'd remembered that, you'd have tried to find out what kind of a person Bob really was—and you might not have made your mistake."

"I don't know . . . I hope not," I said ruefully, knowing how right he was—but knowing, too, how I had fought against letting Bob show me what was beneath his lover's mask.

"Well, you know what kind of a person I am," he said, and though he smiled it caught a hint of anxiety in his voice that told me how much it would really mean to him to have my love. "There's no hope I'll ever be able to fool you into thinking I'm a movie hero."

On an impulse I couldn't resist I seized the lapels of his coat and buried my face against his chest. From that refuge I said, "Oh, if you only knew what a relief it is to be with you again! I'm so tired of trying to hang onto my illusions!"

For the first time, he laughed, and caught me close. Then, with knowledge of what would be best for me, that only Martie could have had, he let me go and stood up. "Now, about putting you back to work," he said briskly. "I think that'll be easy. You know—I decided not to sign up that girl I went to hear the night I saw you." He confessed. "She wasn't much good!"

I smiled, and said nothing. But I felt that warm, satisfied feeling of being home again. Wherever Martie was, that was my home. I knew that now.

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February 1942
Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 7) there, he was able to track his quarry to a second hand automobile agency. But even more disturbing was the report Superman got when he asked a policeman about roads to San Francisco:

"Mister, don't you try to make that trip. See that black cloud out yonder? That's a dust storm! Your life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if you tried to get through that! I've seen people brought to the Prairie after one of those dust storms. They weren't pleasant to look at."

Lois was out there in that howling wilderness with Huffman! And Superman did not know that Huffman, in an hysterical attempt to lighten the car so he could get through had cruelly, inhumanly, thrown Lois out to suffocate in the storm. Meanwhile, red cloak streaming in the gale, Superman sped across the wasteland. Searching, searching, his x-rays pierced the wall of swirling dust.

"That cop was right—easy to understand what this dust storm would do to an ordinary mortal! I've got feeling the quicker I get to Lois, the better. If I only knew... Wait! Those below me—something... Down! Down!"

Lightly, he landed on the dust-churned ground: "Hal—an automobile, burned to a charred, blackened hulk. But where's Lois? Only one thing could have happened—however was driving didn't see this ravine, went right over and the car caught fire!

"Hello! It's Huffman! Poor man—he's paid for all his sins. And here—here is the cause of it all—the Teeth. The Dragon's Teeth, melted and fused together in one piece by the fire."

He straightened, suddenly aware that his search had not yet ended. "But where is Lois? She must be close by. Over there—what's that? She's still moving, crawling along, Lois!"

Down Superman swooped. Quickly he gathered the girl up in his great arms. Safe at last, she slipped into unconsciousness. Though the secret of the Dragon's Teeth had been lost, a rider had brought to justice and Lois was safe from harm!
Woman of Courage

(Continued from page 37) desperately, clinging to a faith deep within herself, Martha put off the hour when she would sit in the cold, impersonal office of a stranger and tell the story of her most intimate life. A day, a second day, passed but Jim did not again question her about the divorce. Lying sleepless, her mind going back tortuously over every familiar aspect of her heartache, Martha saw the reflection of a downstairs light on the tree outside her window. Nor did it go out as the night progressed. It was there the next night, and the next, so she knew Jim was not sleeping either.

On the fourth night she had to act, fearing that Jim, alone at night, was nursing an illness or a mental hurt that he hid during the day. Quietly, a little timidly, she went downstairs. For a moment outside his door, she stood listening, holding her breath for the courage she needed to raise her hand and knock on the door.

"Come in!" Jim called.

M ARTHA pushed the door slowly, blinking in the sudden light. Jim was still dressed. He looked tired, but somehow, happy. His bed, the desk, the floor were all covered with papers. "I—I thought you might be ill—need something," Martha said.

"No," Jim said, a little shamefaced, as though he'd been discovered at something foolish. "I was just seeing whether I still knew how."

"How?" Martha asked. "How to what?"

Jim shuffled the papers on his bed, trying to look as though they were of no consequence, but not quite managing to cover the tenderness with which he handled them.

"Oh, I'm just fooling around," he said casually. "George told me there was going to be an airplane factory here in Farmington and that they were asking for bids from building contractors. I've just been working out some plans and estimates."

"You mean, you're going to put in a bid?" Martha asked. "Why, that's wonderful, Jim."

"Well, no, not exactly," Jim said with a funny, little smile. "That would be pretty pointless, wouldn't it? It's hardly likely they'd give a cripple a contract like that. No—I just got some ideas and started playing around with them."

"But Jim," Martha said, forgetting that it had been a long time since she'd dared to talk to him like this. "You know the Town Council awards those contracts on merit."

"Of course, Martha," Jim said. "But don't you see that the fact that I can't get around on the sidewalks to examine the work, or do any of the running around would automatically kill it for me?"

Somehow, Martha got the feeling that Jim was only bringing up all these objections so she could break them down. She knew, as surely as if he had told her in words, that he wanted that contract, that he wanted her to convince him that he had a chance.

"I don't see how that could influence them so much," Martha said, "if you include in your bid provisions for an assistant who can do the necessary running around. After all, if your bid is the lowest and the most practical, I don't see why anything should prejudice them against you."

"I'd thought of that," Jim said. "But it seemed too complicated."

"Nonsense," Martha said. "Maybe you're right," Jim said. He looked at the papers and smiled a little wryly. "Such a lot of work," he said. "Seems silly to waste it, doesn't it?"

"Of course," Martha said. "I really think you should try."

"Do you?" Jim asked, and he couldn't hide his eagerness. "Certainly," Martha smiled. "And suppose you don't get the contract? Neither will lots of others who sent in bids. And I know that if you don't get the contract it won't be because of—or of your inability to get around. It will only mean that someone else sent in a lower bid."

"That seems sensible," Jim said. "There's no harm in trying, is there?"

His hands were already busy with the papers. "I'll have to hurry to make the deadline," he said.

"I won't bother you any more," Martha said. Jim looked up suddenly. "Bother?" he murmured abstractedly. "You haven't bothered me, Martha."

"Martha almost cried with relief, going back to her room. This was her old Jim, alive, keen on living and working. There had been no strain between them. He seemed to have forgotten all their trouble. He'd actually said that she hadn't bothered

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NOTICE

The exciting story, "Stronger Than Steel," which was published in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR, was adapted from a radio script by True Boardman, especially written for the Silver Theater program heard Sundays on CBS.
George—Martha said.
"No—you don't understand," George frowned, as if he were trying to find the right words. "I—you know, Martha, I didn't come back here when I did by accident. I knew about your trouble with Jim—that he wanted you to divorce him."
"You knew?" Martha whispered. She was beginning to understand.

George smiled a little wryly. "Your sister Lillian wrote me all about it. And I came back, right away, because—well, because I love you and I wanted to ask you to marry me as soon as you were free."
"But, George, you never said—you never—" Martha stammered.

George caught her hand. "Of course, I never said anything," he said. "How could I? I know you. I know you better than anyone else does. I knew you would never leave Jim, no matter what he did, what he said, as long as he was helpless, without a job, without any security within himself. I had to wait, Martha. I had to help him. But now, I can't wait any longer. I've got to have you, Martha. I've got to know!"

MARThA stared at him unhappily. His eyes were pleading, his hand, holding hers, was trembling.

"George—"
"Martha, listen to me, darling," George pleaded. "I've waited a long time. I've dreamed and hoped. And always there was Jim's helplessness to outweigh everything else. But it's different, now. Look at it—try to look at both of us, now, just as men, as husbands. I want you to be fair, but I want you to be fair to yourself for a change. Jim's helpless days are over. He doesn't need you now any more, or any differently than I do. And I know he doesn't love you more than I do—that would be impossible. Martha, please—now that Jim's all right, settled, you can divorce him. Say it. Tell me you'll marry me as soon as you're free!"

Martha could find the words. "Free!" she whispered. She looked unhappily, but steadily, into George's eyes. "I—last night—Jim is my husband—" she murmured.

George pressed her hand until it hurt and his face grew very pale. "Oh," he breathed.

"I'm sorry, George," Martha said painfully. "I'm terribly sorry. If there could ever be anyone but Jim—"

George turned his face away, but not before she had seen how his eyes had misted over. For a moment he didn't say anything and Martha could see a pulse throbbing in his temple. Then he sighed softly and turned a crooked, wretched smile on her.

"I suppose if you weren't the kind of a woman you are," he said a little ironically, "I'd never have fallen in love with you. I can't blame you now for being the very thing that attracted me in the first place." A little savagely, as though he could vent his hurt on the car, he started the motor. After a few moments, he said, "I'm sorry, Martha. Can you forget all this? I'll never mention it again. Can we still be friends?"

"I don't want to forget it," Martha said quietly. "I'm honored. And I couldn't bear it if we didn't stay friends."

George smiled a little bitterly. "Thank you, Martha." He shook his head and squared his shoulders. "You wanted to go to the bank, didn't you?"

Once Jim started working, it
Seemed to Martha that all the long, accidens US and it had been a bad dream. They had never happened at all. Everything was just as it had been before Jim was crushed beneath the bedt. Fast, lunches to be packed for a hun-
gry man, big dinners for an outdoor appetite.

The first few times Jim handed Martha his pay check he handled it as though he didn't quite believe it was real. It seemed to Martha that he took an instant dislike in opening a bank account and adding to it every week. "Wonderful," Jim would say, "what a big difference it makes what you have in money. Gives you a backbone, sort of—"

He began talking about investments. Martha noticed that whenever George came to visit them Jim took most of his time in asking advice on stocks and bonds. George's ad-
vice was always that only people with a great deal of money to gamble could afford to play the stock market—they had to be able to wait a long time for returns sometimes. "I'll have a lot of money, someday," Jim would say. And Martha would won-
der about the possibility of Jim—this fascination money had for him.

But there wasn't much time in Martha's life for worry. She and Jim went out often together, now. Jim seemed to have lost his sensitivity about being seen in public in his wheel chair. Since he'd got the fac-
tory job, he almost looked on it as a mark of his valor and he was proud that he was earning such a good living, in spite of being a cripple. He got a place at the factory, out to the factory, every week or so to show her the progress that had been made.

Then, one afternoon, hours before he was supposed to come home, Jim came wheeling his chair into the "What is it, Jim?" Martha cried.

"Cripple, cripple, cripple," Jim was muttering.

Martha shook him. He looked dazed. "Jim! Jim!"

"That's what they're saying," Jim muttered. "I heard them. I heard them say that the Town Council couldn't give anyone a job as important as this just for sympathy or out of kindness. How can you pay atten-
tion to idle gossip?"

"Gossip?" Jim cried. "It doesn't matter to you. You can walk. You're a normal human being. I'm the cripp-
le. I'm the only one they all feel sorry for. I'm the one that gets the charity—\n
the handouts!"

"No, Numb-Chin!" Martha cried.

But it was too late. He had wheeled his chair away from her.

Martha sat down behind the coun-
ter dejectedly. She saw what a fool's paradise she had been living in, hop-
ing that Jim had finally found the strength and determination to face his life, their life.

Jim did not come to dinner that evening and Martha was afraid of what the morrow would bring. His actions were suddenly away from them all, from her, were so like what he had done when he'd found out he would not walk again, that she felt as if he was in possession of her. Was he going to shut himself up again, refuse to go back to his work? Was he going to destroy his one big chance to prove to himself and to the world that he was still capable, still competent, still a man Martha loved?

There was no sleep for Martha that night. Her brain grew numb with searching for some sign, some hope, that their life would ever be different, somehow, that this endless swinging from despair to hope and back again to black despair.

SHE knew Jim needed her, but she wondered whether even such a love as hers could stand the eternal demands he made upon it, the constant exertions, the denials and the pas-

ionate renewals. How long could she go on loving him, when he used her through means to feed his pride?

Listlessly, half-heartedly, the day ahead, Martha got up and dressed. Jim appeared for breakfast. He had taken the dry, determining look of the man who'd slumped in his wheel chair and per-
mitted everyone to wait on him. It seemed to Martha as if he had made up his mind, determined that his active life was over, that the rest of his days would be spent like a hopeless invalid. And she wondered, helplessly, how she was going to rouse him out of this defeated attitude, show him, make him understand, that except for his walking, he was a nor-

mal, healthy man.

Lucy brought in the mail. There were some bills for Jim. "And a letter from New York for you, Mother," Lucy said.

"From New York?" Martha said.

"I don't know anyone in New York."
Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40) Congress Jan. 3. . . Duke Ellington is playing in Los Angeles' Mayfair Club. . . . Bob Allen, Hal Kemp's former singer, is slowly grooming his band and you'll soon be hearing it on networks and records.

Latest to branch out as a bandleader is Hal McIntyre, formerly Glenn Miller's alto sax man. His band did a sneak preview at Glen Island Casino recently when they substituted for Claude Thornhill. Advance reports were glowing.

Nice gesture on the part of Victor records to re-issue an album of records made by the late Helen Morgan. This company has also signed Bob Hope to cut a batch of discs.

The curtain used in Mutual Radio Theater, New York, home of the new "Spotlight Band" series is decorated with caricatures of many leading bandleaders.

CORRECTION

In the September issue I made reference to a vocalist with Larry Frank's orchestra and the reason he lost his job. I have been informed by him that the statement is incorrect and I wish to make this correction and express my regret for any embarrassment it may have caused him.

HOW TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

A RTIE SHAW's musical ability had to be proven with a smash rendition of "Begin the Beguine" before he could afford to insult the jitterbugs. Little attention was paid to Orrin Tucker until he had Bonnie Baker sing "Oh, Johnny." Only a few experts touted Freddy Martin's music. Then he revived a Tschaikowsky piano concerto which put him in the spotlight. Tommy Dorsey needed "I'll Never Smile Again" to fend off a slump and brother Jimmy's version of "Amelie" pushed him into the top-money brackets. "Tuxedo Junction" was the answer to a record-seller's prayer and gave the bespectacled trombonist Glen Miller his office magnetism. A number like "Daddy" cemented Sammy Kaye's popularity.

Expert bands like Charlie Spivak's, Bobby Byrne's and Jan Savitt's have found it difficult to get enough public attention because they have not clicked with a song that listeners could identify with them.

No better illustration of how much a dance band needs a hit song to put it on top is the case of sand-colored, blue-eyed Tommy Tucker.

For ten years this North Dakotan has had a consistently appealing band. Never in the big money brackets, Tommy's troupe have kept working from coast to coast. They got their share of air time, made a number of records, and they have achieved things said about their music and the singing of their vivacious vocalist, Amy Arnell.

"We almost thought we hit the jackpot with the Man Who Comes Around," says Tommy candidly, "that tune sold about 500,000 records."

This saucy novelty spiraled them to better-paying theater dates and ballroom tours. But many of the places they played frowned on the risque extra lyrics.
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RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT
To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
Radio Mirror Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York City
Please consider this vote for in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter’s name: )

Say Hello To —
JIMMY CASH—who jumped right out of the ranks of unknowns to be featured singer and comedy stooge with George Burns and Gracie Allen Tuesday nights on NBC. Jimmy was born in Carthage, Arkansas, and was an amateur contest in 1936 which brought him to New York for two NBC radio engagements. He decided he wasn’t ready yet for a singing career so he went back to Arkansas and his job in a filling station. A little later he married Camille Waugh and they headed for California in a dismantled car. Lean years followed, but Jimmy finally landed a full-time job, clerking in a Burbank grocery store and keeping up his singing lessons. George Burns heard a record of his voice and signed him up for the broadcast.

Then Tucker visited a Philadelphia night club with Elliott Wexler, a Columbia record man. Before Tommy could get an exclusive recording right on the tune, 14 other bands had rushed through disks. But it was still the Tucker version that wound up with the appealing final chorus that revered the customers. So far 750,000 platters have been sold.

"Funny thing about that record," says Tommy. "The reverse side has another good tune called 'This Love of Mine.' Juke box operators who had worn out the 'Fire' side started to turn the record over. Thanks to that economical move, both sides of the platter are now best-sellers.

For the last decade, the Tucker band has been roaming the country. Several years ago they visited Portland, Vermont, where a local singer named Amy Arnell and the blue-eyed, ambitious youngster was hired. Only one suggestion was made to Amy, The bandleader didn't like her habit of stepping out of her shoes every time she started to sing.

"But she's still doing it. Says she sings easier that way," he says shrugging his shoulders.

Tommy is married to Mitzi Miller, a former actress. They met a summer ago at a seaside resort where they had no children. The boys in the band like Mitzi. Unlike many other leaders' wives, she keeps a respectful distance away from the bandstand.

Amy is not married but boys in the Tommy Tucker band tell me that Amy and Orrin Tucker are more than buddies.

Right now the band is playing theater dates and one-nighters, doubling the money that they received in identical places one year ago.

This belated success hasn't made Tucker complacent. All those years of striving for recognition have left him thoughtful.

"Sure I'm tickled about putting over 'Fire' but gosh, it's the follow-up that counts. You can't keep on top with one number. That one tune puts you there. The trick is to stay."
Romance on the Run

(Continued from page 23) happened the first few days on the show. They read "Love" lines to each other at night. Frank, who knew a good actress when he heard one, was almost ready to grudgingly admit that maybe Joan was okay even if she did have a passion for ribbons. Joan, too, began to like the rich, pleasing voice of the fine, young actor who played opposite her. The program director, Chick Vincent, winked at the organist on the show, his wink implying that these two were "naturals."

But, a few weeks later, his "naturals," rehearsing a torrid scene, blew up in his face. Miss Banks and Mr. Lovejoy did not agree on the way the scene should be played. A large sized quarrel was in the offing.

"I don't think you're right about this scene, Mr. Lovejoy," Joan said coolly.

"If you try it my way, Miss Banks," Frank said, twice as coolly, "perhaps it will look like something." Joan's eyes widened. "Oh, yes?"

"Oh, yes," Frank smiled—but what a smile!

Frank was a little older than Joan, but they had both had about the same number of years in radio. They were both sure they were right and weren't going to give an inch. The program director stopped in to straighten things out.

"Maybe we can do a little compromising," he suggested.

"But—" Joan and Frank said, at the same time.

They looked at each other. Frank wanted to look daggers, but somehow, for some reason, she looked so cute when she was upset that he had to grin. The grinn had make Frank even more angry, but it was such a wide, nice, Irish grin that the corners of Joan's mouth turned up in stead of down.

"All right," she said, "how do you think this should be played, Mr. Lovejoy?"

"Well, Joan," Frank said. "I'd like to hear what you have to say first."

And when they had talked it all over, it turned out to be one of the best scenes they had ever played together. The program director had a large wink at the organist again. This time the wink said even a little more. It said, "There's more in those lines they are reading than meets the ear."

After the program that day, Frank and Joan walked out of the studio together. As they rode down in the elevator, Frank didn't even notice that the ribbon Joan wore in her hair was even larger and bluer than the ribbon she had worn on the first day they had met.

"Say," he said, "do you like the movies?"

"Sure," Joan said, smiling. "Who doesn't?"

"I guess everybody does," Frank said, a little flustered, "what I meant was—well, you'll like to see a movie with me tonight?"

Joan hesitated. She wished she really knew whether she liked the young man as well as she thought he liked her. I might, she thought, have been right about him the first time. Then again—so she said, "I can't go tonight."

"It's a swell picture," Frank said. "It's 'The Fighting 69th.'"

But Joan turned him down. The
Irish aren't easily dismayed. Two days later, Frank was back with the same request. The picture was still running. Again, Joan couldn't quite make up her mind. She was just a little scared. She was beginning to like him better every day and suppose it got serious—then what? It went on like that for weeks. Then, one day, Joan said: "Yes."

That night, as they walked down Broadway towards the Strand Thea
ter, Frank suddenly said: "I've got a confession to make," he said.

Joan looked up, puzzled. "What?"

"Well," Frank grinned, "I didn't think you'd ever go out with me so—
well—the other night I went and saw "The Fighting 69th"—alone."

Joan smiled. "There isn't much sense in going then," she said.

"Oh, sure there is," Frank said, "you'll love the picture."

"That's sweet," Joan said, "but let's go and see 'Pinocchio'." She smiled. "I'm always ready to compromise.

It wasn't really a compromise, because both of them knew then that they would just as soon see anything, as long as they were together. From that night on, it was just "under-
stood" that they belonged together. Everything wasn't as smooth as it sounds. Joan was likely to lose her temper, now and then, and Frank was inclined to be a little absent-minded on occasions.

There was a certain short time after they had been going together, that Frank asked Joan to go to the theater. It was a musical called "Higher and Higher", and becau
se Frank had to work late on a broad-
cast they arranged to meet in front of the theater. Just before he left the studio, something came up which would make him late. He called Joan's home. She had left. The next logical step was to call the theater and tell them that when all called for the tickets to tell her he would be late and to leave his ticket and go to the show.

That was fine, only he called the wrong theater. The man at the box office took it for granted that there were tickets available there. Now, instead of white, Joan stood on the curb in front of the right theater, angrily tapping one foot during half of the first act. When Frank finally arrived, his grin didn't solve matters at all.

They went inside, but Frank, to this day, doesn't know what was oc-
curring on the stage. He was triy
ing, sotto voce, all through the show, to explain to a very angry girl what had happened. After the show, Joan was too angry to go home so they left. Frank scrambled into the taxi with her. They rode along in silence. Finally, Frank said, "Say, have you ever been to the Statue of Liberty?"

"No," Joan said, angrily, "and I don't see what that has to do with your keeping me waiting."

"That's awful," Frank said, "a na
tive New Yorker and you haven't been up in the Statue of Liberty!"

"No," Joan said, "I've never been in it either," Frank broke in, "and I was born in the Bronx. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

Joan turned to give him a piece of her mind. But the grin was gone and he looked so desperate that she couldn't say anything.

The ride home turned out very right—and the next day they did go to the Statue of Liberty and the Aquarium, like a couple of tourists in their own city and it was the most wonderful day ever spent."

Everything would have been per-
fected, but Joan had to insist that they climb the stairs all the way to the top of the statue to do some thing about that girl. Frank thought the next day, as he groaned from muscular aches and pains.

He did do something about her. About a month later on Friday, May 31, 1940, the youngest and most excit
ated young girl stood in a radio stu-
dio waiting for a show to start. It was five o'clock. At five-fifteen, the show would be over and she had just
fourteen minutes from the time the show ended to catch a train to Nor-
walk, Connecticut to marry a young man waiting there.

That was the longest radio broad-
cast Joan Banks ever went through. The second the "on the air" sign
lit up, she turned left and right, like a broken field runner, headed for the door and a waiting taxi. She made the train with just a minute to spare.

The reason for the "rush" marriage was that they both had to be back to work on the following Monday. Even in one day, a young girl couldn't make a day's trip to New York, go for a wonderful night, and married and kissed.

It wasn't until five or ten minutes later that she realized that the world, wonderful night had been dispelled by a trip to Nor-
walk, Connecticut. And Frank, who had hired a small yacht for their honey-
moon was, with one arm around her, and the other holding a bottle of schnapps, lamenting their ruined honeymoon.

But, the next morning, which was Saturday, was bright and shining. The elements "compromised" and let the sun come out. So Frank and Joan spent two wonderful days in the sun-
shine aboard their rented honeymoon cruiser. Late Sunday night, after a glorious time, they turned the boat homeward. And, as the boat was tied up, they were more than willing to admit that it began to rain like—well, they didn't care by then.

That was a year and a half ago. A lot has happened since then, but they've both been so busy they've never been able to have a "second" chance. It's longer than they thought they were going to have. "The only thing," Joan said, "is that they couldn't have been married, and then a day later they decided to get married, but she couldn't."

The beautiful, rambling house they bought together has been completed and they almost forced into buying a house, so they could have more room to clutter.

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Toby thought he had arrived, but unluckily it was just about then that vaudeville breathed its last. Toby says, "As I put my hands on the vaudeville ladder to climb to bigger and better things, the other boys and girls, coming down, tramped all over me."

So Toby turned to radio, and very happily, too. Since 1940 he has been one of WLY's staff of actors. Five days a week he is "Grandpappy Doolittle" on The Top o' The Morning program and "Toby Tuttle" on Time to Shine. On Saturday nights he becomes "Grandpappy Doolittle" again as a prominent member of the Boone County Jamboree; and on Sundays he does his "No. 1 Soda Jerk" act on Fountains o' Fun.

Toby (whose real given name only his mother knows) is an avowed night club addict, and says Milton Berle is his favorite comedian. He has three hobbies, collecting jokes, fine clothes, and magic. He can play no less than sixteen musical instruments, and frequently does—not only piano, xylophone, drums and saxophone, but such unusual music-makers as a pair of skittles, a carpenter's saw, metal box and a glove.

It might be added that Toby really isn't a grandpappy. In fact, he is a very good-looking and eligible bachelor.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—A man of many voices is George A. Provol, Production Director at station KDYL. Although he isn't primarily an actor, KDYL listeners hear him practically every day because, among other duties, he has complete charge of writing and producing transcriptions, and finds a role in nearly every script that he can, and does, fill.

George actually grew up with radio. Way back when radio stations were a great novelty, when one of the air was limited to a couple of hours during the day and perhaps twice that much in the evening, George began his apprenticeship with KDYL, acting as technician, transmitter operator, music librarian, host, telephone operator and announcer.

He likes to reminisce about those early days. It wasn't unusual for someone to telephone in to the studio with the query, "Where are you going on the air?" At which George often had to reply, as nonchalantly as possible, "Why, we're on the air now." Then the other party to the conversation would ask him to hold the wire for a minute, leave the telephone, and come back to say, "Oh, you have the station now."

His job as librarian wasn't very difficult, since it consisted mostly of going to a store once a week and buying a new supply of a dozen or more records, which made up a large part of the station's daily programs. Occasionally the records would be interrupted by some thrill-seeker who wandered into the studio, volunteering to play or sing on the air. In those days anyone with a music instrument and a moderate amount of ability was received with open arms.

Four years at the University of Southern California, studying law, didn't keep George from returning at vacations to his old love, radio; and when he graduated, instead of going into practice, he went back to work for radio for good. George is happily married, and has one daughter, Penny, who will be two years old very soon.
West of Heaven

(Continued from page 30) itself. It makes me see these rolling plains and mountains, smell the sagebrush and the hot, dry wind.

It's impossible to describe what it did to me to hear those words, borrowed from my mouth. How dared she be such a hypocrite?

His laugh was embarrassed. "I guess it's not all that," he said, "but if you're dealing straight with me about him, you can say it was.

"Can you doubt me?" Carlotta took his hand and outlined a cross over her heart, very slowly.

"Well, in the last, I reckon I'll take a chance on going East."

"Darling!" She lifted her arms to pull his head down to hers. I found strength then to get away. Because really I might as well not have come at all. I was too late. With all my knowledge of how Carlotta worked—of how fast she worked—I was too late. She'd already woven her spell around that innocent, trusting boy, and he'd promised to come to New York when she said he'd only met him, but already I knew him well enough to be sure that, once having given in to this promise, he wouldn't go back on it.

I had to revise my opinion of him the next day—revise it painfully.

I met the train together—Carlotta with her dozen pieces of expensive luggage, me with my two serviceable suitcases, Larry with his battered bag and his guitar slung under his arm. Carlotta and I, of course, were traveling in a drawing room, but Larry insisted that all he wanted was an arm chair and so quietly and yet firmly that I had a quick, faint hope that maybe, after all, I had been wrong last night.

CARLOTTA always gets irritable on trains—they don't go fast enough for her—and that afternoon as we rolled into Cheyenne she complained that her head ached and she wanted the compartment to herself so she could sleep. I pulled down the shades, but those tiresome bulbs, a great billow of smoke and a whole crowd of people in every lounge car with a magazine. I'd been there only a few minutes when Larry came into the car and stood down beside me.

How queer it was to be with him here in the familiar setting of a streamlined lounge car, speeding away from Wyoming and the magic of the golden sunsets and purple dusks which had hypnotized me so that I had almost imagined falling in love. Now, in the dusty drawl of the plains, I was struck, as by a new scene in the shadow of the corral which I'd unwittingly witnessed. Why had I known his name? Whether Larry would fall under Carlotta's spell? If a few murmured words had been all he needed to be in her embrace, I was back in the wild and the right destination for him. And then the sight of his fresh face, the easy grace of his movements, the clean atmosphere of which he carried, cleared my head, swept away all my careful analysis and made me say:

"Larry, please be careful in New York.

Strange and eager, he said, "Careful? Say, does that mean you like me?"

I realized that if I were to tell the truth, I'd have to say yes. I barely nodded my head.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Then we can sort of tag around together in New York, can't we—Melody?"

For an instant my heart leaped with involuntary delight at the way his voice lingered carelessly over my name—but only for an instant before I was remembering again the corral and the swift embrace.

And I thought Carlotta was the fastest worker I knew! Why, besides this unsophisticated-looking cowboy, she was a mere dodger. I redoubled my efforts. But again at the way I'd been taken in.

Last night he'd played beautifully to Carlotta's charms—and now, Carlotta safely tucked away in her dressing room, he was making love to me. For there had been, in the way he said, "We can sort of tag around together, can't we?" an unmistakable undertone of intimacy, the anticipation of many hours spent together.

I sat up right. "I doubt it," I said crisply. You'll find Carlotta will use up most of your time.

"Oh, I meant when Miss Birch is busy," he explained hastily, and I felt a little sick. If I had seen him and Carlotta together, heard what he'd said to her, how easily it would have been to believe him now!

"Excuse me," I said. "I've got to go back to the drawing room."

And I stood up and left without a glance at him. It was the rudest snub I could think of.

For the rest of the trip, I was as impersonal with him as a machine and he never again made any effort to break down the barrier I erected against him. He remained as distant as he'd never whispered my first name to me like a love word and finally we were at the end of the journey and the train was silently into Grand Central Station.

It was easier in New York to crowd Larry out of my restless thoughts, especially as it was a ceaseless, mad rush after his first audition. Never had I seen hard-boiled network officials and newspaper executives so enthused over a completely unknown singer. Carlotta was tireless, furious worker arranging interviews, supervising photographs, confronting with program directors. The only times that I found it painful difficult to go on working, my thoughts trained to the work in front of me, were when Larry came into the office to see Carlotta. He would sit off to one side, watching the confusion, with a curious, friendly dignity that was never ruffled by the exploding flash bulbs, the screaming telephones, the rapid fire questions of interested reporters. I could feel the warmth of his blue eyes on me and then in spite of myself, color would seep up into my face. But he would never speak unless it were to answer a question of mine or Carlotta's about a song or some musical arrangement.

Always Carlotta was thrusting some new batch of papers into his hands and saying, "Don't bother to read it, darling, they're only detail's and that's what I'm being paid to handle. You just sign here, and here, and here." And as I silently watched Carlotta weaving her strangled web of signatures and contracts and claims and options, I would catch myself wanting to cry out, "You fool! You think you're so clever, getting Carlotta to make a big success out of you. But don't you realize that she's the one who is succeeding, that you're just the tool she's using to fashion her

FEBRUARY, 1942

Special Easy Work For
MARRIED
WOMEN
PAYS UP TO $22
In A Week!

Take Orders from Friends for Beautiful Dresses at Sensationally Low Prices

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Don't just wish for money. Here's an amazingly simple way to get all the money you want quickly. We need ambitious married women (and a few exceptional single women) to travel around town to make up to $22 in a week performing and taking orders for beautiful smart new liftings and summer styles of famous Harford Frocks. Send me your ABSOLUTELY FREE complete line—over 125 styles of exquisite, last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all lines, including complete range of extra sizes at no increase in price. Show them to your friends, neighbors, even your own, and see them flock to you. We'll even mail you our "Gorgeous Dresses and Sensational Values." Start in Your Own Home  No House-to-House Canvassing

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Harford Frocks, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio
own glittering success?” With my lips shut tight, I would go on typing, resolutely recalling none of those technicalities, none of that I knew about Larry. If he wanted Carlotta he’d have to take the tricks that went with her. It was none of my business.

Only once did he rebel against the plans Carlotta made for him. Carlotta had finally chosen what she considered the best offer for Larry’s hair. It was a twice-a-week, half hour musical broadcast. Larry had put his signature on the contract without a word, had gone to rehearsals, had followed all Carlotta’s instructions to the letter. But the night of his début when he heard me tell Carlotta I couldn’t go to the party the sponsor was giving at the Heron Club following his broadcast, Larry said, “I reckon that goes for me, too.”

“I reckon it doesn’t,” Carlotta told him with a sharp look of her black eyes. “What the sponsor says goes for you, darling.”

“Is that in my contract?” Larry asked her.

The most important clause of any contract,” she answered, “is unwritten. It is: Keep the sponsor happy.”

I didn’t hear what he answered. I had finished my work and was going out the door. I didn’t get home until late that night. I kept away from radios. While Larry was making his début I saw a double feature through twice, but I still don’t know what either picture was about. It must have been around one when I opened my door, turned on my light and began to undress. But I knew then I wouldn’t sleep. Instead of getting into bed I went to the window and let the damp wind blow at me. I saw that the rain had turned the street into a shining mirror in which were reflected the glittering brilliance of traffic lights and neon signs. One of those signs was for the Heron Club. Larry and Carlotta would be sitting at a table near the orchestra, their faces flushed with wine, drinking a toast to their mutual triumph. I shivered and pulled the shade down as if I could shut out the image in my mind.

WHY had I been acting as I did?

Running away from the party, refusing to listen to the radio, to Larry’s first broadcast? Why was I suddenly hitting me so hard? Hadn’t I known it would happen this way, always known it since that night by the corral? I had told myself a thousand times that Carlotta was welcome to Larry. Yet I was shivering, unable to stand the thought of their being together this evening. In that moment I realized that you can’t turn love on and off like an electric current. And I loved Larry Smith.

Sometimes what you dream at night turns out to be the only feverish exag—

eg—erations of your idle brain. But as the week following Larry’s de-

but dragged past, I knew that I had told myself the truth. It took all the will power I could muster to hold my head up and face those two. Carlotta wore the cocky little smile that went with her successes, but when unavoid-

ably I met Larry’s eyes I couldn’t read what I saw there. There was a curi-

ous, clouded intensity about their blue—not the sparkling happiness that should have been in them. He didn’t say a word to me except on business matters. But somehow—I stopped myself abruptly in these speculations. It was the week before the cylinder went on the market. Love always hopes, crazily, persistently, when there is nothing to hope for, no reason for. Yet if I said at night, the ringing of the phone made my heart beat wildly and I listened for a voice that never answered. When I turned the corner into my street I never failed to look for his tall figure under the marquee, but each time it was not there.

The first week became the second week, the first broadcast a second and a third. Larry’s swift triumph was a surprise even to me who had first sensed the magic in his voice. He and Carlotta went everywhere together, drinking in the adulation which was showered on them by a city going crazy for him. They didn’t lose. It was six weeks after that first night I learned the truth about myself when I opened the door of my apartment and saw him standing in the hall outside. He was grinning in his shy way, but his face was white and his breath came fast so that I could hear his shirt rise and fall over his big chest.

“Come in.” I tried to make my voice sound politely commonplace, the way I’d speak to anyone. “Sit down.”

For a minute he didn’t say anything, just sat there looking big and strange on the floor of the parlor as if I couldn’t read the rolling round and round in his strong hands. Then he said, “I came to tell you—I’m leaving.”

“Leaving! You mean—going back to Wyoming?” He nodded.

“But you can’t. You’ve signed contracts that tie you up legally as long as anyone wants you.”

“I know,” he said, his voice grim.

“I warned that tonight.”

“Tonight? You mean you didn’t know?” Oh, why hadn’t I told him? What was my pride against his whole life?

He shook his head, staring at the floor between us. “But I found out. I found out a lot of things, tonight. That’s why I’m leaving.”

Say Hello To

HARVEY HAYS—veteran NBC actor who inaugurated the Words and Music program on the network more than ten years ago and is still its nororator. An actor for twenty-five years before starting his long-run radio show, Harvey appeared with such stars as Ethel Barry-

more, Florence Reed, Wiffe Lockwood, Ethel Graham, and Tyrone Power, father of the movies’ Tyrone. He was born in Green-

castle, Indiana, but spent most of his boyhood in the North West Province of India, where he learned to speak Hindustani like a native.

In NBC’s Chicago studios he’s considered the ranking exponent of classic poetry, and has built quite a following with his recitations. He’s just finished appearing in a movie for the U. S. Forest Service.
"But you can't," I told him. "You could be sued. Probably they could put you in jail!"

"I wouldn't care," he said. "I'm already in jail in this town!"

I couldn't bear the clouded look of his blue eyes. "Why did you come—why did you do it?"

Because I—" he stammered, then stopped struggling to explain and stared down at the rug under his feet. "All that doesn't matter now anyway. I was just thinking," he said again. I had just glanced at him, but I scarcely noticed. A crazy scheme was slowly forming in my mind. It was mad, suicidal, and yet . . .

"Listen," I said quickly. "You can't break your contracts, but they can be broken from the other side. If they didn't want you anymore, they'd let you go in a minute."

I was so full of now by my idea that I expected him to see what I was driving at.

"It's simple," I said impatiently. "They like you now, you're valuable to them, but you were to do something that would make you not valuable—"

"Like painting the town red?" he broke in, beginning to grasp what I meant.

I laughed a little hysterically. "Now you're getting it. If you were to go and ruin the reputation of one of your patrons, you wouldn't have to see a single lawyer."

His eyes cleared, their blue shine.

"Say! I need a partner for a job like that. Are you doing anything right now?"

"Not a thing," I said, "but I'm about to—"

Larry seized my arm. "When I get through tonight, my sponsors won't want me for love or money."

I had never been able to get through with what we did that night if I'd been myself. But I wasn't myself. I hadn't been, since that last night in Wisconsin. I wasn't surprised at all to be sitting at a floor-

Maybe I'd never been able to make our exit slow and noisy. They were the first, but not the last, of the bouncers who did their duty by us that night. I will forget the third stop Mike Brennan, publicity director of Larry's studio, caught up with us. "Listen, son, you can't do this," he told Larry genially.

"Who says I can't?" Larry stood up and lurched toward him. "I'm Larry Green, the Voice of the West!"

For the first time I chuckled at the words.

Mike said urgently, "Larry, lay off, or I'll never be able to keep it from your sponsor."

"That's your business," Larry laughed loudly. "Now you just go along with it!" And he actually and I tweaked Mike's nose. If he wanted bad publicity, that was an inspiration.

Mike stood stupefied, his face gray. But he controlled himself and turned to me. "Melody, for God's sake, make him see reason. Talk to him!"

I turned to Larry obediently. "Hey, pardner," I said in a high voice. "We don't like none of these here Jackals.
Ironing wasn't 4c. I took it. And I reached the inch. I sat. I had said, "You're here."

"We'll just clean the critters out," Larry panted.

"Yippee!" I yelled, riding on a wave of bedlam with them toward the corner. "So that's the weasel that thinks he can shut up the Voice of the West!"

Any other time I'd have been sorry for Mike, even thought he's tricks pulled had made him blush often enough for being part of the office that took advantage of them. He was just doing his job. But when he saw about our last port of call, I think he fainted.

We had shaken him off our trail long enough to make a little trip to an obscure corner of the world. The West Side, but when we reached the night club with the latest closing hour in Manhattan, there was there waiting for us. I'll never look at ut again. "I'm beholding horror on his face just before he disappeared.

It was not coincidence that we entered in the midst of the club's broadcast. Through the dark night air went very clearly the noise of our arrival.

"Hey! Stop—Police! You can't bring that in here!"

But Larry's voice rose true and strong over the shrill preening of the woman who yelled, the laughter, the women's screams. "Who says I can't? Don't you know who I am? I'm Larry Smith! And where I go I take my horse!"

But when I reached home that morning, I was not quite so gay. My thoughts were anything but cheerful. I looked back on what I had done during the night, and saw just what it was. I had simply not let it pass for Larry to go away. To finish the goodbye he had come to say.

Still, I felt a queer sort of peace. Even though my own future stretched before me bleak and lonely, I had helped to save him from a life that would have turned him into a pariah. I was going back and forth through long years to some obscure small office job, if indeed I could get any job after this night. I felt better than I had since the moment at the corral. He might not love me, but at last we were friends, everything clear and just. Larry had found out a right blemish of his was. I realized it as I turned on the radio to the morning news. I still smiled as I listened:

"And so this morning, Larry Smith, the closest thing to a marshal I found myself in jail following one of the wildest nights New York had seen since the crash in 1929. Larry was on the police records charged with almost every known method of disturbing the peace, including an attempt to ride his horse into a famed Broadway night club."

The announcer didn't have to add the rest. That Miss Carlotta Birch, until last year a schoolteacher, had agreed to tear up her contracts with him, that Larry's sponsors had not only agreed, but insisted upon canceling all their contracts and options.

I was there, of course, in the court room as I'd promised when Larry was fined and freed with a stern warning from the judge. We didn't talk, left first. I had a taxi. I left my left newsmen and photographers behind.

Maybe it was the long night before that. Anyway, my teeth were chattering and I shivered.

I felt his hand, his arm around my elbow. "Cold?"

"M-m-m,-" I wasn't then. His hand and his voice, they'd made me feel warm, steady.

"What's wrong then?" he persisted gently.

"Everything! But I said, "N-nothing."

"Why wouldn't my voice behave? And the rest was seeing me act like a dopey schoolgirl. "Why don't you say it?" I cried out suddenly. "Why don't you finish saying your goodbye?"

"Because," he said calmly, "I don't ever aim to say goodbye. Not to you."

My mind refused to hear anything but that the world was suddenly free now," I insisted. "Your contracts are broken. Aren't you going?"

"Yes," he said quietly. "I'm going." I felt Larry's arms around me, studying mine, very close to mine. I couldn't stand their gaze. "What do you mean?" It was all a puzzle, and I was so tired. My head wanted to drop to his big shoulder, but I held it up.

"It doesn't mean," he said gently, "that you're coming too, of course."

"Larry—please don't—" The tears were coming up in my throat. "Only last night, I said Carola—a-ha—"

His lips tightened before he spoke. But all he said was, "This isn't last week. It's that's right. And his lips closed tight on that. He was maddening.

"Oh, all right!" I cried out at him. "I'll believe you never loved her. But Larry—"

"That night by the corral. I was there, I heard her beg you to come East be-"nside."

"Because she said you liked me," Larry said softly.

"Me!" I sat up straight, staring at him, frantically rearranging everything, all the jumbled mixed-up mem-
ories, the remembrance of Carlotta standing close to him, Larry saying, "Honey, when do we get to go —so soon?" How natural for me to have assumed the obvious wrong meaning. But instead Larry had meant.

"Me, Larry?" I repeated.

"Who else," who smiled with that boyish shyness twisting his mouth. "Why else would I work in radio for, to get a ranch for us to live on? Was I wrong, honey? You do—like me?

* * *

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint your hair statue-like by natural-black. Using nothing—from Batiste, blonde to darkest black, Brownstone and a small brush does your money worth! Or by leaving your hair in the hands of women (men, too)—Brownstone is guaranteed harmo...
Divorce Not Granted
(Continued from page 11) quarrel which led to our divorce. Not guilty at all—just weary.
It had been over his secretary, a clever, beautiful girl named Miss Burt. I'd hated her from the first time I saw her sleek blondeness, her cool, appraising way of looking at me and seeing something rather funny. Chet was working hard then, and seemed always back to the office. There was no reason for me to believe that she was there with him, but I did. One day I heard that Marcia Burt had been seen together, about ten o'clock, having a drink in a not-too-prominent hotel bar.

This time Chet didn't defend himself. He admitted nothing, denied nothing. When I cried he made no effort to comfort me.

In a tired voice he asked, "What do you want me to do? Say that Marcia and I didn't drop in for a drink after hours. Walking hand in hand I couldn't, because that would be a lie. Should I say I've never kissed her, never even touched her? I won't say that either, because you wouldn't believe me."

"I'd believe you if you let her go and promise never to see her again," I sobbed.

"Let her go? You mean fire her?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I won't!" he said angrily.

And then I did the unforgivably foolish thing. I told him he could make his choice between us.

He gave me a long, quiet look, a look of some surprise, and—yes, some pity. "In that case," he said finally, "I guess there's only one answer—Reno is probably the best place. It's quieter."

He turned and left the room.

I couldn't believe he meant it. I thought he would be back, asking to be forgiven. The next day, after a night which I spent alone, I thought he would be back, ready to forgive me. Instead, I got a brief letter suggesting the name of a lawyer for me to see in Reno, and a check to cover my expenses there. The lawyers can work out a kind of a financial settlement," he added in the letter. "Anything you think is right will be satisfactory to me."

THERE was nothing for me to do but go to Reno. It was not only pride that kept me from seeing Chet, begging his pardon and asking for another chance. I was too afraid, too—fear of forcing him to tell me in words that I'd killed his love for me.

I didn't think I could stand hearing him say that.

Reno—six miserable weeks of loneliness and regret. I kept what I thought was my dignity, refusing any alimony or property settlement and basing my suit for divorce on such vague grounds as mental cruelty. I got my judgment, but only.
to do, both for my purse's and my soul's sake.

For three years I didn't hear from Chet except indirectly, through Katharine Ormsby. He was doing well, hadn't moved away, or married. . .

In those three years I drove Chet out of my heart. Not in bitterness, but merely from an early, inchoate, need, which I only recognized, as happiness, and I tossed it away. Another time—if ever there was another time—I would be wiser, but now nothing is ever to be. The past, no backward looks, no vain self-punishment. I had learned to go on, without even making sure of that before I accepted Katharine's standing invitation to spend a week end with her.

We were downstairs again, Katharine and Irene had tea ready in the living room. Irene, I thought ruefully when I met her, was much prettier than I had ever been, in spite of what Katharine had said—although she was small, like me, with the same slim figure and the same golden hair. But the resemblance ended. She moved and talked with a poise I was certain I hadn't had at nineteen—and, I began to think after a few minutes, was a cool sort of wisdom I wasn't sure I liked.

She and Harry had met in college, I gathered, she didn't live in To- ney, but in Willow Springs, fifty miles away, and had driven over only that morning to spend the weekend.

"It was sweet of her, too," Katharine said appreciatively. "Harry's out of town and won't be back until tomorrow morning, but Irene came anyway."

"I wanted to be sure of a good day's visit with you, Mother, before Harry had a chance to drag me off somewhere else," Irene said smoothly—and it was at that instant I began to wonder if she were really as lovely as Katharine believed. Her reply had been a little too pat, a little too dutiful, I thought.

She was clever and amusing, and the three of us found things to talk and laugh about while we had our tea. I was thankful that Katharine had remembered to introduce me as "Miss Kellar." It was better for Irene not to know about the past. After tea Irene excused herself and went to write some letters, and Katharine and I were left alone. Because I knew she would think it odd if I didn't say something about Chet I resisted the temptation just as I did this: "Our old place doesn't look much like bachelor quarters, does it? It's all space and light. I'm always looking for someone to take its picture."

Katharine gave me a speculative look. "Or waiting for someone who should take its picture, just the same."

"Don't be sentimental," I told her. "I'm not. I'd rather like to see my garden—but that's all."

"Do you think he'll come?" Katharine asked. "As I told you in my letter, Chet's going to be away all this week end. He told me so."

"Sure he will. I know you—" and although I suddenly had an uneasy conviction that I was babbling, I couldn't stop—"I do rather miss that garden. I've been the one that used to be downstairs around the house that always belonged to just me. I planned it and planted every seed myself. Chet never went near it. He didn't know one flower from another, and he al-

ways said I was crazy to ruin my manure's grubbing around in the dirt. He—"

Something caught in my throat and I stopped.

"Nita dear," Katharine said softly, "you're eating your heart out. Why don't you see Chet?"

But the swift sense of regret, of it-might-have-been, was already gone. I laughed. "You're being sentimental again, Kath. I finished eating my heart out long ago. And I think I will snap's through the hedge and take a look at the garden."

HEAD up, too conscious of Katharine's pitying gaze, I went out of the house and around to the back. The bushes—rhododendron, forsythia, dogwood—were new this year. Our old back yard had grown so they formed a dense screen between the two houses, but I knew where there was an opening, and I went through it, the summer shade cool on my skin. Without leaving the shelter of the bushes I looked at the garden—and saw that it was as lovely as it had ever been, as carefully tended, as thoroughly pruned and weed and fertilized. The summer house—what she'd come down early to visit her future mother-in-law, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. She said breathlessly, "Couldn't we just run away together?"

"Absolutely not!" Chet said. "God knows I'm not very proud of the way things have turned out—I never wanted to fall in love with my neighbor. But if she's doing it, it's got to be done openly. If you don't want to tell him, I will."

"No, no," she said hastily. "But give me a little more time, darling. Till—I'll meet you here tonight, about ten o'clock, if I can get away. And I'll save my mind all made up by then."

I saw her arms go about his neck, his head bent toward her, and I slipped downstairs into Katharine's garden, in a panic lest Irene return and see me.

When I reached my own room I was trembling. The emotions in the garden had shattered all my carefully built up illusions about myself. I hadn't stopped loving Chet. . . . But I had been sheerest torture. I had wanted to step out from my hiding place and cry, "You can't have him! He's mine now, as it happened, he's still my husband."

A hatred for Irene that was almost animal choked me. What right had she had to stir up my garden, take Chet's love too? . . . But there I stopped, brought up against the fut-

tility and unreasonableness of my own emotions. Simultaneously I had thought of the situation only as it concerned me. But other happiness became my own were involved—Chet's, Irene's, Harry's, even Kath-

arines, since she adored her son and what hurt him was just as painful to her. Irene had said she would make up her mind. That meant it was still not too late. She could still be sent back to Harry. But suppose it was right for her and Chet to love, to marry? Suppose their real happiness lay in being together? Then I should have right to be so agitated. The interference could do more than make a bad matter worse.

I had reached no conclusion when Katharine called me into her room. It was a difficult meal, for both Irene and I were abstracted, given to long silences and sudden, painful spurts of conversation. Something that took him to Katharine's eyes.

How I wished I could read Irene's thoughts! And for the few minutes it would have done little good—this girl did not know her own mind. . . .

Suddenly I stopped my mechanical attempt to think, drew her hand to my plane, a fork halfway to my lips. . . . I stared, fascinated. As if in answer to my unspoken plea, Irene at that moment closed her eyes and had an unconscious glimpse of her secret thoughts.

The three of us were grouped around a small table in the living room. Opposite Irene a mirror hung on the wall and now, while Katharine was talking, I saw Irene looking into it, she saw her tilt her head a little more to the side and appraise the effect, then with an effort wrench her attention away from the image in the mirror and return to dutiful listening.

It was a bit of byplay lasting only a few seconds, but it gave me the key to Irene's character. Why, she (Continued on page 86)
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was only a child, and a vain child at that! She delighted in her beauty and in the power it placed in her narrow, white-skinned hands. Even now she didn’t entirely comprehend the potential tragedy of losing two men loving her, watching her.

Then she must be made to comprehend it.

Perhaps the decision I made then was reckless, foolish. I didn’t know if it would succeed. But it was the only thing I could think of.

PLEADING weariness, I went upstairs, early, ostensibly to sleep. But at a quarter to ten I slipped on a wrap and quietly made my way down the back stairs and through the same opening in the hedge I had used that afternoon. Screened by bushes, I waited while fireflies danced through the purple darkness. At last, when I was almost bursting with tension, I heard the prudently soft crack of Chet’s back door, his footsteps on the gravel. I moved then, knowing he would see the white gleam of my dress.

His steps quickened, and he was at my side. “Irene, dearest!” He swept me into his arms, and I nearly faint ed in a sweet wash of his kiss, his kiss that was meant for Irene.

Then—"Well, Chet!” I exclaimed, breathless but still forcing amusement into my voice. “You haven't lost your touch, have you! That was the nicest kiss you ever gave me.”

I felt the shock go through his body before he let me go and stumbled back. "Good God! Nita! "

“Yes said I.”

“But what—why didn’t you stop me?” he stammered. "Why did you let me kiss you?”

“Let you? I couldn’t stop you! Besides—From the corner of my eye I saw a faint shadow approaching through the garden. "Besides—" I said slowly, "I rather—liked it—"

“You’ve come back,” he whispered. "After all this time."

“Don’t talk,” I said, lifting my face to his. "Chet—"

Again his arms were around me, holding me close, and we kissed for a second—an eternity—a space of time without time. Until I heard a stifled sob, and hurried footsteps, retreating.

Hating myself, I pushed Chet away. "That’s all, I guess,” I said in a small voice. "I think we’ve helped Irene make up her mind."

He did not let me go. Instead, his hands slipped to my arms, tightened there until they hurt. He said, "You mean that kiss was a trick?"

“A trick—yes,” I hung my head. Even though it was warm, dark, I couldn’t risk seeing his face. "A rather low, mean trick, I’m afraid."

And that was the only reason you let me kiss you—so Irene would see and run away? Not because you wanted to?”

“That was the only reason.” But suddenly I couldn’t let him think that; a wild hope had come to me under the ardor of his kiss, and I burst out, "No! It wasn’t the only reason. I tried to pretend it was, but—oh, Chet, it hurt me so when I thought you were jealous."

“You were jealous?” he asked flatly—and the short question brought back in a rush all the needless strife of our marriage, so that I could only answer humbly:

“Yes, Again. But it wasn’t the same kind of jealousy, Chet. At least, I don’t think I really wanted you to drive me away. It didn’t make me want to strike out at you, but to—to bring you back to me. I knew you had a right to love Irene. I just wanted you to stop loving her."

“At last!” he let his breath out in a long sigh. "I used to hope this would happen some day. I used to hope you’d realize you couldn’t tie me hand and foot—didn’t have a certificate of ownership of me. I wanted you to learn that you can love someone without feeling that way.”

“And then,” I said timidly, "you stopped hoping and—and fell in love with someone else?

“Yes. But only because she reminded me of you. And I thought I could make her happy, and up until now she seemed to care more for me than for Harry. In fact—" But he broke off, and left me to guess that the beginning of their love affair had been Irene’s doing this.

“If a man can’t have the girl he wants,” he went on after a little silence, "he usually takes the girl he can get. It probably isn’t very smart of him, and only leads to trouble, but—Anyway, thanks for stopping me from making that mistake—and, Nita... let’s not make another one. Come back to me."

“You didn’t stop loving me when you were married to Irene?"

“No. Not because I didn’t, not daring to hope it could be true. "I’ve never stopped! You saw this garden!” he asked eagerly. "I’ve kept it just as you planned it, every bush, every flower. The house, too. Nothing at all has been changed. As long as everything looked as if you’d just stepped away a minute, I could pretend you’d be back. Only, after a while, when you didn’t come, I had to stop pretending.”

"Why didn’t you come to me?” I demanded, thinking of all the lonely months."

“I couldn’t—not unless I was willing to let you go on being jealous. If I’d come begging to you, that would have been admitting that you wanted to marry me. And that—I just couldn’t do. I wanted to marry you, so that’s why I came."

"If I want to?" I said, half-laughing, half crying. "I feel so small and foolish, I guess it had better be if you want to!"

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Another in our series of living portraits—you’ll find beautiful album photographs of the entire Barton Family—Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Bud, Midge, Grandma Barton and their little neighbor, Joy Wynn.
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OF ATLANTA

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**Go on the CAMAY “MILD-SOAP” DIET!**

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

Like thousands of other brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay “Mild-Soap” Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman’s skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a soap that isn’t mild enough.

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Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it’s actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That’s why we urge you to go on the Camay “Mild-Soap” Diet without delay.

Put your complete trust in Camay. For 30 days use it faithfully night and morning. Your skin will feel fresher at once. And as the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier...more appealing.

**GO ON THE “MILD-SOAP” DIET TONIGHT!**

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the “Mild-Soap” Diet tonight. Work Camay’s lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

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This charming bride is Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N. C., who says: “I don’t believe in keeping secrets when it comes to my beauty care. Whenever people admire my complexion I tell them about the ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet and what a wonderful help it has been.”
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

you can steal your own Show—if your Smile is Right!

Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires...getting bridal showers...being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! But they all know how to smile! Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: “I’m glad to be alive!”

So smile, plain girl, smile! You can steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

“Pink Tooth Brush” — A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: Gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if there’s ever the slightest tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush, make a date to see your dentist at once! His verdict may simply be that your gums are spongy, tender—robbed of exercise by today’s creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating “tang” means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today!

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

MARCH, 1942
March, 1942

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Kodachrome by Underwood & Underwood

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“I’m in the Dog-House—the Boss has ‘Fire’ in his Eye!”

By Irene Rich
As told to Marian Rhea

WHEN I was seventeen years old, my head in the clouds, my world colored by rosy dreams, I eloped from the little town in the Pacific Northwest which was my home, and was married. So perhaps it was inevitable that in less than two years I was home again, my marriage smashed, my name on record in the divorce court, my illusions gone with the wind. And I wanted so desperately to get them back! I wanted so desperately to forget the unhappy interval just passed, the mistake I had made, and to take up my life where I had left off. I wanted to laugh and to play again, to have dates, to go to dances.

But—I wasn’t allowed to do it! You see, there were certain girls in the town, who, even though I had grown up with them, wouldn’t let me. Somehow, they resented what I had done. Even though it was I who had been hurt and not they; even though my mistake wasn’t, after all, a criminal thing, they looked down their noses at me. They called me, among themselves, and particularly to boys of the town who might otherwise have been nice to me, “the grass widow,” “the divorced.”

And though they did it subtly and sweetly, they ostracized me as only a group of girls in a small town can do. They made me a sort of pariah, to be treated, kindly, of course, to be included, even, in some of their parties, but to be kept at arm’s length, nevertheless, as one who is not quite “nice.”

Well, it almost broke my heart. This was my home and I had been glad, so terribly glad, to get back to it! These were my friends, and I had wanted so badly to be one of them again. And now—this. Came a day—inevitably, I suppose—when I thought I couldn’t bear it; when my hurt turned to hate and I wanted to strike back. It was a little thing that happened. I simply learned that a couple of the girls had organized a picnic and that I, “the divorcée,” was not invited. Those two girls had been among my dearest friends before I was Continued on page 97
Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

GLEN MILLER surprised a lot of people with his able acting in the film "Sun Valley Serenade." It was good enough to win him another 20th Century-Fox contract. He and his band report to the coast February 1 for work in the new Sonja Henie picture, "Iceland."

Tin Pan Alley gossips say that Tommy Dorsey and his vocalist Ray Sinatra have too many heated arguments.

A feminine hot trumpet player has joined Woody Herman's swing crew. She is Billie Rogers, a University of Montana graduate. Woody discovered her in a Hollywood night club.

After a ten-year absence, Fred Waring's band is back on phonograph records. He signed a contract with Decca to make a series of albums.

A new record company has popped up. The disks bear the name of Imperial. Blue Barron, Vincent Lopez, and Bunny Berigan are listed in the firm's catalog.

Bon Bon, Jan Savitt's sephia singer, and Raymond Scott are proud fathers of baby boys.

It now appears definite that Dick Jurgens and his fine band will make their long-postponed eastern tour this Spring. They conclude their Aragon Ballroom, Chicago, engagement in April.

Don't be surprised if "The Hit Parade" discards its present program formula and adopts a set-up not unlike Coca-Cola's "Spotlight Bands" series on Mutual.

The government has banned further manufacture of juke boxes.

Two bandleader newlyweds are Ray Heatherton and Jimmy Grier. Ray married dancer Davenie Watson and Jimmy tied the knot with his vocalist, Isabel Fagin.

After a sustaining build-up on CBS, vocalist Jerry Wayne is now on Mutual with a sponsor. He beat out Jean Sablon, Jerry Cooper, and Hildegarde for the job.

Ella Fitzgerald must be determined to succeed in the movies. She lost 55 pounds in order to get a role in the new Abbott and Costello comedy, "Ride 'Em Cowboy."

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Cootie Williams has quit Benny Goodman's band to form Continued on page 72

Radio's new bandleader who has come up from the ranks of vocalist is handsome Bob Allen, below, with Margaret Lee, his wife and baby Robert Edmond who spurred him on to try leading a band.

An important member of Harlem's Royal Family is Count William Basie. Once he played the organ in a movie theater.
"9-letter word meaning Social Suicide"

GOT you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It's a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help... and do you need it.

Suppose you start with an "H". Now drop in an "A". Next, try an "L", as in "love"—and wouldn't you like a little of that! There! You've made a start. At this point may we suggest an "I". You know, "I" as in "it"—which you haven't got or you wouldn't be sitting at home of a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a "T". We're getting places. Now an "O", That gives you H-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you'll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an "S"—could stand for "seductive" in your case but for one thing. But let's get on...

Put in another "I" as in "idea"—which you're going to get in just a second. Now end it up with another "S" and Lady, you've got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few... why boys don't stick around... why you're sort of "on the shelf."

It's halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there's often something you can do about it... something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic... every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never... never!... omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It

While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath
Unexpected Romance

She was merely a voice in the chorus, he was a noted announcer, so he couldn't possibly be interested in her! But he was, and now Bea Wain and Andre Baruch are radio's happiest couple.

THE obscure little brunette with Fred Waring's orchestra stole a glance at the announcer speaking his finely modulated phrases into the microphone, and then, as the announcer happened to look up, she shifted her gaze to the audience in the Columbia Broadcasting Company Playhouse in New York, where the broadcast was taking place. The announcer finished his little speech and retired to a chair, and the girl studiously avoided looking at him again. The obscure little girl was a Miss Bea Wain, and she was obscure because she was merely the female voice with Fred Waring's Swing Vocal Octet. The listeners knew the Swing Octet but no one knew Miss Bea Wain.

Miss Wain had snatched looks at the announcer, who was Andre Baruch, quite often before this. And when he passed her chair and brushed her arm, the color came into her cheeks and her pulse beat just a trifle more rapidly. Andre, besides being a noted announcer, was distinctly handsome, well-built, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and with a certain grace of manner and speech that came from his European heritage—he was born in Paris.

But whatever feelings Bea had for Andre, he knew nothing of them. When he pleasantly greeted her, Bea responded politely but coolly. Why should she reveal how interested she was in him? He couldn't possibly have any interest in her. She was a nobody, he was tops in radio. Andre didn't know she existed except as the Female Voice of the Swing Octet.

At this particular broadcast she wore an unusually effective evening gown, black velvet with touches of red, and enhanced with a pair of ornamental looking silver clips, and as she walked off the stage after the show ended, Andre came alongside of her. "My, how nice you look tonight!" he said.

Bea experienced a violently disturbing hot and cold sensation, but her voice was even and matter-of-fact as she replied with a formal smile. "Thank you." Andre smiled back, friendly and interested. "Would you like to go out somewhere?" he asked.

"Thank you, but I can't," she said, and she didn't know how she had the will power to utter these words. But why should she let herself be kidded? Andre probably didn't mean to take her out—he would find some excuse soon enough if she accepted. And if he really did take her out it was most likely because of a sudden whim, or—yes, that was it; because she wore a striking gown and he had noticed her for the first time. Well, she wouldn't fall for that. She had been on the Fred Waring program for months, and if it took a dress to make him notice her, she didn't want his attention. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said, and smiled pleasantly again and left her.

Bea went home blue, but felt she was right. Better this than to delude herself that Andre could be interested in her. They met again, as usual, during the Waring broadcasts. Sometimes he smiled a greeting, and she responded with appropriate politeness. More often he was busy and didn't see her at all.

By Joseph Kaye

Andre announces the Hit Parade show Saturday nights on CBS, Waltz Time, Fridays on NBC, American Album of Familiar Music, Sundays, and others. Bea sings on the Merry Go Round program Monday nights over NBC-Blue.
Then something happened which Bea thought would make it easier for her to get Andre out of her mind. The Kate Smith program offered her a better job and she took it. She still would be an anonymous voice in the show, one of a chorus of twelve singers, this time. But she would be away from Andre.

Came the first rehearsal, and—there was Andre Baruch. Yes, he was the announcer for the Kate Smith show too.

Bea went pale. Was there some destiny that was driving her into further acquaintance with this man? But she dismissed this sentimental thought. Just a coincidence, and she must accept it as such. Mr. Baruch would be just another member of the show to her.

Bea turned to her music and began studying it diligently. The rehearsal continued. Bea paid attention to everyone in the cast except Andre. But there came a time when she couldn’t resist looking at him—of course his eyes weren’t on her then—and she began to see that he was unusually pale—his face was feverish, and he was unsteady on his legs.

“The poor guy is sick,” thought Bea.

She watched him carefully, blissfully ignoring the fact that such attention was not justified by her determination to treat him with absolute indifference. And the more she watched the more anxious she became. He was ill; there was no doubt of it. She saw how he tried to go through with the rehearsal, how he braced himself to stand straight and talk without quavering, how he surreptitiously held on to the table near which he was standing.

Finally the rehearsal came to an end, and Andre went out, or rather, stumbled out. Bea rose quickly from her chair, battling an instinct to run to him. She did walk out into the lobby, but Andre was gone.

THAT evening the first Kate Smith program was to be broadcast, and late at night there would be the customary rebroadcast to the Coast because of the two hours difference in time between New York and Pacific seaboard. A strenuous job for a man who was sick.

Andre appeared for the program fresh and shaven and well-groomed in his evening clothes. He seemed to be a lot better. Bea felt much happier, and she dutifully averted her eyes from him.

The program proceeded successfully and reached its conclusion. Andre spoke the last commercial, his microphone went off the air, and he walked across the studio. He had taken only a few steps, when he paused for a moment, then fell dead faint.

Bea leaped to her feet. She dashed to the water cooler and dashed back to the little group that clustered about the prone man.

“Give him air!” she cried.

She seemed to take command naturally, and the others obeyed her. They moved away from Andre. Bea knelt beside him and tried to stir him. Unexpectedly, he came to. She held the cup of water to his lips. His eyes opened and stared. And the first person he saw was Bea, her head close to his, her fingers holding the cup of water.

“Drink this,” she ordered.

Continued on page 75
REMEMBER Girl Alone, the daytime serial that gave you so many hours of thrilling listening? It's on the verge of returning to the air, but in a new form. Fayette Krum, who created the story, has written several half-hour scripts, and NBC is excited about putting them on in a weekly night-time series. Each half-hour program would tell a complete story in itself, but the same characters would run through all of them. And of course the hero and heroine would be Patricia and Scoop Curtis, your old friends of the original Girl Alone drama.

The saddest figure on Radio Row these days is Alan Reed, who could easily get enough radio jobs to keep him working from dawn to midnight, if he wanted to. He's a dialect comedian, stooge, and actor of amazing versatility. (Alan Reed, by the way, is a name he has taken only in the last couple of years. Before that you knew him as Teddy Bergman. Anyway, Alan sacrificed many a well-paying radio job this fall to take a role in the stage play, "Hope for a Harvest," with Fredie March. He did this because he hoped movie scouts might see him in it and offer him what he wanted more than anything in the world—a Hollywood contract. They did, but then the war started and Alan refused the contract because he was afraid to move his family out to the West Coast. To make things worse, "Hope for a Harvest," although Alan got good critical notices, wasn't a very successful play. It closed a few weeks after it opened.

Charlotte, N.C.—Gordon Eaton, one of station WBT's newest announcers, arrived in Charlotte from WGST in Atlanta, Georgia, with an infectious smile, a swell voice, and a background of radio experience dating back to his senior year in high school.

Gordon was born in Louisville, Georgia, but spent most of his particularly active life, until coming to WBT, under Florida sunshine. He rode into radio fame the hard way—running from the school house every afternoon to the studios of WJNO.

By DAN SENSENEY

Left, Hollywood's newest newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle. Milton's the comedian of NBC's Three-Ring Time; bride is the former Joyce Mathews.

Life for Bob Reese, tenor heard coast to coast from KDYL in Salt Lake, is one song after another.

West Palm Beach, for a session of announcing station-breaks, keeping the record files out of their inevitable disorder, doing errands for the regular announcers, and soaking up the atmosphere of a broadcasting studio like a wide-eyed, glamor-envying child.

When summer rolled around and a coveted diploma was safely tucked away, WJNO gave the ambitious Gordon a full-time job as a junior announcer. Shortly afterward, station WFLT in Fort Lauderdale offered him a position as senior announcer, and he grabbed it without thinking twice. The salary was eighteen dollars a week, and Gordon's head swam at the thought of such riches.

The next stop on his career-road was WGST in Atlanta, where WBT officials heard him and offered him a still better berth on the 50,000-watt CBS outlet in North Carolina.

Gordon has one of the most interesting, versatile and resonant voices of any announcer on the air. He's heard on many weekly and special-event programs on WBT and in a short time has gained a wide circle of air-friends. He's married and very happy about it—in fact, ask him the name of his favorite personality and he says, "My wife, Grace Helen."
Ask him about his fondest hobby, his most important life interest, his greatest thrill, and the answer's just the same, "My wife, Grace Helen."

Grace Helen is so much a part of Gordon's life that she deserves a paragraph all to herself. She's as talented as her husband, in her own way, and is skilled in fashion designing, short story writing, musical show production and dancing. Together Grace and Gordon make a rare team of young husband and young wife whose joint ambition is "to make friends quickly and permanently, and to have fun doing with each other the many little things that make life worth living."

Gordon is handsome enough to be conceited, but isn't. His deep-set blue eyes twinkle constantly, and he's always bursting with good humor that keeps everyone around him in top spirits no matter how tough the job. He is constantly enthusing over one of his numerous hobbies (radio, photography, aviation, golf). CBS, WBT, amateur or professional dramatics, or fan-mail—which he answers religiously, devoting two or three pages to a letter.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Bob Reese, station KDYL's own golden voiced tenor, is a true son of the Golden West. He was born in Boise, Idaho, but has lived most of his life in Salt Lake City. Not only Salt Lake people, but listeners to the NBC networks from coast to coast, hear him singing with Ed Stoker’s KDYL orchestra three times every week.

Life for Bob has been one song after another. He's been singing ever since he was in high school—when, in 1931, he won the Utah State contest for tenor solo. He always wanted to make music his career, and let nothing stand in the way of that am-

"Baby" your face at bedtime to
WAKE up LOVELIER!

Doctors advise
“baby-care” for your complexion

Each night give your face this gentle
Ivory soap-and-water care advised by
doctors for the World's Most Perfect
Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more
than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the
quick cream lather of New "Velvet-
Suds" Ivory is gentler than ever to
your skin. Actually, New Ivory is
milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive? You
should "baby" it with this gentle, New
Ivory night-time routine: Cream lukewarm
Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle
fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry.
Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply
lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise
gentle Ivory cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll
want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to
remove excess oil. Every night: With a rough
washcloth, lather up lukewarm Ivory velvet
suds—1/4-inch lather simply cream off your
Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into
every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm
rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3
times daily for safe beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use
New Velvet-suds Ivory

MARCH, 1942
What's New from Coast to Coast

Left, Hollywood's newest new- lyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle. Milton is the comedian of NBC's Three-Ring Time; bride is the former Joyce Mathews.

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The next step on his career-road was WGST in Atlanta, Georgia, with an infectious smile, a sweet voice, and a background of radio experience dating back to his senior year in high school.

Gordon has one of the most interesting, versatile and resonant voices heard on any network or the air. He's an event programs on WBT, and a short time has gained a wide circle of air-friends. He's married and very happy about it — in fact, ask him the name of his favorite personality and he says, "My wife, Grace Helen."

By DAN SENSENEY

REMEmBER Girl Alone, the day-time serial that gave you so many hours of thrilling listening? It's on the verge of returning to the air, in a new form. Fayette Krum, who created the story, has written several half-hour scripts, and NBC is excited about putting them on in a weekly night-time series. Each half-hour program would tell a complete story in itself, but the more characters would run through all of them.

And of course the hero and heroine would be Patricia and Scoop Curtis, your old friends of the original Girl Alone drama.

The sudden figure on Radio Row these days is Alan Reed, who could easily get enough radio jobs to keep him working from dawn to midnight, if he wanted to. He's a dialect comic, stooge, and star of amazing versatility. (Alan Reed, by the way. a name he has taken only to know him as Teddy Bergman.) Any way, Alan sacrificed many a well-paying radio job this fall to take a role in the stage play, "Hope for a Harvest," with Fredric March. He did this because he hoped movie scouts would find him in it and offer him what he wanted more than anything in the world — a Hollywood contract. They did, but then the war started and Alan refused the contract because he was afraid to move his family out to the West Coast. To make things worse, "Hope for a Harvest," although Alan got critical notices, wasn't a very successful play. It closed a few weeks after it opened.

A recent addition to the announcing staff of station WBT, Charlotte, N.C., is Gordon Eaton.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. — Gordon Eaton, one of station WBT's newest announcers, arrived in Charlotte from WGST in Atlanta, Georgia, with an infectious smile, a sweet voice, and a background of radio experience dating back to his senior year in high school.

Gordon was born in Louisville, Georgia, but spent most of his particular active life, until coming to WBT, under Florida sunshine. He rode into radio fame the hard way — running from the school house every afternoon to the studios of WJNO.

Doctors advise "baby-care" for your complexion

Each night give your face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion — baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-suds" Ivory is gentler than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!

99% 100% Pure — It Flows

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds Ivory

IS YOUR SKIN DRY? Sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory eight-night routine. Cream, lather and warm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm suds — pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a touch cold cream. Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. Everynight With a touch of warm, a touch of cool lather and warm Ivory suds — a smooth lather simply cream off your Ivory cake. Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face, Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for safe beauty-care!
Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

- *Bunny Duncan* is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

*Oodorono Cream* ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

The Oodorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

If you’re a radio “ham,” or amateur operator, Uncle Sam is offering you a fine chance to serve your country and at the same time receive valuable training. The Navy Department is looking for several thousand recruits with experience as amateur radio technicians, to be trained in Naval radio communications or as “Radar” men, which is even more interesting and useful. The “Radar” men will operate the new and very secret device which locates planes in flight, and has been used so successfully in England. So if you’re a high school graduate, already know a little about radio broadcasting, and want a good job, see the man at your nearest Naval Recruiting Station.

The Navy isn’t the only Government agency looking for help. Young men from eighteen to twenty-three are needed to serve on U. S. Merchant ships. They will be paid while they are learning to be radio operators, stewards, or engineers; and jobs at high wages are available after the training period. You can get information at any State employment office, or write to the United States Maritime Commission, Washington, D. C.

The war takes Helen Hayes and her Sunday night programs off the air after the first Sunday in February. At first her sponsor planned to end the series in January, but later decided to extend the time five more weeks.

Radio actress Estelle Levy, now that she’s growing up, has changed her name to Gwen Davies.

CINCINNATI—Lazy Jim Day is the rural comedian of station WLW’s famous Boone County Jamboree. He is likewise the “Pride of Short Creek” down in Grayson County, Kentucky, where his pa and ma and four sisters and three brothers “reckon city folk are plain teeted in the haid to pay Jim jest to carry on like all git-out in front of strangers.”

In fact, Jim himself was suspicious of the whole business and held out for quite a spell before he agreed to give up his dollar-a-day job on a dairy farm near Maton, Illinois, when Clair Hull, WDZ station manager in Tuscola, Illinois, heard Jim at a County Fair, recognized his artless talent, and offered him a job on the radio.

A pair of unexpected visitors to Jack Benny’s broadcast are Jimmy Stewart, home on leave from his Army camp, and Henry Fonda—and as usual, Mary seems to be getting all the attention.
His folks down in Kentucky can't understand why WLW's Lazy Jim Day gets paid for acting funny.

But Jim had corn-shucking to attend to, and it took Hull several weeks of solid talking out in the corn fields before he finally persuaded Jim to try his hand at broadcasting. He made his debut in a fifteen-minute program in 1936, and is glad of it today. "I'm thankful to Mr. Hull for begging me to take the job," Jim says, "because in one year I sold enough ten-cent pictures of myself to buy me a new car." It isn't the same one he drives today, which is a bright red and very expensive roadster.

Jim's fortune is in his droll wit and peculiar "dead pan," helped by an odd-sounding voice and a good memory. "I have a crooked nose and two teeth missing," he says, "they weren't pulled none, just didn't grow there."

In his Boone County Jamboree and Top o' the Morning broadcasts, Lazy Jim plays the guitar, sings, jigs, or "just talks to the folks." Microphone fright is completely unknown to him, since he pictures the mike as "only a tin cup on the end of a tobacco stick." For reasons of his own, he has never been seen in any other attire than a pair of overalls, checked shirt, and striped socks. Once he was refused admission to a County Fair where he was scheduled to entertain the crowds because the man at the door thought he was a rustie no-account. He claims to possess one real suit of clothes. It was the suit he was married in.

Jim is afraid of airplanes and refuses to repeat a recent stunt broadcast in which he did a program several thousand feet up in the air. He enjoys driving his car at fast speeds—a pleasure which brought him sorrow recently when a summons before the local traffic court resulted in a fine and a suspension of his driving rights for a month. Since walking is something he abhors, he bought a second-hand bicycle with white wall tires and a sheep-skin seat (price, 

In the 1936 Jamboree, Jim Dorsey made his debut as a radio personality. He has since become known as the "King of Country Music," and his popularity has grown steadily over the years. His broadcasts are a source of entertainment for millions of listeners around the world. Jim remains true to his roots, always ready to share his love of music with anyone who will listen.
Ask the average person what she knows about serving meats with fruits and she is likely to look blank and then, memories of recent holiday feasts coming to her rescue, reply vaguely, "Well, there's turkey and cranberry sauce." That's a fine and favored flavor combination, of course, but it's only the beginning of the list, for there are dozens of ways in which meats may be used with fruit—fresh, canned or cooked dried fruit—to produce dozens of new and appetizing flavor blends.

Such combinations are especially interesting now, when all of us are being as economical as we know how to be, for the addition of fruit will glorify many of the thrifty cuts of meat which are so important to our current budgets. Too, although fruit in some form is essential from a diet standpoint, many people cannot eat fresh fruit, and fruit cooked and served with the meat course offers a new way to supply them with this dietary need.

As a first course for any meat meal, broiled grapefruit is excellent, and the broiling gives this valuable citrus fruit new flavor interest. It's simple and easy to prepare, too. Allow half a grapefruit per person. Remove core and loosen the sections by cutting along membranes and outer skin with a sharp knife. Allow 1 tablespoon sugar, white, brown or maple, 1 teaspoon butter and a pinch of cinnamon for each grapefruit half. Cream butter and sugar together and spread on fruit, sprinkle with cinnamon and brown, 5 or 4 inches below broiler flame, until heated through and slightly brown (10 to 15 minutes). In place of butter, you can use jelly or honey.

Pork—including, of course, ham and sausage—lends itself especially well to fruit combinations and there is a digestive as well as a flavor reason for this fact. Some people, you know, find pork slow to digest and fruit, by helping the stomach maintain a proper balance of digestive juices, speeds up the time the system requires to assimilate this nutritious though often difficult meat.

By Kate Smith
Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.
Sausage Apple Casserole

1 lb. pork sausage links
3 large apples
3 medium sweet potatoes
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tbls. sausage drippings
1/4 cup boiling water

Cook sweet potatoes until tender, peel and slice. Pan fry sausage slowly for 10 minutes, pouring off fat as it rises. Core apples and slice. Arrange sausage, apples and sweet potatoes in greased casserole, and sprinkle with sugar. Combine boiling water and 2 tbls. of fat from sausages and pour over mixture. Bake at 375 degrees F. about 40 minutes.

Ham and Banana Rolls

1 lb. ham
4 bananas
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup crumbs or corn meal

Broil or pan broil ham slowly, allowing about 7 minutes per side. Incidentally, ham, like other pork products, is more tender and more quickly digested if cooked for a longer period at low temperature than if cooked quickly at a higher temperature. Peel bananas and cut into 1-inch slices. Dip slices into beaten egg, roll in crumbs. Brown in ham fat, using just enough to keep from sticking, over low flame, turning frequently to prevent sticking.

Other suggestions for "ham and" combinations are: 1—Canned pineapple slices. Drain well and broil, turning once, just long enough to heat through and brown or brown in skillet with small quantity of ham fat. 2—Peach, apricot, prune or pear halves—either cooked dried fruit or canned. Drain and cook as directed for pineapple. And if you will use the juice from any of these fruits to make ham gravy, you will have an excellent sauce for French toast which is a fine accompaniment for a ham and fruit meal.

Lamb is another meat which combines well with most fruits. As a starter, I suggest the lamb chop and fruit combination pictured here.

Continued on page 77

Oatmeal

G O E S H A W A I I A N

Here's a brand new way to combine your favorite breakfast cereal with Hawaii's favorite fruit—pineapple. Prepare oatmeal as directed on package. Place a slice of canned pineapple in each cereal dish, top with a generous portion of oatmeal and pour over it the following sauce:

1 tbl. butter
1 tbl. flour
1/2 cups pineapple juice
Few drops lemon juice (optional)

Cream butter and flour together, stir in pineapple and lemon juice and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick.

“My husband's kisses were cold as ice”

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the role of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ador was waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.

2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her everything. She said, “Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's your fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. “Early in my marriage,” she said, “a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes... and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues.”

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncered.

LYSOI

FOR FEMALE HYGIENE

Corp., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

MARCH, 1942

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M. 342, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.
CHARM AT YOUR Fingertips

By Dr. Grace Gregory

REALLY observant people look at your hands as much as at your face to find out what sort of person you are. More especially they look at your fingertips. Nails have come into their own, as important beauty factors.

Hands may be small or large; it does not matter. The dainty little hands so admired in the past now share honors with the large, capable looking hands that are ready to take part in the world’s work and sports. Hands may be lily-white, or suntanned. But one thing all beautiful hands must be—well groomed.

Whatever your hands do—garden- ing, housework, the most strenuous sports of all seasons—they may be kept exquisitely soft by constant massaging with lotions and creams. After every time in water your hands should be stroked with your favorite lotion or hand cream. Stroke from the fingertips towards the wrist, as though you were putting on gloves. Use only the least bit; a very little is enough to keep the skin smooth and satiny.

But above all, if you want your hands to be admired, make a fine art of the care of the nails.

It is not enough to have a manicure once in so often, on the eve of an important date, perhaps, and do a little re-emaniling between times. Nothing takes the place of frequent care, especially of the cuticle.

The trouble with brittle nails that are always breaking, where it is not a defect in your general health, is usually due to a neglect of softening creams. There are special creams devised now to correct this brittleness. These creams are to be gently worked into the skin around the nail, and rubbed under the nail and under the cuticle with an orange wood stick.

They serve to supply oil to dry nails, enabling them to regain the toughness and flexibility which are necessary to meet the modern requirements for longish nails.

There are also toning lotions which do wonders for brittle nails. In fact, if your nails are always breaking, it is your own fault. Given proper daily care, there is no reason at all for unshapely fingertips.

There is real artistry in this matter of nail shaping. Tapering fingers are, and always have been, considered beautiful. But very few of us have them. Nails are of two general types: fan shaped and almond. If you have the almond nails, with sides parallel, you probably have blunt or spatulate fingertips. And if you have the fan shaped type of nail, they make any finger look blunt, unless they are worn long and artistically trimmed.

The rules for fingertip beauty are simple. First of all, keep your nails tough and flexible by nourishing them with creams, so that you can wear them at a reasonable length without breaking. Then, shape them becomingly and practically. Nails too long or too pointed are unpleasantly suggestive of claws.

Finally, choose your nail enamels with taste and discretion. Do not confine yourself to one shade. There are clear enamels for the ultra-conservative, delicately pink or rose for those who want just a suggestion, and so on through all the spectrum.

Dark nail enamels do make the fingers appear more tapered, because they take attention from the actual shape of the finger, which you cannot change, to the shape of the nail, which you can. But the darker enamels still offer plenty of choice. There are dull shades and bright. If you wish to be conservative by day, and somewhat gayer in the evening, there is no reason why you cannot change from a dusky shade to a bright. It takes only about five minutes. And it is well worth doing.

If, in spite of your care, a nail does break, there are artificial nails which can be glued on while your own grows out. Trimmed and enameled to match the rest, they are practically undetectable.

Any enamel will chip, especially on the right hand of a very active person. It is a good idea to carry a small bottle of the enamel you are wearing in your handbag. One brush stroke from the tip to the base of the nail repairs the damage.

A singer’s hands are as important to her charm as her voice and lovely Yvette who sings on Penthouse Party Wednesday nights on NBC knows what they need for daily care.
Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . .
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . .
wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo — with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference — leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do — not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter — or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos — which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene — the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!
All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing HAIR CONDITIONER and is for every type of hair... dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene — in the blue and yellow package!
Tenderly her eyes went around the room which for four weeks had been her gateway to paradise.
Chris reached up and pulled her down into the hollow of his shoulder. "Hello," he whispered. No honeymoon had been like theirs, ever. Mary thought, and tragedy, demanding all the courage that is in a woman's heart, seemed as far away as the northern stars watching over them.

Without End

MARY JORDAN moved to the window of the stoutly built log cabin, the radiance of her face fading to a little worried frown. Gusts of snow were streaking across the window pane, like long white arms reaching down from the north to take the Canadian backwoods into the first embrace of winter.

"Chris," she said, "suppose we're snowed in here?"

The man lying on the hearth stirred lazily as he watched the shutter of a great backlog. "If there's one thing I like better than a one-month honeymoon it's a three-month honeymoon."

"But darling," the girl at the window struggled against the warm smile that came to her lips, "how about your job?"

"Who cares about a job? Stop being the conscience of your husband and come over here."

As Mary moved back to the fireplace, Chris reached up a strong arm and pulled her down into the hollow of his shoulder. He bent his lips against her ear. "Hello," he whispered.

"Hello," she laughed back softly, then frowned. "But if the storm keeps up, how could we get out?"

"Skis or snowshoes, Mrs. Conscience."

Mary sat up abruptly. "Snowshoes—me? I've never used snowshoes in my life."

"Then you'll have to learn," Chris grinned. "You're married to a Canadian now. Remember?"

Mary turned star-brushed eyes on him. "Yes, I remember—so many things."

"Like?—" he teased. But she knew the urgency that was on him too to live again the six brief weeks they had known each other. What would life have been for them if Christopher Jordan hadn't come to New York to submit his plans for the new railroad terminal? Or if Ellen Jensen hadn't given one of her everlasting parties? Or, more particularly, if Ellen hadn't succeeded in overcoming Mary's downright refusal to be the dinner partner of "that fur trapper from Hudson's Bay?"

"But he isn't a fur trapper, dear," Ellen patiently explained. "He's an architect from Montreal."

"Architect for what—log cabins?" Mary countered.

Tenderly now her eyes went over the rough walls and sturdy beams of the log hunting lodge which for almost four weeks had been her gateway to Paradise. How could she ever have thought—

But then, of course, she hadn't thought—not until she caught her first glimpse of Christopher Jordan as he came toward her to acknowledge Ellen's apprehensive introduction. Mary was forced to admit the "fur trapper from Hudson's Bay" looked more distinguished in his dinner suit than any other man in the room. Also, repartee among the seals must have been very sprightly indeed because young Mr. Jordan could hold his own conversationally with anyone at the table—especially with Mary.

In fact, the conversation landed her with him next day at the Aquarium, her selection of which marked the last ironic fling of her first reluctance to meet him. It vanished forever when in the midst of commenting on the sea cow as an outstanding example of waterlogged intelligence the tall, broad-shouldered Canadian dropped his tone of banter and said quietly, "You're the most beautiful girl I have ever known."

Next day they went to the Museum of Natural History, whereupon Chris launched into the interesting biology of ancient man—and woman. The third day matters got on a somewhat earthier plane at the zoo. From which point they took a distinctly elevating turn the fourth day on their visit to the Statue of Liberty when Chris and Mary mutter forewore theirs.

At the end of his two-week stay Chris refused point-blank to leave Mary behind him. So quite simply they were married at the Little Church Around the Corner—a not too original idea but eminently satisfying. Mary wired her people in the West and Chris telephoned his mother in Canada that he was bringing home a bride. Whereupon they tucked themselves away for a month's honeymoon in the back reaches of Quebec Province at the Jordan hunting lodge—here.

"Chris," Mary said suddenly, "have you ever been in love before?"

"Hundreds of times," he answered lightly, then changed his tone after a quick glance at her face. "Depends on what you mean by love. What does it mean to you, Mary?"

"It means," she said slowly, "the forgetting that you're you. When all the things you've known as beauty, but beauty apart from you—like sunsets, moonlight across water, waves pounding on a beach—suddenly aren't apart from you any longer. The sunsets are singing inside of you. Maybe—" she was trying hard to trap her thoughts with words, "maybe I mean ecstasy. Not the ecstasy that's gone in a moment, but the kind that's born only when the man and woman meet who, through all time, maybe through other ages and other worlds for all we know, were destined for each other . . ."

Chris didn't speak for a moment. When he did, he said, "And you could even ask if I've ever felt that for anyone else?"

Into this moment of communion broke a Continued on page 67
There are not many sight-seeing buses on the quiet streets of Alexandria, Virginia, six miles from Washington. But were you to board one of the few, the driver would point out to you Old Christ Church, where George Washington was one of the first vestrymen. He would tell you how General Braddock made his headquarters here during the Revolutionary War, and that it was the capital in the War Between the States of that part of Virginia which remained loyal to the Union. Then, forsaking history as the bus rolled down the shady streets into a section of sedate homes, he would gesture toward a graceful Georgian house and say, "That's the home of Rufus Kane, the big Labor leader." A quick turn of his head and a dramatic sweep of his arm, and your attention would be directed to another house across the way from Rufus Kane's—a low gray house with green shutters, a house that was modest and somehow feminine.

"And that," he would say, "is where the Senator from Iowa, Senator Mary Marlin, lives."

You would peer at the little house, wishing for a glimpse of Senator Marlin herself, running down the shallow front steps to the long gray car parked at the curb—and wondering, no doubt, what she was really like, this woman whose gracious beauty shone in the dignified Senate Chambers like a lamp at dusk. For there were so many conflicting stories about her.

Not that the bare facts weren't well enough known. They were the standard fare of every columnist and every Sunday feature article in the newspapers. People knew she was the wife (and perhaps the widow) of Senator Joe Marlin, that she had been appointed to the Senate to fill Joe Marlin's unexpired term, that their little son Davey had been named in honor of David Post, Joe's former law partner in the town of Cedar Springs, Iowa. And that fact alone brought up the first of many conjectures, so that the name of David Post and that of Rufus Kane came questioningly into people's minds.

Even such an innocent-seeming social item as this had overtones of wonder: "Senator Mary Marlin entertained at dinner last night in her Alexandria home. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Mitchell, Mr. Rufus Kane..." Only Mary Marlin would have invited to sit at one table such clashing personalities as those of Rufus Kane and Frazer Mitchell, whose wife had been the other figure in that ugly story about Joe Marlin before his disappearance. And only Mary Marlin could have made such an ill-assorted dinner party successful—not once but many times.

Adam Fury, the wisest and most impertinent of Washington reporters, had once asked her how she managed to be a friend both of Rufus Kane and Frazer Mitchell. "They're not only on opposite sides of the political fence from each other," he'd said, "but neither of them would ever have seen eye to eye with Joe."

Mary Marlin had laughed, in that gay, friendly way of hers. "Because I enjoy their company," she had said, "doesn't mean I think the way they do, Adam."

Adam had wanted to say, "Do you still think the way your husband did, Madame Senator?" But he knew, rather better than did all Washington, how near the Marlins had been to breaking up, even before an airplane had plummeted to earth on the Russian steppes, carrying with it into oblivion the Honorable Joseph Marlin, United States Senator from Iowa. And rather than hurt Mary, he was silent.

He reflected, though, that Mary Marlin was a frequent visitor at the home of Rufus Kane. As far as he or anyone else knew, she was the only woman in whom Kane had ever been interested enough to introduce to his mother, the fragile and gentle Sarah Jane Kane.

Adam Fury thought frequently of Mary Marlin, and decided she was one of the most baffling women he had ever known. That was the reason for her strange hold on the imaginations of people who only read about her in the newspapers, as well as those who had seen and talked to her. It wasn't just that she was beautiful, although she was that, too, in a strong, commanding way. Her thick black hair was so heavy that from carrying it her head had acquired a regal tilt. She
Mary Marlin

To a whole nation she was a legend, a symbol of glamour and mystery, a woman whose inner heart was never revealed. But that was because no one knew her story. Begin now, as a fascinating novel, one of radio’s famous dramas

was tall, and she moved with a grace that reminded you of the statue called The Winged Victory, if a statue could come to life. Yet her violet eyes could be as warmly bright as a girl’s; her mobile mouth as tender.

And still the real Mary Marlin seemed always out of reach. Adam wished he had known her long ago, when she and Joe Marlin were first married. Then, perhaps, he could have understood her.

On a January evening of 1935, Washington was no more to Mary Marlin than the name of a place where laws were made. Her world was bounded by the city limits of Cedar Springs, Iowa. It included first and most importantly, Joe Marlin—his loose-joined, tall body, his tanned face and unruly brown hair, his unquenchable optimism and his fits of abstraction when all that was really Joe seemed to vanish, leaving only a moving and talking figure that looked like him but obviously wasn’t.

Then there were other, smaller bits of Mary’s world: Annie, the cook and housekeeper who had come to this house with her and Joe when they were first married... the house itself, old-fashioned, painted white, set far back from the quiet street... her garden, snug now under its winter coverings... her best friend, Margaret Adams, who lived next door, and Margaret’s husband and her two children... the Old Church, where she and Joe went on Sundays... the Town Square, with its statue of Justice, blindfolded...

Joe’s law office, across the Square, with the gilt lettering on its windows, “Post & Marlin, Attorneys at Law”... David Post, Joe’s partner and friend... many other small parts of daily life, hardly noticed because they were so accustomed.

Years of married contentment had left there marks upon Mary. Perhaps she was not so slender as she had been when Joe led her to the altar. Perhaps she did not move so lightly. Perhaps each day of her life followed each other day in a well-worn groove. But what did it matter? A married woman of thirty-five does not need these outward evidences of beauty, of excitement. Her loveliness is in her ordered home, in her gentleness, in her

Only Mary Marlin would have dared to bring together such clashing personalities as those of Rufus Kane and the Frazer Mitchells.
The story of Mary Marlin

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Years of married contentment had left there marks upon Mary. Perhaps she was not so slender as she had been when Joe led her to the altar. Perhaps she did not move so lightly. Perhaps each day of her life followed each other day in a well-worn groove. But what did it matter? A married woman of thirty-five does not need these outward evidences of beauty, of excitement. Her loneliness is in her ordered home, in her gentleness, in her
motherhood. . . . But Mary and Joe Marlin had no children.

Mary cared less for her own sake than for Joe's. She would have liked children, and there were times when she hungered for them, but in her was the ability to take gratefully what life offered and not ask for more. Life had already, she believed, offered her a great deal, and she was content. Joe was different. He did not accept from life, he demanded of it. And when his demands were refused he was baffled and furious. He wanted the whole world to be better than it was, not only for himself but for others too. That was why he might some day be a great man, but it was also why he would never be a contented one.

**HE** HAD been moody, easily exasperated lately. It was because he was working too hard at the office, of course. Tonight, for instance, Mary had looked forward to having him spend the evening at home—Not that the evening had started very propitiously, after all.

After dinner—a good dinner, but rather too silent a one—they had come into the living room. Restlessly, Joe had switched on the radio, twisting the dials until the voice of a news announcer filled the room. Mary had winced.

"Joe—would you turn it down a little?"

"Hmm?"

"I said, could you turn it down a little? It's so loud—"

Angrily, he had switched the machine off entirely. "Of course, if it annoys you to hear what's going on in the world!"

"Joe dear, you know that wasn't what I meant. I only—"

The telephone bell sliced across her apologies. And that was the end of the quiet evening at home. It was the office, of course, calling Joe to work.

But Dave Post had seemed surprised when Mary complained, a few days earlier, about Joe's late hours of work, had agreed there was no reason for him to slave himself into a breakdown.

A tiny worm of fear curled within Mary's heart. Could it be that Joe was not at the office all these long nights? . . . It was an absurd and disloyal thought; she put it away from her just as Annie came in from the hall.

"Mr. Marlin dropped this out of his coat pocket as he was goin' out, Mis' Marlin. Looks like it's a letter."

"Thank you, Annie." Mary took the folded scrap of paper, and it fell open in her hand. In an instant she had read the few words written on it:

"Darling Joe—Come tonight—make any excuse, but come. You must choose between us. I won't go on like this. I love you. S."

The white, paper blurred and swam before her eyes and then, mercifully, everything disappeared entirely. It was the first time in her life Mary Marlin had fainted.

She could have been unconscious for only a few seconds, because she was dimly aware of Annie fussing over her, helping her upstairs to bed, while all the time the knowledge of what she had read in the note blotted out every other consideration. When at last she was rid of Annie she lay awake in the darkened room, thinking back over the last weeks and seeing them in all their sordid clarity. Joe came in a little after midnight, and she pretended to be asleep. In the morning she slipped out of bed before he was awake, and managed to be busy in the kitchen with Annie when he came down to breakfast. In all, she saw him long enough only to exchange a "good morning" that it took all her strength to keep calm and matter-of-fact.

In the long night's vigil she had determined to keep silent about her discovery. That, she had told herself, was the wise thing to do. But after Joe had left she felt panic pressing down upon her, and knew she could never hug this secret silently to herself. She realized, too, that David Post must have known about this—this intrigue of Joe's.

As an exciting novel, begin reading The Story of Mary Marlin, the radio serial by Jone Crusinberry, heard daily at 1 A.M., E.S.T., on NBC-Red and at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., on CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographic illustrations posed by the cost—Anne Seymour as Mary Marlin, Rupert LaBelle as Rufus Kane, Fran Corson as Bunny Mitchell, Fred Sullivan as Fraser Mitchell, Charme Allen as Sarah Jane Kane.

That was why he had been so embarrassed over her complaint about Joe's late hours. Horrible, that others should know, should pity her!

Possessed by such an inner frenzy of despair that she could not stay quietly at home, she went downtown, to Joe's office. But Miss Gibbons, his secretary, said he was in Court, and Mary was about to leave when David Post came out of his private office and saw her. Dave was a little older than Joe in years, and had always seemed older than that in his quiet, thoughtful ways. His broad face was not exactly handsome, but it had a rugged, good honesty, and when he smiled it became suddenly charming—the face of a man who had grown up without forgetting the boy he once was. He smiled now, at sight of Mary.

"I know you didn't drop in to see me, Mary. But come in and sit down a minute. Joe's in Court."
Mary Marlin was the first woman in whom Rufus Kane had ever been interested enough to introduce to his mother.

"Yes—I know. Miss Gibbons—told me."

He looked at her keenly, seeing, now, her agitation, but he said nothing until she was in his office, seated in the big leather chair opposite his at the desk. Then he said, "Something wrong, Mary?"

"Oh—Dave—" Helplessly, under his sympathy, she began to cry. "It's Joe, Dave—Joe and some—other woman! All this time—I've no idea how long—he's been deceiving me. I found a note last night, after he'd left the house—"

David's face had hardened in anger—anger against the man who had been his boyhood friend. "Mary," he said thickly, "don't—I can't stand it to see you cry."

"But it's so terrible—I never thought Joe would do a thing like this. I trusted him!"

"Yes," Dave said. "It's too bad we men can't realize what a wonderful thing we have when a fine woman has faith in us . . . Mary, I did so want to save you from this."

Mary raised her head. "You knew, didn't you?—Then you must know who the girl is! David—tell me!"

"I don't—Wait, Mary. Let's not do anything we'll regret. I'd rather not tell you. For one thing, I can't believe this is serious—with Joe. I can't believe it!"

There was a crisp knock on the door, and Joe entered almost before the sound had died away. His eyes swept from one of them to the other, taking in David's agitation, Mary's reddened eyes, and he pulled the door shut behind him.

"It appears," he said menacingly, "that Dave has been giving you a little inside information, Mary."

"Joe! Dave hasn't said a thing. I—I found a note you dropped at home."

"You've read it?"

"Yes, I—"

"It was mine. Why did you read it?"

"I didn't think there was anything we didn't share—until now," Mary said simply. "Joe, what does it mean?"

"More or less what it appears to mean," he said shortly. "As I'm sure you realize, since you lost no time in seeing an attorney about it!"

Dave stood up, and there was about him the air of a man whose patience is wearing thin. "Don't be a fool, Joe! Mary came here to see you, not me."

"And lost no time in telling you all about it!" Joe snapped.

"Joe—" David Post held out a placating hand. "I can't understand you, Joe. Can't you see you're ruining Mary's life—your own life—just for a cheap little—"

"You'd better not say it, Dave!" Joe warned.

"I wish I'd fired her the first week she was in this office!" Dave cried—and stopped, aghast at what he had done.

Mary looked past the men, at the closed door to the outer office. She knew, now. The note had been signed with the initial S. And Miss Gibbons, the secretary, who was blonde and slim and vacantly pretty and young, was named Sally . . .

"Oh, Joe!" she said at last. "Your—secretary! Oh, how—cheap!"

Blood throbbed, wine-colored, just under the skin of Joe's face. "I'm sick of all this," he said. "I've been through hell, and I can't stand it any longer. I'll do what I like!"

The room hummed with the crash of the door, slammed behind him. After a while, David said wearily. "Come, Mary—I'll take you home."

"Home!" she repeated after him, bitterly. "Home!"

The Red Lion Inn was a shabby and rather disreputable night club on the outskirts of Cedar Springs. It had a small dance floor, a bar, booths where couples could sit and talk in reasonable assurance that they would not be heard in the adjoining cubicles.

Joe Marlin and Sally Gibbons sat in one of these booths, that night.

One of the two Red Lion waiters said to the other, "Boy, are they goin' round and round! Somethin's botherin' 'em plenty—and he's bothered worse than she is."

The other waiter snickered. "Maybe the guy's wife found out," he said.

IT WAS shortly before midnight when they left, running from the door of the Inn to Joe's car, for it was a windy night with flaws of rain. In the car, driving back toward town, the discussion that had been going on all evening reached its climax.

"But now she knows, Joe. You can't say you don't want to hurt her any more. And I'm good and tired of this sneaking around—hiding—like we were a couple of criminals."

"Let's drop it, Sally. We've talked about it too much tonight."

"We've got to talk about it! You say you love me—but you—you won't—do—what I want you to—"

A sob muffled her voice, and she dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. Its perfume filled the confined air of the car. "Joe—"

There was a new note in her voice now, an oddly determined note.

"Yes?"

"Dear, I didn't want to tell you—not right now—but I—I don't know how I could go through it alone. I think I'd—kill myself . . ."

The speed of the car slackened as his foot slipped from the throttle. He turned to look at her, his mouth a little open; forgetting, in his amazement, where he was until the pull of wheels on soft gravel made him wrench the machine back onto the road. And even this was automatic.

"Sally! You don't mean you're—"

"Yes. A baby."

"Good Lord!" But as he drove on, he thought, "A son!" and unexpected delight rose in him.

Joe did not return to his home at all that night, spending it instead at the hotel. It was dusk the next afternoon when Mary saw him coming up the path from the street, and was filled with the unreasonable certainty that he was returning to her, coming to wipe out all the memories of Continued on page 48
Mary cared less for her own sake than for Joe's. She would have spent days, even weeks, when she hungered for them, but in her was the ability to take lightly what life offered and not ask for more. Life had already, she believed, offered her a great deal, and she was content. Joe was different. He did not accept life, he demanded it. When his demands were refused he was baffled and angry. He wanted the whole world to be better than it was, not only for himself, but for others too. He knew that was why he might some day be a great man, but also why he would never be a contented man.

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"Joe—would you turn it down a little?" Mary asked.

"I said, could you turn it down a little?" So loudly—Actually, he had switched off the machine entirely. "Of course, if it annoys you to hear what's going on in the world!"

Mary knew that wasn't what I meant. I only—" she thought. The telephone bell slurred across her conversation. She was thinking. That was the end of the quiet evening at home. It was the office, of course, calling Joe to work.

But Dave Post had seemed surprised when Mary complained, a few days earlier, about Joe's late hours of work, had agreed there was no reason for him to slave himself into a breakdown.

A tiny worm of fear curled within Mary's heart. Could it be that Joe was not at the office all these long nights? It was an absurd and unbelievable thought; she put it away from her just as Annie came in from the hall.

"Mr. Martin dropped this out of his coat pocket as he was going out, Miss' Mary. Looks like it's a letter."

"Thank you, Annie," Mary took the folded scrap of paper, and fell open in her hand. In an instant she had read the few words written on it:

"Darling Joe—Come tonight—make any excuse, but come. You must choose between us. I won't go on like this. I love you. The white paper, blurred and smeared before her eyes and then, mercifully, entirely. It was the first time in her life Mary Martin had fainted.

She could have been conscious for only a few seconds, because she was dimly aware of Annie fussing over her, helping her upstairs to her bed, while all the time the knowledge of what she had read in the note blotted out every other consideration. When at last she was rid of Annie she lay awake in the darkened room, thinking back over the last weeks and months in all its worldly clarity. Joe came in a little after midnight, and she pretended to be asleep, as she slipped out of bed before he was awake, and managed to be busy in the kitchen with Annie when he came down for breakfast. After all, she saw him long enough to exchange a "good morning" that told her she was strong enough to keep calm and matter-of-fact.

In the long night's vigil she had determined to keep silent about her discovery. That, she had told herself, was the wise thing to do. But after Joe had left the house she fell into one of her old, despairing days, and knew she could never hug this secret silently to herself. She realized, too, that the letter was to Mary Martin, to whom others should know, should play her!

Possessed by such an intense wave of despair that she could not stay quietly at home, she went down town, to Joe's office. But Miss Gibbons, his secretary, said he was in court, and Mary was about to leave when David Post came out of his private office and saw her. He asked, "May I have a word with you?"

"Sure," he said, "but I'd be happy to help you."

David Post had been a friend of hers for many years, and had always seemed older than in that quiet, thoughtful way. His broad face was not exactly handsome, but it had a rugged, good honesty, and when she smiled it became suddenly charming—she was the face of a man who had grown up without forgetting the boy he once was. He smiled now, at sight of Mary. "I knew you didn't drop in to see me, Mary. But come in and sit down a minute. Joe's in Court."

"I'm not too sure you couldn't do a thing like this, I trusted him!"

"Yes, Dave," said. "It's too bad we men can't realize what a wonderful thing we have when a fine woman has faith in us. ... Mary, I did so want to save you from this."

Then they must know who the girl is! David told me—"

"I don't—Wait, Mary, let's not do anything we'll regret. I'd rather not tell you. For one thing, I can't believe it's serious—With Joe. I can't believe it!"

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"Joe! Dave hasn't said a thing. I—I found a note you dropped at me."

"You've read it?"

"Yes, I—"

"It was mine. Why did you read it?"

"I didn't think there was anything we didn't share—until now," Mary said simply. "Joe, what does it mean?"

"More or less what it appears to mean, Joe said slowly. "I don't think you realize, since you lost no time in seeing an attorney about it!"

"You stood up, and there was about you of the man whose patience is wearing thin. "Don't be a fool, Joe! Mary came here to see you."

"—And lost no time in telling you all about it!" Joe snapped.

"Joe—David Post held out a placid hand. "I can't understand you, Joe. Can't you see you're ruining Mary's life—your own life—just for a cheap little—"

"I'm not better or say it, Dave," Joe warned.

"I wish I'd fired her the first week she was in this office!" Dave cried and stopped, agast at what he had done.

Mary looked past the man, at the closed door. She turned to the outer office. She knew, now. The note had been signed with the initial "S." Miss Gibbons, he secretary, had been wearing an old blouse and a very young, young, was named Sally. "Oh, Joe," she said. "Your secretary's a cheapie!"

Bloodthrobbed, wine-colored, just under the skin of his face. "I'm sick of all this," he said. "I'm through hell and I can't stand it anymore. I'll do what I like!"

The room hummed with the crash of the door slammed behind him. After a while, David said wearily, "Come, Mary—I'll take you home."

"Home!" she repeated after him, bitterly. "Home!"

The Red Lion Inn was a shabby and rather disreputable night club on the outskirts of Cedar Springs. It had a small dance floor, a bar, booths where couples could sit and talk in reasonable assurance that they would not be heard in the adjoining cubicles.

Joe Martin and Sally Gibbons sat in one of these booths, that night. One of the two Red Lion waiters approached the other, "Boy, are they goin' round and round. Somethin' the-botherin' er—plenty—and he's bothering more than she is."

The other waiter shook his head. "Some guy's wife found out, he said.

"T WAS shortly before midnight when they left, running from the door of the Red Lion Inn. It was a windy night with flails of rain. In the car, driving back to New York, the discussion that had been going on all evening reached its climax.

But now, Joe. You can't say you don't want her anymore. And I'm good and tired of this sneaking around—hiding as if we were a couple of criminals.

"Let's drop it, Sally. We've talked about it too much tonight."

"Well, we've got to talk about it. Did you say you love me—but you—you won't—do what I want you to—"

A sob muffled her voice, and she dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. Her perfume filled the car interior, and there was a new note in her voice now, an oddly determined note.

"Dear. I didn't want to tell you—not right now—but I don't know how I could go through it alone. It's too bad—"

"The speed of the car slackened as his foot slipped from the throttle. He turned to look at her, his eyes a little open; forgetting, in his amazement, where he was until the pulse of the car ruffled the sleeve of his jacket and wrenched the machine back on the road. And even this was automatic.

"Mary! You don't mean you're—"

"Yes, a baby."

"Good Lord!"

"As he drove on, he said. "As a son and—"
He had so much—but he was afraid. Could she who had nothing help him to see all that he couldn’t see with his own eyes?

The well-built young man in the expensive camel-hair topcoat looked around the room appreciately. “It’s a nice room,” he said, and it was. It had a double bed made of maple, with a white and blue candlewick spread covering what was obviously a self-respecting sort of mattress. White and blue curtains hung at the dormer window, and a plain blue rug was on the floor. The bedside table, the dresser, and the two chairs, one straight and one comfortable, were all made of maple, polished until it looked like reddish-brown satin. The whole place was as clean as the March air in the outdoors the young man had just left.

Mrs. King, standing beside and just behind him, said, “Thank you. Dick Wilson was very comfortable here for about eighteen months. That was before he got married.”

“Yes,” the young man said. He told me. I was just drivin’ through and stopped at the station for some gas. I liked the looks of this town—what’s its name?”

“Crockersville.”

“Yes, Crockersville. So I asked the fellow there if he knew any place I could stay and he sent me here.”

“Dick’s a nice boy,” Mrs. King said comfortably. “Will you be staying long?”

“Well, I dunno,” the young man said nervously. “That depends—”

“But you’ll want it longer than just for tonight?”

“Oh, sure! I’ll take it by the week.”

“I can accommodate you for meals too, if you’d like to have them in.”

The young man pulled a shiny wallet from the pocket of his tweed suit and began fumbling some bills out of it with inexpert hands. “Yeah,” he said. “I’d want that too—the meals, I mean. How much’ll it be all together?”

“Fifteen dollars.” She took the money he held out to her. “Thank you, Mr.—?”

“Uh—Brown. Jack Brown,” he said, as if surprised at the sound of the name.

“Mr. Brown,” she repeated after him. “Well, if there’s anything you want, just let me know. He took a hesitant step toward the door. “My car—I left it outside. I won’t get a parking ticket, will I?”

“Here in Crockersville?” Mrs. King laughed reassurance. “I should say not.”

“Well—maybe I better go out and lock it.”

“Oh no, it’s quite safe. Nobody’ll steal it. We haven’t had a theft in Crockersville for years.”

There was a light footstep in the hall outside the room, and Mr. Jack Brown jumped. “Who’s that?” The words were like two quick bullets shot out of a gun.

Mrs. King didn’t appear to notice his nervousness. “My daughter,” she said. “Come in, Julie, and meet Mr. Brown.”

A girl stood on the threshold, a girl who seemed to be made entirely of light and shadow, and not of flesh at all. Her hair was a pale gold, almost a silver-gilt, and
the skin of her face and hands was like cream in moonlight. Only her eyes were startlingly real. They were very large, thickly fringed, deeply blue. Then she put out her hand, and he took it, and the illusion of unreality vanished at once. Her hand was small, but it was strong and warm.

Almost as if she had read his thoughts and was repaying an unspoken compliment, she said, “You have a good honest hand, Mr. Brown.”

He was embarrassed, and stammered when he said, “Yeah? Well—thanks. You—your hands feel pretty nice too.”

Mrs. King and Julie both laughed. The mother’s laugh was hearty, Julie’s gay. Mrs. King asked, “What time would you like breakfast, Mr. Brown?”

“Huh?—Oh—nine-thirty—ten—”

“Why not ten?” Julie asked. “And I’ll promise not to start practicing until then.”

Mrs. King’s plump arm went around her daughter’s shoulders. “Julie’s studying to be a concert pianist,” she said proudly, “and she takes her practicing very seriously.”

“Listen,” Mr. Brown said. “I used to live next door to a boiler factory, and I never slept better in my life. So go ahead and practice.”

“I’ll try to make you feel at home,” Julie promised. “Good night.”

When they had gone, he pivoted on one heel, looking around the room once more, before he took off his coat. Then he stared at the door which Mrs. King had closed behind her. It had just struck him that Julie’s expression, as she talked to him, had been curiously intent and watchful—an odd expression, as if she were seeing something more than his broad shoulders and long arms and legs, his regular features and close-cropped brown hair. But he decided, after a moment, that he’d imagined all this.

The next morning he came downstairs at a quarter of ten. Julie had been practicing for a full hour, filling the house with intricate melodies, so hard to follow with the ear that it was hard to believe human fingers had created them. He said, as she struck brilliant chords to punctuate the end of the piece she was playing, “That was swell, sister. You’re good! How long you been at this?”

Julie swung around on the piano stool to face him. “Oh, good morning! Why, I’ve been playing for about ten years, I guess.”

“Well, you’re all right.” He smiled a little, cleared his throat, and smiled again; then, seizing eagerly upon something to keep the conversation from dying: “Say, don’t you use any music to play from?”

Julie shook her head. “You play by heart!” he said, wonderingly. “Gee! That’s a gift. Your mother says you’re going to be one of those concert players?”

“I hope to be. In an-

Standing over him with fists clenched, he said, “And now I’m through with you.” Julie dropped to her knees beside Jim.
He had so much—but he was afraid. Could she who had nothing help him to see all that he couldn’t see with his own eyes?

The well-built young man in the expensive camel-hair topcoat looked around the room appreciatively. "It’s a nice room," he said, and it was. It had a double bed made of maple, with a white and blue candlewick spread covering what was obviously a self-respecting sort of mattress. White and blue curtain hung at the dressing window, and a plain blue rug ran on the floor. The bedside table, the dresser, and the two chairs, one straight and one comfortable, were all made of maple, polished until it looked like reddish-brown satin. The whole place was as clean as the March air in the outdoors the young man had just left.

Mrs. King, standing beside and just behind him, said, "Thank you, Dick Wilson was very comfortable here for about eighteen months. That was before he got married."

"Yeah," the young man said. He turned to me just then and stopped at the station for some gas. I liked the looks of this town—what’s its name?"

"Crockersville."

"Yeah. Crockersville. So I asked the fellow there if he knew any place I could stay and he sent me here."

"Dick’s a nice boy," Mrs. King said comfortably. "Will you be staying long?"

"Well, I dunno," the young man said nervously. "That depends—"

"But you’ll want it longer than just for tonight?"

"Oh, sure! I’ll take it by the week."

"I can accommodate you for meals too, if you’d like to have any in."

The young man pulled a shiny wallet from the pocket of his tweed suit and began fumbling some bills out of it with unexpert hands. "Yeah," he said, "I’d want to have that too—the meals. I mean, how much’ll it be all together?"

"Fifteen dollars." She took the money he held out to her. "Thank you, Mr. —"

"Uh—Brown. Jack Brown," he said, as if surprised at the sound of the name.

Mr. Brown," she repeated after him. "Well, if there’s anything you want, just let me know."

He took a hesitant step toward the door. "My car— I left it outside. I won’t get a parking ticket, will I?"

"Here in Crockersville?" Mrs. King laughed reassuringly. "I should say not."

"Well—maybe I better go out and look it."

"Oh no, it’s quite safe. Nobody’ll steal it. We haven’t had a theft in Crockersville for years."

There was a light footstep in the hall outside the room, and Mr. Jack Brown jumped. "Who’s that?"

The words were like two quick bullets shot out of a gun.

Mrs. King didn’t appear to notice his nervousness. "My daughter," she said. "Come in, Julie, and meet Mr. Brown."

A girl stood on the threshold, a girl who seemed to be made entirely of light and shadow, and not of flesh at all. Her hair was a pale gold, almost a silver-gilt, and the skin of her face and hands was like cream in moonlight. Only her eyes were startlingly real. They were large, thickly fringed, deeply blue. Then she put out her hand, and he took it, and the illusion of unreality vanished at once. Her hand was small, but it was strong and warm.

Almost as if she had read his thoughts and was repaying an unspoken compliment, she said, "You have a good honest hand, Mr. Brown."

He was embarrassed, and stammered when he said, "Yeah? Well... thanks. You—your hands feel pretty nice too."

Mrs. King and Julie both laughed. The mother’s laugh was hearty. Julie’s gay. Mrs. King asked, "What time would you like breakfast, Mr. Brown?"

"Uh?—Oh—nine-thirty—ten—"

Standing over him with fists clenched, he said, "And now I’m through with you." Julie dropped to her knees beside him. "Why not ten?" Julie asked. "And I’ll promise not to start practicing until then."

Mrs. King’s plump arm went around her daughter’s shoulders. "Julie’s study will be a concert pianist," she said proudly, "and she takes her practicing very seriously."

"Listen, Mr. Brown said. "I used to live next door to a boiler factory, and I never slept better in my life. So go ahead and practice."

"I’ll try to make you feel at home," Julie promised. "Good night."

When they had gone, he pivoted on one heel, looking around the room once more, before he took off his coat. Then he stared at the door which Mrs. King had closed behind her. It had just struck him that Julie’s expression, as she talked to him, had been curiously intent and watchful—an odd expression, as if she were seeing something more than his broad shoulders and long arms and legs, his regular features and close-cropped brown hair. But he decided, after a moment, that he’d imagined all this.

The next morning he came downstairs at a quarter of ten. Julie had been practicing for a full hour, filling the house with intricate melodies, so hard to follow with the ear that it was hard to believe human fingers had created them. He said, as she struck brilliant chords to punctuate the end of the piece she was playing, "That was swell, sister. You’re good! How long you been at this?"

Julie swung around on the piano stool to face him. "Oh, good morning, Why? I’ve been playing for about ten years, I guess.

"Well, you’re all right," He smiled a little, cleared his throat, and smiled again. "Hi, girl, those guys, and then, seizing eagerly upon something to keep the conversation from dying; "Say, don’t you use any music to play from?"

"No," she said, "I’ve got a head. You play by heart!"

"You play by heart?" he said wonderingly. "Gee! That’s a gift! Your mother says you’re going to be one of those concert players?"

"I hope to be in an-
other year I think I'll be ready."
He came closer to the piano and stood above her, big hands thrust deep into his pockets. "Where'll you go and play?"
"Oh, every place," Julie said.
"I've dreamt about playing all over the world, but I guess that will have to wait a little while. But there's all of our country — and South America—and Canada—" Her face grew rapt, as if already she heard the applause, saw the unfamiliar places.

THE young man chuckled, a little bitterly. "Funny! Here I've been all over the place. Chicago—California—New York—Kansas City—I even went to Tijuana once — So what? One hotel room is the same as any other. Half those places aren't worth seein'. You can take it from me."

Julie's eyes hadn't left his face, and he had again that quick, disturbing feeling that she could see past it into his thoughts. "If you say that," she told him, "you really couldn't have lived in those places. Why, just think of the millions of lives that make up a big city. Each town has a flavor—a soul of its own — and as you drift through the streets and allow yourself to become a part of that city you begin to know all of the people. You become a part of them. And when that happens you will never have to worry, never have a regret, and — she hesitated, a very little—"and never have to be afraid.
He blinked uncomfortably. "Yeah? Well, you certainly sound like you believe it. But listen—how can you say you won't ever have to be afraid of anything?"

"Because all those people are like you—they're part of you, and you're part of them. And you wouldn't want to hurt anybody, so why should they?"

"Mmmm . . ." Finding no answer to that, he took refuge in masculine coquetry. "For a pretty girl like you, sister, you got a lot of quaint ideas."
Unflattered, she said, "Do you really think I'm pretty?"

"As if you didn't know! That soft yellow hair—and your mouth—and your long hands—" Suddenly, under her direct gaze, he was ashamed of himself. He burst out, "Why do you look at me like that?"

"I was just wondering what you look like," she said. "I guess you didn't know—I'm blind. I've been blind since I was ten years old."
He was so hushed, so shocked silence. Then he said, "Say, I'm— I'm terribly sorry! I mean—talking about places not being worth seeing and all. You must think I'm an awful kind of heel."

"You didn't say anything intentionally . . ."

"And all this about going around the world playing the piano—you want to go through with that—even with two strikes against you? With all the competition from other people?"

"I won't be afraid," Julie said.
"I'll be doing what I've always dreamed about. I'll be filled with so much happiness there won't be any room for fear left in me."
Incredulously—"It sounds so easy when you say it like that."

"It is easy—for everybody."
She was so certain, so calmly sure, that he almost believed her. But he thrust aside his momentary doubt. "Yeah!" It was a short, derisive sound. "Let me tell you, sister, you get up against some things that — well — there's just nothing you can do about 'em. I'm telling you!"

"I wish you would tell me, some time," Julie said softly.

"Huh? Tell you what?"

"What it is you're afraid of."

"I'm not afraid of—who said I was afraid of anything?" he asked angrily.

"I wish you'd tell me about some time," she said instead of answering his protest. "Maybe I could help you to see things—the way I do."
And while he stared at her in amazement she stood up and went toward the dining room. "I think your breakfast is ready now.

Mr. Jack Brown didn't once leave the house, all that day. Part of the time he was in his room, but mostly he was with Julie, listening to her practice, or talking. Late in the afternoon she asked him to read to her, and thrust an old volume in limp leather into his hands. It was an edition of Shakespeare's plays.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths," he read aloud, slowly; "the valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders I have ever heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear, seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come."
He stopped, and said in scorn, "Huh! You can only die once, can't you?"

"That's the point," Julie said. "So why go through all the agony in your mind beforehand? Will that put it off? Will it make it any easier? No! And then suppose it doesn't happen at all?"

He opened his mouth to answer—and held it open, silently, as the doorbell pealed. It rang again, insistently.

"Who's that?" There was the sharp, jagged edge of panic in his voice.

"Some friend, I expect," Julie said. "Mother's out—I'll answer it."

"No." He leaped to his feet. With more assurance, he added, "I'll go."

There was a little hallway outside the living room, and the outer door opened at the end of this. Julie heard the click of the latch, then a man's voice, low and menacing:

"Well! So here you are—even opening the door for me!"

"Whitey!"

"You yellow, cowardly—" The man's voice was louder now, and Julie knew he had stepped into the house.

"Whitey—don't start anything here—cut it out!"

"What is it?" Julie called. "Mr. Brown, what is it?"

Both men had come into the living room now, and the newcomer, the one called Whitey, laughed. "Mr. Brown, huh? Girle, do you know who this egg really is? He's Jim Denny, challenger for the world's heavyweight championship—and a crawling coward!"
She stood in the middle of the floor, straining her eyes toward the sound of his voice. "But what has he done?"

"I'll tell you what he's done! He's run out on me—one of—is manager, his own brother! I prime him for six years so he can take all comers. He's goin' great guns—he's up there—the next step is the championship—and what does he do? He walks out on me and disappears the day we're going to sign for the match. Good Lord, sister, haven't you read about it in the newspapers?"

"No," Julie said. "No, I haven't."

Whitey Continued on page 48
The Bartons
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Introducing those enjoyable Bartons, the family you laugh and cry with in their daily adventures heard on the NBC-Red network, written by Harlan Ware and sponsored by Duz. See them all in real life photographs on the following pages.

TO BUD BARTON there is nothing quite so enjoyable as lifting the hood of his jalopy and watching the motor run. Joy Wynn, sitting on the fender, is a next-door neighbor of the Bartons and has a half ownership in the car. Bud's sister, Midge, who is looking at Bud, thinks his car is all right, but nothing to get excited about.

MARCH, 1942
BUD BARTON is a typical, wholesome, American boy, who, like most thirteen year old boys, is quite frequently the cause of major household disturbances. Right now, life with the Bartons evolves mostly around Bud's love for a car he has acquired and his passionate desire to keep it. Not long ago, he took a little girl, Joy Wynn, to the Dreamland Theater and Joy held a winning ticket, which entitled her to a jalopy. But, since Bud paid for the ticket, he felt the car should belong to him. Mr. Barton has forbidden him to drive any car until he is sixteen, but Bud has talked his father into letting him keep the jalopy in the garage where he can "Just look at it" until his father lets him drive. Very often, Bud's alert and imaginative ideas are difficult for his father to grasp. Bud is often woefully wrong, sometimes amazingly right, always honest.

(Played by Dick Holland)
MR. BARTON, Bud's father, is nervous and worried at times, but almost any one would be if he had the family problems which beset Henry Barton. He's a kind, sweet man, who understands that children must have ninety meals a month, with lunches in between, but, like most fathers there are a good many things about his children which completely baffle him. He half understands Bud's great yearning to drive a car, but fears that Bud may get into an accident if given permission. He sympathizes with Midge's desire to wear expensive clothes in her school play, but becomes upset when she speaks of dresses that will cost "only" twenty dollars. He is in his glory when he gets a slight cold and the family puts him to bed and babies him. Like most men, he worries about his tractor business and his health while trying to be a modern, calm father to Bud and Midge.

(Played by Bill Bouchey)
MIDGE BARTON (left) is a pretty, sweet, lovable girl of seventeen. She considers herself many years older than Bud in wisdom and, although she loves her younger brother very much, she is likely to think his problems are childish. But, her problems are something else again! Right now, she's very excited and upset about playing the lead in a local charity show for War Relief and, her part, that of a rich, Long Island society deb, is, according to her, as important as that of Gertrude Lawrence's in that New York show, "Lady In The Dark." She's upset because she needs two different riding habits in the play and she has only eighty-seven cents and her father is not easily convinced that he ought to buy them for her. Whenever she seems on the verge of getting her father to see the light regarding her costumes for the play, Bud has to upset him by talking about that car of his. Midge is always "tying up" the family telephone, talking to her boy friends.

(Played by Jane Webb)

MRS. BARTON (right) is a sweet, warm woman with a delightful sense of humor, who is always a little amused by everyone in her family. She is a wonderful mother to Bud and Midge, one who knows how to help them solve their tremendous problems without letting them know she is helping them. Her husband needs more care than her children, particularly when he becomes involved in their problems and, with her firm, understanding, practical way, she is always on hand to help her husband out of difficulty. She knows his moods and she knows when it is best for the children to approach him with their pleas. Mrs. Barton's first interest in life is her home and children, but she is also active in the Ladies' League and has done a great deal to help the under-privileged children of Clarksville. She is also a neighborly person and quick to help the others in the block, and this kindness has won her great affection from all of Clarksville. Bud and Midge are proud of their mother and believe her to be the wisest woman in the world. One thing is certain: she is the backbone of this charming, delightful family.

(Played by Fern Persons)
JOY WYNN (right) the little, eleven-year-old girl who lives near the Bartons is more often in their home than her own. The reason is Bud Barton, her hero. When she won the car, Bud's father was all for her keeping it, but Joy's papa had different ideas and so the car went back to the Barton garage. Now, she and Bud have a joint partnership in the jalopy. Joy's mother, a former Follies dancer, is a good woman, but flighty, her father is a very weak man and often takes to drinking, which leaves the family in dire financial straits. Mr. Barton helped Joy's father get a job which he promptly lost and now Mr. Barton has suggested to Bud that he sell the car in order to help the family out of their trouble. Joy is very proud and Bud is having a terrible time convincing her that their car should be sold. In fact, he, too, wishes there was some other way out of the situation. Joy is a wise girl for her eleven years and is not easily fooled by Bud, whom she adores. The Bartons all love her. (Played by Rosemary Gorbell)

GRANDMA BARTON (left), Mr. Barton's mother, has lived with the family for a good many years now and has played an active and wonderfully helpful role in their lives. She is the most tolerant and understanding person in the house and everyone comes to her with his problems. Grandma has never failed to help Bud and Midge because she understands that although children and adults live in the same house they often live in different worlds. She thinks Bud is a great deal like his grandfather, who passed away a number of years ago, but whose memory she still reveres. When Mr. Barton gets mixed up by Bud's reasoning, he always comes to his mother for help and she invariably reminds him of his own childhood. He pretends that her opinions are not so good, because they embarrass him, but he usually takes her advice. Bud also has long, philosophical talks with his grandmother, which are amusing and educational. Midge talks to her as woman-to-woman, and Martha Barton, her daughter-in-law, loves her just as much as the children and her husband do. Although she is old in years, she is young in heart and spirit. (Played by Cathryn Card)
Woman of Courage

Suddenly Martha was frightened and very tired. She had fought so gallantly to save their love, but this latest folly was too much for any wife to forgive.

THE STORY:

When Jim Jackson was crippled in a fall from the scaffolding of a house he was building, Martha, his wife, had thought her greatest problem would be finding means to support him, herself, their daughter Lucy and their adopted son Tommy. But she soon found that a much more difficult task was fighting Jim's depression, his conviction that he was worthless now, both to himself and to her.

The financial question was solved when Martha turned the front of their home into a grocery store and took in a lodger, George Harrison. But George brought with him a new difficulty, for he soon was unable to hide his adoration of Martha—and Jim, seeing this, was more than ever sure he should give Martha the freedom she did not want. When Jim learned finally that all hope of curing him was gone, he actually tried to force Martha to agree to a divorce. It was George and Martha together who led him to submit plans for a new airplane factory that was to be built in Farmington. On the strength of his plans Jim won the contract, and with it much of his old self-confidence—until, one day, he overheard a gossiping woman remark that he had been given the contract only out of pity.

Jim's pride revolted at this. Hysterically, he declared that he would not complete the factory, and seemed about to retreat into one of his deadly, brooding moods of self-pity when a welcome, unexpected interruption arrived, in the form of an official-looking letter to Martha from New York.

Martha turned the envelope over curiously. It was heavy, expensive looking stationery.

"Open it, Mother!" Lucy said excitedly.

"What could any lawyers want with me?" Martha murmured. She read the letter quickly. "Oh," she sighed, "poor Uncle Whitney!"

"What is it, Mother?" Lucy cried.

"Something wrong?" Jim asked pessimistically.

Martha glanced at him reassuringly. She was glad something could move him out of his silence and despondency.

"No," she said, "not exactly. My Uncle Whitney died last week, and, according to this letter, he made me his only heir."

"You mean we're rich!" Lucy shouted.

"I don't know," Martha said. "I have no idea whether Uncle Whitney was rich or not. I only saw him a few times, when I was a little girl."

"Well, gee!" Lucy said. "Well—for goodness sake! Didn't they say how much? Didn't they send a check or something?"

Martha had to laugh at her daughter's impatience. "The will hasn't been probated, yet," she said. "I'll have to go to New York."

"Can I go, too?" Lucy pleaded. "I've always wanted to go to New York."

"No, Lucy," Martha said. "I think I'll just go alone, this time. Tommy—Lucy, you'll both be late for school."

"Wait 'til the girls hear about this!" Lucy gurgled, pulling on her hat and coat.

As they hurried out the back door, Tommy said,
"I hate to spoil your fun," Martha said a little wearily, "but I still don't know how much money I'm getting from the will."

Lucy, what does it mean—rich?"
Lucy laughed. "It means having lots and lots of money and being able to have everything you ever wanted."

Martha sighed. How wonderful it would be, she thought, if it were really as simple as that. She looked at the clock. She wanted to remind Jim that he was late for work, but she remembered his hysterical despair of the afternoon before and she couldn't think of any way to open the subject without casting him back into the depths of self-pity and hopelessness.

"I'm very happy that this happened for you, Martha," Jim said gravely. "You deserve a little luck."

Martha's heart contracted. It was there again, that hint of failure in his voice. She was glad the phone rang, so she didn't have to answer him.

"It's for you, Jim," Martha called from the hallway. "The foreman wants to know whether you'll be down today."

There was a long pause. To Martha, it almost seemed as if she could hear the conflict going on in Jim's mind. At last, the answer came.

"Tell him I'll be right over," Jim called. "Tell him I overslept."

Martha delivered the message, making her voice light, making a joke of a grown man's oversleeping. But her heart was heavy. It had taken Jim a long time to make up his mind.

She returned to the kitchen and went about her work quietly. The sounds of Jim's hurried preparations came to her and, in a few minutes, he called to her, "Good-bye, Martha. I may be late for supper, tonight." He went out through the store.

Martha went quickly through the house and peered after him down the street. He was wheeling his chair as fast as he could, the early morning sun glinting on the wheels. He was sitting very erect and there was a sort of strain about the way he was hurrying. And
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Martha wondered whether that strain was entirely due to his being late. She thought of the afternoon before. She saw again the gray mask of his face and heard again the hollow, empty voice, as it muttered, over and over, "Cripple, cripple, cripple." He had not stopped to think that no amount of pity could make a Commission turn over an important defense job to anyone but the most competent, capable person. He had not thought, at all.

And now, Martha wondered what it was that made him sit up so straight, look so determined, as he wheeled himself to work. Her mind shuddered away from the suspicion that Jim was being driven by some foolish notions about not living on his wife's money.

Strange, she thought, the change that trouble had made in Jim. If this bit of luck had come their way before his accident, how different he would have been. He would have been happy, gay. It never would have occurred to him to think of this money, much or little, as hers and not his.

The telephone rang and Martha shook off her depressing thoughts. She had no right to give way to worries like this, when she didn't know what was working in Jim's mind. She picked up the phone.

"Martha!" Cora shrieked. "What's this I hear?"

"About what?" Martha asked.

"About you being rich all of a sudden," Cora said.

"Already?" Martha laughed.

"You mean it's true?" Cora gasped.

"I really don't know," Martha said.

"Martha, you stop talking riddles, now," Cora said. "Mrs. Blake heard Lucy tell her Joyce that you'd inherited a huge fortune and she called me right away and I felt like an awful fool."

Martha laughed again. Quickly she told Cora what little she knew. "You'd better come over as soon as you can," she finished. "We'll have to make some arrangements about the store while I'm gone."

But there was little chance to do anything about the house that day. The store bell rang incessantly. Everyone in Farmington seemed to know about Martha's good fortune. Old Veronica Hall sniffed critically and said she hadn't really expected to find the store open. And when Martha tried to explain that she didn't know whether she was rich or not, Veronica looked as though she didn't believe her. "Some people never have enough," she heard Veronica whisper to another woman, as they left the store.

Martha was hurt, but there wasn't much time for her to dwell on that, because Lillian bustled in, breathless with excitement.

"Lillian!" Martha exclaimed. "Shouldn't you be working?"

"Oh," Lillian tossed her head. "I quit!" I told that old Schmidt a thing or two. I said, 'Now that my sister's a wealthy woman, I won't have to take orders from an old skinflint like you.' You should have seen his face! Oh, I'm so happy, Martha!" she cried effusively, kissing her sister's startled face.

Martha pulled away from her. "Lillian, that's awful!"

"Why, Martha!" Lillian said. "With all that money, you wouldn't want your sister to go on working as a SERVANT!"

Cora snorted. Martha was tired of telling people she didn't know how much money she was going to get—if any. She sighed and launched into it, once again, for Lillian's benefit. And, seeing the look of personal injury and disillusionment that clouded Lillian's face, Martha realized that this inheritance of hers was a mixed blessing, at best.

Now Cora said, matter of factly, "Well, Lillian, since you gave up your other job, you can take care of the store while Martha is away."

Martha was no happier about this arrangement than Lillian, but there wasn't time to make other plans before she left for New York. Several times, she tried to talk to Jim and Lucy about keeping an eye on Lillian, but they seemed to think the store was no longer important. And, in a way, Martha was grateful. It didn't matter that Jim was full of ambitious plans, which might never materialize. What did matter was that his thoughts were turned outward, on things outside himself, and he had returned to his work on the airplane factory with renewed energy and interest.

When Martha finally got on the train, she breathed a sigh of relief. It struck her a little funny that everyone else had been so excited that she herself had had no time to feel anything. Here she was, setting out on a trip to New York and all she felt was a longing for peace and quiet.

It wasn't until the train rumbled into the dark tunnel leading into New York City, that Martha felt a thrill of anticipation. She laughed at herself, inwardly, for behaving like a child. But she shook that off quickly. After all, why shouldn't she be excited?

Just as she was about to tell a Red Cap to get her a taxi, a man stepped up to her and said, "I beg your pardon—but are you Mrs. Jackson of Farmington?"

Martha stared at him in amazement. He was tall and good looking, about thirty-five or so. He was very poised and his smile was warm and friendly.

"Why—yes—"

His smile broadened. "Allow me to present myself, Mrs. Jackson," he said. "I'm William Moore, of the law firm that handles your uncle's estate."

"How do you do?" Martha said.

"But how did you—"

William Moore grinned. "Somehow," he said, "you look just as I expected you to look."

For a moment, Martha wondered whether he meant that she was just unmistakably countrified. Then, she realized he had meant it as a compliment.

To Martha, it was wonderful just to sit back and let someone else take care of her, for a change. William Moore had thought of everything. He had reserved a suite for her in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city and breakfast was waiting for them, out on a little terrace, from which she could see the entire city stretched out before her.

After breakfast, William Moore gave Martha a cashier's check for seven thousand dollars. Casually, he advised her not to spend all of it, because it would take about two thousand dollars to open the house her uncle had left her in Old Port and to run it for a month.

"Two thousand dollars to run a house?" Martha exclaimed. "For a month?" She smiled. "Why, we've done with Continued on page 52

Next Month

Loquacious Vic, long-suffering Sade, mischievous Rush—see all your favorite Vic and Sade characters as they really are—in Living Portraits—in the April issue of Radio Mirror
Two loves beckoned her—one toward the exquisite rapture she had once known, the other toward an unknown future—and she must decide irrevocably what her heart really desired.

The sea stretched cold and bleak before me until it reached a slate-colored sky that seemed to bend to meet it. The tall, barren rocks that line the coast of Maine towered on either side. The March wind tore at my hair and at my skirts. Above the crashing of the waves, the only sound was the seagulls that screamed and circled overhead. And in all that gray expanse of sea and shore and sky not a living soul moved except myself.

Yet to me it was not lonely. To me that bleakness offered a harsh sanctuary in which, at last, I could sort out the things that troubled me, face them and make my decision.

I had been here once before, years ago as a little girl, with my parents. Then it had been summer, and the beach was gay with bright umbrellas and bathers and children digging in the sand. Now there was no echo of those distant shouts and laughter. Now there were only my tormented thoughts that pounded at me as ceaselessly as those gray waves pounded at the shore.

I was staying at the inn, which was officially closed until the season should open in July. If the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Connick, had thought it strange that a young woman of twenty-four should choose March as a time to come alone to the coast of Maine, they made no mention of it. With the simple and uncurious politeness of New England folk, they had opened up a room for me, served my meals, and

"It's never too late," he urged, and in the moonlight his eyes seemed to possess me.
asked no questions. That was what I had wanted and needed, and I was grateful.

Every day I walked for miles along the shore, deliberately tiring myself so I should sleep at night. Every day I wrestled with the doubts in my own soul, struggling to make the decision I would have to abide by for the rest of my life. Once before my life had been broken into pieces. I had patched it together again as best I could, and gone on. Now it was torn to shreds again, and this time whatever I decided was to be irrevocable, forever and ever amen. This time there would be no turning back, no second chance. And this time it involved not only myself but the happiness of others.

I TURNED away from my protected pocket between the rocks, and walked along the beach. I walked like one driven. Over and over, my heart repeated one name and one image—a tall figure with laughing eyes that looked deep into mine. And yet—

It was then I heard the hail. I whirled around. A short, chubby figure was hurrying toward me over the sand, calling my name. He was not one of the fishermen from the neighborhood, for he was dressed in city clothes that contrasted oddly with the barren surroundings; and the choppy little stride that brought him closer was not that of an outdoor man. I waited, a little apprehensively.

He was slightly over middle age, with iron gray hair and quick, intelligent eyes. He smiled as he reached me.

"You're Jane Wingate, aren't you?"

"Yes ..." I said, half questioningly.

He regarded me for a moment, steadily. Then he said, "Why are you running away, Jane?"

Fear closed around my heart. "I—I don't know what you mean. Who are you?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. My name is Keen. I'm from New York. I'm a tracer of lost persons."

"Oh! I've heard of you from—"

"I wonder if the friend could have been Tom Galloway. It was he who sent me here."

"Tom sent you here? What business was it of his?" I said furiously.

"And what business is it of yours to track me down and search me out like—a criminal? I'm not doing anybody any harm."

"Perhaps," he said gently, "you are doing yourself harm. And when a lovely young lady suddenly disappears, it is the business of those who love her to try and find her again. It is my business to trace lost people. And you are lost, Jane. Aren't you?"

"If I am, I can find myself again."

"But not like this. Not by running away from the world. You've always done it, haven't you? When things went wrong you tried to cut yourself off from life, to shut out feeling and emotion, to live in some rigid sphere of your own, never relaxing for fear you might be hurt again." I stared at him. "What makes you say that?"

"Don't forget you've been missing nearly a week." He took my arm and began to walk me down the beach. "After Tom asked me to take the case, I talked to several friends of yours who know you and love you very much. From what they told me, I pieced together a picture—and I see now that it was pretty accurate."

There was so much kindness in his gray eyes, so much understanding that I felt my anger evaporate. "Did the picture tell you I'd be here?"

He laughed. "Tom suggested this place. While we were cudgelling our brains to think where you might be, he suddenly remembered a chance remark of yours months ago. You said you'd been to a place as a child that you'd often thought of since as the most perfect place to be alone. You said that if anything ever troubled you, you would choose Correction Cove to come and think it out. So—here we are."

"Imagine Tom remembering a little thing like that."

Mr. Keen's eyes twinkled. "Imagine," he said. Then he added more seriously, "Now, Jane, where can we go and talk? Isn't there some place out of the wind ... ?"

"There's a little shelter over there," I pointed to where I had been standing. "But—Mr. Keen, you're being very kind. But I don't want to talk. There is nothing to be gained by talk. I came here to make a decision and I would like to make it alone."

"No, I'm afraid you want only to look at the memories you treasure in your heart—and memories can sometimes play you false. I think I can help you. Don't forget that distant music is always sweetest, that the moonlight that shone over
a college campus five years ago is far lovelier than any that shines today, and that people have an aura of romance that we’ve built around them in our memories. That was the way it was with Gilbert Forrester, wasn’t it?

“So you know about that, too,” I whispered. “You know about Gil.”

We had reached the little cove by that time. The wind had died and there was a ray of afternoon sun struggling through the clouds. I sank down on the sand, suddenly weary. Then I looked up at the man who was watching me so steadily out of those kindly gray eyes. I patted the sand beside me.

“Sit down,” I said. “I’d like to tell you all about it...”

It began when I was in college. It seems to me a lot of things begin then. You are old enough to think yourself grown. Your mind and senses are at their most receptive point and you are hungry for life. You stand at its threshold, eager and unafraid, too young for wisdom but too young for disillusion, too. It is a moment like a bright coin spun in the air, and it will never come again.

My senior year was the happiest of my life, for it was at its beginning that I met Gilbert Forrester. He was like a golden thread running through the pattern of those days until he had wound himself completely around my heart and enmeshed it. Gil was handsome, Gil laughed at life. He could have anything he wanted—and he wanted me.

I couldn’t believe it. I wasn’t gay. In fact, I was rather serious. And I wasn’t pretty—except, Marcia McNair said, when I was with Gil, and then I was beautiful. Marcia was my room mate and best friend, and she said when I was with Gil or when I spoke of him a radiance transformed me that was like a light shining through. Marcia and I were as close as sisters, and she knew the night Gil first said he loved me and the night we first talked of marriage and the vague but ecstatic plans we made for it. We would wait till after Commencement, Gil was to go into his father’s business—“Not that I’ll be much good at it, but the old man wants me there and he’ll pay enough so we can be married right away,” he’d said—and then maybe the following fall, maybe the following winter we would be married, and then—and then—

Oh, those golden, singing days when Gil and I were nineteen and in love.

Then came the Spring dance and after that everything was different. Violet Eaton was at that dance, and Violet was Continued on page 78
I had up my tips to his and in the moment of our kiss all the false memories withered away.

"And what business is it of yours to track me down and search me out like a criminal? I'm not doing anybody any harm."

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LISTEN TO MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS, IN THRILLING DRESS, BEGGIN TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHTS AT 7:35, E.S.T., ON NBC-Blue, SPONSORED BY KOPNOS TOOTHGEL.

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Because I Loved

"Are you hurting someone else?" her conscience prompted, but Elizabeth knew only that her greatest need was to be near Bill, to have the shelter of his arms.

As I got off the bus the rain which had been pouring steadily all day suddenly ceased. Dark clouds scudded overhead, then vanished into thin smoky wisps and in their place the sky was filled with the gold of the setting sun. I raised my head, moved by the beauty of the flashing colors, and involuntarily my spirits lifted. Perhaps the sunset, driving the storm away, was a good omen for me. Perhaps it meant that my own storm of worry was to end. I walked on again, faster than before. Surely, my heart sang, this would be my lucky day, the day when I would find waiting for me a letter offering me one of the innumerable jobs for which I had been interviewed during the past few weeks.

I hurried through the lobby of the Hotel Woolford, "the homelike hotel for young women of refinement" which, though not quite so homelike as its advertisements promised, had been the only home I'd known since I'd said goodbye to mom and dad and left to come to the capital city of our state. At the desk I could hardly restrain my excitement for there was mail for me. I could see a number of letters in my mailbox at the back of the desk.

The gray-haired clerk smiled when he reached back for my key and the letters. Then he paused, holding the letters just out of reach. "You know," he said chattily, "you're the second Elizabeth Adams we've had as our guest." He paused and said, "Yes sir, the first one moved out just a little while before you came."

I smiled in answer, hoping that if I just nodded and didn't speak he would give up his attempt to be sociable and give me the letters he still held. Finally, when he saw I wasn't going to join him in his gossip, he put the mail in my hand and I turned toward the elevator, scarcely hearing his final words.

As soon as I reached my room I tore the envelopes open feverishly, only to toss them aside one by one. The letters to which I had looked forward so hopefully consisted of circulars from neighborhood beauty and dress shops, a price list from the laundry on the corner, and a printed announcement of current films at the movie theater in the next block—the usual collection of uninteresting and meaningless advertisements which are stuffed indiscriminately into hotel mail boxes.

It had started to rain again and the drumming of the storm against the window brought back my earlier dejection. For the first time I began to wonder if coming to this city had been a mistake. I had been so confident that morning nearly a month ago when I had left the small town in which I had always lived, so positive that here I would find the opportunity for a successful business career which I

It was Bill Stuart, standing by the microphone, who had all my attention.
had not found at home. I had dreamed of the trip for a long time and had planned for it. I had felt that to be on the safe side I should have money enough for at least three months in the city, for I had known that once I left home I couldn't count on Dad and Mother for financial help—Dad is a doctor and a fine one, but he's also one of the kindest hearted men in the world, which means that he goes on taking care of his patients whether they can pay him or not. But even the knowledge that I would be completely on my own hadn't worried me. I'd saved every penny I could spare out of my allowance and when my savings had reached the goal I'd decided on, I had set out, certain that before the three months were up I would be self-supporting.

I wasn't so certain of that now. I had interviewed so many prospective employers, filled out so many application cards that I could not remember all of them, and still I hadn't had a sign of encouragement.

And almost worse than worrying about a job was the appalling loneliness. At home I had known everyone and I had taken for granted that it would be just as easy to make friends elsewhere, but instead of the gaiety and companionship I had dreamed of there had been solitary evenings in this small hotel room. Here I was forced to admit on this dreary, rainy night, I was just another unknown. In all the thousands of people in the city there wasn't a single person who knew or cared what was happening to me.

It was strange, then, since I had no friends, that my phone should ring out in the silence. When I answered it, somewhat puzzled, a pleasant masculine voice asked, "Is this Miss Adams?"

"Yes."

"I'm Bill Stuart," the voice went on, "I roomed with Tom at the University." From the pause that followed I realized the unknown speaker was waiting for a reply, but I couldn't remember knowing anyone named Tom.

"Tom?" I repeated at last.

"Yes." The unseen Mr. Stuart laughed. "Tom Richards—your cousin."

This was even more bewildering, for I haven't any cousin. "I think there must be some mistake," I began.

"Aren't you Elizabeth Adams?"

"Yes, I am, but—" abruptly the explanation flashed into my mind. Only this evening the hotel clerk had mentioned a former guest whose name was the same as mine. "There was another girl named Elizabeth Adams who used to live here," I said slowly. "She must be the one you want."

"Oh-h." The long-drawn syllable held disappointment but there was more assurance in the next words. "I was calling to ask Miss Adams if she would have dinner with me. Since she isn't there would you— I mean, Continued on page 59.
Because I Loved You

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I mean, Continued on page 59.
First known as the founder of the famous two-piano team of Ohman and Arden, Victor Arden now leads Merry Go Round's band.

Marian MacManus and Alan Holt are two young singers who were discovered by Frank Hummert in the chorus and raised to stardom.

At 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., each Sunday evening, millions of listeners automatically tune in on their NBC-Red stations to one of radio's most enjoyable programs. The Manhattan Merry Go Round is now in its tenth year, bringing old and new music into your homes, sung and played by a host of talented stars. Produced by Frank Hummert and sponsored by Dr. Lyons Toothpowder, the Merry Go Round recently added several new and popular entertainers to its list of stars: Lucy Monroe, dramatic soprano, baritone Conrad Thibault, Marian MacManus and Alan Holt who sing the romantic duets, and Glen Cross who specializes in rhythm—and Victor Arden, the veteran leader without whom no Merry Go Round broadcast would be complete.
Radio Mirror offers a toast to the Sunday night musical program which for more than ten years has been bringing to your radio weekend a half hour of tuneful relaxation.

Conrad Thibault, above, who joined the show this past year, made radio history in that beloved old program, "Show Boat."

Above, Lucy Monroe has sung the National Anthem so often that she's called the Star Spangled Soprano.

Right, Glen Cross is Manhattan Merry Go Round's rhythm singer.
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It's page dead! mean? mass sending still the what Commander Planet, disguise pigeon of sea one direction. as then, vessel Then— communiphone stand test to Grayson. Charles the ocean. modem There "I'm voice run Grayson's softer now..." Every navy in the world has tried to perfect a submarine that will stand the enormous pressure of great depth. And this vessel will do it! I'll stake my life on it!"

"But, Captain, the purpose of this test run is to prove that my ship can stand the pressure at 400 feet and better. Every navy in the world has tried to perfect a submarine that will stand the enormous pressure of great depth. And this vessel will do it! I'll stake my life on it!"

"Though besieged by doubts and memories of other tests which had failed, the Captain finally yielded. His voice didn't reveal his uncertainty as he called his diving officer on the communiphone and ordered:"

"Submerge to 350!"

There wasn't a tremor as the new vessel reached 300 feet—a depth at which any other sub would have been a mass of twisted wreckage. Then—down—down—320—330—340—350! Jubilant reports came in from all stations. Every seam was tight. The 2SV4 was performing perfectly. But then, without warning, a frantic call came from the engine room:

"Captain, the motors are turning up 3000—but we're not moving!"

As the Captain ordered full speed ahead, the tense ears of the crew heard the sounds of a queer scraping on the hull. What could it mean? What had happened? No one could answer. All anyone knew was that every attempt to move was useless!

Trapped—at 350 feet—the newly designed submarine hung suspended as though in the grip of some huge sea monster, unable to move in any direction. Meanwhile, back at the Naval Base, crowds milled at the office of the Squadron Commander as the bad news traveled like wildfire. But one man, mild-looking, spectacled, was able to push his way through. It was Clark Kent. Kent who disguised as star reporter of the Daily Planet, was really—Superman, Champion of the weak and oppressed!

In a moment Superman had reached Commander Leeds. From him he got the complete story. Leeds, who explained that the new sub had been equipped with a special deep submerging and receiving set which was still operating, couldn't understand what might have happened. The sub had not sunk. It was in perfect running order. But it couldn't move!

Leeds led Superman into the radio room. They were just in time to hear the voice of Captain Denning say:

"So, Americans are stupid, are they?" Superman said, and he sprang at the two Germans.

"we seem to be caught by something! We best round the surfaces on the hull as though iron chains were scraping against it. Wait!—We seem to be moving—yes—something is dragging us—something."

The radio went dead. The base operators, trying desperately, couldn't raise a signal from the 2SV4. What could possibly drag a submarine as powerful as that? Quickly, the commander took action. They must go after the 2SV4 in another sub. True, no other vessel had how 250 feet—but they could locate the missing ship on the magnetic finder.

Minutes later, the S23, with Superman aboard, was deep down in the ocean waters. They had reached the approximate position of the missing vessel when, suddenly, there came a sound like the clanking of chains on the hull. And then, though the motors turned, the S23 didn't budge! Superman—unnoticed—slipped into the steel tube the trapped submarine. The time had come to resume his rightful guise to become Superman, to leave through the escape hatch and investigate this strange mystery of the sea!

Before anyone could see him, Superman opened the hatch and shot out into the icy depths of the sea.

Waiting at the water with the speed of the fastest torpedo, he circled the S23. Then, amazed, he saw and touched huge steel nets which had closed tightly around the sub. Great steel cables, stretching far off toward the shore, were attached to them. And, even as he inspected them, he felt the tug and the ship started moving! With no more time, Superman grasped the gigantic steel strands. As if they were silk thread, he snapped them. The cables jerked back as Superman tore off the encircling nets. Instantly, the S23 moved, free, and shot up toward the surface.

"Waiting for nothing else, Superman, racing faster than any bullet, swam underwater, following exactly the direction of the cable. Seconds later, sure of his bearings, he cut upward through the sea and on up—up above the surface, his eagle eyes now searching eagerly everywhere for some sign of the still missing 2SV4. He knew that it must have been captured by the steel nets. But would it be at the end of the cable—or would it have disappeared already?

With an inward surge of pride, he noticed the gray shape of a sleek American battleship looming up in the darkness below him. But then, in a flash, every muscle in his great body jumped to attention when his x-ray eyes saw, hidden below the surface—only hundreds of yards from the ship, the long steel shape of the missing Grayson sub!

Even as he watched, 2,000 pounds of sudden death, whining like a banshee. Continued on page 85
True Boardman writes most of those romantic dramas on Silver Theater.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

The Silver Theater on CBS at 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., Sunday nights, sponsored by the International Silver Company and starring the best actors of Hollywood in original comedies and dramas which are usually written by a young man named True Boardman.

True is a specialist in writing half-hour plays to fit the particular abilities of screen stars. He has to his credit a list of seventy-five original airplays—or did when this was written—and it will be more by the time you read it. He's not as proud of that record, though, as he is of being able to give any actor a script that is tailored tightly to his measure.

For instance, the Silver Theater signs up some romantic celebrity—say Clark Gable—for a future program, and True has the job of writing a play for him to act in. "I sit down and think about Gable," True says, "about his mannerisms and personal history. After a while an appropriate plot begins to come into my mind—a plot that just calls for Clark Gable to play the leading man."

Maybe the reason True is able to see his stories in terms of the actors' and actresses who play in them, is that he was an actor himself before he became a writer. He made his dramatic debut at the age of four by wandering onto the stage of a theater where his actor-father was playing. Soon after that he got into movies, and grew up in Hollywood, playing important roles in "Shoulder Arms" with Clark Chaplin and "Daddy Longlegs" with Mary Pickford. Later on, he was on Broadway and in touring stock companies, and didn't get interested in writing until he turned to radio.

He's still interested in acting, and occasionally does dramatic roles on programs originating in Hollywood. In addition, he frequently puts up on a good one-man show at Silver Theater rehearsals, raving, begging, and arguing with actors to show them exactly how he wanted a line to sound when he wrote it.

True is married, and has a five-year-old daughter named Penny, who thinks it's pretty silly that all of Daddy's stories are about "a man that falls in love with a girl." He says he expects she'll get the idea a little better a few years from now. Meanwhile, True himself would rather write an original story, one made up by himself, than to adapt a movie or stage play, and would rather write a story with a psychological background than anything else. He has dozens of books on psychology, and is happiest when he's reading one of them.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

MARCH, 1942

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**Paul Sullivan brings you a survey of the day's news Tuesdays and Thursdays.**

**Have you tuned in...**

Paul Sullivan bringing you the news every Tuesday and Thursday at 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., on CBS, sponsored by Liberty Magazine.

Blue-eyed, blond, and husky, Paul Sullivan is the kind of man you like to have living next door. He takes his work seriously, but not himself. All afternoon on Tuesdays and Thursdays you can find him in the United Press offices in New York, dashing back and forth between the tele- 

machine type where the news is coming in, and his typewriter where he writes down concisely for his ten-minute script. These days, with news happening so thick and fast, he often rewrites the script half a dozen times before going on the air. Paul studied law in St. Louis until he ran out of money and had to quit. Then he applied for a job as an announcer, passed the test, and got the job because the station already had plenty of announcers. He found work driving a taxi- 

cab and waited. A few weeks later the station called him up and said there was a position open, and Paul has been announcing ever since. He gained his first fame in Louisville, at WHAS, where he became so popular as a news commentator that a cigarette sponsor grabbed him for a CBS hook-up. Now he's on the air exclusively for Liberty.

It takes good judgment, knowledge of what's going on in every corner of the world, and a lot of luck to build a ten- 

minute script covering all the current news but no wild rumors. Paul has all three qualifications.

In 1933, Paul was married to Miss Margaret Flynn, and they're expecting their first baby any day now. They live in a big house near Tarrytown, New York, where Paul spends his leisure time sawing up old trees into fireplace-lengths. Ex- 
cept for his work and his family, Paul's major interest is flying. He has about fifty solo hours to his credit, and he has 

private pilot's license. If he freely admits, he had spent more time on the studying which is as necessary as the actual flying hours.

Paul always ends his broadcasts with the words "Good night and thirty," which drives people who don't know what "thirty" means quite as crazy as curiosity and sometimes irritation. Many times listeners don't even understand what he says; letters come in asking what he meant by "certain," "certains," "certain," "dirty," "Gerty" and "10:30." It's very simple—"thirty" is an old newspaper term which means "the end." One no query knows its origin, but news telegraphers always used to use it as a symbol to indicate the ends of dispatches. Paul knows it confines no one, but it also makes them talk about him, and that's good publicity in a competitive business.
**THURSDAY**

Eastern Time

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**PRESENTING THIS MONTH'S COVER GIRL: JOAN TETZEL, OF WOMAN OF COURAGE.**

**HAVE YOU TUNED IN...**

Joan Tetzel, our Cover Girl this month, whom you hear as Lucy Jackson in Woman of Courage, Sylvia Field in When a Girl Marries, and frequently on the Grand Central Station, Cavalcade of American programs. For such a young and little girl, it seems Joan has a lot of energy.

Joan is twenty years old, and is a graduate of Madonna Tucker's children's programs on NBC. She also is Mrs. Jack Mosman. Her husband is a producer and director of CBS programs, and their romance began when Jack, sitting in the control booth, watched Joan acting at the mike and fell in love with her. He used to take special care with his dials and controls to make sure her voice got just the right inflections and volume when it went on the air.

The Mosmans live in Jackson Heights, a suburb of New York, and have a cottage and a twenty-foot sailing boat on Lake Hopatcong. They enjoy driving their radio-equipped coupe and sailing their boat. Another thing they enjoy is collaborating on writing radio scripts, and have had several of their brainchildren broadcast on the Inner Sanctum, Bulldog Drummond, and CBS Workshop programs. Joan would like to go on being an actress, doing some writing on the side, but Jack would eventually like to write exclusively. Sometime they plan on concocting a full-length, three-act play together.

A tiny, soft-voiced girl with a distinctive way of speaking and a mouth that's a little too wide for real beauty but which adds, somehow, to her charm, Joan thinks sincerity is the best way to impress the young radio actress to possess. She acts some of radio's best roles, but never turns down the chance to do a bit part because she learned long ago that a bit is frequently more difficult to do properly than a lead. She says her most agonizing moment came during a Broadway play in which she was carried on-stage, supposedly unconscious by the leading man. In one performance he knocked her head against the doorframe with a crack that was clearly audible in the last row of the second balcony. Joan winced, the audience began to laugh, and it was two minutes (which is a long time on the stage) before she could go on with the affecting death scene the author of the play had written for her.

One reason Joan likes radio so much is that such embarrassing and painful incidents don't happen in broadcasting studios as often as they do on the stage. The likes of comedy, but because of her crowded radio schedule doesn't get an opportunity to do much of it. Still, she doesn't feel too bad about that—she admits that it's much more fun to act than to wash dishes.

For Saturday's Programs Please Turn to Page 46
YOU HAUNT MY HEART

Radio Mirror's Song Hit of the Month is James Melton's favorite melody—
Hear him sing this beautiful tune on his NBC-Red show, The Telephone Hour

Music by
ERICH W. KORNGOLD

Words by
RICHARD BROOKS

YOU HAUNT MY HEART
A. wake or sleep-ing
Your phantom comes

From out the past;
YOU HAUNT MY HEART

As tears remind me
Of love chains that bind me
And hold me

Copyright, 1931, B. Schott's Sohne

Copyright, 1941, B. Schott's Sohne
The still of night finds me holding you tight,

Although you're nowhere in sight,

But if our song of love has ended,

Why haunt my heart?
I t was bad enough when CBS called and said Cecil was on the Prince of Wales, because the newspapers had scarly big headlines announcing that Japanese had torpedoed both the Prince of Wales and the Repulse somewhere in the China Sea. If Martha Brown had known he was really on the Repulse it would have been a thousand times worse, because the Repulse sank almost at once, while the Prince of Wales stayed afloat for a considerable time.

The blonde and attractive young wife of Cecil Brown, see CBS correspondent in the Far East (that’s her picture above, with Cecil’s photograph beside her), can talk about those ten hours of dreadful uncertainty now. But they were nerve-racking enough to keep her in bed, suffering from shock, for three days after news came through that Cecil had survived the sinking of the Repulse and had brought with him one of radio’s greatest scoops—an eye-witness report of the disaster.

Martha Brown knows there will be more hours—maybe days—of worry about her husband’s safety, but she faces them with calm courage. “Cecil’s work is dangerous,” she admits, “but it’s also important. It’s important to him and to the people of America. As long as he is doing a good job, nothing must be allowed to interfere with him.”

Martha and Cecil were married in Rome in 1938. They’d known each other for a good many years before that, in Columbus, Ohio, where Martha was born and Cecil went to college. It was love all the time, but they were both young and knew they could afford to wait for marriage. Then, when Cecil was the CBS correspondent in Rome, Martha went to Europe for a five-week vacation. It was three years before she came back to America, because Cecil met her at the train in Rome, they decided they’d been separated too long, and were married on the spot.

Cecil was expelled from Italy early in 1941 because the Fascists didn’t like what he said about them on the air. Because he and Martha believed the United States would soon be in the war, he asked her to return to New York, while he went on East, eventually landing in Singapore, where his headquarters are now. Martha hated to leave him, but she did, true to her creed that nothing must stand in the way of his work.

Now Martha lives in New York, separated from her husband by half the world. Mail and cable services are so uncertain that almost her only communication with him is one-sided, when she listens to his broadcasts on CBS. She has found a way to keep busy and help in the war effort at the same time, by getting a job with a firm which purchases most of the supplies for the Egyptian Government. She has been active in her state in New York, near CBS headquarters.
SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream thick on her face and throat.

   She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with lots more Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

   "It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so clean, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll love how your skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.

GINI’S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.

Vonds Girls Belong to Cupid
looked at her scornfully, and turned back with renewed fury to his brother. "I ought to kill you!" he grated. "And I won’t! God, how I hate a coward—and it’s worse when he’s my own brother!"

"Please, Whitey!" Jim Denny begged. "Don’t start anything in here. I’ll go outside with you if you want—but not in here—please!"

"Fallen for a dame—is that it? Is that what you went soft on me?"

"No, 1—"

"No, I guess not. I thought that stalling you’ve been doing lately is forgotten—" something was a gag of some sort, but now I know what it really was—you’re just yellow."

Deliberately, he swung at Jim Denny and knocked him down. Standing over him, fists still clenched, he said, "And now I’m through with you. I only came out after you to do this. It’s why I stopped at every gas station along the road until I found somebody that remembered you and your fancy clothes—where I ought to knock you low—and knew where you were."

JULIE and dropped to her knees beside Jim. She was bowing herself with her quick fingers that he was moving, lifting his head. She said, "Please go away now. Please go away at once."

"Don’t worry, sister! You can have him!" He turned on his heel. The front door slammed behind him.

Painfully, Bill pushed himself upright, shaking his head at Julie’s worried questions: "Does it hurt? Are you all right?"

"Doesn’t matter," he mumbled. "I had it coming to me. But nobody but my brother could have got away with it."

She sank upon her heels. "But I don’t understand. How could your own brother do this to you?"

"He wanted to be a fighter himself," Jim said wearily, "but he couldn’t make the grade. So he trains now to be the champ he never could be. Huh! I can see now that knocking me down must of let loose something that’s been simmering inside him all along."

"And that’s what you’re afraid of," she breathed. "You’re afraid to fight the champion."

"Yeah. That’s it."

But you’ve fought before. Why are you suddenly so afraid to fight him? Were you afraid before your other fight with Whitey?"

"No," Jim said, "as long as they were setups and nobody paid much attention to whether I won or not, I didn’t feel it. It’s only been lately—"

"I still don’t understand what you’re afraid of!" Julie made a puzzled, unhappy gesture—one hand outstretched, as if to push the feeling out of the way. "It’s what everybody will say and think about me if I lose. Ever since I’ve been a big boy and getting my picture in the papers, this has been coming on me. As long as nobody paid any attention to me I was all right—I knew I was a good fighter and I did my job—but now everybody is watching me and millions of people are expecting me to be the champ."

"You mean," Julie asked, "you’re not in the championship class? You’re not good enough."

"What says Whitey?" Jim inquired truculently. "I could knock that psook off his pins in three rounds! I’m in better condition than he is and I’ve got six years on him—I can’t explain, Julie. It’s the way I feel inside when I get to thinking about the night of the fight. And I got no control over it. When I think about it, my heart starts pounding like a hammer and I get hot and cold all over. Then I think about how it’s like after I lose the fight. I’m walking down the street, people are looking at me and laughing. I went around Chicago for days last week—I couldn’t sleep—I couldn’t eat—I was sick. So I decided to give it all up and run away."

"I think I know how you felt," Julie whispered. "I can understand now—in my own way. I had a time myself."

"Was it dreadfully afraid. When the doctor came in, I was never going to see again, I was so frightened that I wanted to die. I had always been afraid of going to the barber shop and when I realized that I would always be in this terrible darkness I had always feared, at the memory she faltered, biting her lips. "For months I was really ill—and Mother thought I’d die..."

"You said," he said, caught up by the remembered pain in her words, for getting everything but the picture of a little girl with silver-gilt hair and midnight blue eyes that would always look at upper windows..."

"Then Mother, who is one of the greatest people on this earth, began to talk to me and reason with me. She helped me see that if I didn’t worry, I was afraid was only a darkness if I let it remain that. She said I had an imaginary fear made right in my own thought-factory... And soon I began to see more wonderful things than I could ever have seen with my real eyes. And the fear was gone..."

She took a deep breath and smiled suddenly, dazzlingly, "Jim, you’re a young man, you’re well trained, you’re honest. You have a manager who really believes in you and you have millions of people fighting with you and praying for you—so how can you lose?"

"Why, I—I guess I—I can’t lose—can’t I?"

"Of course you can’t!" Julie cried, and it seemed to him he had never seen anything more beautiful than that narrow smile, that confidence and certainty in that delicate face..."

"And will you be one of the millions that’s fighting with me and praying for me to win?"

"Oh, I will! I will!"

He scrambled to his feet. "Say, I’m going to see if I can’t catch Whitey before he gets too far out of town!"

Then, suddenly doubtful—"Do you suppose he’ll take me back? He might not, you know."

"Now—no more being afraid, Jim!—of anything!" she reminded him, and his face cleared.

"Sure, he’ll take me back! I know he will. Say, you’ll come to the fight, won’t you?"

"You couldn’t keep me away!"

"I’ll have a seat for you right at the ringside!"

He went out with a smile, "It won’t make any difference where I sit. I won’t really be able to see the fight."

Jim took her hand, pressed it tightly, "Of course, I want kiss her but knowing he could not until after the fight. After he’d won."

"No," he said, "I know you won’t. But I’ll be able to see you!"

The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 21

The note, the scene in David’s office, everything. When he came in, one sight of his face killed that hope. "There’s no use beating about the bush, Mary," he said. "I wish it all weren’t true—I wish it had never happened. But it has and any reflection of something I could do to make you happy!

He said faintly, "You’ve always made me happy—until now. I thought I had made you happy too."

"Yes—well, I’ve changed. I don’t want you anymore. Nothing was more important to me than you, Mary. I—I haven’t loved you for a long time. It would be better if you’d go your way and—let me go mine."

"A divorce?"

"Yes."

She wanted to scream, to beat her hand against his chest, anything wild and terrible. Instead, she said, "I can’t believe it, I can’t! Joe—look at me. Do you really love that girl?"

He raised his eyes, and for a long moment she read the message that was so plain he wasn’t even going to sink back. "Yes," she said hopelessly, "I love you."

"You do. You do mean it when—when you ask for a divorce. All right, Joe. I’ll hold you when you don’t love me."

"Mary—I know you’d be kind—"

"Kind!" She laughed hysterically. "I’m sorry! She could feel him wanting to get away, feel him being pulled toward the door.

"Just tell me one thing," she asked with unexpressed courage—"do you stop caring for me because I’m not—as young—any more?"

"I can’t tell you why I changed—"

"It’s the way you always didn’t think that mattered. I thought our love was too big to be touched by—superficial things. And now I’m the same way you were then. The ‘You were young when we were married. Only the outside has changed.’"

I was disenchanted, and because he felt a pity he was unwilling to show, he sounded gruff. "Non-sense! I tell you I don’t know how..."

Continued on page 50
Unattractive, "Lifeless,"
Rundown or Under Par?

TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a new way to build up radiant freshness and vitality—a way magazines, newspapers and government authorities are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found food elements widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, retard fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four or six—but eleven important food elements, including Vitamins A, B, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you look.

Mail for free samples

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain miracle-elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name: __________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________ State: ______

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK
Continued from page 48—or when—I stopped loving you. And I'd still give anything if this hadn't happened.

Mary covered, shuddering, away from him into the corner of the big couch. "Go away—no! I've said. I'd give you the divorce—now go!"

Thankfully, he obeyed her.

I ONLY want you to wait," David Post said. "Divorce is like closing a door and locking it behind you and throwing away the key. You ought to think things over beforehand, until you're quite sure.

Mary looked down at her white-gloved hands. She wished she had not come here to the office in answer to David's request to see her. It had been sheer bravado; she'd known well enough how many memories of her last visit here it would bring—even though Joe was out and a new secretary had Sally Gibbons' place.

"I've thought things over, Dave," she said in a low voice. "It's been a week since Joe told me and I've done hardly anything else but think. But I can't think my way around the fact that Joe asked for a divorce and I told him he could have one.

"But you're both overwrought—Joe thinks he knows what he wants, but he doesn't. A month—six months—and he may feel entirely different. He won't listen to me when I tell him so, but he'd have to listen if you refused to divorce him right away," David had a paper-knife in his hand, and as he turned it between his fingers it reflected bright, scattered rays of light into her eyes. She watched it, dazzled—almost hypnotized.

"How can I insist on holding him—when he doesn't want to be held? It's too— with an effort, she wrenched her gaze away from the paper-knife "too humiliating!"

"It's a way of saving Joe, my dear. A way of saving him from himself. I still can't believe he really loves that girl. And in time he'll realize it himself."

"No. I—I can't." Nervously, she pulled her gloves tighter on her hands and stood up. She wanted to get away, away from David's sympathy—and his common-sense. The first always woke to new sharpness the ache that lived in her heart, and the second was urging her to strip herself of the veil that covered her soul.

"I'm going through with the divorce, Dave," she said.

He sighed. "As you say, Mary. I can have the cases scheduled for tomorrow morning. Joe wanted me to talk to you about finances. There's the house, of course, the deed is in both your names, and—"

"Don't, Dave!" Mary made an involuntary gesture of repulsion. "I can't teach money from Joe. I have a little of my own, and I can get a job of some sort. I'll get along."

Smiling a little, Dave said, "I knew you'd say this. I told Joe you would.

"What else is there to say?" she asked.

She had rejected Dave's advice to wait, but all night it lingered in her mind. And the next morning, standing in the court room while thin winter sunlight came chalkily through the windows, it returned with redoubled force. She was standing alone; Dave and Joe were on the other side of the room holding a last-minute hurried conference, and the judge shuffled papers on the bench. Joe had not once looked in her direction.

Mary glanced out of the window. The trees of the Square were stripped of leaves, and she could plainly see the statue of Justice that stood in the center. Angrily, she thought. "They should take the blindfold from her eyes—then she could see some of the cruelties that are done in her name!"

It was cruel and unjust that here—always woke to new sharpness the ache that lived in her heart, and the second was urging her to strip herself of the veil that covered her soul. A few had left the scratch of spectacles.

"I'm going through with the divorce, Dave."

"They had plant the autumn before the thrust knife-like shoots through the leaf-mold near the foundation of the shuttered and deserted house. Then, on Easter Sunday itself, the shutters were flung back. Mary had returned.

Frederick, and Cynthia, the two Adams children, were the first to see her, and they ran shouting with excitement to their mother. But within a few weeks the old lady knew of her return, for she went to the Old Church with the Adams family, and sat in their pew while from his own pew a few rows back Joe Marlin gazed at her with such intensity he heard scarcely a word of the sermon.

For Joe Marlin—but it was not Mary, either. The months in New York had affected a startling transformation. She was as slim as a girl, her skin was soft and fresh, her features had lost the fuzziness which years of humdrum living had brought them.
There was a deeper change, too, people realized as they greeted her. She wore tranquillity like a garment, like one of those severely plain and startlingly expensive gowns you find in exclusive shops.

People chuckled with good-natured malice over Joe Marlin's expression when he first saw her.

"He was simply dazzled! No wonder, of course—but it did my heart good, after the way he treated her."

"He's still pretty thick with that Gibbons girl, though."

"Oh, yes. But I wouldn't be surprised if he's thinking maybe he made a bad bargain."

No one read Joe's thoughts, though. Mary herself could not read them when, on Easter Monday, he came to see her. She was in the garden, digging with bare hands, and this helped to break the initial strangeness and tension between them, for she was applying some fertilizer she had found in the garage, which Joe said was poor stuff. Before either of them quite realized what was happening, he was on his knees beside her.

He looked at her quizically. "You know, of course, you've changed."

"Yes, I know. But it's really quite simple. You remember Henriette Gordon, Joe?"

"Of course. Funny little dark kid, wasn't she? Used to pal around with you in grammar school?"

"That's the one. Only now she's Madame Henriette, Inc., of Fifth Avenue. I just happened to run into her after I'd been in New York a few days—the most amazing coincidence."

(Yes, New York had taught Mary many things. Once a phrase like "most amazing coincidence" would have been as strange upon her lips as Latin.) "She took me in hand and made me over. I've been staying with her at her penthouse."

Beyond the hedge, the clear young voices of Bill and Cynthia Adams were raised. Obviously, they were coming to see Mary. "Oh, Lord," Joe said. "I wanted to talk to you. Can't we escape the kids?"

Mary laughed. "Only if we run right now. And I don't know where to take you."

"Come on—in my car and we'll take a ride. Quick!"

"All right." He couldn't help noticing the grace with which she leaped to her feet and ran with him to the car. Then they were rolling down the length of Main Street, out into the odorous countryside.

After a time he stopped the car and they walked a little, through a patch of woods where the ground was still spongily damp. There was a pleasant feeling of companionship between them, as if they were two strangers who had only recently met, rather enjoyed each other's company, but had no real common bond. It was a safe feeling. If they could only hold to it, Mary thought, this hour would be agreeable and uneventful. Suddenly she decided she did not want it to be uneventful.

"Have you been all right, Joe?"

"Oh—so-so," he said guardedly—and then, in abrupt decision, "No, not very. In fact, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I might want to sell the house, if you'd agree."

"Sell the house?" She was shocked. Selling that house was like—like selling years of her life.

"Well, things haven't been so good,"

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**Next Stop—TAHITI!**

**HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . sans shirt, sans temper—sans just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.**

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man has to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye! (with appropriate gestures)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tip toes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naphtha Soap right away. Send a lot. And hurry!' (aside to the Ladies) This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.
Who Are You Going to Listen To?

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No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, we say Modess is softer... because we know it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to us now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who tested Modess for softness.

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If 3 out of every 4 women voted against the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted for must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if you've been missing out on extra comfort. Try Modess the next time you buy.

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If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test, Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

he admitted, scuffing the ground with his feet as he walked. "There haven't been many clients. You know how people—feel—about divorce."

"Oh," she almost whispered. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"No need for you to be, I'm the one—" He frowned, and hurried on. "Probably I won't have to sell it. I only wanted to mention it to you. But if you feel badly about it—it's yours as much as mine."

The sense of comradeship was gone now; they were awkward, ill-at-ease. Mary looked down at the ground. Under the pine-needles and dead leaves Joe had scuffed aside she saw a spray of tender green, crested with tiny white flowers. "Joe—look! It's arbutus—the first of the season, hiding under the pine-needles."

He, too, was glad of the diversion. He bent and lifted the spray with a gentle finger, then pinned it off. "Here, Mary. To remember me by."

"Joe!" In that moment she saw that he looked tired, that his clothes were the slightest bit shabby, and that his brown eyes were distrust. "To remember him by?" Yes, she needed a talisman to help her do that, because already the Joe she had spent so many years with was in the past. She had expected to feel a tug at her heart when she saw him again, after these months of separation. It hadn't come, and she'd been grateful. Now she thought it might never come. Love for him was still in her heart, but it was a different love. A pitying love—and how Joe would hate that!

Impulsively, as she took the arbutus from him, she bent and picked another spray. "And I'll give you one, too."

"Thank you," he said gravely. 'I'll always keep it.

Soon afterward, they returned to the car and drove back to town, talking of unimportant things. As he left her he asked, "What are your plans, Mary? Are you thinking of staying in Cedar Springs?"

"I think," she said, "I'd like to— for a while."

"Good." She had the impression that the gayety of his smile was a little forced as he waved and drove away.

There never was such a spring, everyone said. Day followed day in serene progression, punctuated only now and then by just the right amount of rain. Mary lived quietly, seeing a little of the Adamses, much of Annie, nothing of Joe and very little more of David. Or, at least, she did. She saw Sally Gibbons, but Margaret Adams told her the girl was living in an apartment downtown—presumably, since she did not work, an apartment paid for by Joe.

Always, through the days, one thought kept Mary dubious company, I must keep my promise to Joe. I must give him his divorce. For since he has not given her up, he must still want it.

Then, on a warm evening, David came to see her.

As he talked, quietly, putting forth facts in their order after the way of lawyers, she felt that he was telling her the plot of some story she had read long ago, in a dream. A tragic story, without grandeur.

"And things have been getting worse and worse for him. I don't know the details—only that he was spending too much and earning almost nothing. There were some securities he sold for a friend of his, on commission, but that money didn't last long. But he wouldn't accept anything from me."

The girl!" Mary asked. "Sally Gibbons."

"I don't know what happened there. Joe didn't confide in me. But I've known for some time he was disillusioned, sick at heart... as I was sure he would be, eventually, with a girl like that. And now he's gone, Mary. He's gone to try for a new start. That's all he said in our last talk."

In the silence, a bird chirped sleepily from its nest outside the open window. Slowly, Mary's head dropped. She hid her face between her cupped hands.

"Oh, Joe!" she murmured, so faintly David Post scarcely heard her. "Poor girl. Why did he do it to his life—and to mine?"

Has the rift between Mary and Joe become so broad and deep that they can never cross it? Don't fail to continue this exciting story of a fascinating woman's life in the April issue of Radio Mirror Magazine.

Woman of Courage

Continued from page 32

Martha put off her final decision on that, however, until she saw the house, a white, Colonial house with twenty-five rooms and rolling, green lawns that ran smoothly down to a wide strip of private beach.

"But it looks so lonely and cold," Martha said. "As if no one had ever lived here—as if no one had ever been happy here."

"You're right," William Moore said. "No one ever was happy here."

Then he added, "But you would change that."

"No," Martha said. "You don't understand. I—is this all too grand. It's too beautiful—but, well, we're not this kind of people. I don't know what would happen to us, if we lived here."

She was thinking of Lucy, whose letters had been full of wanting
to come East. Martha had written home about some of the people she'd met through William Moore, people whose names were so well known socially that they had even penetrated to Farmington. And Lucy was longing to come to Old Port and be a real debutante and, in her own words, "—knock the eyes out of the girls at home."

Martha didn't open the big house. Instead, she rented a small, ivy grown cottage with windows looking out on the sea. She refused most of the invitations that William Moore arranged for her and she was very lonely for her family. Perhaps it was this loneliness that finally made her give in to Lucy's pleas and Jim's arguing that they had no right to deny Lucy the advantages she would have in Old Port.

LUCY'S arrival put an end to Martha's quiet days and evenings in her cottage. Lucy not only insisted that Martha accept all of William Moore's invitations, she watched the Society columns avidly and gave broad hints as to the affairs she would like to attend and the people she would like to meet. Martha couldn't help admiring William Moore's kindness and patience.

And the night of "Liz" Kane's Charity Ball surpassed everything else. Lucy took the invitation as a personal triumph. "Liz" Kane was the leader of New York and Old Port Society. Martha was rather pleased with the invitation, too, but only because it seemed to her to mean, more or less, that Lucy hadn't made too much of a fool of herself. It wasn't until quite late in the evening that Martha learned the invitation had been for her sake and not for Lucy's.

"Liz" Kane sought her out. "Mrs. Jackson," this maker and breaker of social careers said, holding her hand warmly, "I've been wanting to meet you. William has told me so much about you—and those quiet afternoons in your garden. Please, invite me soon. You know," she whispered confidentially, "I can hardly wait for Fall, when I can hide away on my farm and let down my hair."

They laughed together and talked, casually, like old friends. Then, "Liz" Kane said, "I knew I would like you. I do. That's why I'm going to tell you this. Your daughter—keep an eye on her.

Martha was startled. "Lucy—has she done something wrong?"

"No," the other woman smiled. "But she just went out with Steve Holbert. And they've been dancing together for an hour. Steve's a nice boy—good family, background—but no money. Steve's like a bee around girls—only in his case, the honey is money."

She patted Martha's hand. "Don't worry, too much. Steve's not serious. I just think you and your daughter are too nice to be hurt, that's all!"

Left alone, Martha wandered through the spacious rooms and gardens, looking for Lucy. She tried to put aside her worry, but it kept nagging at her. It was one thing to know about Steve Holbert, but quite another to tell Lucy she couldn't find Lucy, anywhere. Nor did the girl come back to the Ball. William Moore left the Martha home. She pretended to be unconcerned about Lucy, but, as soon as he had left, she put on a shawl and sat out on the ivy covered porch to wait. It
"Tain't Funny McGee!"

When Hubby brought home "ordinary tissues" instead of Kleenex, I made him march right back. When I send him for Kleenex, I mean Kleenex!

(from a letter by J.W., Coffeyville, Kans.)

No Waste!
Other Brands Haven't That Kleenex "Pull-out" Box That Serves Up Just One Double Tissue at a Time!

(from a letter by W. R. S., Chicago, Ill.)

Grime Does Not Pay!
I always keep Kleenex in my car to wipe the children's sticky fingers, clean the wind-shield, and shine the trim!

(from a letter by O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)

Grime Does Not Pay!
I always keep Kleenex in my car to wipe the children's sticky fingers, clean the wind-shield, and shine the trim!

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Washproof! Waterproof! Women buy an sight! Many purposeful patterns! Lovely expensive, long wearing, low priced! No washing or ironing. Wipe clean with damp cloth! Pasteller, Big combinaions. Also complete big-profit line dresses, shirts, loin, lingerie.

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Perfume for a Sweetheart
Blue Waltz
An exquisitely youthful fragrance that's sweet as Love's first kiss... BLUE WALTZ weaves the magic of the garden's love-lit blossoms into a fragrant, haunting perfume that invites romance. A touch on your hair, your throat, your wrists and you're cupid's darling!

10c at all 5 & 10c stores

Seemed an eternity before the headlights of a car broke the slightly foggy darkness.

"Good night, precious," a rich, young voice whispered tenderly. There was a long silence and Martha's heart sank. Then a car door opened and closed. "Tennis at eleven, beautiful!"

"Good night, Steve." Lucy said and, somehow, it sounded like a song. Lucy floated up the walk. When she stepped into the faint light from the doorway, she seemed to be shining with a light all her own. Her eyes were starry and looking far away into a world in which Martha could not follow her. She didn't seem surprised to find her mother waiting up for her. She threw herself into Martha's lap and hugged her furiously.

"Oh," she sighed in that same singing voice, "it's been such a wonderful evening. Mother, I'm so happy!"

Martha knew she couldn't say anything then. She would have to wait for a more appropriate time, a time when Lucy wasn't intoxicated with excitement and success. Only there was no such time, not in all the four nights that followed. Lucy seemed to be wound up like a top, going, going, going, all the time. The very air seemed to have the effect of campaign on her. And Martha couldn't find the right way to stop her, warn her.

Then, one evening, two weeks after the Charity Ball, Lucy went to a Yacht Club dance with Steve—and returned alone. Martha had been reading and she looked up, startled, when she heard the door close. Lucy was leaning against the door, slumped against it, as if she couldn't stand alone. "Mother," she said, very softly, with a great deal of effort, "I want to go home. Right away." Suddenly, she crumpled to the floor, covering her face with her hands and sobbing wildly.

Martha ran to her and sat down beside her. She held her close in her arms, cradling the shuddering girl like a baby. "Oh, Mother!" Lucy cried desperately. "I love him so much. I thought he loved me. He said he did."

A lot of it was incoherent, but Martha pieced it together. There had been another girl, before Lucy—a girl with whom Steve had quarreled. But tonight she had been moving him back and had forgotten all about Lucy, leaving her to the humiliating realization that she had always been second best with him, no more.

The next morning, Lucy was still firm about leaving Old Port and, while Martha didn't entirely approve of her running away, she was a little glad to get Lucy, looking for some chance of making up with Steve. Martha wanted to go home, too, but William Moore assured her that her case was bound to get on the calendar soon and she would just have to come right back again. So, Lucy got on the train alone and, subdued, Lucy, who—Martha noticed—couldn't keep her eyes from scanning the people on the platform, looking for someone, looking for Steve, hoping up to the last minute.

Every day, Martha looked forward to hearing that her case was coming up and she could go home. She was a little restless with waiting and strangely uneasy, without quite knowing why. The letters she got from home were all cheerful, except Lucy's, who seemed to strain too hard.
to disguise the unhappiness left by Steve's desertion.

In September, one afternoon, Martha was sitting in her garden, re-reading a letter from Cora, when William Moore dropped in. She was so deep in her thoughts that she didn't even hear him drive up.

"Hello!" he called. Martha started.

"I have good news for you. Your case comes up day after tomorrow."

"Oh," Martha said. "I'm glad."

"And I thought you were happy here," William Moore said, half jokingly, half seriously.

"It isn't that," Martha said. "It's—I have a feeling that everything isn't going right at home. My sister-in-law has written me such a strange letter—almost as if she wanted me to understand something she hasn't written down. She says Lucy's fine and very busy—but she doesn't say what. And she says that Jim's looking wonderful and he's very active—but she doesn't say why he's so active. And Cora is usually so frank with me about everything. About the only thing she does say is that Lillian has been neglecting the store."

"Does that matter very much, now?" William Moore asked.

"Of course, it does!" Martha said.

"Even if I do close it, or sell it—I don't want it to fail. I'm proud of that store."

"I know," William Moore said.

"And you're anxious to get home, too, aren't you?" Martha nodded. "Well, we should be able to straighten out everything in two or three weeks."

"So long?" Martha asked in dismay.

"Your uncle's estate is a little involved," he explained. "It will take at least two weeks before we can turn over a complete accounting to you."

"But I don't have to be here for that, do I?" Martha asked.

"William Moore lowered his eyes. "No," he confessed softly. "I guess not. I—I thought I could keep you here just a little longer. I—I'm going to miss you."

The sincerity in his voice warmed and flattered Martha. It was pleasant to think that she had been able to win the friendship of this clever, sophisticated Easterner.

He took her hand. "I guess we can't keep you here," he said regretfully. "If you really want to get back. And once the will is settled there'll no longer be any real reason for you to stay in Old Port."

In spite of his apparent agreement to complete all the legal details, it seemed to Martha that he still welcomed any delay. But at last everything had been done, whether he really wished it done or not. Martha felt a twinge of sadness, when he said goodbye to her in the deep, noisy station in New York, just before the train pulled away from the platform.

But, as the express sped farther and farther away, rushing her back towards Farmington, he faded from her thoughts.

It was nine o'clock and just getting dark, when the train pulled into Farmington. Martha got off the train, her heart beating rapidly, excitedly.

"Mrs. Jackson!" Martha looked down the dimly lit platform. "Mrs. Jackson!" It was Johnny Long, running toward her, out of breath and disheveled. "Boy!" Johnny said. "Hello! I just made it!"

"Hello, Johnny," Martha said. "Where are the others?"

"They're all waiting at home," Johnny said with a grin. "It's a surprise."

For some reason, Martha's heart sank. She walked silently to Johnny's rattletrap car and got in. She wasn't even very surprised when Johnny took a different road home. They stopped before a large, newly painted, white house. Every window was brightly lit and music was pouring into the quiet treelined street. Before they had a chance to ring the bell, a man in livery opened the door. Martha stared at him.

"Welcome, home, Madame," he said with a bow.

Martha had a sudden urge to laugh. The only thing that stopped her was Tommy, hurrying down the sweeping staircase and throwing himself into her arms.

"Mamma! Mamma!" Tommy cried. Then, suddenly, they were all there. Lucy, Jim, Lillian, all hugging her and fussing and talking. Cora stood at the foot of the stairs until all the greetings were over. Then, she came forward and kissed Martha. "I tried to stop them," she whispered.

Martha patted her shoulder and whispered, "I know." Then, she turned to Lucy, lovely in a white dance dress. "It's a nice house," she said, "but the rent—" "Rent?" Lillian interrupted. "Jim bought it for you."

"Don't you like it, Martha?" Jim asked anxiously.
"I haven't seen it, yet," Martha said.

Lucy and Lillian led her through the house. And the more she saw, the more she was reminded of the house in Old Port. This one was almost as large. Everything in it was new and carefully chosen.

They had saved the living room for last and Martha caught her breath as they entered it. The room was immense and beautiful, but to Martha, it looked like a room on a stage. There were people in it—all her friends—but they looked uncomfortable and out of place. In an alcove, a four-piece orchestra was playing Martha's old song and a few of the younger people were dancing.

**Martha's** presence seemed to ease the tension a little. She greeted all her old friends warmly and managed to make them relax. She even joked with them about the waiters Lucy had got from a caterer, "Lucy's doing it up big, isn't she?" she laughed. That seemed to make them feel more at home.

Then Lucy sang. Martha looked questioningly at Jim, but he was beaming with pride and happiness. To Martha, Lucy looked and sounded like a caricature. And Martha could feel the discomfort of the others and their polite applause made her ashamed. Afterwards, Lucy brought over a little man with lots of wild, black hair and introduced him as her singing teacher, and suddenly Martha was filled with a vexed, sort of pity, knowing that this misguided excursion of Lucy's into singing was really a desperate attempt to find a way of forgetting Old Port and what had happened there.

Martha was bewildered and tired and a little angry. She wondered whether her friends would be very hurt, if she asked them to go home. Happily, they began to leave in groups and, when they had all gone, Martha sank wearily into one of the deep chairs and waited for her family to make some explanations.

"It's wonderful to have you home, Martha," Jim said, taking her hand tenderly, "we missed you." They started then, all talking at once. Lucy bubbled, on and on, about her wonderful singing teacher and the future he was promising her.

"And only ten dollars a lesson!" Lillian put in.

No one seemed to notice Martha's gasp of amazement, but Cora, who pursed her lips as if to say, "Wait, there's more," Jim talked about what a bargain the house was—of course, it wasn't all paid for, yet, but they'd had no trouble in getting credit and Lucy had really done very well with the interior decorators from Twin Falls.

"I hate to spoil your fun," Martha said, a little wearily, a little sadly, "but haven't you run away with yourselves a bit? You know, I still don't know how much money I'm going to get."

This was plainly a shock to them. Jim's face grew very serious and fear flashed at Martha's eyes. She knew her Jim very well. He hadn't told her everything, yet.

Cora went home and the others went upstairs to be playing Martha's old song up the fire. "Come sit over here, Jim," she said. "Let's visit—the old way, darling."

Jim wheeled his chair over to the fireplace. "Martha," he began a bit timidly, "You wrote that everything was all right."

"Yes," she said. "It is. There was no trouble about the will. But it will be a couple of weeks before I get the accounts."

"Oh," Jim seemed relieved. "That's soon enough."

"For what?"

"Well," Jim brightened. "You see, Martha, I had a chance to turn a good business deal. I heard—purely by accident, mind you—that there's going to be another defense factory here in Farmington. And—well—I got in on the ground floor. Know what I did?" he asked proudly. I bought the land where they're going to build it. They'll have to buy from me."

"How do you know?" Martha asked.

"There were some men here, choosing a site—and I happened to find out which one they decided on," Jim said.

"I see," Martha said. "And what did you pay for it?"

"Well, I put down the five thousand you sent me from New York and signed a note for the rest. He was beaming again. "That's why I wanted to know when—you see, I wanted to pay Wilkins the balance in thirty days."

It was very late and there were so many things to straighten out, that Martha didn't have the heart to start them. She was afraid of this deal of fate was some way of punishing him needlessly. What if he had done the right thing? She pretended to be pleased and proud of him and she kissed him tenderly and went up to her room.

In the next few days, she was very busy. She was happy to learn that the liveried butler had disappeared.
with the caterer's truck. It was a
painful thing to do, but she made
Lucy go to the Music Academy in
Twin Falls and sit for the audition
board there. Her heart ached for
her daughter while the singing coach
explained to her that, although her
voice was pleasant, it would be a
waste of time and money to train it.
She was proud, however, to see the
way Lucy took it.

"I guess I was kind of a dope,
huh?" Lucy said on the bus.

"No dear," Martha said. You were
just in too much of a hurry to do
something. We'll take it a little more
slowly—find out what you really
want to do in life and then work for
that." And neither of them men-
tioned Steve Holbert.

Martha also took the store in hand.
Lillian had jumbled the accounts
shamefully and the store was almost
desperately depleted of stock. In a
way, though, Martha was glad there
was so much work to do there. It
kept her mind off Jim's big deal. And
he was very secretive. He was afraid
even to talk about it, for fear some-
one might hear.

One afternoon, Martha had occasion
to go to the bank on some business.
As she was leaving, she ran into
George Harrison.

"Hello, Martha," he said warmly.
"I was coming to see you today. I
just got back from a business trip.
How is everything? And let me con-
gratulate you on your good fortune."
Martha smiled a little wryly.
"I still have no idea whether it's a good
fortune, or not," she said.

"Oh, well," George said. "At least,
you're not likely to fall prey to this
Albert Silvers, who's just skipped
town with the life savings of some
of our most prominent citizens."

"Who is he?" Martha asked, swal-
loving her panic.

"Some swindler the police are look-
ing for," George said casually. "He
goes about the country, talking
people into buying worthless land by
spreading word that defense plants
are going to be built on it."

Martha hardly knew how she got
away from George. She went back
to the store and tried to work, but
nothing went properly. All she could
think about was Jim, how he would
take this news. She didn't care so
much about the money. It was the
blow to his self esteem. He had made
another mistake and she would have
to tell him.


ALL through dinner, she avoided
Jim's eyes and made a terrible
effort to behave normally. After
Lucy had gone out with Johnny Long
and Tommy had been put to bed, she
went into Jim's den.

"Jim," she said softly, "what was
the name of the man who sold you
that land?"

"Jim looked at her in surprise.
Was it Albert Silvers?" Martha
asked.

Jim flushed with irritation. "So,
it's got around. I'll miss out on the
deal."

Simply, keeping any hint of criti-
cism out of her voice, Martha told
him what she had learned from
George Harrison. Jim's face got very
red, then it went pale.

"I don't believe it!" Jim said.
Just then the doorbell rang. Mar-
tha was annoyed and pretended not
to have heard it. She looked at Jim
steadily. His lips were colorless.

"It's all right, Jim," she said. "It

"Meet the man whoeally tamed the shrew"

"What a terrible name to call yourself! And a sweet-tempered person
like you ... it's silly!"

"Believe it or not, I was terrible! If Bob hadn't stepped in, I might still
be nervous, haggard, all temper and tantrums like this ..."

"Stop it! That's awful!"

"Awful is right! But Bob found
the right answer ... I had a
Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"A what?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing
vitamins you find in their natural
form in fresh yeast. So I bought
a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S.
Took two cakes a day in nice cool
tomato juice, and pretty soon ..."

"As pretty a girl as any man
could wish! But what's this about
tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take
yeast. Look! Mash a cake of yeast
in a dry glass with a fork, add a
little tomato juice, stir till blend-
ed, fill up the glass and drink.
It's delicious."

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN
label? This is the only yeast with
all these vitamins. And the only
sources of the important Vitamin
B Complex are natural sources,
such as yeast and liver. And if
you bake at home, remember:
recent tests prove that even the
Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN'S
is not appreciably lost in the oven.
Vitamins A, B, D and G go
right into your bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

MARCH, 1942
They were talking about personal matters.

"Your Man, too, loves Soft Hands," says RITA HAYWORTH *

(Loely Hollywood Star)

Have Alluring Hands with a few seconds' care a day

You give your hands almost professional loveliness-care when you use Jergens Lotion. Remember—2 of Jergens' ingredients are those used by many doctors to help harsh, common-looking skin to fresh-flower smoothness. Regular use helps prevent horrid roughness and chapping. No sticky feeling! Start now to have adorable hands, with this favorite Jergens Lotion.

"I want to have those soft hands, Rita Hayworth suggests, Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion free.

Name

Street

City State

Mail This Coupon Now

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 35So Alfred Street Chicago, Ill. (Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to have those soft hands, Rita Hayworth suggests, Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion free.

It does matter, darling." His lips twisted into a crooked smile and he stared at her coldly. "It does matter," he said.

The doorbell rang again, insistently. Martha went out of Jim's study, almost running through the long living room, hurrying to still the shrill, repetitious scream of the bell. She wrenched open the door, angrily ready to reprimand the visitor. It was William Moore.

He put out his hand. "Martha," he smiled. "Forgive me for not writing that I was coming. But I had some business in Chicago and I thought I might just as well bring you those accounts at the same time."

A little dazed and hoping a little that he had brought good news, news that would make Jim forget the loss of the five thousand dollars, Martha greeted William Moore and led him back to Jim's den. She was glad to see that Jim had pulled himself together. He was cordial to the lawyer and even joined in their idle, small talk. His eyes were a little feverish and Martha knew he must be having difficulty in keeping from asking William Moore what his news was.

"I hate to sound too anxious," Martha said, when she couldn't bear the suspense any longer, "but—well, you know."

William Moore smiled apologetically. "Yes," he said, "the money." He took a thick batch of papers out of his brief-case and spread them out on Jim's work table. "That's really why I came out myself. I want to explain it all to you."

For almost an hour, they looked at figures, at additions and subtractions, at deductions and interests. At first, none of it made any sense to Martha, but gradually, with William Moore's patient voice explaining details, she began to see the meaning.

And suddenly, she knew very clearly why her instinct had made her hold back, restrain her dreams and desires, from the first moment when she had heard of her inheritance. Her instinct had been right. She had never been an heiress—just the way Jim and Lucy and Lillian had thought. To her, at this moment, it was not a surprise to learn that when the taxes and debts and lawyers' fees were paid, Uncle Whitney's estate would yield at the most a modest few thousand dollars.

Martha looked at Jim. He had stopped listening to William Moore. He had shrunk back in his wheel chair, as though he wanted to pull himself away from them, get as far away as possible. Then, he seemed to feel Martha's eyes on him and he raised his eyes to hers. His face was cold, expressionless, but in his eyes there was a smouldering look of accusation and—almost—hatred. Martha shivered slightly. She could read that look as plainly as if he had put it into words. "It's your fault," his eyes were saying, "It's your fault. You've won again. You've made a fool of me again. You knew this would happen and you let me go ahead. I am a failure and a fool—but it's your fault."

It will take all of Martha's courage and resource to cure Jim of this twisted resentment and convince him that the loss of her money means less than nothing to her if he will only put his mistake behind him. Be sure to read the conclusion of this moving serial in next month's Radio Mirror.
Because I Loved You

Continued from page 37

I'd like very much to take you to dinner.

Although I was annoyed at his presumption, for a wild, crazy instant, sheer loneliness tempted me to accept his invitation. Then my better judgment prevailed. No matter how lonesome you are, I told myself firmly, you certainly aren't going to make a date with a man you've never seen before.

"I'm sorry," I said coldly and replaced the receiver. A little later the phone rang a second time, but I wouldn't let myself answer it. The next morning when I turned in my key at the desk I found a letter waiting for me. "Dear Miss Adams," I read, "I'm sorry if I sounded fresh over the phone—I didn't mean to be. I tried to call you back later to explain, but there was no answer. I'm enclosing a ticket for a broadcast. It's only fifteen minutes long, but if you like Southern plantation songs I'm sure you will like the way our quartet sings them. I'm not one of the singers, only the announcer, but I hope you will accept the ticket together with my apologies for any annoyance my phone call may have caused you. Sincerely, Bill Stuart."

I CARRIED the letter and ticket around with me all day, unable to decide whether to attend the broadcast or not. If this were just another effort of Bill Stuart's to make a date with me, I'd be foolish to go, but if the apology were as sincere as it sounded it would be unkind of me to ignore it. In the end I'm afraid it was largely curiosity to see a broadcast that made me go, but after my hasty inspection of the unfamiliar surroundings of the studio it was Bill Stuart, standing by the announcer's microphone, who had my attention.

He was taller than any of the men in the quartet on the opposite side of the platform and he had dark hair which, beneath the lights, showed more than a trace of red. From time to time I saw him glance around the room and I smiled to myself as I realized that he must be trying to decide which member of the audience was the girl he had talked to on the previous night.

When the program was over and the audience was filling out, a girl moved down the aisle toward the platform. I saw Bill step forward eagerly, his face alight, then as the girl called one of the singers by name I saw him draw back, embarrassment and disappointment written on his face. It was this quick change of expression which made me sense that instead of the typical "fresh guy" I had suspected him of being he was an entirely different kind of person—sensitive, but friendly and nice, just like the boys I'd been brought up with. Impulsively I walked toward him and held out my hand.

"I'm Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Stuart."

His face lighted up again and he jumped lightly from the platform, catching my hand in his own. "I'm certainly glad to see you, Miss Adams."

He spoke with such fervor that I felt myself blushing. "I'm—I'm very glad to be here," I stammered.

Bill ignored my embarrassment and asked, "Did you enjoy the program?"

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Bill ignored my embarrassment and asked, "Did you enjoy the program?"
“Very much,” I answered. “I’ve never seen a broadcast before. I’ve never.” I smiled, more at ease now, every time I’ve been to radio station before, I’ve always been expected to see.

“Then let’s go down to the drugstore and have a drink,” Bill suggested. “One of our big shows goes on at nine o’clock and lots of the stars stop in for coffee or sodas before going on the air.”

I felt that I should refuse, felt that I should thank him for the ticket he had sent me and then go back to my hotel, but there was something so warm and appealing in his manner that I thought of refusing I said, “I’d like to,” and a moment later we were seated in the drugstore and Bill was pointing out star after star whom I had heard on the air but had never expected to see.

BETWEEN times, Bill told me a little about himself, how he had worked his way through a Southern university by operating a small radio station which sold advertising to the local merchants and how he had become so interested in broadcasting that he had given up his intention to practice law after graduation and had gone to work for the Federal Broadcasting Association. He hadn’t been here very long and although he was enthusiastic about his work I felt the feeling that he had suffered from loneliness as much as I had. I found myself warming to him as he talked about his ambition to make a name for himself in radio—“Though now,” he remarked cheerfully, “I’m working for peanuts with only this one show to do.”

When we finally left the drugstore we walked slowly back to my hotel and when Bill left me in the lobby with the ticket in my pocket that evening thinking that I would have dinner together on the following night I felt that we had been friends for years instead of for one short evening.

That dinner was the first of many and before long the loneliness that I found so dreary was only a memory for Bill and I were together almost every moment of our free time. We explored every section of the city, laughing delightedly at Bill’s “discoveries,” as Bill called them, and as if by magic it became the fascinating, thrilling place I had always pictured in my mind.

It was only a short time, though, before I had to confess that the magic was due not so much to what I saw as to the fact that I was seeing it with Bill. The Empire Tower became a fairy castle because it was there that Bill said huskily, “You’re beautiful, Elizabeth, you’re beautiful. Unwhipping your curls around your face.” The grimy steps of an elevated station were more picturesque than the marble stairway of a king’s palace because it was there that I stumbled one day and Bill, to steady me, caught me close in his arms. Such moments as these made me hope, even believe, that Bill was falling in love with me as I had with him, though he never told me so in words. He never would, I felt, until those words could carry with them the assurance that he could support a wife.

But happy as I was with Bill, my failure to find work clouded that happiness. Before, I had had the comfortable feeling that if a job didn’t materialize I could always turn home; now the very thought of going home was torture for me, because it would mean separation from him. Spurred on by my love for him, I redoubled my efforts to secure a position. I pored over the Tampons and interviewed countless people and wrote letter after letter, obsessed with the necessity to find something else to do and keep the bill and ticket home, I had to admit defeat. I would have to go back home.

Bill had been as unhappy as I had been himself when I told him of my predicament and for this reason I put off telling him my decision as long as I could, but at last I could put it off no longer. We were alone in the broadcasting studio, the same room in which I had first seen him, when I said, “I’m going home at the end of the week, Bill.”

Bill didn’t say anything and I felt my heart turn cold within me. Suppose I had only imagined that he loved me. Suppose, after all, my leaving would make no difference to him. I held my breath as though my very life depended on his reply, then I saw him wince.

“Elizabeth,” he cried hoarsely. “You don’t mean that. Oh, darling, I can’t let you go!” He caught me in his arms and kissed me with something bitter-sweet, hard and sweet, against my own. Never had I known such ecstasy as his kiss and never had I known such despair as when he repeated his words. “I can’t let you go, Elizabeth—and I can’t do anything to keep you here!”

For long, bitter-sweet moments we clung to each other, whispering the words I had been longing to hear. “I’ve loved you from the first moment I saw you,” Bill whispered. “I’ve had the feeling that by some miracle I could get a decent job, so that I could ask you to marry me. And instead,” his voice was better, “I’ll have to let you walk out of my life—because I can’t ask you to wait for me.” The misery and despair he put into his words were so keenly painful to me that my mouth full of tears and having nothing to dry them with, I lifted my lips to his.

“I’ll love you,” I sobbed. That night, for the first time since I was a child, I cried myself to sleep—cried for happiness, because Bill loved me; cried for pain, because there was no hope for our love.

It was with this hopelessness pounding in my brain that next morning, I dressed and went downstairs to a miracle that awaited me—a letter offering me a clerical position in the publicity department of the WintersAdvertising Company. It was in all, the Federal Broadcasting Association. I knew then how a prisoner must feel when, condemned to death, the priest3 dispenser of pardon permitting him to enjoy again the liberty he had once known. It took all my strength of will to keep from shouting for joy there in the lobby, but I forced myself to return calmly to my own room, there to read the letter again and wonder and the wonderful news it contained.

Reading it a second time, however, I noticed something odd about it, a sentence which caught my eye. It read, "Interviewed on September 2nd with Mr. Winters of our Publicity Department." The more I thought about it, the stranger it became. It was true that I had applied for Federal for a job; I had done that, at Bill’s suggestion, shortly after meeting him. But my
interview had been with an elderly woman in charge of the Personnel Division. I had never seen Mr. Winters or anyone else in the Publicity Department and on September 2nd—why, I hadn't even left home then.

I don't know how many times I read the letter over before the explanation occurred to me—and that explanation turned all my bright hopes to the ashes of despair. The letter wasn't meant for me at all. For the second time in my life had crossed with that of the other Elizabeth Adams, for it suddenly became obvious to me that just as Bill's phone call, weeks before, had been intended for her, too, the letter was hers.

It isn't fair, I cried unhappily, when I need a job so badly, to have it go to someone else. Even as I said the words I felt a new determination within me. That job wouldn't go to someone else—I wouldn't let it. The other girl was gone, she didn't need a job and I did. A man named Marsh had written the letter. I would go to him, explain the situation to him and once he understood that the other Elizabeth Adams was not available, once he understood how vitally important it was for me to have the position—why he couldn't do anything but offer it to me. I snatched up the letter and hurried out.

I GAVE my name to the Publicity Department receptionist and, referring to a memorandum on her desk, she said, "Oh, you came about the clerical position. Mr. Marsh is expecting you. Mr. Winters, who interviewed you, has been transferred to our West Coast office." She handed me a printed form, filled in here and there in neat handwriting, "This is your original application," she explained, "and this," she indicated another blank, "is your employee's record card. Will you please fill it out?" She turned her face to answer the telephone ringing on her desk.

Automatically I dropped my eyes to the application I held in my hand. I noted the name Elizabeth Adams at the top, followed by the line, "Birth place, Blundings, New York." Then I saw something else, a sentence pencilled boldly across one corner of the sheet which fairly leaped out at me. "Interviewed by Mr. Winters," Mr. Winters had written. "No one else saw applicant since interview took place during lunch hour. I thought deeply for a moment. "No one else saw applicant." Slowly the significance of those words burned itself into my mind and with it came an idea so fantastic that I can scarcely believe, now, that it ever occurred to me.

If no one except the now absent Mr. Winters had ever seen the other Elizabeth Adams, I found myself thinking, why couldn't I pretend to be the other Elizabeth? It was a frightening thought, but I couldn't rid myself of it. If the Federal people continued to believe that their letter had been delivered to the girl who had been interviewed by one of their executives—why, as easily as that, I could have the job they were offering to her. But if I told them who I really was they might refuse to consider me for the position. Why not accept this chance, I asked myself, this opportunity offered to remain here in the same city with Bill, rather than risk separation from him by explaining everything? It would be deception, my conscience warned. But it would be a harmless deception, my...
thoughts ran on; no one would be hurt by it and my love for Bill certainly justified my grasping at any means to avoid leaving him. Against my frantic determination to stay with Bill the arguments of my conscience had no chance at all and when I left the office half an hour later I left in triumph. My interview with Mr. Marsh had given him no inkling of the fact that I was not entirely prepared to be and the job I needed so desperately was mine.

Bill was jubilant when I told him.
"Now aren't you glad I persuaded you to register at Federal?" he crowed.
"Our luck's turned, honey. Now that you know you love me, you'll be an asset to you're going to stay here where I can see you every day, I'll work harder than ever." He reached across the restaurant table and took my hand in his.
"There never was a girl like you, Elizabeth," he said tenderly. If I had ever intended to tell him why the job was the only thing in my resolu-
tion in that moment of happiness.

DURING my first few days at the office I was so nervous that I jumped every time anyone called me by name. Gradually, though, as the days passed and my anxiety was only too evident, I began to have more self-confidence, even to enjoy my work.

It was one morning near the middle of April that the possibility of returning was only too evident. I was just taking the cover off my type-
writer when the girl at the next desk whispered excitedly, "Mr. Winters just came back!" My face must have betrayed the fact that her announcement didn't mean anything to me for she went on hastily, "Oh, I forgot. You don't know him. You didn't come here until after Mr. Winters went to California."

All at once her words took on ter-
rible significance for me and I sank weakly into my chair. Karl Winters, the man who had interviewed that other Elizabeth Adams, I had almost forgotten him and when I had thought of him it was with the comfortable assurance that I had no reason to worry about him since he was safely established on the West Coast. But now he was back in New York and, I told myself hopelessly, my pretense would be revealed and dismissal from my job would follow.

"There's Mr. Winters now," my neighbor whispered again. "Isn't he the best looking man you ever saw?" I turned to look at the man who had stepped out of one of the private offices at the end of the room. He was good looking—there was no denying that—with black hair and brilliant dark eyes set deeply in a tanned face. The other girls in the office crowded around him, welcoming him back with an enthusiasm that told me he was a favorite with all of them, and in spite of thisUsed to be his suite of rooms. I suppose I've help realizing that there was something very likable about him.

All that day I worked at feverish tension, trying to brace myself for the exposure I expected would fol-
low at any moment. I tried to shut Karl Winters out of my mind, but the very fact that he was as well as I had made more so by the fact that the girl at the next desk chatted about him every moment she could spare from her work.

"I wish he'd stay in this office," she observed wistfully, "but I suppose this will be his last trip and then he'll go back West."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Oh, his headquarters are really in Hollywood," was the answer. "He only spends a few weeks at a time in this office."

I now realized that idea was comforting to me, for if this were only a hurried business trip perhaps Mr. Winters wouldn't have time to notice me or to remember that other Elizabeth Adams and my secret would remain safe. I felt more calm after that, but my excitement returned later on my supervisor called me in to meet him. As I approached the small office which had been assigned to him I only felt nervousness and my apprehension, but instead of the denuncia-
tion I expected he smiled and said impersonally, "I'm glad to know you, Miss Adams. I hope you like work-
ing here."

I gave an almost audible gasp of relief as I realized that he hadn't as-
sumed any knowledge of the girl he had interviewed months earlier and murmuring a breathless, "I—like it very much," I returned to my desk.

The following morning Mr. Winters brought a number of reports to my desk with the request that I type them as quickly as possible since he would need them for a conference that after-
noon. I started on them immediately, but by two o'clock I was utterly exhausted and by three o'clock I was so worn out that I returned from lunch when I finally completed the reports and took them in to him.

"Thank you very much, Miss Adams," he said warmly. "You must have worked straight through your lunch hour to finish these so quickly." "That's all right, Mr. Winters," I said. "I didn't mind."

"I was working too," he added wryly. "I'll just have time for a sand-
wich at the drugstore before going to the office at four and then I'll be finished. I'll see you at home, since we're both so late?" His

LEON JANNEY—better known to millions of listeners as Richard Parker on NBC's Sunday-night serial, The Parker Family. Although Leon is still in his early twenties, he's been an actor for more than twenty years. He started in vaudeville at the age of three and worked his way to Hollywood and a Warner Brothers movie con-
tract. When movie work palled he came to New York and has since appeared in several stage plays playing his radio job. His hobbies are photography and collecting records; he's on a committee for National Youth for Defense and recently became a volunteer New York City firefighter. Occasionally, be-
tween radio appearance, he composes music and writes lyrics.
invitation surprised me, but it was so friendly and casual that it gave me no reason for declining, and instead of starting out for a solitary meal as I had expected to do I found myself walking with him toward the elevators.

We chatted animatedly over our coffee and sandwiches—or, rather, Karl Winters talked while I listened. He had been in radio for years and he spoke so interestingly of its early developments and its possibilities for the future that to my surprise I discovered I was enjoying myself thoroughly and that my lunch hour was proving to be one of the shortest I had ever known.

Three or four times after that he gave me typing to do. Occasionally it seemed odd that so much of it should necessitate my working through the noon hour, but I didn't see how I could protest especially since he always expressed his appreciation of my work by asking me to lunch when it was finished. I grew to enjoy these late drugstore lunches, and we became quite friendly over them, so friendly that I often thought how funny it was that at one time I had been afraid that he might make trouble for me by exposing my deception.

Karl had been in New York for a little over a week when Bill was sent to Rochester as a temporary substitute for the announcer on a show which was broadcast from our local station there. The first few evenings after he left I felt like a lost soul. I had been so used to seeing him every night that an evening without him seemed endless and I was almost glad one afternoon when it was announced that the entire staff would have to work that night preparing publicity stories about the stars of a big new sponsored show which was to go on the air the following week. The longer I stayed at the office, I reflected, the less I would have to think about Bill, and I threw myself into my work with such energy that when I returned at last to my hotel I was completely exhausted.

The next day was one of those strange spring days when the air is balmy as summer and makes you feel lazy and relaxed. Karl was out of the office most of the day but he returned late in the afternoon and dropping a folder on my desk he asked me to copy the material contained. By five-thirty everyone had gone, leaving only Karl in his small office and myself, typing busily, in the outer office. When I took the finished reports in to him at six o'clock he thanked me with his usual warmth and apologized for keeping me.

I was about to leave when he said, "I suppose there's a young man in your life who's waiting impatiently to take you to dinner."
I shook my head. "No," I answered morosely, wishing with all my heart that Bill were in town and waiting for me.

"Then how about having dinner with me?" Karl asked.
I thought of the things I had planned to do; write a letter to Bill and one to my family; read or go to a movie by myself. A dull, lonely evening—and all at once I knew I couldn't stand another lonely evening. "Why, I'll be glad to," I answered as most gratefully.
"Fine," Karl smiled. "I'll meet you at the Dorchester lobby at seven."

Promptly on the hour I found him...
At last! 

security for you in the 
critical Close-Up

Don’t be fooled by face powder that
looks smooth at a distance. It’s the 
close-up that counts! That’s when 
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder 
flatters you most...lovingly veils your 
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THIS is a bold challenge! Lightly pat 
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Now bring your hand mirror close to 
your face. You’ll see what a man sees in a 
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You’ll see naturalness; supreme smooth- 
ness; flattering life-like color. And in the 
close-up, your skin will breathe the costly 
perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Face 
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6 ravishing shades. In generous 10c and 
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Cashmere Bouquet 
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Cashmere Bouquet — 
the Royal Family of 
Beauty Preparations

waiting for me. We started through 
the hotel lobby toward the dining 
room, then Karl stopped abruptly.

“It’s a shame to coop ourselves up in 
a restaurant on a night like this,” he 
remarked. “I’ve got a perfectly 
great penthouse apartment here in the Dor- 
chester with a terrace that’s going to 
lose. Why don’t we have dinner 
up there?”

His suggestion left me rather con- 
fused. Dining in a restaurant was one 
thing, but to go to his apartment. . .

Still, there wasn’t reason to disap- 
go, and the terrace would be heavenly 
after the warm sticky day. I turned 
to him with a smile, “I think dinner 
on the terrace is a wonderful idea.”

THE terrace lived up to expectations.

“The light breeze was refreshing 
and the view of the river, with dozens 
of small boats puffing and scuttling about, 
fascinated me. Dinner was excellent, 
chosen by Karl with great care for my 
preferences, and we chatted 
gaily throughout the meal. When 
the waiter had cleared away the dishes 
I went on the balcony. He had 
railing and found the view even more 
enticing now that the darkness had 
depended and jewels of light were 
appearing one by one on the opposite 
shore.

I didn’t realize that Karl had fol- 
lowed me, wasn’t even aware of 
his presence until I felt his arms about 
me, turning me around so that I faced 
him. I tried to pull myself away, but 
heeded only in jerking my head 
aside so that his mouth brushed 
my cheek instead of finding my own. 
His arms tightened around 
me.

“I love you,” Elizabeth,” he said 
softly. “I’m crazy about you.”

From inside the apartment there 
came the sound of the waiter return- 
ing with our coffee. Reluctantly 
Karl released me and led me back to 
my chair. With the waiter’s eyes on 
me there was nothing to do but sit 
down as Karl returned to his own 
place opposite me. While the steam- 
ing black coffee was poured from its 
silver pot, I struggled for control the 
shocked disbelief I had felt at his 
words.

I tried to speak to Karl, wanting 
desperately to make the scene seem 
more casual, but the few words that formed 
on my dry lips were meaningless. 
Karl, dropping a square of sugar 
in my cup, said, “Wait a minute, 
know that when he spoke his voice was 
impersonal yet attentive.

Leaning forward, in almost a con- 
fidential manner, he touched my hand 
gently. “I like the way you wear 
your hair, Elizabeth. It’s much more 
intriguing than the way you wore it 
last fall.

“But you didn’t—" I began to pro- 
test. Karl caught up my sentence, 
free to say the words that choked in my 
throat.

“Didn’t know you last fall?" he 
prompted. “No, Elizabeth, I didn’t. 
I’m glad. The thrill of knowing 
you now has been so much sweeter." 
The discreet click of the outer door 
told us the waiter had left the apart- 
ment. For a moment I could only 
stand at Karl. “You—you don’t 
know what you’re saying," I faltered.

“Non, I don’t," Karl said tensely, 
"I’m saying that I’m in love with you. 
That even if I never knew you before, I’m 
crazy about you.”

“Oh no," I protested. "You can’t be 
in love with me. You’ve only 
known me—"

“Two weeks" he broke in. "Two 
weeks can be a long time, Elizabeth. 
It was as easy for me to fall in love 
with you as it was for you to get your 
job.”

There it was, in the open, with all 
the ugly implications I instinctively 
feared when I’d first heard that 
Karl Winters was back in town. 
He stood up, came to my side, took 
my shoulders in his hands.

“I love you—want you," he said, 
urgency in his voice. "And I think 
you love me too.”

“No," I jumped to my feet. "I 
don’t, I’m—I’m in love with somebody 
else.”

Anger blazed in his eyes, then 
quickly died away. “But you told me," he 
said heavily, "there wasn’t anybody else."”

“You misunderstood me," I 
exclaimed frantically. "I thought you 
mistaken—that is, I meant I was free for 
tonight.”

He nodded slowly. "I see," His 
voice was toneless. "I guess," he said 
more calmly. "I should beg your 
pardon. Or—" he paused, and there 
was still a flicker of expectancy in his 
eyes, —should you beg mine?"

“Oh—" the exclamation came un- 
bidden to my lips. Half running I 
went into the apartment, snatched up 
my purse and hat and hurried out the 
hall, to the elevator that stood wait- 
ing. Just before the elevator doors 
slammed shut, I heard him call, "Elizabeth."" I ran.

When I reached the street I fairly 
threw myself into a taxi and there 
anger, humiliation, all the emotions I 
had hesitated to express during the 
last few minutes surged through me. 
Karl had known—must have 
known from the first—that I was 
working under false pretenses, that I 
was not the Elizabeth Adams they 
thought they had hired. He had been 
reluctant to keep silent, as long as he 
had thought that I might fall in love 
with him.
with him. But now—involuntarily I recalled the anger that had shone in his eyes—now it would be foolish for me to hope that he would keep silent.

During the rest of the short ride back to my hotel I had to fight to keep from sobbing aloud. I longed for Bill, for the comfort of his arms around me, and when I reached my room it was like an answer to my prayer to find my phone ringing and to hear his voice. The relief of talking to him—even on the telephone—brought me close to hysteria. "Bill! Oh, Bill!!" I cried incoherently.

"Pull yourself together, honey," Bill said worriedly, "and meet me at the restaurant around the corner. No matter what's bothering you we'll take care of it."

WHEN I arrived at the restaurant Bill, paying no attention to the waiter, took me in his arms and kissed me as you kiss a frightened child. His calmness, the protectiveness of his embrace, restored my self control and in a few minutes I was telling him what had happened. I told him everything. I confessed the deception through which I had gotten my job, my qualms of conscience about it, and ended by telling him of my dinner with Karl and of Karl's attempted love making. When I reached that part of the story, Bill's face flamed with rage.

"The conceited fool," he muttered. "I'd like to—"

"Don't worry about it, Bill," I interrupted. "It's all over now. Karl will probably have me fired, but that's only what I've expected all along."

Bill subsided and we were silent for a little while, then he said gently, "Don't you think you sort of brought this on yourself, honey?"

"You mean by going to his apartment?" I asked unhappily.

Bill shook his head. "I mean before that," he explained. "Last fall, when you maneuvered to get a job that belonged to somebody else."

"But I wasn't hurting anybody," I said defensively.

"How do you know you weren't?" Bill asked quietly. "You admit that your conscience bothered you. Are you sure that wasn't because you were afraid you were hurting someone?"

"I wasn't hurting anybody, Bill," I insisted. "I didn't have a secret from you, but it didn't make any difference."

Bill didn't answer. He didn't even look at me, only sat there staring above my head, as though he were troubled about something. His silence made me uncomfortable and at last I said, "All right. Since it's so important to you, I'll resign if you want me too. I'll tell Mr. Marsh everything, whether Karl tells him or not."

Bill sighed. "That's not the point," he said patiently. "I don't want you to resign, or confess, or anything just because you think I want you to. I want you to decide what's right for you."

"What do you mean, Bill?" I asked confusedly. And then, as clearly as though he had spoken, I knew what he meant. "Are you thinking about the other Elizabeth Adams?" I demanded. Bill nodded and for the first time since I had known him I was annoyed with him. Everything I had done had done because of him and now, instead of sympathizing with me, he was worrying about a girl...
neither of us had ever seen. "Well, I certainly wasn’t hurting her," I snapped. Bill motioned to the waiter for our check, paid it and then stood up to help me into my coat. It wasn’t until we were outside that he said, "How do you know you weren’t hurting that other girl? What makes you so sure?"

"Why, L-" I stopped abruptly, for I realized that I had no answer to his question.

We walked along in silence, a little wall of misunderstanding rising higher between us with every step. When we reached my hotel instead of Bill’s usual lingering kiss there was only a brief "Good night, Elizabeth," then he turned and slowly, dispiritedly walked away. I stood as if turned to stone. There couldn’t be a feeling there that wasn’t as vague as what had come to me on the road. Bill loved me— as I loved him. It wasn’t possible that the very means I had taken to keep us together had driven us apart. I took one last look at that unhappy, plodding figure then with a sob I darted through the doorway and ran to my room.

I threw myself onto the bed and cried until I could cry no more. In my ears I could still hear Bill’s "Good night, Elizabeth," but gradually its echoes faded. Then, I heard his earlier, inflexible, "How do you know you weren’t hurting that other girl?"

At last I sat up in bed and faced the question squarely. I didn’t know. I had never known. And that, I realized—as Bill had realized it—was the basis of all my worry. If I had known her, I thought, I would have made every effort to help her get the job. But because she was a vague, unfixed person, had been only long into believing that I owed her no consideration.

I saw now how much I had been. I saw too why Bill had acted so strangely when he left me; he was hurt, disappointed at my selfishness and my lack of regard. Then I was remembering something else—that other Elizabeth Adams was a cousin of Bill’s roommate at college! She wasn’t an unknown, vague person to Bill. I had been so blind to the truth he had tried to make me see. But it was clear to me now. There was this to do: I would have to find Elizabeth Adams and alone, in some way, for the wrong I had done her.

I HADN’T any idea where she was living, and if I could help it, I wanted very much not to ask Bill. For then I would have to tell him what I was planning to do, and that would be too much like trying to make him think better of me just for the sake of our love. I did remember that on the original application blank she had filled out she had written down Blandings, a small town in the upper part of the state, as her birthplace. I went to sleep knowing that the next day I would go to Blandings, perhaps to find her there, perhaps only to begin there a long search for her.

The memory of that trip is jumbled now, only a series of stops at small wayside stations, then a tiny village, which was Blandings, where I found the girl I was looking for. And it was then that I felt my greatest self approach, for I needed only one glimpse of her shy, frightened face to know how defenseless she was; only a hasty answer to her plaintive question, "Where, and in the drab little house she lived in to tell me that her need for a job was greater than my own.

"Elizabeth had become discouraged, just as I had, when she couldn’t get a job," I explained to Bill later. It was the evening before the terrible sermon to Blandings and Bill and I were sitting side by side in a booth at the restaurant around the corner from my hotel. "And you were right, Bill," I pushed on, "about her needing work. As soon as I saw her I realized what a terrible thing I had done to her, and the thought of that and her seemed pathetic, somehow, as though she had lost all hope. Then when I explained who I was and told her how I had gotten the job that was meant for her, instead of blaming me she was so sweet that I felt more ashamed than ever.

Bill seemed to understand entirely. "What happened after that?"

"Elizabeth packed and we caught the next train back to town," I answered. "And when I told him the whole story there wasn’t anything he could do but accept the job and give it to Elizabeth. Then I phoned you—and, well, that's all!"

Bill grinned reflectively. "Being unattractive may be a help to Elizabeth," he observed. "At least Karl Winters won’t pay any attention to her. And I am glad you won't be in the same office with her.

His words brought me back to reality. The excitement of the day had driven all thought of myself out of my mind, but now the realization of my own plight swept over me. Despairingly, I turned to him. "Oh, Bill, what am I going to do now?" I cried. "Here I am out of a job again, and I can't even hope for a reference from the one I have had!"

Instead of showing concern, Bill continued: "I was on my way to the post office I got back from Rochester a day early," he demanded.

I shook my head wonderingly. I hadn't even thought of that. I'd been so glad to see Bill last night that I had never occurred to me to ask why he had returned ahead of time and the bitterness of our parting had driven it further from my mind.

"I was called back to start work on a new show," Bill announced triumpantly. "That big sponsored show that's beginning next week. I'm going to be the announcer.

"Bill," I exclaimed, "what's this excitement as great as his own. "Oh, darling, how wonderful!"

"The most wonderful thing about it," he went on eagerly, "is the salary. It's—well, honey, the only job you'll have to worry about from now on is the job of being Mrs. Bill Smith. Do you think I'll like that job?"

He caught me in his arms then and my "It's the only job in the world for me, Bill," was muffled with his lips.
distant "Halloo," Chris listened intently, then strode to the door and peered out.  
"Who is it?" Mary asked.  
"Rene Devigny, a trapper who lives up the river. Halloow, Rene," he called.  
A compactly built French Canadian appeared in the doorway, knocking the snow off his fur cap and weather-beaten windbreaker.  
"Good to see you, Rene. Come in," Chris urged.  
The man's eyes caught Mary and his Gallic face lighted up, "Yes possible. Much work with the traps before the snow she ees too heavy," he apologized, "I stop only because of these telegram for you in the village. They, ask me to breeng eet on my way." He handed the message to Chris and with a flash of white teeth was gone.  
Mary came over to Chris. "What on earth do you suppose it is?"  
He held the telegram a minute, then grinned. "Maybe opening it would be a good way to find out." He tore the envelope and read silently. "Well?" Mary found herself asking almost sharply.  
"I think you'd better see for yourself," he said quietly.  
She took the telegram, unable to account for the sudden bleak chill that came over her. It was dated Quebec, September 15. That would have been almost a month ago. Evidently it had been lying in the village for several weeks. Slowly she read: "Please report to your local headquarters immediately." It was signed, "Commanding Officer, Naval Base, Halifax."  
"Oh, Chris," she whispered.  
"I should have expected it, I suppose," he tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Remember I told you I was an officer in the Naval Reserve?" Her old manner was back. "Prob'ly doesn't mean a thing," he added casually. "Just says to report."  
"Besides," Mary said in a small voice, "you're married now. After all, exemptions—"  
"Mary!" He startled her with the abruptness of his manner. "I wasn't married when this all began. If they need me, I couldn't let that make a difference."  
She couldn't deny the anxiety in his voice as he finished. "You understand?" Neither could she deny the body blow that fate had dealt her. When words were possible, she said, "I understand that my husband must do what he must do."  
Chris caught her hands, looking down at her hungrily, unhappily. "Oh, Mary," the words broke from him like a moan.  
She turned away quickly and said, "Darling, we need more wood for the fire. And I'd better start packing—"  
Mary never quite knew how they made the trip back to Montreal or what happened those merciless few hours that she and Chris had together before he had to leave. They took a small hotel suite where Mary could be close while Chris ran around on last-minute arrangements. At length the car was waiting downstairs to take him to the train. They had agreed it was best that Mary shouldn't come to the station.

Worlds Without End  
Continued from page 17

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This won’t be for long. I’m sure to get leave soon,” Chris hazarded as the dread moment for leaving drew near.

Sighingly Mary stowed a razor into the pocket of his bag and snapped the latter shut. “Of course.”

“I’ll write you as soon as I know,” Chris eyed her anxiously. “Mary—look at me.”

She raised wretched eyes to his. “I’m not going to be silly about all this. I know lots of men are leaving. . . . Oh, Chris!” She broke suddenly and went into his arms. “Take care of yourself. Promise you’ll take care of yourself and come back to me.”

“I will, sweet,” he comforted her huskily. “And it will be soon.”

With a last kiss, half savage, half infinitely tender, he was gone.

Through the days and weeks that followed Mary clung to those words. “It will be soon,” said they over and over again fiercely and shared them with Chris’ mother with whom she went to live. Chris had asked her if she didn’t want to go home to her own people while she waited for him. But Mary had said, “No, Chris, I’m a Canadian now. Remember. . . . And maybe,” she added softly, “your mother will be lonesome, too.”

The two women found great companionship together in the old Jordan home, roomy and gracious, in Canada’s city of cathedrals. But Mary could not conquer her growing fears as time passed with no word from him. Chris. When at length a note came from him, full of affection but hinting at the pressure under which they were operating, Mary poured out her heart to him in a letter:

“Chris, my darling,”

“At long, long last your letter came this morning. I read it a dozen times, then read it to your mother, leaving out only little parts that were specially our own. . . . I know it’s silly of me to worry, but I had a rather terrifying dream last night. I was standing out somewhere in the universe and calling to you. I called and called but you didn’t answer. So, darling, the first chance you have to send word of any kind—preferably a telegram—please indulge a very foolish wife and tell me you’re all right. . . .”

THREE days later the doorbell rang in the middle of the night. Mother Jordan ran down to answer it—a telegram for Mrs. Christopher Jordan. Hesitantly she awakened Mary, who, far from being alarmed, bounded up joyously. This was the telegram she had begged Chris to send. With eager fingers she tore it open and started to read. The words did a macabre dance before her eyes.

She tried again: “We regret to inform you that your husband Christopher James Jordan was killed in the line of duty. . . .”

Duty. Her mind fastened on the last word as it spun on a pin wheel of lights within her brain. In the line of duty. The phrase enlarged itself to carry the extra words, spinning faster and faster. KILLED! With a crash of lights the pin wheel broke and Mary sank to the floor senseless.

Hours later—eternities later, for all she knew—Mary looked up through a blur at the anxious face of her mother Jordan and the kindly one of Dr. Mason, the Jordan family physician. Mother Jordan was coming out of her coma, the two stared across at each other with infinite relief. She’ll be all right, their look said.

But Mary wasn’t all right. For days an apathetic bitterness lay hold of her, broken only by periodic stabs of pain whenever she thought of Chris. At length after an earnest consultation with Mrs. Jordan, Dr. Mason sent for Mary.

“My child,” he began carefully, “I’m going to tell you something which may—I hope—make things easier for you. When you collapsed ten days ago, I discovered certain symptoms that indicated more than the usual conditions resulting from simple emotional shock.

Mary stared at him dully. “What are you trying to say?”

“You’re going to have a baby.”

There was absolute silence in the room. Then Mary said flatly, “It isn’t true.”

“Yes, Mary, it is,” Dr. Mason replied gently.

Slowly realization took hold of her. “And you say this will make things easier!” She glared accusingly at the Doctor and Mrs. Jordan. His child—to be born months after Chris is dead—to be taken one day as Chris has been taken. His child—to be brought into this meaningless chaos of terror and destruction. I wish to God it weren’t true!”

“But, my dear, this is a reason for you to live,” Mrs. Jordan urged. “I had a reason. Chris was my reason—all I asked. And he was taken from me.” Mary’s voice rose hysterically. “Well, let him be taken, too. I don’t want to live. I don’t want his child to live—not in this world!”

She turned and ran from the room, her hard-born soles filling the halls of the old house until the door of her bedroom shut them away. In her room Mary flung herself on the bed and prostrated, in whatever form it might be, as a victim of the

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torture chamber prays for death.
Suddenly out of that half-world, whose best-known portals are mental anguish or mortal pain, a world which few have the evidence to prove yet no man has the proof to deny, a voice spoke.

"Mary!" it said compellingly.

Mary Jordan checked her weeping and stared into the shadows. "Who are you?" she whispered.

"I am only a messenger," the voice replied. "They've sent me."

"Who are 'they'?"

"I cannot tell you. To understand you must come with me."

"Where?"

"Across space and time."

"But I don't want to go!" she cried.

"You must," replied the voice. "It is your one hope to understand."

The walls of the room seemed to drop away and in their place rolled deep swirling clouds. Mary felt as if she was being lifted up and borne along by the bottomless mists. The soft rush of air was cool but strangely she had no sense of chill. Presently she felt herself set down upon firm ground and as the mists rolled away she found she was standing a little distance from a cottage with a low thatched roof. Before the cottage was a young man in the uniform of a strange country. By his side stood a girl and an old man.

As the younger man spoke, tears of fright and horror coursed down his checks. "I ran away, Anna. I had to. But I was not alone. There were others—hundreds of them."

The girl regarded him with shocked surprise. "But you, Paul. I cannot believe it of you."

The old man put in warmly, "Our Paul is no deserter."

"But you do not understand," cried the boy. "The enemy is unbeatable. There is to be a battle tomorrow at the village beyond the hill. The enemy will win and that will be the end of Belgium—of Europe."

He turned desperately to the girl. "We must get away, Anna. We'll put everything in the cart and start now. Perhaps somewhere we can find refuge from the conqueror."

The girl Anna seized his arm. "No, Paul. We do not run away. And you will go back to your regiment."

She spoke steadily, "now—before they discover you are gone."

"She is right, Paul," said the old man.

"But I cannot go back," the boy protested.

"You can do nothing else." The girl's words carried calm conviction. "Have we not always said that your child would be born here, on the land of his fathers and his fathers' fathers? How can that land be saved for our child if we will not fight for it?"

The eyes of the young man shifted to the ground.

"You will help our army beat this unbeatable conqueror," Anna went on, her voice soaring with the message it carried. "And you will return here to our land—to be with me in my time."

The man gazed at her in transfixed awe. "You are not afraid, Anna. You are not afraid of the war," he marveled.

A glorious smile broke across the plain peasant features of the girl. "I am not afraid. Now go!"

"Yes, Anna," he spoke with a new
strength born of humility. "I will go."
As he trudged off down the dirt road, the girl turned to the old man.
"Uncle, where did he say Napoleon, the conqueror, would be tomorrow?"
The old man replied, "At Waterloo, the village beyond the hill . . ."
As the scene began to disappear in the descending mists, Mary heard the voice beside her say, "Mary, you have heard . . ."
"Yes," she answered wonderingly, "But I still don't understand what—"
"Then come," interrupted the voice. "There are others."

AGAIN Mary felt herself borne aloft, carried forward at space-defying speed in the chamber of clouds. This time, after she had been put gently down upon the earth, the rising mists revealed, standing on the shore of a lake, a large stone house whose heavy doors an angry crowd of peasants was storming. From the brogue of their speech she guessed the country must be Ireland.

On the other side of the doors stood Michael, handsome young nobleman, in the fine old hall of his ancestors, and Kathleen, whom Michael had found like a bit of sunlight dancing across his hills and had married, as his people said, "out of his class."

With a grim mouth Michael was now reaching for his gun. "So it's force they want, is it? Well, it's force they'll have!"
"Michael, no," Kathleen begged, her copper-gold head flung back. "It's half mad they are with hunger. They're my people, Michael, and I know them better than you do. It's not guns will help."
"Nor is it words they'll understand," Michael argued hotly.
"I say it and I'll prove it to you!"
Before her husband could stop her, Kathleen had sped to the great doors, unbarred them, thrown them open to the clamoring crowd outside.
"What's the meinin' of this?" she challenged the mob.
"You know what the meanin' is," a surly-looking man yelled. "You've food here—you and your great lord—a cellar full of it!"
"That's a lie!" Kathleen replied spiritedly. "There's no more inside these walls than in the house of any one of ye. What we've had we've shared, like all the rest. And 'tis ashamed ye should be for believin' otherwise. Now get on with ye!"
But the angry murmurs began to swell menacingly. Kathleen, quick to sense the danger, took the last plunge.
"You men, brandishin' your staves and hoes—ye'd do better to be workin' with 'em," she scoffed. "This mornin' I saw new plants sproutin' in the valley fields—plants that would grow the faster with some diggin'—if there were men with the brains and the brawn to be doin' it!"

Anger turned to exclamations of surprise. "Ye hear that, ye lazy brawlin' baneshees!" one woman cried.
"'Tis the new crops. Now, get on with ye and tend to 'em!"

Mulling knots of agitators began to untie themselves and string off down the valley.
"There, Michael, ye see!" A radiant Kathleen turned to her husband. "It was hope they needed. That's all."
"Kathleen," Michael was looking down at his wife with a mixture of pride and quizzicalness. "Are there new plants in the valley fields?"
"A very few," she responded pertly. "But there'll be more. Because if there aren't, then it's the death of Ireland—and the death of Ireland is fair the death of the world. And the world doesn't die, Michael. It gets almighty sick sometimes and sets up a wail of agony. But if ye listen sharp, even in the midst of the wail ye can hear another sound. It's laughter, Michael—the laughter of another day when all this shall be forgotten."

A CHUCKLE broke from her lips.
"A phrase, if I do say it myself. Remind me to tell young Michael—shortly after he's born. He'll be proud to know he has such a devilish smart mother."

Michael gazed deep into the eyes of Kathleen. "I can hardly believe it. With the whole countryside mad with fear of the famine, you're not afraid?"
"Sure, and how can I be afraid when I've got your son beneath my heart?" Kathleen said softly. "Would ye have him born a coward?"
Her words grew dim in the ears of Mary Jordan as the mists settled over the lake and blotted out the stone house.

"Now, Mary," the voice beside her spoke again, "do you understand?"
Hastily she replied, "Perhaps—a little."
"Then we must make one more journey."

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Once more Mary found herself caught up in the moving wall of clouds and transported through in-calculable space. As her touch touched ground again and the carriage of clouds dissolved, she found herself standing on the steep approach of a narrow pass in a great thrusting mountain range. A wagon train was encamped before the entrance to the pass. By the speech of the people Mary knew with a glad leap of recognition that this was her own America—these mountains were the Rockies. An excited group of men and women were gathered around a scout who had just returned from the other side of the range.

...Can't get through," he was saying. "Martins outfit is stuck at the only water hole in the pass...two-thirds of 'em down with fever...dying like flies..."

Fever! Dismay sped from face to face. "Can't we circle around Martin's camp?" asked a tall young Virginian. "Not unless you can drive your waggons straight up the side of a mountain," retorted the scout. "And I ain't amin' to head any waggon train for heaven right now!"

The settlers turned away, shaking their heads. Out of the crowd strode the tall Virginian, his face anxious as he went over to a wagon that had halted away from the others. There a woman, delicately molded under the voluminous calico dress, awaited him. "What are you going to do, Jim?" she challenged him.

"The others have voted to wait here until the fever breaks on the other side of the range," he answered. "But that may take weeks, months," she objected. "By then winter will be setting in and we'd have to stay here until spring."

"I know, Sara," he replied wearily. "But what else can we do? We can't go on alone."

"Why not?" she picked him up quickly. "We've got a strong wagon, a good team and plenty of supplies."

"But Sara, Honey, it's too risky," the man argued. "No it isn't," the woman pled. "You made me a promise, Jim—a farm in California somewhere in sight of the ocean where our child will be born. We'll just have time to get there. Jim. And I'm holding you to that promise!"

For answer he swept her up in his arms and set her on the seat of their prairie schooner. "And you aren't afraid even of the plague?" he asked earnestly.

Lovelying she met his gaze. "There's nothing to be afraid of, Jim—not for us. There never can be!"

The tall Virginian kissed his wife and picked up the reins as the lone wagon pulled out for the trail into the forbidden pass... . . .

Mary watched it misty-eyed until the clouds once more closed in and she heard the voice say. "These were your own grandmothers and mothers of grandmothers, Mary. Three of the numberless women through whom you came into being."

"And they had no fear," Mary whispered. "Neither of war, nor famine, nor pestilence.

They were women," answered the voice. "Fear is for men who can know the miracle of birth only from a distance. It is the women who are part of the miracle who are given the power to endure."

"I understand." Slowly, warmly tears came again to Mary; not the hysterical sobs of hurt and rebellion but the great welling that is caused by the power of beauty.

Gone was the voice, gone the mists and the dissolving clouds. She was back on the bed in the room and Mother Jordan was patting her hand anxiously.

"Mary, dear," Mrs. Jordan was saying, "try to be calm ..."

"I'm going to have Chris' child, Mother Jordan," Mary said.

"I know, dear. But you mustn't cry," the older woman soothed. "These aren't tears," Mary reached up and touched the sweet face of Chris' mother. "These are just—clouds in my eyes," she smiled.

Mrs. Jordan looked at her bewildered. "I don't understand."

"No, but I do. And I'm glad—so glad. Chris will live again in his child. He'll live to hear laughter again!"

Mrs. Jordan gazed at the girl lying on the bed like one beholding a miracle. "Then—you're not afraid any more, Mary?"

"Afraid?" Mary Jordan looked across time and space at a girl named Anna sending her man to war, at Kathleen facing an angry mob and at the lone wagon of Sara and Jim heading up into the forbidden pass. "Of what?" she said softly.

March, 1962
Facing the Music
Continued from page 4

his own unit. Six-foot Jimmy Max- well has succeeded him in the number one trumpet chair in Goodman's crew. Benny stays at the Hotel New Yorker until Spring. The engagement was extended when business boomed. Woody Herman takes over after that... D'Artega has shelved his dance band for more serious musical work... Orrin Tucker succeeds Les Brown in Chicago's Blackhawk late this month... Terry Shand, formerly with Le Freddy Martin, has joined Leo Reisman's band... Carmen Cavalaro, one of the slickest pianists in the country, is now heard over NBC from the Rainbow Room, N. Y. His band has been enlarged... Another expert ivory-tinkler, Cy Walter, formed a band and has been playing in La Martinique, swank Gotham night club... Ted Lewis opens in San Francisco's Bal Tabarin in March... Jane Fulton is Joe Wiegman's new singer... Sammy Kaye is now on tour but he returns to Essex House, New York on May 22.

When Fred Waring has his weekly luncheon meetings with the song pluggers he plays gin rummy with one of the salesmen after each repast. Loser pays for the whole check.

The votes are piling up in RADIO Mirror's annual "Facing the Music" popularity poll. The contest will end shortly so if you haven't voted for your favorite sweet or swing band, cut out the coupon at the end of this column.

Last month I told you that Hal McIntyre, Glenn Miller's former saxophonist, had formed his own band and played a sneak preview at Glen Island Casino. The results were so good that Hal starts a regular engagement there this month and stays there until Claude Thornhill returns in the Spring.

The rumors persist that Artie Shaw is tired of it all again and will scrap his band. Another of our temperament-slingers, Charlie Barnet, has reorganized his band for the umpteenth time.

If they make the film based on George Gershwin's life, Eddy Duchin is a leading candidate for the role.

For nine years music publisher William Ortmann searched for a real song hit. He thought he had one in "The Shrine of St. Cecilia." But Ortmann never lived to enjoy the tune's popularity. He became the innocent victim of a bitter Times Square gun battle when a stray bullet hit him. Ortmann's song is now a best-seller.

FATE STEPPED IN

If any prophet had told young Bob Allen, the ex-confident vocalist singing with Hal Kemp's band last year, he was destined to become one of the country's promising new bandleaders, Bob would have laughed risively and said: "Look, my good man, I'm doing fine where I am. I certainly don't want any part of those bandleader blues."

The handsome, gray-eyed baritone had good reason to reject such a future. For eight years he had been with Kemp's established musical organization, luckily escaping the cheap honky-tonks, stranded tours, and temperamental leaders most other popular singers experienced. Life for him had been pleasantly secure. His beautiful bride of a few months was expecting a baby and Bob knew his ample salary could easily take care of his family's new addition.

Then his peaceful existence crashed suddenly. Hal Kemp was killed in an automobile accident. Legal problems snarled the pilotless band. Plans to keep the men together collapsed when some of the musicians became impatient, accepted other offers.

For the first time since he had left his job as a Cincinnati soda-jerker to join a big league dance band, Bob Allen was without work and entirely on his own.

"I felt suddenly alone," he recalled, "I didn't have much time to consider my future. All I could think about was Margaret and the baby."

After a brief period singing with Tommy Dorsey's band, Bob remembered how often his name had been mentioned in the trade as a potential bandleader. He sought out one of the leading booking agencies, received enough encouragement to map out definite plans. The birth of a baby son in April spurred Bob on.

"The first thing I did was get in touch with Harold Mooney, Hal's old arranger. He worked out a library for me. Then we heard about a promising young band in Cleveland and rushed out there to see if we could take it over. After a few changes in its personnel we were ready to go."

Bob's band broke in last August in a tiny Ohio amusement park, near Columbus. After getting the musical kinks out of their system, the 14-piece band got a test engagement in Brooklyn's Rosemont Ballroom. The first reports were glowing. Critics liked Bob's casual, cheery manner and the band's enthusiasm. They credited arranger Mooney for the smooth coordi-

Rita Hayworth, lovely Hollywood star, as she appeared with Orson Welles on his Monday night CBS show.
nation of clarinet rhythm and brass melody. Only the outfit's over-abundance of novelty tunes were censured.

Recently Bob decided to hire a girl singer for the rhythm numbers. He auditioned 97 applicants before selecting Dotty Lee, a brown-haired Chicagoan formerly with Gray Gordon's band.

Bob was born twenty-eight years ago in Allendale, a small Ohio town near Cincinnati. After high school he decided to study piano and voice, enrolled in Cincinnati's Staid Conservatory of Music.

"I was supposed to take twenty lessons," Bob recalled, "but after three of them I got scared to death and quit."

Bob got a job as a soda clerk in that city and practiced his singing as he worked. A fudge sundae called for a romantic ballad, a banana split won the customer an Allen rhythm number. A local radio station executive heard about the melted milk minstrel and got him some singing assignments on the air, without pay.

Ben Bernie's band came to Cincinnati in 1933 and Bob auditioned for the Old Maestro. Bernie hired the local youngster for his week's theater engagement, then advised Bob to go to Chicago where there was a dearth of good-looking band vocalists.

Bob took a leave of absence from the drug store fountain, got Hal Kemp's attention one night in the Blackhawk and impressed the leader. He was immediately assigned to share the vocal numbers with Skinny Ennis.

Bob soon became the "romantic interest" of the Kemp band. Adoring females left their escorts marooned on the dance floor to cluster around the band shell each time Bob raised his voice. Other bandleaders tried to tempt Bob away with better offers.

"I turned them all down," Bob said, "because Hal was more than my boss. He was my closest friend. As for the girls, I had a lot of fun but never took them seriously."

Bob met his wife, Margaret Lee, a kindergarten teacher in Indianapolis, her home town. Each time the Kemp troupe played that city, Bob would look for Margaret. He corresponded with her when he was on the road. In June, 1940, they were married.

The Allens live modestly in a Kew Gardens, Long Island, apartment. Bob admits he made much more money singing with Kemp than he does now as a full-fledged bandleader. His own unit has yet to reach the big money brackets, but the future looks promising. The day I saw Bob he was about to sign with one of the record companies. His band is now playing in New York's Roseland Ballroom and the NBC wires from there will help enormously.

Bob's band doesn't resemble the old Kemp style in any way. The leader believes dance tastes have changed drastically.

"The kids demand better music, better musicians. You know, some of the dancers know so much about the business that they frighten me!"

**HARLEM ROYALTY**

**COUNT WILLIAM BASIE,** an important member of Harlem's Royal Family, which numbers such aristocratic jazzers as Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, and Baron Lee, believes he has his hard-riding swingsters reconciled to the fact that as long as they keep getting engagements in top-notch hotels, movies and theaters, the loudness of the band's music will have to be relatively subdued. Although veteran Basie fans like their music booming and the Basie musician's prefer to play it that way, new converts have to be considered.

The heavy-set pianist explains the toning-down process: "Certain types of audiences like swing music provided it's not too loud. I don't think we have to bust wide open on every occasion. My boys grumbled a bit when I told them we would play softer because it is difficult for them to train their lips to the change in style."

However, the dusky, all-out swingsters are not completely stymied. The Count approves full pressure on their Okeh recordings and during their late evening sessions.

"And if that doesn't satisfy 'em," the Count smiles, "the boys can always go back to Harlem after their night's work and have their own private jump sessions."

Basie treats his men in fatherly fashion. If he issues a new edict, some of the musicians might argue briefly but they soon realize that their leader had the right idea. Ever since the band got its initial break in Kansas City, they have progressed rapidly. Music experts will tell you that this is a much tougher job for a Negro band. Basie is responsible for the success and his men respect him for it.

Despite the musical proficiency of such men as Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Cab Calloway and John Kirby, there are still many hotels, ballrooms, and

---

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Ageless secret of a woman's charm is perfume... and its modern interpretation is this fragrance of romance... Evening in Paris! Every crystal drop breathes it... every wisp of its elusive scent whispers it.

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**Evening in Paris**

The fragrance of romance

**BOURJOIS, NEW YORK**

**March, 1942**
GIRLS! WOMEN! Who are NERVOUS on certain particular days—

Do functional periodic disturbances make you nervous, irritable, cranky, blue, restless, hard to live with, so tired, weak and wornout—at such times?

Then why let yourself "go" like this? Try taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—the best known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women.

Thousands Benefited!

Pinkham's Compound is famous for helping relieve weak, tired, nervous feelings and pain of irregular periods—due to this cause. Taken regularly—this scientifically prepared medicine helps build up resistance against such symptoms.

For over 60 years Lydia Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands upon thousands of girls and women to go smiling thru such "difficult days." You, too, should soon begin to feel much better and enjoy gratifying benefits from the regular use of Lydia Pinkham's Compound. It's well worth trying! Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

16-year-old Rose Marie Lombardo now sings with brother Guy Lombardo's orchestra heard on Saturday nights over the CBS network.
OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Glenn Miller (Bluebird 11342) "Dreamsville, Ohio"—"Papa Niccolini." An amusing lament to the Midwest combined with a cheery novelty that relies on affable Tex Beneke's voice for its best moments.

Ruth Morgan (Decca 4069) "Buckle Down, Winsocoki"—"Everytime." Rousing football tune for a mythical prep school that is superior to most authentic ones. The reverse is easy on the ears.

Charlie Spivak (Okeh 6476) "Autumn Nocturne"—"Cherry Laurel" for the top side. Spivak's trumpet plays the haunting melody beautifully. One of the outstanding tunes of the season.

Kay Kyser (Columbia 86441-86435) "Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes"—"How Long Did I Dream?"—"Hump ty Dumpty Heart"—"Romeo Smith." Four tunes from the professor's new film, "Playmates" and they run the gamut from pertness to patriotism. All good.

Benny Kaye (Victor 27666) "Honeybunch"—"No Laughing Matter." Not as stickily sentimental as recent Kaye platters and therefore refreshingly welcome.

Freddy Martin (Bluebird 11347) "Who Are You"—"Whistling in the Night." Now recognized as one of the country's first-class and so appropriate for this pillar to say "I told you so." Here's another Martin smoothie.

Some Like It Swing:

John Kirby (Victor 27667) "Tweed Me"—"Night Whispers." Handsome rhythms that should embarrass larger swing aggregations and their unrestrained brass sections.

Harry James (Columbia 86434) "My Silent Love"—"Melancholy Baby." One of the fast-rising bands shows its ability on a pair of old but still swell tunes. James' blending of brass and strings deserves mention.

Count Basie (Okeh 6475) "King Joe." A most unusual recording combining the talents of three great Negro artists. Basie, Paul Robeson and playwright Richard Wright. It is a tribute to the prowess of Joe Louis done in low-down blues fashion.

Sidney Bechet (Victor 27663) "Laughin' in Rhythm"—"Rippin' Up the Joint." Pure, unadulterated swing if you like it that way.

Benny Goodman (Okeh 6474) "The Earl"—"Let's Do It." Goodman's debut on a more moderate priced disk.

Les Brown (Okeh 6478) "Pushin' Along"—"As We Walk Into the Sunset." Play the top, skip the reverse, for a better appraisal of a fast-rising band.

(Recommended Albums: Hildegarte's superb, sophisticated cooing of Cole Porter's tunes from the show, "Let's Face It" for Decca. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," played by Arthur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra on Columbia.)

UNEXPECTED ROMANCE

Continued from page 7

He drank. The color came back to his cheek. He tried to struggle to his feet unaided and smiled in that embarrassed way sick people do when weakness overtakes them. "Silly of me to take a dive like that," he apologized. "I've been hav ing a lot of coffee." He looked at Bea. "Thanks very much," he said. "You were very sweet!" Bea regarded him anxiously. "You can't walk yet."

"I'll be okay," he insisted. "I'll take a cab over to my apartment and rest till the broadcast."

"Is there anyone else there?" she asked.

"I share my place with Mel Allen and Ralph Edwards," he told her. "I'm sure one of them is home now." Allen and Edwards were fellow announcers. (Edwards now has his own show, Truth or Consequences, and Allen announces it.)

"I'll help you to your apartment," Bea volunteered.

"You're very sweet," he said again. Beatrice turned warm and he walked weakly to the elevator. Downstairs she got him into a cab. They talked of Andre, edging nearby, and in a few minutes, they were in his apartment. Mel Allen was there. She and Mel made Andre comfortable. Then Beatrice went to her apartment.

"Won't you stay awhile?" Andre pleaded.

"Just a little while. You've been a great tonic. Imagine waking up from a faint and finding yourself looking into such friendly eyes!"

Bea stayed, not a little while, but until it was time to return for the rebroadcast. Andre regained his strength rapidly. But whenever Bea attempted to leave he persuaded her to stay. "Can't you see how much good you're doing me?"

They returned to the studio together, and the rebroadcast of the show went smoothly. Andre had no more spells of weakness. When the program ended, he came over to her. "Won't you go out with me some night soon?" he asked. "How about Monday?"

"I'd love to," Bea said, "and Monday will be fine."

Monday night came and found Bea and Andre in a night club. Still recuperating from his illness Andre was not quite fit enough to dance, so they sat and talked, and discovered that they had so many things in common that their friendship seemed inevitable. They both loved music, they both had started their careers in radio; they both loved sports, they both loved the same kinds of amusements, they both had the same kind of home; they both loved the same type of friends—it was really remarkable. Bea learned something about Andre's life, and had admiration for him increased. His accomplishments were not confined to announcing—he had studied art in Paris—on a scholarship, too—and he was a very good pianist. In fact, it was as a pianist that he had

RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To Ken Alden. Facing the Music Radio Mirror Magazine.

122 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Please consider this a vote for your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter's name:...)

IN ACTIVE SERVICE

for America's Two Great Armies!

Today, Greyhound and the motor bus industry are actively in the war, carrying thousands of selectees to military centers—other thousands of soldiers in vital military movements.

To the fighting forces, Greyhound's nationwide service makes possible reunions with relatives, sweethearts and friends, whenever leaves and furloughs can be granted.

To the civilian army, motor bus travel is a vital necessity. It gets defense workers to jobs—farmers to markets—teachers and students to school—people of every occupation to jobs and homes in communities served by no other public transportation. Now every one of America's 35,000 motor buses has a new destination sign—"Victory for the U. S. A!"

Mail to Nearest of These Greyhound Offices:


GREEN EYES

This brings Defense Map of America

Just stuff the press—lithographed in full color—fit for framing. Shows principal Army, Navy, Marine camps and bases—gives information on military insignia, rank of officers and men. For your free copy, mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above.

Name.

Address.

MARCH, 1942

75
hoped to succeed in radio.

They sat at their little table in the club for a long time, until the place was about to close. Then Andre took her home, and as they parted they both knew that they would be together a great deal in the future.

Two weeks later, it seemed to Bea that the days when she was musing to herself about Andre's alleged kid-
ing attitude towards her were years ago. They had been meeting two or three times a week, and finding in-
creasing delight in each other's company.

Then Larry Clinton, a comparatively unknown musician about to organize a band, heard her sing and de-
cided that she was the girl he wanted for his soloist. He offered her the job.

Bea had never sung solo on the radio before. It was a marvelous op-
portunity. If the band clicked, she
would be in all likelihood, share in its success. But there was a frightening obstacle—if she left the Kate Smith program she would not be in the same show with Andre; their work would not bring them together.

A band would meet twice or three times a week. Would she then begin to forget her?

She wrestled with the problem. She asked friends whether it would be wise to leave a good job and take a chance on a new band that might fail a month after it started. But in reality she was stalling. She knew it. She wanted to take this opportunity but she was afraid—a fear of losing An-
dre's love.

But Larry Clinton wanted an an-
swer. She had to make up her mind. So in desperation she asked Andre. She might get a clue to his innermost feelings from the way he answered her.

Andre's eyes brightened. "Of course
you've got to go with Clinton," he told her. "You can't afford to pass up such a chance! Go on, make good and see how proud I'll be!"

There was such a sincere concern for her future in his voice, so much eagerness to see her win out, that she realized that this deep interest could not be mere surface. She felt love in his voice, and she lost her fear.

"Okay, Andre," she said. "I'll take the job."

She left the Kate Smith hour and joined Larry Clinton. Larry did achieve success, and in short order Bea Wain became a success too.

Of all her friends, the proudest was Andre Baruch. And instead of drawing them further apart their profes-
sional separation had the effect of bringing them closer together. "Now that we aren't on the same program," said Andre, "don't you think we ought to see each other?"

Bea was glad to agree with him.

THAT Thanksgiving Andre, as com-
mentator for the Fathe News films —his side job—was called to work. But a short being made at a now defunct place of amusement in New York, the American Music Hall. Here was pre-
sented a burlesque revival of an an-
cient melodrama called "The Fire-
man's Flame," to the accompaniment of the quaffing of beer and the crunch-
ing of pretzels by the audience. The short consisted of samplings of this show.

Bea went with Andre. She seated herself in the back of the auditorium and waited for Andre to get through. It was dim there, at the table under the balcony where she sat. Her mind

wandered from the antics on the stage. It was less than two months since that night when she had first gone out with Andre. Only such a short time, and what had happened since then! She and Andre were married.

There had never been any under-
standing between them, never a word of love. But somehow each had under-
stood, each had sensed that what they felt for one another did not need labeling.

And yet—and if he did say the word—

Suddenly she felt a hand cover her hand on the table, press it gently. She turned around startled. It was Andre. He had sat down near her so quietly she had not heard him.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

"Nothing much—" She was confused.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking of. I was thinking how happy I would be if you said you would marry me."

She stared at him.

"What was that you said?"

"I said—Bea, will you marry me?"

Silently she nodded her head, and a little radiant smile was on her lips. Andre leaned over. He pressed his lips to hers.

Bea and Andre were married the following Spring. They chose May first for the date of their wed-
ing. May first, the beginning of the season. Circling Bea's betrothal finger was a ring for which Andre's father, a hairdresser, cut a diamond. Andre had cut the diamond.

In all radio there appear to be few happier couples than this little girl of twenty who has already reached radio stardom, and her attractive an-
nouncer-husband. On the first of every month, Andre presents her with a corsage—to mark the monthly anni-
versary of their marriage. For a hus-
band to make such a ceremonial of a monthly anniversary—monthly, mind you—has about the most grip of the indi-
cation of the nature of the Baruchs' married life.

Bea and Andre have just fixed up a new apartment overlooking Central Park which contains all the deora-
tions and gadgets they have planned since their marriage. There is an im-
powering living room done in modern style, with subdued lighting, and with drapes that can be drawn across the entire window wall. Prominent in the wall is Andre's corner. There is a magnificent bedroom, with the satin-covered bed standing in throne-like isolation; there is a cute kitchen, with Andre's prize creation from an amateur cooking society framed on the wall. (Andre is an adept chef, too, and the citation is for a lobster concoction). But most at-
tractive of all the rooms, and most popular with the Baruchs, is the den. Here is where they lose, and here is where Andre has a concealed, but spa-
cious dark-room that will be the envy of every amateur photographer who needs it.

And worked into the floor of the den is a striking design: five musical notes separated by a clef sign. To the left of the clef are the notes A, Andre Baruch; to the right, B, E, A—Bea.

This is the love motif of the Baruch establishment.
New Flavor with Fruits
(Continued from page 13)

Broiled Chops with Fruit
4 lamb chops (loin, rib or shoulder)
2 medium tomatoes
grapefruit sections (canned or fresh)
1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms
2 tbl. melted butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste

Place chops, mushrooms and tomatoes (cut in halves) on broiler; brush with melted butter and broil (about 5 inches below flame) until chops are brown. Turn chops, add seasonings, and place on or two grapefruit sections on each chop. Continue broiling until chops are done. Fresh orange or canned pineapple slices may be used in place of grapefruit sections.

Another method for combining meat and fruit flavors is to use fruit in stuffing. I like this one especially for duck or goose.

Fruit Stuffing
2 cups coarse bread crumbs
1 apple
1 cup prepared prunes
1 medium onion 1 tbl. minced parsley
1/2 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1 tbl. butter or margarine

Boiling water
Prepare prunes by covering with boiling water and allowing to stand for five minutes, then drain, remove seeds and chop. Fry onion, parsley and celery slowly in butter until onion begins to brown at edges. Core and chop apple. Combine all ingredients and add boiling water (1/2 to 1 cup, depending on your preference for dry or moist dressing). Half a cup of coarsely chopped peanuts may be added if desired.

A tomato and banana combination is a fine accompaniment for broiled steak or chops and goes well with roast, too.

Broiled Tomato and Banana
2 large tomatoes
1 banana
1 tsp. salt
3 tbls. grated cheese
Paprika

Cut tomatoes across into three thick slices. Peel and slice banana thin. Arrange banana slices on tomato slices, sprinkle with grated cheese and add salt and paprika. Broil (about 5 inches below flame) until cheese is brown and tomato cooked through.

Make your pork dinner testful as well as nutritious by adding fruit to it—like this Sausage Apple Casserole here.

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- Men usually notice the color of a dress—and if you appear in a new color, they'll think it's a new dress! So treat the men-in-your-life to some sparkling new shades for last year's frocks. They'll never know the difference, or they'll think you're a smart one if you tell them!
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THE SEQUEL OF SWEDISH MASSAGE

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When corns hurt do this one thing: apply Blue-Jay. While you walk in comfort Blue-Jay gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Slothorn corn may require more than one application.) Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.
TODAY, as through generations, soothing Resinol offers comforting relief from the torment of skin itching and smarting.

Whether the discomfort is due to chafes, simple rashes, facial outbreaks of youth—to dry eczema, often associated with allergies—often, externally caused irritation—bland medicated Resinol usually turns the misery into joy. Keep it handy—use it freely—you may save hours of torment.

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SOMEHOW I managed to hang on to my pride. Somehow I managed to
speak frankly and with what dignity I could muster.

"If you're in love with Violet, Gil, I won't try to hold you. Goodbye and
—good luck."

And that was that. That was the
way it felt to be jilted. This is a
thing that happened to thousands
of girls thousands of times and now it's happened to you. That was the
refrain that accompanied my grad-
uation from BROOKMEAD. I'm going
goodbye to my friends, and going to
get a job.

It accompanied me for months. Jobs were hard to come by but I was
well prepared as a teacher and I was
lucky in getting a position at a girls' school in a small Massachusetts town.

There, behind the cloistering, ivy-
creeped old walls, I shut out the
world. I stopped writing to any of
my friends except Marcia, who stayed on
to teach at the high school in
Brookmead, our college town.

Through her I learned that Violet and Gil were married, and with that news
the last vestige of hope that may still have
flickered, died and went out.

I threw myself, heart and soul, into
my work. I lived for it and nothing else. That was the way I wanted to forget.

There were no men on our faculty and I was glad. As I had shut out the
world, so I had shut out men. I wanted no part of any social life. My spirit was so
sore and bruised I never wanted to feel again. Never, never would I let
my emotions be touched. After four years, I lived like a nun, dedi-
cated only to my young students.

Summer vacations I usually saw
Marcia. We would spend several
weeks or a month together at some quiet resort. Through her I learned
that Gil and Violet had had no other
then another. But the news left me
unnoticed.

Then, the fourth fall at Plainfield, I met Tom Galloway, an economist from New York and he came up
to give a lecture to our senior clas.

It was a good lecture. I liked it, but I couldn't help feeling, all the time he talked,
that he looked less like my picture of a
dry economist than anyone I had ever seen. Broad-shouldered, and
clear-eyed, he suggested the outdoors
far more than dull tomes on dollars and trends. There was nothing hand-
some about Tom Galloway. He was good to look at, with a
shapely head and humorous mouth.

He kept the girls enthralled with a
vivid and sometimes correct picture of
today's troubled times. After he
finished, I went up to tell him how
much I had enjoyed it.

WHY he singled me out to talk to
I don't know, but he did. Finally
he said:

"My train doesn't leave till eleven.

I'm going to be awful lonely until
ten, unless you'll have pity and
dine with me."

I started to refuse. Then something
in his straightforward smile appealed
me. I felt that no other girl could
accomplish. I made a date to
have dinner alone with a
1920s American novel.

The most exciting programs ever put on the air was the
broadcast, January 24, for the March of Dimes, President Roose-
velt's birthday fund for Warm Springs Foundation and treatment
of infantile paralysis, with the star
of the show, "I'll be There" (left) was just one of the many
famous Hollywood stars who took part in the show. All the dra-
matic sketches were written by radio's brilliant author, Arch Oboler,
who also directed the program. Arch was Vice-Chairman of the
March of Dimes Committee of the Elks and was also part of the
Chairman. Because this year's celebration was in honor of the
President's sixtieth, or Diamond Jubilee, birthday, the Holly-
wood stars concerned went "all out" to make the broadcast a
memorable one—and if you listen in you know they succeeded.
time I can get out of the city, and it's likely to take walks or rides alone."

Again, really against my will, I found myself accepting.

After that weekend there were others. Gradually I saw more and more of Tom. He came nearly every Saturday, staying overnight at the Inn in town, and we spent my free hours wandering through the hills, walking or riding, sometimes skiing, always talking. How we talked! About everything in the world from history to football—except myself. He seemed to sense some reticence in me and never asked questions. He told me a great deal about his dreams and ambitions, and I liked him more and more. But never as a man. Only as a good companion. The image of Gil obliterated all men for me, as such, and never once did I think of Tom as anything but a fine friend.

Once we even danced, when the Inn gave a Valentine party. And I, the proper school-marm, wore a white evening dress with a red flower in my hair, and loved it. Tom was a good dancer and once, toward the end, when we waltzed, I lost myself completely in his arms. He held me close as I could feel the beat of his heart. The music enveloped us and flowed softly around us and, for a moment, we were the only people in the world.

When he led me back to our table, Tom looked at me strangely. "Some
day, Jane, some day you're going to shed that icy shell you've built around yourself and you're going to be the warm, vibrant, lovely girl you really are underneath."

"Goodness," I laughed, uneasily. He had never said anything like that before. "Does waltz-time always affect you like this?"

"I'm serious. Something—I don't know what—happened once to hurt you and you've been shut up against life ever since. Some day you're going to want to grasp it again—with both hands. I want to be there when you do."

"Why don't you say it now?"

He grinned at me—the old familiar grin I knew so well—and shook his head. "Nope. I've bided my time and I'm still biding it. To say anything too soon would only send you scurrying back into that shell, icier than before. Come on, let's dance."

It was two days after that Marcia's letter came. "Spring vacation comes early this year—in March," she wrote. "Why don't we spend it together? You could pick me up here in Brookmead, and we could hop in my car and go somewhere for a week away from grading papers and faculty meetings. I want so much to see you before summer. And, frankly, there's something else on my mind. I want you to come back here, Jane dear, just to prove that you can. I know it's full of painful memories, but don't you think you're cured now? You've locked yourself away from the past so long, can't you come back to the place that was most painful just to prove to yourself you're over it? You'd probably see Gil and his fair Violet. They are still living here, you know. That would be the final test and I know you'd pass it with flying colors. Please do, dear."

I sat with the letter in my hands for a long time. Memories flooded back, memories I'd shut out for five years. And suddenly I wanted to do it. I was sure I was cured. This, as Marcia said, would prove it. I felt
Why BLOW in Public!

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Why make all the noise and fuss of blowing, why display an unclean handkerchief? Avoid this by inserting Mentholatum in the nostrils. Mentholatum clears the nasal passages because it clears nostrils clogged up by a cold. And Mentholatum permits you to do this quietly, gently, cleanly. Jars or tubes, 30c. For generous free trial size, write Mentholatum Co., 150 Harlan Bldg., Wilmington, Del.

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

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I might even be amused, in a sophisticated way, to see Gil again.

Before I could change my mind, I sent Marcia a special delivery. It was a wonderful idea, long ago.

From then on, I was eager as a child before Christmas. I was cured. Certainly I was cured. I wouldn't want to be cured, would I? I'd see Gil and look straight at him and he would mean more to me than—a fly. By the time I boarded the plane I was trembling with eagerness.

I dressed for dinner almost as if I were going to a party. This was an adventure. I was going back—back to show them all that what had happened was all over.

The waiter showed me to my table and the first course was served. Then a laconic was seated opposite me and I learned that my companion was to be. The soup spoon clattered on my plate, and I choked back a cry. Sitting at me across the table was Gil Porter, I said. I'd see Gil and look straight at him and he would mean more to me than—a fly.

It was the same Gil, but with a subtle difference. Now there was a slight pattern to the eyes, a twist to the gay mouth, that was new. He stared at me as if he were looking at a ghost.

"My Lord, the Wingate. Why— you're beautiful!"

"Thank you," I said primly, above the deafening thumping of my heart. "You're looking well. And look are Violet and the children?" That would fix him!

"They're all right," he said. "Tell me about yourself. Where have you been? Where are you going? It's wonderful to see you."

As an assurance, I told him of my plans. He said he was working with his father. He'd been down to my part of Massachusetts on business and, at the last minute, decided to take the night boat back. At the last minute, mind you. He leaned across the table. "It's fate, Jane. Meeting you like this is like a strange sort of predestination."

It was fate, all right. I knew it when we got up from the table after an hour of polite chat. I took my arm to lead me to the deck. All my anticipated "amusement" was gone. I was numb with the shock of him. His fingers sent the same throb through my blood that his touch had always given me, produced the same breathless magic his presence had always brought. Outside the dining room I made some excuse to return to my cabin, but he would have none of it. "You're not going to run away now," he said. "Not after I've found you again."

Still I tried to go, he would not let me. He led me to the rail. A wintry moon struggled through the clouds and turned the river into a shining ribbon, which led through the dark mystery of the hillside opposite. It lay on Gil's face as he looked down at me. And suddenly it was five years ago and went away.

"It's like old times, Jane," he said in a low voice, echoing my very thoughts. "The moon on your face... The moon on the moon... The moon, the one that shone just for us, the night I took you in my arms for the first time...

"I don't think I do, Gil," I tried to laugh—oh, so cool and poised. "After all I was very young.

"Not to me. You've been close to me many times. Haven't you ever thought of me, Jane, all this time?"

"I've been busy." "I've tried to keep busier, than you knew. But it's hard to forget. I do, it was the greatest thing that happened to me when you've been a fool, as I was. What happened to me, Jane? We were to be made for each other, you and I. What made me think of you?

I took a deep breath. "People don't always put names to things. You just—didn't love me enough.

I thought I loved Violet, didn't I? But how could I, comparing her to you?"

"I couldn't stop it. Violet is your wife." "Yes, Violet is my wife, and there was real bitterness in his tone. "Whatever it was we had for each other is long gone now. I had something fine and real, and tossed it away for—this sham my life is now."

You must not talk like this! You took my life, my happiness. Bits. Since then we've each made a new one for ourselves. It's too late to bring things into being again that are based on lies."

He took me by the shoulders and forced my face up to his. "It's not too late! It's never too late for what you can get for each other. I'm going home and tell Violet the truth. I'll make her get a divorce."

"You're talking like a madman! You can't do that. Think of the children. You love them. They need you."

"They're babies. They'll forget. I loved you first, Jane. And I've needed you all my life—more than my children, more than anything...

His fingers were biting into my shoulders and his words were biting into my soul. I struggled away from him. "I loved you once, Gil. But now I have my work and my feet.

Then as he moved toward me, "No, don't touch me. Let me go, Gil!"

He must have sensed the desperation in my voice. He dropped his hands. His eyes, bright in the moonlight, seemed to possess me. "All right..." he said, "I'll not let you go, Jane, now I've found you. I'll dog you in Brookmead. I'll follow you everywhere until you can't say no to me.

I looked at him for a moment, then turned and fled along the dark and silent deck. I locked the door of the cabin and threw myself still dressed on the bed. The world whirled crazily. All known and familiar things had dropped away from under my feet. I went through two thoughts in my mind, four words repeated themselves: Gil still loves me.

FINALLY I got up and undressed. I got into bed and tried to quiet myself. But sleep would not come. From the side, wrecked by the passion and violence of Gil's words and the long memories they awakened in me, my tears ran down my face and splashed the floor. Slowly some rationality returned and I made my plans.

I could not face Gil at breakfast. I had to escape. Suddenly I remem-

NEXT MONTH—Be sure to get the April issue of Radio Mirror to read another exciting romance mystery solved by Mr. Keen, Famous Tracer of Lost Persons.
bered Correction Cove and my long ago visit there. It was not far from where the boat would dock, and there I could be completely alone. I was packed and ready long before the time came for docking. As soon as the boat touched the wharf, I was on shore and in a taxi. Gil would be just coming into the dining salon for breakfast. I thought of wiring Marcia and then discarded the idea. Whatever anxious moments she might have, she would gladly forgive when I explained.

"And so—I came here..."

I LOOKED into the kindly eyes of Mr. Keen, who had sat so still during my long story. He held my glance. Neither of us spoke. Overhead, sea gulls wheeled and soared.

"And what have you decided?" he asked at last.

"Only that I can't see Gil Forrester again."

"Why?"

"If I were to see him now, or hear his voice," I said miserably, "I would throw all honor and decency to the winds. I'd go away with him, as he wants.

"In spite of Violet and the children?"

"Yes! That's why I can't see him. Don't you understand? Violet—well, I don't think I care about her. I loved him desperately, five years ago, and she didn't care. No, it's the children. It was for them I said no the other night on the boat and ran away.

"You ran away because he said he'd follow you until he made you change your mind."

"Yes. He almost did, and I almost weakened, then the moonlight.

"The moonlight." Mr. Keen leaned forward and put his hand on my arm. He spoke very earnestly. "Aren't you always seeing Gil Forrester by moonlight, Jane? Wasn't the moon the other night just the lost, sweet echo of a schoolgirl's dreams, where everything is beautiful and a little better than life? If you saw Gil by daylight once, in Brookmead, as other people see him, you'd feel quite differently.

"No, I wouldn't. I know myself better than you do. And I've loved Gil Forrester all my life. There's never been another man—"

"To compare with him. Exactly. You've known one man since Gil, Tom Galloway. But you look on Tom as only a friend because you cannot let yourself look at him with any other eyes than the ones that beheld Gil Forrester and are still dazzled by him. By shutting yourself up in a girl's school, you kept his memory as you wanted it, and your heart stayed a romantic girl's, instead of a woman's. As long as you hide away from the reality of his presence and cherish his memory, you'll never be happy. And you'll always believe you love him.

"I do love him. I do!" The words were torn out of me.

"I wonder. You love him because he's physically strong, and handsome, and knows how to laugh. But what of his character? Can you look at that honestly—and love him? He was engaged to you. A beautiful face comes along and he throws you over. Five years pass. He's used to the beautiful face, and knows its faults. So, a few hours after he sees you again, he's ready to break all the vows he made her, for better or worse, and come back to you. Is that strong?"
Now She Shops
“Cash And Carry”
Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, only to discover that the real cause of their trouble may be ignored.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help maintain the body’s acid-alkaline balance.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache. Furthermore, you may feel pains of lip or energy, get up nights, swallowing, pulsing underbacks, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smearing and burning sometimes result. There are other symptoms fairly common with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t delay. Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 million of kidney failures flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean’s Pills.

People aren't strong, when they love. Look at me! I'm usually strong and yet when—I saw Gil, I was weak as the World’s Fair! Almost I’d said I'd do what he asked ...

"Let's imagine for a moment that you had. Let's say you let Gil get this divorce. He marries you. You're blissfully happy for a while. Then he gets used to you. What will happen when another pretty face comes along—or maybe he sees Violet again? What will happen when the day comes he longs for his children and blames you because he left them?

"Stop!" I cried. "Maybe what you say is true. Maybe Gil is weak. But we can't choose where we love. And I know, in my heart, that Violet is wrong.

Mr. Keen had taken out his watch.

Tom. I sprang to my feet. "Tom here? I won't see him. I can't—"

Mr. Keen was peering over the rocks that formed our shelter. "Here he comes now, looking for us," he said contentedly.

I had the panickey impulse to flee. But before I could act on it, another exclamation, Tom appeared at the entrance to our little cove. He looked drawn and strained, and his face was pale. He came straight to me. "Thank heavens, you're all right, Jane," he said, grasping both my hands, then he gave a crooked grin. "You had us worried."

"I'm sorry, I—I couldn't help it." I know. It was something you had to figure out for yourself. Then he turned to Mr. Keen. "Have you given her the letter?" he demanded.

"Letter?" I said wondering.

Mr. Keen was pulling an envelope from his pocket. He looked at the scrawled inscription, then at me. He held it out. "Gil Forrester asked me to give you this when I found you."

I seized it. The regular handwriting brought back memories of little notes, of cards tied to flowers, of silly valentines five years ago.

I hardly noticed that Tom turned on his heel and walked slowly away, as I devoured the words. Mr. Keen stood by silently.

"My darling," I read. "You don't know what I've gone through since you were taken away on the beach yesterday morning. Next morning on the boat—how I've suffered and worried. It's been like an agony to me. Come back, my darrest. Come back and let us go on as we were five years ago—before I acted the fool. I haven't told Violet yet, but as soon as I have the word from your own sweet lips, I will! Then we can go away and everything will be as if we'd always been together. Yours, always and always, Gil."

I folded it slowly. Near the horizon the sun blazed forth, suddenly. The glow of sunset. I watched as it stole over the waves, turning them to pale gold, touching the scene around us into warm life. It reached into my heart too, and illumined the words I had just read.

HERE was Gil’s voice I’d said I would heed. And all of a sudden it sounded hollow in my ears. There was no real thought in those words of wanton love and sad, deep something. There was only thought of Gil himself. How he had suffered. He would tell Violet when I said Yes. Not before. If his marriage was insupportable enough to warrant asking for a divorce at all, why must he be sure of me before he asked it? Surely if he wanted to be free to marry me, he should want to be free anyway. What Mr. Keen had said came back, forcibly. The last sweet echo of a schoolgirl’s dreams. A girl’s heart, not a woman’s. When he gets used to you ..."

All the sun was like a dazzling light, straight from heaven. With a quick gesture I tore the letter into small pieces and tossed them to the wind. I ran out of the house and down the beach toward Tom’s tall figure.

"Tom!" I called. "Tom, wait!"

He turned and as I ran toward him, I saw his face transformed with the radiance I felt in myself. I ran up to him, caught him by the arms. "Tom, why would you marry her?" I asked.

He panted, "You said you wanted to say something when it did. What is it you wanted to say? Tell me!"

His arms enclosed me and held me close. "I guess you know," he said in a muffled voice. "I’ve waited long time for this. I know you'd want to grasp life again with both hands. Well, I want to be the first thing you grasp. Will you have me, darling?"

"Will I?" I held up my lips, and in the moment of his kiss all false memories died and I knew that I was a good girl no longer, but a woman grown.

After a while we turned and looked back down the beach where I had known such torment and now had found such peace. Far away, walking in the gathering dusk, plodded a dark, chuckling figure. It was not too dark to see that in every line of that straight back there was satisfaction and happiness at a job well done.

Say Hello To-

JERRY WAYNE—romantic young baritone heard on Burr Ivy’s Coffee Club over CBS Saturday mornings (Incidentally, it’s one of radio’s pleasantest shows) and with Ted Strayer’s orchestra three times a week on sponsored by Regent Cigarettes. Jerry is twenty-five years old, and was born in Buffalo, N. Y. He went to the University of Buffalo, Ohio State University, and a school of dramatics, which he liked best of all. Arranged with his father, Jerry married a girl he had known for years, and now he appears obscurely in two unimportant pictures. He dropped acting and concentrated on singing, with the result that soon he was soloist with Bobby Byrne’s orchestra and on network shows.
What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 11

$9.00) which he used for transportation until someone stole it and put him back on his feet.

His most prized possession is a watch chain made of sales tax tokens. When he displays it around the waist of his Sunday overalls. His pet aversion he describes as follows: "I don't like to see girls wear them shoes that lets their toes hang out on the ground. It ain't neat."

When Jim gets around to retiring, he plans to buy a farm somewhere near Short Creek. Meanwhile, he finds life very interesting, day and night. "If I sleep on my back," he says, "I have a nightmare every time. So I often sleep on my back to see what I'll dream."

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — Distance means nothing to Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys, stars of WSM's Grand Ole Opry. Since August 1 they have played in seventy army camps, naval bases, flying fields and marine barracks, driving more than 46,000 miles. Yet every Saturday night they're back in Nashville to make their regular appearance on the Grand Ole Opry. Every Saturday night that is, except the last four successive ones when they were on a tour of Texas. In those three weeks some 7,500 fans were watching them to come back to the Opry.

The traveling is done as part of the Camel Caravan which appears in many army defense centers to help keep up the morale of the men in uniform. And since Pee Wee and his Cowboys don't intend to give up the Caravan work, and aren't allowed by their fans to give up the Saturday broadcasts, it looks as though they're going to see a lot of country.

There are many types of entertainment the Cowboys have in their repertoire—comedy, songs of the range, folk tunes from every section of the country, numbers from Tin Pan Alley, and even the classics. Individually, they're all stars in their own right. Pee Wee King is the most popular member of the Armilla that seems to be indelible, a fine singing voice, and a thousand-dollar accordion which he has a property.

San Antonio Rose is the group's specialist in yodeling. Dressed in one of her numerous fancy cowgirl costumes, she sings her patented sustained notes that are so beautiful you forget they're also difficult. Then there's Smilin' Eddie Arnold, the master of corny rhymes, who also plays the guitar and sings solos; Fiddlin' Red, the fastest fiddler in fifty counties and champion fiddler of three states, who can tear into the classics with equal ease, and Cowboy Joe, bass player, singer, and comedian in the role of Cactus.

Ford Rush, Jr., was the newest member of the outfit, but he has left for a post in Uncle Sam's Army. J. L. McGowan, the group's manager, is getting discouraged because the last five guitar players he's hired have been drafted "But anyway," Frank, who used to be Gene Autry's manager, says comfortably, "we know the Army has at least five good guitar players now."

SO MUCH HAPPIER THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS!

Continuous Action For Hours

With Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene

- The young woman who is sure of certain facts can feel happily secure. In feminine hygiene her physical and mental health, her very happiness itself depend on accurate information. Over-strong solutions of acids which endanger her health are a thing of the past.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zenitrons—the safe new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppositories kill germs, bacteria instantly at contact. Doctordes not by temporary masking—but by destroying odors. Spread a greaseless protective coating to cleanse antisepically and give continuous medication for hours.

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If you need $50.00 a week—if you want a beautiful selection of the latest colors and fashionable styles for yourself and your family, try Zenitrons. Get rid of embarrassing postpartum or menopausal troubles. Sell full-size bottles at $1.00 each and you'll have a going concern. zenitrons Glow in the Dark. A wonderful opportunity. Nationwide distribution. You may write for details and samples now.

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You'll never be sorry you wrote. Write for details and samples now. There's no obligation. No selling at any time.


Blondes!

TRY THIS 11 MINUTE SHAMPOO AT HOME TONIGHT!

So gently made for blondes. Helps keep tight hair from davi- ining—brings lustrous lided blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dirty, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark.

Casted Blondes; gives hair attractive wave and highlights—keeps that non-damaged look all the while. Safe for all hair colors. Blondes Golden Rinse. Can be used on all shade of blonde hair. Both cost little in use. Get Blondes Shampoo and Golden Rinse at store, drug and dept. stores.
No, Sister, they're not coming over here—not if all the power of American ships and planes, and all the sacrifice of American men can stop them. But they may try.

If they try, some may get through, for it is a wide sky, and bombs may crash here as they crashed on far-away Hawaii and in the distant Philippines.

Or even if they don't try, the work of enemies within our own gates may bring fires, explosions, damage to our busy defense plants.

So we must be ready—just in case.

Ready with quick help for the hurt and the suffering. Ready with merciful aid that is still great in America's heart, even in a world where such things as mercy and decency seem no longer to exist.

That's the job of the Red Cross—to dispense that merciful care and help wherever and whenever pain and suffering exist.

It's a big job, that will call for every effort the hundreds of thousands of Red Cross workers—nurses, disaster fighters and volunteer helpers—can put forth.

It will call for vast stores of medicines and supplies, food and clothing, bandages and equipment.

It will demand every penny of the fifty million dollars the Red Cross is now asking for, and more.

So every bit helps, Sister.

Every dollar your Daddy can bring up from the bottom of his pocket, every penny any man or woman can add to the check he or she writes now for the Red Cross.

The brave men awing, afloat and afield who take care of us sometimes need care too, and we must give it.

We give it when we give to the Red Cross, whether it be a little or a lot.

Send contributions to your local chapter

American Red Cross War Fund Campaign

Give and give generously—to your local chapter—to volunteer solicitors. Give when you can, where you can, as much as you can.
Superman in Radio
Continued from page 40

catastrophed from the torpedo stern of the submarine and cut through the water straight toward the ship, while foam bubbled in its wake. In the all-enveloping darkness, no human eye could have seen both of the death-dealing torpedos but high above the rolling ocean, Superman saw the line of foam trailing the steel flail. And for a moment he hung in mid-air, then, diving with the speed of light, he landed in the water between the torpedo and its target.

"Good," he thought, "that baby in time!"

Another ten seconds and it would have been too late—now I guess I can stop it. Okay—here she comes — the thing I've never wrestled a torpedo before — let's see.

As the torpedo, speeding on its murderous journey, neared him, Superman's great arms reached out. Effortlessly, he stopped it dead and with one great, quick movement, he flipped it upside down and sent it back to God, head first for the ocean floor!

"Well, that's that," he thought. And I have a pretty good idea that we won't be happy to Grayson's ship now. Some foreign power—realizing what a valuable weapon it was—rigged up that cable and this is just too—it hit the surface, overpowered its crew and put in a new enemy crew. Then it was sent out against us. I'd better follow it until it comes to the surface. Then we'll give them a surprise they won't forget! Up—up—and away!

In a few minutes Superman saw the sleek line of the submarine cut the surface. The conning tower hatch opened, two uniformed figures stepped out and his super-keen ears heard the gutural tones of German.

"Ah, this air feels good, eh, Hans?" "Ja, Captain Deutche.

"If all the nights are like this—with the sea smooth—we will be home in six days."

"Ja, in six days."

This will mean a decoration, Hans — a night's leave from our Fuerher—for myself and for you and for all the others. We have done something that will go down in history."

Hans grinned. "The magic of the American warship from under their noses! Those Americans are stupid animals!"

SUPERMAN waited for no more.

The sub rolled as his feet struck the deck. Deutche, frightened, called, "Who's there?" Superman answered: "A stupid American!"

Deutche quickly jerked his heavy automatic from its holster. Pointing it straight at Superman's chest he barked: "Halt!" But a deep laugh was the Man of Tomorrow's only answer.

Deutche pressed the trigger, the brilliant glare of the bullets hit the darkness as they shot forward with enough force to tear an ordinary man apart. But they burst harmlessly off Superman's chest. Then, muttering, "So, you Americans actually see the sprang at the two Germans. In a moment, they both lay stretched at his feet. Superman was ready now for the trip to the airship, "I was right. The Germans put a new crew on board. Now to see if they threw our men overboard or are keeping them until we land. Down the hatch—there—down this com-

Continued on page 87
The short stature of the Japanese, their bowed legs, their frequent poor eyesight are all blamed on inadequate diet—particularly lack of milk!

But watch a six-foot American truck driver eat his lunch.

A whole bottle of milk—a pint or often a quart of it. Thick, wholesome slices of bread, made with milk; lots of butter spread on them. And a slab of cheese the size of a hand between them!

Or watch an American schoolgirl or a secretary climb onto a soda-fountain stool and vanquish a "chocolate-malt" or a dish of ice cream.

**MILK**—and products of milk. Rich in protein for strong muscles. Rich in calcium and phosphorus that sound teeth, sturdy bones are made from. Rich in Vitamin A and in some parts of the complex Vitamin B. Vitamin D milk has the bone-straightening "sunshine" vitamin. Butter, cheese, ice cream, powdered, malted, condensed or evaporated milk—all are sources of important nutritional factors.

America drinks lots of milk. America likes the rich flavor and tempting taste which milk and its products give to our food.

Today our Government asks us to make ourselves strong—strong in arms and ships, strong in the mind, spirits and bodies of America's man power.

And here, right on our very doorstep, is a great source of the stamina the nation needs—and which each of us so much wants.

**WHEN YOUR DAIRY, your food store or your restaurant urges you to use more milk or to eat more foods made from milk or with it, it is aiding our Government's program to build a strong America.**

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

---

**THE MAGIC FOODS**

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

- **MILK AND CHEESE**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

- **MEAT, eggs and sea food**—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

- **GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables**—for B-vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

- **FRUITS** and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

- **BREAD,** enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.
W HEN TRUE STORY was reduced to 10 cents for the first time last month, hundreds of thousands of women joyously greeted this price change as the magazine sensation of the new year!

Veteran TRUE STORY readers and women buying the magazine for the first time all agree that this bigger, better, more beautiful TRUE STORY not only is revitalized and styled for their added reading enjoyment, but now this great magazine chock full of romance, thrills and adventure happily fits every woman's budget!

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**Unwilling Widow**—"Barrowed Baby"—"To Keep Myself Pure"—"I married a Prizefighter"—Dozens of smash stories and features.

**Never Try to Get Even!**

Continued from page 3

married. Time was when they would no more have left me out of such a party than they would have stopped breathing. But now, it was different.

If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the fury and despair in my heart as I sobbed out the story to my mother.

"I hate them!" I cried. "I hate them! And I'll get even! You'll see. If it is the last thing I ever do, I'll get even!"

Mother was sitting by the window, knitting a sweater.

"Irene," she said quietly, "go over to the mirror and look at yourself." Wonderingly, I did as I was told. Then she spoke again. "Do you look pretty?" she demanded. "Do you look attractive, with your face all distorted with hate? Do you, Irene, like the way you look as you vow to get even?"

Well, I don't know whether or not you've ever looked at yourself in the mirror when you've been hating someone and have been contemplating revenge, but if you ever do, you'll find you are not a pretty sight. At least, I wasn't. I was ugly.

Ashamed, I didn't I sat down on a stool at Mother's feet. "No, Mother, I don't like myself that way," I confessed.

She spoke again, gently. "Never try to get even, Irene. The desire for revenge is a bitter, corroding thing. It will make you old and ugly. It will bring you unhappiness such as you've never known. And besides—she smiled, faintly, "people get what is coming to them, anyway, without special help. If those girls have been unfair to you, they'll pay. But don't you do anything about it. Promise me, dear!"

And so sitting there on that little stool at my mother's feet, I promised. And I've never been sorry I did! As the years went by, I've seen how right she was. Because those two girls paid for their slight to me. Not direct-

**TRUE STORY**

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!
ly, I don’t mean that. Fate works in devious ways. But their lives have been bitterly unhappy. The husband of one was convicted of a crime and sent to the penitentiary. The other’s marriage was a travesty. She and her husband quarrelled so viciously, for example, that he literally kicked her downstairs, publicly, at the Country Club, one time. If I had wished for revenge, if on that unhappy day when I vowed to “get even,” I had had it within my power to call disaster down upon their heads, I couldn’t have asked for more than that.

But—the thing, is, I didn’t. I listened to my mother, and I’ve been far happier and better for it! That is the point I am trying to make here. It doesn’t pay to be revengeful! There was another time, too, when I might have sought and probably could have achieved revenge for an injustice against me. But I didn’t—and thank Heaven for it. Because what I did, instead, turned out to be a wonderful thing for me. It happened in San Francisco. I had married again and had two children—and was now faced with the necessity of supporting them. Inexperienced as I was, I secured a position in a real estate office. I was doing well, too, when another woman in the office began to make trouble for me. I suppose she was jealous of my success. Anyway, I had been lucky and was in control of one of the company’s most lucrative renting blocks. If I had brought matters to a showdown, if I had gone to the president of the company and demanded that he discharge one or the other of us, I sincerely believe he would have chosen to let her go because I was making the most money for the company.

But I guess I had grown into the habit, by then, of ignoring a desire for revenge. I didn’t want to work with this woman, but I didn’t want to bring about her discharge, either. So I left the firm, myself... And came to Hollywood and got work as an extra in pictures. This was the beginning of my career as an actress, which has brought me more success and more happiness than I could ever have earned selling real estate in San Francisco.

Still another time, I was fairly well established in Hollywood by now, but good roles still meant everything. A certain studio was casting a big picture, the most important picture ever to be undertaken. And I was slated for the starring feminine role. Of course, I was walking on air. But—I didn’t get the role! They gave it to another actress, one of my best friends—I thought. I was heart-sick, of course, but I wasn’t angry, at first. That came later—when I learned that this actress, knowing what I was to be paid for doing the picture, had calmly bid herself over to the studio and under-bid me! “You’re getting Rich for such and such,” she told the producer. “Well, I’ll do it for less.” And that was that. As I say, she got the role.

Beside myself with fury, I started to telephone her. “I’ll tell her exactly what I think of her!” I vowed as my trembling finger dialed the number. “I’ll tell her she doesn’t think she can get away with this. I’ll tell her I’ll get even if it’s the last thing I do!”

But—somehow, I didn’t do it. Instead, my anger suddenly spent, I quietly hung up the receiver. “Skip it, Irene,” I told myself. “What the heck? Just skip it.”

Well, this actress made the picture all right and it was released. It was one of the biggest flops Hollywood ever had. In my wildest dreams of revenge against myself, I never dreamed I’d get me out of that role, couldn’t have thought up any greater disaster than that.

I am thinking, now, of two women I know, to whom fate or luck or whatever rule our destinies, dealt the same blow. Each other’s husband stolen by another woman.

One let it ruin her life. Today, she is broken and beaten, a person to whom one thing and one alone is important. That is her hatred for the “other woman” and for the man who is no longer her husband. I saw her a few weeks ago. Her divorce only three years ago but she looks twenty years older. She isn’t happy. She isn’t resigned. She isn’t even normal. She is a most unpleasant person to be with. She has few friends. How can she have friends, when she has nothing but bitterness to offer them?

“But I am getting even!” she said to me. “That ex-husband of mine is paying me alimony, big alimony, and I’ll never let him pay through the nose until I’m eighty! There isn’t even enough money left over for them to get married on! Yes, I’m getting even!”

That’s right. She was getting even. But for that revenge she was sacrificing her soul. I wouldn’t be in her shoes for a million dollars.

The other woman I’m thinking of decided to forget. She accepted her alimony only long enough to take a course in business school. Now, she is supporting herself and in so doing is a happy, contented, human being, prettier than she ever was, smarter, more charming. Yes, there was enough money, after she ceased demanding alimony, to allow her husband to marry the “other” woman. I suppose it would make a better story to say he wishes, now, that he had his first wife back. That isn’t the case, though, this being truth and not fiction. But the truth, is, also, that three people are happy because one of them was big enough and wise enough to “skip” the revenge she might have had.

Which one of these two “wronged wives” would you rather be? It isn’t hard to skip things, once you get the habit. Not long ago, I returned to a community where I had once lived and was entertained at a reception. As I stood in the receiving line, a certain woman came along and, giving me a cold smile, I remembered that I didn’t like her; that at one time we had been “at odds.”

That night, as I was getting ready for bed, I called her “Mother.” I inquired, “do you remember why I don’t like —?”

Then we both laughed at the ridiculousness of my doing, and I decided that, since I couldn’t even remember why I didn’t like this woman, there couldn’t be much of a reason. Today, we are good friends. I haven’t yet been able to remember why once upon a time, we were at swab points.

Someday I shall ask her and if she remembers, we’ll probably both have a good laugh. Because old quarrels, no matter how serious at the time, look pretty silly in retrospect...

That is, unless you want to spend all of your time working at them.

And who does?

All set for the ranch she is building in the San Fernando Valley, lovely Irene Rich is now in her ninth year of broadcasting for the same sponsor, Welch Grape Juice, over NBC.
Try one—try all—of these fragrant, delicious KARO dishes. Delight your family tonight with a savory Meat Muffin followed by a piping hot Apricot Betty. Prepared “the Karo way”, there is extra food energy in these tempting dishes. For KARO Syrup is rich in Dextrose, food-energy sugar. Be sure to send for your free copy of “Karo Kookery”, a new book of intriguing recipes for adding interest and food value to your meals.

Meat Muffin

About 15¢ Large Serving

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, 3½ lb. ground ham, 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Mix together 2 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ cup milk, ⅜ cup KARO (blue label) 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Open can prepared wedges, drain and add ⅔ cup of the juice to egg mixture. Blend well with meat. Fill greased muffin tin about ⅔ full. Arrange 6 pineapple wedges on each muffin. Top muffin with apricot half. Pour ⅜ tsp. KARO over each. Bake at 350° F., about 35 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Apricot Betty

About 8½¢ a Serv ı ng

Drain 1 (No. 2½) can apricot halves. Set aside 12 halves for topping. Melt 3 tbsp. butter; mix with 2½ cups small bread cubes; toss with 1 tbsp. KARO (blue label), 1 tsp. cinnamon. Arrange alternate layers of bread mixture and remaining apricots in greased individual baking pans. Dot with butter (2 tbsp. for six). Bake at 350° F., 20-30 minutes. Add 1 tbsp. apricot juice to each baking pan. Serve hot. Makes 6 servings.

Sizzling Fruit

About 10¢ Large Portion

Pour into a saucepan juice from 1 (No. 2½) can peach halves. Add ⅛ tsp. each of cinnamon, ground ginger, cloves; ⅜ cup KARO (red label), 1 tsp. lemon juice. Cook 5 minutes. Add to this syrup pear halves, 1 (No. 2½) can cranberry jelly, KARO (red label), ⅛ tsp. cinnamon. Cook until desired thickness has been reached. Pour over hot, dessert, served with KARO (red label) sauce. Makes 8 servings.
 Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans 
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE 
of America’s most popular sport 
BASKETBALL

Every time

It’s Chesterfield

... for Milder Better Taste
for Cooler Smoking

Over 90,000,000 is Basketball’s yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass. Such popularity must be deserved

That’s what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that’s why these millions are saying Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world’s best cigarette tobaccos.

Every time...They Satisfy
ESTHER RALSTON,
Lovely Star of Woman of Courage, on CBS

COMPLETE NOVELETTE IN THIS ISSUE

MY HEART WAS TRUE—A Thrilling New Love Story

VIC and SADE—See These Favorites in Full Page Pictures
BABY'S BEAUTIFUL SKIN...
so sensitive, so smooth, looks to Doctor for proper care. For years Doctor has said, "Ivory for baby," and Ivory for you, too! Now kinder to skins of every age, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps! Try baby's own beauty treatment!

CAPTIVATING 'TEENS
and early twenties ... your fresh, youthful beauty is often marred by too-active oil glands. Amid hot water, scrub with heavy lukewarm Ivory lather (note how quickly New Ivory makes rich suds). Rinse. Repeat lathering. Warm rinses, then cold. Repeat 3 times daily. If skin blemishes persist, consult your doctor.

BIRTHDAYS
DON'T COUNT!

Whatever your age, Doctors advise "baby-care" for a lovelier complexion!

FOR BEAUTY BEYOND 35 ...
Your skin tends to be drier. More reason than ever to rely on New Ivory's extreme mildness. No dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. Each night massage your skin with New Ivory's quick-creaming lather. Use lukewarm water, never hot—for both Ivory massage and rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"BABY-CARE" ALL OVER?
Of course! Your body deserves complexion care. See how gratefully it responds to the soft, creamy richness of "velvet suds." New Ivory is faster-lathering, kinder to your skin than 10 leading toilet soaps! Thrill to the caress of a velvet-suds bath tonight!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care ... use
New Velvet-suds IVORY SOAP
A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!

HE PHONED—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as content—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to stay popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.

ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours—from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.

Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

MUM SAVES YOUR TIME! 30 seconds, and you're through... yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES! It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's dependability is a safeguard against embarrassment.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Don't miss this thrilling, complete novelette—the special feature of the May issue—

LORENZO JONES

a soul-stirring story to warm the heart of every husband and every wife!

See beautiful, real life portraits of all your favorite stars of the popular radio serial—

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

You delight in their antics on the air, now enjoy the tender story of

The Courtship of Fibber and Molly McGee

Believe it or not, Fibber really proposed!

For a short story of love you'll long remember, read

The Touch of Your Lips

Plus—

A complete program guide, a brand new song hit with words and music, Kate Smith's cooking page, and many more exciting features.

On Sale March 25
YOU know, life's a funny thing. Forty years ago the doctor told my father—"It's only a matter of time. They're gone now—but I'm still here. I'd reached the peak of my career and was leading man with all the great ladies of the theater. Then I was taken ill—tuberculosis. I went to Arizona. For several years, I fought a lonely battle against sickness and poverty, with only my great dane dog, Chief, as a companion. I was finally reduced to sharing the scraps of meat I begged for my dog. And then, far from well, I went further West—Los Angeles. One day a man came to see me. He asked me if I would act in a motion picture. At that time no self-respecting actor would even think of going into the movies. I told him that if I felt better and had more strength, I'd throw him out bodily. But he said, "Of course, Mr. Bosworth, none of your friends would ever demean themselves by going to the nickelodeon down on Main Street to see it and of course not use anybody's name—and besides it's $125 for two days work." Well, I needed the money, so I hesitated to make that picture—"In The Power of the Sultan." That first picture was the beginning of a new life—for in those days all pictures were made out-of-doors, and I slowly regained my health. Since then, I've written and directed and acted in over 550 motion pictures and I never felt better in my life.

Back in the silent days I remember we used to act in two pictures at the same time. I did a Western and a sea picture together. While my sea clothes were drying out, we'd shoot the Western, and while we were getting the burrs off our chaps we'd shoot the sea-scenes—both of those pictures were completed within six days. I'm 74 years old now—but I've just finished another picture for Warner Brothers called "They Died With Their Boots On." When the time comes—that's the way I want to go—out in front of the camera—with my boots on.

Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"I'M SO THRILLED . . . being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully," so says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.

A little time . . . a little care . . . and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For no woman's skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild . . . it's actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say your way to new loveliness is to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet tonight!"

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!
Because he heard a hit tune in a concert, Freddy Martin hit the bandleaders' seventh heaven.

The Will Bradley-Ray McKinley band partnership is about to dissolve. Drummer McKinley intends to organize his own band but the chances are that trombonist Bradley will desert the bandstand, concentrate on arranging. He didn't like the long tours that kept him away from his family.

Kay Kyser and Glenn Miller led all bands in 1941 earning power. Both of their bands grossed about $1,000,000. Incidentally, Glenn's top record, "Chattanooga Choo Choo" sold over 1,000,000 copies and the millionth disk was auctioned off at the President's Birthday Ball.

The Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker combination which rode to stardom on an old little tune called "Oh, Johnnie" has finally split and the tiny singer will hereafter sing solo.

Winners in the Metronome magazine's all-star band contest were Benny Carter, Tex Beneke, Charlie Barnet, Toots Mondello, saxophones; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, Ziggy Elman, trumpets; Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, trombonists; Charlie Christian, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Count Basie, piano; Gene Krupa, drums. Vocalists were Helen Forrest and Frank Sinatra.

Jack Jenney, Artie Shaw's trombonist, is quite sick and has taken an indefinite leave of absence.

The Raymond Scott band has undergone extensive shakeups.

It's Mr. and Mrs. Ennis: Skinnay and vocalist Garmene have been married two years, they confess.

This is your last chance to vote in "Facing the Music's" Dance Band Contest. Winners will be announced in the May issue of Radio Mirror. A ballot form is printed at the end of this column for you to fill out.

This Changing World

Harry James returns to the Hotel Lincoln in New York in April, following a theater tour. . . . Peggy Mann, formerly with Larry Clinton and Enoch Light, is now attached to the Teddy Powell band. . . . Edythe Harper is now singing with Muggsy Spanier's band, heard over NBC. She replaced Jeannie Ryan. Edythe's husband, Vernon Brown, is Spanier's trombonist. . . . Van Alexander, a former bandleader, now arranges for Les Hite. . . . Morton Gould, one of the better young composer-conductors, will make recordings for Columbia. . . . Wayne King is on a theater tour.

Lanny Ross has been doing a research job lately on old college varsity musical shows. His efforts were well rewarded Continued on page 77
How you can catch cold—and what to do about it

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold... make it troublesome... result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle... up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office... to pack it when you travel... to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

ATTENTION!

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A
COLD or SORE THROAT
Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

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

UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLDS may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included
Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator

APRIL, 1942
What's New from Coast

BY DAN SENSENEY

Esides being a delightful singer and a charming little actress, Judy Garland, we've just discovered, is an authoress too. "Love's New Sweet Song," the radio drama in which she played the leading role on the Silver Theater program, and which Radio Mirror recently published in story form, was the product of collaboration between Judy and professional radio writer True Boardman. The idea of the play was one Judy had had for some time, and she and True wrote the dialogue together. A very clever young lady is Judy.

Radio people have their own methods of selling and buying Defense Bonds and Stamps.

Bea Wain, for instance, puts her savings into bonds, but that didn't quite satisfy her—she wasn't really giving up anything, just buying the bonds instead of putting the money into the bank. She has always been an ice-cream-soda addict, so now, whenever she wants a soda, she sternly refuses to pamper herself and instead puts the price of one into Defense Stamps. She buys twenty cents worth of them or more every day, and gets more honest satisfaction out of the stamps than she does from the impressive looking bonds she buys with her savings.

Bert Wheeler and Hank Ladd, the comedians of the Old Gold Show, sell all their friends chances on Defense Bonds. A chance on a $25 bond costs a quarter, one on a $100 bond, a dollar. As soon as they've collected the purchase price of a bond they throw all stubs of chance-takers into a hat and pull out the lucky number. In their first four days of operations they sold $425 worth. And for every bond they dispose of they purchase one for themselves.

Why not copy one or both of these ideas? They're not patented—and every bond you buy is bad news to Hitler and the Japs.

Bess Flynn, who writes the Bachelor's Children serial on NBC, is a grandmother now. Her son Charles, who plays Michael on the program, is the proud father of a baby girl.

CINCINNATI, Ohio—Leisure time is something Ronny Mansfield doesn't have. This personable young tenor, station WLW's Singing Emcee, is the busiest masculine singer on the whole staff. Here are the programs WLW listeners hear him on every week:

Your Easy Chair, Sunday at 1:30; Like I Always Say, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 10:40 A.M.; Your Kitchen Kibitzer, Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M.; Squeekin' Deacon, Wednesday at 6:15 P.M.; and Serves You Right, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P.M. That's thirteen broadcasts. And in addition, personal appearance engagements take up three or four of Ronny's evenings, rehearsals average three hours a day, and so do private practicing and lessons with Mme. Leone Kruse, teacher at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Finally, while he's resting, Ronny brushes up on his Spanish, looking forward to a singing assignment on WLWO, the powerful short-wave companion station to WLW which carries Spanish-American programs to a vast South American audience.

Personable Ronny Mansfield is heard on thirteen broadcasts a week on station WLW, Cincinnati.
to Coast

But Ronny doesn't mind all the hustle and bustle. He's used to it, for he's been on the go since his high school days in Reading, Massachusetts, where he was always in demand for every school and community program. He was barely out of school when his first radio audition brought him a job with station WEEI in Boston, where he continued to sing for three years. Network audiences later heard him as the regular singer on Fibber McGee's program, with Tony Wons, as a guest artist on Rudy Vallee's variety hour, and on NBC's Smoke Dreams.

As a member of the Bachelors' Quartet, Ronny went to England in 1939, did radio and television broadcasts for the BBC, and sang in such popular Mayfair haunts as the Cafe de Paris, the Savoy and the Berkeley. When he returned to America he joined George Olsen's orchestra as soloist, and came to WLW in the fall of 1940 after a season at the San Francisco World's Fair.

Kay Jordan, pretty 22-year-old daughter of Fibber McGee and Molly, quietly went out and successfully auditioned for two NBC programs, I Love a Mystery and Vance and Lila. Fibber and Molly didn't even know Kay was thinking about a radio career until after she'd been accepted to appear on the shows.

That's Carleton Young who plays Ellery Queen on the mystery serial Saturday nights. Hugh Marlowe was the famous detective when the show was first on the air a year ago. Marian Shoreley, the original Nikki, still does the part.

Because its sponsor doesn't make pleasure cars any more, the Ford Sunday Evening Hour goes off the air early in March, and the following

---

Musical director Nelson Maples of KQV, Pittsburgh, thinks his job is the best one in the world.
HUNDREDS of thousands of women have adopted the True Story Habit. For they discovered, as millions before them, that the improved, magnificent True Story contains some of the greatest reading thrills and delights of the month. Yes, gigantic sales increases prove that True Story is definitely the magazine bargain of the year!

"I WAS A HUSBAND-HUNTING HOTEL NURSE"

Nurse Laura Wharton was on a man hunt. She found her "big game" in swanky Metropolitan Hotel Conqueror and was all set to bag this greatest prize of the year, rich and handsome Buddy Cranston. But Fate also checked in at Hotel Conqueror, and when Laura was about to make the "kill", she learned that her heart had other ideas.... Begin "Hotel Nurse" now in April True Story and discover this woman's strange career in a new and vibrant and different kind of true novel!

OUT OF BOUNDS!

Are you tempted to leave behind that soldier boy who "left you behind"? Before saying, "I'm bored, I want excitement", read this story—and heed its lesson—of one girl's impatience and how her soldier found himself a new sweetheart!

ALSO I Fought the Devil for My Wife's Soul ★ Ten-Day Honeymoon ★ Return to Love ★ Man on the Run ★ Unwilling Widow ★ and dozens of other thrilling features!

True Story

GET THE APRIL ISSUE NOW. IT'S ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Abbott and Costello invade the wild west and make it even wilder in their new Universal film, "Ride 'Em Cowboy." Meanwhile, you can hear them with Charlie McCarthy, Sunday nights.

Sunday night Fred Allen's program moves into the other show's old time, 9:00 on CBS. It's too bad to lose the Ford Hour, but at least we won't have to pick and choose between Allen and Eddie Cantor any more. Their battle for Wednesday-night listeners, which this move brings to an end, was one of radio's fiercest—and bona fide—feuds.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—A life full of ups and downs has been that of Nelson Maples, newly appointed Musical Director of station KQV in Pittsburgh. To those who would sympathize with him because he was once a vaudeville headliner but isn't occupying that exalted position any longer, Nelson has only one reply: "I wouldn't trade my KQV staff job for anything in the world!"

Back in 1923, when he was a Junior at West Virginia University, Nelson organized his first dance band. It was only a college group, but in its membership it had several young men who were to become top personalities—"Fuzzy" Knight, Charlie Gaylord, and Ted and Art Weems. The band was an immediate success, and after Paul Whiteman had heard it play he invited the boys to come to New York and broadcast over WEAF.

On July 4, 1923, Nelson Maples and his orchestra sailed for England on the S.S. Leviathan—the first American college band ever to play on an ocean-going liner. Six months later, after their return to New York, the band went on tour for a year, playing all the big vaudeville circuits. Then, just when the future looked brightest, Nelson became seriously ill and had to quit. He broke up the band and went home to West Virginia—heart-broken and convinced that his future had gone up in smoke.

But in 1928 Ted Weems, who had a band of his own by that time, persuaded the now recovered Nelson to organize a new orchestra. He did fairly well with it, and eventually was asked to direct the music for a revival of Gus Edwards' old success, "School Days," which toured the movie and vaudeville houses of the country. In the course of its travels the show came to Pittsburgh—and folded up there unexpectedly, leaving Nelson and his band stranded.

A new star on the Grand Ole Opry is WSM's discovery, Minnie Pearl, who tells hilarious stories about people she loves.
They stayed on in Pittsburgh, playing in night clubs, but in 1939 Nelson lost his orchestra again and earned a precarious living by playing the piano in small restaurants. Things looked dark until he was appointed Musical Director at KQV, but he’s doing fine now, with a new seven-piece band and a weekly program on the air every day. And he has no regrets. As he says, “Being Musical Director of a radio station is the finest job a musician could have. I’ve had more than just a taste of the so-called ‘Big Time’—but to me, this job here at KQV is the real, honest-to-goodness Big Time!”

Jean Hersholt—radio’s Dr. Christian—has announced the first big prize award ever offered to writers of radio scripts. It’s to be known as the Dr. Christian Award, and under its terms the author of the best radio script submitted to a board of judges before May 1 will win $2,000. The contest is open to amateur writers as well as professionals, so sharpen up your wits and your pencils—maybe you’ll be the lucky one. Listen to the Dr. Christian program on CBS for further details.

The location of the Charlie McCarthy mock court-martial broadcast was a military secret until the program went off the air. The Army Command didn’t want to advertise the spot where, at a specific time, several hundred American fliers would be gathered together under a single roof.

Meet Mr. Meek has a new Mr. Meek—Budd Hulick, who has been known until now chiefly as a comedian or master of ceremonies, more than an actor. It has a new Peggy, too—Cary Smith. It’s Betty Winkler and Frank Lovejoy who are playing Abie and his Irish Rose on the Saturday-night serial adapted from the famous play of that name... When Helen Mack left the cast of Myrt and Marge to become a mother, her role of Marge was taken over by Olive Deering.

Speaking of Myrt and Marge. Myrt is a real war-time widow these days. Her husband, Eddie Lambert, and her son George both volunteered for the Army and have been accepted.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—An actor who doesn’t want to get into the movies is Roy Drushal, of station KDYL’s dramatic staff. Not only is he perfectly satisfied with his present job, he hasn’t even any pet pheasants. He’s like the late Will Rogers, in that he never met a man he didn’t like.

Roy was born in Salt Lake City, but about the time he entered high school his parents moved to Los Angeles and Roy found himself standing in front of the statue of Myrna Loy at the Venice Polytechnic High School. It must have been an inspiration, because Roy, filled with the ambition to act, started on a career that led him through numerous leading parts in high school plays and then on to the University of California at Berkeley, where he majored in dramatics.

The year of the depression found him out of college and facing a world of stern realities. With a roll of manuscripts in one hand and a box of greasepaint in the other, he took the first job he could find, playing juvenile leads with the Bay City Players in towns near Los Angeles—Venice, etc. Continued on page 85

“My Romance was dying of starvation”

A TRUE STORY OF THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, “I’m afraid it’s your own fault—you see, there’s one thing husbands don’t forgive in their wives—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene.

3. “So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe.”

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carabolic acid, EFFECTIVE—a powerful preservative, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc). SPREAD-ING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Lysol

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lela & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M.442 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
PROBABLY the mouth is the most expressive feature of your face. The expressions of your lips tell much of your disposition and habitual moods. Their make-up shows your artistry and good taste. But it is the smile that tells the whole story. Only when the parted lips show healthy teeth is your smile a real winner.

There are no cosmetics for the teeth. Nothing but genuine health and habitual careful cleansing will serve. Mind the three Ds—your diet, your dentifrices, and your dentist's instructions—and you will have teeth to be proud of.

Go to your dentist every six months as a sort of insurance. Then if any tooth needs a filling, it can be taken care of early. People who see their dentists regularly seldom have dentist's bills that amount to anything. Moreover, a good dentist will tell you if there is anything wrong with the way you are taking care of your teeth—if they are being improperly cleansed, or starved.

Teeth can be literally starved if the diet is deficient in vitamins, or in calcium and colloidal minerals. Calcium is stored in the teeth and bones. If the supply is not maintained, the teeth grow weak and susceptible to decay and disease. Milk is the richest source of calcium. Dieticians say adults should have at least a pint of milk a day. Cheese, butter, eggs, plenty of vegetables, salads, fruits, and sea food are other musts.

The daily care of the teeth is another matter that will bear study. Time was when little girls were taught that the oftener they brushed their teeth (any old how) the prettier those teeth would be. Now the dentists tell us that millions of people are literally brushing their teeth away.

Unless the teeth are brushed just right, and with a nonabrasive dentifrice, the outer coating of enamel can be worn away. This is particularly true of the softer type of teeth.

First of all, choose your dentifrices carefully. Any dentifrice that is gritty or abrasive in any way you can detect, is inevitably harmful.

Other things being equal, your taste can determine your dentifrice. Paste, powder, or liquid? All three have their adherents. Some firms put out two kinds, to give you a choice.

Twice a day is the minimum for your tooth cleaning routine; preferably after breakfast and at bedtime. If you can manage a brushing two times, say after luncheon and dinner, fine!

Never, never scrub back and forth, except on the cutting surface of the teeth. Brush down and out on the upper teeth, up and out on the lower. That is, brush in the direction the teeth grow. And begin the stroke at the top (or, for lower teeth, the bottom) of the gums. Gum massage is one of the important functions of brushing, and very necessary in this age of soft, over-refined foods. We have to supply by massage of the gums what our ancestors (remote) got by gnawing bones.

Rinse the mouth after every cleansing (and between times) with a good antiseptic solution or mouth wash. Take a mouthful and swish it back and forth between the teeth.

Finally, how about that toothbrush of yours? A soft damp brush is not going to do much good, and an old brush infected with bacteria does positive harm. Dentists recommend two tooth brushes, used alternately, so that you will always be using a thoroughly dry brush. And they say that no toothbrush should be used more than a month.
Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved
Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

- Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother... easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness... easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country... thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance... up to 33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't want to try improved Special Drene? Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!
Memories were surging within her heart—the soft night, the moss on the live oaks, his lips on hers. Had he forgotten their hour of glory? Was she to wait forever?
THE light on the table was soft, throwing a pool of gold on the white cloth. We were drinking our coffee, John and I, and I knew that that which I had tried to avoid through the past weeks of our friendship would, this evening, have to be faced. And I had no answer to give him or even to the crying need within me. The achingly sweet memories of the past could not be forgotten; I still hoped for their fulfillment. As I glanced up quickly into John's dark eyes, the light in them, the eagerness, brought, like a stab of pain, the remembrance of other eyes, as eager, as glowing—gray eyes which I had not seen for two years. He was speaking, and still I was unprepared.

"Ann," he said, "let's drive around. We're near Rock Creek Park. It's a beautiful spring evening, and I—I have so much to say—"

There had been another spring! Should I drive it from my mind? Should I bravely admit that months of silence could mean but one thing? I shook my head.

"No, John," I hoped he couldn't hear in my voice the hurt within me. "I'm tired. I had a hard day at the office; I'd better go home."

He squared his shoulders. His hand slipped across the table and caught my fingers.

"Then I'll say it here." His tone had deepened, was tender. "You guess what it is—you must. I've been trying to tell you for days. I love you, Ann—I love you."

His fingers pressed mine against the white cloth; they lay passive under his. I didn't want to hurt him; I liked him so much. And doubt and faith and fear were struggling within me.

"Please, John," I exclaimed, "please—I don't know what to say. I can't explain."

"Is there someone else?" The question was quiet.

Again I hesitated. Was there someone, alive, vital, tall and strong, fair haired, with laughing mouth? There had been a boy with whom I had climbed trees, and played Indian, who had carried my books to school. There had been a man who had said: "I love you," as we stood on the cliffs of Santa Barbara, and the blue Pacific with its miles of purple kelp had glittered before my eyes like the pathway to Paradise. Did he no longer look into the sun, or feel the wind on his face? Was he, because he no longer lived, incapable of returning to me? Or—and this hurt as death itself—would hurt—had he forgotten that hour of glory? Had it never been glory for him?

"Ann," John spoke sharply, "what is it? What's the matter?"

"Why—nothing—" I stammered, surprised by his unexpected questions. "I forced a smile. "I was thinking—" I broke off. What could I tell him, what could I tell anyone that would explain what had happened? "Oh it's nothing," I burst out, impatient at my inability to answer him. "It's just that there was someone, once."

He nodded, his face thoughtful, as we rose from the table. At least, I thought, when I said goodnight to him quickly in front of the dark brick house in which I lived, he isn't too deeply hurt. I didn't pause at the top step and look back, but opened the door quickly and shut it behind me. Then I hurried to the tiny apartment I shared with Mary.

In that busy Washington, humming like a beehive as the center of the Victory Program, Mary and I, working in the same office, and liking each other, had decided to live together. She was good for me; practical and sane, she had steadied me in the tumult of my doubts and questions. Now she sat up in bed, as I stole into the room, and switched on the light beside her.

"Have a good time," she asked, that, stared. "Lord, what a way to look after a dinner date, and with as nice a man as John. You must have seen a ghost."

And, suddenly, to my disgust, there were tears in my eyes; I couldn't force them back, they ran down my cheeks.

"Mary," I dropped down on the foot of her bed, "you'll think I'm a fool. But I've lived with a ghost for two years, and tonight—John said—something that—well—brought everything to life."

"Sounds like some sort of riddle. What's the matter, did John say he loved you?"

I nodded. "How did you guess?"

"I've eyes in my head, and I use them."

Was it a shadow thrown by the light, had her face changed, subtly? "Well?" her voice was sharp, "what did you tell him?"

"Nothing. Oh, Mary," I flung out my hands, speaking in disjointed sentences. "There's someone else. I love him, but I don't know—if he loved me wouldn't he write wouldn't I hear from him? Surely, he could get word to me, unless he's—dead—or forgotten—"

Mary leaned down and pulled her wrapper up around her, humped her pillows back of her and settled herself.

"I suppose there is some sense somewhere in what you're saying."

SUDDENLY I wanted to tell her everything that had happened.

The long days of childhood when Bradley Curtiss had been my companion, when we had carried our books up into the branches of the ancient apple tree and had read of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table and their high adventures. Ever since then, he had been to me a knight in shining armor. I had rather hoped there was still one dragon left on earth from whom he could protect me, even as he had from that large black dog who had plunged out of the woods one day, ugly, with flashing teeth, and Bradley had been bitten. I remembered the blood on the back of his hand. I could still feel my terror, and the adoration of my child's heart given to him so completely from that minute on.

"He was a boy with whom I grew up. We played together. We had such fun. Then my family moved to California when I was fifteen, and I didn't see him for several years."

Those years had been lonely. There had been other companions, but something had gone from life, something Continued on page 86.
Memories were surging within her heart—the soft night, the moss on the live oaks, his lips on hers. Had he forgotten their hour of glory? Was she to wait forever?

FAITH

As an adaptation by Alice Eldridge Ronner from the radio play "Everybody Comes to Washington," by Ruth Adams Knight, first heard on the Theater of Today, Saturday at noon, E.S.T., over the CBS network, sponsored by the Armstrong Cork Company, and starring Madge Evans.

Again he hesitated. Was there someone alive, vital, tall and strong, fair haired, with laughing mouth? There had been a boy with whom I had climbed trees, and played Indian, who had carried my books to school. There had been a man who had said: "I love you," as we stood on the cliffs of Santa Barbara, and the blue Pacific with its miles of purple kelp had glittered between my eyes like the pathway to Paradise. Did he no longer look into the sun, or feel the wind on his face? Was he, because he no longer lived, incapable of returning to me? Or—and this hurt as death itself would hurt—had he forgotten that hour of glory? Had it never been glory for him?

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Mary leaned down and pulled her wrapper up around her, humped her pillows back of her and settled herself. "I suppose there is some sense somewhere in what you're saying." SUDDENLY I wanted to tell her everything that had happened. The long days of childhood when Bradley Curtiss had been my companion, when we had carried our books up into the branches of the ancient apple tree and had read of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table and their high adventures. Ever since then, he had been to me a knight in shining armor. I had rather hoped there was still one dragon left on earth from whom he could protect me, even as he had from that large black dog who had plowed out of the woods one day, ugly, with flashing teeth, and Bradley had been bitten. I remembered the blood on the back of his hand. I could still feel my terror, and the adoration of my child's heart given to him so completely from that minute on.

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Those years had been lonely. There had been other companions, but something had gone from life, something Continued on page 14.
My Heart Was True

They were seated together at a corner table in the Mulberry Room and they were just finishing dinner. Carol Hale, who did bits in radio, and Ken Williams who wrote daytime radio scripts when he wasn't writing sonnets to Carol. They were seated close together, not talking much, but every once in so often Carol flashed a shy smile in Ken's direction and Ken, smiling back, wondered when he could put his dream into words. "Words are so easy to write," thought Ken, "but so darn hard to say!" He cleared his throat and asked, "How about a nubbin of pastry?"

Carol was as slim as a river reed—she was one of those rare women who never need to diet. She said, "I'd adore some pastry," and Ken beckoned to the waiter and then, heads close together, they made a game of deciding which piece to choose. The waiter, who knew Carol well, and worshipped her, offered suggestions.

"The cream napoleon," he urged, "or the mocha eclair? No, try the chocolate box!"

"The chocolate box," agreed Carol and watched, with complete attention, as it was eased onto her plate.

Ken said, "I'll take the eclair. How's your daughter getting along, Jacques? Still studying dramatics?"

All at once the waiter was effervescent. "She graduated from dramatic school last month," said the waiter. "Miss Hale got her an audition and the director said he'd give her a part... She'll make the grade—thanks to Miss Hale."

Carol murmured, "Jacques—please. I didn't do anything—"

The waiter started to remonstrate, his spaniel gaze on Carol's face. And then somebody else called for pastry and he darted away and Ken turned to Carol with mock sternness.

"At it again—getting jobs for people!" he said. "Why don't you look out for yourself, Carol?"

Carol said, "I'm doing all right. And her daughter is a pretty thing—and she has a sweet voice, too."

Ken told her, "You're a pretty thing—you've a sweet voice," and cursed himself inwardly for being fatuous. "Carol," he blurted out, "what you need is someone to take care of you."

Carol flushed and crumpled the chocolate walls of her pastry box with a nervous fork. After a moment she whispered, repeating herself—"Oh, I'm doing all right," and a bell rang in Ken's soul. "Now's the time," he told himself, and cleared his throat and said abruptly, "Darling, I want to take—and broke off as a hand fell on his shoulder.

"How're things?" said a voice that was warm and comfortable and friendly. "Any room at this table?"

It was Maude Sanborn, also a radio writer. Maude who always horned in on parties without any loss of popularity. Women liked her because she was plump and jolly and not competitive—men because she didn't make any passes at them and paid her own check if necessary. But this evening—well, there wasn't any room at the table. Ken almost told Maude to run away and sell her papers but he didn't have time for Carol's shy
At first it was fascination that drew her to him, then it was something else — pride, perhaps — that held her, in spite of sorrow and another love that called to her heart.

Illustrations by James Billmyer

A Complete Novelette
By MARGARET SANGSTER
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It was Maude Sandborn, also a radio writer. Maude who always hovered in on parties without any loss of popularity. Women liked her because she was plump and jolly and not competitive—not because she didn't make any passes at them and paid her own check if necessary. But this evening—well, there wasn't any room at the table. Ken almost told Maude to run away and sell her papers but he didn't have time for Carol's smile was creeping out again and Maude, answering it, was taking her place between them.

"Now this is easy," said Carol, "Gosh, I wish I had Carol's figure. I'm a sucker for chocolate!"

"Take just one bite," said Carol, and Maude leaned forward with her mouth open to receive a loaded forkful. And then her eyes widened to match her mouth and she exclaimed, "Look—there in the doorway! God's gift to women."

Carol raised her own eyes and peered through the smoky dimness of the Mulberry Room toward the

At first it was fascination that drew her to him, then it was something else—pride, perhaps—that held her, in spite of sorrow and another love that called to her heart.

Illustrations by James Rilleyer

And then, like a sleepwalker, she was drifting from her chair and Stan was out of his, and they were gravitating together and were leaving the Mulberry Room, arm in arm.
raised platform, like a stage, which was designed for grand entrances. Ken followed her glance and said, “You called the turn, Maude. God’s gift to women, at least. That’s Stanley Breen.”

Carol, with her lashes flickering and her lips curving softly, echoed—“Stanley Breen?” and nobody knew that history was in the making.

STANLEY GREEN! Six feet of carefully controlled muscle, a face full of expensive tan—featuring blue eyes and white teeth—wavy hair parted in the middle. He stood just inside the doorway on the platform, staring from table to table, sorting out possibilities, and then he saw Ken Williams and yipped—“Hi, Ken!” and came striding toward them. And suddenly all of the men in the Mulberry Room were smaller and less virile, and the Mulberry Room itself was smaller.

Ken made the introductions. Maude first—she was the oldest—Carol next. “Meet Stan Breen,” he said. “Just fresh out of the west—Lochinvar, Incorporated! Stan, these are radio people.”

“God love them,” laughed Stan. He shook hands with Maude, bowed from the waist in Carol’s direction, pulled out a chair without so much as a by-your-leave, and flung his splendid body into it. “The drinks,” he said, “are on me.”

Ken objected. “Not a chance—this is my evening.” He beckoned a waiter and ordered Scotch and soda—although it was demi-tasse hour. But when the Scotch and soda arrived Stan grew critical and sent it back and mentioned a de luxe brand that came in a square bottle with a cut crystal stopper.

Maude was nibbling bits of chocolate from Carol’s pastry box. She started to ask questions—she always did. “You really look like a westerner, Mr. Breen,” she said. “What I mean is—you look authentic. Are you a cowboy? Is the rodeo in town?”

Stanley Breen’s face mirrored a sudden distaste and Ken Williams leaped into the gap. “This is the Stanley Breen,” he told Maude. “The golden voiced announcer. He’s on my show and we had to pay through the nose to get him. I told you all about the deal—didn’t I, Carol?”

Carol said—“Yes, Ken, you told me.” Her voice had an odd breathlessness about it. “Yes,” she repeated, “you told me”—and flushed scarlet, for Stan was leaning forward, studying her, feature by feature. Carol was worth studying—she was delicately fragile, she might have been formed of Venetian glass, and her hair was as heavy as the sort of satin that stands alone, and her eyebrows were like wings.

“I’m glad,” said Stan, his scrutiny over, “that Ken’s broken—the ice. But why didn’t he tell me something about you, Miss Hale?”

Ken made what might, or might not, have been an apology. “I spend so much time thinking about Carol,” he said, “that I find it hard to do much talking about her.”

It was Maude who threw in—“Carol’s got a pretty figure.”

“Oh, an actress,” nodded Stan. His tone was faintly amused. He might have said, “another actress.”

Carol explained hastily and there was no doubt about it—she was apologizing. “I’m extremely unimportant,” she said. “I just manage—to get by.”

“That’s as it should be,” said Stan, dismissing Carol’s career casually. “Success spoils a woman . . . Look, my new car’s outside.”

Maude gurgled—“Well, I live in New Jersey and I’ll be going home pretty soon, if you want to give the car a tryout—but Stan ignored her. He said, “Where do you live, Miss Hale?”

Carol told him, “Just around the corner. Within walking distance.”

Stan said, “If we went for a run out Westchester way I could deliver you back on your doorstep in a couple of hours. These spring evenings are slick, Miss Hale. . . . A bit later there’ll be a moon, and my new car’s a convertible and the top’s down.”

It was definitely rude. Ken Williams was beyond doubt Carol’s host—but he was not included in the invitation. He glanced swiftly at Stan and intercepted the glance that was passing between the announcer and Carol. His jawline tightened a trifle as Carol said gently—

“I’m sorry, Mr. Breen, but I’m with Ken. We were going to the new movie across the street.”

“Ken has Miss—oh—Sanborn,” said Stanley. “Don’t be a dog in the manger, Ken. What can you do with two women?”

Carol laughed and the breathless quality that had made her speaking voice sound tense, and almost apprehensive, was in her laughter. “You—you underestimate Ken,” she said.

Ken was a good sport—perhaps he was too good a sport. He laid his hand on Carol’s arm and though there was no pressure to his fingers there was a sense of tenderness in the gesture.

“That’s all right, Toots,” he said carefully. “You run along and enjoy yourself. Moom pitchers are only moon pitchers, and you’re looking a bit washed out this evening. Spring air and moonlight won’t do you any harm.”

Maude started to say something but changed her mind. Carol started to say something but gulped down a rising inflection. And then, like a sleepwalker, she was drifting from her chair and Stan was out of his, and they were gravitating together—almost magnetically—and were leaving the Mulberry Room, arm in arm. And Maude and Ken were alone at a table that seemed as large as a skating rink. It was fully three minutes before Maude said—

“Ken, you’re a sap!”

It was fully five minutes before Ken admitted, “I suppose I am.” He nodded to the waiter and ordered a double Scotch. Just ordinary bar Scotch—the deuce with de luxe brands!

* * *

Beginning with the night in the Mulberry Room Carol Hale was seen everywhere with Stanley Breen. At Louis and Armand’s, at the Mayan, in the Rainbow Grill—in all of the spots where radio folk foregathered. When Ken asked her to go places she was childishly apologetic—often there were tears in her eyes—but it couldn’t be helped, she had a date. So after the first week or two Ken stopped inviting her for cocktails and luncheon and dinner and the theatre, and he poked a certain little square box with a ring in it under the shirts in his middle bureau drawer, where he didn’t have to see it. Only when he got down to the last shirt, before the laundry came back, was he conscious of the bump that it made.

Of course, there was plenty of

When Carol fainted Ken had her in his arms so fast he was surprised at himself, and he was kissing her when she came to.
gossip, for Stan had brought his reputation along with him from the coast—he had a definite way with women. Females fell for him with a dull thud, and stayed down for a count of ten. Rumor said he could have his pick of Hollywood and the stage and certainly radio, and Maude Sanborn—who was hardly ever catty—muttered that he must employ a press agent to give him the buildup. But—in all fairness—Stanley Breen didn’t need a press agent. His publicity department was in women’s eyes—which lit up or looked wistful when he came into their line of vision. There was one big blonde girl, a White Russian or something, who sang ballads in a husky, rich voice. People said that Stan had to brush her off his doorstep at least three times a week.

Big blondes, redheads, brunette leading ladies—why did he prefer little Carol Hale who played bit parts and was too ethereal, some said, to being exciting? Perhaps Carol was a new type to Stan, perhaps it was a long while since he had known a girl who laughed so easily at his not very funny jokes, and cried so easily when he flung a wisp of sarcasm in her direction—perhaps he had never known a girl who blushed so easily! But perhaps he stuck to her through thick and thin because so many people around the studios went out of their way to tell him she was Ken Williams’ property, and that Ken was all set to marry her. Some men are like that.

A week, two weeks, three weeks. Stan’s fan mail was colossal—his sponsor needed two stenographers to answer inquiries and write thank-yous. Because of the fan mail he got another job—a Sunday night show—on top of his regular daytime announcing, and people began to wonder how much income tax he’d pay when the time arrived. Ken Williams had called his voice a golden one and it was—ask any account executive. Each intonation was worth so much in dollars and cents.

A week, two weeks, three weeks, and then Carol Hale and Stanley Breen had been going around together for a month and the gossip was growing a trifle more pointed—small sharp points at regular intervals, like barbed wire. Folk were wondering what Carol did to hold Stan, they hadn’t thought she was that sort, but you can’t tell about these demure women. No doubt they appeared in public constantly to screen what was going on in private—folk had seen Stan coming out of a certain hotel, but the babe he was with got into the taxi so fast they couldn’t Continued on page 48
When Carol flashed Ken had her in his arms so tightly that he was surprised at himself, and he was kissing her when she came to

a high platform, like a stage, which was designed for grand entrance ceremonies. Carol followed her glance, and

"You called the turn, Maude. God be with you, at least. That's Stanley Breen."

Carol, with her ladies flakery and her lip curlingly, softly, said, "Stanley Breen?" and nobody knew that history was in the making.

**STANLEY BREEN!** Six feet of carefully controlled muscle, a face full of expensive tan—blue eyes and white teeth—wavy hair parted in the middle. He stood just inside the doorway on the platform, casting his eye from table to table, sorting out possibilities, and then he saw Ken Williams and tipped—"Hi, Ken!" and came striding toward them. And suddenly all of the men in the Mulberry Room were smaller and less virile, and the Mulberry Room itself was smaller.

Ken made the introductions. Maude first—she was the oldest—Carol next. "Meet Stan Breen," said Ken, "Just fresh out of the West—Lochinvar, Incorporated! Stan, these are radio people."

"God love them," laughed Stan. He shook hands with Maude, bowed from the waist in Carol's direction, pulled out a chair without so much as a by-your-leave, and flung his splendid body into it. "The drink!" he said, "are on me."

Ken objected. "No change—this is my evening."] He beckoned waiter and ordered Scotch and soda—which was a dam nee waste hour. But when the Scotch and soda arrived Stan grew critical and sent it back and mentioned a de luxe brand that came in a square bottle with a cut crystal stopper.

Maude nibbling bits of chocolate from Carol's pastry bon. She started to ask questions—she always did. "You really look like a water-cress, Mr. Breen," she said. "What I mean is—you look authentic. Are you a cowboy? Is the rodeo in town?"

Stanley Breen's face mirrored a sudden distaste and Ken Williams leaped into the gap. "This is the Stanley Breen," he told Maude. "The golden voiced announcer. I told on my school and we had to pay through the nose to get him. I told you all about the deal—didn't I, Carol?"

Carol said—'Yes, Ken, you told me. Her voice had an odd breathlessness about it. "Yes," she repeated, "you told me—and flushed scarlet, for Stan was leaning forward, studying her, feature by feature. Carol was worth studying—she was definitely fragile, and she might have been formed of Venetian glass, and her hair was as heavy as the sort of satin that stands alone, and her eyebrows were like wings, and her eyes were large and moonlight brown."

Ken followed her glance and said, "Maude, this is—Stanley Breen."

"That's Ken's broken—the ice. But why didn't he tell me something more?"

Ken made what might, or might not, have been an apology, "I spend so much time thinking about Carol," he said, "that I find it hard to do much talking about her.

Carol made a face and changed his mind. Carol started to say something but gulped down a rising inflection. And then, like a sleepwalker, she was drifting from her chair and Stan was out of his, and they were gravitating together—almost magnetically—and were leaving the Mulberry Room, arm in arm. And Maude and Ken were seated at a table that seemed as long as a skating rink. It was five minutes before Maude said—"Carol, you're a sap!"

It was only fifteen minutes before Ken admitted, "I suppose I am."

Maude nodded to the water and ordered a double Scotch. Just ordinary bar Scotch—the deuce with de luxe brands.

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Big blondes, redheads, brunettes all. Everyone got tired of—and perhaps the little Carol Hale who played bit parts and was too eatheral, some said, to be exciting? Perhaps Stan was a new type to Stan, perhaps it was a long while since he had known a girl in the club who was so easily at the not very funny jokes, and cried so easily when he fanged a wisp of sarsaparilla in her drink—but perhaps he had never known a girl who blushed so easily. But perhaps he stuck to her the way he stuck to her. He told it to so many people around the studios went over to the theatre and to tell him she was Ken Williams' partner and that Ken was all set to marry her. The room in the middle of the drawer, where he didn't have to see it. Only when he got down to the last shirt, before the back, was he conscious of the bump that it made.

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ON the morning of Monday, December the eighth, 1941, it was as if we had all waked up into a different world. The way the wind blew in from the Golden Gate, the streets climbing up the steep hills, the graceful span of the Bay bridge, to Treasure Island and beyond... all these and many other things were not quite the same as they had been twenty-four hours before. Looking at them, you had the feeling that they knew, too, how the world had changed.

People in other countries must have noticed this too. The idea of war is so big, so brutal, that it alters the color and shape even of familiar things.

It seemed rather futile and ridiculous to go down to the broadcasting studios, rehearse as usual for an hour, then broadcast the daily fifteen minutes of our serial. Once that radio serial had been so important! My own role in it—the part of Kitty Mervin—had been almost a second personality for me; sometimes I wasn't sure whether it was I, Linda Shain, walking down San Francisco's streets, or Kitty Mervin. But today it was almost a relief when they told me at the studio the broadcast had been cancelled because the President was going to speak to Congress.

I listened to him, trying hard to believe all this was really happening. I wished noon would come soon, so I could meet Tim as usual for lunch. I needed him today—needed him badly.

Tim Lyon! I used to say his name over and over to myself. It meant so many things: six feet of muscular body, hands that were long-fingered and clean, etched across their backs with silky black hairs, an arrangement of wide mouth and straight nose and blue eyes and heavy black brows and hair that for some reason was better than that possessed by any other man I'd ever seen.

And Tim Lyon meant more. He meant companionship, mixed with excitement—the companionship of hours spent talking at a restaurant table or walking along the beach near the Cliff House or dancing at cocktail time at the Top o' the Mark. The excitement of moments when our hands touched unexpectedly or our eyes exchanged a message too intimate for words. The excitement—sometimes—or a quarrel violent as a summer storm, as quickly and beautifully over. The excitement of being in love.

We hadn't talked about being married yet. Somehow, it seemed like tempting fate, when we had known each other only one short month. But I knew, and Tim knew, we would not wait long. Every day it was harder to live apart, meeting only at noon, in the evenings, in whatever odd hours Tim could spare from his three sponsored news broadcasts a day and from the constant attendance on the clicking teletypes which brought him the material for them.

Not that he was merely a broadcaster of the news. He interpreted it as well. Somehow, when you listened to Tim Lyon, you came away from the radio knowing a little more of the why of the day's events than you had before. For instance, from the very first he had been telling people to distrust the Japanese peace mission: so much that he had been accused of war-mongering. War-mongering! If people had only believed him!

But there was certainly nothing triumphant, nothing of "I told you so," in his manner when he met me a little after noon in the Tavern, where we always lunched. He looked tired and dispirited. I wondered if he had been up most of the night. We'd planned to meet the day before, but the news of the Pearl Harbor bombing had come through, and Tim had been needed at the studio.

"Hello, darling," he said in the deep, soft voice that, as much as his ability to interpret the news, made him so valuable to his sponsors. "Sorry I'm late—I almost didn't manage to get away at all."

"That's all right."

He folded his long body into the side of the booth opposite me and frowned up at the loudspeaker perched above us, near the ceiling. It was afternoon in Washington, and the vote on war was being taken.

"I wish they'd turn that thing off," he said irritably. "There ought to be some place you could get away from it." Frowning, he picked up the menu. "What're you going to eat?"

"I don't know. I'm not very hungry." I'd never seen him like this—out of sorts, moody. But I couldn't blame him. Events were enough to make anyone feel blue.
"Good bye, Linda," he whispered. Far away, over the moonlit city, the All Clear signal sounded.

"Neither am I." The waitress came up and he ordered a sandwich and coffee. Principally because it saved time and energy, I asked for the same. Tim leaned back in the booth, not looking at me but at a point somewhere behind and beyond my left shoulder. I had the uneasy feeling that he hadn't really come into the Tavern at all, but was still back there in the newsroom of the studio, leaning over the teletype machine, avid for each bit of news. I was wrong. His mind wasn't there at all.

Saying little, we had finished the sandwiches before Tim showed me his thoughts. He said abruptly, "I've been wondering, Linda. Yesterday, when the news first came through, and last night and today... What are we waiting for? Why don't we get married—soon?"

Married! My heart jumped, once, at the word. Then I realized where we were, what the day was, how Tim had said he'd been wondering ever since yesterday—and I looked at him dumbly, unable to answer.

"Of course we haven't known each other long," he admitted, "but—well, I've loved you from the minute I saw you."

"Yes," I said faintly. "And I've loved you." But still a question was between us
Tim answered it. "This war changes everything. There isn't time now to think, and plan. They'll be drafting everyone soon. And then it will be too late to get married."

He spoke the words simply, but they rang in my ears with a terrible sound of urgency. Too late—too late for the hours of happiness we might have had!

**JUST then, war for me stopped being a matter that was dreadful but still remote. It entered my life. It threatened my man.**

"Oh, yes!" I said. "Yes, Tim! I couldn't stand it if—you had to go, and we'd never had any life together!"

"Dearest!" he said huskily, relievedly. "It won't be the kind of wedding you deserve. I won't be able to get away for a real honey-moon—only a week-end."

"As if that mattered!" I laughed. "As far as that goes, I don't suppose I could either."

Ever so little, his face changed. "Well, that's another thing," he said thoughtfully. "What do you think about giving up your radio work?"

"Give up my— But why should I?"

"I'm making enough for both of us and—well, there's no sense in blinding ourselves. I'm more likely to be drafted if my wife's self-supporting. That is—" he fumbled for words—"it probably wouldn't make any real difference, since after all you're capable of supporting yourself, but I don't see why we should stick our necks out."

"Oh," I said. "No. . . I suppose not."

I pulled open my handbag, reached inside for lipstick and compact, doing anything to keep busy, to avoid having to look at his face. I was afraid of what I might see in it. I mustn't be foolish, I told myself, I mustn't open the gates of my mind to the doubts that were hammering there.

"What's the matter?" Tim said sharply. "You're not thinking I want to hurry and get married just to—"

"No, of course not," I answered hurriedly.

"You do think that! My God," he said angrily, "do I seem that despicable to you? Of course I don't want to be drafted—who would? And I'll admit that if having you dependent on me would make any difference I'd be glad of the advantage—"

"Tim!" I cried. "Don't say that! Don't admit it!"

But there was no stopping him now. He rushed on, "Don't go romantic on me! Would you like a hero on a white charger, dashing off to the wars? . . . The situation's simple enough: we wanted to be married anyhow, and because the war's come along we get married a little sooner. It probably won't make a spoonful of difference to the Draft Board whether I'm married or not, or whether you're working or not—but if it does, I say fine and dandy—that's all!"

I was stuffing things back into my bag, pulling on my gloves. "I've got to go, Tim," I said. "I can't—I can't go on talking to you now. Please—"

We'd quarreled before, but not like this. Our quarrels had been healthy, exhilarating, the product of our love as much as anything else. Even in the midst of them I had respected him, and had known that when they were over reconciliation would be all the sweeter. But there was something horrid and forced about his anger today. I had the feeling it wasn't real, that he was shouting to drown out some inner voice with words. I kept on saying something very different.

"I'll call you tonight," I said, and hurried from the restaurant.

But I didn't, because that night we had our first blackout.

Jane had come home late, and it was after seven o'clock by the time we had finished dinner. Jane—plump, good-natured, outspoken—worked for the network too. She was secretary to the program director for the San Francisco area, and it was through her I got my first chance to act in front of a microphone. We'd shared an apartment for two years, and I loved her for the loyalty she hid behind a mask of cynical tolerance.

Over coffee, she said shrewdly, "What's cookin', Linda? You're about as cheerful as rain on a tin roof. War got you down?"

"In a way," I admitted. "Tim asked me to marry him today."

"I'd have said that's what you wanted."

"I did. I—do. Only—I'm afraid he asked me hoping it would help him get out of the draft."

Jane poured out another cup of coffee before answering. She didn't seem shocked, only thoughtful. "That's quite a thing to think about a guy," she said finally. "And anyway, I doubt it. Getting married as late as this isn't going to keep anyone from being drafted. Tim's smart enough to know that. Besides, you're self-supporting."

"He wants me to give up my work. That's what first gave me the idea about—about him trying to evade the draft. And when I asked him, he as much as admitted that was why he wanted me to quit working."

Jane pursed her lips and shrugged.

"Well, why not? Nobody likes to be shot at."

"Jane—don't!" The anguish conjured up by the picture of Tim under fire, struck by a bullet, falling to the ground, was in my voice.

"That's what war is," she reminded me. "I expect Tim's thought of it in that connection, rather than as flags waving and bands playing."

"But he's so ashamed of himself, Jane! If you could have heard him protesting—trying to justify himself! It was—shameful."

"You have got yourself into a state," Jane said as she got up and began to clear the table. "Me, I'd marry him and worry about the draft when it happens."

It was while we were doing the dishes that the air-raid alarm and blackout came.

The radio was on, and we heard music break off suddenly and an announcer come on to explain hurriedly that all radio stations had been ordered off the air, that we were to turn out all lights, stay off the streets, and remain calm. Then there was silence, except for the wail of sirens and the far-off hum of airplanes. Ours? Or theirs?

In the darkness, Jane and I stood at the window and watched. That was the wrong thing to do, we found out later, but we didn't know it then. The blackout was far from complete. Pleasure cars ground up and down the hill, past the window, and lights still showed in other apartments and across the Bay, on the Piedmont hills. But enough of them had been turned off to make the scene weird and terrifying.

**WHILE Jane and I watched in silence, helpless, raging fury rose in me against the power-crazed men who subjected a great city and its citizens to this humiliation. And after a while I had proof that Jane felt the same way. Perhaps without realizing that she was speaking aloud, she was muttering:**

"Those dirty, sneaking little yellow fiends! I'd like to get my hands on one of them, just once!"

She said more, some of it not language proper for a lady. It was strange to hear Jane, usually so easy-going and off-hand, really angry. I don't think either of us had room in our minds, just then, to be afraid.

Nothing happened, of course, but somehow I did not feel like calling Tim that night. I woke up the next morning in a calmer mood. With the brilliant morning sunlight streaming in on me at breakfast, I reflected that perhaps I had been mistaken about Tim. It must be as he'd said—the war was continued on page 80
Vic and Sade

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Now see in attractive photographs the delightful down-to-earth people who live "halfway down in the next block"—motherly Sade, gruffly tender Vic, unpredictable Rush and absent-minded Uncle Fletcher

For more than nine years the lives of many listeners have been made happier by events in the home of the Gooks—Vic, Sade and Rush. The Gooks' residence, that little house halfway down in the next block, is a six-room frame dwelling with front and rear porches and furnished with the usual things to be found in any middle-class American home. You can visit the Gooks and share with them their many hilarious, vexing and human misadventures almost any weekday afternoon at 1:30 on CBS or at 3:45 (both times are E.S.T.) on NBC-Red. Written by Paul Rhymer, the broadcasts are sponsored on the air by the makers of Crisco.
SADIE GOOK, practical, terse, maternal "Sade" combines a certain lecturing toughness toward her family with an inner nature which is really as timid as a rabbit. Sade is a fine mother to Rush, but she also has to be a "Mother" to Vic, who is often twice as childish as their son. Sade is President of the town Thimble Club, a position that causes her a mixed amount of joy and anguish. Sade's best friend is "Ruthie," Mrs. Frederick Stembottom, her next-door neighbor. She and Ruthie are constantly on the telephone, Sade trying to make herself heard above the din created by Vic and Rush. Sade wishes Rush would study a little harder at school and that Vic wouldn't do such "darn fool" things, but she loves them very deeply. Without Sade, life at the Gooks' might be a deal more complicated and not half so much fun.

(Played by Bernardine Flynn)
VICTOR GOOK, whom you all know as "Vic," is a delightful, amazing, wholly down-to-earth fellow with the wonderful quality of always being able to say and do the things that create small town trouble. Vic is more like an over-grown boy than a man, but now and then he shows amazing shrewdness and wit. He is a pal as well as a father to his son, Rush. If a building is being torn down or cleaned, Vic can always find an excuse to skip work and somehow manages to collaborate with Rush's skipping school to help him watch. Vic is full of the milk of human kindness and his desire to help the town's unfortunates often gets him into worse situations than those he is trying to help. In such cases, Vic becomes so confused that Sade is forced to come to his rescue. If more people were like Vic, this world would be a much nicer and happier place.

(Played by Art Van Harvey)
RUSH GOOK, son of Vic and Sade, like most boys his age, gets into trouble with the greatest of ease, doesn't like to study and can never find his pants, socks or underwear. His pals are dubious young gentlemen named Bluetooth Johnson and Vernon Peggies. Rush is not a bad boy, but he is sometimes slow when it comes to taking direction from his parents and would rather be idle than anything else. He loves his mother and father, but is more inclined to pick up some of Vic's annoying habits than his good ones. A favorite pastime of Rush's is to sneak into the Bijou Theater and catch such sterling feature pictures as Gloria Golden in "You're The Cow-Puncher of My Dreams, Foreman Hastings." Next to going to the movies, Rush likes to play rummy with Vic and Uncle Fletcher. As each year goes by, Rush gets wiser, which amazes him greatly.

(Played by Billy Idelson)
UNCLE FLETCHER, getting on in years, is delightfully and exasperatingly absent minded. He's continually gumming up the works at the Gook household while trying to be helpful. One of Uncle Fletcher's most exasperating habits is finding distractions for Vic and Rush that get them into trouble with Sade. Then, in his attempt to get them out of trouble, he always talks them into much more grief. Uncle Fletcher is chock-full of homely philosophy and can never make a point without telling eight or nine stories to illustrate it. But Uncle is a good-natured, fun loving, very kind old man, who likes to see people enjoy themselves and has never really grown up. Sometimes he is a bit annoying to the Gooks, particularly Sade, but all of them love him very much and would feel hurt and lonely if a day went by and they didn't see his lively face.

(Played by Clarence Hartzell)
THE STORY OF

Mary Marlin

IT was a note—a few words written on a scrap of paper, dropped from Joe Marlin's pocket—that first told Mary Marlin her husband was carrying on a secret intrigue with another woman. At first she could hardly believe it. Perhaps years of marriage had accustomed her to the thought that she and Joe could never be separated. But when she asked Joe, he admitted that he was in love with Sally Gibbons, the pretty young secretary he and his partner, David Post, employed in their law office; and that he wanted Mary to give him a divorce. What he did not tell her was that he would never have asked for a separation except that Sally had just informed him she was to become the mother of his child.

Stunned at the sudden collapse of her world, Mary at first agreed to go through with the divorce. On the advice of David Post, who besides being Joe's partner was the Marlins' best friend, however, she decided to wait six months, hoping that time would show Joe what a mistake he was making. Rather than stay in Cedar Springs, where she would be thrown into daily contact with Joe, Mary left for New York, where she met an old school friend, Henriette Dorne. Henriette, now a fashionable dressmaker, took Mary under her professional wing with the result that when she returned to Cedar Springs she was much more beautiful than when she had left. Joe, on the other hand, had grown weary and disillusioned. On a walk they took through the woods on a spring day, he hinted that things hadn't gone well for him financially, but of Sally Gibbons he said not a word. A few weeks later Mary was shocked to learn that he had fled from Cedar Springs, unable to stay any longer in a place that had seen him bring ruin upon his own life.

ALL through that summer, that fall and early winter, a withered spray of arbutus lay at the bottom of Mary Marlin's handkerchief-box, untouched but never forgotten. Like a memory.

The gilt lettering on the windows of the office facing the Town Square in Cedar Springs remained the same: "Post and Marlin, Attorneys at Law"—as bright and brave as it had been that long-ago day, one year after Joe and Mary were married, when David Post made Joe Marlin his partner in the firm. David would not change it now. "He'll come back one of these days," he assured Mary. "I know he will." Joe had not been quite alone when he left Cedar Springs, they had discovered. With him had gone a reporter on the local Times, an odd and unconventional man whose only known name was Jonathan—"Just Jonathan," he always said. "They're probably in New York," was David's opinion. "Jonathan's
Once her faith in her husband's love had been shattered, could she ever regain it? At first Mary had thought she could, but memories of past heartaches rose bitter and clear to mock her hope.

badly. And I—I let him see how the idea shocked me, so he veered away from the subject and didn't refer to it again. I didn't know—but I should have realized!"

"Don't blame yourself, Mary," David said for perhaps the twentieth time. "It wasn't only money. It couldn't have been. It was that girl, too—Sally Gibbons. He found out, at last, what a mistake he'd made in leaving you for her. It was such a terrible mistake he couldn't bear to stay here where he'd be faced with it every day, every minute."

Mary sighed, deeply. "And there again—if I'd only been a little kinder, perhaps—"

But she knew, as well as David, how futile all might-have-beens were now.

She found it impossible, after a time, to stay quietly in Cedar Springs, so she closed the house and returned to New York, to Henriette Dorne's penthouse apartment where she was always welcome and where life at least was full of activity, people, talk. And where, if David's guess was right, she might meet Joe around the next corner.

It was not around any corner that she met him, at last, but on the front page of every newspaper. A woman named Grace Thompson was accused of having shot and killed her lover, and Joe Marlin was her attorney.

Mary watched the progress of the trial with eager attention, buying all the papers and reading avidly every line that each printed; but this, after a few days, was not enough, and she crept into the courtroom, sitting far back where she could see, but not be seen. And her first glimpse of Joe, rising to address the jury, was like an electric shock. This was not the defeated, weary man she had pitied when they last met in Cedar Springs and had gone on pitying ever since. This was a valiant warrior, battling against tremendous odds for some-
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All through that summer, that tall and early winter, a withered spray of arbutus lay at the bottom of Mary Marlin's hankerschief-box, untouched but never forgotten. Like a memory.

The gift lettering on the windows of the office facing the Town Square in Cedar Springs remained the same: "Post and Marlin, Attorneys at Law"—as bright and brave as it had been that long-age day, one year after Joe and Mary were married, when David Post made Joe smile, "I wouldn't change it now, 'twould come back one of these days," he assured Mary. "I know he will."

Joe had not been quite alone when he left Cedar Springs, nor had discovered. With him had gone a reporter on the local Times, an odd and unconventional man whom only known name was Jonathan. "Just Jonathan," he always said, "'They're probably in New York," was David's opinion. "Jonathan"

Once her faith in her husband's love had been shattered, could she ever regain it? At first Mary had thought she could, but memories of past heartaches rose bitter and clear to mock her hope.

The sort of fellow who would head for the biggest city in existence. And I think Joe was in the mood to follow anyone who would lead him.

The nails of Mary's fingers bit into the palms of her hands as she sat, "I can't stop remembering—" that day, just after I came back from Cedar Springs. We drove out into the country, and walked a while. If I'd only been kinder! He was discouraged and sick at heart then—spoke of selling the house because he needed money so badly. And I—I let him see how the idea shocked me, so he veered away from the subject and didn't refer to it again. I didn't know—but I should have realized—"

"Don't blame yourself, Mary," David said for the perhaps twentieth time. "It wasn't only money. There couldn't have been. It was that girl, too—Sally Gibbons. He found out, at last, what a mistake he'd made in leaving you for her. It was such a terrible mistake he couldn't bear to stay here where he'd be face to face with her every day, every minute."

Mary sighed, deeply. "And there again—if I'd only been a little kinder, perhaps—"

But she knew, as well as David, how few of all might-have-beens were now.

She found it impossible, after a time, to stay quietly in Cedar Springs, so she closed the house and returned to New York, to Henriette Dorne's penthouse apartment where she was always welcome and where life at least was full of activity, people, talk. And where, if David's guess was right, she might meet Joe around the next corner.

It was not around any corner that she met him, last, but on the front page of every newspaper. A woman named Grace Thompson was accused of having shot and killed her lover, and Joe Marlin was her attorney.

Mary watched the progress of the trial with eager attention, buying all the papers and reading avidly that each Perry book the way she did this, after a few days, was not enough, and she crept into the courtroom, sitting far back where she could see, but not be seen. And her first glimpse of Joe, rising to address the jury, was an electric shock. This was not the defeated, weary man he had pitted when they last met in Cedar Springs and had gone on pitting ever since. This was a valiant warrior, battling against tremendous odds for something in which he believed—fighting with all his brain and energy and whole-hearted vigourful delight.

By the time the trial was over—by the time Joe's subtle, brilliant defense had secured the almost incredible verdict of 'Not Guilty'—
pride was surging uncontrollably in Mary's breast. It was not only pride that Joe had won his case, but a deep exultation that, beaten as he had been, he could have risen so startlingly, so dramatically and triumphantly. Nor was she alone in this emotion, she learned when David Post came unexpectedly from Cedar Springs for the last day of the trial. "There wasn't any sense in my coming," he admitted sheepishly. "I just couldn't stay away. I'm so proud of Joe—whether he wins the case or not—I had to hop on the train or burst."

HAVE you seen him?" she asked quickly.

"No. I just got into town. I'll wait until the trial is over."

Together she and David listened to Joe's last impassioned summimg—up; together waited through the anxious, empty hours while the jury deliberated. When it was over, David turned to her, almost shouting to make himself heard above the babble of voices in the courtroom.

"Come with me," he begged, "to see Joe."

Half laughing, half crying, Mary said, "Oh, no! I mean—I'd—I'd like to, but—Suppose he doesn't want to see me!"

"He will," David said, and for a moment it seemed to Mary that a shadow fell on his fine eyes—a shadow so fleeting that she was sure, later, she had been mistaken.

By the time they had fought their way through the crowds Joe had left the bar; a bailiff told them they could find him in an anteroom. At the entrance Mary held back. "No—please. You go first, David."

David pressed her hand silently and went into the room. He was gone only a few minutes, and when he came back he was smiling broadly. He motioned Mary past him, through the door.

"Mary!" She had time to realize that there was surprise in his voice as well as joy; so David had not told him who was outside! Then she stopped, aware of a tall, dark woman, expensively and smartly dressed, standing across the room.

Joe did not kiss her, but his hand was warm and firm over hers. "Mary," he said, "this is Mrs. Underwood. Mrs. Underwood, my... my wife."

"How do you do, Mrs. Marlin?" Mrs. Underwood said. Her voice was low yet clear, the voice of a woman who was utterly sure of herself. She gave Mary one swift, coolly appraising glance, then turned to Joe. "I must go now, Mr. Marlin. I really had no right to bother you just now, but I had to tell you how deeply impressed I was with your defense. And you will come to see me very soon, won't you?"

"I'd be delighted—and honored," Joe said. He went with her to the door, and Mary was conscious once again of admiration at the ease and confidence which he wore like a new and perfectly fitting garment. Yet their meeting, even when he closed the door and returned to her, was curiously different. They were both too sure of their emotions to do anything but exchange guarded remarks.

He wanted to return to Cedar Springs, he told her, and in that statement she read many things: among them that this successful defense of Grace Thompson had been Joe's way of buying back his self-respect and the respect of his community, that he was ready now to begin life again. But to begin life with her? That she could not tell.

In her own mind there was no longer any doubt. Her love for Joe Marlin had been bitterly hurt. For months it had lain on the point of death. But it had not died. It was too strong to die.

It was several days before Joe was ready to leave for Cedar Springs, and one night he took her, alone, to a quiet restaurant where they talked for hours. Slowly, they were able to shed the feeling of strangeness that had made communication so difficult in the courtroom antechamber. He told her about Eve Underwood.

"I'd never seen her in my life until she walked in and congratulated me on the case—that is, I'd never talked to her. I'd noticed her in the courtroom every day."

Yes, Mary agreed, Eve Underwood was the sort of woman whom the eye would single out in the most crowded room.

"She's the Mrs. Underwood," Joe went on. "You—your father was a Senator, and she's lived part of the time in Washington. And, just from hearing me in court, she wants to help me politically. She—" Joe smiled broadly, delightedly, like a boy revealing a wonderful secret—"she wants me to go back to Cedar Springs and run for Senator from Iowa!"

"And you're going to do it? Joe—" I'm so glad!" He nodded, and Mary went on, "Do you remember how we used to talk about political career for you?"

"Don't think I've forgotten! 'When the time is right,' we used to say."

His eyes lost their eager light. She saw his thoughts traveling backward, visiting all those lost, misguided months. "Don't, Joe," she said. "Don't think about it. The time is right, now. David says you simply can't know how famous this case has made you back home."

"Back home... " he murmured, and then, almost to himself, "If I could be known as done as much for me with you—"

It was almost an open plea for her forgiveness—and yet, unexpectedly, she found herself unable to answer it. Not doubt of her own love for Joe, but a lingering doubt of his for her, kept her silent. They parted, like friends, in the lobby of Henriette's apartment house.

The next few days offered no opportunity for another talk with Joe. He and David and Jonathan left for Cedar Springs, and as soon as she could, Mary followed them. Then there was the activity of re-opening the house on Main Street, with Annie's help, and the inevitable readjustment, after New York, of growing accustomed to quiet streets and to buildings which hugged the earth instead of aspiring toward the sky.

Except for the fact that Joe was living in an apartment with Jonathan, instead of in the Main Street house with her, it was almost as it had been before that glorious day when Mary learned of his infidelity. Soon, she felt, he would return to her. . . .

Until the afternoon, a few days after her return to Cedar Springs, when she went to Joe's office and, waiting in the Continued on page 61
She saw suspicion in his eyes and thought—can you love someone in one breath and hate him the next? If only he could read a mother's heart!

I had known anguish of spirit. I had known the almost physical pain of being torn between two human beings, of having my heart divided as if a knife had sliced it through. Yet I had gone on, pretending that the hurt was not there. What else could a woman do who deeply loved her husband and at the same time feared and resented him? Could you love someone in one breath and—and almost hate him, in the next? Yet I could—and I did. For Arnold, my husband, who had brought me such ecstasy, had put heartbreak into my life.

Now I could no longer pretend. For it wasn't only myself, it was Derek too, our twelve-year-old son, who had been drawn into the dangerous whirlpool of our emotional unhappiness. As I sat listening to Derek bare his heart to a stranger, his voice shrill with intensity, I wondered that Arnold and I had gone on so long with such a gulf between us.

Derek and I were sitting in an office high above the busy city street. It was a bright office, restful and inviting of confidences, with softly-colored drapes at the windows and quiet pictures on the wall. It reflected the personality of the owner who sat quietly listening, his eyes, curious, friendly, first on Derek, then on me. "You've got to find him, Mr. Keen," Derek was saying. "They told me you can find anybody who is lost and you've just got to find Lance."

"Just when did your friend, Lance McCrae, disappear?" Mr. Keen asked.

"Six weeks ago, just before my birthday. And I know something bad happened to him because he—"
Involuntarily, I braced myself as Derek got up, his little figure straight and taut. I could see him struggling to hold back the tears. Man-like, he thrust out a small, brown hand and Mr. Keen shook it gravely. Then Derek turned and marched out.

Through a mist that was filmng my eyes, I could see Mr. Keen toy with a paper knife on his desk. Then he looked straight at me.

"There’s more to this than your son knows or guesses, isn’t there, Mrs. Ford?" he asked.

“Yes, a great deal more." I kept the words steady.

"Does your husband know you’ve come to me?"

"Oh no," I answered so quickly that my fright must have been obvious. "It was just that—that I knew Arnold and you were acquainted and—" My words trailed off into another embarrassed silence.

"I think perhaps," Mr. Keen said, so quietly that I was able to look up into his face, "you should begin at the beginning and tell me the whole thing. It might not only help find Lance for Derek, but it might help you and Arnold too."

Would it? Would anything help? Yet if I weren’t still hoping, why had I come to this famous tracer of lost persons? I had heard from Arnold how Mr. Keen had located missing people from all over the earth and now I was asking him to bring back Lance. But did I want Lance to come back?

Suddenly I was telling Mr. Keen the whole story—the thing I had never told a living soul...

I had been in love with Arnold Ford when I married him, a quiet, friendly, happy love that had soon deepened and flowered into a passionate fondness for him. He had been almost pitifully grateful at first for my liking of him and then, when he realized that it was more than liking, he became an ardent suitor I found irresistible.

Our love had been such a perfect marriage.

Arnold and I loved the same things—the Revolutionary farmhouse in Connecticut where we lived, our circle of friends, the tiny town where everyone shared civic duties so that it seemed more like a large family than a town.

Arnold was a fine man. He had great strength of character and it was known to all who dealt with him that Arnold Ford’s word was as good as his bond. But there was in his dependability a hard, unyielding quality that seldom came to the surface but which I could sense even though I had never had to test it.

It came, I knew, from his childhood. His mother died at birth and Arnold grew up with a father who turned to liquor to forget the loss of the wife he adored. The little boy was shunted from relative to relative for his father would disappear for days at a time. Finally, one night he didn’t come back. A motorist driving home late found his body by the roadside. How Arnold weathered such an upbringing to become the man he did I shall never know. But he grew up honest and decent, he managed to get a good education for himself, and after college he went into the construction business where he was very successful. It was soon after the death of Arnold’s great aunt with whom he lived that I met him.

I was twenty-three and I had come to the construction company that same year as a secretary. From the first something in the well built, rugged man who headed the company attracted me. There was a sadness in his strength that was very appealing. It was as if he had missed all the laughter and gayety of life. Once, I remember, on a rainy day a group of the secretaries and clerks had lunch together in the office—sandwiches and soft drinks sent up from the drugstore. We were a gay group, and a noisy one. Suddenly I was aware of Mr. Ford watching from the doorway, a look of such ineffable loneliness on his face that my heart was touched. On a foolish impulse, I asked him to join us. He refused, of course, but with a startlingly sweet smile. And he never forgot it. He told me afterwards it was the first time in years anybody had seen him as a man instead of an efficient boss.

After that, he singled me out. Soon he began taking me to dinner, and I discovered, as his reserve broke down, that we had many things in common. Three months after our first date he asked me to marry him. And I said “Yes” with all the awakened burgeoning of a woman’s love, bringing him the full cup of trust and respect and devotion.

They were wonderful, the first
years of our marriage, highly charged with romance that seemed to grow and increase as Arnold found himself, rather than flaming high and dying quickly out as so many other marriages do. I knew that except for business I filled his life. Sometimes I noticed a rigidity in him on certain questions, but I came to depend on this strength to curb my own over-impulsiveness, my prodigality of emotion.

When we learned we were to have a child, my cup seemed to overflow. A baby of our own, to shower love on, to welcome as a tangible outgrowth of our feeling for each other! We made so many plans for it.

"It must be brought up strong and brave," Arnold would say. And I agreed. I thought Arnold was right—because then I could not dream of how we would come to see with such different eyes.

Maybe if Derek had gone into childhood healthy and strong we would never have known our heartbreak. But the small, warm bundle that was placed in my arms was to know many months of sickness when it seemed that not even all the love and pride and joy I lavished on him would bring him through. With a mother's fierce instinct, I sensed that anything less than complete devotion would lose this son of ours and so I would allow no one else to care for Derek, even when it meant nightly vigils that lasted until dawn's cold gray warmed into the soft rose of the sunrise.

I didn't realize at first what the strain and worry were doing to Arnold, but as Derek passed his first birthday and we could see the first real promise that he might soon be well and strong, I could no longer overlook Arnold's attitude. It was as if the more I had shielded and protected and caressed Derek, the more Arnold had held himself back. And when he explained to me, faltering, with an almost tragic expression, how he feared that the early need to nurse my son into health would become a habit with me and Derek would grow up to be the weakling Arnold's father was, I pitied Arnold and sympathized.

But as Derek grew older and had passed forever the days of illness, it grew worse. For Arnold could not rid himself of his obsession. Playing with his son, I could see him reject his instinctive urge to be gentle, to shower on Derek all of a father's love. He was fair to Derek in the matter of reward and punishment, but he never completely gave of himself. At times he

His arms went around me and his lips came down to mine. They were urgent, seeking. For a moment I stood still, then gently I pushed him away.
even seemed cold and unapproachable, as if he feared any show of real emotion would make the child soft.

At first I tried to talk to Arnold, to reason with him. But our talks turned to arguments, sometimes bitter discussions that did no good but only seemed to convince Arnold that he was right.

"You'd make a mollycoddle of him, Janet," he said.

Would I? It was a rather lonely life at best for Derek. He went to school in town and he had friends, good friends his own age to play with there. But his happy hours in school only served to sharpen the contrast with those hours when his father was home. He was missing entirely that fine thing that can grow between father and son.

It was a small thing, but very real, that showed me so clearly how it stood with Arnold and Derek. We had gone shopping and I sent Arnold and Derek on ahead to another store while I finished my grocery list. I watched after them as they went off down the street. Derek reached up instinctively to take his father's hand, and Arnold—at what cost of inner struggle I'd never know—refused the boy's hand because he thought Derek should be more self-reliant. So there strode Arnold with little Derek a few paces behind, struggling to keep up.

That was when I felt my heart was divided by a knife. How I pitied Arnold and yet, in that moment, almost hated him, too. What would become of Derek? Would he grow up warped and distorted in character because of this frustration Arnold was building up in him? And what would become of me, with this hatred grievance against the man who was my husband? How many anguished questions I asked myself that sleepless night after we had returned from the village!

I asked myself even more, when I met Lance McCrae.

I SAW Lance for the first time the day he brought Derek home, wet, muddy, and trying hard not to be scared. Playing alone in the woods, he had fallen into a dangerously boggy piece of land and was struggling to extricate himself when Lance heard his cries and pulled him out.

I quickly found the child wasn't really hurt, and over hot milk, in front of the fireplace, I had an opportunity to thank his rescuer and get acquainted with him.

From that first meeting, there was something exciting about Lance McCrae. He was about thirty, I reckoned, tall, sinewy, with deeply shadowed gray eyes and a face marked by thinly etched lines as if, in spite of his youth, he had known suffering or pain. There was an air of mystery and adventure about him, as if those eyes which looked so directly into yours masked something behind them. Perhaps it was the unconventional life he led. With the small indemnity for his injured leg, he had built a shack in the woods by his own labor. There, alone except for some books, his gun, and his fishing rods, he lived like a hermit—fulfilling his simple needs by his own efforts and apparently needing nothing of the world to complete his happiness. He told tales of the sea and the far places he had seen as a sailor, as we sat there, and I found myself as enthralled as my young son.

Derek was already gazing at him with the adoring eyes of hero-worship when he left, and when he asked the boy to come hunting with him the next day, Derek's joy knew no bounds.

From then on, things were different. Those two spent hours together tramping the woods, fishing, talking. On rainy days they puttered in our basement, building things, or talking. Lance was good for Derek. He persuaded him to join the Boy Scouts. He worked to get him to curb the uncontrollable fits of temper that I had seen growing and was unable to cope with myself. But more than anything, he offered companionship and friendship to a lonely and bewildered little boy.

As I watched them together, I had strange thoughts. "What a fine father Lance would make. If only Arnold were like that!" Those were the thoughts I had. He spent more and more afternoons at our house, and I found myself awaiting his visits almost as eagerly as Derek. It was as if the sense of mystery and adventure brought a touch-of romance into my own rather staid life, and brightened it.

Arnold, of course, did not approve of him. He met Lance on a few occasions when he came home from the office early, and he was no more than formally polite to him.

"I can't understand why you allow Derek to spend so much time with that 'wastrel,'" he said to me one night. "The man is no more than an itinerant loafer, living out there in the woods as he does.

"He's far, far more than that!" I cried heatedly. "He lives that way because he has no money. But he owes nobody anything. And he's good for Derek. Look at the way the boy has changed in the few months he's known him!"

"Yes, he's changed until all he can think of is Lance McCrae. It's 'Lance this' and 'Lance that' from morning until night, till I'm sick of the fellow's name. What do you know about him anyway? Nothing! He might be a thief, a gangster—anything. I don't like it, Janet!"

My resentment burst its bonds. Was Arnold to ruin this, too, this one thing that had enriched my child's life? "You don't like it because you've never made any effort to understand Derek, and Lance has enough about him. I know he's fine and decent and honorable. I know him just by looking at him, by being with him!"

Arnold glanced at me strangely. When he spoke again, his voice held a new note. "Aren't you defending him rather strenuously, Janet? The man certainly means nothing to you, does he?"

I flushed. I was suddenly aware of the vagrant feelings I myself had for Lance, and that awareness made me, somehow, guilty. "I—I don't know what you mean. I have no more interest in Lance than as a good friend for our son."

But the words sounded lame. Arnold's face closed tight, and I could not tell what he was thinking. But after that I noticed that he sometimes came home earlier than usual, once even in the middle of an afternoon he knew that Lance would be there, on the excuse he had forgotten some important papers. He seemed to watch me, too—covertly, as if he Continued on page 66
"We're going to be married," he said. But Betty Winkler looked at the young man with his arms full of roses and shook her head. This was no time for a wedding!

**"THE MAN I Married"**

Betty Winkler is the star of The Man I Married, on CBS—the man she married in real life is Robert Jennings, handsome radio executive.

FLROM where the young actress stood, in an NBC office high in the Merchandise Mart, she could see the winding, muddy Chicago river. She could see the lake front and a windswept Michigan Boulevard, which seemed to stretch endlessly. Behind her, pacing up and down in the office, a radio director was talking about a new show.

The girl’s eyes, which were a deep, warm brown in a lovely, oval face, turned away from the window and she looked at the director and tried to concentrate on what he was saying. But she kept thinking about the city. I’ve been here a long time, she thought, it’s a nice city, but maybe I’ve been here too long. Maybe I ought to try it someplace else. She knew where she wanted to go. New York. All her life she had wanted to go to New York.

"Listen, Betty," the radio director was saying, "I know you can do the part. I don’t think any actress in town could do it better, but," he paused, "well, this fellow Jennings, he’s very particular and I want you to do a good job for him."

"Jennings?" Betty Winkler said, listlessly. "Oh, yes, Jennings. What is he like?"

"He’s a vice-president at the Kastor Agency," the director said. "Quite important. He knows radio acting and he knows what he wants."

"I see," Betty said, half listening. "Well, I’ll do my best."

The next day, while dressing to go in for the audition, she wondered about Jennings. He’s probably, she thought, a round, funny, fussy little man. She pictured him with a cigar in his mouth, which tilted out over a fat tummy and she saw a vest, covered with ashes. That’s probably Jennings, she thought. I'd like to get on his show, but I’d rather go to New York.

The show the Kastor Agency was auditioning was "The Golden Theater." Bert Lytell had flown in from New York to play the male lead. There were fourteen other actresses also trying for the part. Betty went into the studio. There were, as always, several men in the control room waiting to listen to the audition. Betty read. When it was over, she wasn’t quite sure how she had been. She put on her coat and started for the door.

"You did that part beautifully, Miss. Continued on page 46"
Lovely

A beautiful melody, sung by a handsome tenor on his own program—Hear this lilting new hit featured by Lanny Ross on his night time CBS musical broadcasts

Words by ED LANE

Music by BEN SELVIN

Based on the theme from Boris Godounov

Copyright 1941, Associated Music Publishers, Inc.
You grow more LOVE-ly, Enchant-ingly
The more that you love me, the more I love you.

E-ter-nal-ly cling-ing in ev’ry kiss we share a thou-sand

Dre-mes come true and in my ev’ry prayer each word is

LOVE-ly You’re you.

APRIL, 1942
I KNOW that you have read many articles during these tense war-filled weeks about the enormous responsibilities that rest on the shoulders of women, and I'm pretty sure that many of them have emphasized the fact that one of the major responsibilities of every homemaker is to be more alert than ever before to provide nourishing meals for the members of her household. I'm proud and happy to know that here in Radio Mirror's Cooking Corner we have been helping you to do that in the past—your letters assure me that we have done so—and this month I want to continue that important work by telling you of new food products which will result in better and more varied—and more economical, too—meals for your family.

We might call them replacement foods, for one of them, margarine, can be used in place of butter and two are meat products to be served instead of the expensive meat items which are always the heaviest loads our budgets have to carry. Now don't, please, get the idea that these are substitute foods, recommended for use in the event of a food shortage. There isn't any real food shortage, you know, and there isn't going to be one as long as we all keep our heads and don't let ourselves be influenced by hysteria-born suggestions that we start hoarding. I'm telling you about these replacement foods for one reason only and that is that they are news—important news—from a nutritional and an economical standpoint.

Margarine itself isn't new, of course; it has been a standard commodity for years. What is new about this valuable vegetable product is that it has been further enriched by the addition of Vitamin A (that's the vitamin essential for healthy skin and for good vision, you remember) and that the saving between butter and margarine, at current prices, is about sixteen cents a pound—which is certainly worth thinking about very seriously. I like it especially for dessert and vegetable cookery and seasoning and once you have tried this month's margarine recipes I am sure you will agree with me that they can't be excelled.

**Vegetable and Shrimp Casserole**

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>onion</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>green pepper</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>basil, margarine</td>
<td>4 tsp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canned shrimp</td>
<td>1 can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canned tomatoes</td>
<td>1 can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>peas</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>salt and pepper to taste</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Slice onion and green pepper and sautée in margarine until tender but not brown. Combine with other ingredients and turn into casserole. Pour on one cup of liquid from peas and tomatoes (if there is any left be sure to save it for soup or gravy) and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 minutes. And here is an idea: Make this the basis of an oven dinner by serving with it tangerine and sweet potato casserole with chocolate gingerbread for dessert, using lettuce or cabbage for salad.

**Tangerine and Sweet Potato Casserole**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>sweet potatoes</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cup margarine</td>
<td>1 1/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cup sugar</td>
<td>1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cup water</td>
<td>1/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tangerines</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>salt and pepper to taste</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Boil potatoes with their jackets on (20 minutes), peel, slice and arrange in shallow baking dish (this is better if there is only one layer of potatoes). Heat margarine, sugar and water together until sugar is dissolved and pour over potatoes, with salt and pepper to taste. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 20 minutes, basting occasionally with syrup. Place tangerine sections on potatoes, baste with syrup and cook for 5 minutes more.

**ASK YOUR GROCER ABOUT**

Cream of potato and block bean soup—recent and delightful additions to a famous soup line.

Connected small white onions—no tears, no trouble; just heat and serve.

Dried onion, parsley and celery leaves—keep them on hand for last minute seasoning when there isn't time to prepare fresh ingredients.

Small containers of dried or powdered herbs or spices—basil is tops with onion tomato dish, savory for egg dishes. Sprinkle your roasts lightly with herbs before putting them into the oven—sage for pork, rosemary for beef, marjoram for lamb. And I like a faint dusting of mace on cauliflower.

Condensed pea soup and condensed beef consomme. They're not new, but heating them together is flavor news. Incidentally, try this combination plus cooked onions and cooked leftover meat for a super-delicious, hurry-up stew.
Chocolate Gingerbread

1 egg
1 cup New Orleans type molasses
1/2 cup melted margarine
2 cups flour
2 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup chocolate bits
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 cup hot water

Beat egg, stir in molasses and melted margarine. Add flour, ginger and salt and beat hard for 3 minutes. Fold in chocolate bits. Dissolve soda in hot water and beat in quickly. Bake in loaf pan at 375 degrees F, 25 to 30 minutes. This makes a soft gingerbread and is best served hot, either plain or with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Now for our meat replacements.
First, there's scrapple, that tasty blend of pork, cornmeal and spices for which Philadelphia was famous even before the days of Betsy Ross and the Liberty Bell. Now it comes in cans, so that you can have on hand at all times the makings of a fine substantial meal. To serve it as illustrated here, cut it into slices, roll in flour or cornmeal and brown on both sides. Serve with mashed potatoes—beaten until white and fluffy with margarine —and Brussels sprouts.
Our other meat dish is chip steak, paper thin slices of choice beef pressed together and frozen, as delicious as it is economical. These chip steaks take only a moment to cook—simply brown them in sufficient margarine to prevent sticking, first on one side then the other. My favorite way of serving them is with French fried potatoes and sliced or savory tomatoes.

Savory Tomatoes

1 can tomatoes (whole or pulp)
1 onion, chopped
1 tbl. minced green pepper
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1 tbl. minced parsley
2 tbls. margarine
1 tsp. dried basil
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Sauté onion, pepper, celery leaves and parsley in margarine until onion is tender. Add remaining ingredients and serve piping hot.

When the budget's low and it's steak you're craving, ask your butcher for chip steaks. They are more economical and take only a moment to cook—just fry in margarine.

Something new and good, too... It's tangerine and sweet potato casserole. It goes well with the vegetable and shrimp casserole and both can be baked in the oven at the same time.

You'll be on the alert if you know the recipe for this vegetable-shrimp casserole (left). A cabbage salad and a chocolate gingerbread for dessert complete the meal.
The Story

When Jim Jackson fell from a scaffold and injured his spine so severely he was unable to walk—perhaps for the rest of his life—it was Martha, his wife, who shouldered the task of supporting him, their daughter Lucy, and their adopted son Tommy. But Martha soon learned that money was not her greatest problem. It was easier to make both ends meet than it was to sustain Jim’s belief in himself, his self-respect. All her love for him could not make up for the crushing sense of dissatisfaction and frustration which his helplessness brought to him.

Martha tried many ways of helping Jim to help himself. Perhaps the most successful was persuading him to submit plans and a bid for a new airplane plant to be built in Farmington—for Jim won the contract. On top of this piece of good fortune came the news that Martha’s uncle had died and left her a fortune. In order to collect the inheritance she was forced to leave Farmington and go East, and during her absence Jim, carried away by the prospect of sudden wealth, invested the five thousand dollars Martha had left with him in real estate, believing that he was cleverly acquiring the site for another defense plant. But he had been swindled, and when Martha returned with the news that her inheritance was much smaller than it had appeared at first, the swindle came to light. All Martha could salvage from it was an old, run-down farm, nearly worthless.

Martha could have forgiven Jim—but he could not forgive himself. Once again he had proved the weaker of the two. She realized that he almost hated her for his own weakness and foolishness. And Martha wondered if it were too severe a test of any woman’s courage.

With a little shudder of distaste, Martha closed the creaking, warped door of the farmhouse. Its every wall and window and door practically cried out of years of neglect and slovenliness.

Martha cleared her lungs of the unpleasant, musty smell of the house with deep gulps of the fresh, bright, autumn air.

The sun was warm on her uncovered head and, as she walked around the corner of the house, she began to lose some of that strangely uneasy, lonely feeling that going through the empty, dirty rooms had aroused in her.

Somehow, Martha still could not feel any sense of possession about this place. It was theirs, of course. They had the deed to it, all signed and legal. She had seen to it that William Moore straightened out all legal details before he went back East to Old Port. It occurred to Martha, suddenly, as she stumbled across the rutted barnyard, that it was because the whole thing had been her idea that Jim had refused to come out there with her this morning. She recalled very clearly what Jim had said when she told him that she’d forced Wilkins to hand over Jim’s note for twenty thousand dollars and the deed to the farm by threatening to expose his part in the swindle. Until she had cornered him, the farmer had been able to hoodwink people into thinking that he, too, had been taken in by Albert Silvers’ smooth talk about the defense factory that was going to be built on his land. Faced with the certain evidence Martha had found against him, however, Wilkins was only too willing to agree that the five thousand dollars Jim had paid him in cash was more than the farm was worth and that the farm rightfully belonged to Jim, now.

“Well,” Jim had said sourly. “I’d never have thought of that. I'd just have let it go as a costly mistake. I’m afraid I’m not much good as a businessman.”

“Nonsense,” Martha had said. “You’re just worrying about too many other things.”

Jim had glanced at her sharply and then looked away quickly. Martha knew that he understood what she was talking about, but she knew, too, that he wasn’t going to bring it out in the open. It was that old distrust and fear of his, which always sprang into life whenever Martha had occasion to spend any time with other men, normally healthy men, whether on business or in a friendly way.

Martha had spent many sleepless nights trying to find a way to combat this fear of Jim’s. He had slipped back into that old habit of shutting himself away from everyone, most of all from her. Martha looked forward with dread to the rapidly approaching day when the airplane factory would be built and Jim would be left without even his work.

High trellises, heavily overgrown with grapevines, on which the ripe

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Read it as a thrilling story, fictionalized by Madeline Thompson, then listen to Woman of Courage daily at 10:45 A.M., E.S.T., over CBS, sponsored by Octagon Soup in the East, Crystal White in the West. Photo posed by Esther Rolston as Martha, Albert Hecht as Jim.
And, as she walked back up through the long grape arbor, she remembered an old recipe of her grandmother, a recipe for grape catsup.

She thought, a little sadly, at least they could have some preserves for the winter. Maybe five thousand dollars was a lot to pay for a few jars of canned fruit, but it was better than not getting anything for their money.

Martha started walking back toward Farmington, her head full of strange, nagging half thoughts. Seeing the farm had made her sad, somehow, and a little hopeless. She realized she was giving it too much importance, but still, it seemed to her to be a symbol, not only of Wilkins' stupidity and laziness, but of Jim's frustration, which drove him to grasp practically at any idea that suggested itself for building his ego.

Without realizing it, Martha walked right past the big house where they now lived. This was another thing she couldn't get used to, this huge, white house Jim had bought for her and the buying of which had eaten so heavily into her inheritance. They'd been living in it a month, now, but Martha still found herself thinking of the house behind the grocery store as home. Now, she smiled at her absent-mindedness and retraced her steps.

George Harrison's car was parked in front of the house and, going up the path, Martha could hear George's voice through an open window. He was saying something about driving out to get her. And then, a little girl's voice, high and eager, said, "Can I come, too, Uncle George?"

George jumped to his feet as Martha entered the living room. "Martha," he said happily, "I'd like to introduce my brother-in-law and my little niece. They just got here from Hawaii." He pointed to a strange man, who had got to his feet, too. "This is Joseph Benedict. And this is his daughter, Susan." Joseph Benedict was tall and thin and his eyes had a sort of
burning sadness in them. The little girl was thin, too, and dark, with very large eyes. George bustled around them happily and said they were going to stay with him for a while and wasn't it wonderful that he was going to have a family, too.

THEY talked and had some tea and gradually Martha found herself watching Lillian. As they sat there in the living room, Lillian was changing in some strange way. All the petulance had disappeared from her face and her eyes and voice were soft, almost beautiful. At first, Martha thought it was little Susan. The little girl had snuggled close to Lillian, hunching her small hand in the woman's. Martha decided it couldn't be just that, though. It was obvious that Lillian liked the child, but it was equally clear that she was interested in Joseph Benedict. And the next few days proved that Martha was right. Lillian scarcely talked of anything but Joseph Benedict and his daughter.

So, it was partly for Lillian's sake that Martha arranged a fruit-picking picnic out at the farm. She wanted to give Lillian a chance to get better acquainted with the Benedicts without making herself look too aggressive.

The day was warm for that time of year and bright with sunlight. The orchard had come alive with the crowd of them in it. Martha stopped picking grapes, for a moment, and let her eyes wander down the slope to where the others were working.

Her eyes lingered fondly on Lucy and Johnny Long, for a brief time. Johnny's a fine boy, she thought. And she was glad that Lucy seemed to be getting over her unhappiness about Steve Holbert. Nearer to Martha, Lillian and Joseph Benedict and Susan and Tommy were picking apples and laughing a great deal. It seemed strange to hear Lillian laugh so lightly and gayly. And Martha knew she wasn't the only one who was surprised. She could see Cora, kneeling beside the lunch baskets, with her head in the air, listening and looking amazed. Martha smiled to herself.

"Dreaming?"

Martha jumped. George was standing beside her. "No," she said. "Just listening to Lillian."

George listened a moment, too. He grinned. "You know," he confessed, "I'm really beginning to see her resemblance to you, Martha. I never suspected she could be soft—and—sort of gentle."

"She's happy," Martha said. "I think—well, Susan loves her very much and love—being loved—all ways makes a difference."

"Yes," George said.

Martha looked past George to the end of the grape arbor, where Jim was picking grapes in a desultory fashion. If only, she thought, Jim could believe how much she loved him and it would really make a difference to him.

"He'll get over it," George said quietly, as though he had read her mind. "Think I'll go help him."

Later, when they were loading the fruit on George's station wagon and Johnny's car, Martha decided that, all in all, it had been a successful day. Lillian and Joseph Benedict seemed to be getting along nicely. And Jim had brightened a good bit, too.

kitchen, her young face peevish and bored. Martha reprimanded her for making such noise.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Lucy said. "It's that Johnny Long. He makes me so mad. He's such a stick in the mud."

Inwardly, Martha felt the pinch of fear. So, Lucy had not forgotten Steve Holbert. She was still making comparisons in her mind. And Martha could see how Johnny Long, sincere and adoring though he was, never could come off too well in any such comparisons. Well, she thought, something would have to be done to perk Johnny up a bit.

Lucy was poking around the stove, aimlessly. "Imagine," she laughed, "Johnny's asked me to go to the Homemakers Club Bazaar—and—" she giggled, "he acts as if it was really important."

"Aren't you being a little snobbish?" Martha asked warily. "This isn't Old Port, you know."

"Of course, I know," Lucy said. "Every minute of the day I know."

There was something that sounded like tears in her voice. She turned away quickly and, just for something to do, she stirred the grape catsup and took a taste of it from the tip of the spoon. "Gee," she said, "this is good stuff."

"It's an old recipe of my grandmother's," Martha said.

Lucy took another taste. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "I have an idea. Why don't you enter some of this in the Homemakers Club contest?"

"Oh, Lucy," Martha laughed. "You know I'm not interested in competitions."

"Yes, but look," Lucy said. "All this stuff—it would take years to eat it. But, if you got some publicity on it at the Bazaar, you could sell it at the store."

"Well, now," Martha said, "that's really an idea."

So, Martha entered her grape catsup, apple butter and brandied pears in the Homemakers Club contest. And, not only did Lucy go to the Bazaar, but she was very excited about being there. Martha, too, felt some excitement, but not because of the contest. For her, it was good to get back into this kind of activity again. Since Jim's accident, she had not had much time for these friendly social affairs.

The Bazaar was held in the High School gymnasium and the place had been cleverly transformed with sheafs of corn and sprays of autumn leaves and flowers. The tables were all attractive and the buffet supper looked inviting. Martha was enjoying herself immensely, talking to all her old friends, comparing recipes. Continued on page 72

Next Month

Lovable Lorenzo Jones has brought you many hours of pleasure on the air... Next month meet him in a delightfully warm and human novelette, complete in the May Radio Mirror
PHIL BAKER was one of the first comedians to use a "stooge"—a heckler in a stage box who kept interrupting the funny man's act. When Phil entered radio the stooge came along as "Beetle", the cynical ghost who insisted that Phil was gpsying the sponsors every time he stopped in front of a mike. But times change. Beetle's remarks don't seem so funny in 1942, and he has been discarded, while Phil himself steps into a new role—that of stooge to the comedians who appear on Take It or Leave It, the CBS quiz show Sunday nights. In many ways, it's a much harder job than Phil used to have, because quiz shows are necessarily unrehearsed and all of the comedian's jokes must be thought up on the spur of the moment.

It was a spur-of-the-moment joke which started Phil off on a comic career. Barely out of school, he got his first job as office boy to Carl Laemmle, then a big movie executive. In his spare time Phil studied the piano and accordion and filled out his income with prizes won at theater amateur nights. One day he failed to answer his boss' buzzer because he was out getting a haircut. When he returned Laemmle demanded to know where he'd been. Phil's explanation didn't satisfy him. "What right have you to get a haircut on company time?" he demanded. Phil just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, it grew on company time, didn't it?"

All right—so you've heard that joke. But Phil says it was original with him at the moment. It was not appreciated by Laemmle, and that night Phil was out of a job and free to devote his entire time to the stage. After making the rounds of the local vaudeville houses he teamed up with an obscure violinist with a taste for cigars who was named Ben Bernie. They were getting along right as a team when World War Number One came along, and for two years Phil shielded his stage ambitions to serve in the Navy.

After the war he went on and up to become one of America's most famous comics, first in musical comedies and revues and then on the air. But the last couple of years haven't been very lucky for him. He's seemed to have difficulty in finding just what he wanted to do. His program went off the air, and for a while he toured in "Idiot's Delight," the stage play. Then there was a musical show in which he invested a good deal of his own money, and which came to a disastrous and costly end.

Phil's one of the most friendly and likable men in radio, and there are a lot of people who are wishing him all the luck in the world with his new quiz-master job. 
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<tr>
<th>Eastern Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:10</td>
<td>Blue: Texas Jim</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Blue: MARY</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Blue: The Bachelor's Children</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Blue: Meet Your Wife</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>Blue: Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>Blue: THE MIRACLE MAN</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Blue: The Life of Riley</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Blue: THE MIRACLE MAN</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Blue: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>Blue: THE MAN I MARRIED</td>
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**SHE WANTED TO ACT**

T'sn't every actress who can turn from being the witty mistress of ceremonies on a quiz show like What's My Name to portraying Linda Emerson, the tender and womanly heroine of Help Me, the NBC-Red serial, but Arlene Francis takes such changes of pace in stride. Arlene is a radio veteran, and that means she's versatile. In addition, in spite of every obstacle, she has managed to be an actress ever since she was a child—and that means she loves acting enough to do it well.

Arlene's real name is Arline Frances Kazanjian. Another reason she's Arlene because it's too hard to pronounce, and Arlene got changed to Arlene when a proofreader made a mistake in her first radio listing. She adopted the new spelling for luck. That's characteristic of her. She got her start on the stage, before radio, by walking into the office of a producer she didn't even know, just because "this name sounded friendly to me."

The dark-haired and vivacious Arlene is one of those actresses who had to persuade her parents that the stage was a good place for a young girl to be. They weren't easy to persuade, either. She was born in Boston, and her father spent a year in London at the Court of Mount St. Vincent and the fashionable Finch Finishing School. This didn't help cure her theatrical ambitions, because she enthusiastically took part in all the school amateur dramas. Then her father, a painter and photographer, sent her on a trip to Europe—but she came back still determined to act. He got her a job managing a gift shop in New York. She was bored. She wanted to act instead.

With a school friend, she opened a photography salon in New York, and this was a little more interesting, but not much. Her father finally gave up, and Arlene has been happily acting ever since.

Acting is the only thing she does take seriously, though. She's always ready, as they say around the studios, "to make with the flip cracks," and keeps others on her programs laughing during rehearsals. One of her major disappointments is that no actress in New York has been in more unsuccessful radio plays than she has. Critics always give her performances good notices, but the plays close just the same. Once, only once, she says, she'd like to be in a hit. Another thing she'd like is to be in a play by William Saroyan. Like Arlene, he's Armenian, and she admires his work very much.

Arlene is married to a motion picture executive, Neil Agnew, and they have an apartment in New York and a farm near Southington, Connecticut. The estate covers 110 acres and is called Kettletown Farm because it was originally bought from the Indians for a kettlet. On it Arlene and her husband raise dogs, cats, chickens, cows, pigs, and horses. But though Arlene loves the country she won't live there permanently. She wants to be in the city, where you get a chance to act.
## THURSDAY

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>CBS</th>
<th>NBC-Red</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>&quot;Blue Texas Jim&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Breakfast Club&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Glorious&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>&quot;The World&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Ballyhoo&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Father of the Bride&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>&quot;The Millionaire&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Good Night, Charlie&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Rhapsody in Blue&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>&quot;The Lone Ranger&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Adventures of Superman&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Millionaire&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>&quot;The Life and Death of Little Joe&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Millionaire&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>&quot;The Man I Married&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Millionaire&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>&quot;The Millionaire&quot;</td>
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### HE'S DOIN' FINE, THANKS...

If you have a small son whom you would like to see grow up to be a successful and highly paid master of ceremonies on a network question-and-answer program, here is what you must do:

1. First, be a school teacher yourself and fill the boy with information about every subject under the sun. Second, at an early age start teaching him to speak in public and encourage him to think up retorts and funny comments on the spur of the moment. Third, see to it that he appears in school plays, entertainments, debates, and so on. After that, give him head. He'll probably turn out to be a bookkeeper.

The system worked with Bob Hawk, though, even if his mother, at the time, didn't know there ever would be such a thing as a radio quiz program. One coincidence helped. Bob had graduated from college and was all set to become, at the age of twenty, teacher of public speaking at Northwestern College in Oklahoma, where he visited his mother in Chicago. Imagine in one afternoon, he heard someone reading poetry on the radio. On impulse he stepped into a telephone booth, called the station and made an appointment for an audition. To his own surprise he was hired as an announcer—though for the first year or so not very well attached to the job. The lack of pay didn't make any difference: the radio bug had got him.

For three years he worked announcing programs on different Chicago stations, but it wasn't until 1931 that he came into his own as a master of the ad lib, or spontaneous, unrehearsed remark. That was when, being the only one of many bold auditors introducing the numbers on a program of records called Hot Red and Low Down. Even the title of the show popped out of his mouth one day at the mike.

In 1932 he scooped the entire radio world by interviewing Franklin D. Roosevelt on the day of his nomination. The broadcast had been planned for Chicago, but when Bob heard that F.D.R. was going to be at the Gary airport hours earlier he arranged secretly for a transmitter to be installed there, met the future President, and put him on the air ahead of everyone else. Another of his history-making exploits, in 1935, was conducting a "man in the street" interview with Jean Harlow which caused 50,000 people to block traffic in the Chicago Loop district while it was being held. From there it was only a step to becoming master of ceremonies on quiz shows—first one called Fun Quiz, then Foolish Questions, then Name Those, then Take It or Leave It, and now How'm I Doin'—on which you can hear him every Friday night over CBS.

Bob is a bachelor, and is violently fond of two diversions—playing golf and going to the theater. It's nothing out of the way for him to attend three plays a week or spend the successive afternoons on the golf links.

## FRIDAY

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<td>&quot;Music Edition&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;CBS School of the Air&quot;</td>
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### FRIDAY

- CBS School of the Air
- The Aldrich Family
- CBS School of the Air
- The Aldrich Family
Rose Marie Lombardo, Guy’s sister and first feminine vocalist, collects for Defense Bonds from Guy and Liebert.

Princess of Sweet Music

A TINY young person with black hair, liquid brown eyes fringed with long lashes, and an olive complexion is the only girl who has ever been permitted to sing regularly with Guy Lombardo’s band. She’s Guy’s little sister, sixteen years old, and—since she was born in Canada—appropriately named Rose Marie.

Nobody has ever quite known why Guy was so prejudiced against the presence of girl vocalists in his famous orchestra, but now the reason appears. He’s always hoped that some day Rose Marie would take her place with him, and he wanted to keep the spot open for her. Ever since Rose Marie was a youngster and first showed the family inclination toward music it’s been a Lombardo tradition that she’d eventually join the band. A few months ago, smack on her sixteenth birthday, the well-laid plans were carried out, and now you can hear her singing one song on each of Guy’s commercial broadcasts, Saturday nights on CBS. Later on, she will be given two and then maybe three songs per program, and still later, Guy plans to have her with him in theater and hotel dates.

But right now everyone except Rose Marie feels she is too young for the late hours complete participation in the band’s activities would entail. There’s school to be considered. She is a Junior in high school, although she’d just as soon forget the whole business. The only concession she’s been able to gain on the school problem so far is permission to leave every day at one-thirty in the afternoon. This is necessary some afternoons because she has to come into New York from her home in Connecticut, where she lives with her father and mother, to take singing lessons with the arranger for the band. Other days, when no lesson is scheduled, she likes to travel into New York anyway, to do some shopping or see a movie.

Saturday, of course, is the big day in Rose Marie’s week. In the afternoon there’s the rehearsal for that night’s broadcast, and at night there is the broadcast itself. But the high point comes afterwards, when she goes with the band to the Roosevelt Hotel Grillroom, where it’s playing now. She loves to dance, and on Saturday nights she gets her opportunity.

She wasn’t frightened at all, she says, when she sang on her first broadcast. She wasn’t a bit nervous—only her knees kept knocking together and she couldn’t seem to stop them.

Guy is her idol and unquestioned boss. She wouldn’t dream of arguing with him about the selection of a song or the way to sing it or anything else. Besides singing, Rose Marie’s one official duty in connection with the band is to collect, each week, a percentage of every member’s salary and convert it into United States Defense Bonds. The entire band has signed up for voluntary weekly deductions for this purpose, and Rose Marie is their “book-keeper.”

You’ll likely be hearing more and more of Rose Marie’s voice as the years go by. If Guy Lombardo is the king of sweet music, as the majority of fans seem to agree he is, Rose Marie is the princess of the royal family.
MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help your skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it twice each time—like this:

1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream thick over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.

2. I RINSE with a second creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin shining clean—every little smitch of soil comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—every night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps your skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Hurry today to your favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's Vanishing Cream
Pond's lovely new Dry Skin Cream
Pond's new Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
Pond's "LIPS" that stay on longer! (5 shades)
Winkler.” Betty stopped. She had to look up, because the voice came from a good foot over her head. She saw a tall, well-built young man. She saw deep, blue eyes and a smile and very dark hair.

“Thanks,” she said, wondering who he was. And then, the director came over and said, “Miss Winkler, this is Mr. Jennings.”

“Mr. Jen—” Betty stammered, “Oh, Mr. Jennings!” she said, surprised—but very surprised.

“You were swell,” he smiled. “You’re just right for the part.”

When Betty got home that night, she had forgotten all about New York, at least for the time being. He’s awfully tall, she thought, looking, with round, brown eyes at her five feet, not quite three inches in the mirror. He looks, she thought, about six feet, five. Actually, Mr. Jennings, whose first name was Bob, was six feet three. Well, Betty thought, I think I’ll like being on that show. And, although she wouldn’t quite admit it to herself, she knew why.

The night “The Golden Theater” show went on the air for the first time, Bob Jennings asked Betty Winkler to go to the Ambassador Hotel with him—along with all the other members of the cast. I hope, Betty thought, as they were all gaily riding over to the hotel, that he doesn’t ask me to dance. I’d love to dance with him, she went on thinking, but how in the world could I ever dance with a man who’s so tall?

And then, shortly after they were all seated at a table in the Pump Room, Bob turned to Betty and said, “Would you dance with me?”

“Of course,” Betty said, and whispered a little prayer.

But, when they were out on the dance floor, she forgot all about how tall he was because he danced so well and she was having so much fun. It was a wonderful evening. When it came time to go, Bob said, “Can I take you home?”

“Yes,” Betty said, her eyes dancing mischievously, “you can take me home!”

They walked out to the main lobby together. Betty looked up at him and smiled. “Thanks,” she said, “for seeing me home.” He looked down at her amazed. “You see,” she explained, not able to hold back her laughter, “I live here.”

At first, the tall, young radio executive looked embarrassed. Then, he managed a wry smile. “Well,” he said, “I certainly got you home fast, didn’t I?”

Now, these days, most young men are very glib and romantic and forward when they meet a girl they like. The sweep-them-off-their-feet technique is very much in evidence. But, Betty was soon aware that young Mr. Jennings had never heard of such an approach, or, if he had, it wasn’t his style.

During the run of the radio show, he asked her out several times, but always, invariably, he also asked anywhere from two to a dozen other people to accompany them. When two people are surrounded by a small crowd, romance has a very difficult, if not an impossible, time. And Betty could never quite forget that the shy, important young executive was not only her escort, but her boss.

Bob Jennings would call up and say, “How would you like to go out with me tonight, Betty?”

And Betty would say, “Fine, I’d like to go out with you.” And an actress knows how to answer words.

But when Bob called for Betty there was always that small crowd in back of him. What, Betty thought in the months that followed, can you do with a young man with whom you might be falling in love, but who is too shy to take you out alone?

Then, the day arrived when the show was finished. Now, Betty hoped maybe they could be together without the cast. Now, she thought, if he wanted to take her out alone, he would. And, the next day, when the phone rang and she heard Bob on the other end of the wire, she thought, “This is it!”

“I wonder,” Bob said, “if you’d like to have breakfast with me, tomorrow?”

“Swell,” Betty said.

“Okay,” Bob said, “suppose we meet at Hildy’s.”

That next day, Betty walked down Michigan Boulevard toward their designated meeting place, feeling very gay and feeling a little bit relieved. At long last, they’d be able to talk and have fun together without a small gang around them. Coming from the bright sunlight into the restaurant she was temporarily blinded, and then, she saw him. He was sitting at a table, smiling. She smiled back, and he smiled back. Sitting at the table with him were two young men she had never seen before. They were also smiling.

They all got up and went over and Bob said, “Good morning. I’d like to have you meet some friends of mine. They just got into town.” Betty managed to get a smile back on her face. “I’m very glad to know you,” she said.

“Okay, we’re going to be in town for a couple of months,” Bob said, “and I thought it would be nice if we showed them around.”

“That sounds fine,” Betty said.

After that, every morning for months, Betty and Bob and his two friends met for breakfast. When they went out at night, the friends were always there. In spite of the fact that she wanted to be alone with Bob—just once, she grew very fond of his two pals. They managed to have wonderful times together.

Then, one night, the incredible happened. When Betty opened the door to her apartment, Bob was standing there alone! She looked up and down the hall. Not a soul was in sight. "Where are they?" Betty said, holding her breath.

“Oh,” Bob smiled, “we’re supposed to meet them at the Edgewater Beach.” He looked puzzled for a moment. “I think that’s where we’re supposed to meet them.”

“I don’t suppose,” Betty smiled, hopefully, "we could possibly miss them?"

“I don’t think so,” Bob said. "I’m almost sure that’s where they said I should meet them.

When they got to the Edgewater Beach, Bob’s friends were nowhere in sight. They started into the main dining room, but Bob stopped them. “I’m sorry,” he said, "we can’t let anyone in unless they’re in evening dress.”

Bob was in a business suit and Betty was wearing a street dress. “Tell you what,” Bob said, “let’s both go home and get dressed and come back. They’re sure to be here by that time.”

AS Betty was dressing, she thought, for some reason, about New York, about the plans she had made before she met Bob. All of a sudden, she had the odd desire, the desire to get out of Chicago, to go to New York, the one place she had always wanted to go. When she met Bob in the lobby, she felt a little better. She didn’t say anything for a moment and then he said, “Let’s not go. Let’s go to the Drake, I hear the Drake’s go over to the Drake, instead, and see Wayne King.”

Wayne was an old friend of theirs. When Betty asked them and Continued on page 48

Silly question: Is it the typewriter or lovely Madeleine Carroll that Gene Raymond (left) and George Murphy are so engrossed in? This was a moment's relaxation at rehearsal of a Gulf Screen Theater broadcast.
Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSALLYNE*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of adhesion, and (2) jewel-like sparkle and brilliance to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling" and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, life! Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

It's DURA-GLOSS for
the most beautiful fingernails in the world

3 New Colors for Spring
Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry

10c plus tax

LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
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sat down to talk to them, Bob said, "Wayne, Betty has a silly idea. She wants to go to New York." "That's right," he said. "Betty said and launched into a sales talk on Chicago, not forgetting to put in a great many words about how he and certain people who loved her would miss her terribly. The things Bob was too shy to say, Wayne managed to say for him. After a little while, however, Bob managed to get in a few pleas of his own. Betty, to this day, feels very indebted to Wayne King. "You'll stay then," Bob said, when they were driving back to her hotel. "You and Wayne really think I should?" Betty asked. "Really—yes, you should," Bob said. He smiled, shyly. "I guess Wayne was speaking for me."

Every day after that Bob sent flowers. And almost every night they went out together—alone. It didn't take long for Bob to get used to being with "Jealous of what?" grated Ken. Maude said, "Stanley Breen is the catch of the season—he's the catch of any season for my money! I hate his guts, Ken, if he asked me to walk down the street with him I'd buy a new hat and a gardenia. Just to do him proud." Ken said slowly, "Maybe he's in love with her."

"That guy couldn't be honestly in love with anybody," Maude said, "but I like the way he's sympathetic—he's Carole's in love with him and I don't mean maybe. He's putting on the heat, Ken, and Carole can't cope with it—she hasn't had enough experience."

SWIFTLY—unexpectedly—Ken Williams lost control of himself—he was a mild chap usually, Maude had never seen him go off the deep end before. "Why should she be able to cope with it," he raged, "Stanley Breen knows all the tricks, and on top of that, he's a switching boy! He'll swell clothes! He has more glamour than anyone in radio, and more earning power. Only Carole's in love with him."

She isn't the sort men paw and push around. They treat her gently—his voice broke here—"sign and reverently." "Listen here, Ken," said Maude, "no woman likes to be treated reverently—when a man treats a woman reverently he's either thinking she's nice or she's doing him. Who the dickens don't you rush Carol off her feet when you had the chance? Why didn't you stand like a goon, with your hat in your hand, saying prayers?"

Ken Williams answered very simply, "Because she was my whole heart and soul—because I didn't want to startle her; because I wanted her to sense the way I felt about her and respond naturally. I thought Carole and I would be married some day and have a little place in the country, with a fine house and a garden for her to walk in. A garden with hollyhocks and a sun dial. Did you ever give her a hint of your—er—plait it could earn? Maude? Did you ever take her into your big secret?"

"Once," said Ken very low, "I wrote a poem, [in] the house and garden. . . . She thought it was a nice poem.

"Stan hasn't wasted a second writing verse," said Maude. "Probably this very minute he has Carol in his arms, kissing her feet, dumb and blind. Ken—" her voice was pleading—"ask Carol to marry you, and ask her in words of one syllable, before that rat has her so dizzy that she doesn't know what she's doing. Go to her flat this evening and don't take hollyhocks or verses with you—take T. N. T. Show her that you're jealous, show her that you love her, kiss her and show her that Stan hasn't a monopoly on technique. It may turn the trick."

Long after Maude had gone her way Ken sat where she had left him, staring into a horizon that was only a blank wall. And then he got up and went to his apartment and dug the first twenty dollars in his shirt pocket and put on the Sulka tie that he'd be keeping for an emergency and started toward the window. He ran forward at a rather surprising angle. He opened the door just in time to see a messenger boy the trouble of knocking. "Mr. Williams?" asked the messenger. "Mr. K. Williams?" and when Ken nodded he thrust a thin yellow envelope into his hand. "It's collect," he said.

Betty's mother had her suitcases all packed. There were ten in all, and you know the way mothers feel about their own? Her brother had packed almost every thing Betty had ever owned, including her first pair of baby clothes. The Jennings honeymooned in Bermuda. Betty struggled with the ten suitcases. But you don't mind something like that if you have someone you love to put up sharing someone you love with a crowd—if you really love him.

THAT was two and a half years ago. Now the girl who wanted to go New York all her life is starring in a radio show that originates in New York. The station is called "Ken's Radio" and it has been said that this program is the first in the world where the show has been cut. The studio was held on Saturday afternoons and the last week he kept looking forward to Friday afternoon, because just about dusk she boards a plane that takes her back to Chicago, to a beautiful, three story home on Schiller Street, and a young fellow named Bob Jennings, who is still shy, but no longer cares for crowds.

My Heart Was True

Continued from page 17

Ken paid for the telegram and after the messenger had gone rippled open the envelope. The message ran well over ten words and it was signed with Stanley Breen's name.

"Why did you go through a mist, "are bound for Virginia to be married. wanted you to be the first to know." Not we..."

The line ended on the Sulka tie that was choking him, Ken knew that Stanley Breen had sent the telegram and understood that Carol would never know he'd sent it.

THE Breens' honeymoon only lasted for a weekend—Stan had to be on the air every morning, or else. The day he came back from the honeymoon, a Monday, he swaggered into the studio and accepted congratulations with one eyebrow raised. He told the ones who kidded him about losing his freedom that they were old-fashioned—that marriage was no longer a pair of handcuffs—and he told the director of Ken's show that he had married Carol because he couldn't get her any other way. She met with no as he repeated the line to Ken, but Ken didn't think it was funny—his hands clenched so hard that his knuckles looked faintly green and it was lucky that Stan wasn't within arm's reach. Even though Stan was bigger than Ken—well, it was lucky.

That Monday Stan—for the first time in weeks—didn't take Carol to lunch, he took another girl. Nobody in the studio but a girl with nice legs who happened to be hanging around the studio. Ken, hearing that Stan was engaged during the noon hour, called "Radio" and told them that he'd met where Carol and Stan were staying—it was the city's smartest hotel—and called to ask her to have lunch with him. "For old sake's sake," he said. "Champagne!"

Brides are popularly supposed to be radiant, on the day of the honeymoon. Carol was radiant but the radiance wasn't of the high white incandescent variety—it was a shaded candle. She arrived with no sign of... Continued on page 50
LUCY'S
"Double Life"
She Smiled ... to Hide
A Breaking Heart!

Unattractively "Lifeless,"
Rundown or Under Par?

TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a new way to build up radiant freshness and vitality—a way government authorities, magazines and newspapers are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found food elements widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, combat fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four—or six—but eleven important food elements, including Vitamins A, B1, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you look.

Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A42-RM-4
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate-Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain new-found miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name ...........................................
Address ...........................................
City ..............................................State ...........................................

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

APRIL, 1942
embarrassment—none whatsoever—and Ken, noting the softness of her eyes, tried to forget about the tiny box that was back again under his shirts.

"I don't have to tell you," he said huskily, "that I'm wishing you all the happiness in the world!"

"I think I have it," said Carol, but she said think, so Ken swallowed hard and went on. "Stan," he said, "can be the biggest man in radio. He can give you everything."

"He has given me everything," said Carol, and her voice was husky and excited. "Ken," she said, "we're going house hunting on Sunday—very house hunting. We're going to have a lovely house, with a garden. I—" her voice trembled—"I showed Stan that poem you wrote about a house and a garden, and he thinks it would be fun to have it illuminated and hung in the front hall.

Ken swallowed again, even harder this time. "What about your work?" he said. "There's a nice part coming up in my succession. I've written it especially for you."

Carol said a shade regretfully, "I'm giving up radio. Stan says nobody'll miss me. We're going to have a pretty big house, Ken, and it'll take all my time running it. We'll probably entertain a lot, too."

"I hope you'll invite me to the house-warming," said Ken, but don't let's talk about that now. I promised you—food—that and champagne.

Carefully, very carefully, Ken steered Carol away from the restaurant which would have been their logical choice and where he knew that Stan was encircled in a corner booth with the girl who had just happened along. He took her to a roof with a wide view of the city below it, and they had their champagne and lobster salad, too—and then they walked down the avenue and Ken bought Carol a wedding gift. It was something he had wanted very much for quite a long while—a white jade picture frame, cunningly carved, which had been standing in a shop window for months. Ken bought it even though he knew that Carol would probably put Stan's picture in it. On the night of the house-warming he tried to walk past the picture frame and its contents without gagging.

Continued from page 48

"We're just full of luck," Stan enthused. "We met her at a cocktail party and she'd just divorced her husband, and she got tight and said she didn't want to see the place again, what with its memories, and I wasn't tight so I paid a deposit then and there. It was a big bargain. I bet the woman picked herself when she sobered up."

Ken was in the group. He said to Carol, "How do you like your mansion—"but he couldn't bring himself to scared me at first, when the woman we bought it from talked about her memories. Memories can be like ghosts, and I thought that we'd build our new house where Stan and I could build our own memories."

Stan said with rare gentleness, "Miss me a day. You're in a jamb, Carol. You must have told me whether you were a good cook."

Carol said soberly "I'm a very good cook! And as long as you can use it— even for an alibi—and as long as you do come home eventually, it's okay— She laughed also, but her laughter was a little hard. "We're married," she said, "and I'm going to like the house, too. When will we have our house-warming, Stan?"

Stan said—"Next Saturday. Saturday's a slick day. Everybody—" they were in a place with tables and a circular porch, and it was crowded—"everybody's invited. House-warming Saturday. Everybody."

Everybody came. Everybody who had been in the restaurant or everybody's friends, and a few others who hadn't been in the restaurant. The blonde girl, the White Russian, was there in a black dress that looked as if it were made out of fish scales. And there was a Chinese butler who darted around like a flea, with a cocktail shaker in his hand. His hair was satin, with glints of blue to it—a chaste, icy dress—and her hair was done a new way, and her eyes were wide and her pride in the house—it was a beautiful house, at that—was diluted with a strange reticence as if she were just a visitor there and didn't really belong. Many of the guests hadn't met Carol—she'd never been a mixer—but Ken and Maude formed themselves into a bodyguard of one on the arm of each, and kept her from being too badly bumped by elbows and conversation. When people said, "Stan's a good provider," or "Do you go to a lot of house parties in the world," Maude made the answers. When women who hadn't seen Carol since her marriage were catty and congratulatory, Ken made the answers.

After the initial hour or two of the house-warming the air grew dense with liquor and goblet-washing and smoke and some of the jokers began to throw pate sandwiches, and the white jade picture frame was knocked down. Ken was nowhere in evidence. He'd been very much in evidence at the beginning, until his habit of hearing the people say he had good taste, and "Boy, what a house!"

It was when Carol began to get visions that they had run away slightly on her slim ankles, that Ken went hunting for Stan—it's the host's job to send the people home when they start to go bad. He found him finally on a little back porch, a carefully screened porch, with the big blonde girl in his arms. She winked and ducked in his arms for a rather long while.

Ken didn't say anything to either of them. There wasn't anything to say, and besides they didn't know he was there. He just pushed another screen in front of the entrance to the porch so that none of the goblet-washing and fresh fuel, and then he went back to Carol. He was so very gay and amusing that, while after, she stopped being interested and went back to her drink and went to sit in the hammock on the wide unscreened front porch. Ken kept her there until Stan, slightly disheveled, came wandering out to ask for scrambled eggs.

THE Breese entertained a lot—their house-warming was just a starter. Even though Stan made tons of money it must have strained his resources to pay the liquor bills alone. Few of the invited guests seemed to care. They came along with them—none of the uninvited guests ever brought anything. But Stan didn't mind, for playing with murder slacks slightly to the south. Nobody dared make a crack, dirty or otherwise—and besides he was paying for liquor. People had to.

Carol went in for less stylized sartorial arrangements. She didn't pose against the background of her home—she wore the backing of the sort of tailored suits that she had worn when she drifted from studio to studio looking for work, the same sort of lilac aline on crepe dresses. Her type didn't change—but with all that she

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**Say Hello To—**

WALTER COMPTON—master of ceremonies on Double or Nothing, the quiz show heard Sunday afternoons on Mutual. Walter has been many things in his time. Aged ten, he was touring the South as a boy pianist. Aged 21, he was teaching Dramatics and Public Speaking at Roosevelt High School. Aged thirty, he's a star of a quiz show that broadcasts over more stations than any other commercial program in the United States. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and first entered radio in 1935, coming to Mutual's affiliates in WOR's special-events, news, and Provincial announcer, and commutes to New York via plane every weekend for Double or Nothing, which he originated. He's never missed a broadcast.
Girls with Romance Complexions win out!

Loretta Young

"This ACTIVE-lather care is a wonderful beauty aid. Try it for 30 days."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping your skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

Star of Columbia Pictures' "Bedtime Story"
was nearly a hundred per cent perfect in that makeup up a poem on the subject. When Stan urged too many drinks on a budding genius it was Carol who put the girl (the genius was always a girl) to bed. Go was absolute. But he saw that the aspirin bottle in the powder room was always full, and that went for bromo seltzer, too. She seemed to love having "give Stan a" bit of a drop in, she specially seemed to love having a crowd arrive on Friday afternoon and stay until Monday morning, for—as long as he was surrounded by other cars, mostly in pairs, and hands that were willing to clap—Stan was content to stay late. And as long as he was content to stay at home Carol was content to be combination wife and alibi and manager. But, though her smile you, and her voice calm, her transparency increased as day followed day. She was more than fragile—she was gossamer.

A good puff of wind would blow her away," Maude told Ken Williams. "A good slap would knock her over."

KEN'S answer was on the bitter side. "She can't stand this constant tension," he told Maude. "She's living in a whirlpool. She never climbs down from the merry-go-round horse. Carol needs some rest—and even Stan should have a few quiet moments!"

"There's a quiet moment when Stan finds an excuse to go to town," Maude said. "Are we a couple of heels, Ken—running out to Connecticut for weekend after weekend, eating Breen food and lapping up Breen highballs, and feeling the way we do about—her voice grew thoughtful. "That's the kind of poem about which I thought you were writing the other day."

"It wasn't 'The Other Day'—it was one day after the other, and Stan works very hard."

"Those are the kind of days I thought of when I said 'The Other Day.'"

"I'm just a fifth wheel," said Maude, "but the fact that you hang about just to be near us is a bit of pleasure for you, bet he never puts his arm around Carol unless you're in the room—bet he never kiss her unless he keeps you watching out of one eye."

Ken said, "Shut up" again, but he smiled. "Yes, kids. I've lived in our Friday night days for too goddam long. And we're in for another couple of ghastly days. . . . Do you think Carol will ever get wise to him?"

He countered Maude, but Ken only said, "The weather reports are lousy. It'll probably rain for the entire weekend."

It did rain for the entire weekend. It rained cats and dogs. The Stanley Breen household tried to amuse themselves in their various ways—each guest after his own fashion. There was ping-pong and backgammon and bridge and poker for high stakes, and the blonde Russian girl sang throaty things to Stan. She had forgotten her weekend case, and could she borrow a nightgown? Carol's largest nightgown would have been like a child's to the Russian girl—and both knew it, but Carol brought out a chiffer and handed it over without even the Russian girl's being aware against her more than ample bosom and it gave Stan a chance to make a wisecrack.

But now Friday night—more rain Saturday—Ken and Maude took a long tramp, rain or no, on Saturday afternoon, and came back to see a firelighted on the living room here, Carol and people sprawled about drinking hot Tom and Jerrys which were slightly out of season. More rain Saturday night—men couldn't rest Sunday, with ping-pong growing brittle and pocketbooks empty because of bridge and poker, and temps wearing thin. When it was late afternoon and Stan began to make ready for his trip to town—the Sunday night job was there, come hell or high water—he was being short with his guests and snappish to Carol.

"You should have arranged games to come here, he kept repeating. "I want to see you."

"Not that I go for games usually, but three days in the house has been an eternity—to say nothing of lousy, unimaginative food. Roast beef and lamb and chicken. Carol, can't we ever have anything but roast beef and lamb and chicken?"

"You order the sort of food that will stretch—I never know how many people we'll have. . . . Darling, be sure to wear your muffer and your raincoat. I always worry for fear you'll take cold."

The blonde Russian laughed and said, "She thinks you're made of sugar, Stan. She thinks you're melt." and Stan said angrily, "Why should I wear a raincoat and muffer when I'm going to the movies?"

The Breen had two cars now and a station wagon, "Take the sedan," begged Carol. "It has the best heater and—"

But Stan interrupted, "One more word out of you—" he growled—and I'll go in the convertible with the top down."]

It was then that Ken Williams said quietly, "That's a stupid way to talk, Stan. You're being absurd. Carol's only thinking of your best good."

Stan said, "Keep out of this, Ken. If I'm being absurd it's my own busi-
"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!"  Mrs. Jut Kent

MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex..."My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural!
See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

APRIL, 1942
ists said when they talked to Stanley Breen after looking down his throat and punching and poking him and using stethoscopes. Perhaps they didn’t talk the matter over with Stan at all—perhaps they told Carol, instead, and let her break the news to her husband. It must have taken some doing to tell a man whose voice is his living that the voice is gone forever. It must have taken extreme courage to tell an announcer that his career—the most promising career in radio—is at an end. Nobody who knew Carol well—though who except Ken Williams and Maude Sanborn knew her well?—doubted that her courage was up to any test, but Carol—watching Stan’s cold, hard eyes, hearing his voice rail at her huskily—knew that she had come up against more than a crisis. The hurdle she took was much more than a hurdle for she had to take it alone—Stan didn’t give her any help. When he finished blaming her for everything, beginning with their meeting in the Mulberry Room, he rasped—“For God’s sake, don’t keep the crowd away this weekend. I’ve seen only you, unadulterated you, for the past fifty years—or so it seems.” and Carol said, “We’ll have a big party over the weekend, darling. You need cheering up—I realize that.”

The crowd came, the usual crowd, summoned by phone calls, letters, even telegrams. But when they arrived on the front porch and Carol—instead of a yellow man in a white coat—opened the door, they began to realize that something was different. Carol explained that she was doing the work herself, that she and Stan were retrenching but that she was a pretty good cook and they needed no worry. She asked them to be tactful and sympathetic with her husband. “He’s been through such a strain,” she said. And then she took them into the living room and Stan—very pale and decorative in an invalid chair and lounging pajamas and a rabbit’s wool scarf, the latter twisted around his throat—greeted them with a small crooked smile that spoke volumes.

“Well, here I am,” he grated. “Take a good look at me and laugh. I used to be an announcer and now I’m in the ash can.”

Everybody was enormously embarrassed; there wasn’t a hint of laughter. Stan’s big shining voice had been so much a part of him—his bravado had been so much a part of him—his conceit had been as typical as his white teeth and his blue eyes. Stan—with a crooked smile and air of apathy and a voice that got into the mass spinal column of the listeners and made them ache with the agony and effort of it—Stan, like that, was out of character! One of the men hastily suggested going into the bar for a Scotch and soda—anything to take the tension out of an uncomfortable moment—but Stan told them in his husky whisper that there wasn’t any Scotch, whisper—it was a loud voice that ran like a file across the assorted nervous systems of the crowd. “Carol,” he said, “was always a punk actress. She would never make enough to run this place.”

The blonde sneered openly at Carol, and something naked and ugly raised its head between her head and her other idea,” she said. “Why don’t you take a boarder—a boarder with a regular salary? Somebody like—well, like Ken Williams. Hey on his own, being a bachelor. And he’s fond of you, Stan—and he’s devoted to Carol. Everybody loves Carol.”

Ken spoke quickly, as if the words were forced from him, “Carol,” he said, “isn’t up to running a boarding house—she isn’t strong. I think she’s too much out of her. She’d fall by—by the wayside.”

Maude Sanborn started to back Ken up but Stansaid, “Like a rusty outboard motor—was baring in and she couldn’t make herself heard. “I might have known, Ken,” said Stan, “that you’re kind of a guy to raise objections. We’re on our uppers—but what’s it to you?—you’ve always taken everything for nothing. We’re through—and speaking of everything—” his voice lowered reflectively—“I don’t get your slant on this thing. You and Carol are such old friends that I should imagine—” he left the sentence hanging.

Carol’s face was flushing—the flush started at the chin and worked up to the line of her hair. A stranger might have thought that the reproach had found its mark, but Stan knew that—somehow and Carol knew—yes, and Stan knew—that Ken Williams was angry enough to do murder. He swallowed hard—nervously, twice. And at last he replied. But not to Stan. “Carol,” he said, “do you want me to move in?”

Carol answered—“Yes. Ken. As far as I can see, it’s the only way. I—I am a punk actress. I—I couldn’t hope to—to support us on a couple of jobs a month.... Yes. Ken. Yes—I do want you.”

This year Tommy Dorsey gave the members of his band their bonuses in U. S. Defense Bonds. He’s handing them to his drummer, Buddy Rich and his vocalist Connie Haines. Tommy’s been twice featured on Mutual’s Spotlight Bands.

“We have some gin,” he said. “Maybe we have enough to last the weekend—after that it will be a water diet. Has Carol given you the business?” Carol said, “I told them we were retrenching.”

Stan’s husky whisper had a hint of bravery about it. “Retrenching is the least of it,” he said. “Call a spade a spade. We’re going through some real trouble, you know. I know I’ve always made a pile but I never saved anything, and what with specialists and the rest of it—but I don’t have to go on any further. We’ve sold the convertible and the station wagon and we’ll probably have to sell the house or let it go for taxes. We are flat.”

It was the blonde Russian girl who spoke up. She had moved away from Stan when he said that they didn’t have any Scotch—though she wasn’t passionate about Scotch, it was a symbol. “Carol used to be an actress,” said the Russian. “Can’t she keep things going?”

Stan’s whisper was no longer brave. For that matter it was no longer a
It was the night Carol fainted over the dishpan that Ken asked her to go away with him. He hadn't meant to ask any such thing—not ever—but when Carol went down in a heap with a sound that was half sigh and half sob, he lost control of himself. He had her in his arms so fast that he was surprised at himself, and he was kissing her when she came to.

"Darling! Darling!" he said. "You're dying by inches. . . Come away with me—and after a while you can divorce Stan and we can be married."

Carol said, "I didn't faint because I was tired. Stan—this afternoon—was talking about his wasted opportunities and it upset me." She stopped short and let Ken think that the wasted opportunities were business ones—she didn't explain that Stan had been needling her for hours about the rich women he could have married if he hadn't come into the Mulberry Room on a certain night and fallen for a girl who had nothing but big eyes and glossy hair.

Ken kissed Carol again. He said, "Why you fainted doesn't matter—the fact that you fainted is enough. . . Oh, my dearest, your marriage to Stan is through—and it never was a real marriage! Come away with me—tonight."

Carol said, "Not tonight or ever, Ken—so long as Stan needs me. Our marriage is a real one and it always was and it always will be—so long as Stan needs me. . . No, Ken, you mustn't kiss me again—no, you mustn't."

AFTER that evening when Carol fainted and announced her platform in regard to Stan, Ken began to keep to himself. He wasn't quite as helpful as he had been and Stan—smoking and drinking brandy and finding fault with Carol's meals—accused him of getting lazy.

"I thought you were assistant cook and bottle washer around here," he told Ken. "Once upon a time you used to help Carol with the dishes for your board and keep but nowdays, as soon as dinner's over, you run upstairs and start pounding on the typewriter. How come?"

Ken said slowly, "I'm trying to get ahead on my scripts so that I can take a vacation. Why don't you help Carol with the dishes for a change?"

Carol murmured, "Stan can't dabble around in a dish pan—not with his hands."

"I was suggesting that he use his hands," said Ken, and turned on his heel and went upstairs—a man can be pushed just so far, even by the one woman. A few seconds later his door slammed and the typewriter started going at a double quick tempo. When it had been clicking for perhaps half an hour, Stan threw down his paper and turned on Carol furiously.

"I wish to heaven you would go on that vacation!" he said. "Instead of talking about it."

Carol told him very slowly, "I'll always remember how you looked that night you came into the Mulberry Room. I thought I'd never seen anybody so handsome and so distinguished and so fine—my heart stopped beating. It's a pity I couldn't see inside you, Stan. It would have saved us all a lot of—of tragedy."

Stan said, "It would have saved me my voice. You devilized me into going out in an open car in the rain."

Carol said, "I'm tired of hearing about that open car episode—I'm very

"Can't Make It—Today Was Wash-Day!"

Bill is beginning to wonder. . . "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

Hold it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—and rub—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't have to work so hard though. Not if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naptha and richer golden soap that gets dirt out much faster.

No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, rubbing. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.

Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPTHA banishes 'Tattle-Tale Gray'
"CHECK" "DOUBLE-CHECK"

says Bernice, radio network accountant

says Bernadette, Chicago business girl

For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day...

see your dentist twice a year.

"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! Wouldn't you go to Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another leading brand."

"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became twice as bright as Sister's. Even Dad noticed. Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"

"Seeing was believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for us!"

``Check!'' "Double-Check!"

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER IDENTIFIER THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTER PRODUCED BY PEP SODENT. B Y ACTUAL TESTS PEP SODENT PRODUCES A LUSTER TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS.

Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that
PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

"I'd turn upon you. You're a selfish, mean, child-...

"I'm just a broken old has-been, without a future or a voice."

"Carol melted then almost, but not quite. "Stan," she said, "I've been meaning for ages to suggest something. Why don't you get a job? You're strong as a horse—even though your voice has gone. And we can't sponge off Ken forever. And then, too, it would give you something to think about. You'd stop sitting around and brooding."

"What could I do?" asked Stan.

"You know radio," Carol told him.

"There are agency jobs that you might handle."

"Oh, you want me to be an office boy," said Stan, nasty again. "You begrudge me the space I take up in my own house. Is that it?"

"No," said Carol, "that's not it."

Ken had announced an imminent vacation but he didn't go on one. Night after night he banged on the typewriter and whatever came out of that typewriter was locked in a deep drawer. And then finally the surplus typing stopped and he took to going to town more often, and earlier, and sometimes he phoned and told Carol he wouldn't be home for dinner. Sitting opposite her at the dinner table, Stan told Carol significantly that Ken must have a new girl, but Carol only gave him an extra helping of steak and held her peace.

And then one afternoon, along about cocktail time, Ken dropped in at Maude Sanborn's office—she kept a small office in town—and told her that he wanted to use up a couple of hours of her valuable time.

"Are you propositioning me?" asked Maude, and laughed her fat comfortable laugh. "You're a sight for sore eyes, Ken. I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays. Speaking of Sundays, do you remember those horrible weekends when Stan was in the marines?"

"Do I?" said Ken. "Those weekends were the Spanish Inquisition plus, as far as I'm concerned. Look, Maude, do you mind if I read something to you?"

Maude asked anxiously, "Is it a radio script?"

Ken shook his head and told her—"No. It's a play. A mystery play."

Maude asked, "Where did you get it? Who wrote it? Why do you want me to listen as you read it?" and Ken replied, "I got it out of my head—I wrote it. And that's why I want you to listen."

Maude didn't express any surprise—every script writer in the world has dilly-dalled with the idea of writing a play—why should Ken Williams be an exception to the general rule? She just leaned back in her desk chair and folded her hands and said, "Shoot—but if it gets too bad I'll stop you." And so Ken curiously devoid of self-consciousness, opened his brief case and took out a thick wad of paper and flicked over a page and started off from scratch. After the first five pages Maude had stopped leaning back and her hands weren't folded—they were clenched. When Ken came to the climax of his first act and paused for breath, she said—"Go on, you genius—what are you waiting for?" By the end of the second act

Continued on page 59
SHE'S Esther Ralston, once a glamorous star of the screen, still glamorous, and now the star of Woman of Courage on CBS, on which she plays the appealing role of Martha Jackson. Esther—if you know her well enough, you can call her by her nickname of "Tee Tee"—has been an actress all her life, practically. Her parents were billed as "The Ralstons, Metropolitan Entertainers, in Scenes from Shakespeare, Playlets, Sketches, Songs, Dances, Mimicry," and when Esther was a little girl they toured the United States, playing in high schools, at church socials, or in town halls. They weren't big time, by any means, but those early years taught Esther a great deal about acting.

The Ralstons started their theatrical career in New York, where Mr. Ralston ran a gymnasium for crippled children. He also gave lectures on physical education, using Esther, aged two, and her brother Clarence, four, as living examples of scientifically raised children. Today Esther says doubtfully, "I'm not so sure about the scientific part." The family was always poor, even after it took to the road in its vaudeville act.

Their travels finally brought the Ralstons to Los Angeles, where a financial crisis sent Esther into the chorus of a burlesque show—until police authorities discovered she was less than sixteen years old. She got bit parts in the silent movies, but success passed her by until she was cast as "Mrs. Darling" in "Peter Pan," with Mary Brian. Remember it? The picture and Esther were both hits, and for years afterwards she was a top star. When she finally left Hollywood it was with the idea of appearing in a Broadway play, but she got interested in radio instead, and now devotes all of her time to it, when she isn't busy running a beautiful home in Great Neck.

Long Island, a New York suburb. Great Neck people know her as Mrs. Ted Lloyd. Ted is a New York radio commentator and columnist, and they met when he interviewed her for a story. She's been married before, and has a ten-year-old daughter, Mary Esther, whom she and Ted both adore. Esther would give up acting if it ever interfered with her marriage, but it never has. She could probably make a good living as an interior decorator. Just as a hobby, she planned and furnished her mother's home in California, and the job turned out so successfully that she did the same for her own home out there and later in Great Neck. Her greatest extravagance is buying material to make dresses for herself and for Mary Esther. She's a handy person with a needle.

If you think of an actress as someone who lies in bed until noon, you aren't thinking of Esther. Woman of Courage is heard at 10:45 in the morning, and each day's rehearsal starts a couple of hours before that, so she arises at six every day in order to arrive at the studio on time. After the broadcast, unless there's something important to keep her in New York, she hurries back to Great Neck and becomes as housewifely as Martha Jackson herself.

Radiant new Dreamflower shades don't simply match your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

Tender new Dreamflower smoothness suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

Dainty new Dreamflower box—all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

New Pond's "LIPS"—stays on longer!

Shatter his heart with your stay-bush new Pond's "Lips"! 5 wicked Stagline shades. Try "Heart Throb"—its magenta hue is fashion's darling!
Hatching Health

When the world is again at peace and philosophers can renew their age-old arguments, we may learn which comes first—the hen or the egg.

But all the experts agree that chickens and ducks and turkeys and the lesser varieties of poultry belong high on the list of foods that will build a strong nation.

And alongside them in the same list—perhaps even more important because they are used more often and in more ways—are eggs.

IRON—several of the members of the B-Complex vitamin family—easily digestible forms of protein—delicate, assimilable and nourishing fats—all these come from both the meat of the fowl and the egg.

Remember this, that a fully formed chick—healthy, ready to begin its life—grows from a single cell with only the contents of an egg to nourish and develop it.

Eggs, the nutrition experts tell us, are so packed with important food factors and they add so much to the flavor and taste of such a wide variety of the foods we like and need, that they are almost irreplaceable in our diets.

This nation, caught in a crisis where stamina and health and energy are terribly important, can thank itself for a plentiful supply of poultry and eggs. And you, the individual citizen, owe it to yourself and to the nation to see that you and your family include eggs and poultry regularly on your tables.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

Milk and Cheese—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the “sunshine” vitamin.

Meat, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

Green and Yellow vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today’s emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America
My Heart Was True
Continued from page 56

she was making Kleats in her handkerchief and her only comment was, "If I wanted to be a villain, he carries the play—but he's a stinker."

The third act—it was the first act multiplied and the second act through a magnifying glass. Ken was going more slowly now and Maude was drumming, but noiselessly, on the arm of her chair. And then it was all over but the shouting and Ken patted the pages together and thrust them back into his brief case and dropped the case shut. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "You're a pal of mine, Maude—tell the truth."

Maude obeyed him rather regretfully. "I wish to heaven I'd written it," she said. "Our children, if we ever have children, will be seeing that play in stock fifty years from now. You've got an 'Abie's Irish Rose,' Ken—or a 'Tobacco Road'—you've got what it takes. You won't have any trouble selling the thing if that's what's worrying you. Play rights, movie rights, radio rights—the whole works. We'll sell it to a producer. Do you want to?"

Ken interrupted—"I don't need an agent, Maude. I've sold the play already. I'm in my wife's pocket but money's the least—consideration. You see, I sold it with a stipulation."

Maude gurgled, "Anybody who can sell a play with a stipulation is good. I take off my hat to you."

Ken said, "You must do more than take off your hat to me, old dear—you must help me finish the deal. It means his tone was pleading—"everything to me. I came here this afternoon to read the play and get your opinion, but I also came here to ask you nine or ten favors. First of all, will you keep it a secret now...? You've got an 'Abie's Irish Rose,' Ken—or a 'Tobacco Road'—you've got what it takes. You won't have any trouble selling the thing if that's what's worrying you. Play rights, movie rights, radio rights—the whole works. We'll sell it to a producer. Do you want to?"

Jean TENNYSON—soprano star of Great Moments in Music, heard each Wednesday night on CBS, Blue-eyed and golden-haired, Jean began to study music when she was fourteen. She was born and grew up in Chicago, but went to New York at nineteen, and from there to Europe to study with Mary Orgen, famous opera star of earlier days. When she came back to America she sang for the San Carlo and Chicago Civic Opera Companies, and more recently was heard in the Hollywood Bowl, Grant Park in Chicago, and Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. This is her first regular radio series, and on it she sings arias from famous operas and duets with Jan Peerce. If you like operatic music, but not in large doses, this capricious program will be just right.
on the villain and his voice quality." "Voice quality!" whispered Carol, and the producer nodded in her direction.

"But yes, Madame Breen," he said. "Oh, you do not know the troubles of a man in my position! To find some one of handsome appearance, with a voice that holds frightfulness—a voice that ees harsh and dreadful, deep in the throat—dramatic". He turned swiftly to Stan. "Have you ever thought of going upon the stage?"

Stan asked— "Who? Me?" For once he was fuddled and the producer nodded, "Yes. You're a finished radio performer—you know the tricks. And you have the looks that will make women fall from their chairs, and the voice that will make children run home screaming to hide behind their mothers' skirts. You will not be risking anything eef you play the lead in thes plays, Mr. Breen. You can safely give up your other commitments."

Carol started to say, "He hasn't any other commitments," but Stan silenced her with a ferocious glance. "You interest me strangely," he said to the producer. "What's your proposition?"

Swiftly, very swiftly, the producer was all business. He even lost his accent. He said, "Come to my office tomorrow morning and we'll talk terms and contracts—I think I can guarantee a motion picture production as well as—Broadway. If you create the part you will have to do it in every version—because it will be you."

Stan said, "If Maudie and Ken and my wife will excuse us—" was he faintly sarcastic or just commanding?— "you and I can go into the living room right now and talk things over. Of course, I'll have to read the play before I make a decision—I can't rely on the other fellow's judgment, nor even yours. But if it's as good as you seem to think—"

Maudie Sanborn and the producer left around midnight and Carol—worn down with combined excitement and bewilderment—went out to the kitchen to tidy up. The dinner dishes were still standing on a table, they hadn't even been scraped. Ken followed her and picked up a knife and started to transfer greasy morsels to the garbage pail.

"We should have a dog," he said, "to eat the scraps."

Carol told him, "It's like magic... Do you realize, Ken—Stan will be rich again!"

Ken said, "He'll have the world by the tail, and no mistake. He can pay a dozen convertibles and another house and the weekend parties can begin all over again."

"Yes," said Carol. She started to run water from the faucet but it wasn't quite hot so she dabbled her fingers in it and waited. "Yes," she said, "the weekend parties—can begin again."

She laughed hysterically and while she was laughing Stan came and stood in the kitchen doorway. "You folks at it again?" he asked. Ken said, "You mean washing dishes?"

Stan said, "You know damn well what I mean—and it isn't washing dishes. Oh, you may think I'm a blind fool, but I'm not. I've been watching and listening for months and I'm wise to your game. Ken, you've wanted Carol since before we were married, and you still want her."

Ken told him, "For one of the first times in your life you're right about something."

Carol was still dabbling her fingers in a stream of water that was growing warm. She said, "Please—please!"

"Well," Stan said, "you can't have her, Ken. Carol's my wife."

"You don't love her," said Ken. "You never did."

"Whether I love her or not makes very little difference," said Stan, "to you. Carol and I are married and will stay married. A wife's very useful when a man's on the stage. He needs a good hostess and if he talks out of character you can play yourself—" "a wife acts as an alibi. Ken—" his voice rose: it had the power and hatefulfulness of a grinding machine—you can get the hell out of my house."

Ken smiled at Carol. "Do you want me to go?" he asked.

Carol turned off the water faucet. She said slowly, "Yes."

All at once Ken Williams was white—white to the lips. He had gabled—with those yellow chips of the spirit—and he had lost. He put down the plate he was scraping and closed the garbage pail. He said— "I'm sorry, Carol. I'll be packed in half an hour."

He started toward the kitchen door and Stan stood aside to let him pass. But he wasn't halfway through the opening when Carol spoke again. She said— "Stan doesn't need me any more, Ken, so I'm free—but it may take me three-quarters of an hour to get packed. Do you mind waiting?"

The End

---

TO 5 OUT OF 7 WOMEN...

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

Beauty boosts morale! Let Marvelous Matched Makeup by Richard Hudnut help you look your loveliest!

- These days, make a special effort to be beautiful! Avoid the tragic mistake so many women unknowingly make—the lack of color harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick. Such makeup makes you look harsh, unattractive—instead of wonderful! Richard Hudnut has solved this problem for you by creating Marvelous Matched Makeup. Not merely rouge and lipstick... but face powder too... all three color-coordinated in the laboratory, matched in their basic tones. Just three minutes to apply and instant new beauty is yours!

A face powder, perfect for today's busy women! You'll appreciate the way Marvelous Face Powder clings—actually up to 5 full hours! Sheer, filmy-textured—it contains two special adhering ingredients. These ingredients are so pure they're often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder... and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes $5 each.
Grand Opera meets good taste

reception room, saw the door of Joe's private office open a few inches and heard a light, caressing voice say: "All right, Joey honey. I'll be seeing you."

While Mary stared, aghast, the door opened farther and Sally Gibbons came out. She had changed but little in the year since Mary had seen her last—a bit more heavily made up, perhaps, a bit harder. When she saw Mary she tilted her chin defiantly and marched past without a word.

The office stenographer, unaware of the drama that had just gone on before her, said, "Mr. Marlin is free now, Mrs. Marlin. I'll tell him you're here."

Wondering how her face could fail to betray the tumult in her heart, Mary stammered wildly, "No—don't tell him. I—I just remembered—there's something I must tell Mr. Post. I'll see him instead."

Without waiting for the girl's assent, she almost ran into David's office. It did not strike her as strange that she should turn to him for comfort.

At sight of her he leaped to his feet, came swiftly around the desk, saying, "Mary! What's the matter?"

She clung to him, sobbing, trembling with shock. She had been so sure Joe was cured of his infatuation for Sally Gibbons, so foolishly sure! She had thought she needed only to wait until he was ready to speak. But it had all been an illusion, a sandcastle that a single chance wave had crumbled into nothingness.

With David's arms around her, she fought to regain her self-control, and after a moment was able to say, "I'm sorry. If it hadn't been so sudden—"

David was intent upon what she was saying. Neither of them heard the door to Joe's office open. Neither knew that for a few seconds he stood on the threshold, watching with deep pain in his eyes, before he closed it again.

Wearily spent after the onslaught of emotion, Mary raised her head, and David dropped his arms. "I suppose I'm a fool," she said, "to let it hit me like this. It's only that I just heard something which proves I can never again trust Joe, or believe anything he says."

TO Joe, sitting alone at his desk in the next room, it did not even occur that Mary had overheard Sally Gibbons' parting words. They had vanished from his own memory as if they had never been spoken. He had not lied to Mary when he said he wanted to make a new start. His connection with Sally actually was finished, had been finished for months, ever since he learned that she had lied when she said she was going to have a baby, hoping to trick him into an immediate divorce and remarriage. Still, because he once had loved her, and because it pitted her childishness and cheapness, he had wanted to help her, and her visit to the office this afternoon had been simply to receive the rather large check he made out as a final token of friendly farewell. Her good-bye was so characteristic in its flippancy and insincere affection that he had scarcely heard it, certainly had not thought how it would sound to anyone else who happened to be listening.

So it was that when he opened the door of David's office and saw Mary in his partner's arms, he did not even think of Sally. He could not see Mary's face, and did not know she was crying. But he did see David's, and on it there was a look of tenderness impossible to read incorrectly. When he softly closed the door he was certain of something he had long suspected: David was in love with Mary. And since he had seen her in David's arms, he believed that Mary loved David.

He pressed his forehead against a clenched fist, and wished he could press regret out of his brain. He had had Mary's love, but he had thrown it away partly out of chivalry to Sally, partly out of a real desire for a child. Even Mary had never known how deep and firm this wish for children was in Joe. Well, he told himself, the chivalry was mistaken, and the child was a lie, and now he was left with nothing—nothing except his ambition to be United States Senator from Iowa. And, ironically, even that would be taken from him. Eve Underwood had told him plainly that a reconciliation with Mary would be necessary before he could hope to run successfully. He hadn't paid much attention at the time. He wanted the reconciliation for its own sake, not for its

The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 28

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This ought to startle you!

IF YOU’VE GOTTEN INTO THE HABIT of using a certain kind of napkin, maybe nothing we could tell you would make you decide to try Modess instead. Well, then listen to over 10,000 women who tested Modess for softness.* 3 out of every 4 of them voted Modess softer than the napkin they’d been buying.

DOESN’T THAT STARTLE YOU into trying Modess the next time you buy napkins? Don’t you want to find out for yourself if you’ve been missing out on extra comfort? You bet you do.

Any modern woman would!

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political help.

Probably Mary would come back to him if she knew he needed her to attain his ambition. But this he would never tell her. He did not want her on those terms.

After a long time he took a small, shabby notepad from his pocket. It was his private journal—not so much a diary as a repository for all the secret thoughts which burned so deeply inside him that they might as well be expressed somehow. Only Jonathan knew of its existence. Between two of the pages, the near, was pressed a slip of arbutus, brittle now, and brown—the arbutus Mary had picked and given to him on a spring afternoon many months before.

He picked up a pen and on a blank page wrote a few words: “I found out today that I’ve lost you, Mary darling. But I’ll go on loving you—even though you’ll never know it.”

Then he closed the book and slipped it back into his pocket. Silently, he resolved never to write in it again, because that chapter of his life was finished.

JONATHAN appeared to use all his spare time in writing a novel which absorbed him completely, but he was more observant than he seemed. He was quick to sense the change in Joe, who had returned to Cedar Springs full of such high hopes, and just as quick, by adroit and oblique questions, to learn the reason.

He wasted only a few hours, after that, in pondering the rights and wrongs of his conduct. He had none of the conventional scruples where the happiness of his friends was concerned. Probably, he reasoned, Joe was mistaken in his belief that Mary had stopped loving him and had turned to David. Mary, in Jonathan’s shrewd view, wasn’t that kind of a woman. In any case, he could see no harm in doing a little investigating, and so, one evening, he called alone on Mary, bringing in his pocket a small object which he had unobtrusively lifted from Joe’s dresser drawer.

“I guess I’m butting in where it’s none of my business,” he apologized.

“But I hate to see two swell people making a mistake when it isn’t necessary. Why don’t you and Joe get together again? I thought you were going to.”

“I thought so too, Jonathan,” Mary said simply, tacitly granting the little man’s right to intrude on her emotions. She looked lovelier than ever during the new moon. She had not been sleeping well, and the violet shadows under her eyes accentured their more brilliant white. Her raw pink cheeks lifted the heavy, glistened darkly in the subdued light. Yet, with all her beauty, she seemed listless, weary.

“Joe thinks you’re in love with somebody else,” Jonathan told her.

“Is he right?”

A flush came to Mary’s cheeks. “In love with? Of course he’s not right! I’ve never loved anybody but Joe. Who in the world would he think—”

Jonathan ignored the implied question. “I was sure he was crazy. But I got into his head the idea he’d be a Senator. It’s why he hasn’t been near you lately.”

“Oh, it can’t be!” Mary burst out. “No, you don’t understand. Joe has found out he doesn’t—care for me any more. He’s still infatuated with Sally Gibbons.”

“That’s all over—been over a long time. Joe and I’ve lived together for months, and I’d be sure to know.”

Twisting her hands together, flight into a little lady, she called her up there to give her a check and write ‘period’ to the whole business. He told me all about it.”

With that, Mary stared at him. “Oh!” she whispered. “I can’t believe—”

“Joe’s still crazy about you, Mary,” Jonathan insisted. He reached into his pocket and drew out a black booklet.

“Here’s the proof—in his own handwriting.” He selected a page and held the booklet out to her. Open. With luck, he thought, he could return it before Joe got home. Unless Mary told him, Joe would never know it had been gone.

MARY read the words written in Joe’s tiny, characteristic hand—and she knew, without a doubt, dizzily, that this was the truth. “It is—it is” she gasped. “Oh Jonathan, thank you! I must see him—I must go to him now—excuse me, you darling!”

She was already in the hall, tearing a coat from its hook, when she heard Jonathan saying lightly, happily, “Guess if you hurry, Mary, you can find him at the office.”

The dark, wintry streets whirled past her as she ran, hurrying her heart called out. So much time has been lost already, there must not be another minute, another second!

There was a light in his office. She flung the door wide and rushed through, crying, “Joe—my dearest! I’ve come back to you—I thought you didn’t love me—but now I know Joe! Joe!”

Then she was in his arms, pressed close to his heart, pressing him close to her.

Cedar Springs gossiped, as was its way, but on the whole it was well satisfied to see Joe Marlin and Mary Marlin once more occupying the old Main Street house together, satisfied to see Joe crossing the Square at the usual night-thirty every morning on his way to the office, to read the formal announcement of his candidacy for United States Senator.

It seemed to Mary, in that enchanted first year of her reconciliation, that she had never been so happy—not even in the twelve months following their marriage. For now there was a deeper, richer, richer content in her love that was like the fulfilled calm at the end of a summer day. And there was another reason, a reason greater than they had ever had before, for happiness.

SHE could not go with Joe on that last whirlwind campaign tour of the state, late in October. But she could crown the joy of his victory over the Democratic candidate, Daniel B. Burke, with an intense joy. David Marlin, their son, was born on Election Night.

“Don’t you always have to be so lucky,” Joe murmured, bending over the bed where she lay with the small Davie cradled in her arms. It was her first day home from the hospital, and she
was comfortably aware of being well and relaxed and loved. Looking up from Davey’s sleeping face, she drank in the worshipful, adoring look in Joe’s eyes. Lucky? she thought. But we’re both lucky. To think of how near we were to being parted forever!

“’We’re the first thing we’ve ever had that truly belonged to us both,’” she said. “And because he does, we can never be separated again.’”

“Separated? Not a chance!” Joe agreed. “Think I’m going to be that big a fool again?” He leaned over and lifted one pink, crumpled hand with the tip of his finger. “This young man’s going to be proud of his father, Mary. Maybe you’ll keep your fingers crossed—he’ll be living in the White House some day!”

“Maybe,” Mary said, her eyes shining. “But even if he doesn’t, he’ll still be proud of you. As I am now.”

Gently he lowered Davey’s hand, and said a little huskily, “Are you, Mary? I want to be—good enough for you.”

She wondered, often, when they were in Washington, if Joe remembered the sincerely felt emotion with which he had said that.

From the very first, Washington was a different world—and Joe was different, too. It was purest chance, of course, that among the first people they met were the Secretary of the Interior, Frazer Mitchell, and his wife Events would have followed another course entirely if they hadn’t, and if Joe hadn’t had the immense luck (as it seemed then) of winning Frazer Mitchell’s regard and friendship. They might so easily have slipped into the relative obscurity that surrounds most junior Senators and their wives. Instead, under the guidance and patronage of the Mitchells, they were swept up into the gay, whirling center of Washington’s brightest, most sophisticated—and most lawless—society.

Frazer Mitchell was white-haired, dignified, the bearer of a name and heritage famous in American history. His wife, Bunny, was much younger. At times, in her thoughtless quest for excitement, she was like a greedy child, snapping at colored baubles on the Christmas tree. She wanted so many things: clothes, luxury, admiration, social position... there was nothing desirable in this world that Bunny Mitchell did not scheme and plan to have. And yet her greed was so naive, so innocent, that you could not hate her for it. Rather, you pitied her.

And Mary pitied Frazer Mitchell, too, one afternoon when Bunny, over some trifling cause, flew into a rage and revealed how little she really cared for him. Contempt for his age, for his dignity, even for his helpless adoration of her, were all implicit in that petulant outburst. Frazer seemed to shrink into himself as he listened, like a man being stripped of self-respect, and his apologies to Mary and Joe were terrifyingly humble.

“She should never have married him!” Mary said to Joe when they were alone. “It’s tragic, the way she makes him unhappy, and herself unhappy too!”

“Yes, it is,” Joe agreed gravely. “Mitchell should have known when he asked her to marry him that anyone as—all as Bunny needs a husband her own age.”

Mary glanced at him in surprise. “I imagine,” she said dryly, “knowing...
Bunny, that it's more likely she did the asking.

At her tone, Joe's lips tightened. "I wouldn't jump to conclusions," he said in a voice that indicated plainly he didn't want to continue the conversation.

JOE was using that kind of voice more and more lately, Mary found. He was tired, she knew. It was possible for Joe Marlin to tackle a job with out throwing himself into it completely, and he was giving every bit of energy he could to the task of being a good Senator. This was to be expected, and Mary approved; but it was not to be expected, and she did not approve, that all his precious leisure hours should be taken up with social activities initiated by the Mitchell's and the people they had met through them. Parties, dinners, weekends at Frazer's estate, "The Shadows"—frequently Mary longed for just one quiet hour for them to spend together with Davey. But when, timidly, she expressed this wish, Joe said coldly, "I understood you were as interested in my career."

"Of course I am! But—"

"Darling," he said with restrained patience, "surely you see it's important to be close friends with one of the most influential men in Washington. I've been unbellicvably lucky to know him—and through him, other influential people who make or break careers."

"It's the people back in Iowa—who will make or break your career, Joe," she reminded him.

"Oh—well—in a way. But I can't possibly do a job for them unless I'm strong here in Washington... Besides," he added, "I like Frazer and Bunny. I enjoy their company."

Was it imagination, or had he hesitated, ever so slightly, before pronouncing Bunny's name?

Mary faced, honestly, the problem brought up by that doubt. She did not believe she was jealous of Bunny or any of the pretty, smart, gowned women who moved in Bunny's set. She did not believe that this could be, even partly, the basis of her wish that she and Joe could live a simpler, less active life. But she was forced to admit that always, in the background, there was the memory of another time when Joe had been irreparable, impatient of her opinions and of anything that resembled interference in his movements or activities. That other time, the explanation had been Sally... Gradually, as the weeks passed, she came to believe that there was still another reason why Joe should see less of the Mitchells. They were not, she was convinced, the best ones for him to know, ever politically. Frazer was an old-line conservative, an aristocrat, who believed in privilege and property and distrusted both the ability and the intelligence of the common people. He and his like, Mary thought, were remnants of a world that was dying. She did not want Joe to be part of the degenerate past. She wanted him to be a leader toward a better, newer world.

All this she would have expressed, not to Joe, but to Eve Underwood, who was in Washington now and who had lost her interest in Joe's future. But when she came to speak, she was silent. It seemed too much like disloyalty, although she was certain Eve would have agreed with her.

Certainly, Mary was much less happy in Washington than she had been when she married Joe to become the wife of a Senator. She lived in a large and expensive house on Woodley Road; Davey had an English nurse named Miss Fairweather; and a shifty, dirty bitten cat served their meals when—rarely—they dined at home. She would gladly have exchanged it all for Main Street in Cedar Springs and old Annie bustling noisily about in the kitchen.

Annie was with them here in Washington, but that, oddly enough, brought Mary only more small irritation. Annie was jealous of Miss Fairweather, and stubbornly took it as a personal affront that she had not been given full charge of Davey. In the end, it was this minor feud that precipitated a crisis between Joe and Mary.

They were at a very gay party—too gay, as usual—at the Mitchells' when Mary was summoned to the telephone. It was Annie, reporting that Davey, who had been sniffling all day, was worse.

"We'll be right home," Mary promised, fear thudding in her breast.

But Joe, when she told him of Annie's call, saw no reason to leave. "Why did Annie call?" he asked suspiciously. "Isn't Miss Fairweather with Davey?"

"I—I suppose so," Mary said, anxiously only to hurry home. "I didn't think to ask her."

"Well, I'll ask." He left her, and when he returned he was smiling. "I talked to Miss Fairweather. She says Davey is perfectly all right and for us not to worry."

"Oh, Joe—I don't know—" Mary demurred. "Annie's so loyal..."

"Oh, and you're just fussing!" he interrupted her roughly, and suddenly weeks of hidden, stifled irritations stood naked and ugly between them.

White-faced, Mary looked around the room, at the laughing, dancing, drinking, "You mean," she said, "all—all this—is more important to you than your son?"

"I mean I don't see any reason to leave a place where we're having a good time—where I am, at least—because Annie is having a nightmare."

"Shall I go alone, then?"

Joe's face became expressionless. "If you insist on it—yes."

Without another word, Mary turned and left him.

But she didn't stop there. In the end, Joe proved to be right. Davey was not seriously ill, and Annie's zeal had been excessive. But their quarrel had not really been over whether or not to leave that particular party, and they both knew it. It had been over the entire situation—and that situation was unchanged. Joe, when he apologized, was for a few minutes the man she loved—tender, considerate. But when, emboldened, she begged him...
FILLLED with new resolves, she returned to Washington a day earlier than she had planned. The train got in at six in the morning, and she took a taxi straight to Woodley Road.

She was surprised, letting herself into the house with her latchkey, to find Arnold, the butler, in the hallway just hanging up the telephone receiver. Who in the world would be calling so early in the morning?

Arnold's well-trained face, as he greeted her, showed no astonishment at her unexpected arrival, but she sensed a certain embarrassment in his manner when she asked what had happened.

"Er—Secretary Mitchell, Madame," Arnold said hesitantly. "He wished to speak to Senator Marlin."

"Oh—Well—it's terribly early, I know, but maybe you should have called him, if it was Mr. Mitchell."

"Yea, Madame. But," Arnold stood a little straighter, "Senator Marlin is not in."

"No?" You mean he's gone out already?"

"No, Madame. Senator Marlin did not return home last night."

Quick fear tore her. Something must have happened—

She flew upstairs to Joe's room, unable quite to believe Arnold without the evidence of her own eyes. But the room was empty, the bed uncreased. Back to the head of the steps she went, and heard there the sound of voices below as the front door opened and closed again. Joe's deep tones and—Bunny Mitchell's brittle laugh.

"But I must get my bag, Joe! And I know I left it here!"

A tiny scuffle. More laughter.

Slowly, one lagging footstep after the other, Mary went down the stairs. The couple in the hall turned and hung upward. Joe's hands dropped from Bunny's arms, theermint faded from his face.

"Oh, Joe!" Mary breathed weakly.

So Mary's distrust of Joe, vague until now, has at last taken on definite shape. Can two people ever find happiness together again after one of them has once proved unworthy? Be sure to read next month's chapter of this dramatic marriage novel—in the May issue of Radio Mirror.

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A Love Divided

Continued from page 32

half expected to surprise some secret
in my face.

It was ridiculous. It made me un-
easy. And yet, it made me more
aware of Lance, as a man, than ever.

And gradually I noticed a subtle
change in his relationship to me. He
was at the house more often, and
he seemed always to want me near
when he and Derek talked, with
their tool box or studied their pic-
tures of birds. He seemed to talk to
me as much as Derek when he told
his stories. And I knew, with swift
feminine intuition, that Lance had
stopped seeing me as the mother of
his little friend. He saw me now as
an attractive, desirable woman.

And then one day Lance came when
Derek was not there. It was spring
and I was weeding in the garden. He
knelt beside me for a while, pulling
at the weeds with his long, tanned
fingers. Then suddenly he made an
impatient exclamation, and seized my
wrists. Startled, I turned to face him
and he pulled me to my feet.

His shadowed gray eyes seemed to
burn, and his voice was shaken when
he spoke.

"You're lovely, Janet," he whis-
pered brokenly. "You're the loveliest
thing that was ever in a man's life.
I can't stand it any more—your not
knowing what you mean to me.

His arms went around me and his
lips came down to mine. They were
urgent, seeking. For a moment I
stood still. Then, gently, I pushed
him away.

"I'm sorry, Lance. I'm proud, but
I'm sorry too. For I don't love you.
And I never will. I love Arnold."

His arms dropped and he stood
looking at me with the saddest face
I've ever seen. "I knew that, I sup-
pose. But I hoped. You see, I've
figured that things sometimes weren't
so good between you and Arnold and
—and you mean so much to me, I
couldn't help but hope..."

"There's only one thing that isn't
good between Arnold and me, Lance.
That's the part that makes me feel—
differently than I do. But if that should
ever be so unendurable that I left Arnold,
it would never be for another man.
It would never be for anything but
Derek's own sake."

I said, "You'll have to forgive me.
Derek means a lot to me, too—more
perhaps than you realize. Some day
you'll know. But—" He gave a
crooked smile—"meanwhile, can we go
on, just being friends?"

Tears welled up in my eyes. "Of
course we can, Lance. I hope for al-
ways and always."

I hoped it had ended there. I
hoped the very next morning some-
things happened that brought it back
again.

Derek announced at the dinner
table that he had invited Lance to have
dinner with him that evening.

His father exploded. "That's im-
possible! It's all right for you to
tramp the woods with this fellow, if
you must, but to have him here as a family
friend—no, Derek, you'll have to take back
your invitation."

"But father," Derek protested. "I
can't. That wouldn't be right. And
besides, why can't he be here for din-
nert?"

"I have said why."

"That's not fair, Arnold," I said.
"The child has a right to have his
friends here. Perhaps he should have
consulted me before he extended the
invitation, but I don't think you
should humiliate him by making him
take it back now. I—can't let you
do that."

Arnold again gave me that strange,
penetrating glance. He was silent for
a moment, his face set in harsh lines.
Then he said with an effort. "Very
well, Derek. As long as you have in-
vited him, he may come. But I shall
want to talk with him—alone—after-
wards."

Apprehension gripped me. What
did Arnold want to say? What was
he thinking? And Lance—what would
he say, if he were angered? I knew
I should never get an answer by asking
questions. So I kept silent..."

I FINISHED my long story and
looked across at Mr. Keen, who had
listened so intently and so patiently.
His intelligent gray eyes were fixed
on mine, and, behind him, he seemed
to be putting two and two together.

"It that has made me seem to feel—differently
than I do. But if that should ever
be so unendurable that I left Arnold,
it would never be for another man.
It would never be for anything but
Derek's own sake."

I said, "You'll have to forgive me.
Derek means a lot to me, too—more
perhaps than you realize. Some day
you'll know. But—" He gave a
crooked smile—"meanwhile, can we go
Say Hello To—

ARTHUR TRACY—who earned fame as the Street Singer, and
now is back on American radio after an
absence. You can hear him on the Blue
Network three times a week, on
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 4:00,
Eastern time. Arthur was born in
Philadelphia, where he spent his childhood
wandering on the streets, singing for
pennies and learning languages.
His career was cut short when a teacher,
forcing his young voice, caused it to snap, so that for seven months he couldn't
speak above a whisper. He recovered,
went into musical comedy, and
in 1933 made his debut in one of the
most famous, first here and then in England, whence he returned only
a year or so ago. He's also very talented as an amateur artist.

They talked for about an hour, and
then I heard Lance leave. He slammed
the door after him and strode down
the walk, as if he might be angry.

"Did your husband seem pleased
that I was here?"

"It's hard to know what Arnold
feels these days, he's so shut within
himself. But he has seemed rather
relieved that I was here. And if I
looked as if Lance were gone for
good."

"Why did you wait so long, Mrs.
Ford? You didn't feel so sure, didn't
you?"

I took a deep breath. "I kept hop-
ing against hope that he would come
back. I thought he might have been
suddenly called away. I had no
chance to say goodbye. And I didn't
want to do anything to add to the
tension between Arnold and me. It's
grown to be—almost unbearable, Mr.
Keen. Then, yesterday morning I
was awakened about five o'clock, and
discovered Derek slipping quietly out
of the house. He had some money, and
a little money, and he had left a
note saying he was going off to hunt
for Lance. I couldn't stand that: No-
thing was wrong. I felt it was just as
that. So I brought him to you."

"I see," Mr. Keen leaned back in
his chair. "Well, Mrs. Ford, it's a
backlash on both sides. It seems to
have straightened out. The first thing
I'm going to do is drive up with you
so that I can see Lance's shack, go
over whatever a backfire may have
set, and see if I can get a lead on where
he may be. After that, I'll tackle
Mrs. Ford at his office and find out—
if I can—what it was he said to Lance
that night after dinner."

Mr. Keen took charge so complete-
ly that I felt a sense of reassurance
and peace for the first time in days.
I couldn't help but admire the metic-
ulous thoroughness with which he
went over Lance's course of action,
and see if I can get a lead on where
he may be. After that, I'll tackle
Mrs. Ford at his office and find out—
if I can—what it was he said to Lance
that night after dinner."

Later that afternoon, Mr. Keen tele-
phoned me from town. "I've talked
to your husband," he said. "I told
Lance that night that he would have
to stop coming to the house. Lance
said he would stop coming only when
you asked him to. I'm rather in-
clined to believe he meant that, Mrs.
Ford. We'll have to look elsewhere
for the reason for his disappearance."

"Oh, glad," I said. "You didn't
have to think—or have Derek think
—that it was Arnold who made him
go."

"One other thing I found out," he
went on. "Arnold was jealous of you
and Lance. He realizes you're a young
and very attractive woman and that
Mrs. Ford was a very unusual man.
I reassured him on that point,
without giving away any of your con-
fidences, and I'm sure he knows now
he was wrong. Now, Mrs. Ford, I'll
keep you informed."

I hung up the telephone, wearily.
Poor Arnold! Poor lonely, unyield-
ing man, who loved her so deeply in

(Continued on page 68)
Rough hands quickly ruin romance. Here’s one sure way to see if your hands are satin-smooth, romantically soft.

MAKE THE KISS TEST YOURSELF NOW. Brush your lips softly, as a lover might, to the back of your hand. Can you feel tiny scales or roughness? That is nature’s warning you’re in need of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

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Linit helps fine fabrics resist laundering wear. It makes ironing easier, too. Let Linit be the "friend" of your fine fabrics.

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LINIT PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH

MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

PENETRATES THE FABRIC PROTECTS THE FIBRES

Continued from page 66

own peculiar way and derived only unhappiness from that love.

But even my pity could not ease the sense of strain between us. I kept seeing Derek's small, anguished face as he crept down the stairs that morning intent on a desperate boy's mis-

sion of finding his friend. I kept hearing the pleading in his voice as he asked Mr. Keen, "I've done a thing I'm afraid of. Can I talk to you?"

mother doesn't forget those things. Even the deep tenderness that had been between Arnold and me, our moments of companionship, seemed dim and distant now.

A

ND so for several anxious days, the three of us, each in our separate ways, waited for news from Mr. Keen. It came the evening of the fourth day. Derek had gone to bed, vacillat-

ing from hope to despair and back again. Arnold and I sat in the study, pretending to read. About ten o'clock the door knocker sounded. It was Mr. Keen.

"I came in person," he said quietly, "because I have news for you of rather a shocking nature. Lance McCrae has been found in prison.

"In prison," I gasped. "But why? What's he done?"

"Nothing lately, but he's been wanted for a long time. A guard escaped from a state prison where he was serving a term for robbery."

"I knew it," Arnold said grimly, "This confirms my worst suspicions."

"Now just a minute, Mr. Ford." The older man's voice held authority and force. "You don't know the cir-

stances of the escape. You don't know Mr. McCrae or to the officials, and I do. It is true he is a convicted criminal, as you say, but there are extenuating facts.

"Lance was a wayward boy, with no parental attention. He got caught up in bad company, as often happens, and he was more inclined against than sinning when he acted as look out man during a robbery when a storekeeper was killed. He was sentenced to a fairly long term. He escaped, and he has been gone straight all these years—and more than that; he told me he had been so moved by the faith of a woman that he was about to give himself up to serve the rest of his unexpired term, so that he might, forever after, face the world as a free man."

"That's a likely story," Arnold cried. "It's just an effort to get symp-

athy.

"I think not, Mr. Ford. A detective recognized him in a sporting-

goods store where he was buying an expensive watch for his birthday. We all know Lance had very little money and that it had to last him a long time. The fact he was spending a lot of it then seemed to me conclusive evidence that he wasn't going to need money much longer because he did, indeed, plan to give himself up."

Arnold was silent. All sorts of emo-

tions were whirling through me. Shock, pity, grief. I suppose I said the thing that was uppermost in my mind.

"Derek! How can we ever tell Derek?"

"We are not going to tell Derek the truth," Mr. Keen said gently. "I've arranged for Lance to be brought to my office under special guard. There he will have an interview—all-

with your son and tell him a story

we have concocted. It is an innocent

one, about his being called away on a special mission for the government, and Derek will have his illusions left intact.

"I won't allow it!" Arnold burst out. "I won't have my son consorting with a fellow like this—this escaped convict, even for a moment. Lance is far too young, Lord, to know he's had on him, as it is. I'll never give my consent."

Mr. Keen turned to Arnold then. His gray eyes flamed, and he seemed to grow in stature as he talked. "I think you will," he said sternly. "This escaped convict, as you choose to call him, has already had a fair, for his influence on your son than you your-

self have ever had. He has shown more interest in moulding his charac-

ter than you, his father, ever did. Now, through prejudice, you would rob him of one of life's most precious possessions—faith in another human being. Derek will never again trust another soul, if he believes now that Lance, his friend, has deserted him. No, Mr. Ford. You are not going to do that!

There was silence. A look of deep

pain, of suffering crossed his hus-

band's face. Was it hurt pride? Was it defeat? I could never tell. When at last, he spoke his words were muffled.

"Very well, Mr. Keen. Since you and Janet feel so strongly, I can only say that I'll need to think matters over before I make two conditions. First, that I be present at the interview. And second, that, after it, Lance McCrae shall never see either my son or my wife again."

The second condition Lance has already suggested because it would be better if this goodbye to Derek were really a final farewell to your whole family. And your first condition I have already arranged for. You will not be able to present at the actual interview, but you and Mrs. Ford and I will be in an adjoining room in the house watching what goes on between them. It was, in fact, only with that understanding that the warden of the prison agreed to see your unusual request.

"Very well. At ten tomorrow morn-

ing, then." And with a short, stiff bow Arnold left the room.

It was a miserable, sleepless night for me. I thought of Lance. "Derek means a lot to me," I thought. "Someday perhaps you'll know."

That was what he'd said in the garden, and this was what he'd meant... these prison bars in exiration for an old crime. And I thought of my husband and of the truth that I must tell, that Arnold and me of late was now at its widest, its most unbudgeable. Would it ever be bridged again? Would we ever go on as before?

The three of us drove into town

early the next morning. Arnold grim and silent at the wheel. Derek knowing nothing except that we were to go to Mr. Keen's office. When we got there, Derek was shown at once into the private office. Silently, Arnold and I slipped into an adjoining one. Presently Mr. Keen opened the dividing door and joined us, leaving the door slightly ajar. There was silence for a while. Then we heard footsteps, the opening of another door, and then Derek's excited voice. "Lance! Oh, Lance!

"Hello there, pal. How are you?"
The words were strong and cheerful
but I could sense what lay behind
them—all they were costing this map
to preserve the trust of one boy.
"Oh, I'm all right—now I know
you're all right. But Lance, where
have you been? You went away and
didn't even say goodbye."

"I couldn't help it, Derek. I took
it for granted you'd trust me. I got
a summons to go away and do some
work—I can't tell you any more about
it than that. Except that it's for
the government—and pretty important."

"Secret service! That's what it is.
Gee, Lance, isn't that swell? When'll
you be coming back?"

Lance's voice was low. "You see,
I have to keep faith with something
bigger and more important than we
are now. And—I tell you this as
man to man—I probably won't be
coming back from this job—ever.
This'll have to be goodbye, Derek."

"Oh, no!" It was a stricken cry. I
pressed my handkerchief to my lips
and choked back tears.

"Now listen, Derek. We're talking
to man to man. Don't go to pieces over
this like a child. You're strong—you
can take it. It's tough to be separated,
but we each must do our duty, you
as well as I. We've been friends and
we'll always be friends. You've got
to face realities and be brave about
them."

I could almost see Derek struggling
with his tears. Then my heart rose
with pride as I heard him say, with-
out a tremor. "Yeah, you're right. I
won't be a baby. I can be strong,
too—like you've taught me. So I
guess I'll just say, 'Good luck,
Lance.' And here's our private grip
to seal it."

SUDDENLY Arnold's hand gripped
mine. The strength in his fingers
was almost crushing. "That took cour-
age," he whispered. I looked at him.
There were tears in his eyes—
Arnold's, who have never in all our
fifteen years shown a sign of what
he called weakness. "I've been a
fool—a blind, criminal fool. Forgive
me, Janet."—He stopped, unable to
go on.

I turned and clung to him then,
burying my face in his shoulder. His
arms went around me and held me
tight. Mr. Keen stood watching, an
inscrutable smile lighting his face.

Then, from the next office, there
were footsteps again and the closing
of a door. In a little while we went
in. Derek was standing by the win-
dow, dry-eyed and quite calm. He
looked older somehow. He came up
to Mr. Keen.

"I want to thank you for finding
Lance," he said. "It's a great service
and he means a lot to me. I just
want to say thank you, and if there's
ever anything I can do for you I hope
you'll let me."

Straight and sturdy, he walked
out of the office. His father followed
him. I looked after them for a mo-
ment, and then I turned to Mr. Keen.
The happiness I saw in his face was,
I knew, mirrored and magnified a
thousand times in mine.

"I want to say 'thank you,' too—
from the bottom of my heart," I
whispered. "Look what you've done,
Mr. Keen. Look!"

I gestured through the open door.
Father and son were walking
through the long outer office, walk-
ing hand in hand, walking together.
And I knew then, from that day on-
ward, they always would.

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Her new face powder is such a flatterer!

It makes her skin look younger,
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No—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19–30–35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For,
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harsh light, it showed up every line in her
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dow for the 9 new shades and try them all.
You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!
CLARK KENT, star reporter of the Daily Planet, and Jimmy Olsen, the paper’s red-headed copy-boy, were in strange surroundings. Editor Perry White had arranged for them to vacation in a friend’s North Woods logging camp. Leaving the train at Montville, they stepped into another world—a world of the deep, high-powered dangerous world where strong men battle the unyielding elements so that there may be wood for ships and houses—wood for tables and toys. A world where the ring of axe-blades is sharp and clear and the lusty cry of “TIMBER!” heralds the crashing to earth of another forest giant.

Day in and day out, fair weather and foul, men pour out of logging camps to pit their strength against the mammoth trees that tower above them, afraid of nothing that lives and breathes. Afraid of nothing but the mysterious legend of the North Woods—the legend of the White Plague.

It was dark when Clark and Jimmy reached the cabin of Fred Harmon, the camp boss, and his daughter, Nancy, where—Superman found all was not as peaceful and serene as it had seemed when he and Jimmy had set out on their trip. Hesitantly Nancy told them the story:

“We’ve had some mysterious accidents—at the camp, Mr. Kent. About a week ago one of our loggers disappeared into thin air. A searching party combed the woods for him and the logging boss, Bill Dawson, finally found him frozen to death up in the crotch of a tall tree. A tree he couldn’t have climbed without spikes—and he had no spikes on. How did he get up there? No one knows.

“The next night, a big Swedish logger, strong as an ox, vanished.

Mr. Dawson found him frozen solid in the river ice! And then, the night before last, Gaston came in to talk to Dad. He wanted to quit because of the White Plague.

“Loggers have a strange superstition, Mr. Kent. They believe that when the snow is deep enough to cover all the roots of a tree and the bottom of the trunk, that no trees should be felled. They think it’s nature’s way of protecting the trees until spring and no man has a right to go against Nature. Of course, it’s silly—but some loggers will swear that if trees are felled when snow covers the roots the White Plague visits the camp!

“They say it punishes men who go against Nature. That’s why Gaston came to see Dad—he wanted to quit before it got him. He left this cabin that night. A few minutes later we heard a horrible scream. Dad rushed out—Gaston was gone. We found him last night—he got as far as our door, then died—frozen.”

“Now,” Superman said, “I suppose all the loggers want to quit.”

“Yes—and it’s terrible because we’ve been cutting wood for the government and it’s needed badly. Dad’s been out of his mind for days.”

The next morning Superman and Jimmy awoke to feel, almost as if it were a live thing, a dangerous undercurrent of fear running through the camp. The loggers went about their work uneasily, waiting and wondering where the White Plague would strike next. Fred Harmon was beside himself with anxiety. But Bill Dawson, tough, broad-shouldered boss of the logging crew, drove his men on despite their unrest.

Superman and Jimmy joined him a few miles from camp to watch a crew of a dozen burly lumberjacks chop their way through a stand of towering oak. The ring of axe-blades against live wood was sharp and clear on the frosty air. Then the men stopped for lunch. Their voices sounded relaxed and happy for the first time when—suddenly—one logger, sitting on a stump, fell over. Half-eaten sandwich still tightly clutched in his hand, he doubled up. Superman reached his side first but before he could touch him, the lumberjack was dead.

Frightened cries of “The White Plague!” replaced the laughter and jokes. Dawson pushed his way to Superman’s side.

“Will you and Jimmy take the chill out and carry the body back to camp? I’ll be able to quiet the men better that way. I don’t know what killed Jean—but I know it wasn’t the White Plague!”

Quickly Superman was on his way. They had reached that part of the trail flanked with thick trees on each side, bordered with deep snow drifts. Without warning, the quiet of the woods was broken by the sharp “PING!” of a high-powered rifle shot. Superman felt the bullet hit his back. He smiled to himself as a steel jacket flattened itself against him and slipped off.

“Drop down, Jimmy. Somebody’s shooting at us. I think I know who it is and it isn’t the White Plague.”

Jimmy, crouched down low, didn’t see the bullets which hit his companion—and fell from the invisible form of the Man of Tomorrow. He knew only that by some miracle they reached camp, unharmed.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. When Superman went to the office after Jimmy was in bed, he found a stranger waiting there. The tall broad-shouldered man with warm...
gray eyes, introduced himself as Father Malone, priest of the North Woods. He'd devoted his life to the loggers and, as he and the reporter talked, Superman's suspicions were confirmed:

"I've been waiting for something like this, Kent. This White Plague legend has been haunting me ever since I started working among the lumberjacks. Like any legend, it passes from mouth to mouth, and the miracles created by it are manifold. But sooner or later we discover the legend is being put to bad use by some misguided human."

"Yes, Father. I think every death here boils down to a case of systematic murder. I know that man who died eating his sandwich today was poisoned. And Jimmy and I were shot at on our way back. Somebody is trying to create terror and fear of the Plague. He probably thinks I'm spying—"

But he got no further. Suddenly, frightening cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in the lonely night outside. Big Bill Dawson flushed open the door—

"Curt Travers' cabin is on fire!"

The three men rushed to the scene. The cabin, by now, was a roaring inferno.quickly running to the rear, hidden from sight, Superman dropped the guise of Clark Kent. With one leap, he broke through the timbered wall. Ignoring the flames that lapped their burning, flaring fingers on him, he scooped up the figure of Travers. In seconds he had the limp figure outside. But it was too late. Travers died as the priest breathed a last prayer for him.

Dawson, Superman, after the fire had burned itself out, went back to look at the cabin. The reporter stopped suddenly, picked up a piece of wood.

"Dawson, this clinches it! This wood is soaked in kerosene. The fire was set deliberately. Let's head back for the office and settle this thing."

Father Malone was sitting beside the body, stretched out on the couch where they came in. As the door slammed behind them, they heard a stirring in the small bedroom off the office. Fred Harmon came out, sleepily rubbing his eyes—

"Kent—what happened—why is Travers lying there like that?"

"He was caught in a burning cabin."

"Dawson—is that true?"

"Yes—didn't you hear nothin'?"

"Not a sound. I woke up suddenly and walked out here and saw Travers stretched out. Is he—is he—?"

"Yes," the reporter said solemnly—then, "Say, what's that puddle near the couch?"

Dawson answered: "Yes snow meltin' off Mr. Harmon's shoes. What do you think, Mr. Harmon?"

"What can I think, Bill? This is too much. I'm going to wire the owners and tell them we're closing up,"

off. "Just a minute, Mr. Harmon—Superman's tone was sternly serious. "I don't think you'll have to do that. I have the answer to the mystery of the White Plague—I know who killed those five men!"

A hush of startled expectancy settled on the room. No one even stirred in his seat until Superman continued:

"Everything started with the news of our coming. That I know now. So Jimmy and I were responsible, indirectly, for everything that's happened here. And this is the reason—the person responsible for it all thought I had been sent here by the owners to spy on him. He had a guilty conscience because of something he had done—something he had to hide at any cost. He used the legend to terrify the camp, hoping the loggers would quit, the camp be disbanded—and his crimes hidden forever. He was the one who shot at Jimmy and me—because he saw me pick up the sandwich that killed Jean today."

That sandwich was loaded with rat poison! And then Curt Travers' death tonight—by that crime, the murderer exposed himself."

"Kent, what in the world are you driving at?" Harmon asked harshly. "Just this, Mr. Harmon. Remember—you said you'd been asleep when you saw Travers' body. Well, that little puddle of water gave you away. It came from the snow you'd gotten on your feet when you walked around pouring kerosene on Travers' cabin! You—"

He could say no more. Harmon, grabbing one of the rifles leaning against the wall, threatened the men: "Stand back, all of you. I knew Kent was one of the owners' spies. Yes, I did it. Did it so no one would ever know that I'd stolen—stolen so I could get enough money to bring my daughter up like a lady—to take her out of logging camps!"

The men stood speechless. Before they could make a move, the rifle thundered its message of death. But Harmon had turned it upon himself.

Once again the Man of Tomorrow had fulfilled his pledge to mankind—Justice and Truth for all.

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Woman of Courage
Continued from page 40

talking prices and bargains—woman talk. She had almost forgotten the contest, when Mrs. Early, the Club’s president, announced the Judge for the evening.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Mrs. Early said stilly, "it is my privilege to announce the name of our distinguished Judge, Mr. Joseph Benedict, who has just recently arrived from Hawaii to visit his brother-in-law, Mr. Harrison—whom you all know, I’m sure—has kindly consented to act as Judge in our preserve contest. We were very pleased to discover that Mr. Benedict has had a great deal of experience in judging the merits of canned fruits. He has a canning factory on his plantation in Hawaii, and, before he went there to live, he was in the wholesale grocery business, here in the United States. Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present Mr. Benedict?"

MARTHA felt a little sorry for Joseph Benedict, then. He looked so shy, up there on the platform, as though he wanted to run away. Not that he could have. The women crowded around him. In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Early cleared the platform and Joseph Benedict began tasting the preserves, which were set out on a long table in jars uniden-
tified except by numbers. He seemed completely oblivious to the breathless women waiting for his verdict. Finally Mrs. Early took a slip of paper from him and stepped forward.

"First prize goes to Number Five," she announced. "It’s mar-
mured, consulting a list. "Number five—five—Martha Jackson! Grape cupsauce."

"Mother!" Lucy whispered, squeez-
ing Martha’s arm. "You won!"

There was applause and Martha stepped toward the platform. She had a moment of stage fright, going up to get her prize, but she lost it quickly in the deluge of handshaking and congratulations. By the time she had time to go the dressing room, because her branded pears won third prize, she was laughing heartily.

As soon as was possible, free from Mrs. Early and the other women, Joseph Benedict hurried to Martha and drew her into a quiet corner.

"Have you ever thought of market-
ing those preserves, Mrs. Jackson?" he asked seriously.

Why, yes, Martha smiled. "I hate to admit it, but I really entered the contest so I could get a little advertisement. I’m going to sell them at the store."

"No, that’s not what I mean," Joseph Benedict said. "I mean na-
tionally."

"Oh, no," Martha laughed.

"I’m serious, Mrs. Jackson," he said. "I know one chain store company that would jump at the chance of handling such novel preserves. That grape cupsauce is different. It would sell."

"Come now, Mr. Benedict," Martha said. "I don’t pretend to be presit for a national market. And I don’t know anything about large scale canning—even if I wanted to try it."

"But I do!" Joseph Benedict said. He made her sit down. "You’ve got a gold mine in those preserves and I know just how to exploit them. And he explained to her just how he would go about sell-

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feeling that Jim was almost daring her to press the issue, so he could make a scene. She forced herself to smile at him.

"I see," she said. "You—you're probably expecting another contract, soon. You're waiting for something else to come up?"

Jim's lips curled in a derisive smile.

"Yes, I'm waiting," he said.

Martha sighed helplessly and watched him wheel his chair into his study. Suddenly, she wanted desperately to hide in a corner and cry. Everything was so wrong. And she didn't know what to do about it. Jim was drifting away from her and she didn't know how to call him back.

**THE Thanksgiving dinner, which Martha had planned to be a happy celebration of the success of their business, was rather a subdued affair. She had invited the Benedicts and George and Johnny Long and there were all the trimmings of a festive occasion, but no one seemed able to live up to them, except, perhaps, Lillian, who was delighted with the chance to spend practically a whole day with little Susan, but more especially with her father.**

It was Joseph's lack of response to Lillian's gayety that first gave Martha the idea that something was wrong. She could see that Lillian was troubled, too. Martha knew that Lillian was in love with Joseph—Lillian had not tried to hide it—and she couldn't help wondering what was wrong.

After dinner, Lillian took Susan and Tommy down to the playroom in the basement. Lucy went out for a ride with Johnny, who was apparently appearing in a better light to Lucy, now that he had bought himself a new car and spurred up a bit. Watching them drive off together and seeing the way Lucy snuggled close to him, Martha was glad she had spared Lucy to Johnny. It had been a bit difficult, embarrassing almost, to tell Joseph that he would have to pay more attention to appearances in order to break down Lucy's preconceived notions about what a man should look like—nor had she got from Steve Holbert. Now, Martha was glad she had done it. It would have been a shame, she thought, if Johnny had lost Lucy.

Martha turned away from the window and looked around the living room. Jim, in his wheelchair, was pretending to read the newspaper. George and Joseph were carrying on a slow, labored conversation. Cora was at her eternal knitting.

"My," Martha said with forced lightness. "you're a cheerful one!" "You fed us too well," Joseph said, by way of an excuse. "Is that all!" Martha asked pointedly.

Joseph Benedict lowered his eyes before her frank question. Jim looked up from his newspaper.

"Well—now—" Joseph said. He sighed and smiled gently, "I just didn't want to spoil the holiday." For business, Martha asked, coming to a chair by the fireplace and sinking into it.

"Hmm," Joseph said. "Nothing to worry about, really. We're going to have to raise some cash in a few days, that's all."

That's all, Martha thought. She knew Joseph Benedict had invested most of his available funds. And she
and turned every cent that was left of her inheritance into the factory account. She couldn't help feeling depressed. She had worked so hard and now, just when they were beginning to show some signs of success, this happened. Where could they possibly find the money they needed? Her eyes moved aimlessly around the large living room. If only Jim hadn't bought this big house, she found herself thinking, she would have had some money left for such an emergency.

She glanced over at Jim. He was watching her intently. She wondered what he was thinking. She wondered whether he had noticed her appraising glance about the room and whether he had understood it.

APPEARENTLY he had, for later, after the others had all left, he himself opened the subject rather abruptly.

"Martha," he said, "would it bother you very much, if we rented this house?"

"Rented?" Martha asked.

"I've had a very good offer," Jim said. He avoided her eyes for a second, then he looked squarely at her and said, "Martha, let's be honest about this. I don't think any of us has been very happy or comfortable here. I guess I sort of went overboard on this place—had big ideas. It didn't take me long to see that I'd made a mistake. Since I have got this offer, I think it would be wise to take advantage of it, don't you?"

Martha nodded. There was a lump in her throat and she didn't trust herself to speak. He had understood. That meant that he couldn't be so far away from her as she had thought. Impulsively, she smiled at him, and, soon, they were making plans for moving back to the house behind the store.

Martha had never grown used to living in the big house, but she had never realized how truly out of place she felt in it, until they were settled in their old home. This wasn't just a house. It was a home, where many things had happened to them, together, things that were binding and close and need not be spoken about to be remembered.

Living behind the store again simplified things for Martha, too. She could combine the running of the store with her household duties and getting up to the factory wasn't so much of a strain as it had been. And the added income had proved enough to meet the factory's needs. But strangely enough, the demands Joseph Benedict made on her time increased, instead of lessening, as she had hoped they would, once the business got going. Sometimes, Martha even felt a little annoyed by the trivialities, which Joseph seemed to think were important enough to take her from her other work.

Later—much later—looking back on these weeks, Martha was a little surprised that she had had no inkling of what was happening. She was usually very sensitive to people, to the way they felt, but in all this time, she was so busy, so wrapped up in her own concerns, that she had little time to notice what the people outside of her own immediate world were doing.

For instance, she noticed that Lillian, the daughter, didn't see Joseph Benedict as often as she had and, whenever they were all together, she had a way of boring through him with her eyes. But, if Martha thought of this at all, it was simply to decide that Lillian and Joseph had fallen out about something. It didn't even strike her as very strange that, when Lillian went out, now, she went out with George Harrison.

SHE didn't understand things fully, even when Lillian told her quietly that she and George were planning to get married.

"Why, Lillian," Martha said, "we all of us thought that you—Joseph Benedict—"

A strange look came into Lillian's eyes, then. Joseph isn't interested in me," she said. She tried to make it sound light and casual, but she didn't quite succeed. "He's interested in—only in the factory."

Still Martha didn't understand. "I'm so glad for you, Lillian," she said sincerely. "You should be very happy with George. He's a fine man."

Lillian smiled oddly. "I know that," she said. Then, as though she felt she had to justify herself to Martha, she said, "You know, we're not being fools, exactly. We're not being romantic about this. I know George is—in very fond of you. But he knows how you feel about Jim and—and—that he hasn't got a chance with you," Martha was a little shocked. Lillian smiled and went on calmly, "And George knows how I feel about Joseph—"

"But then—why?" Martha asked.

Lillian looked at her incredulously for a moment. Then, apparently deciding that Martha honestly didn't know, she said, "It doesn't matter, Martha. Joseph doesn't love me, that's all. And—well—George and I are lonely, I guess."

Martha would have had to be incredibly stupid not to understand what Lillian was hinting. But she refused to believe it. Believing that Joseph Benedict was in love with her would
have complicated things too much. It would have made it impossible for her to go on working with him. Whether she believed it or not, however, the suspicion was enough to make her uncomfortable in his presence. Almost unconsciously, she began to avoid Joseph, to make excuses for not going to the factory, when he called her.

On a Sunday afternoon, when Lillian had gone for a drive with George and Jim had gone to the movies with Lucy and Tommy, Joseph came to see Martha.

Almost before the door was closed, Joseph said, "I've got to go away, Martha. I want you to come over to George's house, so we can go over the books."

Martha stared at him. His face was white and his eyes were restless. He looked like a man who hadn't slept in days. She didn't want to talk to him, give him a chance to say the things that were in his eyes. She moved toward the hall closet for her hat and coat. The silence was awkward.

"The war—" Joseph said. "I've got to try to get back to Hawaii—"

"The war—" Martha said. "It's been going on for weeks." Then, she wished she hadn't said it. She wished she'd accepted it.

"All right," Joseph said. "That's not the reason. But I've got to get away. I've got to get things straight. I've got to get used to the idea that—that you—"

"Please," Martha said. She walked past him toward the door. She was miserable because she knew he was terribly unhappy. And yet, there was nothing she could do about his happiness. There was no way to be sensible about this.

By the time they reached George's house, Joseph had got hold of himself. They worked intensively—and impersonally—for hours on the books.

It was almost dark, when Lillian and George returned. They came into the living room, where Joseph and Martha had been working, and there was something very warm about them, a feeling of genuine affection between them. Lillian looked at the books and papers.

"Goodness!" she said. "I don't see how you can make any sense out of all those figures and things, Martha. I'd be lost!"

George grinned at Martha and put an arm about Lillian's shoulders. "But you're not like Martha, my dear," he said. "No one would ever think of letting you handle any business."

Martha noticed there was no hint of criticism in the way he said it. There was something else, though, something protective, as though George were rather glad Lillian had no business ability, as though he liked having her depend on him.

Suddenly, it hit her. Jim could never put his arm about her in that protective way. Jim could never laugh lovingly, kindly, at her helplessness. She just wasn't dependent. Circumstances had forced her to be self reliant and strong and resourceful. Only now, she realized that no matter what the cause of her independence had been, one of its results was that it had driven Jim away from her.

She began gathering up the books and George offered to drive her home, but she refused. She wanted to be alone. She had a lot to think about.

The books were heavy, but Martha
Do you know the truth about Tampons?

There’s see thing you probably know about tampons—and that’s the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modest Tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

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Meds

The Modest Tampons

scarcely noticed that, she was so deep in her thoughts. How wrong she had been, she thought. All the months she had spent searching for the cause of Jim’s drawing away from her in some spiritual or mental weakness in him. Now she saw it. It wasn’t that Jim was weak. It was that she was strong, so annoyingly and persistently right about things. No one should be so right all the time.

She was no longer surprised that Jim, so constantly aware of his physical weakness, had drawn away from her. No, she was surprised now, that he hadn’t begun to hate her. How horrible it must have been for him to sit there in his wheelchair, month after month, watching her talk take hold of things, making things work out right—everything she did emphasizing his helplessness.

The house was dark when she reached it. She was glad. She was glad, too, that Joseph was catching a plane West and would not have time to say goodbye to Jim and Lucy, personally. That might have spoiled everything. For, while she waited, Jim would return home slowly, Martha had been making up her mind.

She spread the books out on the living room table and sat down to give the appearance of working. By the time Lucy and Jim and Tommy got home, she had scraps of paper covered with figures scattered over the table and rug. It all looked very messy and she was proud of it.

“Don’t you ever stop working?” was the first thing Jim said.

“Oh, you’re back,” Martha said distractedly. “Lucy, would you make supper? Tommy can help you. I’ve such a headache.” Quickly, she explained to Joseph having to leave and her being left with the factory to run. She pointed to the books and looked as helpless as she could.

“You’ll have to help me, Jim,” she said.

Jim eyed her suspiciously. “You never had any trouble, before,” he said.

“But this is different, Jim,” Martha said. “I can keep my own books, but this is all double entry and—and I don’t know what.”

Jim laughed lightly. “Oh, well, you’ll learn it,” he was turning his wheelchair around, getting ready to go to his room.

“Jim,” Martha said, “You don’t understand.” He stopped. “I hate to admit it, but I’m really a little frightened. You see, Jim, it isn’t just that I might lose that weight, which would be bad enough, of course, every cent we have in the world is in that factory. But it’s Joseph’s money, too. What with the war, and what with the prices, and what with the factory, Joseph may have to depend on that factory for a living. We can’t take any chances, now. Joseph didn’t seem to be worried and I was pretty sure of myself, too, but—well, that was before I really understood how much depends on the factory.

And I found myself crying and realized she wasn’t playing acting as much as she had thought. It wasn’t that she was afraid she couldn’t do the job, if she had to. It was that she had suddenly realized how much really depended on whether or not Jim would step into the opening she had made for him. On his vacation, now, he had decided their whole future life together.

Jim was close to her, now. He reached over and took her hand away from her face. “Here, here,” he smiled gently, “it’s not as terrifying as all that. Have you forgotten I know a little something about business?”

“Oh, darling,” Martha said, “would you take it over? I was afraid to ask you. I thought you hated the place.”

“Jim,” Martha said, “You never seemed to need me before,” he said softly. “You were doing very well.”

“But I wasn’t, really,” Martha said. “I guess I sort of fancied myself as a businesswoman, too. But don’t you see, darling? Joseph handled all the business end of it. I thought I knew all about everything, but now I see I didn’t.”

“Well,” Jim said, patting her back affectionately, “we’ll take care of it. Let’s have some supper and then we’ll go to work. For, they sat quite late over the books. Several times, Martha almost helped Jim over some detail that Joseph had explained to her, but she couldn’t help herself—too much for Jim to get the hang of things, but once he did, he got everything clear rapidly.

“I’m hungry,” he said, when they had finished. His face was a little flushed from bending over the books, but his eyes were alert and happy.

“I’ll make some sandwiches and cocoa,” Martha said.

“Let’s eat in the kitchen, like we used to,” Jim said. “Remember?” he grinned. “When Lucy was a baby?”

MARTHA nodded. She remembered. That was the time they used to like best, the time when Lucy was asleep and all the work was done and they were all alone, shut in together, close and happy, in the warm, comfortable kitchen. That was the time when they used to tell each other all that had happened to them, all that they were planning for the next day. That was the time when they used to know how much they loved each other, how impossible life would be without that love.

“It’s been a long time,” Martha said softly.

“A long time,” Jim said, pressing her hand.

And, as they went to the kitchen, Martha had a strange feeling that they were going back into the time that used to be. And, somehow, she was sure that, when they left the kitchen tonight, they would take up their life as it had been then. Tomorrow, Jim would go to work in the morning, as he used to do. And tomorrow evening, after everyone else was asleep, they would sit in the kitchen again and they would tell each other all that had happened all day and they would make plans for the next day—and the next.

Follow the life of Martha and Jim Johnson, late Monday through Friday by tuning in Woman of Courage at 10:15 A.M., E.S.T., over CBS.

NEXT MONTH: See Dinah Shore in Beautiful Natural Color—Look for the charming cover of the May RADIO MIRROR
Facing the Music
Continued from page 4

the other day when he unearthed a tune from the 1911 Yale Varsity production called "Barcelona Maid." The song was never professionally sung although it was written by Cole Porter long before he attained success as the writer of "Begin the Beguine," "Night and Day," and other smash hits.

Horace Heidt has been renewed on the "Treasure Chest" air show for 32 weeks.

Jack Leonard was recalled by the Army right in the middle of a lengthy theater tour.

Woody Herman's band is featured in the new Andrews Sisters film, "Wake Up and Sing."

Chico Marx, one of the zany Marx Brothers, is trying out his dance band in theaters. If early results are promising, he will pour money into it.

PROMISING NEWCOMER

ONE of the pleasant surprises of the New York night club season was the advent of a small but proficient new dance band directed from the piano by 26-year-old Cy Walter. They are now playing in Fefe's Monte Carlo Beach Club. Comprising only eight men, Walter's tightly-knit unit makes up in originality what it lacks in man power and experts look for the band to develop national popularity just as soon as it can acquire network broadcasts.

To its young leader, the newly-won success justifies a decision he made a few years ago when he left Minneapolis to come to New York. His mother thought her son was coming east to study at New York University. Cy did attend N.Y.U. but between classes he tried to get a job as a pianist. Johnny Green heard him and helped get him some valuable contacts. Pretty soon Cy had odd jobs playing piano on local radio stations and accompanying young society women who had a desire to sing professionally. Then he hooked up with Eddie Lane's band. Last November he organized his own band and soon won a following.

When his mother first heard about her son's job-hunting she was quite displeased. But Cy says she soon got over it.

"After all," Cy pointed out, "Mother couldn't stay mad too long. It was she who taught me piano. She's with me now in New York and keeping quite busy teaching other people."

IT'S THE TUNE THAT COUNTS

THE little boy in the Knights of Pythias Orphans' Home Band beat on his over-sized bass drum vigorously but without his usual enthusiasm. A freckle-faced colleague commented on his lack of spirit as the parade swung around the picnic grounds.

"What's the matter Freddy? You don't seem to have any pep today?"

Without missing a thump on his massive drum, the 10-year-old musician replied:

"I was thinking that if I'm ever going to be a great orchestra leader I must learn a different instrument. Something small and shiny. Gosh, a
fellow can't lead a band playing a thing like this."

Five years passed before Freddy Martin could carry his decision out. Discharged from the orphanage, the only home he had known since his parents had died, the boy went to live with a kindly, sympathetic aunt. To help pay his board, Freddy got odd jobs after school, as an errand boy, grocery clerk, and expert lawn mower.

"I read everything I could about popular music," Freddy recalls, "and when I got out of high school I was able to develop my career for better or worse."

The blond-haired Clevelander found a new occupation—selling musical instruments, and shortly after that he was able to purchase a second-hand saxophone from his own firm. "I gave it a very reasonable terms. Five dollars down and a dollar every week."

Once he mastered his new instrument, Freddy never once veered from the course he had charted back in the orphanage. He organized his own band and one of its first professional engagements was a substitution to the relatively-new Guy Lombardo organization, when the latter group left Cleveland for a few days. Before Guy turned over the bandstand to his youthful pinch-hitter he gave him some sound advice on the desirability of playing sweet music and the drawbacks ofterming his sex.

"I never forgot what Guy told me," Freddy said.

Due to lack of funds Freddy couldn't keep his first band together and he succumbed to an offer from a band that had a contract to play jazz music for nine months in Helsinki, Finland.

BACK in this country, Freddy had a lot of wonderful stories to tell but no new employer. He accepted jobs with a number of second-string dance bands all around the country, saved money to buy a piano. In a moment, the band was formed and a job in Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert. This band stayed together, received good notices, and small reputation, and a number of engagements. Because the band was clean looking, smooth, and catchy in _Beat_, it's current in _Any Time_. The, too, drawer spots hired Freddy. But try as they would, Freddy and his men could not crash the big "name" field. They went out west in the midst of the swing craze.

"I realized that New York just wouldn't pay any attention to a sweet band," Freddy admits.

Martin has always won the admiration of critics because of his choice of tunes. This policy, however, had minority dissenters among the song-pluggers and recording companies. The established practice of the latter is to give the big-money bands the "hit" tunes to record, leaving the second-stringers the task of waxing lesser compositions or un-earthing novelties. The pluggers never could understand Freddy rejected so many of their Tin Pan Alley novelty plates.

"When Orvin Tucker popped up with his sensational "Oh, Johnny!" I was immediately advised to find something similar, Freddy says. "When Artie Shaw revived 'Begin the Beguine' a lot of people thought I should also find a tropical tune. But you just don't find numbers like that on trees. I searched for ten years and if it wasn't for a lucky break I would still be looking." That lucky break occurred last May. Freddy and the wife and a point of hearing Toscanini's broadcasts. One Saturday night the great man conducted Tschaikowsky's _Piano Concerto_ in 1 Flat Minor with Victor Horwitz as soloist. The Martins rushed out to find a record store open so they could purchase the Toscanini record. But instead of the Victor Ray Austin was summoned. The two men worked over the Concerto, experimenting with all the movements, chopping it down to two and finally to the form that has become a phenomenal popular success.

Freddy was certain this was the tune that would skyrocket his career. He wired Bluebird Records that he wanted exclusive recording rights. They wired back approval but were not enthusiastic for its chances. How could a classic challenge the jive-box champions like "But-Sut Song" and "Beat of the Google Beat?"

The arrangement was first tested in Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove. Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Martha O'Driscoll, and Dorothy Lamour were early endorsers. Freddy plugged it extensively on his coast-to-coast broadcasts and the rendition caught on. Other bands followed suit but Freddy's platter sold 700,000 copies. Offers poured in from movies, theaters, ballrooms, hotels. America's dancers finally recognized the Ohio orphaned lad.

Freddy made a movie, "Mayor of 44th Street," with George Murphy and Ann Shirley; then came back to New York after five years for a spell at the Waldorf-Astoria. That is where you can hear him 14-piece band with singers Eddie Stone and Clyde Rogers, via Mutual and CBS.

Freddy and his slim, attractive wife, Lillian B. We been married since 1930. They have one child, Freddy Jr., now attending private school in California. Lillian admitted to me that she has tired of living "in a waltzobe trunk." At first it was a novelty but now she yearns for a permanent home, preferably on the west coast. I think Lillian will have to be patient. The Martin

He came from Minneapolis to study at the New York University but between classes Cy Walters worked as pianist. Now he and his eight-man band play in New York's Fete's Monte Carlo Beach.
gold rush has only begun and Freddy is determined to gather in. Ten years was a long wait. Attaining this position in the dance band field, Freddy wants to hold on to it and he is busy searching for another "Concerto."

"But," he admits, "it's a terrific worry. Lightning doesn't usually strike twice in the same place."

**OFF THE RECORD**

Sammy Kaye (Victor 27738) "Remember Pearl Harbor"—"Dear Mom." The best of the new war songs. However, a more humorous one is Frankie Masters' "Goodbye Mamie I'm Off to Yokohama" (Okeh 6545).

Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 4103) "White Cliff of Dover" and "I Got It Bad." An excellent, well-balanced platter of two very popular tunes. Both Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell handle the lyrics with distinction.

Alvino Rey (Bluebird 11391) "I Said No."—"Deep in the Heart of Texas." Snaiclest tune of the month with its punch-line tribute to LIBERTY magazine. Don't miss it. Hildegard (Decca 23245) and Tommy Tucker (Okeh 6526) also have two excellent disks.

Abbott and Costello (Victor 27737) "Laugh, Laugh, Laugh." Here's a swell party song marking the zany comedy team's first record. The jokes are pretty old but no harm done.

Judy Garland (Decca 4072) "How About You"—"F. D. R. Jones." Solo hours of the month go to Mrs. Rose for her renditions of two tunes from "Babes on Broadway."

Harry James (Columbia 36466) "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie"—"Devil Sat Down." James pumps lusty life into this old tune and pairs it with a spiritual. A solid package.

Glen Miller (Bluebird 11386) "Moonlight Sonata"—"The Slumber Song." Miller tries to get Ludwig Von Beethoven to help him fashion a record as enticing as Freddy Martin's collaboration with Peter Tchaikowsky.

Eddy Duchin (Columbia 36454) "Madeline."—"His Autumn." Customary Duchin piano hilarity on two agreeable "Hit Parade." The Autumn announcement is also admirably waxed by Freddy Martin (Bluebird 11393).

Johnny Long (Decca 4079) "You're On My Mind."—"Panik in Panama." Highly satisfying dressing by a band that has made steady progress.

Tommy Dorsey (Victor 27710) "How Do You Do Without Me?"—"It Isn't A Dream Anymore." Straight dance music without frills or fanfare, highlighted by Frank Sinatra's smooth warbling.

Recommended Album: Victor's collection of Paul Whiteman records made when the King of Jazz's crown was firmly fitted on his head (1928). Bix Beiderbecke was his great trumpeter and a young lad named Bing Crosby one of his vocalists. The album reveals what amazing strides popular dance band music has made in the last fifteen years.

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**Radio Mirror Dance Band Contest Ballot**

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music Radio Mirror Magazine, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Please consider this a vote for your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter's name: )

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I Loved a Coward
Continued from page 20.

only a good reason for being married sooner than we had planned. And after all, he'd admitted frankly that he didn’t want to be drafted. That wasn’t the same as being afraid. I refused to think about the way he’d talked—about the eager, hurried note in his voice, the desperate attempt to justify himself in his own eyes and in mine.

So, when I saw him at noon, I said, "I'm sorry for what I said yesterday, darling. I must have been over-wrought and a little hysterical, with the war and everything. And with you suggesting that I quit work, so soon after we'd decided to be married—well—"

"Forget it," Tim said in a husky, embarrassed voice. "I know how you felt. It sounded—pretty bad. . . Did you get through the alarm all right last night?" he asked in a transparent attempt to change the subject. "I was going to call you, but we're not supposed to use telephones during an alert, so I didn’t."

We went on with the lunch, making unimportant conversation—strained, uncomfortable. And not a word was said about being married. At last, sure that Tim was groppingly waiting for me to speak, I said, "Tim . . .I told you I was sorry . . ."

"And I said for you to forget it," Tim answered. "Well, that’s what I meant. For the sake of our peace of mind, let’s forget it ever happened. At least, for the time being."

"You mean—not be married?"

He met my gaze levelly. "Yes, that’s what I mean."

"Ah, Tim—I hurt you—you’re angry!"

"No," he said. "I’m not angry. But I saw myself yesterday through your eyes, and I didn’t like it. I don’t want you to marry that kind of a guy, because you deserve something better. That’s all."

"But I was mistaken. I was all wrong, I didn’t understand . . ."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Would you be sure, if I still wanted you to marry me?"

At that searching question, I knew how right he was. I wouldn’t have been sure. Always there would have been a lingering doubt.

"No, you wouldn’t," he said, seeing me hesitate. "So—as I said, let’s forget it. We’ll go on as we have been, for a while." Then the stubborn note in his voice softened. "Only remember one thing—I do love you very much."

"Tim, please—" I was close to tears. Wordlessly, he pressed my hand once, hard. "I’ve got to get back to the studio," he said. "I’ll drop around tonight, after my nine-o’clock broadcast. See you then."

"Yes . . ." I said faintly. I wanted to throw myself into his arms, beg him to forgive me, humble myself before him. But he was gesturing to the waitress, paying the check.

Not until many days later was I to know something of the torment that had raged in Tim’s own heart.

We all settled down into the routine of life in a war-time city. In a week it no longer seemed strange or shocking to see sandbags piled high against the walls of important buildings, to offer a pass before being admitted to the broadcasting...
studies, to be on the alert for air-
raid warnings.
I could get used to war. But I
could not get used to the rift which
had opened between Tim and me.
We saw no less of each other than
we ever had, allowing for the added
demands war made upon our time.
We talked to each other as freely as
ever, except on one subject—the
future, our future. But we were like
two lovers waiting in a cold, echo-
ing railway terminal—uncomfortable,
constrained, speaking of anything but
what was in our hearts.
I think I should have broken first.
I should have said, at last, “We can't
go on like this. I've been punished
enough. If you love me, let me back
into your heart!”
But if that is what I might have
said, I never had the chance to say
it—because Tim told me, one day
shortly before the end of the month,
that he had had a letter from his Draft
Board, setting a date for his first physical
examination.
He was almost gay. “I'm glad it's
come,” he said. “If they're going to
draft me, I want them to do it and
get it over with. Anything's better
than this waiting.” He went on talk-
ing, endlessly, while I listened in
dumb misery—not only because we
had missed our brief chance at happi-
ness, but because in his babble now I
sensed the same desperation, the same
attempt to cover up his real feelings,
that had been in his forced anger the
day of our never-forgotten quarrel.
Finally he broke off, and his face
went stark and gray. “I can't fool
you, can I?” he said. “I never could.
You know how much I hate to go.”
“Yes,” I answered. “Yes Tim, I
know.” Pity for him overflowed in
my heart.
He'd let his guard drop for only an
instant. He must have hated seeing
me feel sorry for him, for he said
curtly, “Well, it doesn't do any good
to complain.”

He passed his first physical, and
then there seemed to be some de-
lay. A week—ten days—two weeks
went by, and nothing happened.
One night, a few minutes after his
nine o'clock broadcast Tim tele-
phoned me, jubilantly. “It's all off!
Being drafted, I mean. My sponsor
has persuaded the Army I'm more
useful on the job than in uniform!”
I felt as if a great weight had sud-
denly been whisked away from me.
“Tim—I'm so glad!” I almost sobbed.
“Come up here and tell me about it”?
“Right away!” he promised.
When Tim came in, and for the hour
or so that we spent together before
Jane's return, we were happier, closer,
than we had been at any time since
the war began. Again I could give
him my lips without shame, feel ten-
derness and passion in my veins like
fire. And I was proud of Tim, too,
when I learned how the Army had
agreed with his sponsor that the ser-
vice he could do in upholding civilian
morale was greater than the news broadcasts and
comments was greater than he could
ever give in the ranks.
I was still in a glow of happiness
when Jane came home and, after
a few minutes, Tim left. At first I
didn't notice Jane's thoughtful ex-
pression while we prepared our
bed.
“It means a good deal to you that
Tim's sponsor stepped in and kept him
from being drafted, doesn't it?” she
asked.

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SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"
"More than I ever thought anything could mean," said Jane, "so much the fact that he isn't going—but that he didn't try to get out of doing it."

That's what I thought." She was at the dressing table, her back to the mirror, brushing her hair. "Well," she said without turning around, "maybe I ought to keep my big mouth shut. I don't know. But I hate to see you being fooled, even if maybe you'd be happier that way. And maybe I've changed my own opinions since the day war broke out!"

"What are you talking about?" I said fearfully.

Jane swung around to face me. "I didn't try to get him to win. He succeeded. He asked his sponsor to intercede for him with the Army. I know, because I've seen the correspondence between the sponsor and my boss in the program department."

My hands, busy applying cold cream, fell to my sides. They felt cold, lifeless. All the bright happiness of the evening faded.

"Tim was a coward."

This knowledge, now that it could not be argued away, hit her hard and brought it a kind of bitter clarity of thought. In the next few days I was able to place Tim and myself in a new perspective, as if I could think of us as two other people.

I still loved him. I would always love him. The loss of love I had been full-bodied, rich with promise, it was sterile now because it was without respect. It struck me as rather shameful that I could tremble at the touch of his hand, thrill to his voice, when I knew of the fear that gnawed him—knew what humiliating expedients he had been willing to take, to give that fear its way with him.

So although I loved him, I would not have him. I did not believe I could spend my life with a man who had proved himself a coward.

Dreading the moment when I would have to tell Tim my decision, I tried to put it off. It was easier because for several days Tim was busy with a pair of benefit shows in which he was to play the Cross and one to aid sales of Defense Bonds—and there was only time for us to meet briefly. But on a Saturday night he asked me to go dancing with him at one of the hotels, and I knew I would have to tell him then.

He came to the apartment after his broadcast, and we took a cab to the hotel district. Just as we entered the fringes of the heavy traffic on Geary Street, the signs began their blood-curdling song and street-lamps winked out.

"Air-raid alarm," Tim said briefly, tensely. "We'd better go back, don't you think?"

But the driver shook his head and said he wouldn't go back to my apartment through the blacked-out streets. Tim considered, then suggested, "How about coming up to my apartment, then? It's only around the corner, and we'll be able to have a feel if the alarm doesn't last very long."

I nodded. I didn't feel much like dancing anyway, and there were things that might happen tonight.

Tim's apartment was one large studio room, with French windows opening onto a balcony overlooking the eastern part of the city. We shut the doors, we have closed the windows, of course, but it was a warm night and we contented ourselves with leaving the lights turned off. Tim glanced at the

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moonlight streaming in. "If there are planes up there," he commented, "turning out all the lights won't help us much. It's almost as bright as day."

"Yes," I said uncomfortably. I was wishing, now, that we hadn't come here. The intimate semi-darkness, the sense of danger threatening from outside, the eerie sight of the darkened city suggesting that everyone else had vanished and we two were left alone—all these things made me aware of Tim's nearness, of the love I was determined not to let take possession of me.

"Cigarette?"

"No thanks."

"Drink?"

"No."

I went over to one of the windows, leaning against its frame, looked out at the night. Tim, after a moment, stood beside me. I think," he said softly, "you know something I'd rather you'd never found out."

I turned my head.

"Yes. Tim, I'm afraid I do."

It was too dark to see, for he was standing farther inside the room, but somehow I could feel the muscles in all his body knot painfully.

"If only being afraid were something you could cut out of yourself!" he cried. "Like a cancer, or a disease! I don't want to ask the sponsor to get me exempted—any more than, before, I wanted to use you—marrying you, and making you dependent on me—as a way of getting out of the draft. Something just—forced me along the corridor to the sponsor's office, dictated words through my mouth. I couldn't stop myself—."

He broke off, then said more calmly, "I guess we'd better call the whole thing off, between you and me?"

"Tim—I'm so sorry—."

I'd rather call it off, Linda. Really. And it needn't be so hard for either of us. I'm being sent down to South America for some special broadcasts—that's one reason I wanted to see you tonight, to tell you. I'm leaving in a day or so, and I'll be gone for a month, maybe two. By the time I come back we'll have—got over each other—maybe..."

DREAMLIKE, I saw him step closer out of the shadows, felt his breath on my cheek. "Good-bye, Linda."

Wildly, I thought: Why am I letting something so precious go out of my life? Why can't I have just one little hour of happiness? For that, it doesn't matter that he's afraid to face danger, doesn't matter that it's impossible for us ever to build a marriage together! I reached toward him—all my will, all my resolves, caught in the magic mesh of the moonlight, the soft San Francisco night, the atmosphere of unreality that had come with the blackout. We could snatch this instant out of time, share it so that forever it would stay warm and glowing in our hearts...

But far away, over the moonlit city, the All Clear signal floated, like a call to the ghosts of these poor, lost children. "Good-bye," I whispered. Our lips touched, once.

"Don't come with me," I said. "Stay here. I'll find a cab and go home alone." I slipped out of his arms, out of the room.

I didn't see him again before he left for South America. Life was very empty for me in those days. I plunged into work, auditioning wherever I could, and landed..."
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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST TODAY!

ONE evening Jane and I were both at home. The radio was on, and abruptly our attention was shaken wide- awake by the announcer’s statement: “The regularly-scheduled program for this evening will not be heard. Instead, we are going to America for a special broadcast by Tim Lyon.”

Wonderingly, I glanced at Jane during the pause before the change-over to South America. Hadn’t there been something about El Salvo in that morning’s paper—something about a local revolution? Something about Nazi fifth columnists? There was no time for further speculation. To a horrid accompaniment of crackling static, we were listening to Tim’s voice:

“Hello, North America. This is Tim Lyon, speaking to you from El Salvo, the scene of the first major attempt by Nazi fifth columnists to gain control of an American Republic. It is too soon to say whether or not the attempt will be successful. I am stand- ing on the roof of the Hotel Diosa. There is fierce fighting in the streets below me, and the city is under fire from low flying planes which appear to have been produced by the insurgents from some secret hiding-place. You can probably hear the sound of the bombs.”

I caught my breath sharply. All that noisy backdrop to Tim’s voice was not static—some of it, at least, was the sound of death. And he was in the midst of it, alone, defenseless; yet I could hear no terror in his voice.

I leaned forward, every nerve tense, listening. I can’t say I was more than frightened, nor more than a few snatches of what he said. I didn’t even care what he said—all I cared about was that he go on talking, talking, so I could know he was safe. “A fire has broken out in the direction of the railway station... Two fighting planes have just attacked a bomber directly over my head—the bomber is...”

The noise grew to a roar, drowning out Tim’s voice. Then it all went out.

An age-long minute of suspense fol- lowed before the network announcer said: “Due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to complete this special broadcast from El Salvo. We now return to our Los Angeles studios.”

Trembling with dread, I whispered to Jane. “What happened?”

Swiftly Jane came to me, putting her arms around me and held me close. “Don’t let it get you,” she said. “It could have been a power failure—a censor butting in...”

Jane looked at me a moment longer, then turned away. “I was right,” she said, seeing the truth. “Just now the only important thing was that he was brave, and alive, and close to me.”
What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 9

Santa Monica, Redondo Beach, Ocean Park, and Hermosa. That was all right for two years, but then he decided he should get into radio, and did, signing up as an actor at KFRC and other San Francisco stations. It was this work that brought him to the attention of Rube Wolf, and he became a master of ceremonies for Fanchon and Marco stage productions.

At last the prodigal returned to Salt Lake City, where he worked first for another station and then for KDYL. Besides acting on the air, he doubles as the station's Traffic Manager.

Roy was christened Leroy, but doesn't like to be reminded of it. He's married to the former Frances Schonfeld of Denver, and they have one child.

Milton Berle has formed the Embee Music Corporation, and the first number the new company is publishing is "A Mile from Treasure Isle," written by Harry Tobias, Bert Pellish, and the boss, old Embee himself. It's not just a scheme to get a pet song published, either; Milton is too shrewd a business man for that. His other commercial interests include presidency of a furniture factory in Brooklyn and part ownership of a chain of drug stores; he writes a weekly syndicated column, contributes gags to the scripts of the movies he acts in, and in his spare moments dashes off the songs his new company will publish.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—There's a new name and a new star on the Prince Albert half-hour portion of station

"Droopy posture gone... low-down feeling banished... the energy of a young girl recaptured... Tum-E-Lift makes me feel like a new woman again!"—such are the phrases to be found in the testimonials we constantly receive. For example: "I like my Tum-E-Lift... I feel like 16 again and I am 37 now," says Mrs. A. S. of Detroit.

So don't let wildline bulge and a tired back get you down! Lift up that drooping, sagging abdomen with a Tum-E-Lift, the slenderering supporter-belt which brings instant mid-section comfort.

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WSM's famous Grand Ole Opry show. She's Missie Pearl of Grinder's Switch, who was an instant success from her very first appearance.

Missie really was born in Grinder's Switch, Tennessee. That was in 1912, and she was the youngest of five girls.

Her father owned a saw mill and, as Missie expresses it, "mayored for a spell on the side." She was educated at Ward-Belmont, a school where she received her degree in dramatics, specializing in Shakespeare.

After school, Missie toured the south for eight years, putting on shows in small schools and churches. It was on these tours that she learned many of the homespun yarns with which she delights her audiences. On one such tour she was snowbound on Sand Mountain, where she lived in complete isolation with an old couple and their one son. Brother, as he was called, was the only one of sixteen children that had not married and moved away from home. When she returned to civilization Missie had stories about her experience that made her friends hysterical with laughter. They suggested that she audition the stories on WSM, and she's been there ever since.

Missie now has a full-time schedule. She's the comedian of the Camel Caravan, the traveling show that goes around entertaining men in Army Camps, Marine Barracks and Naval Bases. She's featured on the Grand Ole Opry and WSM's River Boat Revels, and in a fifteen-minute program called Missie Pearl and Marjorie.

Dry humor comes naturally from Missie Pearl's lips—humor as American as the people she loves to tell about. There's nothing synthetic about her—she's from the country and she loves it. She has never been to New York, which she pronounces Noo Yawk, and neither her husband, nor she, refer to her single condition as something over which she has no control.

Remember the whistling-singing pianist who used to come on the air right after Bing Crosby's "Be Myself," on Duffy's Tavern? The CBS program went bingo, and here comes Missie! "Sure you do, and you've probably wondered what had happened to him. Well, he's just married. Bob, the piano boy on Duffy's Tavern remains on CBS (there's talk, on account of defense priorities, that its sponsor may have to be changed). He's probably an important part of the show. He provides the incidental music at the start and finish, and sings one song during the program.

Bob's player-piano style comes from his boyhood days. It was by studying and listening to a player-piano that he learned to play the instrument in the first place. He's never had a lesson.

It may be a surprise to you that Bob is colorblind. He can write more than thirty tunes of his own, and appeared in several movies made at the old Paramount studios in Astoria, Long Island. He can name the brown derby is to Al Smith, a black cigar in a brown-tipped holder is to Bob Howard. He rarely actually smokes more than three cigarettes a day, though his mouth usually being unlighted. He favors the three for a quarter variety. There's a Mrs. Howard, and has been married fourteen years, and lives in a modest one-family home in Mt. Vernon, a New York suburb, where Bob indulges his hobby of raising wire-haired terriers.

Faith

Continued from page 13

was lacking. I heard Mary sniff: "You must have been a romantic kid."

"He came to California one day on work for the Government, and looked me up."

"And you fell in love. That's simple."

We loved each other, yes. At least, he said, from the first night light, and the long moss hanging from the live oaks, and Bradley's lips on mine, his arms around me, holding me to him, his voice saying he loved me, and then—I forced myself to speak quietly; there were too many memories pondering at me, pondering as the surf had been against the cool wet when he and I had talked of our future.

"He was on his way to Brazil on a Government mission. He couldn't tell me anything more than that about it. When he came home we were to be married. He gave me the address of a man through whom my letters could be forwarded to him. I didn't hear from him for months. Then suddenly, all my letters were returned, unopened. The man I'd sent the letters to had died. Bradley had never received any of them, and I stopped. "Well?" Mary prompted. "I've waited. I've never heard from him, not once. So, at last I came here. I thought I might find him somewhere. That's—why I came to Washington," I finished, lamely.

"So, your hero never wrote you, just left you behind, wondering what it all was about—"

Tears came, drenching my cheeks, as they would wash away all mistakes, all dreams and heartache.

"Sorry," Mary exclaimed, and leaning forward, pulled my fingers through her fingers. "Three cigar days there, they probably, be a perfectly good reason why he couldn't write. This Bradley of yours may still be in Brazil just as unhappy as you, wondering what's happened to you. Now stop worrying. Wash your face and get to bed. Tomorrow is another day. And I'll find this man of yours, all right."

W OULD we? I wondered, as I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. What could she do, that I hadn't done? Heavy eyes and heavy hearted I listened to Mary's matter of fact assurances the next morning as we ate our breakfast and started to work.

For a year I had watched faces on the streets, had waited for letters. That day, however, when I unopened the phone. What was that there either of us could do now, what inquiries were there that we could make? Soon I realized that Mary was as helpless as I was. Even her "Now don't get impatient," lacked conviction. I was the same as everyone's back an endless week of frantic work, and last faint hopes. We were just finishing the morning's typing up of records on our dictaphones. Auto-
matically, my fingers were transposing spoken words into written letters on my typewriter. Then I felt Mary's eyes on me from across the room. I looked up and saw her beckoning frantically to me. I took off my earphones.

"Ann, Ann," she was whispering as loudly as she could, "Come here, quick. Listen. I've found him!"

I pushed back my chair and ran to her.

"What's happened?" I cried. I dared not believe what my heart was telling me.

"I'll run the record over—then you'll know." Yes, I heard his name, the name I had so long wished to hear; Bradi Curtis. It was a report from the Bureau of Mines, saying that this same day they had just received infor— for him in an automobile accident, and was now in a hos— hospital in Baltimore. Bradley injured in a hospital—that was all I heard. I need not hear.

"I'm going to him," I cried, and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Mary," said my arm, "What about your job?"

"I'm going," I repeated, and pulled away from her. She looked at me.

"Will right," she said, "get your things on. I'll see the boss. I'll be with you in a second. You need some one with you. Meet me at the main entrance."

I STOOD on the pavement in the spring sunshine. I didn't think, I didn't try to think, to know. My questions would all be answered. And fear made my throat tight, panic rising in me. He might be dying, he might be crippled. Even now as I stood here, he might be dead. Oh, why didn't Mary come! As I turned to look for her, she was hurrying through the door with John beside her.

"Mary's just told me the news," he exclaimed, "I'll drive you two to Baltimore.

"No," I cried, "no" I couldn't let John drive me to Bradley.

Mary jerked my arm. "I'm in charge of this. Let us have your car, John. I'll drive Ann over. How about it?

"Sure, but why not—" She had patted his arm, looking up at him with a smile, had pushed me ahead of her into the car, and we were off before I could voice my protest.

We tried two hospitals. It was at the third that we were told that Bradley Curtis was there as a patient. I saw a nurse in white, the superintendent was talking, and we were walking along a corridor, a door was pushed open, I stopped, I could not force myself to step across the threshold. All my future waited upon one slight motion of mine. Then, I remembered Bradley's gray eyes, his voice as he had whispered my name. To fear the silence of these past two years was a betrayal of our love and faith. He would tell me soon why it had to be. I moved forward toward the bed, calling softly:

"Bradley, it's Ann—"

A head, bandaged, turned toward the sound of my voice. From under layers of gauze, lips moved.

"Ann?" It was a question. "What Ann? Say, who's come to see me? Some one I ought to know?"

I could neither speak nor move.
Because I get...

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That blunted voice; it was coarse, harsh. I didn't want it. Mary stepped by me, taking command.

"Are you Bradley Curtiss?" she asked.

"Sure, who else would I be? And, if you don't mind, who are you? I can't see through all the stuff over my eyes.

"I'm Ann," I forced myself to say. "Don't you remember, Bradley—California?"

"You're one up on me," the harsh voice said. "Why did you come?"

I went over and touched his band.

"You don't remember?" Through the bewildered anguish within me, I found words to say, "I shouldn't have come, I should have realized—"

Mary spoke up, brightly, almost gayly.

"Ann's an old friend of yours, and when we heard you were hurt we just thought we'd see how you were. Now we'll run along."

"Say, don't go, I exclaimed. "I was only trying to play a won't say. I'm going nuts here, no fun, no company. If I've forgotten, we'll begin over again."

"No, not today," Mary said, and took my arm.

"I don't get this. But you will come back. I stood at the door, and looked toward the bed. If I could only see his face, look into his eyes. But what good would that do? He had forgotten. I hesitated, hope struggling against pain. Perhaps the accident had— I shook my head. The very man was different. Bradley would be Bradley even if memory were gone.

"You will come again?" he asked once more.

"Perhaps," I said, and hurried into the hall, through the entrance and climbed into the car. Mary jumped in, she was very quiet, and as we reached the open road, heading toward Washington, I cried, suddenly, fiercely:

"Don't say it, Mary—"

"I'm not thinking anything," she answered softly, "except how unfair it is for you."

I REACHED the hospital, and asked to see the superintendent. I was told to wait. I must try to form my thoughts into some coherent order. Yet, when, after what seemed endless hours and hours, the superintendent came into the room, I still did not know what to say.

"I was here yesterday to see a patient—a man calling himself Bradley Curtiss. I'd like to see him again now—if I may."

He tried to speak, but I kept talking. I had to say what I could before he silenced me.

"I knew Bradley Curtiss as a child, we grew up together in the arm who—very well—two years ago in California, and yet" my voice rose with my inner conviction. "yesterday when I saw him—"

The smile on his face stopped me. I moved quickly to the window. Yet, what other response had I expected? I was viciously crying. I swung around, my heart quickening, the blood in my face. I looked at the man standing in the doorway, the man whoever he was, the superintendent. I gazed into his gray eyes, saw his smiling lips, the tanned, lean face. He was speaking to the superintendent, but his eyes were on me. "Your patient is my cousin, who happens to be the black sheep of the family. This isn't the first time he's used my name. The other night he went off in my car, and proceeded to smash himself up. He'd taken his driver's license, or so I thought it."

"But you knew, Ann."

Now he was beside me. His hand reached as if to take mine, then dropped by his sides.

IN THE MAY ISSUE—Don't miss "Romeo for Julie"—A story of Romance and Adventure On a Cruise
"I thought you had forgotten me," he spoke, slowly, "you never wrote." "I did," I said, "I did. But the man died—all my letters were returned." "Oh," it was a long drawn sound. "I did my best to get some letters to you. Did you receive them?" I shook my head. My heart was dancing, singing.

Then he had his hands in. "But you waited— you had faith?" "Yes," I said, "I had faith." It was all I could say, for Bradley's lips were on mine, and the days and the heat of love and pain merged into a flaming glory. I was in his arms, he was holding me against him; we were together, at last.

"We'll be married," he was saying. I could hear his voice through the wild beating of my heart, "it's been so long, so long—Ann." He held me away from him, and laughed down at me. "It's been ever since we sat in that old apple tree and read books, and told each other our dreams. Ever since then, I've loved you, but I only realized that during those desolate months in Brazil, when I couldn't write you. I see you, during those nights and days when I thought I had lost you. Did you love me then, too, Ann?" "Yes," I answered.

"What is this—" it was a cry of amazement, and we turned quickly, but Bradley kept his hand in his. We ran into the room and by the door stood John. "Here I've raced up from Washington. I got John out of bed as soon as I read your note. I thought you'd need help, but this is more than even I suspected. I suppose this—"

"Yes," I interrupted, my voice gay and happy. "This is Bradley Curtis. The man we saw yesterday is his cousin—and we're to be married."

I LOOKED at John. What did he feel, what did this mean to him? But Mary's eyes were dancing. I spoke gently, breathlessly: "Bradley, John, is a friend of mine and of Mary's—this is Mary, my room mate—Oh, what a mess I'm making of these introductions—I'm too excited to think!"

John smiled. "Mary, I think we'd better leave these two alone. Have lunch with me, will you?" "I'd be delighted to," Mary caught my arm and pulled me aside. She whispered, her lips close to my ear, "Do you think there's any truth in that saying about catching a person on the rebound, Ann?"

"Mary, I never dreamed. Oh, I'm sure there is!"

She laughed, put her brown curls around her face, and her hand on John's arm, they went out the door. I stared after them, excited and happy.

"We might have lunch, too," Bradley said, then swept me once more into his arms. "Oh, Ann," he whispered, "I love you—I love you—we're together once more.

Together on the shore—the birds were singing those words as we walked down the broad old street, the breeze was whispering them with a ripple on the battle. Joy soaked into me with the sunlight; all pain and loneliness were forever gone. My faith had justified itself. I could feel Bradley's fingers on my arm, hear his voice. I looked up into his eyes and we stopped at a corner. He loved me. He loved me as all I needed to know.
Bing Crosby Gives Some Good Advice

By S. R. MOOK

WHEN I was young—er I was pretty ambitious and I was forever cooking up schemes to get somewhere. Something always happened and none of them ever came to fruition. So I quit wrestling with life and sat back to enjoy myself.

"I remember when I was a kid I was anxious to finish my last year in high school. My father always had enough to keep a roof over our heads and see that we didn't go hungry or ragged but there was quite a crew of us in the family and school—books and spending money sometimes constituted a problem. So all that last summer before my senior year I worked in the orchards of Washing ton as a fruit packer. I saved my money for school. And then I lost it!"

"Not long ago my mother showed me a letter I had written her at the time, bemoaning my loss. I wrote, 'I would sure like to finish school this year but I guess my future rests in the laps of the gods. One can but wait.'"

"And, consciously or unconsciously, that's been the credo I've followed ever since. I just wait for things to happen to me. They generally do. But it's scarcely a good example to set the youths of America.

"In defense of myself, I can only quote something Fanny Hurst wrote in her autobiography once. She said people were continually writing her, asking how she was the writing game. She went on by saying, There are no two roads alike that lead to Rome. Every pilgrim is his own road.

"I think that's one of the finest things I've ever read and the most apt solution to a difficult problem. What works for me probably wouldn't work for everyone.

"I worried plenty when I was a kid and it got me nowhere. So I decided worrying doesn't help. I first realized there is such a thing as trying too hard when I began playing golf. I tried to murder the ball and, as a result, missed almost as many as I hit. Those strokes all counted against my score. And the ones I did hit weren't so hot I became discouraged and disgusted. It was when I went out and swung at the pellet in a carefree manner that I got my best links in. It started me wondering."

"When I was out here broke, Al Rinker and I got a looking at Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre downtown. We knew it was only a week's work and there was no prospect of any more to follow so we clowned through our act. Paul Whiteman was playing at what is now the Para mount and he caught our act. He sent a note around asking us to come over and see him for an audition. We thought it was a gag so we clowned through the audition. But that was what Paul wanted and he signed us."

"When we went with him we worked like the devil trying to make good and nothing happened. We stopped. Then he saw Harry Barris and signed Harry to work with us. Still nothing happened. We decided we were on the way out anyhow so we might as well have some fun. We started clowning and kidding on the stage and that was when we began to click."

"It was the same in pictures. I made the first of The Big Broadcasts' for Paramount. I thought it was my GREAT CHANCE and I took it as seriously as Gracie Allen takes her singing. I was pretty awful. When they signed me a year later for 'College Humor' I knew beforehand how terrible I was going to be. I thought, 'They'll never pick up my option. I'll hop out to California, cop that coin and hop back to New York again.'"

"Since I was convinced I'd never go in pictures I thought instead of trying to be a Barrymore I might as well be myself and have a little fun. The result was, I was a different person in my second picture."

"When I broke into radio in New York I didn't think it was anything but a career. I did everything—rehearsed in an air-conditioned room so as not to become overheated. When it was time for the broadcast I had laryngitis and had completely lost my voice. The next week I went on the air with no rehearsal and sang my fool head off.

RIGHT now, the success of our radio program is due to the fact we don't try too hard. We have a script of a sort but I never know what our guest stars are going to say until I hear it in front of the mike. That's why our listeners are overlapping. We make things easy."

"My whole life has worked out that way. I could go on down the line. Look at all our race-horses—I used to go out and give those equines a pep talk before each race. I think they understood me and tried too hard. Now I leave them alone and once in awhile one comes through for me."

"You see, in golf when you try too hard it's called 'pressing.' In golf, like everything else, as I've tried to explain, the harder you try the worse things go. So, from experience, my advice to all is, 'Take things in your stride—and DON'T PRESS!'"
Annette's lashes now appear long, dark and lovely, with a few simple brush-strokes of MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are non-smarting and tear-proof).

Annette's eyebrows now give character and expression, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Annette blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her eyelids—her eyes appear sparkling and more colorful!

Give your eyes thrilling beauty... get genuine MAYBELLINE, the Eye Make-up in Good Taste.

**MORAL:** Many a man has been swept off his feet by fluttering lashes!

**PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER**

Annette was a debutante.
She came from a good family.
She went to the very best schools.
Then she “came out”—
And NOTHING happened!
Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
And no heart to break but her own.
Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,
She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
But her eyes are a BLANK—
They just don’t register!
One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,
Just as you are doing—and,
Look at Annette NOW!
“There’s one cigarette I like best...and that’s Camels. So much milder—with less nicotine in the smoke!”

Miss Lawrence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reed Lawrence, made her bow at the Tuxedo Autumn Ball. At left, photographed in Tuxedo Park, wearing tweed suit of hound’s tooth check, smoking her favorite cigarette. “I never tire of smoking Camels,” she says. “There’s less nicotine in the smoke, and to me that means mildness—and more mildness!”

At right, Miss Lawrence wearing one of her favorite dresses of the season—a blue and fuchsia rayon taffeta, with voluminous skirt cascading from a slim fitted yoke. She enjoys swimming, tennis, ice-skating—and is an accomplished pianist. On weekdays, she does defense work in New York City. About Camel cigarettes, she has this to say: “Friends are always dropping into our house for a chat and a smoke, so we buy Camels by the carton—our friends seem to prefer them. As for me—well, Camel is the only cigarette that has the mildness and flavor I want.”

Among the many other distinguished American women who prefer the extra mildness of Camel cigarettes:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
- Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, New York
- Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California
- Mrs. Hugh Pendleton Nunnally, Atlanta
- Mrs. Martin Osborn, California
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati
- Mrs. Kilien M. Van Rensselaer, New York

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!
Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin?
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

YES, pretty compliments can come your way! Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic! For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you!

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or, you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: “I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it’s such an easy beauty treatment.”

Tests prove Camay milder!
Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That’s why we say “Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!”

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay’s lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don’t neglect it even once. For it’s the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay’s greater mildness.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. She wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: “It has meant so much to me...I’ll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!”

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!
"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'

"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, until you smile. That's fatal. You can't start with your band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' Sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"

"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade.'"

("Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still hanging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"Pink" on your tooth brush means see your dentist at once. He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampere by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot feel Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can see it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

A doctor has perfected Tampax neatly and ingeniously for internal use. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together... Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent... Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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ON THE COVER—Dinah Shore, Singing Star of Eddie Cantor's broadcasts and her own Sunday night program on NBC

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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Molly first saw Fibber McGee at choir practice and after that there was never anyone else in her heart.

It was a funny thing, how Marian Driscoll (NBC's Molly McGee to you) had been talking about love, that December afternoon in 1915, in Peoria, Illinois, and had turned thumbs down on it so completely. Particularly love at first sight.

"There's nothing to it," she announced, to her best girl friend. "It's silly!" She was sure she knew what she was talking about. Most sixteen-year-olds are. And Marian, blue-eyed, brown-haired, a little freckled, maybe, but fetchingly so, was a lass with a mind of her own. You have to be, she insists even now, if, as she was, you are the youngest of a brood of thirteen.

But on that certain snowy afternoon as she and her chum sat curled in the window seat in the Driscoll's front room, eating popcorn and occasionally an apple with salt, they were considering more important problems in life. Marian was pretty. The golden-brown braids wound 'round her small head were thick and shining. The blue of her eyes paled the corn flower. Her young body in its Dutch-collared blouse and pleated skirt was slim and lovely. An Irish lilt silvered her laughter. She was the kind of a girl who attracts the male of the species like a flower attracts bees.

But her mind was far removed from boys. She had too many brothers to be thrilled about them. She dismissed romance, love and marriage with a few decisive, well-chosen words. Love at first sight was, of course, something to be written about in stories, but not a logical happening. And love of any kind was not for her. She was a pianist, already exception- ally good, as she well knew. She could sing and dance, too. She proposed to have a career.

"No romance for me," she repeated, positively. "I won't have any time for it—at least not for years!"

But at this, fate must have laughed, for it was only three hours later that she put on one of her brothers' sweaters—the rolled-collar kind boys affected in those days—and went down the street a little way and Continued on page 52

A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...

Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—because—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, she's careless about underarm odor!

Act 2: (Enter pretty friend) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bath every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the past...to give your charming future, use Mum.

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours! Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration! Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

Act 3: (Paula's soliloquy) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers
TWO great big orchids to the sponsors of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round and Waltz Time because they turned over a broadcast of each show to the United States. Instead of commercials, Merry-Go-Round offered appeals to support the Army Emergency Fund, and Waltz Time urged listeners to buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.

Margie Rae sings on KDYL Salt Lake City, and Frances Scully, below, tells western NBC listeners about glamour.

CBS employs—stenographers, page-boys, technicians and so on—have their own method of seeing to it that a Defense Bond is purchased every pay-day. One of them collects fifty-cent pieces from the others until he has enough to buy a bond. Then lucky numbers are drawn out of a hat, and the winner gets the bond.

It's William Gargan, not Victor McLaglen, who is playing the role of Captain Flagg in the NBC program, Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg. Edmund Lowe stays on as Sergeant Quirt . . . Another cast change is Mary Mason's withdrawal from the title role in Maudie's Diary, on CBS. Looks like Caryl Smith will get the part permanently.

By DAN SENSENEY

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Margie Rae, who frequently sings from station KDYL over the NBC network with Ed Stoker and his orchestra, hadn't reached her sixteenth birthday when she decided she was going to be a radio singer. But unlike most ambitious young ladies, Margie didn't follow the usual technique of storming the studios and asking sweetly if she might have an audition. Instead, she made her appeal directly to Wally Williams, whose orchestra was playing at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City. And she got the job and went right to work.

Two years ago when KDYL's staff songstress was taken suddenly ill, little Miss Rae was recruited to fill in, and did so well that they gave her a permanent job. As Margie expresses it, "It was just what I wanted—because anyway, Wally Williams was leaving on tour and I didn't want to travel."

Margie is tiny, not quite five feet tall, soft-spoken, red-haired and blue eyed. She's the baby in a large family of Raes, and used to have fun when the family asked her to sing for company. Her first effort along these lines still haunts her, and although the accompanying gestures have become slightly more sophisticated she will, if asked, delight you with that favorite of a decade ago, "Button Up Your Overcoat." She always follows the song's advice, and believes that's the reason she has never had a sick day in her life.

One of her biggest joys these days is singing for the soldiers. Ever since the Reception Center at Fort Douglas, Utah, was opened, KDYL has offered two weekly programs for the selectees, and Margie has of course been one of the featured attractions. In fact, she's so popular with the men in uniform that Col. H. P. Kayser, commanding officer of the Reception Center, recently made her Honorary Master Sergeant.

If there's one thing in the world that brings out the temperament hidden under her auburn hair, it is waiting for people who are late for appointments. And you can be sure...
And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed, "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct:

That if your breath isn't O. K. the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the position is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn't offend.

You May Offend Needlessiy

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn't it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it's due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best socially or in business never omit this delightful freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Continued from page 4
Margie herself is always on time.

Lucille Manners’ sponsors and NBC joined forces to celebrate the start of Lucille’s seventh consecutive year on the Cities Service Concert with a party after the anniversary broadcast. It was also the program’s fifteenth anniversary, and a real white-tie-and-tails occasion.

From now on, Washington’s Birthday will have a double significance for George Putnam, announcer for Portia Faces Life, Orphans of Divorce, and Great Moments in Music—because on Washington’s Birthday this year George and his wife, the former Ruth Carhart, had their first child, a boy. Ruth was a popular radio singer until her retirement.

Another announcer, Ken Roberts of The Shadow, expects to be a father by the time you read this.

Edward G. Robinson almost broke up a broadcast of Big Sister when, holidaying in New York, he visited the program. While the show was on the air he clapped a leopard-skin hat belonging to one of the actresses on his head, and looked so funny it was impossible for the rest of the cast to keep from laughing, right into the microphone.

HOLLYWOOD—Speaking of Glamour, as Frances Scully does on NBC stations in the Pacific Coast area—there’s no one better qualified to talk about that elusive but highly desirable quality than this same Miss Scully. Ever since she left school, Frances has been writing about Hollywood and its people. She’s an intimate friend of stars of radio and screen, and also of the people behind the scenes who make the wheels go round. Blonde and beautiful enough to be in the movies herself, she says she’s no actress and would rather broadcast about those who are.

Frances was born in Pocatello, Idaho, but received her education in private schools in Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles. She joined NBC as a fashion expert and press agent, and first went on the air with her own program a couple of years ago.

As NBC’s reporter of glamour, Frances doesn’t have much spare time, but whenever she gets a leisure moment she likes to spend it at home, where she lives with her parents, and in pursuing her hobby of collecting china cups and saucers, Indian art and stamps. Her cup and saucer collection is valued at $1,500, many of the pieces in it being more than a hundred years old. A born storyteller, she hopes some day to devote all her time to writing fiction, with the emphasis on mystery stories.

You may not hear many baseball broadcasts this war-time year. Since ball games are never played except in fine weather, broadcasting them would automatically tell the enemy, listening in, about weather conditions in the localities where the games were being played.

Radio’s Voice of Experience, in private life known by his real name of Marion Sayle Taylor, is dead at the age of 53 as the result of a heart attack. Once one of the air’s favorite personalities, Taylor had been less active in the year or so preceding his death. He died in Hollywood, where he had been living with his wife, Mrs. Mildred Taylor.

If you want to get a good look at pandemonium, drop in to see Eddie Cantor some time in New York. Instead of one apartment, he has three—one for his office, one for himself, and one for his family. The theory is that this helps give Eddie privacy, but it doesn’t work out that way, because the apartments adjoin each other and people wander through all three of them most of the time.

BOSTON—Maybe Bob Elliott isn’t radio’s youngest announcer (we’re not going to get mixed up in that argument again), but he comes close to it. At nineteen, he is the newest addition to the announcing staff of Boston’s station WHDH.

Bob has had the announcing “bug” ever since he was ten years old, when he used to put on radio programs in the cellar of the Elliott home in Winchester for the edification of neighborhood kids. He didn’t have any microphone or sending set, but that didn’t bother him. In high school, he presented a weekly dramatic show, written by himself, over a second-hand amplifying system which he bought himself. He drafted schoolmates to play roles in these shows sometimes; other times, he played all the parts himself.

When he had graduated from high school young Bob went to New York and the Feagin School of Dramatic Art, working nights as an usher at the Radio City Music Hall and later as an NBC page-boy. After a year at the school, during which he’d only been able to appear on one or two local stations in small dramatic roles, he decided sadly that radio wasn’t for him. Just as he was about to leave New York, station WINS offered him a fifteen-minute spot doing monologues for which he’d already auditioned. After two programs he drove to Boston for a week-end with his parents and took an audition at WHDH, just on a chance. He’d hardly returned to New York when a telegram arrived, offering him a post as WHDH’s newest announcer.

Besides his regular announcing chores at WHDH, Bob writes a half-hour morning nonsense show. He has hopes of returning to NBC someday.
as an announcer instead of a pageboy, but meanwhile is perfectly content to be one of Boston’s outstanding young announcers.

Here's a new toast, proposed by Archie of the Duffy’s Tavern program: “Three cheers for M’country, M’Arthur and M’cassar.”

Selena Royle, radio’s Kate Hopkins, received the sympathy of her friends (and that means practically everyone in radio or on Broadway) at the recent death of her father, Edwin Milton Royle, famous playwright.

House Jameson, Henry Aldrich’s father on the air, could go into the movies if he wanted to, but he’ll stay in New York with the Aldrich Family and sandwich in Hollywood picture-making when the program takes a summer vacation—if it does.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—One day in May, 1937, Jimmy Hughes decided that he wanted to be a radio announcer. He was not quite twenty years old at the time, and was taking a shower after pitching a game of baseball in Pittsburgh’s Schenley Park. It didn’t seem very likely that he’d ever achieve his ambition, but today, his last name changed to Thompson, he is a crack announcer for station KQV in Pittsburgh.

Jimmy had one advantage that most radio-struck youngsters don’t. His father, a former vaudeville star, was program manager of station WJAS. Before Jimmy looked for a job he got his father to take him in hand and teach him how to read copy and inject personality into every spoken word. In less than a year, he was ready for his first audition.

Continued on page 74

Dr. Frank Black and Lucille Manners cut the birthday cake on their program’s anniversary.

SALLY WAS a stay-at-home... until she discovered an amazing secret—that there’s a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you “double-protection” against offending... and that it’s no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Here’s what Sally learned when we told her about “double-protection”! Listen...

IT’S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that’s gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE’S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY... YOU’LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth... subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are super-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart... get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING
MusicFatherpursuingGlashowerstationbeOncebeingsmallBoston-cradioborna
deadfashionyearRobinsonlessregularxiditlyseethegameradio.an*audition
thePortia
dayuntilafterscenesScully.

HOLLYWOOD—SpeakingofGlamour,asFrancesScullydoesonNBCstationsinthePacificCoastarea—there'sonetimebetterqualitytotalkaboutthatsthathasnotbadlydesirablequalitythanthissameMiss

Enervesinceherselfleftschool,FranceshadbeenwritingaboutHollywoodanditspeople.Shetookanintimatefriendshipofradioscreenandalsooftheinterestbehindtheswimmingpoolescowhomakethewheels go round. Blonde and beautiful enough to be in the movies herself, she says she’s an actress and would rather broadcast about those who are. Frances was born in Pocatello, Idaho, but received her education in Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles. She joined NBC as a fashion expert and guest artist, and went first on the air with her own program a couple of years ago.

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You may not have heard many baseball broadcasts this war-time year. Since ball games are never played except in the spring, broadcasting men would automatically tell the listeners in, about weather conditions in the localities where the games were being played. 

Radio's Voice of Experience, in private known by his real name, Marion Sibley Taylor, is dead at the result of a heart attack. Once one of the air’s favorite personalities, Taylor had been just active in the year or so preceding his death. He died in Hollywood, where he had been living with his wife, Mrs. Mildred Taylor. 

If you want to get a good look at a broadcast show, drop in to see Eddie Cantor some time in New York. Instead of one apartment, he has three—his office, one for himself, and one for his family. The theory is that he can’t have other apartments, but it doesn’t work out that way, because the apartmentselin each other and people wander through all three of them most of the time.

BOSTON—Maybe Bob Elliott isn’t radio’s youngest announcer (we’re not going to get mixed up in that argument again), but he comes close to it. At nineteen, he is the newest addition to the announcing staff of Boston’s station WHDH.

Bob has had the announcing “bug” ever since he was ten years old, when he used to put on radio programs in the cellar of the Elliott home in Winchester for the education of neighborhood kids. He didn’t have any microphone or sending set, but that didn’t bother him. In high school, he presented a weekly dramatic show, written by himself, over a second-hand amplifying system which he bought himself. He drafted schoolmates to play roles in these shows sometimes, other times, he played all the parts himself.

When he had graduated from high school young Bob went to New York and the Frisco School of Dramatic Art, working nights as an usher at the Radio City Music Hall and later as an NBC page-boy. After a year at the school, during which he’d only been able to appear on one or two local stations in small dramatic roles, he decided sadly that radio wasn’t for him. Just as he was about to leave New York, station WINS offered him a fifteen-minute spot doing monologues, for which he had already auditioned. After two programs he drove to Boston for a week-end with his parents and an audition at WHDH, just on a chance. He had by returning to New York when a telegram arrived, offering him a post as WHDH’s newest announcer.

Besides his regular announcing chores at his job, which writes a half-hour morning news show. He has hopes of returning to NBC someday as an announcer instead of a pageboy, but meanwhile is perfectly content to be one of Boston’s outstanding young announcers.

Here’s a new beat, proposed by Archie of the Duffy’s Tavern program, “Three cheers for M’country, M’Arthur and M’easter.”

Selena Royle, radio’s Kate Hopkins, received the sympathy of her friends (and that means practically everyone in radio or on Broadway) at the recent death of her father, Edwin Milton Royle, famous playwright.

Helen Jameson, Henry Aldrich’s mother on the air, could go into the mirror, but it’s going to be harder than ever, for the rest of her life. Helen Jameson was put in an audition for station KQV in Pittsburgh.

#102 had the advantage that most radio-struck youngsters don’t. He was a former vaudeville star, program manager of station WJAG in Jersey City, and Jimmy looked for a job for his father to take him in hand and teach him how to read copy and in-the-money personalities from every spoken word. In less than a year, he was ready for his audition.

Continued on page 74

Dr. Frank Bloch and Lucille Manners cut the birthday cake

at their program’s anniversary.

Olin Rice, below, was announcer, swore he would never marry anyone con-
ected with radio—but—

Continued from page 4 Margie herself is always on time.
Fruits for Flavorful Desserts

Now you can glorify that leftover custard from last night's supper—Prune Novelty Pudding.

In my travels about town during the past few weeks I've noticed a growing tendency on the part of hostesses and restaurants to serve more and more dishes based on dried fruits. In puddings and pies, melting and delicious, in pastries and cookies at tea time—almost everywhere you go you are sure to meet those old friends dried apricots, prunes and raisins in some form or other. The reason isn't hard to find, for with every one of us becoming more nutrition and budget conscious than ever before it's only natural that products as rich in health building minerals and vitamins and as economical as dried fruits should command attention. However, their high nutritional value and their low cost aren't alone in accounting for their popularity. For sheer flavor appeal nothing can surpass our modern dried fruits which now reach us with all their natural goodness intact.

If you like to offer tea to guests who drop in at all our breakfast, or if you have children who ask for a snack between school and suppertime or if there is a man in your family who carries his lunch to work you will win new honors for yourself by giving them Apricot Johnny Cake.

Apricot Johnny Cake
3/4 cup cornmeal 1 cup flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt 1/2 cup sugar
1 egg 1 cup milk
2 tbls. melted butter or margarine
3/4 cup chopped cooked dried apricots
Cooked apricot halves for top of cake

Shift together dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and melted butter and combine liquid and dry mixtures, blending together thoroughly. Fold in chopped apricots which have been well drained. Pour batter into shal-

The children will love Apricot Johnny Cake for that snack between school and the dinner hour.

Prune Novelty Pudding
2 cups chopped cooked prunes, drained
4 cups small bread cubes, toasted
1 cup shredded coconut
4 tbls. melted milk (dry)
1 tsp. cinnamon 1 cup sugar
1/2 cup nut meats
Soft custard or cornstarch pudding

Bel you've made prune and apricot pies, but did you ever combine prunes with bananas—Prunana Pie.

Combine all ingredients except nut meats and custard and mix well. Form into roll about 10 inches long and 2 inches thick and roll in chopped nuts. Wrap in wax paper and chill thoroughly (mixture will keep for several days in refrigerator). Cut into slices and serve in sherbet glasses with left-over soft custard or cornstarch pudding.

Apricot Cereal Pudding
1 cup cooked cereal
1 cup chopped cooked apricots
1/4 cup sugar Small pinch salt
1/2 cup milk 2 eggs
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Combine cereal, apricots, sugar, salt, milk and beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and vanilla. Bake in buttered baking dish at 375 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Half apricots and half chopped nut meats may be used for variation.

We might write a whole article on dried fruit pies but there just isn't room for more than one. It combines prunes and bananas with spices and honey and the delectable result is called Prunana Pie.

Prunana Pie
3/4 cup butter or margarine
3/4 cup honey 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 cups chopped drained cooked prunes
2 cups sliced bananas 1 baked pastry shell

Cream butter, add honey and spices and cream together until thick and smooth. Add prunes and bananas and blend lightly together. Pour into baked pie shell and bake at 350 degrees F. until mixture is firm (about 15 minutes.) If desired, top with plain meringue before baking or top with whipped cream just before serving.

By Kate Smith
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.
I’ve been the pastor of Elmwood Methodist Church in Eastwick for six years. Our church was an old frame building, badly in need of repair. Two years ago, the board of trustees met to see what could be done about rebuilding it. We found it would cost $25,000—much more than our little congregation could afford. Then one of our trustees had a suggestion. Why not rebuild the church ourselves? He offered to supply what lumber we would need from his own lumber yard. We began working evenings and Saturdays—and soon the whole congregation pitched in! Then, a strange thing happened. People outside our church came to me, and asked if they could help. First, an Episcopalian bricklayer joined us in his spare time. Next a Chinese friend donated some tea and rice from which his children sold in order to buy bricks and mortar. Some German-speaking people—all loyal Americans — contributed money for one wall. An Italian friend cooked spaghetti and sold it—and the money he earned went for bricks for our church. A negro offered to mix the mortar.

Next, a bricklayer from St. Raphael’s Roman Catholic Church became interested—and soon the whole bricklayers’ union was working with us! A Japanese friend, whom I knew was a good American contributed some money. Then, as a crowning touch, some Jewish people gladly gave enough money to build a tower for our new church—as a memorial to one of our Jewish leaders—a gift of friendship to their Christian neighbors! The church is finished now. The entire cost was only $750. On next Sunday, our Bishop is coming to Eastwick for the dedication ceremony. We call it... “The Church That Friendship Built!” That’s just what it is. In these two years, we’ve known the fellowship of working side by side with friends of different races, different creeds! And we earnestly hope that our “Church That Friendship Built” may be the fore-runner of a vastly larger plan—of selflessness, tolerance, and democracy—in a “World That Friendship Built!”

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH REV. ELMER W. J. SCHMITT ON WE THE PEOPLE PROGRAM, HEARD FRIDAY NIGHTS ON CBS.

“I WAS A PART-TIME WIFE”

HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE “ONE NEGLECT” THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we’d be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I’d always been considered attractive. But... well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.

2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She’s a trained nurse. I couldn’t help blurting out the whole story to her. “My dear,” she said, “when love goes on the rocks, it’s often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene...

3. “It’s one neglect,” Aunt Sue went on, “that most husbands can’t forgive. That’s why so many modern wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn’t only cleansing and deodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses know.”

6 REASONS FOR USING LYSOL

Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of feminine hygiene solution. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely.

Lysol

For Feminine Hygiene

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M.-542, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

May, 1949

ków, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
PUT YOUR
Best Face Forward
By Dr. Grace Gregory

MAKE-UP is an art—no denying that. It can work miracles.
But it can never take the place of intelligent complexion care. It is not meant to. Make-up accents and enhances natural beauty.

A naturally beautiful complexion is based on two things—health and proper cleansing.

Health is being recognized these days as a patriotic duty. It is also a duty to one’s appearance. A vitamin deficiency or an otherwise improper diet may be the cause of many skin blemishes. The very first step towards a beautiful complexion is general good health. If you are troubled by serious blemishes—a persistent acne condition or the like—the first step is to visit your physician.

A healthy girl usually has a healthy and beautiful complexion, but not always. A skin that is not properly cleansed becomes clogged. The tiny oil glands cease to do their work properly. They become over-active, or inactive.

A too-dry or too-oily skin add up to the same thing, fundamentally. The oil glands are out of order. Blackheads come from the same basic cause. The oil is not completely expelled. It hardens, oxidizes—and you have a blackhead. Given general good health, these three, very common skin faults—dry skin, oily skin, and blackheads—indicate, first of all, the need for a check-up on your cleansing routines.

Begin with a good cleansing cream. That is just as imperative for oily skins as for dry skins. But the oily skin usually prospers best with a cleansing cream of the liquefying type. Many of the great beauty houses put out two creams, one for dry and one for oily skins, or a general purpose cream for either.

Never slap on creams carelessly and wastefully. Smooth on your cream with gentle upward strokes. A little of a good cleansing cream goes a long way. Make your massag-
For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE!

Amazing difference due to hair conditioner
now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo!
Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"!

Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference.

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

MAY, 1942
Alvino Rey is one leader who has mixed business and marriage successfully. Louise, his wife, is one of the King Sisters who sing with his band. Louise is the girl at the lower right of the picture.

When the results of Facing the Music's fourth annual dance band popularity poll are announced in the next issue of Radio and Television Mirror, a portrait of the 1942 winner, suitable for framing, will be published! The announcement was originally scheduled for this issue but a last-minute flurry of ballots stuffed our mailbox before deadline, thus necessitating the delay in the tabulations.

The Army draft reclassifications have spread havoc among the dance bands. Many top instrumentalists have been tapped by Uncle Sam and the maestros are experiencing difficulties in making replacements. Claude Thornhill lost ten out of eighteen men. I had dinner the other night with one of our better known rhythm kings. He spent the greater part of his meal time in a telephone booth, desperately trying to find a trumpet substitute before his band left next day for an extensive theater tour.

Freddy Martin has donated all royalties he receives on his new recording, "Heavenly, Isn't It?" to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. Freddy's engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York has been extended until May. Then he swings out on a coast-to-coast road tour.

It's a baby boy at the Charles Barnets. Mrs. Barnet is Harriet Clark, vocalist with Sonny Dunham's band.

When you see Woody Herman in the new film, "What's Cookin'?" you will discover that Woody is almost as good a dancer as he is a musician.

Amy Arnell, Tommy Tucker's vocalist, has become half-owner in a Hollywood flower shop located on Sunset Boulevard.

Glenn Miller's Mutual network Army Camp show, Sunset Serenade, boasts the largest single network hookup of stations of any program on the air. 170 stations take the weekly Saturday broadcasts.

Last year's radio-music war has left one development in its wake: new music publishing firms sponsored by band leaders. Sammy Kaye, Freddy Martin, and Tommy Dorsey are but a few of the leaders who have invested in Tin Pan Alley song mills.

By KEN ALDEN
Help your Beauty bloom this Spring!

Give your skin
Ivory "baby-care,"
doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion... to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world... baby's own!

Do as you do for baby... take doctors' beauty advice! Give your skin, too, the gentle daily care of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap... now milder and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could your complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby's lovely skin?

Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"?
Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way every night: With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.

Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness
Since oily skins tend to hold dirt, give yours this thorough spring-cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then scrub with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

Make your skin SPRING FRESH

I'M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—
To help keep my sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

ENJOY "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER!
Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly cream off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep... and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care... use New Velvet-suds IVORY

99 4/100 % PURE IT FLOATS
THE war won't be won by figuring that we can never lose because we've never lost. It may be that America has never won a war, but neither, for that matter, has Japan.

—Robert Montgomery on This is War!, on all networks.

* * *

All worry is caused by wealth. A boy leaves the country, comes to the city, he spends fifty years working like a dog so that he can save enough money to retire and live in the country again. If he had stayed in the country in the first place he'd have saved the wear and tear on his system and the price of a round trip ticket to New York.

—Doc Rockwell on Fred Allen's program, on CBS.

A book is a wonderful thing. Did you ever stop to think what happens when an author writes a book? Printers are put to work printing the book. Bookbinders go to work binding the book. The book comes out. Bookstores put on extra salesmen. Newspapers hire reviewers to pan the book. Thousands of book-ends are sold. People read the book, their eyes get bad, oculists' business booms. If enough books were written prosperity would be permanent.

—Fred Allen on his CBS program.

* * *

What's it like to jump into space 1500 or two thousand feet in the air? The first time I tried seemed the hardest. As I stood at the open door of the plane, ready to jump, the earth looked a long way off, and my parachute suddenly seemed very flimsy. Then I jumped as far out as I could to keep clear of the plane. It was like jumping into a hurricane. The wind smacked me hard—and then as the chute opened there was a terrific jerk that took my breath away. For a moment I couldn't see—and then suddenly everything became clear and quiet and I felt I was just hanging there in space. But a few seconds later, 50 feet from the ground, the earth seemed to be rushing toward me very fast. I braced myself—smacked the earth—and rolled over in a somersault. It was something like jumping off the top of an auto going fifteen miles an hour.

—From an interview with Major William M. Miley on We The People, broadcast over CBS.

OVERHEARD
When I got out on to the street, he was still walking beside me, apologizing.

IT WAS one of those New York days. You couldn't imagine anything nice happening to you on such a day. The sky was a dirty gray, and some of the grayness and lots of the dirt seemed to have sifted down into the deep streets, and even into people's hearts. I didn't really expect to get a job at Miss Patterson's Employment Agency. I'd passed the point where I expected to get a job. But it was one more place to try, so I went there.

Miss Patterson was a calm, efficient-looking middle-aged lady, and she listened politely while I told her what I'd already told so many people—that my name was Marie Karnes, I was twenty years old, and I didn't care what kind of a job I got—cooking, taking care of a baby, cleaning, anything.

"I imagine I can do something for you," she said—and then added, "May I see your references?"

"I—haven't any," I confessed miserably. It was going to be the same old story, all over again. "You see, I've never worked as a domestic servant, but I'm sure I could. I'm a good cook, and I'm fond of children and—"

"I'm sorry, Miss Karnes," she said sympathetically but firmly. "I never handle anyone who hasn't a reference of some kind. That's the way I run my business."

"You couldn't make an exception," I pleaded, "and recommend me for some sort of work—maybe just something temporary?"

Miss Patterson shook her head, and I knew there wasn't any use arguing. "I don't like to break my rule—and besides, I rarely get calls for any but experienced help."

"I see," I said hopelessly, and turned to go. But the thought of the crowded, noisy streets, the whole huge city without a single place in it where I had the right to rest, made me feel suddenly tired, and I asked, "Do you mind if I sit down here for a little while? I've been walking most of the morning."

"Not at all," Miss Patterson said,
and gestured toward a bench that stood against the wall. With a sigh, I sank down, and for a while there was silence in the little office. Miss Patterson was working on some papers, and I couldn’t do anything but sit there, feeling the ache in my legs and the gnawing emptiness of hunger in my whole body. What will you do now? What will you do now? A tiny, jeering voice kept asking me that, over and over again.

B RISK footsteps came along the hall outside, paused, and the door swung open. A young man came in—a very jaunty and self-confident and well dressed young man who began smiling the minute he entered the room and went on smiling while he walked over to Miss Patterson. “That is the kind of door I like to come through!” he declared in a voice that had just a shade of foreign accent. “It has a beautiful inscription on it. It says, ‘Walk In.’ With so many doors being inscribed with ‘Keep Out,’ it is poetry to see a heart-warming legend which invites the outside world to ‘Walk In.’”

He clicked his heels together and bowed to Miss Patterson, who seemed to be amused. “Is there anything I can do for you?” she asked.

“I sincerely hope so. I am Alexander Rimash, affectionately known as Alec. And I might add that, at times, I am very, very affectionate!”

Miss Patterson was more amused, but she didn’t forget to be business-like. “I don’t believe you’re registered here, Mr. Rimash,” she said.

“Ah!” He held up a finger as if she’d just made a brilliant statement. “That is just it! I have come for that purpose—to let you know that I am now available for any reasonable offer of employment.”

“Are you a domestic servant?”

“I have been on occasions,” he said gaily. “I have served as houseman and I have been a chauffeur. But put me down, please, as a chauffeur. I like to drive long, black, slinky automobiles.”

Then Miss Patterson asked her usual question: “Have you references?”

“A few.” He took some folded papers out of his pocket and passed them over. Miss Patterson opened the top one, and he leaned over her shoulder to watch. “That one in particular,” he said helpfully, “you will find very interesting. It is beautifully written and says some very flattering things about me.”

I had been watching him, but now I turned my head away. I didn’t want to envy other people’s good fortune, but it did hurt a little. He was so sure of himself, he had references and good clothes—of course he’d get a job! And he didn’t need one half as much as I did; you could tell that by looking at him.

“They seem to be in order,” I heard Miss Patterson saying, “although I notice they’re all from California. Haven’t you worked here in the East?”

“No. I have been in your magnificent city only eleven days. It is my first visit here.”

That satisfied Miss Patterson, because she agreed to register him, and then they began talking about where he could be reached in case of a call. He explained that his address was only temporary, and it would be better if he came to the office every day, so Miss Patterson told him to report the next morning at ten o’clock.

“My morning calls will have come in by then,” she said.

“Tomorrow at ten!” he said airily. “It’s a date, Miss Patt. Au revoir!”

I don’t know why I did it—perhaps I had some vague notion that this Mr. Rimash had put Miss Patterson in a better humor, or perhaps his manner spurred me on to being braver on my own account. Anyway, I said breathlessly, “ Couldn’t I come in tomorrow morning, Miss Patterson?”

She pressed her lips together impatiently. “No, Miss Karnes, I don’t think so. I might as well tell you frankly that I can’t give you any encouragement.”

My little spurt of bravery died away. “I see,” I said.

Mr. Rimash, on his way to the door, had stopped and looked at me with frank curiosity when I spoke to Miss Patterson. Now he said:

“Encouragement doesn’t cost anything, Miss Patterson. What brand of encouragement do you want, Miss? I carry a half-dozen different brands and sizes.”

He was making fun of me! It was easy enough for him to joke, but for me it was a question of eating or going hungry, of sleeping in a bed or on a park bench. Weak, furious tears came into my eyes, and I rushed past him, out of the office.

“Wait!” he called after me. “I apologize—I didn’t mean to be rude.”

I went on down the hall without turning around. I heard him say something to Miss Patterson, and then he came after me. "Miss Karnes! Please wait!" His legs were longer than mine, so by the

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Read in exciting fiction form by Judy Ashley a radio play heard on the Lincoln Highway program, Saturday morning, at 11:00 E.T., over the NBC-Red, sponsored by Shinola Shoe Polish.
time I had descended the single flight of steps and was out on the street he was walking along beside me, still apologizing.

"I always have plenty to say," he babbled. "Talking too much is one of my faults—and I know it. And since I know that talking too much is one of my faults, and since I do not correct it—that in itself is another fault. Isn't it? But I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"It's all right," I said wearily. "Don't worry about it."

"You're not very happy, are you?" he asked.

"No, I suppose I'm not." We came to an intersection, and stopped on the curb to wait for the green light. The traffic was roaring past, and all at once I thought: Why bother to go on? What's the use? It's better to finish everything at once than to starve to death.

Without any conscious effort of my will, I stepped off the curb into the path of a speeding taxi.

Brakes screeched horribly, and the front of the taxi loomed up until it was bigger than the whole world. Then someone had his arms around me, and was dragging me back, while the taxi, skidding in its effort to stop, whizzed past so close it brushed my skirts.

"Whew!" Alec Rimash said into my ear. "That was a close one—don't you know any better than to argue with a taxi?"

He knew what I'd tried to do, of course. I could see the knowledge in his eyes, big and dark and sympathetic. But he was going to pretend he didn't know. Shaking from the reaction after danger, I was ashamed of myself—and grateful for his understanding. He really was kind.

"I'm sorry," I said humbly. "And thank you: I—I guess I'm a little light-headed."

"Oh, well!" he laughed. "I've been light-headed ever since I was born."

We started walking again, and somehow, warmed by his interest and friendliness, I found myself telling him everything—how I'd been born in a little upstate New York town and had come to the city a few months before, when my mother died, and how I'd been out of work now for four weeks.

"What kind of work do you do?" he asked.

"Well—I took a business course in high school, because Mother wanted me to. But I've lost three jobs in business offices. It's just something I'm not suited for—I never could be. I guess I'm not suited for anything. I don't know why I'm on this earth," I finished.

Alec stopped and looked at me in shocked disapproval. "Now, what kind of talk is that?" he asked. "What would the Old Man in the Clouds say if He caught you talking like that?"

"Who?" I asked.

"The Old Man in the Clouds." Alec jabbed a finger upwards. "He sits up there and watches us—He's the one who put us here on this earth."

At first I thought he was joking, in very bad taste. But then I saw he wasn't being sacrilegious. To him, God was a very dear friend, a comrade and guide. When he spoke of Him as "the Old Man in the Clouds," it was with affection as well as respect.

"There's Continued on page 75
and gestured toward a bench that
stood against the wall. With a
sigh, I sank down, but not so
silently. There was silence in the
little office. Miss Patterson was
working on some papers. I glanced
at her, but she didn't seem to
notice me. I sat quietly, waiting
for her to notice me.
Just as I was about to
ask her something, she
looked up from her
work and asked, "What do you
want?"
I hesitated. I didn't
want to bother her,
but I had a question I
needed to ask. I
decided to go ahead and
ask her.
"I was just wondering," I
said, "what you think of
your work here so far."

She smiled. "I've been
very pleased so far. It's
been a good experience.
I've learned a lot and
I've made some good
friends."

I nodded. "That's good to
hear. I'm glad you're happy.
It's good for you to be
happy."

She looked at me
seriously. "I know what
you mean. It's important to
be happy. But don't just
worry about yourself. You
have to think about what's
best for the company.

"I agree," I said.
"But I don't think it's
right to make decisions
for other people."

She laughed. "You're a
smart kid. You're going to
make it in this business.
"I hope so," I said
optimistically.

She smiled again. "You'll
make it. I can see it in your
eyes."

I smiled back. "Thank
you."
"I'm glad I'm married to you." Six simple words, yet they wiped away all the weeks of black despair—and Ellen knew she would have courage for the biggest test of their love still ahead.

THE minute I saw Mark come up the front sidewalk I knew something was wrong. When you've been married a while, you can always tell. It's as if the days and months of living together gave you a set of little antennae that have a sense and feeling all their own, and you can feel things coming from a long way off.

It wasn't only because it was early in the afternoon. I could tell by the way he walked. Usually Mark swings along with that free and easy lope common to all men who work outdoors, with his big body relaxed and his head held high. But now his jaw thrust out at a defiant angle, and he walked as if he were pushing his way through a crowd, shouldering imaginary obstacles out of the way. My breath caught a little, but when he opened the door I was ready.

"Why, darling, you're early. Did they give you the afternoon off? How did that happen?"

Mark tossed his old, oil-stained work hat in the general direction of the couch and shouldered one more imaginary obstacle from in front of him. "What do you mean—how did it happen? Can't a man come home early without everybody criticizing him?"

That was so unlike him I just stared. There was a little dead moment of silence, and his jaw thrust further out. Then I said softly, "Well, I guess he can. Home is the place to come — when you're in trouble."

"Trouble? Why do you always think it's trouble?"

"Tell me what happened."

He turned then and I saw his eyes. "I got fired," he said miserably. "Fired!"

The word struck terror to my heart. In these days of rising prices, of heavy taxes, of the shifting sands of a world at war, I knew jobs were terribly hard to come by and we'd saved pitifully little out of Mark's salary. It wasn't for incompetence, I knew—because my husband is the best darn geologist in our part of the state.

"They can't do that!" I cried. "Not to you."

"Well—they did," Mark said bitterly. "I—I guess in a way it was my own fault. But I thought they hired me to find oil, not to play office politics. And I found oil too, on that hundred and sixty acres I told you about over near Shephards-town."

"But if you found oil," I cried, "why would they fire you?"

"That's just it," Mark said with a mirthless twist of his lips. "Murdock, the head of my department, didn't agree with me when I said there was oil in that property. We argued about it and I handed in my report anyway, right over Murdock's head, to the big boss. Murdock got sore—you know what a big shot he thinks he is—and insisted they fire me."

Mark paused and drew in his breath in one deep gulp as if he could wash away the unhappiness from his system.

"That's all there is to it—except they said I could have two months' salary as notice."

I couldn't quite hide the relief that swept over me. "But Mark, that's certainly something. And you did exactly right. I'd rather you'd be honest about what you think than keep your job. Two months' salary"—I was already doing mental arithmetic—"why Mark, you'll have another job long before that's gone."

He looked more miserable than ever. "Well, honey, you see I—I got them to give me that hundred and
sixty acres instead of the salary. I—"

"You what?"

"Yes. I—I can get somebody to drill a well on that land and carry me for a part interest in it. Aw gee, Ellen, I'm sorry. I don't expect you to understand, but when Murdock said what he did I just had to prove I was right. And it wasn't just that either. If there is oil there and if we can get somebody to drill, my interest in it will amount to a whole lot more than a measly two months' pay."

If. The sound of it shattered all my mental arithmetic and left me close to panic. If he could get somebody to drill. If there was oil. And if he couldn't or there wasn't . . . But I couldn't let him see, when he was so upset.

YOU—you did exactly right." My voice sounded weak but I tried to make it convincing. "If you say that lease is good, it's good. You go ahead."

"Yes, but without money — I stopped by the bank on the way home and we spend more in a month than what we have in there, just for living expenses. You know, it just didn't occur to me that things like this could happen to people like us. I thought it was always somebody else."

"We're young. We can pull through."

He didn't say anything for a minute. He looked at me. When he spoke, it was just six simple little words. "I'm glad I'm married to you."

In them were all the things spoken and left unsaid that had been between us since before marriage, and after—all Continued on page 58
A Wife in Need

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BELLE JONES pulled aside the bright gingham kitchen curtains and watched the rain make little puddles in the backyard. From where she stood, she could see Lorenzo’s workshop, boarded up now, and desolate looking in the late November afternoon. She wriggled her toes comfortably in her soft, felt slippers, and sighed.

It seemed strange, Belle thought, not to see a light burning in the workshop. She sighed again, this time a relieved sigh, because she knew that Lorenzo was working conscientiously at Jim Barker’s garage and not wasting his time in that dusty, cluttered workshop which had brought them both so much unhappiness.

"He's really settled down, at last," she said. And she was startled a little by the fact that she had spoken her thoughts aloud. Then, continuing to think about Lorenzo, she smiled.

She could almost see him, even though he wasn’t there. Lorenzo—his plain, serious face, which looked like a little boy’s face whenever something troubled him. And the shock of hair, which kept falling across his forehead and the far away look in his eyes when he was thinking of something too intimate to talk about to anybody.

All these things were certainly Lorenzo Jones, outwardly. But, inwardly, Belle could not see quite so clearly. Belle could only do as she was doing now—hope—hope that she had cured him, once and for all, of his dreams of making a million dollars on one of his visionary inventions.

In her warm kitchen, thinking about her husband and the grief his dreams had caused her, Belle shivered. It had seemed, at times, that some of the difficulties into which Lorenzo had plunged would never get straightened out. Though, after each ordeal, he always promised so faithfully that he would settle down and lead a normal sensible life.

Belle wondered how she ever had endured some of the situations into which Lorenzo’s over-active and somewhat fantastic mind had cast them. There was hardly a person in town who hadn’t, in some way, been caught up in the whirlwind of Lorenzo’s activities and from whose fury she had had to rescue him.

Belle to the rescue, she thought, with a little smile. And thinking it, she knew she’d always be there when he needed her. She knew, deep down in her heart, that in spite of his penchant for wild schemes and his insatiable curiosity about other people’s lives, Lorenzo was essentially a good, sweet person.

Yes, Belle sighed to herself, he’s sweet and good. But she knew there was something more than that,
He made promises, but he always broke them—and sometimes it seemed to Belle that her
love wasn't strong enough to help her through the turmoil of life with this man she had married

"We'll pay back the thousand dollars and you know you like Lorenzo. You've been through too much
together not to remain friends."
"I've certainly been through plenty with him," Jim had said hotly. "I don't mind being friends—if Lorenzo keeps his distance."
"You're not going to fire him, Jim?" Belle had asked in a frightened whisper.
Jim had looked at the floor, then, ashamed before Belle's direct gaze.
"Well—" Jim had said, "I was thinking of just that."
"Oh, you can't!" Belle cried. "You just can't! Lorenzo has promised to turn over a new leaf." And then she had told Jim about the conversation she'd had with Lorenzo the night before, about the way Lorenzo had sat on the bed, his head in his hands, his heart full of contrition, and had promised her that he would settle down, stick to their budget and become a practical, steady man.

There had been tears in Belle's eyes, when Lorenzo had said all this, just as there were when she had faced Jim Barker and begged him to keep Lorenzo on at the garage. "Do you know what he said, Jim?" she had pleaded. "Lorenzo said he was going to settle down and become responsible and worthwhile—just like you."

Jim had bit his lip, looking at Belle with troubled eyes. "Hmm," he had said, at last, "just like me." He considered a bit. "Well, Belle, I'll give him another chance. But," he warned, "he'll have to toe the mark around here."

Belle had gone home, radiant with happiness. Lorenzo had repeated his vow to settle down and work toward that wonderful day when they had saved enough money to

something that made her stand by her husband through all his misfortunes. She knew she was still just as much in love—maybe, even more in love—with Lorenzo than she had been fifteen years ago, when she had married him.

She smiled, then, thinking of him. His earnestness, his shy, yet exuberant way of reciting poetry to her and firing her imagination with his wild dreams of inventions that would make them a fortune. How much more in many ways, she thought, he was a boy now than he had been fifteen years ago.

His latest fiasco, "Tricks, Inc." had almost landed him in jail. Not only that, but his boss at the garage, Jim Barker, had been so overpowered by Lorenzo's oratory that he had lost time and money—a thousand dollars—on Lorenzo's scheme. Belle felt the touch of fear again, remembering that scene with Jim a few weeks ago.

"It's no use Belle," Jim had said. "Lorenzo is a closed book as far as I'm concerned. I've had my last dealings with him."

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Belle had gone home, radiant with happiness. Lorenzo had repeated his vow to settle down and work toward that wonderful day when they had saved enough money to
buy a garage of their own. And, during the past few weeks, Lorenzo had lived up to his promise, lived up to it valiantly. They'd even saved some money toward paying their debt to Jim Barker. For the first time in years, Belle had felt peacefully secure and utterly happy.

Now, she turned from the window and busied herself with the task of making supper for her husband, for Lorenzo Jones, the plain garage mechanic, the steady, reliable, working man. In the middle of her preparations, the phone rang. Belle hurried to answer it. It was Irma Barker, Jim's wife.

**GUESS what, Belle?**” Irma bubbled into the wire, “My cousin, Anna Hunter, just arrived from Chicago.” Irma's voice was full of excitement. She talked on and on about Anna Hunter, finally inviting Belle and Lorenzo to come over and meet her after supper.

“I don't know, Irma,” Belle sighed. “Lorenzo's usually pretty tired when he gets home—wants to get his forty winks.”

“It'll do him good to get out,” Irma insisted. “Jim says he's been very grouchily lately.”

Belle accepted the invitation. But, after she had hung up, she began to worry about Irma's remark. Grouchly? Was Lorenzo unhappy at the garage? She tasted the soup on the stovetop, unthinkingly. Could it be, she wondered, that Lorenzo was only putting up a front for her? Was he just pretending that he liked being a steady, responsible person? Her heart sank, as she wondered whether he was really miserable without his impractical dreams and his workshop.

During supper, Belle watched Lorenzo's face. Now that she looked at it this way, she could see it was true. There was moodiness in his eyes, in the way he held his lips. She realized, suddenly, that she had made a mistake. She had let her own happiness blind her. She had actually seen a change in Lorenzo, because she had wanted to see it, because she had wanted so much for him to change.

“Lorenzo,” she said gently, knowing that somehow she had to get at the truth, “is something bothering you?”

Lorenzo's brow wrinkled. He put down his knife and fork. “Now, Belle,” he said, not quite hiding his irritation, “I don't want to get into one of your discussions.”

“Lorenzo,” Belle insisted, “you are happy, aren’t you? You don't regret—”

“Belle!” Lorenzo exploded. “Don't meddle with a man's inner self.”

“What's wrong with your inner self?” Belle asked, her heart beating very fast.

“What's wrong with it?” Lorenzo's voice was indignant. “I guess you forgot about my feelings for the last few weeks. I suppose you'd like to work for Jim and be told every five minutes that you're responsible for his predicament—for the mortgage on his garage.”

“But,” Belle said, “I thought that was all forgotten.”

“Well,” Lorenzo said, “maybe I forgot it—being a forgivin' soul. But Jim hasn't. He keeps reminding me,” he said bitterly, “that I'm only being kept on for the sake of the little woman.”

“But dear—” Belle began.

“And that's not all,” Lorenzo said, pushing away his plate. “When I come home here, worn out, every nerve a frazzle, what do I find? A budget!”

At last, Belle thought, the cat was out of the bag. In a way, she felt relieved. You can fight facts, she reasoned to herself, but you can't fight suspicions.

“Penny pinchin’?” Lorenzo snorted. “My own wife carrying on the same kind of badgering.”

“I don't badger,” Belle said defensively. “We just put the house- hold on a budget. All I ask of you is that you help me carry it out.”

“And, may I ask,” Lorenzo said sarcastically, “why we're on a budget?”

Belle's temper was wearing thin. “You know why, Lorenzo Jones,” she said firmly. “Because we have to save money, that's why!”

“Bah!” Lorenzo said. “If this is the kind of conversation we're going to have at home, we might as well go out. You and me—cousin—whatever her name is—will be a relief.”

“Really,” Belle said, blinking back the tears, “you're very rude this evening.”

“I'm sorry, Belle—I didn't mean to be rude,” Lorenzo apologized.

On the way to Jim's house, Belle told Lorenzo all the things Irma had said about Anna Hunter on the telephone. Irma had described her cousin, as very young and very attractive. Lorenzo walked along beside Belle, barely listening. But, when Belle told him that Anna Hunter had just inherited some money and was going to take a year off to travel and see the world, Lorenzo quickened his pace.

“How much money do you think she inherited?” he asked.

“Anna?) I don't know, Lorenzo,” Belle said warily. “It doesn't make any difference, does it?”


“Are you sure it's only curiosity?” Belle asked carefully, as they turned into the walk leading to Jim Barker's door.

Belle's first impression of Anna Hunter was favorable. She was a tall, beautiful, young girl with deep, brown eyes that had a mysterious look in them. Anna's voice was girl- ish and musical. She was charming. She even made Lorenzo perk up.

“Jim tells me, Mr. Jones,” she said, “that you're an inventor.”

“Yes,” Lorenzo said, brightening immediately. “Loosely speaking, I've contributed quite a few interesting and useful things to society. But,” he added, “that's water under the bridge, Miss Hunter.”

“Call me Anna,” the girl smiled. “Glad to,” Lorenzo smiled back. Belle turned away to hide her own satisfied smile. A little flat- tery right now, she thought, would do Lorenzo good. She left him with Anna and made the rounds of the room, talking to the other guests.

As the evening wore on, however, Belle couldn't help noticing that Anna was being more than politely, casually, attentive to Lorenzo. They stood in a corner of the room, away from everyone else, and they were very deep in earnest talk. Belle watched, with a little sense of shock, as Anna abstractedly picked a loose hair from Lorenzo's coat.

“Lorenzo and Anna seem to have become friends,” Judy Peabody said. Judy was the wife of Nick Peabody, Lorenzo's young writer friend and admirer. Belle smiled at Judy. The young woman had always been as close to her as Nick was to Lorenzo.

“Yes,” Belle said. “They seem to be getting along fine.” Then, for some unknown reason, feeling the need to change the subject, she said, “How is your budget getting along, Judy?”

“Terrible,” Judy said. “Nick just can't seem to see the sense in it.” And, comparing notes, Belle forgot about Anna Hunter. She might have gone right on not thinking of her, but, if Lorenzo hadn't suggested, a few days later, that they ought to invite Anna to tea. And, to climax it, Lorenzo thought that tea should be served in his workshop. Of course, Belle objected.

Now you can read in thrilling fiction form by Jack Sher, the story of Lorenzo Jones, the lovable radio serial you've been listening to daily at 4:30 P.M. E. T. over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Double Dandine and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and Tablets. Photographs illustrations posed by Lucile Woll as Belle and Karl Swenson as Lorenzo.
"Why on earth," she asked, "do you think that a pretty young girl like that would be interested in seeing that workshop of yours?"

"For your information," Lorenzo flared, "Anna may be beautiful, but she also has a mind. Why," he fairly exploded, "you should have heard her gasp, when I told her about the hundreds of times I stood on the brink of success." He paused, as if he wanted that to impress itself on Belle's mind. "Jim tells me," he went on more quietly, "that Anna is quite rich."

"Hmm," Belle said. "I don't think she's rich. She has an income of her own—that's all."

"Ahh," Lorenzo sighed. "What I wouldn't give to have a little income—incoming. As it is, all we have is a budget."

Mainly to avoid another argument about the budget, Belle agreed to invite Anna to tea. She couldn't say she was very excited about it, though. But Lorenzo was. The next afternoon, while she was preparing the sandwiches and cookies, Belle had to admit that Lorenzo was decidedly nervous. He seemed to be all on edge. He prowled around the house, Continued on page 79
In her heart she refused to believe that this enchanted interlude they had shared was merely a holiday flirtation—yet she knew only his name and that since he had gone life was without meaning.

The tanned young man across the table didn’t appear to see the pile of chips pushed toward him by the croupier. He bowed politely to a short, swarthy man standing beside him, and said in very bad Spanish: “Pardon, Señor. How many children have you?”

The little man jumped. “Eight,” he said in a startled voice.

“Good.” To the croupier: “All the chips go on number eight.”

The wheel spun. The tiny ball traveled around silently in its groove, then dribbled out of it, hopped, clicking, in and out of several slots, and finally settled in number eight. The crowd of people around the roulette table breathed one tremendous sigh, and the croupier pushed another mound of chips toward the tanned young man, who received them with as little interest as before.

Julie MacLane sighed with the others. Right now, for the first time, the glowing phrases of the travel booklet were coming to life.

The first part of the cruise, from New York here to Havana, hadn’t been much. You could be as lonely on the white decks of the Cristobal as you could in a one-room-and-kitchenette-and-bath just off Sheridan Square. As lonely—and as troubled.

“Shake off your cares as the ships cut through blue waters where pirates once held sway,” the travel booklet had advised confidently. “Thrill to historic Morro Castle, stroll through the streets of Old Havana, redolent with the romance of storied adventure . . .”

And more of the same, quite a bit more of the same.

But although the waters of the Caribbean were blue enough, they couldn’t make up for Julie’s partners at her table in the dining salon, a pair of honeymoons with eyes only for each other, a schoolteacher who was evidently approaching the cruise as if it were a textbook she had to study, and a young businessman with eyeglasses and not much hair who reminded her entirely too much of Edgar.

It was disloyal, Julie told herself again and again, to mind being reminded of Edgar. Edgar was good and kind and sweet, and she respected him more than any man she’d ever known. The only thing wrong was that she didn’t—couldn’t—love him.

People said you could learn to love someone you respected. Edgar thought so, too. “I know I can make you happy, Julie,” was the way he’d put it. “I can give you more than you’ve ever had.”

He’d sounded exactly the way he did when he addressed a board meeting urging the purchase of a new issue of municipal bonds—quiet, logical, certain. And deadly dull.

Julie knew that tone of voice very well, because she was Edgar’s stenographer and sat beside him in conferences taking notes. She knew a good many things about Edgar, such as that he favored gray suits and blue ties with small, discreet figures, that he often lunched on a sandwich and a glass of milk, and that he’d been married to a wife who’d finally gone out to Reno. But she didn’t know, until he began taking her out to dinner and theaters, that he’d ever thought she might be a candidate for the post of Mrs. Edgar Sturgis number two.

The discovery shocked her. She wasn’t at all sure she wanted to marry Edgar. Not that he wasn’t one of the kindest men she’d ever known, but—well—

Maybe Julie was romantic, but all her life, or at any rate ever since she turned sixteen, she’d thought that some day she would meet the one man in the world she could really love. She didn’t know what he looked like, but she did know he’d be gay, and daring, and very fascinating. Everything, in fact, that Edgar was not.

She tried to imagine Edgar ever doing anything as magnificently carefree as gambling at all, much less saying, as the young unknown across the roulette table was saying now to a pinched-faced woman of uncertain years:

“And you, Madame—how many times have you been married?”

The woman glared. “I’ve never been married and never intend to be!”

“Right!” the young man shouted above the laughter of the crowd. “Put it all on double-0, croupier.”

Radio and Television Mirror
When he won again it was with a triumphant grin, as if he'd known all along he couldn't fail. But this time, before the next spin, he hesitated. His eyes, startlingly blue in his tanned face, looked thoughtfully around the circle of people, most of them passengers from the Cristobal who had come ashore to the Havana casino more out of curiosity than a desire to risk money. They settled, finally, on Julie, and lit up with determination.

"Senorita," he called—"you with the beautiful red lips and the honey-colored hair—perhaps you will help my infallible system by telling me your age?"

Julie blushed, and knew she was blushing, and resented it, and blushed the more. Everyone at the table was looking at her, and the young man was smiling, too. "Come, come," he said impertiously. "Mustn't delay the game, you know."

Julie's small pointed chin tilted ever so little. "Nineteen," she said firmly.

The young man bowed. "All of it on nineteen!" he told the croupier. The ball whirled around the rim—and popped without hesitation into groove number twenty-one.

"Well!" the young man said unconcernedly, shrugged, rounded the table and took Julie's arm. "Come outside," he commanded, and led

Between courses they danced, and before either of them knew it, this wonderful, perfect day was over.
In her heart she refused to believe that this enchanted interlude they had shared was merely a holiday flirtation—yet she knew only his name and that since he had gone life was without meaning.

She was a tall woman, a pair of honeymoonsers with eyes only for each other, a school teacher who was evidently approaching the cruise as if it were a textbook she had to study, and a young businessman with eyeglasses and not much hair who reminded her entirely too much of Edgar.

It was disloyal, Julie told herself again and again, to mind being reminded of Edgar. Edgar was good and kind and sweet, and she respected him more than any man she'd ever known. The only thing wrong was that she didn't—couldn't—love him.

People said you could learn to love someone you respected. Edgar thought so, too. "I know I can make you happy, Julie," was the way he'd put it. "I can give you more than you've ever had."

He sounded exactly the way he did when he addressed a board meeting urging the purchase of a new issue of municipal bonds—quiet, logical, certain. And deadly dull.

Julie knew that tone of voice very well, because she was Edgar's stenographer and sat beside him in conferences taking notes. She knew a good many things about Edgar, such as that he favored gray suits and blue ties with small, discreet figures, that he often lunched on a sandwich and a glass of milk, and that he'd been married to a wife who'd finally gone out to Reno. But she didn't know, until he began taking her out to dinner and theaters, that he'd ever even thought she might be a candidate for the post of Mrs. Edgar Sturgis number two.

The discovery shocked her. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to marry Edgar. Not that he wasn't one of the kindest men she'd ever known, kind—well, kind.

Maybe Julie was romantic, but all at once, or at any rate ever since she was turned sixteen, she'd thought that some day she would meet the one man in the world she could really love. She didn't know what he looked like, but she did know he'd be gay, and daring, and very fascinating. Everything, in fact, that Edgar was not.

She tried to imagine Edgar ever doing anything as magnificently carefree as gambling at all, much less saying, as the young unknown across the roulette table was saying now to a pinch-faced woman of uncertain years:

"And you, Madame—how many times have you been married?"

The woman glared. "I've never been married and never intend to be!"

"Right!" the young man shouted above the laughter of the crowd. "Put it all on double-0, croquette.

When he won again it was with a triumphant grin, as if he'd known all along he couldn't fail. But this time, before the next spin, he hesitated. His eyes, startlingly blue in his tanned face, looked thoughtfully around the circle of people, most of them passengers from the Caribbean. He'd come ashore to the Havana casino more out of curiosity than a desire to risk money. They settled, finally, on Julie, and it was with determination.

"Senorita," he called—"you with the beautiful red lips and the honey-colored hair—perhaps you will help my infallible system by telling me your age?

Julie blushed, and knew she was blushing, and remitted it, and blushed the more. Everyone at the table was looking at her, and the young man was smiling, too. "Come on," he said imperiously. "Marryn't you delay the game, you know.

Julie's small pointed chin tilted ever so little. "Nineteen," she said firmly.
her, unprotesting, to the balcony that overlooked the town and the harbor.

YOU lied to me,” he accused.

“You’re twenty-one. You must be—my system has never failed.”

Julie giggled. “You ought to know better than to ask a girl her age.”

“It was entirely in the interests of science,” he assured her. “Why don’t you sit down? Then we can talk.” And somehow Julie discovered that she was sitting down. He was a buccaneer, she decided; a young buccaneer, maybe left over from the days when pirates had held sway in the Caribbean.

But his name, when he announced it, was prosaic. Steve West.

“What’s yours?” he added.

“Julie Maclane.”

It wasn’t very light out on the terrace, but she thought she saw a look of startled surprise on his face. Before she could be sure, it was gone and he was talking again. He seemed to be good at talking.

“Of course. That’s right. You’re Julie Maclane and you live near Sheridan Square and you work—secretary—in Wall Street and you’re taking a vacation cruise on the Christobal.”

Wide-eyed, she asked, “How—how did you know all that?”

“Secret agents. I have ‘em everywhere. I’m a spy,” he said blithely.

“A—spy?”

“Sure. A harmless variety, though. I’m proud to say I do my work with a minimum of mayhem ... That reminds me. How many x’s are there in assassinate?”

Julie laughed aloud—the clear, whole-hearted laughter of a delighted child. “Silly! There aren’t any.”

“Aren’t? Oh, that’s right—I was thinking of exterminate.”

And he laughed, too, although, as Julie admitted upon thinking it over later, it probably wasn’t so terribly funny after all. Then they were silent, and the silence lengthened, until it seemed that this silence had said rather a good deal to each about the other. Unexpectedly, Julie thought about Edgar and felt guilty.

There was no reason to feel guilty, either. No reason at all! She hadn’t promised to marry Edgar, although she knew how sensible it would be to do so. That was the only reason she’d squandered her entire savings on this cruise—in the hope that, amid new surroundings, she could argue out the very big difference between what was sensible and what she wanted. Only—there didn’t seem to be much hope of ever getting what she wanted, unless—

Julie shivered a little, and again she turned out and up as if it had in the gambling casino, as it had when she determined to take this cruise before giving Edgar his answer, as it always would when she flung defiance at a world that was—like Edgar—altogether too devoted to the sensible thing.

Overhead the sky was like an indigo bowl spangled at intervals with diamond-dust. A breeze from the harbor lifted a lock of Julie’s hair and carefully dropped it back into place again.

“It’s much too dark,” Steve West’s voice murmured in her ear.

“Too dark?” she asked dreamily.

“I mean your lipstick,” he said. “It’s the only thing that keeps you from being perfect.”

She had an instant’s certainty that he was going to kiss her—and she waited. But instead, shockingly, he took her hand and held it tightly. “Time to go inside,” he said, and led her, unbelieving and angry, back to the casino. To an attendant he flipped a coin and said, “Please see that Miss Maclane is safely escorted back to her ship.”

Too amazed to speak, she saw him bow, gravely. “Buenas noches, Senorita.” And then he was gone, disappearing into the crowd around the gambling tables. Julie fought down the temptation to run after him and walked, instead, through the room and out to the taxi the attendant had summoned.

A girl should be angry when she has been treated the way Steve West had treated her. Julie knew this, and tried hard to live up to convention, but it was no use. Instead of being angry, she kept remembering the way little wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes when he laughed, and the clean look of his jaw, and other matters, which she obviously wouldn’t have given a second thought to if she’d really been furious.

But she probably wouldn’t ever see him again, she thought. He hadn’t come to Havana on the Christobal, that was certain, or she’d have seen him on the way from New York. So he must live in Havana, and that meant he’d stay behind. Continued on page 71
THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Presenting for the first time, real life photographs of the people whose struggles against a hostile world make one of radio’s most dramatic shows

All human beings have their right to happiness, though in their eager search for it they sometimes lose sight of their goal. In this unusual serial by Irna Phillips, heard Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M., E.T., over NBC-Red, sponsored by P & G White Naphtha Soap, Doris Cameron and her daughter Carolyn meet tragedy through a man’s cruelty. Carolyn, now on trial for murder, has found solace in the new and sweeter relationship with her mother whose visits to prison prove her love.

MAY, 1942
FRED MINTERN, a distinguished, intelligent and kindly man, is deeply in love with Doris Cameron and has contributed what little happiness Doris has had in the past year. Fred, who has fostered the literary career of the woman he loves, knows all about her past life and has done a great deal to soften some of her present heartaches. Fred has been in love with Doris almost from the first moment he saw her, but she has not returned his love until recently. They plan to marry very soon and if this comes about it would lead to the first full measure of happiness for both of them.

(Played by Arthur Kohl)
DORIS CAMERON, beautiful and self-sacrificing, has had little happiness in life. When her first husband died, she became a successful writer. Once in love with Bill Walker, she suffered deep humiliation when he married her daughter, Carolyn, causing more unhappiness until Carolyn divorced him and married Dwight Kramer. Walter, bent on revenge, tried to ruin both women's lives. In an attempt to intimidate Walker and prevent his revenge, Carolyn threatened him with a gun and, in the struggle, he was accidentally, but fatally wounded. Carolyn is now on trial for murder and Doris cannot gain the contentment she is seeking until Carolyn's problems are solved.

(Played by Constance Crowder)
DWIGHT KRAMER, a tall, handsome, impetuous young man, has recently decided to divorce his wife, Carolyn, because of the accusations of Bill Walker, her former husband. Walker once befriended Kramer when he was in need, and if Dwight had not been so terribly in love with Carolyn, it is doubtful whether he ever would have married her. Now that Carolyn is on trial for her life, he realizes that he still loves her, but seems to lack the courage to go to her side, admitting his past mistakes and offering to start anew. Dwight had always been deeply fond of Carolyn's mother, Doris, and she has faith and confidence in him and hopes that he and Carolyn can be reunited.
(Played by Ed Prentiss)
CAROLYN KRAMER is Doris Cameron's lovely young daughter, a girl whose extreme beauty and youthful impetuosity have often caused both her and her mother unhappiness. When Carolyn met Bill Walker, she did not know that he and her mother were in love and planning to be married. In spite of the fact that he was twenty years older, she married him. However, she soon realized the marriage was a mistake, and when she met young Dwight Kramer, she fell in love with him and divorced Walker. For a few months after her marriage to Dwight, Carolyn was blissfully happy. Then Walker, still nursing his grudge, attempted to wreck the happiness of Carolyn and her mother. His first step was to turn Dwight against Carolyn. In attempting further steps to ruin Carolyn's life, he was accidentally shot and Carolyn now faces a murder charge.

(Played by Eloise Kummer)

BILL WALKER once loved Doris Cameron and waited for years to marry her, but succumbed to the fascination of her beautiful daughter, instead. Although he knew how much it would hurt Doris, he persuaded Carolyn to marry him. When Dwight Kramer appeared on the scene and fell in love with Carolyn, who no longer loved Bill, he became infuriated and tried to prevent Carolyn from divorcing him. This failed and when Carolyn married Dwight, Walker became a very bitter and revengeful man whose one purpose in life was to ruin the two women he had once professed to love. Walker revealed some information about Carolyn's past which caused Dwight to divorce her. But even this act did not wholly satisfy his desire for revenge on Doris and her daughter and in trying to hurt them further he was accidentally shot by Carolyn. His life was ruined by false pride and futile hatred.

(Played by Reese Taylor)
UNTIL the night when she picked up a slip of paper dropped in the hallway of their home by her husband, Mary Marlin's life had been the uneventful, happy one of a small-town wife. Joe and she had no children, but they had security and contentment. Or so Mary thought until she saw the note which told her Joe was carrying on a secret intrigue with his secretary, Sally Gibbons. When she confronted Joe with the note he admitted that he wanted a divorce so he could marry Sally. Upon the advice of David Post, Joe's law partner and best friend, Mary refused to give him the divorce for six months, and went to New York to visit an old school friend, Henriette Dorne. Henriette, now a fashionable modiste, taught Mary how to look young and beautiful again, and shortly before the six months were up Mary returned to Cedar Springs. But although Joe was dazzled by the new Mary he did not ask her to forgive him and take him back. Not until he suddenly disappeared from Cedar Springs did Mary learn the reason for his silence—he had found out that his infatuation for Sally was a mistake, and his pride would not let him return to Mary.

For some time Mary did not know where Joe was, but then he reappeared as the defense attorney in a New York murder trial. His defense was successful, and once more he felt that he had a right to go back to Cedar Springs and take up his life where he had left off. He and Mary were reconciled, and Joe entered politics, being elected Senator from Iowa on the same day that their son Davey was born. In Washington, Mary found that ambition and his fatal susceptibility to flattery were coming between her and Joe. Bunny Mitchell, the wife of the elderly Secretary of the Interior, made no secret of her infatuation for Joe, and Mary's pleas to see less of the Mitchells went unheeded. The climax came when Mary, returning unexpectedly at seven o'clock in the morning from a short visit to Cedar Springs, found Joe bringing Bunny Mitchell into the Marlin home.

BUNNY came in—that is," Joe stammered, "she thought she left her bag here and—"

"Yes—I'm sure it's in the library—" Bunny and Joe had spoken almost simultaneously. Now they stopped, looking distraught and embarrassed. The marks of the night were heavy on them both. Joe's speech was thick and his eyes dulled, and Bunny's shining brown hair was disarranged.

The sick disgust had ebbed away from Mary. Now she felt empty and terribly tired.
Marlin

It was only a dream, after all—or was it more, a warning that this fateful day was destined to alter the course of their lives?

“Oh yes, your bag,” she said vaguely. “You must find it, of course.” In the dining room, to the right of the hall, she caught sight of her butler’s neat, thin figure. “Arnold,” she called, “have you seen anything of Mrs. Mitchell’s bag? She thinks she left it here last night.”

“It’s got no brocade, quite small,” Bunny said, talking very fast. “I think I laid it down in the library when I dropped in to see if Joe wouldn’t take me to Della Worthington’s party. Frazer was too tired to go and I just couldn’t sit home doing nothing. But of course I may have lost it—we went to several places after we left Della’s.”

Mary wanted to say, “Obviously,” but she didn’t because just then the telephone rang.

They all stood in frozen silence while Arnold answered it. “Hello . . . Er—no sir, Senator Marlin isn’t awake—”

How beautifully Arnold lies, Mary thought. The perfect butler.

“Yes indeed, Mr. Mitchell. The minute he wakes up—”

Bunny’s breath had caught, sharply, at the sound of her husband’s name. And at the same moment Mary was moving toward Arnold, saying, “If that’s Secretary Mitchell, Arnold, let me talk to him.”

“Mary, you wouldn’t!” Joe gasped; and Bunny said in a voice of sheer terror: “Please—please don’t tell him I’m here!”

Mary, taking the telephone from Arnold’s hand, paused long enough to glance in scorn at Bunny. Then she was talking—casually, matter-of-factly.

“Hello, Frazer . . . Yes, I’m even a little surprised to be here . . . Last night. Joe met me at the train, and did his best to persuade me to go with him to Della’s party, but I was much too tired, so I sent him off to it with Bunny instead . . . Oh, she spent the night here—she just this minute left. She’ll be home in a few minutes . . . Well, it was so late last night when she and Joe got back from the party I simply kidnapped her and kept her here until morning . . . .”

Not a very good lie, she thought warily—particularly not good if anyone had happened to see Joe and Bunny entering the house a few minutes before—but it was the best she could do on the spur of the moment. Raising her eyes, she saw Bunny turn, open the front door, let herself out and close it behind her with a soft click. Joe still stood in the middle of the hallway, listening, watching.

“Did you want to speak to Joe about anything in

May, 1942
THE STORY OF

Mary

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"It's gold brocade, quite small," Bunny said, talking very fast. "I know Arnold was dazzled by the new Missy. But he did ask her to forgive him and take him back. Not until he suddenly disappeared from Cedar Springs did Mary learn the reason for his silence—he had found out that his infatuation for Sally was a mistake, and his pride would not let him return to Mary.

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The steward had ridden away from Mary. Now she felt empty and terribly tired.

Read this dramatic novel by Norton Russell, then listen to The Story of Mary Martin on the air, written by Jane Covenhoven and heard daily on NBC Red and CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographs posed by Anna Maynor as Mary, from Carlton as Bunny.

Radio and Television Section.
particular?” she went on smoothly. “No? Well, I'll tell him you called the minute he wakes up... Good bye.”

She hung up.

“Mary,” Joe said huskily. “I could go down on my knees to you for what you just did.”

“Please don’t” she said crisply. “Naturally, no matter what my feelings, I wouldn’t want a scandal. For Davey’s sake... Don’t you think it would be a good idea to bathe and change before breakfast?”

I WANT to go back to Cedar Springs,” she told Joe that night when he returned from the Senate, and when she herself had had time to bring some sort of order back into her tormented thoughts. “I think it’s best. You’ll be freer, that way, to live your own life. We’ll both be happier.”

Joe, somber and tired now after his sleepless night and busy day, made a quick gesture of appeal. “Mary—you’re angry. I don’t blame you. But I swear—there’s no reason for you to be. I was foolish, but that was all.”

Mary shook her head. “I’m not at all angry. I wish,” she said sadly, “that I were. That’s the most terrible thing, Joe. I can’t seem to care, any more what you do. We’ve grown so far apart in the last few years. I didn’t know it until this morning, when I saw you come in with Bunny. But then I looked at you and—and it was almost like looking at a perfect stranger.”

“Mary!”

“I’m sorry, Joe.” She might have added more, but she did not want to hurt him more than she must. She might have said: “Once you were my entire life. The smallest hint that I was losing your love was enough to tear my soul apart. Then you threw me away for Sally Gibbons, and I suffered over that. We came together again, and it should have been the same as before, but it wasn’t. It just wasn’t.”

“Won’t you let me explain?”

“Don’t you see that explanations haven’t anything to do with it? Something just—clicked into place in my mind when I saw you with Bunny, and knew that when you thought I was out of town you’d spent the whole evening with her, brought her back to my home. My home, Joe! I don’t blame you—she threw herself at you ever since we came to Washington, and I know it was a difficult situation for you to handle. But I’m tired of difficult situations—the kind of difficult situation that always seems to be cropping up in our life together. I’m tired of fighting, Joe!” Mary said in sudden anguish, every muscle in her body tense. “I want to rest, and I can only rest if I go back to Cedar Springs with Davey, and leave you here in Washington.”

“I guess—I see how you—feel,” Joe said after a silence. “And I guess you have a perfect right to feel that way. There’s nothing more to be said, is there?”

“No,” she answered. “Nothing.”

So Mary returned to Cedar Springs, to the long sunny days of that particular kind of peace only small towns know. Her garden was there in all the flamboyance of its late-summer blooming, and in the afternoons she would take Davey out on the lawn and watch while he tumbled on the grass, waving plump people she could trust to keep their curiosity to themselves—Margaret, and of course David Post, and Jonathan and one or two others. Jonathan was editor of the Times now, and was still working nights and Sundays on the novel that apparently was never going to be quite finished; while David reported that business in the law office of Post and Marlin was good, but he missed Joe’s help whenever a really interesting and challenging case came along.

David came to the house on Main Street at least once a week for dinner, and afterwards he and Mary would sit in the long living room while dusk came down outside. Im perceptibly the days shortened, until it was dark by the time they had finished dinner. Autumn had crept upon them unawares.

If it was at all possible to live in a vacuum, Mary thought, that was what she was doing now. She was neither married nor unmarried, neither in love nor out of it. Dimplly, she realized that this state of suspension could not continue forever; it was unfair to Joe, to herself, even to Davey, for eventually he would need a real home and a real father. She admitted as much to David in one of their long, quiet talks—and admitted, too, that just now she had not the energy to meet the demands of life in Washington.

“Joe’s doing very well without me,” she said with a rueful smile. “If he’s lonely, his letters don’t show it.”

“But you must be lonely, Mary,” David said.

“Perhaps...” she lay back against the wine-red brocade of a chair she had bought long ago—on her birthday, she remembered, when Joe had wanted her to have the one present she desired most of all. And she, so hopelessly domestic, had chosen a chair! At the thought, she felt a stab of longing for those lost, innocent days. To escape from it, she said:

“Don’t you ever get lonely, David?”

He smiled—that broad smile which always showed you the essential goodness of David Post. “Lonely? No—why should I?”

“You know very well why. You ought to marry, have a home—children...”

“I have the lady of my dreams,” he answered humorously. “Oh!—her!” Mary’s tone was a mixture of irritation and affection, for the lady of David’s dreams was someone in whom he had never been entirely able to believe. David had mentioned her before, half-jokingly, half-seriously. He would never tell Continued on page 54

Next Month

You’ve wondered what they looked like—now you’ll see the people of radio’s great serial VALIANT LADY in exciting Living Portraits... Don’t miss them in the June RADIO MIRROR
You Can't Lose in Love

He always dreamed of success—but he knew, too, that fame wouldn't mean much unless he could lay it at the feet of someone he loved.

By JIMMY CASH

In everyone's life, I think, are a few days which stand out above all the ups and downs and trials and triumphs of daily living, and which are so overwhelmingly important and personal that they sear themselves into one's memory, never to be forgotten.

I've had two such days.

The first was the day in June, 1936, when Camille and I ran off to the office of a justice of the peace in Benton, Arkansas, and were married.

The second was the night last October when I sang for the first time on the Burns and Allen radio show.

The first was more momentous for me, as I shall try a little later to explain.

My first broadcast with George and Gracie was more dramatic, and I imagine that thousands of people I don't even know were sharing in some part with me the high excitement of that occasion.

It's swell to make good. For one thing, it's rewarding to know that all the hard work you've done pays off at last. But making good can be an empty thing, too, as I found out six years ago. It's no good, unless there's someone to make good for—and that's where Camille, and that other Red Letter Day in 1936, come into the story.

I had been singing, after a fashion, since I was six when I appeared for the first time before my mother's missionary society.

We lived on a farm in Arkansas, so our social life was confined, for the most part, to sociables at the church and parties in our home and our friends'. The entertainment was spontaneous, and it usually included a generous concert by me. I didn't have to be coaxed—except to stop. I loved to sing.

My parents wanted me to study singing, but there was no money for such fripperies. They made no objections, however, when I decided to leave home for a job in town, and a salary which ultimately would provide for lessons.

I went to Arkadelphia because it was the town closest home. And I've always thought fate had something to do with it, too, for Camille lived there.

I didn't Continued on page 48
The Touch of Your

Had the blazing desert and the stranger she met there swept away all memory of the man she had promised to marry? In this supreme moment of danger she knew—

In North Dakota the snow comes, and the cold, in late November, and never goes away until April. For five months of the year the ground is covered with that impenetrable blanket of snow; and the cold hovers over the land like a pall. You may think it doesn't affect the minds and hearts of the people, but I know better.

Last winter, when I lay in bed for three months trying to recover from an attack of rheumatic fever, I looked out through my bedroom window at the everlasting snow, wishing it would go away and never come back. That was why I didn't feel sad when they told me I was going south.

"It'll be just what you need," Mother said comfortingly. "Up here there'll be three more months of cold weather, and the doctor says you should get outdoors in the warm sun right away." She patted the covers straight and fluffed up my pillow. "And George agrees it's the best thing. He's downstairs now. I'm going to send him up."

George Morgan was my fiance. We had been engaged to be married for almost three years. He was tall and dark, but not handsome. He had one of those craggy faces, like that French movie star, and he was terribly, terribly indefinite about getting married. I loved him, but I did want him to be more ardent. Sometimes I thought that those terrible winters had gotten inside him too, and frozen him up. And I got so tired of having people tell me what a fine young man he was. Of course he'd worked his way through law school; of course he'd supported his mother and his sister. I knew all that, and I knew he was a very good lawyer and bound to go far, but I didn't want to be hearing it all the time.

He sat in the big chair beside the bed. His face looked very strong and very calm. So calm that the word "smug" popped into my head. Then I rejected it. George was not really smug; he was just very sure of himself.

"Jeanette," he began, "your mother and father have decided it will be best for you to go south for a while, and I agree with them." "Why?" I said. "You'll miss me won't you, George?"

"Of course I'll miss you," he said impatiently. "But that isn't the point. You've got to get well."

I knew it wasn't the point. I knew I was being illogical and feminine, but I wanted him to understand that, and not be impatient with me. I looked out the window at the snow piled on the sill, and stretching away across the ground as far as I could see.

"I'm wiring tonight to some places down there. We'll find a nice quiet spot for you. Not a real hospital, and not a hotel, but something in between, so you'll have both freedom and quiet."

"I'm sure you will, George," I murmured.

"Will what?"

"Find a place for me—very efficiently."

"Of course. Some place where you will be safe."

Two days later I was on the train. George and Mother and Dad had put me on and given strict instructions to the porter to see that I was taken care of. Already I felt better—not sick any more, just weak. I was going south to the sun. I, little Jeanette McClellan who had never been farther south than Omaha.

They had arranged for me to go to a combination dude ranch and nursing home called Buena Siesta. It was near a little town in Texas, just north of the Mexican border.

Mrs. Hathaway, who ran Buena Siesta with the help of her peppery old husband, met me at the door and took me to my room. It was wonderful—not pretty or well furnished, but very clean and the window was open! Through it blew warm, soft air, and the sun slanted in upon the rug from a sky as blue as your coat.

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Hathaway
said, "you've only to ring if you want anything. There are nurses on the staff, and a resident physician. And of course if there's anything I can do, or Mr. Hathaway.... You know, pretty, unattached girls are rare down here, and I could tell by the gleam in Hathaway's eye that all you have to do is nod at him to make him your devoted slave."

Those first weeks were grand. Every day I lay in a deck chair on the patio, and drank in the sun. I read when I felt like it, and dozed and dreamed the rest of the time. I could feel that fever baking out of my joints, and that heavenly clear air washing through my lungs.

And the people were wonderful. There were not many guests just then, and Mrs. Hathaway had time to take me under her capable wing. Mr. Hathaway liked to talk about the old Texas he had known, and he spun for me such quaint, improbable, tall tales that I was frequently in hearty laughter with him. I think he had told them so often that he half believed them himself, but if you laughed he saw how improbable they were, and laughed with you.

After a while I began to feel as strong as ever, and took to horseback riding. In North Dakota I had never done it, but down there in Texas it seemed natural and right. In two or three weeks I considered myself an expert, and dared to venture longer rides.

I couldn't move when Brant put his arms around me and kissed my cheek.
The Touch of Your Lips

Had the blazing desert and the stranger she met there swept away all memory of the man she had promised to marry? In this supreme moment of danger she knew—

In North Dakota the snow comes, and the cold, in late November, and never goes away until April. For five months of the year the ground is covered with that impenetrable blanket of snow, and the cold hovers over the land like a pall. You may think it doesn't affect the minds and hearts of the people, but I know better.

Last winter, when I lay in bed for three months trying to recover from an attack of rheumatic fever, I looked out through my bedroom window at the everlasting snow, wishing it would go away and never come back. That was why I didn't feel sad when they told me I was going south.

"It'll be just what you need," Mother said comfortably. "Up here there'll be three more months of cold weather, and the doctor says you should get outdoors in the warm sun right away." She patted the covers straight and fluffed up my pillow. "And George agrees it's the best thing. He's downstairs now. I'm going to send him up."

George Morgan was my fiancé. We had been engaged to be married for almost three years. He was tall and dark, but not handsome. He had one of those craggy faces, like that French movie star, and he was terribly, terribly indefinite about getting married. I loved him, but I didn't want him to be more ardent. Sometimes I thought that those terrible winters had gotten inside him too, and frozen him up. And I got so tired of having people tell me what a fine young man he was. Of course he'd worked his way through law school; of course he'd supported his mother and his sister. I knew all that, and I knew he was a very good lawyer and bound to go far, but I didn't want to be hearing it all the time.

He sat in the big chair beside the bed. His face looked very strong and very calm. So calm that the word "smug" popped into my head. Then I rejected it. George was not really smug; he was just very sure of himself.

"Jeanette," he began, "your mother and father have decided it will be best for you to go south for a while, and I agree with them."

"Why?" I said. "I'll lose my George!"

"Of course I'll miss you," he said impatiently. "But that isn't the point. You've got to get well."

I knew it wasn't the point. I knew I was being illogical and feminine, but I wanted him to understand that, and not be impatient with me. I looked out the window at the snow piled on the sill, and stretching away across the ground as far as I could see. "I'm writing letters to some places down there. We'll find a nice quiet spot for you. Not a real hospital, and not a hotel, but something in between, so you'll have both freedom and quiet."

"I'm sure you will, George," I murmured.

"Will what?"

"Find a place for me—very efficiently."

"Of course. Some place where you will be safe."

Two days later I was on the train. George and Mother and Dad had put me on and given strict instructions to the porter to see that I was taken care of. Already I felt better—not sick any more, just weak. I was going south to the sun. I, little Jeanette McClellan who had never been farther south than Omaha.

"They had arranged for me to go to a combination dude ranch and nursing home called Buena Siesta. It was near a little town in Texas, just north of the Mexican border. Mrs. Hathaway, who ran Buena Siesta with the help of her pretty old husband, met me at the door and took me to my room. It was wonderful—not pretty or well furnished, but very clean and the window was open! Through it blew warm, soft air, and the sun slanted in upon the rug from a sky as blue as your coat."

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Hathaway said, "you've only to ring if you want anything. There are nurses on the staff, and a resident physician. And of course if there's anything I can do, or Mr. Hathaway—... You know, pretty, unattached girls are rare down here, and I could tell by the gleam in Hathaway's eye that all you have to do is nod at him to make him your devoted slave."

Those first weeks were grand. Every day I lay in a deck chair on the patio, and drank in the sun. I read when I felt like it, and dozed and dreamed the rest of the time. I could feel that fever baking out of my joints, and that heavenly clear air washing through my lungs. And the people were wonderful. There were not many guests just then, and Mrs. Hathaway had time to take me under her capable wing. Mr. Hathaway liked to talk about the old Texas he had known, and he spun for me such quaint, improbable, tall tales that I was frequently in hearty laughter with him. I think he had told them so often that he half believed them himself, but if you laughed he saw how improbable they were, and laughed with you.

After a while I began to feel as strong as ever, and took to horseback riding. In North Dakota I had never done it, but down there in Texas it seemed natural and right. In two or three weeks I considered myself an expert, and dared to venture longer rides.

I couldn't move when Brent put his arms around me and kissed my cheek.
Then early in March, riding on a sunny afternoon I came across a narrow stream up in the hills. The water was fresh and clear, and it rolled over the rocky bed like a chain of diamonds. I couldn't resist the temptation. I pulled old Bess, the gentle mare they gave me, off to the side of the trail and tied her to one of the stunted trees, where she could nibble on the leaves if she wanted.

I WALKED down to the creek and pulled off my boots and rolled up the breeches. When the voice hailed me I was still there dabbling my feet in the water.

"Very pretty," the voice said. "Very pretty indeed." It was a masculine voice, strong and hearty, with mocking overtones, so that you weren't sure whether he was laughing at you or at what the voice said. When I turned to look, he was standing beside the trail not twenty feet away. The burbling water must have covered the sound of his approach. Over on the trail was a big car.

He swept off his sombrero, and I saw the shock of black hair, so black it reminded me of the deep, intense shadows cast by the strong Texas sun.

"Brant Whitley," he said, bowing extravagantly. "Not on a charger, and not with a plume, but still at your service."

I couldn't help smiling, caught in that ridiculous position. When I stood up, the hot sand burned my feet, and I had to step back into the brook. "You could at least carry a horn to signal your coming," I told him.

"Ah, but then look what I'd have missed. You, being a proper young lady, and well brought up, would have gotten securely onto your horse to avoid embarrassment. No thanks. I'd rather creep up on you."

"You did," I said. "Have you Indian blood?"

"No, but if it helps, I wish I had. Are you one of the invalids from Buena Siesta? You don't look like an invalid."

"But I am," I protested.

"The place is improving." He started to pat old Bess. "A lovely horse. So intelligent," he said.

I sat down to pull on my boots, and just as I had one half on, he threw the reins quickly over Bess' head and hooked them on the pom-pom of the saddle. Then he gave her a resounding smack, and surprised, she trotted off through the brush.

My mouth was open with amazement. I sat there with one boot half on, and I heard Bess clumping up onto the trail and going on down toward home.

"What did you do that for?" I demanded.

"Well, I should think you'd see you can't ride that old nag and sit in my car at the same time, and likewise that she can't carry us both!"

"I could walk," I said.

He laughed. "In those boots?"

Still I couldn't be angry. His manner was so gay, so unusual, that I found myself climbing into his car, and riding toward home. I suppose if he'd said we were going to California it would have been all right with me.

"Now," he said, "it's five miles to Buena Siesta. That's about two hours more or less with the roads in this state. Just time for me to tell you all about both of us. To begin—I tol not, neither do I spin—I have a little money, and when the mood is on me, why I write a little something, and occasionally I find an editor foolish enough to buy it."

He lived alone, he said, with an old man to cook for him, and then he told me where I was from and what I had been doing all my life. He got it surprisingly right. Even George was in the story, and I thought for a minute he must have known George. "A very noble and good young man," he said. "But dull as dishwater."

When he let me off at Buena Siesta, the two hours had actually passed and we had been laughing together for all of the time. "Tomorrow," he said. "Same time, same place, same girl, same horse."

When he let in the clutch, the wheels kicked up dust and he roared away.

I COULDN'T get him out of my mind. After all, he was a new experience for me, and when you're twenty-three, and in a new country, you sort of hug new experiences—especially if the country is Texas, where the air is so clear and the sun so warm and inviting, and the whole place so different from anything you've known.

That night I dreamed about a tall slender stranger with blue eyes, who rode a big white horse and looked at me with a mocking smile as he took off his plumed hat. The dream ended in a funny way. He
Brant pulled up, skidding the car so that Bess drew back and I had to hold her hard. "Skittish today," Brant observed. "Temperamental." He fiddled for a minute with the saddle. I couldn’t see what he was doing. "Stirrup loose," he said. "Now fixed."

We stood on the bridge and watched the water tumbling below us. Brant talked on aimlessly. I had never known anyone who could be so completely charming, and yet so unknown. He told me all about himself and still I knew nothing what was inside him. He never spoke seriously when he could mock, and he could always do that.

"Riding home with me, today?" he said.

"Why do you think I’m holding Bess so hard?" I demanded.

"Can’t imagine." When he smiled his teeth were very white, and his eyes very blue.

A few minutes later, I started to go home. I pulled Bess around threw the reins over her head, and put my foot in the stirrup. I should have known enough to test the cinch. When I stepped up, my weight pulled the saddle down on the loosened cinch, so that it hung ludicrously off to one side. I staggered back trying to keep my balance in those silly, high-heeled boots, and at that moment Brant smacked Bess and started her off for home. I was so mad for an instant I wanted to run after her. Then I began to laugh. What else could I do? Twice in a row! Jimmy would never get over it.

When Brant took me home, he said, "Tomorrow leave that comic opera steed in the stable. I’ll come and get you. I want to show you my shack, anyway, and it’s too far to ride."

I might as well. If Bess came home riderless once again, they wouldn’t let me go out alone any more.

So the next day he came for me in the big car, right after lunch, and we drove the twenty-five miles to his hut as he called it. This day he was different—quiet almost to moroseness. It seemed an effort for him to speak, and he talked like anyone else, with all that gay mockery gone. I fell silent, too, with thinking about him—how strange and alone he stayed, although on the surface so frank.

In front of his house, he pulled the car up with the same reckless flourish, and without a word led me inside.

Brant was not like the men I had known back in North Dakota. He was freer and somehow wilder, almost pagan in the way he lived so completely outside the usual laws about amounting to something. I couldn’t imagine him living in ordinary surroundings, but his house just suited him. It was really an adobe shack, but bigger than any other I had seen in Texas, and furnished with taste and enthusiasm. On the walls hung many masks—those frightful, arresting things that the Zuni Indians have made for centuries. Yet these too were not like others I had seen. They were fiercer, wilder, more compelling.

I walked to the middle of the room slowly, taking time for my eyes to become accustomed to the dimness. I wanted to see everything.

When Brant put his arms around me, from behind, I just stood still. Again I was frightened a little bit. George was strong. I knew that, and yet his arms had never given me the feeling that they were made of iron. Continued on page 66
Then early in March, riding on a sunny afternoon I came across a narrow stream up in the hills. The water was fresh and clear, and I rolled over the rocky bed like a chain of diamonds. I couldn’t resist the temptation. I pulled out Bess, the gentle mare they gave me, off to the side of the trail and tied her to one of the stunted trees, where she could nibble on the leaves if she wanted.

I WALKED down to the creek and pulled off my boots and rolled up the breeches. When the voice hailed me I was still there dabbling my feet in the water.

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"I couldn’t help smiling, caught in that ridiculous position. When I stood up, the hot sand burned my feet, and I had to step back into the brook. "You could at least carry a horn to signal your coming," I told him.

"Ah, but then look what I’ve missed. You, being a proper young lady, and well-bred and brought-up, have gotten safely onto your horse to avoid embarrassment. No thanks, I’d rather creep up on you."

"You did," I said. "Have you indolently wasted the day in boredom?"

"No, but if it helps, I wish I had. Are you one of the invalids from Buena Vista? You don’t look like an invalid."


I sat down to pull on my boots, and just as I had one taken from my boot and thrown, I heard him laugh. He was standing beside me, and I noticed he was a very handsome young man. I had never seen anything like him. I thought I would go up the trail and go down toward home.

"What did you do that for? I asked, still not quite sure what he meant.

"Well, I should think you’d see you can’t ride that old nag and sit in your car at the same time, and likewise that she can’t carry us both."

"I could walk," I said. He laughed. "In those boots?"

I still couldn’t be angry. His manner was so gay, so unusual, that I found myself walking into his car, and riding toward home. I supposed he’d said we were going to California it would have been all right with me.

"Now," he said, "it’s five miles to Buena Vista. That’s about two hours or more less with the roads in this state. Just time for me to consider you all about both of us. To begin—I tell not, neither do I spin—without a little money, and when my mood is on me, why I write a little something, and occasionally I find an editor foolish enough to buy it."

He lived alone, he said, with an odd man to cook for him, and then he told me where I was from and what I had been doing all my life. He got it surprisingly right. Everyone George was in the story, and I thought for a minute he must have

known George. "A very noble and good young man," he said. "But dull as dishwater."

When he let me off at Buena Vista, the two hours had actually passed and we had been laughing together for all of the time. "Tomorrow," he said, "same time, same place, same girl, same horse." When he let in the clutch, the wheels kicked up dust and he roared away.

I COULDN’T get him out of my mind. After all, he was a new experience for me, and when you’re twenty-three, and in a new country, you sort of hug new experiences — especially if the country is Texas, where the air is so clear and the sun so warm and inviting, and the whole place so different from anything you’ve known.

That night I dreamed about a tall slender stranger with blue eyes, who rode a big white horse and looked at me with a mocking smile as he took off of his plumed hat. The dream ended in a funny way. He drew his sword and his face became very fierce, and for a moment I was afraid. Then I awakened, and the fear vanished.

All morning I sat with Mr. Hathaway, and listened with half an ear to his talk. I wanted to ask him if he had ever heard of Brant Whitley, but of course he had, and I didn’t care. Then I wondered idly whether I would be there at the same time, same place, same horse.

I didn’t need to wonder. When the time came I was out at the stables getting Jimmy to saddle up Bess, who, of course had come straight home after that slap of Brant’s. At the same hour I stood on the little bridge over the brook. I kept my boots on. By that time I had decided to be taught again by having Bess sent home. Jimmy had teased me enough about that last two months, and I had known it was considered a joke.

The plane of dust raced down the hill from the other direction. Brant pulled up, skidding the car so that Bess drew back and I had to hold her hard. "Stirrup loose," Brant observed. "Temperamental." He fiddled with a minute with the saddle. I couldn’t see what he was doing. stirrup loose," he said. "Now fixed."

We stood on the bridge and watched the water tumbling below us. Brant talked aimlessly, he had never known anyone who could be so completely charming, and yet so unknown. He told me all about himself and still nothing was inside him. He never spoke seriously when he could mock, and he could always do that.

"Riding home with me, today?" he said.

"Why do you think I’m holding Bess so hard?" I demanded.

"Can’t imagine," he said. When he smiled his teeth were very white, and his eyes very blue.

A few minutes later, I started to go home. I pulled Bess around the reins over her head, and put my foot in the stirrup. I should have known enough to test the thing. When I stepped up, my weight pulled the stirrup down on the loosened cinch, so that it hung ordinarily off to one side. I staggered back trying to keep my balance in those silly, high-heeled boots, and at that moment, Brant smacked Bess and started her off for home. I was so mad for an instant I wanted to run after her. Then I began to laugh. What she could do? Twice in a row! Jimmy never got over it.

When Brant took me home, he said, "Tomorrow leave that comic opera stable in the stable. I’ll come and get you. I want to show you the shack, anyway, and it’s too far to ride."

I thought as well. If Bess came home riderless once again, they wouldn’t let me go out alone any more.

SO the next day he came for me in the big car, right after lunch, and we drove the twenty-five miles to his hut as he called it. This day he was different—all except almost to fearlessness. It seemed an effort for him to speak, and he talked like anyone else, with all that gay naivete you. I felt silent, too, with thinking about him—how strange and aloof he stood, although on the surface so frank.

In front of his house, he pulled the car up with the same reckless flourish, and without a word led me inside.

Brant was not like the men I had known back in North Dakota. He was freer and somehow wilder, almost pagan in the way he lived, and as a result, completely. He was as little as anything about amounting to something. I couldn’t imagine him living in ordinary society. But he was just suited him. It was really an abash shack, but bigger than any I had seen in Texas, and furnished with taste and enthusiasm.

On the walls hung many masks—those frightful, arresting things that the Zuni Indians have made for centuries. Yet these too were unusual—different—because they were forerster, wilder, more compelling.

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When Brant put his arms around me, from behind, I just stood still. I was startled a little. For George was strong. I knew that, and yet his arms had never given me the feeling that they were made of iron. Continued on page 36
I NEED YOU, MY LOVE

REFRAIN

Words and Music by ED HAMELBURG

From the bottom of my heart,
For I miss you so since we have been apart.
I've begun to realize
How the stars above remind me of your eyes.

Johnny Long plays it and Radio Mirror forecasts it as the hit of tomorrow—this beautiful melody composed by a New York bellhop.

I miss you night and day.

I just wait for your returning, Oh how my heart is filled with yearning.

I need you, my love.

Won't you please come back to me?

Oh can't you see I need you, my love.

I love...

MAY, 1942
EVEN radio's Baby Snooks is buying Defense Stamps now. Listeners to her Thursday-night broadcast on NBC-Red were recently treated to one of the most hilarious in a long series of hilarious moments in Snooks' life, when Daddy took her to the local post-office to make an investment. It was Daddy's idea that Snooks needed a lesson in both thrift and patriotism. Snooks, as usual, had other ideas—at first.

But read for yourself what happened. Radio Mirror is happy to bring you the entire copyrighted broadcast, by special arrangement with Fannie Brice, who creates Baby Snooks on the air, and her sponsors, the makers of Maxwell House Coffee.

Snooks and Daddy are just entering the post-office, and Daddy says, "Have you got your money ready?"

SNOOKS: Yes, Daddy.

Daddy gives Baby Snooks a lesson in thrift. Read it and you'll laugh yourself into buying Defense Stamps, too.

DADDY: Where is it?
SNOOKS: I got it in my shoe.
DADDY: In your shoe! No wonder you've been hobbling along like a stilt walker!
SNOOKS: When?
DADDY: All the way over here! Your left foot's four inches higher than your right foot. Take off that left shoe!
SNOOKS: The money's in the other shoe, daddy.
DADDY: Well, why is your left shoe like that?
SNOOKS: That's where I got my candy.
DADDY: Good heavens! You're not going to eat that stuff after walking on it, are you?
SNOOKS: Why?
DADDY: Oh, take off both your shoes and let's empty them out!
SNOOKS: The socks, too?
DADDY: No, just the shoes.
SNOOKS: Well, how will I get my chewing gum?
DADDY: Snooks, you didn't put chewing gum in your socks!
SNOOKS: Didn't I?
DADDY: Look at that mess! (coins pour out of shoe) And the money's all in pennies! Chewing gum! Chocolates! And a piece of apple!
SNOOKS: Where's my lollipop?
DADDY: Here it is! Whatever possessed you to conceal this stuff in your shoes? Continued on page 62.
SUNDAY

GIRL WITH THE NEWS . . .

THE men have almost a monopoly on the job of reporting news on the air—almost, but not quite. One of the few feminine interlopers on this largely masculine field is Helen Hiett, who looks more like a college girl than an expert on international affairs.

Helen tells you the headline news stories every weekday morning at 10:15, EWT, on the Blue network.

She's a Pekin, Illinois, girl who graduated from the University of Chicago in 1934, with a scholarship which made it possible for her to go to Europe and continue her studies. Reporting the news was almost a mania with her, and as soon as she arrived in Europe she began hunting up headline stories. For a few years, she recalls now, she lived "the good life"—living abroad most of the year, then coming to America and lecturing to earn enough money to stay abroad for another nine or ten months.

Then the war came, interrupting both her studies and some plans she had for being married. She was in Paris until the last minute before the German army took possession of the city, fled to Spain, and broadcast to America from there for eight months. Persistent begging got her permission to visit Gibraltar, closed to most reporters—and on the very day she went the Hell's Kitchen was subjected to a bomb attack. That gave Helen a scoop story of the kind reporters dream about.

Now, back in America, she is content to do her broadcasts and fill lecture dates, because she believes that giving American women the news and pointing out to them the importance of the real war effort is the biggest and most vital job she could have. When she watched France fall under the combined inroads of invasion, bombing, and disunity, she learned a terrible lesson, and she doesn't want to see it happen here.

Helen is small, blonde, very blue-eyed, with a rounded figure that lost some of its curves while she was living in Madrid, where she had so little to eat she became anemic. She speaks five languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish and German—but not Greek. That inability almost lost her her life when she was in Greece. She'd gone swimming in the ocean and had gone out too far. A young Greek in a fishing boat saw her swimming warily and spoke to her. Guessing that he was asking if she wanted to get out of the boat, she nodded emphatically—and the young man rowed away. It was only after she had managed to get back to shore, almost exhausted, that she learned a queer thing about the Greeks: they shake their heads when they mean yes and nod them for no.

MAY, 1942
TUESDAY

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<td>Blue</td>
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Crestfield Manor's Hostess

A good part of the fun in Ransom Sherman's Crestfield Manor, the mystical hotel which is the scene of his comedy program on CBS Wednesday nights at 9:30, is due to the activities of a pert little woman named Irene Ryan. If you're a veteran listener, Irene is probably more familiar to you as the pretty half of the Irish comedy team, Tim and Irene. The pair stepped from vaudeville into radio and were on the air together for nearly a decade before parting professionally in 1939—Irene to "single" in radio and Tim to launch into motion pictures. The professional break-up hasn't interfered, though, with a very happy married partnership, which passed its twentieth anniversary on March 3.

Irene is blonde and blue-eyed, with freckles on her nose, and a wit which sparkles off as much as it does on paper. This year she invested in a beautiful mink coat which, she explains, is by courtesy of the sponsors—sleeves by Goodrich, back by Jell-O, collar by Admirah Shampoo, and the rest by Royal Crown Cola, Fleischman Yeast, Texaco Gasoline and Ivory Soap, all sponsors of programs on which she works at one time or another. Ivory, of course, is the sponsor of her current show.

Irene didn't have much trouble convincing the public of her aptitude for the theater, but she's been able to swing her family into line. From the moment when, as Irene Noblette, she made her debut in a San Francisco amateur night, singing "

In the Garden" and "I See My Mother Pray," she sang that she would "get the hook" and be discouraged with such a crazy business. But she never did. At the age of thirteen she left home and came to New York, where she appeared in several plays in the music hall district in the Immortal Palace, and at fourteen she was playing in dramatic stock companies. In 1928 she was in an Omaha vaudeville company which had a handsome Irishman named Tim Ryan for leading man. They fell in love, were married, and the team of Tim and Irene was under way.

Irene has a unique method of remembering the geography she learned on her extensive vaudeville travels. In each city she visited she would buy a souvenir spoon. They've all grown into quite a collection now.

In Hollywood, the Ryans are the ring-leaders of a group of vaudeville vaudevillians who get together twice a month to stage old-time vaudeville acts—just from pure home-sickness. It brings back memories of the old days when, as the song said, they didn't have much money but they had a lot of fun. They live in a modest home in West Los Angeles with two pets—Coodle, a Boston Bull terrier, and Tommy, a talkative parrot whose cynical comments on their guests keep Tim and Irene in constant fear of social disaster—because Tommy evidently considers frankness a greater virtue than tact.
The events of the radio serial in which she plays the leading role are getting a little too close to real life for Nancy Marshall's comfort.

Nancy, on the air, is Ruth Wayne, or Big Sister in the daily broadcast drama of that name, heard on CBS five days a week, at 12:15, EWT. If you're one of the millions of Big Sister fans, you remember that John, Ruth's husband, was separated from her for a long time. Now, Nancy's husband is Frank Getman, and he is a radio director and producer who has been sent to South America to put commercial broadcasts on the air down there. He'll be gone at least six months and maybe longer. Nancy says she knows exactly how Ruth Wayne felt when she lost John and lonesome is for the word.

Big Sister is Nancy's first leading role on the air, but she has been working in radio for four years. Before that, she was on the stage. She and Frank have been married for nearly six years, and it was her interest in radio which led him to leave his job with a shipping firm and branch out writing and directing broadcasts.

Nancy's real last name is MacGregor, but she changed it to Marshall, a family name, because MacGregor seemed hard for people to catch on the telephone. She was born in Georgia, where her grandmother was a prominent educator and her uncle was twice governor of the state. She always liked acting, but before she was able to be successful at it she went to dramatic school in Washington, studied phonetics at Columbia University, and even worked as a section manager in a New York department store.

When people ask her how to break into radio, she has one answer: "The first and most important thing you must have is something nature has endowed all of us with—a good pair of feet." That's because she still remembers the days when she trapped miles seeing radio producers and giving auditions. Beginners in radio still find her one of the most helpful and sympathetic people in a profession whose motto too often seems to be, "I have too much trouble getting jobs for myself to worry about other people."

Nancy has a little dachshund puppy named John, a gift to her from her husband on her most recent birthday. She adores him, and her big worry just now is a fear that some patriotic person, carried away by wartime hysteria, will resent the little dog because dachshunds are supposed to be German. "Just look into their ancestry," she says earnestly, "A lot of people are sure they're really of English descent. And anyway, John is such a little dog!"

Nancy speaks French and Spanish, and might end up in South America with her husband if he stays there long. But she hopes he doesn't, because she loves playing Big Sister and would hate to stop, even for a South American trip.
S A T U R D A Y

Eastern War Time
8:00 CBS: The World Today
8:15 NBC-Red: News
8:30 NBC-Red: Eton Boys
8:45 NBC-Red: Dick Leiber
9:00 CBS: Adelaide Hall
9:15 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
10:00 NBC-Red: Market Basket
10:30 NBC-Red: The Wife Saver
12:00 NBC-Red: Hank Lawson
10:45 NBC-Red: Betty Moore
11:00 NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
11:15 CBS: God's Country
11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
11:45 CBS: Ask Young America
12:00 NBC-Red: America the Free
12:15 CBS: Hillybilly Chimp-ems
12:30 Blue: Fabian's Fun
12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
12:15 NBC-Red: New
12:30 NBC-Red: Consumer Time
12:45 NBC-Red: Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 NBC-Red: The Baratar
1:15 NBC-Red: What's New Joe
1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
1:45 CBS: Call to Youth
2:00 NBC-Red: News
2:15 NBC-Red: Consumer Time
2:30 CBS: Mattie Me
2:45 NBC-Red: In a Sentimental Mood
3:00 NBC-Red: War Reporter
3:15 NBC-Red: News
3:30 NBC-Red: Music For Everyone
4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
4:15 NBC-Red: Weekend Whimsy
4:30 NBC-Red: Air Yeats of America
4:45 NBC-Red: Skyette
5:00 NBC-Red: Donor at Work
5:15 NBC-Red: Skyette
5:30 NBC-Red: In a Sentimental Mood
5:45 NBC-Red: War Reporter
6:00 NBC-Red: News
6:15 NBC-Red: Music For Everyone
6:30 CBS: The World Today
6:45 CBS: Edward Tomlinson
7:00 NBC-Red: Three Sum Trio
7:15 NBC-Red: Chief of Consequence
7:30 NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade
7:45 CBS: Height and Win
8:00 NBC-Red: Bill Sterne Sports Review
8:15 NBC-Red: Hot Copy
8:30 CBS: News of the World

In a comparatively quiet mood, Tallulah Bankhead studies her script for the Johnny Presents show.

TUESDAY nights on NBC-Red you have a chance to hear one of America's best actresses and most colorful people, when Tallulah Bankhead broadcast a playlet on Johnny Presents. Tallulah, who has been called "glamorous" so often that she's sick of the word, receives $2,750 for each broadcast.

Charles Martin, the dynamic young director and writer of Johnny Presents plays, gets full credit for persuading the imperannental Tallulah to sign on the dotted line. He's a director who is known for browbeating his actors, but never browbeats her. She'd probably throw something if he tried.

Tallulah comes from a famous and headline-making family, the Bankheads of Alabama. Her grandfather was governor of the state, her father, who died not so long ago, was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and her uncle is a U.S. Senator. Her sister Eugenia has been married several times, to Tallulah's frankly expressed disapproval. Tallulah herself has been married just once, to actor John Emery—a marriage that ended in the divorce courts of Reno.

She hates publicity and will do almost anything to avoid being interviewed—but when a reporter finally corners her she will talk without stopping until he leaves. In fact, she is one of the world's champion non-stop conversationalists. At rehearsals in the NBC studio she chatters to anyone who happens to be around. She also ignores NBC's no-smoking rule and lights one cigarette after another. Incidentally, they are not her sponsor's brand, which doesn't bother her a bit.

If anyone has ever axed her, she didn't show it. Meeting Mrs. Roosevelt, she remarked, "I know you and I will get along together, because you're always so kind to wayward girls." Meeting Wendell Willkie, she told him she considered him the third greatest man in the United States. When he asked who were the first two, she said, "Franklin D. Roosevelt and Joe Louis."

Tallulah always shows up for rehearsal wearing slacks and a mink coat. For broadcasts, of course, she wears evening gowns, but would much prefer to stick to the slacks. She insists she hates to fuss with clothes, but that doesn't stop her from being picked every now and then as one of America's best-dressed women. She overflows with nervous vitality, and impresses one as being under a strain most of the time. She swore off liquor the day the British evacuated Dunkirk, and says she'll never take another drink until Hitler has been defeated. This sounds like a press-agent's story, but her friends all say it's perfectly true.

She's headstrong, a law unto herself, egotistic, amazingly genuine and honest, generous to people and causes she believes in, and hard on the nerves if you're around her very long. Maybe all those qualities are necessary to make up a great actress—and you'd agree that's what she is if you tune in her broadcasts.
Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Do this every night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is free with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

- "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.
- "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.

Free 28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.
meet her at once. I got a job, pumping gas in a filling station at $12.50 a week. A d. I began to make contacts with church groups and clubs, lining up platforms from which to sing. My plan of action was mapped out. I would sing anywhere, everywhere—for free suppers, for nothing. I would sing from street corners if I had to; and someday someone would hear me and I would be made.

Then I saw Camille Wyatt.

She drove into the filling station one day in her old Chevrolet coupe, and I spilled gasoline all over the car and the pavement because I couldn’t take my eyes off her face.

Lots of people think Camille looks like Norma Shearer. I think she’s prettier. Anyway, she has the same aristocratic features, dark brown hair and hazel eyes and she wears just the right sort of simple, tailored clothes to set off her streamlined figure. I probably didn’t realize all that the first time I saw her, but I got the general impression. She’d do.

I was too bashful to say anything to her except that the gas came to one dollar and thirty-eight cents, but as soon as she drove away I was thinking of trying to find out who she was.

Fortunately, for my peace of mind and good digestion, I found that Camille and I had a friend in common, and I persuaded him—I would have used force if necessary—to take me by her house that evening for an introduction.

I don’t know what I would have done if Camille had thought I was impossible. From the moment I saw her she was the most important thing in my life—more important than my job, or my plans, or my future. As soon as I knew I had to meet her, I wanted to tell her all this. Instead, I asked her if she were doing anything tomorrow night.

She wasn’t.

“Then maybe you will go with me to a movie?”

She would be delighted.

I walked out on air.

The next night was my regular night off at the filling station and I worked like a demon all day so that there would be no unfinished chores to hold me after the usual quitting time.

My date was at eight o’clock. I would be off work at six. That would give me two hours in which to scrub myself and press my other suit and whip myself into some semblance of the Man About Town I felt Camille deserved. By five o’clock my work was done. There was nothing to do but service whatever cars drove in between that time and six o’clock when the relief attendant came on duty. That last five minutes were the time I would have to fill in for him that night.

I telephoned Camille. “I can’t come,” I groaned.

“Then I’ll come there,” she said, and she did, bringing sandwiches and cakes and an impromptu supper and her portable radio for an impromptu dance. We both waited on cars between bites and between dances, Camille with her portable radio, I with my Pillsbury shield cushions with enthusiasm if not finesse.

It was the most wonderful evening I had ever spent.

From then on Camille and I were inseparable. “Going steady,” we called it in Arkansas. I don’t know just when I actually fell in love with her—months it was tacitly agreed that we were engaged.

Then the leading Little Rock department store announced an impromptu contest. The winner would compete with winners from similar contests in other cities. After a series of eliminations, the final contestant would win a trip to New York and an appearance on the radio with Ben Bernie and his orchestra.

I entered the contest automatically. I never passed up a chance to sing. I was not too surprised when I won first place in Little Rock. When I won out over the state finalists I was a little breathless.

Everything had happened so fast that I was saying good-bye to Camille at the station, with a ticket to New York dump in my hand, before I realized what I was doing.

“But this is awful!” I gasped in last minute horror. “I can’t go to New York without you.”

“Of course you can,” she said. “Now go along.”

“...”

The train was moving.

“Write to me, Camille.” I shouted.

“You must promise to write to me.”

“Every day,” she called back.

She was running along the track waving and crying and I was still standing on the platform feeling awkward and decidedly unhappy. I didn’t care if I never saw New York.

I hated the city as I had known I would. I arrived on the day of the broadcast and the very next time to leave my bags in the cold luxury of my hotel room before I was rushed off to rehearsals. Several letters from Camille were opened for me, and I read them in the taxi as we crossed town to the broadcasting studio.

I got through the rehearsals somehow and I heard the score. “Melody From The Sky,” the number with which I had won all the contest eliminations. I suppose my vocal chords worked automatically. They had no help from me.

Everyone was going to a nightclub for supper after the broadcast, and I was invited to go too, but I made some excuse and found my way back to the hotel. There was more news from Camille, a wire this time.

“You were wonderful, darling,” it read.

I stopped thinking when I read that wire. I was consumed with emotions that were new and strange to me. I was a country boy in the big city, and I was sick and sick at heart. I checked out of the hotel and took a cab to the Grand Central Station. I found there was no train leaving for Wilkes-Barre at 11 o’clock—an hour after the last train to Wilkes-Barre—before morning, but I refused to go back to the hotel. With my one little bag tightly clamped between my knees, I sat on a miserable knot on one of the stone benches, I slept in the station all night.

I was all the way to St. Louis before I realized New York was caught up with me. My manager was desperate. Fred Allen had heard me on the Bernays show and he invited me for a broadcast the following week. I had scarcely met him, but who turned out to be one of the best friends of my life. Bill Paley, the head of the NBC music department, had arranged for me to appear over the air with the NBC staff orchestra.

I came to New York during the first week of my stay. I talked with the railroad police. They had been authorized to put me on a train heading back for New York, and I acquiesced.

Back in Radio City I tried to cooperate but I was not helping me. I did everything I was told to do as well as I could—I really tried, but my heart wasn’t in it.

On the Fred Allen program I sang “Lost,” and that is just what I was. Even Mr. Allen saw my misery and tried to cheer me up with a pat on the back and a friendly joke.

My voice came through without any help from me once more. I won Fred Allen’s amateur contest for the season, and the coveted reunion that he invited us to Big Time vaudeville on the stage at the Roxy theater.

A month close of my Roxy engagement the Fanchon-Marco booking office offered me a long-term contract for personal appearances.

I was grateful to have a job that paid—I was flattered—but I couldn’t accept. The separation from Camille was eating my heart out. The personal appearance tour would mean another whole year away from the home and the hazards and discomfort of such an undertaking were too great to ask Camille to share them with me. Once more I bowed out—with somewhat more dignity.
DURA-GLOSS nail polish
contains Chrystallyne*

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish “stays on” amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance
and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No
other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed
way it sticks to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn’t
get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn’t “peel” or
“fray”—is all because of a special ingredient in Dura-Gloss,
CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-
Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-
qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other
polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and
sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful finger-
nails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-
ingredient developed by chemistry-
experts who were dissatisfied with
existing nail polishes. Before being
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mula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

3 New Colors for Spring
Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry

Its DURA-GLOSS
for the most beautiful
fingernails in the world

MAY, 1942
Continued from page 48

me enough to buy food and pay a little rent. But I found myself doing things I hadn't done in a long time.

My pitiful ten dollars had long ago been spent. Camille's sister and brother were keeping us—paying for our room at the hotel, and feeding us, and even for the tickets to the ten cent movie once a week which was our only extravagance.

It was a hard time. But we stuck it out for two months, and we started a little housekeeping. On $12.50 a week, that's a neat trick if you can do it. We couldn't have done it. Little by little a plan took shape in our minds to leave Arkansas and go some place where I might have a second chance to work and to make a living. With Camille beside me I felt that I could lick the world.

Camille's sister and brother-in-law Thelma and Russell Cash (just a coincidence; no relation) were living in Southern California. Her parents were planning to drive out for a visit and offered to make room for us in their car. It meant scraping together enough money for the trip. It also meant that I would have to find a job to support us. We arrived on the coast when we weren't to be dependent on someone. We decided to take the chance.

We arrived in Glendale late in October; total cash on hand ten dollars. I began looking for a job, I was choosy at first. I wanted a singing job, as I told the talent scouts at a dozen radio stations and theaters. I would have repeated the story of the motion picture studios except that I couldn't get in there.

After a few weeks of this, I was reduced to the idea that if I was going to work at all I would have taken any job which paid

**Say Hello To-**

**JOHN WAYNE**—the hero of the new mystery-drama serial, *Three Sheets to the Wind*, on NBC-Red Sunday nights at 11:30 EWT. John is the movie star you've seen in so many pictures. He was born thirty-three years ago on a farm in Winterset, Iowa. His parents were Motion Michael Morrison. The family moved to California, and Motion Michael grew up to be six feet four inches tall and an All-American tackle for the University of Southern California. A broken upper lip earned him a job in the studio as prop-boy. A director saw him and put him in a picture, and he's been an actor ever since. He's married, has four children, and likes to hunt and ride horseback on his big ranch near Hollywood.
"Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION?"

See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you

1. "It's lovely skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap. "Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—"

2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool... You can be sure this soap with Active lather is gentle and mild, too..."

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. You'll find this gentle care a wonderful beauty aid. Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap.
Their Most Romantic Moment

Continued from page 3

around the corner to choir practice at St. John's Catholic Church, as she had been doing during the week before Christmas almost since she could remember. They were rehearsing for St. John's Christmas music festival and she knew that, on this night, a young men's quartet from another parish would participate. But, of course, that was nothing to get excited about. Marian took her accustomed seat back of the organ in the choir loft and opened her hymnal. She remained at her corner of the organ, for some impromptu festivities before going home. As she turned the narrow little stairway from the choir loft and made her way with the others to the recreation room, Marian Driscoll's knees felt like jelly. She would meet the boy in the mirror, of course. She hoped, perhaps, talk to him. She...He...Never before had she felt so breath-takingly confused. She, who some three hours before had announced so lothly that love at first sight was—silly!

Once in the recreation room, someone sat down at the piano while the others gathered around. "Every Little Movement," they sang, first, Marian remembers; "Sympathy" and "Gianina Mia" from "The Firefly." Marian stood at one side of the piano with the alto group, Jim Jordan stood on the other. Every once in a while singers would all stop and let him solo and, Marian says, he had the voice of an angel. He was only seventeen years old, then, but it was full and rich and clear.

Then, after a while, the pianist began to play jig tunes and when he struck up "The Irish Washer Woman," Marian moved away from the piano and out into the center of the room, where she did such a riotous, marvelous jig that the others soon made a circle around her, clapping their hands in time, and when she had finished they brought down the house. She says, now, there was such an exhilaration in her that she had to dance; such a thrilling, heady happiness.

All this while, she hadn't met this Jim Jordan who was so suddenly and yet completely capturing her heart. She met him, now, though. Back by the piano, again, out of breath—but not any more from her dance than from excitement that possessed her, she saw him go over to one of the other boys and say something; saw them look toward her and start over her way. She waited, trying to still her trembling, trying to look composed as a sixteen-year-old young lady should when she meets a new boy.

"Marian, this is Jim Jordan," the other boy said. Then he left the two of them there, looking at each other.

"Yes, I know," Marian faltered finally. Her voice sounded small and feeble.

"I saw you in the mirror," Jim said.

"I—I—" But he never finished. He just stood there, awkwardly, with his eyes telling her that it was not because maybe boys in those days didn't have the same assurance they seem to have now. He told Marian long afterward, though, that it was the jig she did which clinched things with him. "You looked so pretty with your pleated skirt whirling out and your cheeks pink as roses," he said.

"I was a gooner from then on."

Even so—and this is funny: Marian and Jim have laughed about it many times since—he didn't even ask to take her home that night. He just stuttered a little more after he'd met her and then kind of sidled away.

When the merry-making was finally over, Marian actually went home by herself.

She was walking on air, though. She knew she'd be seeing Jim Jordan again. She knew more than that. Sixteen is young to think about such possessive things as a home and wardrobe, but she knew that some day, some way, this boy would marry everyone said. But, that was what she said that very day about love at first sight being silly! Snug in her bed, dreaming awake over the events of the evening, she decided on a wonderful thing that had ever happened to her, she whispered wonderingly into her pillow, "To think that I said there is no such thing!"

WELL, Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan had their first date on New Year's Eve, only a week after that momentous choir practice at St. John's. Three years after that, on August 31, 1918, they were married in the same church, with the same organ playing and the same choir singing their wedding music. Jim was sent to France with the A.E.F. almost immediately, and was gone ten months. He came back, though, and Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan—bitter and brother—managed to live pretty happily ever after. Of course, they have had their ups and downs. Who hasn't? But, all in all, life had very good things, including two "very satisfactory" children (to use their own quotes), Katherine and Jim, Jr. But, even with their many reversals, only a little more than a year off, as they look back along the "memory lane" they have travelled so far, the best thing next to Marian—to both of them, in fact—no milepost stands out so vividly, so thrillingly, as that night when the choir rehearsed its Christmas service in St. John's Church in Peoria and they looked into the organist's mirror and found each other.
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APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

MAY, 1942
The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 34

whether she actually existed in the flesh or was as insubstantial as she
seemed. Whoever she was, he had steadfastly waited many years for
her.

"Sometimes dreams don't come true," she said gently. "Isn't it better
accepting a reality, even though it isn't as fine as the dream?"

"For some people, maybe," David
assented. "But not for me. Not for you,
either. I suspect—perhaps you'd be in
Washington now, with Joe."

Mary stared at him in surprise.
Here was a new way of looking at
the problem she thought she had already
inspected from all possible angles. Per-
haps she was no less a dreamer than
David—demanding perfection, refusing to accept less.

OVER and over, after David had
gone, she examined this new
thought—and realized, finally, that
David was right. "For better or for
worse," the marriage service had said,
and instead of turning her back on
Joe she should have remained with
him in Washington and gone on
helping him to fight his battles—
even if, on the surface, he didn't seem
to want her aid.

When, the next evening, the tele-
phone rang and the operator said,
"Washington calling Mrs. Joseph
Marlin," she had a momentary
conviction that somehow Joe had felt
her decision across the miles, had been
stirred by it.

"Mary!" There was a repressed
excitement in his voice.

"What is it, Joe? Everything's all
right, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. More than all right—"something very important has
happened. The most important thing that
has ever happened to me—to us. I
can't explain it over the telephone,
but I've been asked to undertake a
very important mission. Joe to
decide before midnight and—I'm leav-
ing it up to you."

"To—me! But why—why? I don't
understand," Mary stammered.

"They want me to go away—rather
far away—perhaps for a few weeks
or much longer."

"But, where, Joe?" she cried.

"To Russia . . ."

"But that's the other side of the
world! I can't conceive of you
being so far away!"

"I know," Joe said. "I hardly can,
myself. I'd like to tell you more
about it, but I can't—it's too secret.
It's a great honor, and will bring me
prestige I've never even hoped for."

"Why, it's—it is wonderful, isn't it?"

"I thought so at first, but then I—
I thought of you and Davey, and
perhaps all Russia seemed very far
away."

Now, if ever, Mary knew that she
was being given her chance to go but
the word came from her, and he
would decline the appointment. They
would take up their life together
again where they had left it off. And
perhaps he would recapture that old,
trusting love . . . or something almost as
good, something wiser and more
right. And if she had no right to speak
that word, if speaking
it would hurt the career which
meant so much to him.

"We shouldn't be frightened," she
said faintly.

Quickly he caught her up. "Are
you?"

"A little—when I think of you go-
ing so far away—and not knowing
how long you may be gone."

And then she learned that instinct,
surprisingly, had put precisely the
right answer on her lips, for Joe said
happily, "Ah, Mary—to know that
you feel that way changes everything.
I won't mind going now. And Mary—
you know I must go."

"Of course," she said. "You're a
part of world affairs now—you must
go where they lead you. Oh, Joe!
—I'm so proud of you—"

"It means everything to me to hear
you say that," he answered humbly,
and after a pause—"I sail next Sat-
urday."

"Saturday? So soon! But this is
Tuesday. Won't you even have a
day or two to say goodbye to Davey
and—me?"

"Do you want me to come home?"
he asked eagerly.

"Of course I do!"

"Then I will!" he exclaimed, like
a boy. "I've a mountain of work,
work, work! But I'll be back. Much
tomorrow, then take a plane and be
in Cedar Springs Thursday morning."

"That will give us—two days?"

"Yes. And Mary, let's have a very
quiet time alone together—just you
and I and Davey."

But by Thursday morning, when
Joe's plane slanted down out of the
sky, the news of his mission (al-
though its purpose was hinted at only
vaguely) was in all the papers, and
Cedar Springs had turned out to do
honor to its most successful son. There
was a luncheon, and a constant stream
of old friends and political cronies,
and a dinner and ball, hastily ar-
 ranged for, at night. There was no
opportunity for the "quiet" time Joe
had wanted, no opportunity all that
day, even for five minutes con-
versation between him and Mary.

It was late when they returned from
the ball, and Joe was in a daze of
wonder and excitement. It made him
say what she had planned: "I've had
Annie fix up your old room for you,
and you're to sleep as late in the
morning as you please."

"Yes," he said quietly. "Good night,
dear."

IN the morning—the morning of the
day he was to take the plane to New
York, for he would not have time
to go back to Washington before sail-
ing—they had a late breakfast of pop-
overs, cherry jam and crisp bacon,
prepared by an ecstatic Annie. Joe
wanted to play with Davey for a few
hours, he said; then he would go to
the office a while to see David Post.

"I want to see everything I can of
Cedar Springs," he said. "I have the
feeling that if I leave tonight—this—this
leave tonight—all of this that I
love—will never be mine again."

"Joe! You mustn't say such things!
Mary exclaimed. "This could be your
greatest opportunity of your life,
and you're being morbid about it."

With a laugh, he said, "I guess
it's only a hangover from my dream last
night. Such a real dream . . . I can't
seem to shake it off. It started here,
in this house. It was summer, even
though a snowstorm had just passed,
and all the flowers were blooming.
Then, all of a sudden—you know how it is in
dreams—everything was changed for
a season—an hour seemed to be
flying through the air."

"Oh, that's simple!" Mary scoffed.
"You were dreaming about your plane
ride, dear."

"Wait! The next thing I knew it
was dark—the wind was shrieking
and whistling, and the world was
plain, stretching off in every direction
farther than I could see. And I was
trying desperately to reach a hospit-
also far away. But this time they
weren't so far away. I was alone,
despite only the idea that I might want
to see him. I was starving, and I
wasn't thinking of him."

"I was thinking of you, Joe! I was
thinking of you, Joe—right through
that last snowstorm and—right through
that whole dream."

Mary shivered. "What a hateful
dream!"

"Yes. But," Joe laughed, shaking
off his depression, "only a dream,
after all. Now, where's that son of
mine? I hardly had a chance to see
him yesterday."

Another dream, after all. But there
was something inexpressibly distur-
basing about the thought of Joe's jour-
ney, and they both felt it. Perhaps it
was only the secrecy that sur-
rrounded, of necessity, its purpose,
making it impossible for Joe to dis-
cuss it with her in any but the most
vague terms.

On his destination—that vast and shadowy
land, of which so little was known or
understood here in America. A
land, when speaking of it to Joe that
night, Mary stood for a long time
at the airport, gazing up into the
sky, straining her ears after the
retreating sound of the powerful
motors until it was only a faint hum-
ing deep within her brain; and then

Say Hello To-

DRESSER DAHLSTEAD—the serious-faced young announcer whose
duties in Hollywood include introducing I Love a Mystery and other
network shows. He was born in Springville, Utah, and began his
radio career at the age of nineteen, working for a small station to
get money to pay his way through college. After college, he worked
to radio and joined the NBC staff in San Francisco. Dresser enjoys
doing different kinds of programs and hopes he never becomes a
specialist at one type of announcing. Tennis and golf are his hobbies,
but when he wants to have a really good time he takes his
car apart and puts it together again. He's fond of music and is
an accomplished violinist, although he's never played on the air.

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HENRIETTE DORNE and her adopted son Timothy were to visit Joe in his stateroom the next day and see him off, and that comforted Mary. Henriette was one of her dearest friends, and it would be the next best thing to seeing him off herself.

She was to wish, later, that Henriette and Timothy had not been at the ship, for it was through Timothy that she eventually learned what they had seen there, unexpectedly entering Joe's stateroom: Bunny Mitchell, in tears, taking her own secret farewell of the man she now openly professed to love more than her own husband.

Timothy should have kept as silent about the discovery as his fostermother, but he was only a child and didn't fully understand the pain the knowledge would bring Mary.

She would rather not have known, even though she told herself it could not have been Joe's fault. He would not have sent for Bunny, nor wished for her to be there—not after those two days in Cedar Springs when he had spoken of the things he really loved, home and his child and his wife; had been in so many ways the old Joe that she loved. He could not have acted so, knowing that in a few hours he would be in the clinging arms of another woman who had already done so much to put away his life and his happiness!

But while she protested this faith in him, there was still that small, unadmitted doubt, the doubt that now would always exist between her and him. How little she really knew of Joe Marlin—of what went on in his heart and mind. He had been capable of deceiving her before; why not again?

Joe must have been in Russia by the time she received his first letter, written while he was aboard ship. It was a strange letter for Joe to write—mystical, almost rhapsodic. It told of the depression that had hung over him as the ship sailed past a mention of Bunny Mitchell—and of how he had been unable to shake it off until one foggy night when he had walked the deck alone, long after other passengers had gone to bed. Then, out of the darkness, he had received a conviction that even on this vast waste of tossing waters there was a Presence, a watchful, protective Presence, guarding him and at the same time Mary and Davy and everyone in the world. Joe had never been deeply religious, and that made this new belief of his all the more startling and in a way comforting. It was good to know that he felt secure, after the misgivings with which he had started.

Then, a few weeks later, came a curt message by cable: "Leaving Moscow at once. Destination in letter following. Love to you and Davy always." Of course, Mary reasoned, he could not entrust news that was of possible international significance to the publicity of a cable. All the same, she was upset by the uncertainty of not knowing exactly where he was. And that night she, too, had a dream.

She was with Joe, yet not with him—that is, he was unaware of her presence, and she could not speak to him, only watch him as he sat in the dimly-lighted cabin of a passenger
Identical Twins prove...

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Night came, and she would not go to bed, but built a roaring fire in the living room fireplace and sat beside it, trying to warm her chilled heart.

And at last, near midnight, the telephone rang. It was the message she had known all day would come, yet now, as she listened, she could not believe.

Eve's voice was thick with unshed tears. "Mary—you mustn't be frightened. We've just had news that Joe's plane crashed, somewhere on the steppe east of the Urals. They hope he escaped... I didn't want to call you, with so little news, but the State Department said I must—it'll be in the papers tomorrow."

Mary heard herself saying, "Yes. Yes. I know. I... Thank you, Eve. You'll call me the minute there's anything—"

Stupid, incoherent words. Dead words, dropping like stones into the black maw of the telephone mouth-piece. Meaningless words.

Joe—lying blackened and still on the short grass of a Siberian steppe; dead, never again to laugh and say, "Where's that son of mine? I want to see him!" Never again to delight or wound her heart.

"No!" She cried the word out loud in the silent room. It was not possible. Joe could not be dead. Rather—a picture he himself had described flashed into her mind: a vast dark plain, stretching away farther than the eye could reach, and one small twinkling light. Joe would be struggling to reach that light, bent almost double against the wind, because there he knew he would find all the things he loved.

"But the light never got any nearer..."

AS Eve had said, the news of the disaster was in all the papers the next morning. People came and went in the Main Street house; messages of hope and comfort poured in from all over the state. Mary did what there was to be done. She nodded and said "Yes" and "No" and "They expect a report from the rescue party soon." Through the day, the picture of what had happened so far away began to take shape. Joe's plane had left Alma Ata for Irkutsk, traveling over a desolate region. Six hours after it should have landed in Irkutsk, aviation authorities there grew alarmed and sent out a search party of four planes. The transport was found, then, a twisted a charred mass of wreckage.

In a peasant's hut five miles from the scene of the accident, the rescuers discovered the pilot. The peasants had picked him up, some distance from the wreckage, and carried him back to their home. They had found no other living creature. The plane had been blazing so fiercely they had been unable to approach it. The pilot was still unconscious, but it was hoped he would recover sufficiently to make a statement.

David Post had talked to Mary on the telephone several times during the long day, and that evening he came to the house. Annie, red-eyed and subdued, admitted him. Mary herself had not cried, not once since she heard the news.

She and David tried, for their souls' sakes, to talk about ordinary things,
Cedar Springs things, but always they returned to the one topic, going over it again and again.

"But if the pilot was thrown clear, Joe could have been too, couldn’t he? And they didn’t find any other—any other bodies."

"Of course. And he might have wandered in another direction, to another hut."

"Yes—although the reports say the hut where they found the pilot was the only one for miles around."

DAVID was just preparing to leave when the telephone rang. It had been ringing most of the day, but there was something about its sound now that sent David to it and kept Mary immobile in her chair.

"Yes? Oh, hello, Jonathan ... Just now? ... Yes. I’ll tell her." He hung up and stood for a moment, his back to Mary, as if gathering himself for a great effort. Then he said, "The pilot made a statement before he—died—forgive me, Mary, for being the one to tell you this—but he said the passengers were all—strapped in. There was absolutely no chance—for anyone—to have escaped."

Mary did not answer. He turned, to see her sitting white-faced, staring straight before her.

"Mary," he said in deep compassion. "Why don’t you say something or—cry?" She bowed her head quickly, hiding her face with her white hands. "Why can’t I believe it?" she moaned.

The weeks that followed did their best to force her into belief. Search parties went over the wreckage of the plane—a gruesome task, best left unimagined. Identification, they sent word, was impossible, but it seemed none of the passengers was missing.

The name of Senator Joseph Marlin disappeared from the headlines, and perhaps from the minds of all but a few people.

The business of the world must continue, though, and a day came when Mary sat in the office of the Governor of the state. She wore a dark tailored suit, white lawn crisp at wrists and throat; she had refused to put on mourning. The Governor’s swivel chair creaked lustily as he threw his heavy body back into it.

"You know, of course, why I asked you to come see me, Mrs. Marlin?" he asked.

"Naturally," Mary said. "David Post told me. And I said what I came here to say to you—I am deeply grateful for the honor but I can’t—"

"Just a minute." The Governor raised a broad, pink-fleshed hand. "Let me say something before you refuse. Joe was not an ordinary politician. I didn’t know him so very long—I consider myself unlucky in that—but I did know him long enough to see that he had something few of us possess. Oh, I don’t mean ideals. They’re easy enough to have, if you’re honest and sincere. The trick is to make ‘em concrete—put ‘em into form so they’ll do some good. Joe could do that."

"But that doesn’t mean I—"

"I think you could, or I wouldn’t be offering you the appointment to fill out Joe’s unexpired term. I’ve talked to Post about you, and the editor of the Cedar Springs Times, that Jonathan fellow. They both agree that you had more influence on Joe’s work than either of you, probably, ever suspected. But leaving all that aside, there’s another reason I want to make this appointment. You know, the name of Marlin itself is almost a magic one now. I couldn’t choose anyone who would be more popular, all over the state, than you."

Mary hesitated, considering the Governor’s lined face, the face of a man wise in the ways of his political world. That was the real reason, then. The voters would be pleased. And why wasn’t it a good enough reason?

Her life would be empty now, even emptier than it had been when Joe was in Washington and she in Cedar Springs. It would be good to have a job—a real job and a hard one, something very much worth the doing. If only she were wise enough! But all her friends and Joe’s—Eve Underwood, David Jonathan, even Frazer Mitchell—believed in her. They had started the movement to get her the appointment. They must accept it. If they had faith in her ...

"Think of it," the Governor said gently, "as a way of keeping Joe’s dreams—his ideals—alive now that he’s gone."

Mary pressed her head. "No," she said almost challengingly. "I’ll take the appointment, but not to keep Joe’s ideals alive now that he’s gone. To keep them alive for the day when he returns. Because I know he will."

Will Mary’s new life, in the midst of Washington’s glamour and excitement, bring her the happiness she has been seeking? Be sure to read the startling climax of this dramatic serial in the June issue of Radio Mirror.

Hollywood’s best bet for good taste

Wally Westmore is head of Paramount’s make-up department. His good taste is inps in the art of make-up. Here’s Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."

Hollywood’s and all America’s best bet for better taste is Pepsi-Cola. ... finer flavored and packed all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today. ... a Pepsi-Cola.

Purity...in the big big bottle

...that’s Pepsi-Cola!
Look who's talking now!

NO—DON'T LOOK OUR WAY! This time it isn't us that's telling you news about Modess. This time it's 12,000 women who are talking and telling what they discovered. So...

TURN YOUR HEAD and listen! Recently, 12,000 women compared their regular napkin with Modess in a nationwide test. "Modess is softer!" voted 3 out of every 4. Now it's your turn to wonder. Have you been missing out on extra comfort? Well, find out! Go on...

AND SCURRY OFF to get Modess. Try it! See if you don't agree. Mail the package insert slip with a note stating your objections— to The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J. We'll refund your purchase price.

A Wife in Need
Continued from page 19

the understanding, the learning to know each other, the togetherness. Unable to say a word at the circle of his arms holding me close.

"Finally he said, loud,'But now let's be practical. I'll get a job in a filling station until we can save enough—'

"Indeed you will not! You're a geologist. You can locate oil wells. Anybody can find oil in a filling station. Mark, if you had a hundred dollars, could you go ahead—right away—with your idea about the lease?"

"We might just hold out," he said thoughtfully. "But to borrow money now—"

"No, not borrow. Wait a minute." I ran into the bedroom and opened my lingerie drawer. Tucked away in the back was a penny bank. Triumphantly I held it out.

"Look, dear, it doesn't have pennies in it. Mother gave it to me. Years ago, when she and Dad were young, she saved money in this bank. Finally got a hundred dollars, got it changed into one bill and put it back and sealed it. See the seal?"

"The hundred's still there?"

"She kept it in case Dad got in trouble. He didn't have to use it, after all, but it meant a lot to them to have a hundred dollars in reserve. It gave dad confidence. When we were married, mother gave it to me. Here—it's yours."

Mark's turned it up and for the first time his face lost that awful closed, tight look. "Ellen, we'll do it! I'll get a well drilled!" He reached for me and our hands met and clasped over the foolish little bank. Somehow, in the touch of it, I could feel determination and sureness flow into each of us.

"The first thing to do," he went on, "is invite Ed Kreuger to dinner. He's an independent oil operator and a great old fellow. He doesn't know it yet but he's going to be our partner. He's going to take the lease, drill the well, and give us a quarter interest."

"Invite him tomorrow. What does he like to eat?"

"Ham hocks, cabbage, and cherry pie. I heard him say so."

"When I finish with him, ham hocks, cabbage, and cherry pie will be coming out of his ears!"

WELL, they just about were. If I do say so myself, that dinner was perfect. The ham hocks were done to a turn, the cabbage was succulent, and the pie crust melted away if you looked at it. If feeding a man what he liked was the way to his heart, Mr. Kreuger was going to be won over that night if it killed him! He was a big, jovial man whom I liked on sight, and I loved watching him stow away helping after helping. I could eat hardly a mouthful myself, and poor Mark was nervous as a cat. After all, this was our one chance, the key to our big adventure.

Finally Mr. Kreuger shoved away his pie plate, leaned back in his chair and sighed happily. "Well, Mark," he said, "you've sold me on that hundred and sixty acres." He laughed at our stunned faces, and went on. "That's all right. It's the way I like to be sold—a couple of fine kids, a wonder-dull oil company and your old boss today and I figure you've got a good property there. I'll take the property, drill the wells and carry you for a quarter interest. How's that?"

It was the first time I ever saw Mark at a loss for words. "Gee, Mr. Kreuger—that's wonderful! I mean, it's fine—but I had in mind—"

Mr. Kreuger laughed again. "I know what you mean. Well, barring delays, we ought to sink a well in about six weeks. And we ought to come up with a good one. Of course, in this business you never can tell. I've drilled plenty of dry holes in my day."

Six weeks! Barring delays—and maybe a dry well. Mark was looking at me. There was still time to back out. I glanced toward the bedroom, where the key hung a little apart. I took it and handed it back, and smiled. He nodded, and his eyes were bright. He turned back and talked to Mr. Kreuger.

"It's a deal! We're partners."

We were so excited that night after Mr. Kreuger left we talked till nearly dawn. Mark held out of the dresser drawer and put it proudly on the mantelpiece where we could see it every day. We planned how we'd put off opening it until we absolutely had to, how the well would probably be a gusher and we'd be rich, how— if the impossible happened and it turned out dry—well, we still had the hundred to fall back on, didn't we? During the six weeks of waiting, we'd cut out this and cut down on that to save money... . I think I was smoking too much anyway, and I didn't absolutely need a new permanent.

It's a challenge to start with, to see how much you can do without that you thought was a necessity before. It's a game to see how cheaply you can plan meals that still are nourishing, how you can clean and press your own clothes, how you can listen to the radio or read a library book instead of going to an occasional movie. It's thrilling and fun—for a while. And then—some days it's not fun at all. It's grim and scary. No matter how you scrimp, the money disappears frighteningly fast. There's a difference in doing all those things to save money and doing them because you have to, in order to exist. Suddenly your best stockings start a long, long time ago, and you never buy any more. You have to go around with a long, unsightly darn and you're a little ashamed. Cheap meals get monotonous, and you turn to the super-market where things are a little cheaper.

It all well gets down to a thousand feet—still hard soil and rock—and you're excited for a while, but it seems to take so long to get anywhere. Little things begin to bother you before they come out. I saw for the first time how much soap Mark used when he came home, to get the grime off his hands. So lately I laugh and chide him, and he laughs and doesn't use so much, and the
towels get dirty in one using. Unimportant little things, but they assume a terrible significance. It’s just that your nerves are tensed, every minute. No, it isn’t fun. No matter how much you try to think it is, it turns out grim.

ONE night Mark came home later than usual. "We got down to fifteen hundred feet today," he said. "That’s wonderful. But, Mark—is anything wrong? You seem sort of subdued."

"No—only, the lawyer who checked the title to our property came into Kreuger’s office today. It seems he never was paid. Ed gave him twenty dollars."

"Oh, dear, we’ll have to pay Mr. Kreuger right away. He shouldn’t have to bear that expense."

"That’s what I thought."

I glanced fearfully toward the little bank. Mark grinned, a little shame-facedly.

"Nope, we won’t open it yet—not till we have to. I thought of another way to pay back Kreuger."

"How, Mark, what have you done?"

"Well, I—we’ve got the old alarm clock here at home and when I’m out on the job there’s always somebody around to tell me the time, so I—hocked my watch."

"Oh, darling. That was your father’s watch!"

"I know. But I’ll get it back when the well comes in."

"If the well comes in!" I burst out. "Oh, Mark, I just can’t bear to think of your watch being gone..."

"There, there, honey." He held me close. "We’ve still got the hundred. If worse comes to worst, I’ll use part of that to get it back. And while we’re on the subject, what’s become of your washing machine?"

"Oh, that?" I said vaguely.

"Come on. Spill it."

"It was so hard to clean. And when Norma Hall said she’d buy it, I was so pleased. We’ve been eating off it for the last week and we will be all next week and the week after, too."

"So that’s what it is," Mark said thoughtfully. "I must say, honey, the meals lately have sorts tasted like that old washing machine."

We both laughed, a little hysterically. "I can wash by hand," I said. "I’m strong and it’s good exercise."

Mark stopped laughing. "Yes, Ellen, you’re strong. Strong in more ways than one. You’re—gosh, what would I ever do—if you weren’t around?"

"Don’t," I whispered. "Don’t, darling. It’s you—"

"Part of it’s the hundred dollars, isn’t it? Part of it is knowing what’s in that little old bank up there."

"Yes," I said and the tears were hard in my throat. "Part of it is that little old bank. It’s the waiting that is so bad. Six weeks doesn’t seem long, when you think of it in advance. Six weeks out of a year, out of a lifetime—what does it amount to? But it’s a lot of hours. Hours, separated one from the other by alternation of hope and fear, anticipation and panic, each one freighted with its own kind of pressure, so that the days are interminable. Especially when the six weeks stretch into seven, to eight, and it looks as if they’ll stretch forever. There were delays—equipment needed repair, a cremation had to be replaced, things that no one could be blamed for. That is when the tension of waiting grows in you until it is a burden you carry.

USE FRESH #2 AND STAY FRESHER!

PUT FRESH #2 UNDER ONE ARM—PUT YOUR PRESENT NON-PERSPIRANT UNDER THE OTHER. AND THEN... 

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

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

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spread vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

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

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

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

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we’re sure you’ll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don’t agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you’ve ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request.

Put FRESH #2, the new perspiration-check, under this arm. See which stops perspiration better.

Put Fresh #2, the new perspiration-check, under this arm.
to bed every night and wake up with every morning. That is when cheerfulness becomes strained and family jokes get awfully feeble.

It was when the tension seemed most unbearable that a Mr. Thorgensen called one night. He bought leases on speculation, rather like a gambler who offers you a prize on something he thinks looks good. He wanted to buy our quarter interest. I'll never forget that telephone conversation.

Mark listened to him for a while, then he said, "Just a minute, please," and turned from the phone to me, his hand over the transmitter.

"He offers five thousand dollars for my share." His face was pale. "What do you think?"

FIVE thousand dollars! What could I think? It was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It was the treasure troves of the world. It was dinner at the hotel with real steak.

"Oh, yes," I murmured weakly, "let's take it.

"If it's a good well, we'll make lots more than that, Ellen," Mark said. "On the other hand, if it's a dry well—oh, goosh—"

His voice was like a thin, taut thread. Suddenly I couldn't stand to hear it like that. I said loudly, "Don't take it. We've gone this far. Let's see it through."

He spoke into the phone. "Thanks, Mr. Thorgensen, but it's not for sale. Yes, I know it's a good offer, but— he glanced toward the bank on the mantelpiece—"I can afford to hold on. No, please don't offer any more."

He replaced the receiver and wiped his brow. "Whew, five grand and we turn it down! Maybe we're a couple of prize idiots, honey, but we've still got the hundred to fall back on. How much money have we got left, besides that?"

"A dollar and eighty-four cents. You know, Mark, I don't like the radio any more."

He looked speculatively at the radio. "I was thinking the same thing, listening gets pretty dull doesn't it? But, Ellen, what would we do for entertainment?"

"We can always," I said firmly, "listen to the neighbors. Heaven knows they keep it on loud enough."

"You're right. Having one of our own is completely and absolutely wasteful."

So the radio went the way of the watch, and our liquid assets were increased.

Down to twenty-three hundred feet. Down almost to sand. Mark explained how oil is always found in a sandy formation. If you don't hit any sand—well, you just don't ask any questions. You forget all about it and go in another business.

Then the well was down to twenty-four hundred, and we were down to pennies. That was when the crew dropped a tool and they had to fish for it, which meant another delay. I never knew before how complicated digging a well was, nor how tasteless warmed-over spaghetti can be three nights in a row. Several times I caught Mark fingering the penny bank, but he always put it back.

"We recovered the tools today. It won't be long now till we know," he said one night. We were in the living room. It had been a hard day. I had done the washing and it had taken hours to get Mark's shirts clean. I thought of the ironing I must do tomorrow and somehow I wished tomorrow would never come.

Mark paced up and down the living room nervously. Suddenly he stopped in front of the mantelpiece.

"I tell you what let's do. Let's break the seal. Let's take the hundred dollars and get dressed and go to the hotel. We'll order champagne and dance and forget about the well. Come on, honey, let's have a blowout."

"Let's wait till the oil comes in," I said wearily. "I couldn't dance an inch tonight."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said after a moment. "Champagne wouldn't go so good on top of spaghetti anyway. You go on to bed, Ellen. You've done enough work today to kill a horse."

I dragged myself off to bed. I was glad Mark was sitting up a while because I was plunged into a black depression and I didn't want him to see it. For some reason, I kept thinking of Henry and Louise Field. They'd been friends of ours, last year. Things had gone bad for Henry. He'd lost his job and couldn't get another. And somehow the thingting went together. Henry gone, and a note with some money in it on the dresser. She had shown me the note. "Take this money and go on home to your parents, dearest," it said, "I'll send for you when I stop being a flop." Louise had gone on home to wait, but somehow they'd all gone together again. Things had gotten worse with Henry instead of better, and she was still waiting. What could happen to them could happen to anybody. It could happen—yes, it could happen—even to people like Mark and me.... I buried my head in the pillow to muffle the sound of my tears, and finally I fell into a troubled sleep.

HOURS later I awoke. Instinctively I glanced at the other bed. It was empty! And the clock said two-thirty. Mark wasn't there! The thought of Henry and Louise flashed through my mind, and for the first time in my life I knew what sharp, naked fear can be.

Then I heard a creaking noise from the kitchen. Quietly I slipped out of bed, my heart pounding, and softly cracked the door. I'll always remember what I saw. Mark, his faded old bathrobe over his shoulders, was doing the ironing. A pile of folded shirts lay on the table beside him, and he was frowning with fierce concentration over the one on the board in front of him. At his feet lay the laundry basket with the rest of the clothes neatly rolled into sprinkled bundles.

Choking with mixed tears and laughter, I noiselessly shut the door. Mark would never know I'd seen him. I went back to bed. No matter what happened to other people, the sight of Mark would fill a big, small man, in a dimly lighted kitchen, patiently doing a woman's work in the dead of night—that had happened to me.

The next morning there was no sign of Mark's handiwork, and I made
no reference to it. The phone rang while we were drinking our tea. When Mark came back, he was fairly popping with excitement.

"That was Ed Kreuger," he said with a gruff, forced calm. "Looks like today's the day. He's coming by for me. Will you ride over with us? I'd sorta like to have you there."

"I'd love to be there! I've got to be there! Mark—what happens when a well comes in? I mean, does the oil just spurt up without any warning or what?"

"Well, if it's a big well, you hit oil and gas together. Then you hear a little rumbling sound down in the ground, and then it comes shooting up through the hole and all over every place."

"That sounds lovely."

"It is lovely—when it happens."

Mr. Kreuger, when he came, was as excited as we were in spite of all the wells he'd dug.

The big derrick loomed up tall and dark, and the drill was going with a steady rhythm. We got out of the car and walked toward the rig. My heart was up in my throat somewhere. I stretched out my hand toward Mark and it met his, stretching out to me. We clutched each other like two children.

We stood around for a little while. They were getting deeper and deeper, and Mr. Kreuger's face looked grim and grave. Suddenly I sniffed.

"I smell gas!" I cried.

"You do?" Mr. Kreuger grabbed my arm and sniffed too.

Then Mark yelled, "I do, too. Look, you can see the gas!"

Mr. Kreuger called, "Hold it, men."

And the drilling stopped. From a far distant place, deep down, there came the sound of faint thunder. It grew louder and heavier. "Anchor the bailer," Kreuger ordered. "Kill the motor! Clear out of here, everybody!"

We started to back away, hurriedly. They were simultaneously with a great roar and a who-o-osh, Mark cried, "There she comes!"

We began to run then as a giant stream of black exploded up out of the depths of the earth. There was oil on our shoes, on our clothes, on our faces. There was oil all over the world!

"We're rich!" Mark yelled in my ear. "It's a gusher. We're rich. Darling, what are you crying about?"

"I just want to go home," I sobbed, and clung harder to him.

Mr. Kreuger drove us home, and we were incoherent all the way there. He left us at the door, and we stood for a few minutes laughing weakly at each other's spattered face. Then we turned to go in.

"You know," Mark said more quietly, "we owe a lot to that little penny bank. It deserves to be opened now. We'll take the whole hundred to celebrate!" He went over and picked it off the mantelpiece.

"Oh, no," I said. "No."

"But why not?"

"I'd like to keep it. Just as it is."

"But we'll close it up again—with two hundred dollars, a thousand dollars."

"No, Mark. Don't you see? Sealed in that little bank is—our faith in each other."

He looked puzzled. "Faith? But the money?"

And then, very quietly, I told him, "There's no money in it. Darling—there never was."

The Englishwoman's complexion is known the world over as the loveliest of all...

Its secret is a certain tint—a warm, sweet shade of the English hedge-rose; delicate... oh! so delicate, yet a man-stopper that really works. And now, it can be YOURS! True English Tint can bloom in YOUR cheeks. English Tint Rouge by Princess Pat will put it there—and Princess Pat creamy Lipstick or Liquid Liptone will key your lips perfectly to your cheeks. The effect is stunning and whether you're blonde, brunette or in-between, it makes no difference. English Tint will be perfect on YOU.

Send for Complete English Make-up Kit

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy Lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send your name and address with 25¢ to cover partly postage and packing. Princess Pat, Dept. 452, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago.

Win with English Tint

That captivating "English look"... now it can be YOURS... instantly!

Send for Complete English Make-up Kit

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy Lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send your name and address with 25¢ to cover partly postage and packing. Princess Pat, Dept. 452, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago.
SNOOKS: I was afraid we'd be held up.

DADDY: What a ridiculous notion! Why should you be held up?

SNOOKS: Well, you was held up last night, when you came back from the lodge.

DADDY: Who told you that?

SNOOKS: Mummy did. She said two men held you up all the way home.

DADDY: That's a malicious slander! I walked every bit of the way myself!

SNOOKS: Oh, Daddy!

DADDY: Now, don't smirk! It's enough I have to suffer those indignities from your mother without you repeating them.

SNOOKS: I didn't tell nobody.

DADDY: Well, make sure you don't!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because a false rumor will spread that I came home in an innurbiated condition—and you know I'm a man of regular habits!

SNOOKS: Is that one of your regular habits, Daddy?

DADDY: No! And I forbid you ever to mention the incident again!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Don't be aggravating, Snooks. I brought you to this post-office to teach you the virtue of thrift and you're already trying my patience...

DADDY: Is this all the money you had—thirty cents?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Where's the rest of it?

SNOOKS: I sewed it on the back of my pants.

DADDY: What for?

SNOOKS: You said to do it, Daddy.

DADDY: I told you to sew money on your pants?

SNOOKS: Yeah. You said I should always have a little money to fall back on.

DADDY: That's a wonderful interpretation. Take off your—oh, no. You can't do it here.

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because it doesn't look nice to come to a postoffice and remove your clothes. Maybe you can go in the mail room.

SNOOKS: Ain't they got a female room?

DADDY: I'm talking about the room where they keep the letters!

SNOOKS: Can we read the letters, daddy?

DADDY: Of course not!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because it's against the law to open letters that don't belong to you. They can put a person in jail for reading other people's mail.

SNOOKS: Mummy opens all your letters.

DADDY: I know it. But it's different with a man and wife.

SNOOKS: Can't they put her in jail?

DADDY: No.

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Don't worry—I'm working on it. Put your shoes and stockings on.

SNOOKS: I wanna go barefoot!

DADDY: Stop making me sick or I'll tan your hide!

SNOOKS: I wanna play hide and sick.

DADDY: That's enough! Put your shoes on—quick! Now, the other one...

DADDY: We're going to invest this thirty cents of yours.

SNOOKS: What's that picture on the wall, daddy?

DADDY: It's a reward poster put up by the Federal Bureau to aid in the search for mail bandits.

SNOOKS: What does it say?

DADDY: It says "Murderer Wanted."

SNOOKS: Hmm—let's look at it.

SNOOKS: Are you gonna ask for the job, Daddy?

DADDY: It's not a job! Here's the window I want. Give me your thirty cents.

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: To buy Defense Stamps.

SNOOKS: What's Defense Stamps?

DADDY: They're little tokens issued at various prices from ten cents to five dollars, and when you get enough of them you can get a defense bond.

SNOOKS: What for?

DADDY: What for? To help Uncle Sam, of course!

SNOOKS: Why don't we help Uncle Louie?

DADDY: This is not a real Uncle! Uncle Sam is the guiding spirit of America. You've seen those pictures of that colorful old man with the beard, haven't you?

SNOOKS: Santa Claus?

DADDY: Not Santa Claus. Uncle Sam!

SNOOKS: Who is he?

DADDY: I told you! He's the patriotic symbol of this country! Just like John Bull is the symbol of Great Britain. We've had him with us since America was founded!

SNOOKS: John Bull?

DADDY: No—Uncle Sam! He's always portrayed as a sort of Yankee character and he wears stars and stripes.

SNOOKS: Has he got a beard?

DADDY: Yes.

SNOOKS: Does he wear a high hat?

DADDY: That's it! And he gets his name from the initials U.S.

SNOOKS: Who does?

DADDY: Uncle Sam.

--

**Say Hello To—**

**JUDITH EVELYN**—who plays Grace Marshall in the NBC serial, Helpmate, Judith came to radio and the New York stage, where she is playing a leading role in the smash hit, "Angel Street," by way of Canada, Hollywood and London, although she was born in South Dakota. If it hadn't been for the war, she would probably still be in London, where she was successful on the stage—but since she was an American the authorities told her politely but firmly to leave the country when war was declared. She crossed the sea back to her native land, appeared in a couple of plays in Hollywood, and thus impressed the producer of "Angel Street," who offered her a part in his new show and brought her to New York.
Snooks: Who's he?
Daddy: The man I'm telling you about! He represents our government and everything that's American! And his name is Uncle Sam!

Snooks: Does he know Aunt Sophie?
Daddy: No!
Snooks: Why?
Daddy: I don't know. The important thing is he wants your thirty cents!

Snooks: Who does?
Daddy: Uncle Sam?
Snooks: Waaaahhh.
Daddy: What are you yelling about?
Snooks: I ain't gonna give him my money.
Daddy: It's for your own benefit, Snooks. If you buy Defense Stamps for that thirty cents you'll always have it.

Snooks: I got it now, ain't I?
Daddy: Yes, but you might spend it. If you buy stamps, Uncle Sam will get the money and return it to you.

Snooks: Will he spend it?
Daddy: Certainly.
Snooks: No, he won't.
Daddy: Why not?
Snooks: 'Cause he ain't gonna get it.

Daddy: Snooks, this is not only a saving proposition. Every real American should buy these Defense Stamps and Bonds, apart from the interest involved.

Snooks: What's interest, Daddy?
Daddy: It's a premium paid for the use of money—usually reckoned as a percentage. Like interest at five percent per annum of five thousand dollars. That means you get back two hundred and fifty dollars at the end of a year.

Snooks: Two hundred and fifty dollars?
Daddy: That's right.
Snooks: How can they afford it for thirty cents?
Daddy: Oh give me that money!
Snooks: Waaaahhh!
Daddy: Shhh! Give me three ten cent Defense Stamps, please.

Snooks: Thank you very much.
Daddy: Waaaahhh!
Snooks: My dad's getting wild. Here are your stamps.

Snooks: I'm glad I sewed the other money in my pants.
Daddy: Now, listen to me. You've just done a very noble thing. You're too young to understand, but America today is facing a grave emergency. The President has called upon the financial aid of the entire nation, and you want to help, don't you?

Snooks: No.
Daddy: Listen. The few cents you've exchanged for those stamps will be put to work instantly. Defense workers are slaving night and day at different projects to help make an impregnable fortress of this country, to keep our strength so that we may help others. Battleships will be built, airplanes will roll into production, tanks, guns, and even food for the army will be bought.

Snooks: All with my thirty cents?
Daddy: Don't think it doesn't help! Just imagine if every person in America did the same thing! Snooks, strange as this may sound, your thirty cents may save half of the world!

Snooks: Yeah?
Daddy: Yes.
Snooks: Turn me over, daddy?
Daddy: I'm not going to spank you.
Snooks: No—I want to get the rest of the money and save the other half of the world.

“... like this! I sure was! And worse. But then I learned I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency.”

“Say it in smaller words, please.”

“It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S every day in nice, cool tomato juice, and before I knew it, I was ...”

“... a man among men again! Nice work. But what's this talk about tomato juice?”

“That's the new way to take yeast. Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Very tasty, believe me.”

FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with all these vitamins: A, B1, D, and G. And remember, the only sources of the Vitamin B Complex are natural sources such as yeast and liver. Remember, too, if you bake at home: Vitamins A, B1, D and G are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go into your bread! Ask for FLEISCHMANN’S—with the yellow label.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

MAY, 1942
FACING THE MUSIC

Continued from page 12

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Jerry Summer has replaced Phil Brito as Al Donahue’s chief vocalist. General James Howard is Charlie Barnett’s new singer, succeeding Bill Darnell, now a soldier... Suzanne, a seventeen year old professional model, is warring with Al Kavelin’s band... Jane Fulton is Joe Reichman’s new thrush. Charlie Spivak’s slick in the Hotel Pennsylvania early this year has won him a return engagement in May... Eddy Duchin takes over the bandstand in Chicago’s Palmer House April 1 when Xavier Cugat moves on. The tango king is a sure bet to return to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in early summer... He’ll have Tommy Dorsey as co-leader. T. D. gets the roof spot at New York’s Hotel Astor.

* * *

Paul Whiteman, after a long absence from phonograph records, has signed a new contract with Victor.

* * *

Johnny Messner has concocted a novel way of answering requests for autographed photos of himself and his vocalist. The bandleader asks his fans for a ten cent defense stamp. Upon receipt of the stamp, Johnny sends the photo and presents the stamps to the American Red Cross. This scheme has helped fill up six stamp albums to date.

FAMILY TREE

ALVINO REY, master of the electrical guitar—and major domo of one of the country’s fastest-rising dance bands, has successfully mixed business and marriage.

Not only is Alvino’s wife, Louise King, an integral part of the organization’s vocal department, but so are those of his sisters-in-law, Donna, Alice, and Yvonne. The latter’s husband, Buddy Cole, is Alvino’s pianist. And just to make the cycle complete, Alvino is sure to get a curt note from his father every time the band broadcasts a program not up to the usual standard. The King Sisters’ dad is a music teacher.

In such a closely-knit family corporation, there is always the danger of who has the last word.

“We girls are always trying to boss each other,” admits Louise, “and when we fail in that we gang up and try to boss Alvino. But in his quiet way he just ignores us and takes command.”

This group owes its formation to Horace Heidt, who discovered in 1935 that he had to hire a new rhythm team and a guitar player. The girls he employed were the Kings, a quartet of comic Mormons from a Salt Lake City radio station. Alvino Rey was the guitar player Horace selected. He was a retiring young man who had merged two hobbies—music and electricity—and developed a streamlined guitar.

“It was purely a bandstand romance,” says Louise, who likes to talk as much as her quiet husband likes to eat. “We were always carrying hands during rehearsals and whispering sweet nothings to each other between sets. It became a stock gag with the boys in the band. But Horace didn’t mind. In fact, he encouraged us.”

When Alvino was a youngster he thought nothing of taking the guitar rather than rhythm making. But the wail of a local musician’s saxophone attracted him and he asked his prudent mother if he could have a Christmas.

“Definitely not, Alvino,” she said. “It’s unsanitary.”

Instead she purchased a banjo for her son. Alvino reconciled himself to the banjo and started taking lessons. However, he didn’t neglect his first love—a electrical plug-in radios were just getting on the market. I figured I could adapt the principle to the banjo or guitar. I hooked a wire to the instrument and connected it to our radio’s speaker. This electrical amplification produced a new effect. Later on I improved upon the effect by removing the guitar’s soundboard and replacing it with a built-in microphone.”

Rey didn’t bother to patent his idea.

“I didn’t see enough money in the venture,” he said. “I thought there just aren’t enough guitar players to worry about. You have to be a combination musician and electrician.”

His new-fangled instrument attracted the great Eddie Peabody, then joined NBC’s San Francisco house band, a post he held until the Heidt offer came.

When the King sisters left their Utah home they ruined a plan their father had been nursing for years. He had dreamed of his own all-family band, with himself playing the saxophone, his wife the cello, his two sons, the banjo and drums. The older sister Maxine the violin, Louise the harp, Alyce viola, and Donna the drums. The two babies, Yvonne and Alice, were hired as their musical A-B-C’s before rounding out the ensemble.

“Now four of us are singers,” Louise says; “Karlton is a musician and Billy is an art student. Maxine has retired to a family life.”

Louise and Alvino stayed with Heidt a year after they were married. First to quit was Alyce who decided to become a soloist on the west coast. Yvonne left to take a rest and avoid a nervous breakdown. Louise and Donna missed their sisters and turned in their notice to Heidt shortly afterward. Alvino followed the Kings westward three months later.

On the west coast the girls and Rey were reunited and Alvino got the post of musical director of KHJ Los Angeles. He used the girls in his own band, hired Skeeta Herfurt, formerly with Tommy Dorsey, and made Manhattan to form the King Sisters.” Air time won them a following and they headed east again where there is more activity for new bands.

This Rey band clicked by stressing the attractive King Sisters, Alvino’s guitar work, and plenty of novelty numbers. They joined the juke boxes...
and had enough production numbers for theaters and ballrooms to win a spot in a new RKO picture, "Sing Your Worries Away."

After a theater tour, the band takes up residence at Meadowbrook, N. J., for a spring engagement and a multitude of CBS and MBS wires, and then will have its first major New York hotel engagement—the Hotel Astor in the summer, following Tommy Dorsey.

OFF THE RECORD

Freddie Martin (Bluebird 11450) "Grieg's Piano Concerto"—"Serenade for Strings." It is seldom that a band is able to click with a tune similar to one that skyrocketed them to popularity but this platter does the trick for Mr. Martin.

Harry James (Columbia 36478) "I Don't Want to Walk Without You"—"B-19." Helen Forrest clicks on the A side with a capable rendition of a hit ballad. The James instrumentation is par for any record course.

Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 4132-4129) "I Remember You"—"Build a Better Mousetrap"; "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In a Hurry"—"Not Mine." Disk honors of the month go to J. D. for a quartet of sock tunes from the film "The Fleet's In." Gives Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly plenty of vocal work although Helen falters at the finish of the Arthur Murray takeoff.

Hal McIntyre (Victor 27777) "Fooloo"—"I'll Never Forget." Initial disk of a bright new band that shows plenty of promise in its tuneful shadings and excellent vocalist, Carl Denny.

Carl Hoff (Okeh 6556) "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap"—"We Did It Before." Saucest of the new war tunes featuring the Murphy Sisters, a hard-hitting rhythm team.

Kate Smith (Columbia 36498) gets properly patriotic with "They Started Something" and "We're All Americans."

Count Basie (Okeh 6564) "Harvest Blues"—"Coming Out Party." A lowdown tribute to men of Cambridge. The students will like it but don't play it for any members of Harvard's faculty.

Woody Herman (Decca 4030) "Blues in the Night"—"This Time the Dream's On Me." If it's not too late for another version of this great number try this one.

Tommy Dorsey (Victor 27749) "How About You"—"Winter Weather." A slick disk that will suit any taste.

Guy Lombardo (Decca 4134) "Sometimes"—"Happy in Love." In the Lombardo pattern with plenty of infectious piano work and Carmen's singing.

Barry Wood (Victor 27773) "Couple in the Castle"—"Who Calls." One of the airwaves' better baritones, rolls out a pair of winners worth listening to.

Ray Noble (Columbia 36479) "By the Light of the Slivery Moon"—"Wake My Lady Sleeps." A novel treatment of a nostalgic old favorite coupled with a song from "The Chocolate Soldier." A clever takeoff of the "Hey, There!"

Doc Clayton (Bluebird 8901) "Gotta Find My Baby"—"Clayton Blues." Looking for something different? Try this indigo blues lament.

(Recommended Albums: Carmen Cavallaro's new Decca collection of piano solos, "I'll See You in My Dreams," featuring eight dits in songs including the title number and "Girl of My Dreams"
... Cubano Rhythms, played by Arturo Arturo for Victor and just what the name implies ... Victor's package of "Favorite Love Songs." sung by tenor Frank Munn.)

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Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

- Glamorous Arthur Murray dancer Bunny Duncan rushes through her day like a whirling dervish. Yet you'd find her still enchantingly fresh and sure of her charm at the end of her last lesson! For Arthur Murray girls trust Oдороnо Cream to guard them against underarm odor and dampness.

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Soft Hands hold a Wayward Heart -

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(Lovely Hollywood Star)

YOU can easily help keep your hands desirably soft, flower-petal smooth as Carole Landis does—by using Jergens Lotion. Helps prevent unexacting rough, chapped hands. Gives you almost professional hand care. To help common-looking rough skin to lovely smoothness, many doctors use 2 special ingredients which are in this famous Jergens Lotion. Never stick! The first application helps you.

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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

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The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3537, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to try Carole Landis’ hand care. Please send free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.
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DONT MISS NEXT MONTH'S exciting First Nighter Drama, told as a thrilling love story of courageous men and women who are working for victory—

The Touch of Your Lips

Continued from page 35

Brant’s did. They drew me close, like two steel bands. I couldn’t have moved.

Then he kissed me on the cheek, and let me go. For an instant I stood alone, and for an instant I wanted to be back in his arms. He took my hand and led me to the fireplace.

“This one I made myself,” he said. “I think it’s better than the other because I could see why he thought so. The Zuni made their masks in the images of their gods, for whom they felt devotion and great respect. Never having seen the gods, they made them like themselves, but endowed them with supernatural features and qualities.

Brant’s mask was a gargoyl—even an image of himself, but self for which he had no respect. It was a gargoyl, looking at the world, but not part of it, grinning and mocking at everything it didn’t believe in. Yet it was compelling like Brant—and strangely frightening.

He put his arms around my shoulders. Again I felt that twinge of—was it a fear? But it thrilled me, and quickened me. I didn’t want him to take it away. I must have moved closer to him, because in an instant I was in his arms, hard and fast and very close.

I thought it was that night I wrote home and told my mother and father about it. But I knew I didn’t think of everything I could think of, because three days later Dad sent me a wire. "Answer whether you are all right stop how is health."

I laughed when I read it. Even about his daughter’s well being, the business man in Dad kept the message to ten words.

That evening I called them long distance. They wanted to know more about Brant, and I told them I could, which wasn’t much. They seemed to need reassurance that I was not falling in love with some ne’er-do-well. Was I? I didn’t know. I wished that I hadn’t mentioned Brant, and I wished, too, I’d been able to tell Mother and Dad more about him.

THAT was on a Thursday. I was with Brant every day for the next three days. Knowing him better, I discovered many things. Always there was a core in him I could never reach, and frequently I suspected it was a thing he was ashamed to have other people see. But otherwise, on the surface and to the world, he maintained that stiff mocking guard. Never once did he break it down again as he had during that first silent drive. When he kissed me it was swift, dangerous bliss that shook me. Then he laughed and joked and belittled love and everything else I believed in. He always was a height of ecstasy, and in those three days it came often.

Monday Brant took me back to Buena Vista, where he had driven the day before. When we heard him riding in his car all day, I walked into the lounge, expecting he would follow. Leaning over the desk, talking to Mrs. Hathaway, was a man whose back was so familiar and so out of place that I stopped dead.

"Here she is now," Mrs. Hathaway said.

"George!" The exclamation—surprised, pleased—was out even before I had thought what his coming meant. I wasn’t quite prepared for the wave of gladness that swept over me at sight of him. It was good to see a familiar face. Without knowing it, I had been hungry for a friend.

When he spoke, he was the same George, so sure of himself, so very calm that my pleasure was a little dashed and I remembered what I’d forgotten at first—that in those weeks of sunshine I had grown away from him.

"Hello, Jeanette," he said quietly. "You seemed to be enjoying it so much down here I thought I’d try some of it myself."

"But how did you get here?" I asked. "In the old coupe?"

He nodded. "Made it in just four days."

My cordiality, so spontaneous in the instant I’d seen and recognized him, now sounded hollow in my own ears as I said, "It’s nice you’ve come. This is really a wonderful place you picked out for me."

George’s gray eyes held steadily a moment on my face. For the first time I sensed in them that seemed to say, I am master of you because I am master of myself. Then he looked beyond me, to where Brant had just come in. Very quietly, with a friendly quality in his voice, he said, "You must be Brant. Jeanette has written about you, Brant."

Brant said carelessly, "How do, Morgan. Jeanne’s spoken of you a couple of times."

George laughed, still quietly. "That’s all a flake can expect these days—a couple of honorable mentions a month."

The three of us had dinner together that night. It was a strange meal—Brant trying to be his usual self, but operating under a considerable strain—and George, so self-possessed than usual. There was animosity between them, I could see that. But Brant was quieter and more friendly and it came off all right.

After Brant had gone, George and I sat in the lounge, listening to the radio and talking. Or trying desperately hard to talk. There wasn’t any common ground for us to meet on, any more. I didn’t want to hear about things that had happened at home since I left—all that seemed far in the past—and whenever I tried to tell all that had happened at Buena Vista, Brant Whitley crept into the conversation. I would have been glad to tell George all about Brant, how I felt about him and everything, because I wanted to get that unpleasant duty over with. But I could almost feel George refusing to let me tell him. I didn’t know what to tell. I fell silent and talked about George’s unannounced arrival. Part of me resented it—resented it because it was an intrusion on the carefree dream—I had found down...
here in this sun-drenched land. But another part of me, a very feminine part, was glad that George had cared enough for me to drive a thousand miles and compete with Brant for my love. Then I laughed at the idea—because just now George wasn't showing any signs of competing very briskly, sitting quietly beside me and talking about Texas roads and the weather he'd gone through on the drive south! He hadn't even kissed me.

JUST after midnight, that strange voice came on the radio, as it had been doing every night for the past week. There was a crackling and sputtering that drowned out the regular station, and then very loud, over the noise, the harsh voice roared.

"This is a new secret station, set up to bring the people of America the truth," it said. "Your democracy has failed. All efforts to save it are doomed to failure. Unite now to bring yourselves a new life—an orderly life under the rule of a leader who will govern you wisely—"

I got up to turn it off. "That station comes in every night," I complained to George.

"Leave it on!" Then I looked at him. His face was harsh with rage. I had never been frightened of George, but I didn't like to look at him with that expression. It made me wonder if I had ever really known him.

He listened to the end, filled with that slow, consuming anger. "Those people should be put behind bars where they can't spout their filthy lies," he muttered.

"Oh, never mind that broadcast!" I said impatiently. It was so like George, I thought, to get upset about some unknown person on the air. Just as it was like him to come all this way to see me and then act as if I were only a casual acquaintance.

"That broadcast, as you call it, is more important than you or I will ever be," he said curtly, and a few minutes later stood up and said he was going to bed.

Later, alone, I lay awake with a deep sense of unreality. George was as familiar to me as my own right hand, and now, in the strange light and the strange air of Texas he had become in part of himself as strange as the land. And Brant? What was he? What he seemed or something else? And I? Was I Jeannette McClellan, who had always lived in North Dakota, a good little only child who said her prayers regularly? Probably that was what George wanted me to be.

I felt, suddenly, sorry for George, and knew that I hated to hurt him. But I had to! There'd been a time when I was ready to love him, but he hadn't seemed to want my kind of love. He wanted someone as sensible and reserved and—and stodgy—and he was himself!

I didn't see George until late the next afternoon. Mrs. Hathaway told me that he'd rented a car early in the morning and gone into town. And Brant didn't come at all. He must be angry because George is here, I thought.

When George came back he acted as though he had something on his mind. I was sitting on the patio and he dropped into the chair at my side.

"Jeannette," he said. "I've been meaning to ask you how you felt about Brant Whitley."

"Why do you care?" I said quickly.

A pity if Dry Skin Wrinkles age Your Face too soon

THS new smooth-skin care for your face is as simple, effective, as the famous Jergens Lotion care for your hands.

Just one cream is all you need—the new Jergens Face Cream! Made by the same skin scientists who make your favorite Jergens Lotion.

Look! You use Jergens Face Cream:

(1) for Cleansing; (2) for Softening your skin; (3) for a suave Foundation; and (4) for a Night Cream that helps your complexion to satiny-smoothness.

Call Jergens Face Cream your "One Jar" Beauty Treatment. Use it every day. 50¢, 75¢, $1.25; 25¢, 10¢. A sensation! Already over 6,000,000 jars have been used!
He'd Never Guess Her Age!

New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her lucky shade of face powder—the shade that flatters her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

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Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder today! Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the perfect shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way—blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer, smoother by far than ordinary powder. That's why its shades and texture are so flattering.

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Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

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FACE POWDER

Lady Esther,
714 W. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME
ADDRESS

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
“Workmen for what, Brant?” I asked him.

He laughed, carelessly. “My workshop. I guess I never showed it to you.”

“No.” Then I forgot it.

“But that guy, George, what’s the matter with him? Why is he staying?” Brant’s face became a thundercloud again when he thought of George.

“I guess he’s worried about me,” I said.

Was it relief that crossed Brant’s face? “Well, he should go home and not bother you.”

I didn’t see George that night, after Brant had taken me home, and I had resolved not to let him spoil the fun for me. If he chose to stay I would simply ignore him. But could I? All day with Brant thoughts of George had crept upon me, sometimes slowly and sometimes with a rush so that I had to blink to hide the tears from Brant.

The next morning when I went down to breakfast I kept thinking what I would do if George were there. If I ignored him, would he insist on speaking to me? Or would he ignore me? I almost tiptoed into the dining room. He wasn’t there! My heart sank a little, and I thought: This can’t be right. But it was.

I sat down and started to eat the food they placed before me, without even noticing what it was. I was tense and nervous, waiting for something. Then, entering the room and coming up behind me so quietly I didn’t hear him, George spoke. “Jeanette.”

I didn’t turn around, but went on conveying a section of grapefruit to my mouth with a hand that trembled. I tried to stop its trembling, because it was silly to be upset. Everything was over between George and me, and so it didn’t matter whether he stayed or went, whether he spoke to me or not. He came around the table and sat down opposite me. “Jeanette, I’d like to ask you not to go to Brant’s house today.”

It was the same George—the young lawyer, telling me what to do and what not to do. “Why not?” I said defiantly.

He colored and frowned. “Well—I thought maybe you’d like to go for a drive with me.”

His voice was so humble suddenly, so unlike him, that for a moment I couldn’t answer. It was the first time I’d ever seen him uncertain—the first time he’d ever asked me to do something instead of pointing out that it was the logical, sensible thing to do. I wavered, wanting all at once to say, “Yes, I would like to.” But I reminded myself that this was only temporary—once George and I were together again he’d go back to being inflexible and correct.

Still, I couldn’t trust myself to speak. I jumped up, leaving the rest of my breakfast uneaten, and ran from the room, out to the front of the inn to look for Brant. His car was just pulling into the driveway. He saw me and waved, and when the car stopped I jumped in as I was, without even getting my hat.

“Take me away!” I said. Brant looked at me strangely, but he did as I told him. As we left I caught a glimpse of George’s face as he came through the door. For a moment I thought he was going to try to stop us. Then he stood motionless, watching us out of sight.

“That’s a very stubborn guy,” Brant

**YOU’VE got the glooms... want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: “Snap out of it... I won’t be a slacker... there’s so much to do today!”**

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

**Making bandages this morning. A Defense Stamp luncheon. Then you’ve simply got to finish that navy helmet.**

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You’d be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

**What’s the answer?... simply give up? NO, a thousand times... there must be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!**

**There is a way!...**

Too bad if you’re one of those who didn’t discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it’s comfort you’re after... you’ll find Kotex is more comfortable!

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it’s naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing.

A lot different from pads that only “feel” soft at first touch.

Kotex does things for your confidence, too... builds you up and doesn’t let you down! That’s because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that keep your secret safe. And a moisture-resistant “safety shield” for extra protection.

So try Kotex... it won’t take you long to discover why it’s more popular than all other brands of pads put together. After all, that’s proof that Kotex stays soft... the best proof!

**Be confident...comfortable... carefree—with Kotex!**
murmured. "I wish he'd clear out." 

Something in his voice—something thoughtful and worried—made me turn and look at him. There was a puzzled frown on his brow, and he swung the heavy car around the curves of the road mechanically, as if his mind weren't on driving at all, although we were traveling at a high speed.

I wished then, without any real reason for wishing it, that I had gone for the ride with George. We climbed the hill to Brant's house, and when Brant stopped the car the desert silence came down like a warm yellow blanket—intensified, more than broken, by the faint humming of the grasshoppers that live in the bushes. Yet Brant stood beside the car, listening intently.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

He smiled, "Nothing. I just thought I heard something."

We went into the shadowy interior of the house, but Brant did not kiss me. He wandered restlessly about the big main room, lighting a cigarette, glancing out of the small, deep-set windows. I could feel an inexplicable tension mounting in the room, gathering, like electricity in the sky before a storm.

Brant paused to the back door, the one leading to the kitchen. "Manuel!" he called—and waited for the dark-skinned Mexican who was his only servant to answer. The door was perfectly still, except for that insect humming from outside. "Where is that gready devil?" Brant said furiously, and strode into the kitchen.

Real terror struck me then—struck me hard, like a blow in the pit of my stomach. It was terror at the silence of Brant's restlessness, and most of all of the brutal tone in his voice when he left to look for Manuel. Impelled by panic, I started for the outer door.

I had my hand on the knob when Brant whirled me around. "Get back!" he commanded. "You can't go out."

"But Brant—why? What's the matter?"

"I don't know . . . something . . ."

Now the humming was louder—it was not insects, it was a car grinding up the hill at high speed. Brant cursed, under his breath, hurriedly. Still holding me, he dragged me across the room. Behind a chest he took a smooth, wicked-looking rifle. He released me then, but he gestured with the gun.

"Come over here, near the door—but not too near. Just so I can watch you. And if you move—!"

By the time we were back to the door the car had stopped outside. I heard men's voices. Someone called, "Whitley! Open that door!"

There was a tiny, diamond-shaped pane of glass in the heavy oak door. With the barrel of his gun Brant shattered it, sighted quickly, pulled the trigger. The explosion was like that of a giant firecracker, and an instant later it was answered from outside. I heard bullets thud into the thick adobe wall beside me and saw splinters fly from the inside of the door. It could have lasted only a few seconds, but they seemed endless.

Brant staggered back, dropped his gun, fell. I saw blood on his face, and I think we screamed. Then the door had flown open and strong arms were about me, holding me tightly, and a voice, a voice, spoke the word, "George's, it was so shaken with emotion, was saying, "It's all right, darling. It's all right, it's all right."

I was in and over, like a phonograph record.

It was much later. George had taken me out of the house that was so sinister now, and was driving me down the hill, away from the men who were now swirling through the rooms, calling to each other and taking pictures into the bushes. Yet Brant stood beside the car, listening intently.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just thought I heard something."

We went into the shadowy interior of the house, but Brant did not kiss me. He wandered restlessly about the big main room, lighting a cigarette, glancing out of the small, deep-set windows. I could feel an inexplicable tension mounting in the room, gathering, like electricity in the sky before a storm.

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I was in and over, like a phonograph record.
A Romeo for Julie

Continued from page 26

when the cruise got under way again. She couldn't possibly see him again—
that is, not unless she happened to run into him the next day!

It couldn't have been in hopes of seeing him that she spent the fol-
lowing day sight-seeing Havana with a thoroughness not to be outdone by
the most avid tourist. She inspected
Morro Castle, trudged through miles of
twistetl, narrow streets, drove through sugar plantations, wandered
in and out of Sloppy Joe's, and stood
for some time in front of the impres-
sive Hotel Nacional. And of course,
since she did all this without any idea
of seeing Steve West, she had no rea-
ton to be disappointed when she
didn't.

The Christobal wasn't sailing until
midnight, so that evening Julie re-
turned to the casino. But although
she stayed as long as she could, watch-
ing many people lose money and a few
win it at the different tables, there
was no young man with a dare-devil
smile and an utterly impractical sys-
tem of playing roulette.

HUDDLED alone in a deck chair. Julie
watched the black mass of
Morro Castle slide past the ship—and
suddenly its sharp, stony lines were
blurred by a mist of tears. Because
she knew, and would go on knowing
for all the rest of her life, exactly
what the one man she could ever
looked like.

Nassau—sun blazing on little pink
and white doll houses, bronzed native
youngsters cutting deep down into
clear waters after tossed pennies,
and a tender to take you from the ship
to the shore, more natives begging you
to buy fruits, flowers, curios.

Julie walked along the main street,
idling, looking into shop windows,
watching the stream of bicycles spin-
ning past—and then her heart turned
over as rapidly and completely as one
of those very bicycle wheels.

"How about a carriage ride, Miss?
Got a fine, thoroughbred mare to take
you to our island's most famous coral reefs.
You'll see sand as soft as your skin
and water bluer than your eyes.

He was leaning out of the carriage
that had just drawn up beside her,
and he was laughing. Julie forgot all
about being angry.

"Steve!'" she cried joyously. "How
did you get here? Where have you
been?

He laid a solemn finger against his
lips. "Sh! I cannot tell you that,
Julie. Here on official business—very
official."

He jumped from the carriage
and helped her gallantly up the step.

"But it can wait until I show you
Nassau. Driver!" he commanded the
grinning native on the box, "To the
very best reefs there are in the
Bahamas."

There had been times in Julie's life
when she thought she was happy, but
today she discovered that those times
had been nothing but pale, washed-
out imitations of the real thing.

This was the spicy scent of exotic flowers,
and the strong beat of waves against
the coral reefs, the sun warming her
and the breeze fanning the warmth
away. It was a sensation of being so
alive that her body could scarcely
hold its own bursting vitality—and at
the same time it was a delicious languor
which was exactly like flot-

Dance into Romance... with
Blue Waltz

A fascinating, exciting fragrance that
fairly sings of romance and beauty. The
light-hearted loveliness of BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME promises gay times and walt-
inng conquests. Wear it—and dance into
romance! Now in a charming Mother's
Day package.

10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores

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REMOVED

by MOSCO

also Callouses. In-
grown Nails relieved.
Quick and easy. Just
rub on Jars, 25¢ and
30¢. At your drug-
gist. Economical!

PULVEX

FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ and 50¢
Which Tampon can you trust—and when?

YOU CAN TRUST FIBS, the Kotex Tampon... with Fibs you can change to shorts, play suit or even a bathing suit with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection... no pins, pads or belts... no chafing, no disposal problem.

A DOZEN FIBS ONLY 20¢. Not 8—not 10—but 12 for 20c. And only FIBS are quilted for greater comfort and safety... easy to insert without artificial means. (When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion... for none is needed.) You can trust Fibs... the Kotex Tampon... and Fibs save you money, too. Get a package today!

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

S

NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
12 FOR 20¢

(4 Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

ing through the tropic air.

It was, she guessed, being in love.

With the horse’s hooves clop-clopping over the ancient cobblestones, they drove out to the reefs, and left the carriage waiting while they walked along the beach, sat on the sand, stood up and walked some more.

Lunch-time came, and they went to a cafe in an old courtyard, where a waiter who must have been in it himself at one time, Julie thought, put them at a table a little distance from all the other diners and brought them food such as she had never tasted before.

Between courses they danced to the music of an orchestra which played, not too loudly, at the other end of the courtyard, and before either of them knew it the sun had dipped down behind the red-tiled roof and the day, the wonderful, perfect day, was over.

And still she didn’t know anything about Steve West, beyond his name and the fact that life without him would be as empty as a pair of dancing slippers on the morning after the ball.

“Time for you to get back on the ship, Julie,” he said gently. “Time to say good-bye.”

“But... won’t I see you again?”

Pride made her try to keep the question casual, but instead it came out all quavery and faint. Not again! her heart was crying. When I’ve only just found you, don’t run away from me again.

His face changed and the tender half-smile on his lips vanished, leaving them straight and bitter. It frightened her, because just then he looked almost as if he disliked her. Then he said curtly, “Maybe. Who knows? But you can’t just send me back to the ship as if—as if you’d lost interest in me and didn’t want me around any more!”

“Aren’t you forgetting Edgar?” he asked harshly.

Julie caught her breath in amazement. “Wh—what do you know about Edgar?”

“More than I’d like to,” he told her in a grim tone. “I know that you’re supposed to marry him.”

“I’m not! I mean—” She stopped. How to explain Edgar to this young man who was looking at her now like a judge—who seemed to know so much about her that he might really be what he’d jokingly claimed, an international spy?

“You don’t seem to be very sure,” he said. “And I guess that means it really is time to send you back to the ship.”

He didn’t go with her. He put her into the carriage and told the driver where to go, and when she looked back he’d disappeared.

It was only six o’clock in the evening, but it might have been a few minutes after midnight, and she might have been Cinderella, because that was how she felt.

Everything had happened so quickly! One minute she had been so happy, and the next all that happiness had been shattered like thin glass and Steve was talking about Edgar without even explaining how he knew about Edgar in the first place or what he thought Edgar meant to him. And then, before she’d had time to collect her wits, it was all over and Steve was gone.

“If I’d only had time!” she sobbed, alone in her cabin on the ship. “If it hadn’t been so mixed-up and sudden—and Steve hadn’t looked so stern and—”

She tried to puzzle it out. Could he have only been enjoying himself with her? But no, that couldn’t be it, or he would have acted differently when he sent her back to the ship.

Almost, she wished she had never met him. It might have been better that she had not given him this love so much if you’d never had it.

The dinner song sounded, but she stayed where she was, and she was still there when the powerful engines far beneath her began to throb and the ship pushed its way, slowly at first and then faster and faster, through the water that came up from the sea of New York. It was a relief, in a way, to be on her way home. At least New York wouldn’t keep reminding her of Steve.

It wasn’t easy to get through the three days of the return trip, hating the Christobel and everything and everyone on it. She tried staying in her stateroom but the stewardess was too solicitous, continually wanting to know if she were ill. Then she went on deck, but the slight of happy people made her more forlorn.

The memory of one wonderful afternoon wasn’t much to bring back from a holiday cruise.

On the last day out she wandered listlessly over the ship. It was a miracle of efficiency and cleanliness, and the ship had been interested, but she wasn’t. Exploring it was only a means of helping the lagging minutes. Three days of that!

Hardly noticing where she was going, she went along passageways and down steps, around corners and down more steps, until she was on a platform above the engine room. For a while she looked down at the machinery; there was something hypnotic and thus comforting about its heavy, unvarying motion. But at last she turned to go back—and stopped, one hand pressed to her breast to quiet the sudden wild beating of her heart.

A man in a white officer’s uniform had just walked along the corridor, past the open door leading onto the platform.

“Steve!” she called, above the roar of the engines, and ran after him. “Steve!”

She overtook him in the corridor, seized his arm and faltered. “Steve— I don’t know what you’re doing down here—but you’re not—you’re not going to explain why you’re so angry and— and mean—”

Steve looked down at her unhappily. There was an air of the young buccaneer about him now. “I’d rather you hadn’t found me,” he said, “but since you have— Come on in here.” He might have been in a tiny office, containing a desk, a chair, a few charts and diagrams. “This is my place,” he remarked indifferently. “I’m supposed to be learning the shipping business—my father’s a director of this line.”

“How did you know about Edgar, Steve?” She must avoid all three questions now, all the questions she had been too confused to ask before.

“I’ve known him a long time. He knew my father and— and— and when you booked passage he asked me to keep an eye on you for him.”

“To keep an eye— But why? I don’t understand.”

Steve avoided her puzzled gaze. “I
She was going to cry in a minute, and she'd rather die than let him see the tears in her eyes. She hurried and ran out of the cabin. He came after her and caught her hand, and was trying to hold her back, pleading, "I didn't want to do this to you—or myself—or Edgar. I've had to fight with myself every minute to stay down here with the engines and not let you know I was aboard. Please don't be angry."

He broke off, because a smartly uni- formed page-boy had just turned the corner into the corridor. He had an envelope in his hand. Steve released her, and they stood in embarrassed silence while the boy approached and offered the envelope.

"A radiogram for you, Mr. West."

"Oh. Thanks. Don't go away, Julie—"

But deliberately he ripped the flap open and scanned the message. And after a second of startled incredulity he began to laugh—joyous laughter that swept away Julie's misery by its very infectiousness. "Oh, poor Edgar!" he gasped. "Poor, poor Edgar!"

"Steve—what in the world?"

For answer, he held out the radio- gram. Julie took it and read, "Anna- bella and I are making up and getting married again. I can't face Julie, so will you break the news?"

She had to read the words twice before they made any sense, but when they did she felt as if the whole weight of the S.S. Christoval had been sud- denly lifted from her heart. She turned a shining face to Steve.

"That's why I was being unfair to you—because I was afraid you'd fall in love with someone else."

"Oh!" Julie breathed. "How—horrible."

"I didn't want to. I told him so. I told him if he didn't have any more faith in you than that, he'd better forget about marry- ing you. That's why he and his first wife, Annabella, split up and got divorced—because he never would trust her. I didn't know," Steve fin- ished, still not looking at her, "that maybe Edgar—had a right—to be nervous about you too."

The hot blood flamed in Julie's cheeks. "You think I was deliberately throwing Edgar over after I'd promised to marry him? But I didn't! I never said I'd marry him!"

"You didn't!" His eyes were on her now, a bright, blazing blue. "You didn't? But I was sure—that is, I took it for granted, that if Edgar wanted me to watch you—you must be engaged."

"And so you took on the job!" Julie said furiously. "No wonder you said you were a spy, because you are! A sneaky, nasty spy! It didn't make any difference to you that I might really fall in love with Edgar!"

"Julie—I'm sorrier than I can say, about everything. I didn't mean to spy on you—I told Edgar I wouldn't. I didn't even know it was you, that first night in the cabin, and when I found out your name I knew I ought to leave you right away, only—I just couldn't—"
Everyday Sheet Washed 87 Times; No Sign of Wear

Laboratory Tests Show Linit-Starched Cotton Wears And Wears; Looks Like New

It's a wise homemaker who gives her sheets a light Linit-starching. Linit keeps sheets (in fact, everything washable) fresh and clean-looking longer. It gives suppleness, smooth finish. It makes cotton sheets feel and look like linen.

Linit helps fine fabrics resist laundering wear.

Free! The helpful "Linit Laundry Chart". Write Corn Products Sales Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-5.

What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7

But he didn't go to WJAS, where his father was an executive. He wanted to get a radio job on his own merits, not through influence, so he went to KQV and, using the name of Jimmy Thompson, asked for an audition. They handed him a piece of copy bristling with words he'd never seen before. He looked at it, gasped, and said clearly into the microphone so that all the auditioning board might hear: "I don't know how to pronounce any of these words, so I won't try. I've never heard an announcer use such words anyway, so why try to pronounce them?"

After this outburst, he expected to be shown the door. Instead, he was rushed into the manager's office, hired, and put to work on September 1, his twentieth birthday.

Jimmy was born in the Oakland district of Pittsburgh, the same section which contains Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh. He grew up here, playing baseball and going in for track at Schenley High School.

On September 5, 1939, he married Maria D'Amore, who sings on the air in Pittsburgh, and whom he met after entering radio. They have a child, Robert Arthur, born last October, and are one of the happiest young couples in town. But Jimmy still remembers that audition script, and how he might have been out of radio before he started if he'd tried to pronounce the words in it.

... CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Olin Tice, popular announcer on Charlotte's station WBT, isn't like most people. He honestly doesn't like compliments. So nothing will be said here about his good looks or his excellent singing voice. It's all right, though, to mention that he has a large stamp collection, because it, and the rare specimens it contains, are something Olin has been known to boast about.

As an announcer, Olin is equally good at reading commercials, broadcasting the latest news, acting as master of ceremonies, or getting up front of a microphone without a script and just talking. It's his sense of humor, though, that endears him to most listeners. As an example of this quality of his, there's the story of Cleo the Cow.

Olin was on the air one morning playing records of popular music for listeners. He got bored after a while, and so he decided to have a little fun with some sound effects records. Picking sound effects at random, he came across one labelled "cow moo," and put it on the turntable, remarking that listeners would now hear his new air partner, whose name was Cleo. To the great surprise of both Olin and everyone at the station, Cleo's one broadcast made her so popular that listeners wrote in demanding that she be kept on the air. So Olin would pretend to milk Cleo every morning, and would carry on a line of chatter with her—Olin doing the talking and Cleo the mooing. Finally, after a year of this, Olin began to suspect that Cleo's popularity was waning, but he couldn't figure out how to take her off the air. Luckily, about this time, Peers and the Bull became famous. Olin simply married Cleo off to Ferdinand and retired her to a domestic life.

Olin has always been pretty definite about his ambitions—knowing what he wanted out of life and what he didn't want and wouldn't accept. Only once did he change his mind. That was when he met the present Mrs. Tice. She was a radio commentator, and so attractive and talented that he forgot his vow never to marry anyone even remotely connected with radio. He's never regretted that change of plan.

Two more additions to the growing list of radio shows forced off the air by war and priorities are Kate Hopkins and We, the Abbotts, both daytime serials. They leave the air together, in the first week of April.

Looking smart in her American Women's Voluntary Services uniform, Benay Venuta recently starred on a Fred Waring broadcast.
You Showed Me the Way

Continued from page 17

plenty of everything here on earth for us,” he went on. “All we have to do is reach out for it. Here you are, a beautiful girl; of course you’re here for some reason. And He never intended for you to have that long sad face. He meant for you to smile.”

“Could you smile,” I asked, “if you hadn’t eaten for two days?”

Alec’s mouth dropped open. “Two—days?” he repeated.

“That’s right.”

“Oh, oh.” He shook his head in disapproval. “That won’t do.” Then he brightened. “Now here I have a pocket in my trousers,” he said. “If this pocket were generous, it should have—

His hand came out of the pocket, holding one copper cent.

“Hm!” he sighed. “Not very generous today . . . Poor little fellow—

he’s been all alone in there for quite a while.”

“You too?” I asked incredulously.

“But you look so—

“Prosperous!” Well, I felt that way, really. Honestly I do. You see, I just say to my stomach, ‘My friend, the Old Man in the Clouds says it is good to fast once in a while.’ And my stomach replies, ‘Okay, boss, I’ve been getting overworked lately anyhow, so I’ll take a rest with you.’ And both of us, my stomach and I, are quite happy about it.”

He beamed, but it wasn’t the kind of humor I could appreciate just then. “It seems to me your Old Man in the Clouds is letting you down,” I said.

“Not Him! He never lets anyone down who understands Him.” Now, let us just take stock. What do you want? What do I want?”

“Food, mostly,” I remarked.

“Food! Now, where is there food?”

He looked all around us, then pointed in triumph. “There, across the street. It says—Automat.”

“Have you ever been in an automat?” I asked. “Do you know what separates you from the food? Nickels!”

Then nickels are the immediate need, he exclaimed. “Nickels—nickels—nickels . . . Which way from here is the railroad station?”

“Why . . . over at Park Avenue and Forty-second Street. But what—

“Come on!” It was a command. “We’re going to get nickels.”

I DIDN’T know, then or in the next hour, which of us was crazy. Everything that had happened since Alec Rimash walked into Miss Patterson’s office had the fantastic, weird quality of a dream. And yet—there was something awfully nice about him—about his rugged face, not so handsome but pleasant and kind, and his uncon-ventional talk about the Old Man up in the Clouds. For the first time since I’d come to New York, I felt as if I had a friend. That can mean when you’re hungry and lonely and have been locked out of your rooming house because you couldn’t pay the rent.

Alec rushed me to Grand Central and looked around until he found a long row of tall vacant booths. Then he began darting into the booths, one after the other, staying in each just long enough to poke his forefinger into the slot where coins are returned. Most
Dear Diary

He said he loved my hair

Jim said the lovely sparkle and gleam of my hair was the first thing that made him notice me. And yet it was only a few days ago...

of the telephones yielded nothing at all, but every now and then Alec would emerge clutching a nickel.

"You'll be sorry," I protested. "You'll be arrested for stealing."

"I'm not stealing anything. I wouldn't stoop to that," Alec replied.

"You are, Alec. Those nickels belong to somebody."

"They belong to us," Alec said, and jumped up and ran away, "Aha! Another one—that's three!"

"Alec, that money belongs to the phone company!"

"Only nickels inside the phone box belong to the company," Alec insisted. "These were left here for us, by people that had to run and catch a train. The Old Man in the Clouds knew I'd be here looking for them, so he made those people be in a hurry." He went on down the rank of booths, skipping the one I'd been in and suddenly he yelled ecstatically, "Look—two quarters! We hit the jackpot! Someone must have been in a terrible hurry to catch his train."

He finished his explorations and counted the money; we had two quarters and six nickels, eighty cents.

"Now, tell me truthfully," Alec said over the stew and spaghetti we bought in the automat, "do you feel like a criminal for having reached out for nickels in the station?"

"Nnno," I admitted, "I guess not..." The food was really too good for me to feel anything just then, but comfort and satisfaction.

"Of course you don't," Alec said. "They were just like cherries on a tree, there to be picked by somebody."

"You know," I said, "I can't figure you out. Who are you? What do you do? Where do you come from?"

Alec shrugged. "I have been a waiter. I have been a chauffeur—and I have been an extra in motion pictures—and I have been what might be disparagingly called a tramp. In fact, some unkind people might say I am a tramp at this very moment, for the reason I have not had a job to live for the past three days. Last night I had a good night's sleep in a parked car whose door I found open. It was warm and very comfortable. And when the owner found me in the morning he gave me half a package of cigarettes and suggested I register at Miss Patterson's employment agency—where I saw you."

"The owner of the car didn't mind you sleeping there?"

"He was a very charming man," Alec said, "and he looked so well in his uniform."

"His uniform?"

"He was a policeman," Alec explained simply.

"But what about this philosophy of yours?" I pursued. "You're not always taken care of, no matter what you say."

"Oh, but I am," he insisted. "That is, if I want anything honestly and sincerely enough. Look, didn't we honestly and sincerely want food? Well—we got it. Because we wanted it, and reached out for it."

I smiled, and he knew I couldn't make myself believe what he said. "Look, let's try it," he urged. "Isn't there something you'd really wanted for a long time—something your heart has ached for?"

"Well—of course," I said, "But I stopped trying. When you listen to me, it sounds so stupid and so ridiculously feminine, I couldn't bring myself to mention it. If Alec's Old man in the Clouds was really listening, He'd think I was weak and not worth bothering about. And Alec would think so too."

"Go on. Don't be afraid to confess it," Alec said. "It doesn't matter what it is—just so it's something you really want all right," I said. "I haven't had a really good dress on for so long. Every time I look at this thing I'm wearing I have the most awful longings just to hang on me, even for a minute, something good and smart. I know it's silly, when I should be wanting and wishing for so many things."

Alec wasn't shocked. "I don't think it's silly. If that's what you want, let's go after it!" I started to object, then hesitated. "Fifth Avenue's only a block away—and that's where the stylish dresses are!"

Again I was being hurried along the streets, and I thought, "Thank you—to be sure, we couldn't—and again Alec was paying no attention to me. He stopped in front of a plate-glass-and-platinum shop and eyed it appraisingly.

"Cecile's," he said. "This place all right?"

"Oh, it—it's one of the smartest shops in the country!" I said in awe.

"All right—let's go in!" And before I could stop him he'd opened the heavy door and was marching inside—into the softly lighted, heavily carpeted room where a few women were looking at dresses. Not very many women, and not very many dresses, because Cecile's is very exclusive and terribly expensive, and doesn't believe in putting all its wares out where everyone can see them.

A woman with silvery-gray hair and a black dress came up to us, purring, "Good afternoon. May I help you?"

I was too frightened to speak, but Alec wasn't. In his best manner he answered, "Thank you—to be sure you may. Miss Karnes wishes to try on a dress—a beautiful one, the most exquisite thing you have."

"Something for evening, Miss Karnes?"

"Why—I—"

Swiftly, Alec came to my rescue. "Yes please, something for evening.

"If you'll just be seated—" and she walked away toward a cabinet at the other side of the room.

"You see?" Alec whispered. "She said, 'May I help you?' Isn't it wonderful that there are people in the world who offer help to those who want it?"

"We're going to need help all right when they find out we have no money," I whispered back. My heart was pounding so hard it didn't seem possible that the other people in the shop couldn't hear it, and when I saw the saleswoman coming back carrying a filmy dress of opalescent satin I wondered if the earth would open up and swallow me.

"Oh, it's lovely!" was all I could say when she held it up for me to see.

"Isn't it?" she agreed smoothly. "And a particularly good buy just now. It was a hundred dollars, but I can let you have it for two hundred and twenty-five... Shall I have one of our girls measure you, or would you prefer to try it on?"
“Miss Karnes would like to try it on—decidedly,” Alec said with his most charming smile.

“Then if you’ll come into the dressing room—”

But we had just entered the dressing room when another saleswoman rushed up and said in a low, hurried voice, “Oh, Miss Moore, can you help me with Mrs. Alderdice? She’s been here for an hour and she hasn’t found anything she likes and—well—”

Miss Moore sighed, apologized quickly to me, and left—to my very great relief. I don’t believe I could have kept my hands from trembling under her scrutiny as I changed into the new dress. But when I had put it on, and saw myself in the mirror, all my nervousness suddenly fell away. It wasn’t possible to be nervous in that dress. When I put it on, I seemed to put on poise and courage too. The dress said, plainly as could be, “The girl that wears me is rich and beautiful and clever, and everyone admires her and she’ll always have everything she wants.”

I WENT out to where Alec was waiting. His eyes traveled all over me, getting wider all the time. “You’re simply—overwhelming!” he said in a hushed voice as if it were another person—the person you should be!”

“I’ll be the dress,” I said. “I feel for the first time that I’m somebody—I can’t explain how I feel—as if I’d never known until now what it was to be alive.” Pivoting in front of the mirror, I admired the soft, clinging lines, the way soft, cloudy colors in the fabric came and went. And I said, “I know this dress isn’t mine. I know I’m going to have to take it off and go out of here with my drab little thing—but it doesn’t seem to make any difference. Knowing that I can look like this and feel like this—has changed my entire life.”

Alec laughed, warmly and affectionately. “But the real you has always been there,” he said. “It only needed bringing out.”

A cross, discontented feminine voice broke the spell. It came from a woman who was watching past us on her way to the door, and it said: “I don’t know what’s happened to this shop. I haven’t been able to find a dress like this!”

Miss Moore was walking beside her, apologizing. “But Mrs. Alderdice—Cecile has some new models coming in tomorrow—”

“If they’re like the ones you have now—!” She wasn’t a very old woman, just tired and unhappy looking, with a bitter face. Her glance swept over me imperiously—and abruptly she stopped. “There! That’s the kind of dress I’m looking for—there on that model. Why didn’t you show that to me?”

“Why, I—” Miss Moore began, in a voice that sounded as if she were starting to say, “I did!” Mrs. Alderdice wasn’t listening, though; she swooped down on me and ordered, “But do—around—girl—that’s—perfect! It’s exactly what I’ve been looking for. For how much?”

“Er—!” Miss Moore opened her mouth in astonishment, but again Mrs. Alderdice paid no attention.

“What’s the price on that?” she asked me.

I swallowed. “Four hundred dollars,” I said.

“T’ll take it. Send it to me tomorrow morning.” She swept out of the store.
Half the day, 
Half the Battle

AMERICA'S BREAKFAST! Probably no other nation relies so much on the energy in a bowl of cereal to carry it through its morning's work.

CEREALS can be hot or cold, crunchy or smooth, but still they offer us a tempting and satisfying source of body 'fuel' to make the engine go.

Another fine thing about cereals is that they taste so good with milk or cream and fruits, which are also rich in needed food factors.

Whether it is school children with finicky appetites or a hungry mechanic who needs stamina for the day's work, it is some sort of cereal that gets millions started on a productive day.

This is why the nutrition experts always include these products of grain in lists of "must" foods.

THE MAGIC FOODS
It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food— for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America
the store. Miss Moore wilted, and began to apologize again, this time to me. "Please, my dear, it's Miss Karnes—but Mrs. Alderice is one of our oldest customers. Had you decided—" fearfully—"to take the dress?"

"No, I'm not," I said. "I've already bought a new dress, and you know I never wear the same one twice."

"Oh, I'm so relieved! And if you don't mind me saying so, you model that dress beautifully. In fact, none of your girls has been able to stop it off at all—the way it was marked down.

"I'm so glad, I hope you haven't perturbed because Miss Karnes marked it back up for you?"

"Perturbed?" Miss Moore giggled. "I think, if you even want to try your hand in a dress shop, just come to me. I'll give you a position any time."

I stopped breathing. I tried to answer, but I couldn't. Alec, on the other side of Miss Moore, suddenly grinned at me and pointed upward with his forefinger. Then he stepped closer to Miss Moore.

"Miss Moore," he said confidentially, "may I speak with you privately for a moment?"

I stood there and watched Alec walk away with Miss Moore, talking rapidly and eagerly, in a low, murmuring voice. Would it work—could it work? But that would be too wonderful!

It seemed ages before Alec came back. But when he did, he was smiling confidently. "Marie," he repeated, "the job is yours. You start at nine o'clock tomorrow morning—and Miss Moore said you could draw ten dollars now, in advance. That's how much you take care of your room rent."

"Oh, Alec!" I said, blinking back the happy tears. "How can I ever show you how grateful I am?"

"Don't be grateful to me. Thank the Old Man up in the Clouds. Didn't I tell you He never lets anyone down?"

"You're right, Alec! He never does!"

And just then, for the first time since I had met him—was it possible that it had been only that morning?—Alec seemed to be at a loss. He looked down at his hands, twisted it between his hands, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other."

Y YOU really believe that now?" he asked. "That the Old Man gives you what you want if you only want it hard enough?"

"Yes," I said. "I do."

"Then," he said, still in that same hesitant, timid way, "do you suppose—seeing how much I want it—He'd fix things so I could see you again? And later on, when I've got a job, so I could see you—a very great deal?"

I smiled, and if Alec had looked up then, that smile would have told him all he needed to know. But he didn't, and I said, "I think—I think He already has fixed things that way, Alec."

Lorenzo Jones

Continued from page 23

apparently unable to settle down anywhere. Belle had seen that nervousness before. It always preceded a "new idea," some new invention. When inventions stirred in Lorenzo's head, he stirred with them. Belle tried to put the thought out of her mind. It was ridiculous, she told herself. That Lorenzo was working on another idea. She was quite sure he hadn't been in his workshop for almost a month, now. Unless—he gulped—Sunday afternoon when she visited Judy, he might have gone out to the workshop, he might have been busy. She hesitated. She felt a little ashamed for suspecting Lorenzo after all his promises, but—she was rather glad that the doorbell put a stop to her thinking, at the moment.

As Belle hurried into the living room, Lorenzo was just shaking Anna's hand. "Welcome to the workshop of Lorenzo Jones," inventor," he was saying with a smile. "I'm glad you came, Anna," Belle said warmly. "Thank you," Anna said sweetly. "It's nice of you to have me."

BELLE excused herself and went back to the kitchen to finish preparing the tea. She could hear them in the living room. Their voices. Now and then, Lorenzo's voice rising above Anna's excitedly. Then, there was silence. Nervously, Belle hurried to get through the kitchen. When she returned to the living room, pushing the serving table Lorenzo had built for her ten years before, Lorenzo and Anna were gone.

For a moment, Belle stood in the center of the room, stunned and oddly frightened. Then, she shook her head slowly and smiled. It was a sad, understanding smile. In spite of all her talk, Lorenzo hadn't been able to resist showing Anna his workshop. Belle wondered. She felt a little ashamed for suspecting Lorenzo after all his promises, but—she was rather glad that the doorbell put a stop to her thinking, at the moment.

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Do's and Don'ts about Tampons

Don't be old-fashioned!

Meds, the Modern tampons, are scientifically correct. They are designed by a leading woman's doctor—after years of scientific experimenting with all kinds of tampons. Comfortable? You're as free as any other day! No pins. No odors. No bulges. Faster to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

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under her gaze. "Belle," he said, "would you mind not staring at me like that?"

"Lorenzo," Belle said firmly. "If I believe you have something to tell me, something that's been on your mind these last few days."

"Why, Belle!" Lorenzo said innocently. "What could I have to tell you?"

"I know you, Lorenzo," Belle said pointedly.

"Well," Lorenzo said, avoiding her eyes. "loosely speaking—maybe I do have something to tell you."

It took her a while to get to the point. He talked around and around it, while Belle waited, her nerves all tight. She was afraid she knew what Lorenzo was going to say. But, she said. "Here I am, plodding along from day to day. Would you think, Belle, that a big success with Anna, my love?"

"Go on," Belle said, gripping the arms of the rocker.

"Belle—out of the blue, an idea has come to my mind. Do you follow me, dear?"

"I think I do," Belle said. "You're referring to a new idea for an invention."

Her voice, suddenly found strength, "Lorenzo, I don't want to be mean or difficult, but you made me a promise that you would give up inventing."

"But, Belle," Lorenzo pleaded. "This idea—"

"No, Lorenzo," Belle said sharply. "This is no time to be inventing. You have your job at the garage. You keep your mind on that and I'll tend to the budget and some day you'll have a garage of your own."

"But, Belle," Lorenzo protested, "Anna thinks—"

"I don't care to discuss what Miss Hunter thinks," Belle interrupted. She looked reproachfully at Lorenzo. "Lorenzo, I'm terribly disappointed in you. I'm afraid, she sighed, 'would rather listen to a young girl's flattery, than to your own wife."

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo complained, "I think your attitude toward Anna is unfair."

"Unfair!" Belle cried, her temper rising. "You've only seen her twice and already she's put those foolish ideas in your head."

"My ideas are my own, Belle," Lorenzo said defensively. "If the young woman sees someone a man stifled by society, his talents going to ruin—"

"I'd rather not talk about what Miss Hunter sees in you," Belle said. Then, her voice grew softer. "Tell me, my love, let's not quarrel. You promised me you'd give up your inventing and your schemes."

"Perhaps I did, Belle," Lorenzo said miserably.

In the days that followed, Belle often wondered if it were possible that her suspicions of Anna Hunter were unfounded. The girl visited them frequently, but formally, Belle thought, but she was always very sweet and friendly to Belle. Yet, every time she did call, after a few friendly words, Belle always suspected that Anna was disappearing, almost like magic, with Lorenzo. Sometimes, in the evenings, they would go on long walks together. They spent these walks in Lorenzo's workshop, sometimes with Lorenzo's friend, Nick Peabody, sometimes entirely alone.

Belle wanted to be reasonable about it. After all, Anna was a lonely girl in a strange town. It was quite natural that she should want to be friends with everyone. Belle even thought it was very natural that Anna, like most young women of her age, should have her head full of thoughts of romance and adventure. What bothered Belle was why Anna saw these things in Lorenzo.

At last, Belle more or less forced herself to decide to tell Anna what she thought was kind to Lorenzo. Their walks, their long hours together in the work-shop, were surely harmless. In a way, Belle thought it Lorenzo would have a chance to talk about his past exploits. She hoped that if he talked enough, he'd tell the get-rich-quick schemes and inventions. What if Anna did flatter Lorenzo? A little flattery couldn't hurt him and might actually make things easier. Belle was glad she could look at it so sensibly, but, deep down, she knew she'd be happy when Anna was gone and over and she returned to Chicago.

SOMEHOW, being sensible in her thinking, didn't do for Belle for it, when it happened. It was a night, like every other night and she was making dinner for Lorenzo. She never knew whether it was the thought, that brought her into the hall, where she came on Lorenzo at the telephone. His back was to her. She was about to speak to him, when she got his number.

"Hello," Lorenzo said, "this the flower shop? I'd like to send two dozen American Beauties to Miss Anna Hunter." Belle caught her breath. "That's at Jim Barker's house on Elm Street," Lorenzo said. "And sign my name, Lorenzo Jones."

Belle hurried back to the kitchen, her eyes blinded by quick tears. She lingered over the meal, hoping Lorenzo wouldn't come in and see her. She fought against the tears, finally mastering them, but she felt cold all over, when she finally put the meal on the table and sat down opposite Lorenzo, her heart grew heavier by the minute, waiting, hoping against hope that Lorenzo would explain his actions.

Lorenzo talked on gaily. Belle found herself thinking bitterly, he should never have engaged in a wonderful happy mood. Again and again, she wanted to bring up the subject of the telephone call, but each time she tried, the words stuck in her throat. If he didn't want to tell me, she thought, hurried into the kitchen to hide her tears, then it must be true.

Even as she thought it, it seemed unbelievable. After all their years together, their struggles, their shared triumphs and their hardships, and whom she loved so much, was in love with a silly young woman half his age. Several times, in the long night, Belle wanted to confront him with the torment and anguish in her heart. She watched him sleep, her eyes glistening with tears. His evasiveness, the sneaking around behind her back, Anna Hunter's honeyed words, all these things lent a cruel edge to her anger passed quickly and left her with a sense of loneliness and frustration.

Looking at Lorenzo's face, calm and peaceful in sleep, Belle began to cry softly. Unwillingly, she thought of the past. She remembered the shy, awkward young man whom everyone thought so impractical, but in whom she had had so much faith. How young and vibrant she had felt then! How
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sure she had been that nothing could ever stand in the way of their life together, that nothing could stop Lorenzo from becoming the great, fine man he dreamed of becoming.

And she thought of their years together, of all the little things that you couldn't put into thoughts that made any sense, and yet, were so important.

She remembered the joys and excitement they had shared, the many failures she had helped him through with a deep faith in his honesty and fairness.

FROM a long way off, she heard the front doorbell ringing. She tried to blink the sleep out of her eyes, as she pulled on a robe and hurried downstairs. Judy Peabody stood in the doorway, looking young and sweet in a bright blue coat and perky hat.

"Belle," Judy said, "Why it's almost eleven-thirty."

"Eleven-thirty!" Belle gasped. "Lorenzo must have gone to work without his breakfast."

Something about the way Judy prat- tled cheerfully and vaguely, while Belle had her breakfast, made Belle suspect that she knew about the way Lorenzo had been carrying on. Judy always a touch absent-minded, Belle decided to find out what Judy knew. She told her about the flowers, purposely making light of the whole thing. Judy was silent.

"Belle," Judy said, "I think you ought to take Anna Hunter more seriously."

"Why, Judy?" Belle asked softly, carefully hiding her panic.

"I don't think Lorenzo's in any danger."

"Maybe not," Judy said unconvincingly. "But she's started Lorenzo inventing again. And Nick is wasting his time on the invention, too, and I don't like it."

The fact that Lorenzo was working on another invention seemed trivial and unimportant to Belle, now, in the light of the greater danger. "What sort of an invention, Judy?" she asked absently.

"Something about a tire chain," Judy said indignant. "Doesn't that sound silly?"

"Yes," Belle said, "I suppose it does."

"What are you going to do, Belle?"

Judy asked anxiously.

"Do?" Belle asked, this time not quite hiding her fear. "What can I do?"

Judy's eyes grew big and round and angry. "Belle Jones, you're a very attractive woman—an very lovely woman. It seems to me you ought to be able to make Lorenzo forget all about that Hunter woman. All you need is a new get-up, something that will open his eyes and show him how blind he's been.

"Oh, I couldn't afford—" Belle began, but Judy caught her up.

"You can afford anything that's as important as this. I'm going to take you downtown this minute."

"Judy—as—and almost before Belle knew what was happening she found herself in the best store in town, trying on dresses and hats and shoes and vivid, bright accessories. She stared at herself in the mirrors, surprised by the changes a few new clothes could bring about. It seemed as if her tears had visibly melted from her age.

"Belle," Judy gasped at one point, "you look absolutely seductive in that dress. Buy it."

Belle blushed. "It's a little daring but..."

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and young for me, I'm afraid," she said.

"Nonsense!" Judy scoffed. "Buy it!"

And Belle did.

THAT night, standing before her mirror, all dressed up in the new things she had bought, Belle was not at all displeased with what she saw. Her eyes seemed to have a deeper blueness in them and her hair, after Madame Cunard's treatment, was soft and lustrous. Of course, she thought with a blush, her figure wasn't quite what it used to be. But, on the whole, she was satisfied.

She felt like a young girl waiting for a date, when the time drew near for Lorenzo to come home. She was nervous and excited, just like Lorenzo when he was inventing, she couldn't seem to settle down anywhere. She hadn't prepared supper. She thought it would be nice to go out, to show off a little bit, to make Lorenzo feel proud of her.

She was upstairs, before her mirror again, when she heard the front door open. Her heart jumped. She calmed herself and then walked out into the hall and slowly began to descend the stairs. Lorenzo had already settled himself in his favorite chair, his face hidden behind the evening paper.

"Lorenzo," Belle said, "I've got a surprise for you.

Lorenzo's face came out from behind the paper. "Surprise, my dear?"

His face disappeared behind the paper again. "What kind of surprise?"

"Lorenzo," Belle said, sitting in a chair opposite him, "would you mind coming out from behind that paper?"

Lorenzo sighed loudly and put the paper in his lap. "Of course, my dear." He looked blankly at his wife. "Oh, what's this surprise, Belle?" he asked patiently. "Something special for supper?"

Suddenly, Belle felt very tired and utterly defeated.

"I haven't prepared supper, Lorenzo," she said slowly. "You can open up a can of beans and there's some ham, and better and cold potatoes in the ice box."

"Hm," Lorenzo said. "Something wrong?"

"Wrong! Something wrong! Belle felt all chocked up inside. "No, Lorenzo," she said weakly, "nothing's wrong, nothing at all."

Lorenzo shook his head. "Golly, Belle," he said, "you're not very gay tonight."


"Lorenzo smiled tolerantly. "A person ought to be gay and giddy once in awhile, Belle. It makes you feel good. That's my rule. When things are black, I throw care to the four winds. It's a good system."

He stretched his arms and added, "Well, I think I'll step into the workshop for a few minutes. You don't mind, do you, Belle?"

"No," Belle said.

"Let me know when we're ready to eat," he said from the doorway. He paused. "Then, you know, Belle, I was thinking about all the human emotions, like love, fear, hope and jealousy. Each plays its part—but the dangerous one is jealousy. He could have been a nice, understanding—no jealousy business. Do you follow me, Belle?"

He closed the door after him, and Belle looked into tears. She couldn't remember ever having felt so hopelessly crushed. He didn't notice any change in her, she thought miserably, not one, single, solitary change. It seemed to her this meant only one thing. Lorenzo really hadn't noticed her for years. For years, their marriage had consisted of a thing, vital thing the way she had thought it had been. She had grown older and Lorenzo had grown younger.

BELLE went back upstairs and began taking off her new clothes. She slipped into a house dress, not quite knowing what to do next. Even in her misery, she thought that Lorenzo must be hungry and would be calling for his supper, when he came in from the workshop. She managed to stop crying, before going down to the kitchen, but, as she passed the big mirror, she noticed that her eyes were red and swollen. She got supper from odds and ends in the ice box. Lorenzo came in whistling.

"I'm starved, Belle," he said. "So to speak, I'm famished and in need of sustenance."

"Yes, Lorenzo," Belle said weakly, keeping her back to him. "Say, Belle," Lorenzo said, "something troubling you?"

"No," Belle said, in a voice she could barely hear herself. She felt the hot tears on her face again.

She felt Lorenzo's hand on her shoul-
der and she tried to move away.

"Belle Jones!" Lorenzo said in a frightened voice. "Something's happened—something your husband ought to know about."

Belle faced him. His eyes were round with surprise. He looked puzzled.

"Oh, Lorenzo!" Belle burst into tears. Then, she didn't know how or why, but she was in his arms. She didn't want to be there, but she couldn't resist this one last gesture. Lorenzo stroked her shoulder and talked and talked, but Belle could hardly make any sense out of what he was saying.

"I never thought this would happen to us, Lorenzo," Belle said, getting her feelings a little more under control.

"It isn't a good one, Belle," Lorenzo said. "What's happened?"

Belle straightened up. "You know what has happened," she said. "If anyone asks you, you don't."

"But I don't know a blessed thing, Belle," he cried. "Tell me, dear, what are you talking about?"

Lorenzo thought to get the words out, "why don't you say you don't love me any more? Why don't you say you're out in the open?"

"Belle!" Lorenzo gasped. "Don't say such a thing!"

"It's true," Belle cried. "That woman is lying."

"What woman, Belle?" Lorenzo asked, surprise still written large on his face.

"The woman you sent the flowers to," said Belle, "Lorenzo cautioned. "Don't say it!"

"Lorenzo," she said, her voice sounding very tiny and faraway. "You're in love with Anna Hunter—you've—you've fallen for her."

Lorenzo's expression changed. In the place of surprise, there was indignation. "Belle Jones, you're wrong," he stated firmly.

"If I wish I were," Belle said hopelessly. "But you are!" Lorenzo cried, "Anna's a nice girl—interested in my career, you might say—but it ends there."

"Don't say any more, Lorenzo," Belle said.

"I'm sorry, Belle," Lorenzo tried to put his arm around her again. "Listen to reason. Anna means nothing to me."

"Maybe I haven't been so romantic and flattering," Belle said, "but I can't compare with her, of course."

LORENZO got his arms around her, "I give you my word, Belle. There's only one little woman for me—that's you."

"I've tried so hard, Lorenzo," Belle said, her tears soaking into his tweedy coat. "I've been trying to save money. I've put you on a budget. I've had to do all the little things she can ignore."

Lorenzo's voice was desperate. "Belle—I love the budget!"

"No, you don't," Belle whimpered. "You hate it. And all I'm trying to do is save—enough so you can have a future. I never thought of a reward for myself. But I didn't expect this. I don't dream another woman would come along—"

"Golly, Belle," Lorenzo sighed. "You're sweet—you're practically noble."

"But not sweet and noble enough to be noticed, when I get dressed up, the way I did tonight," Belle said.

"No," Lorenz complained, "I noticed, but—"

"Or not sweet enough to deserve flowers," Belle sniffed. "I know, now. I cared about those flowers, Belle," Lorenzo said. "And when I do, you'll be ashamed of your- self." Belle sat down at the kitchen table, her back to Lorenzo.

"You don't have to explain, Loren- zu," Belle said. "I certainly do," Lorenzo insisted.
“Belle,” he began, “I’ve been your hus-
band for fifteen years.” He paused. “To
Belle, the few seconds of quiet seemed
like hours. “Belle,” Lorenzo said, his
voice rousing. “I can prove to you that
I have been accused falsely by my own
wife. I can prove that I’m inno-
cent of any entanglements of a
romantic nature, Belle.” Lorenzo paused
dramatically. “Belle, Anna Hunter
is in love with another man!”

Belle felt the blood rushing to her
head. “Who, Lorenzo?” she asked
softhy.

“With the man she’s going to marry,
of course,” Lorenzo said. “Oscar Him-
medinger. And,” Lorenzo went on,
letting a little hurt creep into his
tone, “if you hadn’t been so jealous of
her little attentions to me, you
might have talked to her the way I
did and discovered this fact.”

“But—but Lorenzo,” Belle said in
confusion, “what about the flowers?”

“Yes,” Lorenzo said, “the flowers. I
sent her those flowers when she told me
about her engagement.”

“Lorenzo,” Belle said weakly, “is
that the only reason you sent her the
flowers?”

“Hmm,” Lorenzo said, “Yes, Belle.”
Then, he added quickly, “Belle, I’m
not one for fancy phrases, but I mar-
rried you because I was in love with
you and that feeling hasn’t changed.”

“Is this really true, Lorenzo?” Belle
asked, looking at him with a new light
in her eyes.

“True as could be,” Lorenzo said.

“Maybe I have been hasty and sus-
picious, Lorenzo,” Belle said, wanting
to cry again.

“Now, now, my dear,” Lorenzo
hugged her tight. “Let’s forget all
about this. Let’s forget Anna and Him-
medinger. They have their life to
live, let them live it.”

“Then, you’re not going to see her
any more, Lorenzo?”

“Well, now,” Lorenzo hedged, “she’s
still a sort of inspiration for ideas.”

“But, Lorenzo,” Belle reminded him
gently, “you promised there wouldn’t
be any more inventions.”

“Belle,” Lorenzo sighed, “you’re
such a practical woman that some-
times it’s hard to explain things to
you.”

“Promise me, Lorenzo.”

“All right,” Lorenzo said. “For
Heaven’s sake, let’s not talk about it
any more. I’m starving.” He kissed
her tenderly. “Let’s eat.”

BELLE didn’t see Anna Hunter for
the next few days and she half-
fed that, perhaps, Lorenzo had
made up the story about Anna’s being
engaged to Oscar Himmedinger, the
head of Townsville’s department store.
But one morning, a week later, Belle
was overjoyed to see an announcement
of their marriage-to-be in the Even-
ning Star. That afternoon, she and
Lorenzo received an invitation to the
wedding.

It was a lovely affair. Belle was
glad she had bought that new outfit,
because Lorenzo exclaimed, again and
again, about how pretty she looked
and fluttered around her so at the
ceremony, that she felt as if she were
the bride. One thing, however, threw
a shadow across what was otherwise
a beautiful afternoon.

She and Lorenzo were talking to
Anna and Oscar, when Oscar said,
“Lorenzo, Anna has told me about that
idea of yours and I’ve advised her
against it.”

Lorenzo gulped and fidgeted and
looked at Belle, to see if she had
heard. “That so?” was all Lorenzo
said.

Later, on their way home, Belle
asked carefully, “What idea of yours
did Oscar advise Anna against, Lo-
renzo?”

“Nothing, my dear,” Lorenzo said
quickly. “Nothing at all.”

“Was it your idea for the tire in-
vention?” Belle asked.

“In a way, Belle,” Lorenzo said,
trying to seem lighthearted about it.
“You see, Anna was sort of my coun-
sellor. I sort of tried out the idea
on her, so to speak. I guess now that
she’s married to Oscar he’s against my
taking up her time with my ideas.”

“Hmm,” was all Belle said.

“Himmedinger is a short sighted
fellow,” Lorenzo sighed. “There
couldn’t be any harm in my talking
over ideas with her, could there,
Belle?”

“No,” Belle said thoughtfully, “as
long as it was only talk. It was only
talk, wasn’t it, Lorenzo?”

“In the strictest sense, I guess it
was, Belle,” Lorenzo said.

“You haven’t really got this inven-
tion, have you?” Belle asked.

“Belle,” Lorenzo said, “let’s not go
into talk about it. I said I wouldn’t
work on any more inventions, didn’t
I?” Belle nodded. “Well,” Lorenzo
went on, “I meant it. Now, what has
already been done is different. So let’s
forget about it.”

LORENZO didn’t go near the work-
shop all that next week and, hap-
pily, Belle settled down to watching the
budget and keeping Lorenzo content-
ed at the garage. It was a happy and
beautiful week, a week in which Lorenzo seemed to be trying to make up for all the anguish he had caused her during the past month. At times, he was restless and nervous and he had long telephone conversations with Nick Peabody. Except for this, everything seemed to be running smoothly.

Then, one evening, Jim Barker and Irma came over for a visit. The two men seemed to have something on their minds. Jim suggested that Belle and Irma go to the movies.

"But," Belle objected, "why don't you two come along with us? Lorenzo, you know you like the movies better than anyone."

"Not tonight, Belle," Lorenzo said. "Kinda tired tonight."

"We have a few things to discuss about the garage," Jim put in quickly.

"Fiddlesticks," Irma said irritably. "Why, you two have all day together to discuss the garage."

"We're too busy," Lorenzo said.

"Yes," Jim took over, "we have to discuss plans for the new year. You know, Belle," he said warmly, "now, that Lorenzo's settled down, I don't do a thing without his advice."

"I'm glad to hear that, Jim," Belle said proudly. "After all, when Lorenzo invents, our life becomes so complicated. It's so nice when his mind is focused entirely on his work at the garage."

Belle might not have thought a second time about the conversation, if Irma hadn't fussed about it. On the way to the movies, Irma kept harping on how secretive Jim had been of late. Several times during the evening, even during the picture, Irma hinted that she was not at all satisfied with the explanations Jim gave her for all the extra time he was spending with Lorenzo.

Thinking it over, Belle decided Irma was just overly sensitive and suspicious. After all, Belle reasoned, Jim had been fooled many times in the past by Lorenzo's schemes and thus Irma had been deprived of things she needed. Then, too, they owed the Barkers that thousand dollars, which was no small amount, and she knew as well as Irma did, that only if Lorenzo worked very hard for a long time would they be able to pay it back.

When Irma and Belle got home from the movies their husbands had their heads close together over sheets of paper scrawled with figures. They both seemed perfectly relaxed and contented. Jim, Belle noticed, had never seemed as kindly disposed toward Lorenzo as he was now. She felt a sudden rush of warmth toward her husband. Here he was, spending a quiet evening at home with his boss, discussing the work of the year ahead. This was what she had always hoped for, this congenial understanding between the two men, this serious approach of Lorenzo's to the work at the garage.

"What were you and Jim figuring out?" Belle asked, when the Barkers had left and she and Lorenzo were getting ready for bed.

"Oh, just some figures, my dear," Lorenzo said, kissing her playfully on the nose. "Looks like we're going to have a wonderful year."

BELLE was terribly happy. Her happiness made the next day's work about the house a delight. Around five-thirty in the afternoon, she heard a strange rumbling in the driveway. She ran to the kitchen window. There was a truck in the driveway and some men were dumping snow on the gravel. She stood there stunned. Then she put on her coat and hurried outside. "What on earth is the meaning of..."
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this?" she asked one of the men, who was busily spreading the snow around.

"Ask him," the man said. Then Belle noticed Lorenzo, standing, half hidden behind one of the gigantic wheels of the truck.

"Lorenzo," she asked, "are you responsible for this?"

"Well, Belle," Lorenzo said, "yes and no."

"But why?" Belle cried. "What on earth is going on here?"

"I'm doing Jim a favor," Lorenzo said. "You see, Belle, the snow belongs to him."

Belle gasped. "What does he want with snow?" Her eyes narrowed. "And, if it's Jim Barker's snow, why isn't it being put on his driveway?"

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo said soothingly. "I'm going to answer when you're calm enough to understand. Jim has a sort of experiment he's going to try out and Irma objects to the snow being on their driveway."

"I don't like that word experiment, Lorenzo," Belle said evenly. "Don't you mean invention?"

"Loosely speaking, Belle, you're right." Lorenzo admitted, pushing the snow around with his foot and edging away from her.

"Whose invention?" Belle demanded.

"I didn't hear you, Belle," Lorenzo said. Belle repeated her question in a loud, clear voice. "Oh—er—Mr. Carter's invention."

"You mean," Belle said, "that old Mr. Carter who died several years ago?"

"That's the one," Lorenzo said. "What sort of an invention?" Belle demanded.

I

SEE I'd better begin at the beginning," Lorenzo said helplessly. "Now, you didn't know it, but I was fairly friendly with this Carter and, just before he died, he showed me this invention of his. A world beater, Belle."

"Go on," Belle said, with dangerous calmness.

"Now," Lorenzo went on, "the Trueborough Company—the biggest company of its kind in the United States—has professed an interest in this invention. But, in order to demonstrate it, snow is needed. Now, it hasn't snowed for some time, has it, Belle?"

"It hasn't," Belle said.

"So," Lorenzo said, "since Carter left me sole rights to the invention, I've agreed to cut Jim in, providing he furnishes the snow for the demonstration. It was only a hundred dollars," he said blithely.

"A hundred dollars!" Belle caught her breath. She stared at Lorenzo, not quite believing she had heard properly. "Lorenzo," she said forcefully, "what sort of an invention is this?"

"Something to do with a tire chain," Lorenzo said, very rapidly, trying to get over it fast. "The Grip Tight Zipper Tire Chain. Interesting idea, isn't it?" he said enthusiastically.

"Oh!" Belle said explosively, her anger keeping her from bursting into tears. "Lorenzo Jones, that invention is your own!"

"Well," Lorenzo said, "if you want to look at it that way, maybe it is."

"It's the invention you've been working on for months," Belle said accusingly. "And you've told Jim Barker it was this—this Carter's invention, because you know he wouldn't be foolish enough to put any money in anything you invented." Lorenzo

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pinching and scraping, a scant three hundred dollars.

Three hundred dollars. It had seemed such a lot last Saturday, when she had looked at the bank book. But now, with both of them out of work and over a thousand dollars in debt, Belle realized how little it actually was and how soon it would be gone. Her very last thoughts before she fell asleep were of Lorenzo—sad thoughts mingled with pity and hopelessness.

When the sun came up, the snow had drifted down to the kitchen and made Lorenzo's breakfast. Then, with a lost, sinking sensation in her heart, she remembered the night before.

She looked over at Lorenzo. He was sleeping and he looked terribly helpless. That was the one quality she had never expected to see in him, helplessness. Before, even in more serious straits, he had always been ready to say "I can do it." But now he looked, as he had last night, utterly defeated.

Suddenly, Belle knew what she must do. It would be so pleasant going back to Madame Cunard's beauty parlor, to face people every day who would remind her of her husband's failure. If she had been trying, very hard to be cold and objective about it, failure or not, Lorenzo had told her to say nothing and he had a roof over his head. Yes, she decided, if Madame Cunard would have her, Belle Jones would go to work again. It broke her heart to think of Lorenzo and what she was going to do. For a moment, he came out of his haze and looked startled.

"Is it necessary, Belle?" he asked unhappily.

"Yes, Lorenzo," Belle said, "it is."

"I'll look for work myself," he said softly.

"You'd better not go out for a few days, Lorenzo," Belle said. "You looked peaked."

"Do I?" he murmured absently.

He was still sitting at the table, staring off into space, when Belle left for the beauty parlor. Madame Cunard was delighted to have her. But, when Belle told her why she had come, Madame Cunard frowned and pursed her lips.

"Well, Belle," she said, "things are a little close now."

"Then you can't use me?" Belle said, turning to go.

"Now, wait," Madame Cunard said.

"I didn't say that. Tell you what—maybe putting somebody new on will lighten things up a bit." She smiled.

"The customers always liked you, Belle.""Thank you," Belle said, her lips trembling. "You're a real friend, Madame Cunard."

"Oh, for goodness sake, Belle," Madame Cunard protested. "Now take off your slippers. You might as well start right now."

The day dragged on endlessly. Belle traded in the last few months had left her. When she got home, dead tired, Lorenzo was sitting in his favorite chair, reading—sighing. He had looked tired and wan, even more dejected than when she had gone out in the morning. She told him about her day, making believe that it had been fun getting back to work.
"I'll look myself tomorrow," he said listlessly.

But he didn't. That night he began to snuffle and sneeze and Belle wouldn't let him get out of bed the next morning. He stayed in bed three days. Belle spent her time taking care of him, trying to perk him up, trying to make him feel some small shred of his old enthusiasm.

Lorenzo Jones, without any spark of enthusiasm hurt Belle more, she realized, than the man whose wild schemes and imprudent inventions had caused so much trouble. If he'd been angry, sulky and moody, the way he usually was when everything went against him, it would have been easier to bear than this hopelessness that seemed to envelop him.

The first morning he got up, he brought in the mail. Listlessly, he handed it to her at breakfast. Belle, looking worriedly for bills, glanced through the letters. There was one for Lorenzo. In one corner of the envelope it said, "Trueborough Tire Company." Belle had an idea it was nothing but a form rejection of his invention. Nevertheless, her hand trembled as she pushed the letter toward Lorenzo. "Something for you, dear," she said, hardly daring to look at his face.

"Oh, thanks," Lorenzo said. And, not even glancing at the envelope, he tore it open.

At first, Belle thought Lorenzo was having a heart attack. His face went white, then deep red, then white again. His hands shook and his Adam's apple moved up and down violently. He seemed to be trying to say something, but the sounds wouldn't come out. Belle ran to his side. "Lorenzo, dear," she cried. "Lorenzo, what's happened?"

When Lorenzo finally found his voice, he filled the room. He jumped up, catching his bathrobe on his chair and overturning it. His shout was deafening.

"Belle! We're rich!"

Belle's head swam. Her first thought was that Lorenzo had gone out of his mind. She had afraid that the shock of his sudden good fortune would affect his senses. He was dancing wildly around the room, hopping up and down.

"Listen, Belle," he shouted, waving a piece of green paper and a letter. "A check for a thousand dollars!"

Even when Lorenzo had quieted down and read her the letter, Belle found it hard to believe. He read it three times, each time getting more and more excited. Belle was sure that the most important words in the letter were engraved in her mind for all time.

"And," Lorenzo read again, "although the demonstration was a failure, basically the idea is a good one. If you will allow our inventors to perfect it, please accept this check for one thousand dollars."

"If you will allow it," she thought deliriously, with joy, we certainly will allow. "We certainly will allow them to perfect your idea, won't we, Lorenzo?" she said aloud.

"We will," Belle, Lorenzo said, his eyes dancing. "We certainly will. Now get me my hat, Belle," he said, his eyes gleaming more. "There's a certain Mr. Barker I've got to turn into a worm."

"Your hat!" Belle laughed. "Lorenzo, you're in your bathrobe and pyjamas."

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"So I am," said Lorenzo. "Well, just as soon as I can get dressed, Mr. Barker is going to hear a piece of my mind."

But, while Lorenzo was dressing, a sobering thought struck Belle. Lorenzo had said they were rich. A thousand dollars was a lot of money, but it was still a hundred dollars less than they owed the Barkers. Belle knew what had to be done.

"Lorenzo," she said, when he bounded down the stairs. "You're not going to see Jim Barker."

"Why not?" said Lorenzo, "a man's got a right to do a little peaceful gloating—"

"Lorenzo," Belle interrupted, "there is a matter of one thousand one hundred dollars that we owe Jim Barker and you're going down and hand that check over to him.

"Belle!" Lorenzo stared. "Are you serious?"

"I certainly am," said Belle firmly. "We owe Jim Barker that money. It's only natural that we should pay it."

Lorenzo sat down disconsolately. "I for one," he said, "wouldn't call it natural. I'd call it extraordinary."

"Why?" Belle asked.

"How many men do you know who, having suddenly been blessed with a lump of money, would go looking for their creditors?"

"Of course," said Belle, "if you mean shady characters—"

"Shady characters!" said Lorenzo. "Are you referring to your husband as a shady character, Belle Jones?"

"Of course not!" said Belle. "Because I know you're going right down to the garage to pay Jim Barker. Aren't you?"

"Well, Belle, loosely speaking, that's just what was in my mind," Lorenzo said.

"I'm proud of you, dear," said Belle, starting toward the telephone. "I'll just call Jim and tell him you're on the way."

BELLE waited until Lorenzo went out and then picked up the telephone. Jim's gruff voice was pleasant to hear. Belle let him get in a few very bitter remarks, but before she told him that Lorenzo was on his way to present him with a check for a thousand dollars.

"You'll get that additional hundred dollars we owe you, tomorrow, Mr. Barker, when I go to the bank. And," she added, "I believe you owe Lorenzo an apology."

"No, look, Belle—" Jim began.

"Goodbye, Mr. Barker," Belle said and hung up. With a very full heart, she bustled out to the kitchen and humming a tune, she went to work on the breakfast dishes.

It was a very different Lorenzo Jones who faced his wife that night. He told Belle of his conversation with Jim Barker.

"Don't mention it," said Belle, "I told him, Lorenzo grinned, 'before he even had time to thank me. This thousand dollars means a lot to Belle and me, I said, but a debt of honor comes first.' He beamed. 'He was touched, Belle. Tears of gratitude came into his eyes.'"

"Go on, dear," Belle smiled.

"'Go on, Jim the money,'" said Lorenzo, "and he had dried his eyes, we had a little talk. First, we talked about unimportant things and then we got around to a discussion about me and the garage.' Lorenzo chuckled. 'Jim figured he'd fired me sixteen or seventeen times and each
time it was a mistake. Then I had to admit that it was a mistake those eleven times I resigned.

Belle sighed. "It certainly was, dear!"

Then, Lorenzo went on. "we talked about the little women, you and Irma."

"Oh?" Belle said.

"Yes," Lorenzo grinned. "And, if I do say so, you came out more than a fraction ahead, my dear."

Belle smiled. "Thank you, Lorenzo."

Then, Lorenzo continued. "Jim had to admit that he was a hot-tempered, narrow minded fool and he asked me to forgive him." Lorenzo drew himself up importantly. "And then, Belle, he offered me a job as general manager of the garage."

"Lorenzo!" Belle cried exuberantly. "That's wonderful!"

Jim, as Lorenzo explained it, was thinking of some day opening up a whole chain of garages. There would be a great future for Lorenzo. Already, Lorenzo saw himself as the vice-president of a chain of garages that stretched from coast to coast.

"Well," Belle sighed happily, "let's not look too far ahead, Lorenzo."

"Why not?" Lorenzo asked. "That's how most hard-headed, practical businessmen have done it."

"Lorenzo," Belle said, "do you really think you can be practical again?"

"I am now," Lorenzo stated. "Those days of putting around the shop and reading a spot of poetry are all over, Belle. For fifteen years, I've played the dreamer and—with what result? A paltry thousand dollars for some idea a child could invent."

"Lorenzo," Belle said, "do you really mean this?"

"You have my word for it, Belle," Lorenzo said. "I think, my dear, that it's time I changed completely and gave the little woman a break!"

"This is a very happy moment for me," Belle said, blinking back the tears. "I've always hoped that you'd give up your fancy schemes and settle down at the garage. And, feeling a sudden rush of emotion, Belle threw her arms around her husband and kissed him. "Now," she said, "if you'll let me go, I'll fix supper."

IT DIDN'T take long, at all, to make the supper. But when she went to the living room to call Lorenzo he wasn't there. Nor was he upstairs. Belle sighed and walked to the back door. The light was on in the workshop. She walked slowly out to the shack and stepped quietly inside. It was the same dirty, disreputable, old shop, but, suddenly, she felt an unaccountable affection for it. It was the same indefinite attachment she felt for many things that had long since outworn their usefulness, but which she hated to throw away because they were linked with so many joys and sorrows.

Then she saw Lorenzo. He was bent low over an old machine, one he had owned for years. She walked quietly up to him. He was poking at the parts, humming his hand with dirt and grime.

"Lorenzo," Belle said softly. "Huh?" Lorenzo jumped. "Belle, you gave me a start."

"Supper's ready," she said.

"All right, Belle," he said, looking around the shop. "Something troubling you, dear?"

Belle asked kindly. "No—no—" Lorenzo said with a catch in his voice. "I was just thinking, Belle—as long as I'm not going to do any more inventing—I was just wondering what I could get for the old machinery." He sighed softly. "It isn't worth anything, I guess, but we could pick up a few dollars."

Belle looked dejectedly at his sad, troubled face. Her heart went out to him and, as his eyes took on a far-away look, she felt a great pity and love and a certain strange respect for the impractical dreamer who was her husband.

"You don't have to sell it, wouldn't you, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, not so much," Lorenzo said bravely, but not looking at her. "It's a paltry thousand dollars for some machinery, I might have been able to perfect that tire chain myself."

His eyes lit up, "You know, Belle, with a few new things in here, well, I could make it."

He looked at her, then quickly lowered his eyes. "But that's the old Lorenzo Jones."

BELLE took one of his griny hands. "I must be a terrible fool," she said softly, "but I'm awfully fond of the old Lorenzo Jones. How much would the new machinery cost, dear?"

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo half frowned, half smiled. "I'm telling the slightest thought to how much it would cost. I know we haven't got a red cent and I'm practical and settled down—for little limericks."

Belle was very surprised to hear herself saying, "I have two hundred dollars, Lorenzo. I'd saved three hundred, but I gave one hundred to Jim to clear up our debt completely."

"Two hundred dollars?" Lorenzo gasped. "Whew!—that's a lot."

"Belle—you're trying my mettle, so to speak."

"No, I'm not, Lorenzo." Belle said, feeling a little foolish because the tears had sprung to her eyes. "If you want the two hundred dollars for machinery, you can have it."

"Belle!" Lorenzo cried. "On the condition," Belle said as firmly as she could, "that you continue your work at the garage, like you promised."

"My dear," Lorenzo said. "I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. I'll be so steady and practical that you'll hardly know me."

"And, the voice rising to the occasion, you won't regret this step. Some day," he announced fervently, "the world will be proud of the little woman who had faith in Lorenzo Jones." He paused for breath. "Belle, do you think you could order that machinery tomorrow?"

"We'll see," Belle said. "Supper's getting cold, dear."

As she followed her excited husband out of the workshop, carefully stepping over the old pieces of iron and twisted parts, Belle wondered whether she had been wise. Then she realized with a secret smile that wisdom and love do not always go together. And she knew that nothing in the world would ever change the dreamy, sweet, impractical and unpredictable man she had married so many years ago. Nothing would ever change him and, deep down in her heart, she knew that she didn't want real, he only wanted to change, really. She loved him just as he was. She always had and she always would.

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But although we don’t enjoy seeing “15c” on the cover of RADIO MIRROR any more than you do, there are some aspects of the change that we do like very much, and that we are sure you will like as well. At fifteen cents, it is possible to bring you a better, more dramatic and exciting magazine than we were ever able to publish at the old price. For instance, in this issue, for the first time you are seeing color on the pages of RADIO MIRROR, and a different kind of ink which imparts a greater richness and warmth to its pictures. In future issues we hope to introduce other new features, all designed to make up a magazine that will be more enjoyable to read and to look at than ever before, and worth every penny of the price you pay for it.

The Editors

June, 1942

ERNEST V. HEYN
Editorial Director

DAN SENSENEY
Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Associate Editor

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ON THE COVER—Shirley Temple, star of Junior Miss on CBS

Kodachrome by George Hurrell

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
Good Catch, Marion—but can you Catch a Man?

Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!

Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something more to prevent risk of underarm odor!

Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!

Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can trust Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
ESTHER RALSTON doesn't play Martha Jackson on the Woman of Courage serial any more, because she's gone to Hollywood to await the arrival of a baby, due in September. Esther's husband is Ted Lloyd, radio commentator and columnist. Alice Frost, who hadn't had a regular role on the air since she left the title part of Big Sister, is the new Martha Jackson.

Another expectant mother is Virginia Clark, Helen Trent of the popular CBS serial. She, too, has left the air temporarily, and Betty Ruth Smith is reading Helen's lines.

It's Those We Love, the weekly dramatic serial, that will replace Eddie Cantor during the summer—very good news indeed for all of us who never could understand why some sponsor didn't take this program and keep it on the air all the time. It's to take over Eddie's time in June, and will probably have Nan Grey and Richard Cromwell in the leading roles.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Radio listeners are getting accustomed to learning that their favorite air personalities don't look like their voices sound. But Carolinians can't quite hide their amazement when they see Sandy Becker, WBT announcer.

Sandy tips Father Time's scales at twenty-two, but to hear his voice you'd expect the years to hang heavy on his shoulders. It is a booming, full voice that sounds as though its owner had spent years training it to perfection.

WBT listeners can't believe anyone with Sandy Becker's deep voice is only twenty-two.

It's a voice filled with expression, emotion and worldliness. Yet Sandy Becker has never traveled farther from his birthplace, New York City, than Charlotte, and his face is young and unlined.

Once, when he was announcing a children's program, he invited listeners to send their children to the studio for an air appearance. Mothers and children alike were stunned to find that their "Uncle Sandy" had no long gray beard for them to trip over.

Sandy started his dramatic career as the builder and producer of a puppet show at the age of ten. All by himself, he did the voices of his twelve puppet characters. In college, he found radio irresistibly attractive, and left school to take a job on a small New York station. He hadn't been there long before his fine voice was brought to the attention of Charles Crutchfield, WBT program director, who invited him to join the WBT announcing staff.

Along with Sandy's regular announcing duties, he presents Poet's Music—a title he originated—at 11:30 every Sunday morning. With recorded classical music as a background, he reads poems that blend best with this type of accompaniment; and sometimes he reads poems of his own composition. His audience on this program is so big that sometimes letters come in from as far away as Ohio and New York. Many of the letters ask him to read certain poems, and he always complies if he can.

When Sandy isn't announcing, he is forever lobbying for his host of hobbies—the most Continued on page 84.
...and in a little while she'll be sitting there—ALONE

It's the same old story... men ask to meet her, then wish they hadn't. One dance, one close-up, and her glamour begins to fade. She knows it too, but she doesn't know why.

The world is full of women like that... women who might be more popular, happily married, but for one thing* which unfortunately they may not suspect.

*Halitosis (bad breath) is the offense unforgivable. If you ever came face to face with this condition, you can readily understand why it might be the death warrant for Romance.

Since you, yourself, can offend without realizing it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Simply use Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation produces.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be welcome at parties, never, never omit Listerine. It's a most important part of your toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

JUNE, 1942

A CHALLENGE
We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

As revolutionary as his old rippling rhythm is Shep Fields' new experiment in dance bands.

GLENN MILLER is the favorite bandleader of Radio and Television Mirror readers! The bespectacled trombonist scored a smashing victory in Facing the Music's fourth annual dance band popularity poll, winning more than twice as many of our readers' votes as his nearest competitor, Sammy Kaye, last year's champion.

Miller's overwhelming lead was never seriously threatened since the ballots started rolling in, although votes were cast for thirty-eight other sweet and swing favorites.

The first ten bands in the balloting were: Glenn Miller, Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, Horace Heidt, Tommy Dorsey, Eddy Duchin, Wayne King, and Vaughn Monroe.

One new band managed to crash through to the first ten brackets—Vaughn Monroe.

The past season has brought Glenn Miller a healthy string of achievements. His recording of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" was one of the year's top platter sellers and it is doubtful if any other band earned more money. In addition, the band appeared in a movie, "Sun Valley Serenade," and will make some more. On the air, Glenn and his men were heard in their twice-weekly Chesterfield broadcast on CBS and also in a weekly Mutual show, Sunset Serenade, a salute to the army camps.

Artie Shaw has a new bride—Elizabeth Jane Kern, the daughter of Jerome Kern, famous composer.

The band world lost one of its greatest guitarists when twenty-six-year-old Charlie Christian died after a long illness. Christian is best remembered for his work with Benny Goodman.

The Dorsey brothers are making news. First of all the two brothers plan to make several joint appearances in the interests of army and navy charities. Tommy will be a summer replacement for Red Skelton, starting June 16, and he got quite a thrill last month when a distinguished looking gentleman with bushy hair pushed his way to the

The boys in the band call her "Pokey." Lorraine Benson is Orrin Tucker's new contralto.

Los Angeles Palladium bandstand to say, "That's a grand band you have there, Tommy." The person who paid the compliment was Leopold Stokowski.

The rumor is that M-G-M plans to invest in a new phonograph record company.

It will be Sammy Kaye and not Glenn Miller for that new Sonja Henie picture called "Iceland."

Out of retirement comes Libby Holman, deep-throated blues singing tobacco heiress. She began her comeback in a Boston night club.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Max Kaminsky, great hot trumpeter, has joined Alvino Rey's band . . . Connee Boswell (yes, that's how she spells her name now) switches from Decca to Columbia records . . . Ben Bernie is reorganizing his band and that goes ditto for Casa Loma . . . Charlie Teagarden quits Jimmy Dorsey's band to rejoin brother Jack's
... Although they get no disk billing, that's John Kirby's crack crew accompanying Una Mae Carlisle on Bluebird records. Duke Ellington's bass player, Jimmy Blanton, is resting in a California sanitarium after being stricken with a lung ailment. Benny Goodman is out playing an extensive theater and one-night tour. He returns to the Hotel New Yorker in the Fall. B. G.'s arranger, Eddie Sauter, has returned to the fold, following a long illness.

Something unique in the band business is the current "Battle of the Sexes" now amusing dancers across the country. Fletcher Henderson's band alternates on the bandstand with an all-girl swing outfit called "The International Sweethearts of Rhythm." Last week, the thirty-five boys and girls merge for a torrid finale.

Mary Margaret McBride, the radio commentator, has turned songwriter, collaborating with Vic Mizzy and Irving Taylor on a tune called "America For Me."

Van Alexander, recently Les Hite's arranger, has started out with a band of his own again. Hite's new scorer is Walter Fuller.

Mark Warnow, Hit Parade conductor, has recorded eight of the most popular tunes in the history of that program and Victor will release them in an album.

**Lightning Strikes Twice for Shep Fields**

When Shep Fields decided to scrap his commercially successful "rippling rhythm" style for a new experiment in a dance band without brass instruments, the reverberations could be heard from New York's Radio City to Chicago's Loop.

"Why throw away something profitable for a gamble?" asked one hard-headed friend of the bandleader.

"Who ever heard of a band with nine saxophones?" piped another, when Shep enthusiastically outlined his plans for a band that featured only woodwinds and reeds, without trombones and trumpets.

"Nobody will want to hear it," cautioned his agent.

But to all these pessimistic comments, Shep turned a deaf ear. Only his wife, Evelyn, agreed with him and urged her husband to take the risk.

"She was the only one to have implicit faith in my venture," Shep says. "Even I got scared when the third rehearsal of my new band seemed to fizzle. I suddenly realized I was tossing away something proved and certain for something the public might snub."

When Shep went home that night after the ragged rehearsal, his wife helped lift his spirits.

"Listen, honey," she said, "This is what you want to do. Keep it up. Don't let those Broadway wise boys scare you. If it means that we will lose all we have, we can always start all over again."

Today, Shep's brass-less band is one year old and shaking off its growing pains. Its creator and conductor candidly admits that his income isn't as large as it was when he was blowing a straw into a bowl of water for a rippling rhythm.

Continued on page 52

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**Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

This lovely bride is Mrs. Angus G. Wynne, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, who says: "My complexion has a new lease on loveliness since I went on the Camay Mild-SOAP Diet!"

Try this exciting beauty idea, based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

**A skin radiantly fresh...exquisitely lovely!** What man can resist it? With the help of Camay and the Mild-SOAP Diet such a lovely skin may soon be yours.

Perhaps, without knowing it, you have been cleansing your skin improperly. Or have failed to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be. Then the Camay Mild-SOAP Diet can bring thrilling new loveliness!

**GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!**

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild—it is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-SOAP Diet!...TONIGHT!"

Even one treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and thrillingly alive. But stay with Camay and this easy routine night and morning for at least 30 days. Within a very short while you should see an enchanting... exciting new loveliness!
Their romance was touched with amiable lunacy, and the groom borrowed the license-money from the bride—but Edna knew that Red Skelton was the man for her.

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

SOMETIMES Red Skelton gets to thinking about how close he came to losing Edna Stillwell and he gets cold chills.

Without Edna Stillwell, he has admitted on a dozen occasions, he would never have become Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's inimitable funny man and radio's outstanding new star, the only performer to receive six major radio awards in the year 1941. Not that it would have mattered. Nothing much would have mattered—without Edna.

The first time he saw Edna came near to being the last. She could spot his type a mile away—breezy, full of tired jokes, a little on the familiar side, and very sure of himself; the type, she had discovered after a mere three months of being a vaudeville theater usherette, that seemed to come and go in an almost uninterrupted procession.

So, when Red strolled up to her, without an introduction, just before going on that very first day and said, "Now I know why my hand trembled when I was signing for my appearance here," she came back quick as rain, with the sally: "Maybe your conscience was bothering you."

He stared, then regained his composure.

"Conscience bothering me—honey, you're terrific! Why Red Skelton at seventy-five a week is grand larceny—even in Kansas City!"

"You could have hollered for help," she reminded him just before she walked away, leaving him standing there, completely flabbergasted, in the center aisle of the Pantages Theater of Kansas City, precisely twenty-five minutes before the first matinee.

For a comedian, he was quickly and easily squelched, Edna concluded at the end of the third day. He did his stint on the stage—mostly not very new jokes which for some reason the customers found outrageously funny—and departed by the stage entrance. He didn't tell her good-by when he left, as most of the per-
formers did, but maybe it was all for the best. She had a few remarks ready for him that would have completed the squelching process. It was a good thing—for him—he didn't show up.

It must have been a month later, just about the time she had put him out of her mind for good, when lo and behold! He was back to do a return engagement at the Pantages.

He didn't come around the front of the house, and naturally she didn't go back stage looking for him. She did, however, pay a little more attention to his act. It wasn't bad, she decided. Still, it wasn't good, either. She had just about decided that he had forgotten the incident—all men are the same—when he showed up after the Thursday matinee, somewhat subdued, apologized for being an old hand at a few jokes, and wound up asking if she could take her home that night.

**EDNA** was just a wee bit snippy about the whole affair. She told him she thought she could find her way home by herself that night, but tomorrow would be all right and would make him feel any happier. Well, he took her home the next night on a trolley car that bounced them around like a milk shake. At the door she said good night, and he tipped his hat and walked away with the same feeling that General Lee must have had in his heart the day he walked away from the historic scene at Appomattox Courthouse. She hadn't given him a tumble.

The way Edna felt about it is best surmised by this: when Red finished his last performance on the following night she hung around the theater for fifteen minutes pulling up seats and looking for a lady's purse which had never been lost. Red never showed up. And it was her turn to be disappointed.

She had graduated from usherette to cashier at a local sports palace and was enjoying her work no end, when something quite unexpected happened. She was breaking open a roll of nickels, fresh from the bank, when, for no reason at all, she happened to look up just in time to see this Skelton fellow heading—or so it seemed—for the cashier's window. To her amazement he by-passed the cashier's cage and walked right into the sports palace just as if he owned the place.

"Who would that be?" she asked the ticket-taker.

"That's Red Skelton. He's going to emcee the walkathon next week. Funny fellow, this Skelton."

"Very funny," Edna said, "extremely funny—he thinks."

If this romance hadn't been engineered in heaven, heaven knows it would never have blossomed into a five-alarm courtship. Certainly neither one of them made any overture toward the other. Although, in a way, you might say Edna did. Actually all she did was to get mad, enter the walkathon, and win it. At which point a messenger of heaven appeared on the scene in the person of a photographer who thought it would be a swell idea if the contest-winner would kiss the master of ceremonies, who had just handed her a cup and a fair-sized check.

That's all, brother.

Two weeks later they were married, after Red, seventeen, had hiked his age up to nineteen and Edna had obtained her mother's rather reluctant permission. Continued on page 46.
Perfect lips are part of a lovely face. It’s a sure guess that beautiful Ann Eden, heard on Aunt Jenny’s Stories on CBS, gives extra time and attention to the shape of her lips.

When you put on your make-up, you are actually creating a portrait. With the right cosmetics skillfully applied, you can bring out your face as it ought to be, as you wish it were. A fine art, surely, worth learning and practicing!

Of all features, the mouth most lends itself to this art of make-up. And of all make-up faults, a bad mouth is most disarranging to your appearance and to the impression you create.

Next to the eyes, the mouth is the most expressive feature, the most revealing of personality and mood. But whenever the mouth distracts attention from the eyes, whether because the make-up is too startling, or unnatural, or badly applied, the result is bad. Perfect lips, whether smiling or in repose, must be part of a lovely face, not give the impression of an ornament applied at random.

Lipstick is now so universally accepted and used that a woman without it, instead of looking natural, looks rather sickly. But it must be the right lipstick, artistically applied.

With so many shades of lipstick available, and the great beauty houses continually coming out with new ones, it is not difficult to find the right one for you. There are some which are becoming to almost everyone, such as the clear true reds, not too light. But the decided blonde or decided brunette may do well to experiment with some of the other shades and tints.

Another factor in determining the right lipstick is the color scheme of your costume. Obviously your lipstick is not going to look the same under a bright red hat as it does under a dark blue or a pastel hat. The lipstick need not match any red you may be wearing, unless you choose. But there must be harmony. It is really necessary to keep several lipsticks on hand for various occasions and various costumes.

There are three cardinal sins in mouth make-up: smearing, caking, and faulty outlining. Smearing and caking are usually the result of a hasty application of lipstick. Dry your lips thoroughly by pressing a bit of tissue between them. Then apply the lipstick to the upper lip evenly and symmetrically, but not quite to the outer line. Work the lips back and forth over each other, being sure to go far enough back. Also, be careful not to smear the outline. Then with the little finger or a brush develop the outline of your mouth just as you wish it. Finally, blot off any excess lipstick by again pressing a bit of tissue between the lips. Powder lightly over all.

Sometimes the very girl who put on her lipstick with the most artistic care in the morning will spoil it all by a nervous habit of hastily dabbing on a bit more at odd times during the day. Too often she does it in public, which is always poor taste for lipstick-necessary. A good lipstick will stay on all day. Of course, after a meal it is a good idea to steal a glance at your mirror, unobtrusively. Then if you see your mouth make-up needs repair, take the first moment of privacy and repair it, just as carefully as you put it on.

You may improve the shape and size of your mouth, within limits. Do not try to go too far outside or inside the actual lip line, or you will have an artificial effect.

One of the great Hollywood make-up directors says that the test of whether your mouth is too wide or too narrow is this: Look straight into your mirror and smile broadly. The corners of your mouth when smiling should be in a direct line with the centers of the pupils of your eyes. Try this. If your mouth is too wide for your face, make it up full in the center and taper off gradually before the lipstick reaches the corners. If your mouth is too small, use lipstick to the fullest extent of the corners. But be careful never to make your mouth too thin. And never, never give it an exaggerated cupid’s bow.

One more reminder. It is not enough that your mouth should be beautiful in repose. Your smile must show healthy, perfectly cleansed teeth.

Now here’s a point of etiquette. If you’re dining at a friend’s home, and your hostess is using her prettiest damask or embroidered napkins in your honor, try not to touch your mouthkin to your lips. Use your own handkerchief if you must, or a bit of tissue from your handbag.

Finally, keep on smiling! In times of weariness or discouragement never let your mouth droop at the corners, or the expression will grow there, traced in ugly downward lines. When things are worst, find something to smile about, keep your chin up, and smile.

RADIO MIRROR HOME and BEAUTY by Dr. Grace Gregory
New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Thrilling new improvement in Special Drene!
Hair conditioner now in it makes amazing difference
... leaves hair lovelier, easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference... after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels... because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be so delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something for your hair no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a professional Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a dulling film. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added
I REMEMBER, when I was a little girl, listening for hour after hour to a phonograph record we owned. It was a record of Paderewski, playing the Moonlight Sonata, and it seemed to me the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. I could not listen to it enough. It made me think of a garden, flooded with silvery light, where the flowers grew so big, and had such a heavenly perfume, that your heart was close to bursting when you saw them.

Then—it must have been when I was about twelve years old—Paderewski came to our city, and my Aunt Jane took me to hear him, buying the cheapest seats, up under the roof of the old Opera House. He played the Moonlight Sonata, and when I went home I put my record on the phonograph again. But this time the music was flat and scratchy. I had heard the real thing, and it had spoiled the imitation.

Something like that childhood tragedy happened to me years later, after I had grown up and was engaged to be married. Only this time it was not a tragedy—though it came very near to being . . .

Another girl might have known. But I was very young when I met Ward Mitchell: young in years and even younger in knowledge of the world. My parents both died in an automobile accident when I was a child, and I grew up with my Aunt Jane. Dear Aunt Jane, who was so kind but so impractical, so oblivious of everything except the music which she loved and which she taught to others to earn the little income which supported us both! I must have caught some of her innocence, just as I caught her passion for music, because when I left high school and went to work as a stenographer—in a big echoing room where thirty girls did nothing all day but pound on typewriters—I really knew very little that you couldn't learn from books.

Ward Mitchell was the brother of the girl who worked at the desk next to mine. I met him one night at her house. Not that he lived there himself—he had an apartment of his own. It seems incredible that that didn't strike me as being strange, and that I didn't wonder why, when Ward drove a suavely purring car and wore expensive suits, his parents' home was so shabby and his sister drudged over a typewriter for sixteen dollars a week.

It was enough for me that he was tall, with dark brown hair that waved the least little bit, and that he looked at me as though he was seeing someone beautiful and exciting, and not just Carol Brewster who had been kissed, once and very awkwardly, by the boy who took her to the Senior Ball—and, incidentally, never took her out again.

When Ward asked me out to dinner, and as a matter of course led me to the most expensive restaurant in town, I was impressed and a little awed and very flattered. When he told me about himself and about his job as assistant production manager of the flour mill, our city's biggest industry, I marveled that anyone so young should have been so successful. He talked about himself a great deal, but to me it seemed perfectly natural and proper that he should. And if he treated me a little cavalierly—a little as if he were the young prince and I the commoner—well, that was not so very different from the way I felt myself.

I couldn't believe, then or for months afterward, that anyone so handsome, so popular and successful, was interested in me. Even when he spoke of marriage—no, he didn't ask me to marry him—even then, it all seemed like a dream.

The girls in the office were frankly surprised and envious when the engagement was announced. They crowded around me, admiring the big diamond Ward had bought, and in their eyes I could read the thought, "How did a quiet little thing like you ever make such a wonderful catch?"

Only Alice, Ward's sister, was reserved in her congratulations. "If I didn't like you so well," she remarked, "I'd feel better about seeing you marry Ward." Then, seeing the amazement in my face, she added hurriedly, "Oh, I don't mean there's anything wrong with him—he's just not the easiest person in the world to get along with. But I suppose if you love him—you do love him?"

"Why—of course . . ."

"Umm—it doesn't seem possible, but after all, I'm his sister, and I guess it's hard for a sister to feel romantic about her brother. Anyway, honey, I hope you're very happy. You deserve to be." She said this so sincerely I knew she meant it.

I tried to ask Ward, one night,

Adapted by Judy Ashley from a radio drama by Anne Barley, first broadcast on the Theater of Today, sponsored by the Armstrong Cork Company and heard Saturdays at 12 noon, EWT, over the CBS network.
Carol was sure she loved Ward—he was her fiancé. Why then did she imagine his voice was louder than usual, his smile more persistent, his air more proprietary? For only one moment his arm was around me. But in that moment—
I REMEMBER, when I was a little girl, listening for hours after hours to a phonograph record we owned. It was a record of Paderewski, playing the Moonlight Sonata, and it seemed to me the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. I could not listen to it enough. It made me think of a garden, flooded with silver light, where the flowers grew so big, and had such a heavenly perfume, that your heart was close to bursting when you saw them.

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Ward Mitchell was the brother of the girl who worked at the desk next to mine. I met him one night at her house. Not that he lived there himself—he had an apartment of his own. It seems incredible that that didn't strike me as being strange, and that I didn't wonder why, when Ward drove a suavely purring car and wore expensive suits, his parents' home was so shabby and his sister drudged over a typewriter for sixteen dollars a week.

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When Ward asked me out to dinner, and as a matter of course led me to the most expensive restaurant in town, I was impressed and a little awed and very flattered. When he told me about himself and about his job as assistant production manager of the drug mill, our city's biggest industry, I marvelled that anyone so young should have been so successful. He talked about himself a great deal, but to me it seemed perfectly natural and proper that he should. And if he treated me a little evasively—a little as if he were the young prince and I the commoner—well, that was not so very different from the way I felt myself.

I couldn't believe, then or for months afterward, that anyone so handsome, so popular and successful, was interested in me. Even when he spoke of marriage—no, he didn't ask me to marry him—even then, it all seemed like a dream.

The girls in the office were frankly surprised and envious when the engagement was announced. They crowded around me, admiring the big diamond Ward had bought, and in their eyes I could read the thought, "How did a quiet little thing like you ever make such a wonderful catch?"

Only Alice, Ward's sister, was reserved in her congratulations.

"If I didn't like you so well," she remarked, "I'd feel better about seeing you marry Ward." Then, seeing the amazement in my face, she added hurriedly, "Oh, I don't mean there's anything wrong with him—he's just not the easiest person in the world to get along with. But I suppose if you love him—you do love him?"

"Why—of course..."

"Um—It doesn't seem possible, but after all, I'm his sister, and I guess it's hard for a sister to feel romantic about her brother that way, honey. I hope you're very happy. You deserve to be." She said this so sincerely I knew she meant it.

I tried to ask Ward, one night.

Carol was sure she loved Ward—he was her fiancé. Why then did she imagine his voice was louder than usual, his smile more persistent, his air more proprietary?
why he wanted to marry me.

"Happy?" he'd asked. It was a winter night, and we were sitting in his car, out in front of my house, snug and warm with the windows all up against the cold.

"Of course," I said, snuggling down closer into the curve of his arm. "Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Only it doesn't seem quite real. That you and I are going to be married, I mean."

He laughed indulgently. "Well, we are."

WARD," I said hesitatingly, "do you know—you've never said you loved me?"

"Haven't I? Then I'll say it now. I love you . . . Does that make it seem more real?"

"Yes. Some. Maybe, if you told me why you loved me—"

Again Ward laughed. "Because you're a funny little thing. Because your nose turns up at the end, and has freckles on it, and because you come up to my shoulder, and because—" his voice lost its tone of bantering raillery, and became more serious—"because you're not so very clever, and you know it, and you'll never try to boss me. Because you don't smoke or drink, like all the debs up on the hill."

I had asked for reasons, and I got them. Perhaps more than I really wanted, in my heart.

It was to be a big wedding. Ward had a great many friends, and wanted them all to be present, first in the church and later at a reception that would be held at the Plaza Hotel. I worried a little about the expense, but Ward laughed and said to leave all that to him—it would cost a lot, but it would be a good investment.

Of course I quit my job as soon as we were engaged—Ward wanted me to—but there was so much to do, and so many new people to meet, that I seemed to be busier than I ever had been when I was working. I lost weight, and felt tired most of the time, and in March I caught a cold that kept me in bed two whole weeks.

Ward sent flowers every day, and came to see me whenever he could. But I couldn't help seeing that he was vexed because I was ill. Not at me—just at circumstances.

"But no more of this running around all day and half the night," the doctor said severely on the day I finally got out of bed. "You were overdoing things—that's why you caught the cold in the first place."

"I'll be careful," I promised.

"Hm—well," he said dubiously, and glanced at Aunt Jane, who was in the room with us. "See that she does." But I suppose even he realized the impossibility of Aunt Jane, in her vague way, trying to control anyone else, because he added, "The best thing, really, would be for Carol to get out of the city for a couple of weeks—go where she could have plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Could that be arranged?"

Aunt Jane considered a moment—and then said surprisingly, "I don't see why not. I have a little money saved up that I was going to buy you a wedding present with, Carol. But I don't see what better present I could give you than a rest that would make you well and strong again . . . And I wouldn't mind having a little vacation myself."

And that was how, late in March, Aunt Jane and I happened to go to Watch Hill Manor, up in the northern part of the state. The choice of the place to go was Ward's; and after all, the Manor wasn't so very expensive, because it was between seasons—too late for the winter sports enthusiasts, much too early for the summer vacationists.

But this was in the spring. There was still snow on the slopes of Watch Hill—good snow for skiing. Strange, to think that if it had been an early spring, the snow had already been gone when I came there, I might never have learned the difference between the true and the false.

There weren't many people at the Manor, although the weather was perfect—clear and cold, like mid-winter. The first couple of days I was content to do very little but take short walks or sit with Aunt Jane listening to the magnificent phonograph and large stock of records they had in the library. Then, as I grew stronger, I felt lonely. I wished Ward could be here with me, enjoying the loveliness of the countryside—bare and ready for the first touch of spring down in the valley where the Inn was, still held tight by winter up on the mountains.

I felt adventurous, too. I wished I could ski, but I'd never learned. There were skis leaning against the wall of a glassed-in porch at the end of the hotel, and one morning I inspected them, tempted to try a pair on and see what happened. I jumped when a voice behind me said:

"Those aren't very good. They've been used by everyone, all winter long. I have an extra pair you are welcome to try."

Embarrassed, I fell back a step. A blond young man was standing in the entrance to the porch. I had seen him a few times before, always dressed in ski clothes, going in and out of the hotel. This was the first time I had heard him speak, and I noticed that his voice had a slight foreign accent.

"No, thanks," I said. "I was just looking at them—I don't ski."

"Would you like to learn? I would be most happy to teach you."

"Oh, no." I protested. "I wouldn't think of asking you—it would be so much trouble—"

SUDDENLY he smiled. He wasn't handsome, like Ward, but he had a nice face—strongly modelled, with high cheek-bones and deep-set blue eyes. "It would be no trouble," he said. It is my job to teach people to ski—that is what the hotel pays me for. My name is Erik Bergen. . . . We could go out this afternoon."

"I'd be so awkward," I demurred.

"How do you know until you try? And it would be a real kindness to me—there are so few people here now I do not have a chance to earn my salary."

"All right," I said, laughing. "Right after lunch."

He met me on the veranda, carrying two pairs of skis and some poles. I was glad that I'd brought a snow-suit with me. It was an old one, left over from my high school days when I had done some tobogganing. But it would do.

The hotel had a station-wagon to carry people up the back road to the side of Watch Hill, and this afternoon we were its only passengers. Erik Bergen drove, not saying much as we wound along between the dark trees, and finally stopped the car at the foot of a long, smooth stretch of snow. "This is a good place to start," Continued on page 58.
This is your formal introduction to a young lady with a charm all her own—and with only a dimple as a reminder of the baby she used to be.

By SARA HAMILTON

On her last year's birthday, Shirley Temple had something happen to her that would have delighted the heart of any young person the world has ever seen.

Shirley hadn't known it, and the millions of people who loved her when they saw her on the screen hadn't known it, but for years her motion-picture bosses, for publicity purposes, had decreed that she be kept a year younger than her actual age. And that's why, when Shirley's mother kissed her that birthday morning, she said:

"I have something to tell you, dear. You're not twelve today, as you thought. You're really thirteen."

Thirteen. A teener! All at once, she was not one, but two, full years older than she had been when she went to bed the night before.

It was an Event. It was more than that. It was a formal declaration that a veteran actress had ceased being a child and had entered the ranks of the "junior misses." Nothing could have been more fitting than the fact that a few months later Miss Temple became the star of a radio series called simply, Junior Miss.

Today Shirley is almost fourteen (bona fide count this time), weighs 101 pounds, stands five feet and one inch tall, has permitted her hair to return to its natural dark brown color, and has retained the fascinating dimple that flashes with devastating charm from the corner of her mouth. A young lady, she is, and a lovely one.

You can see, too, what sort of a woman she is going to become. She will be intelligent, with a sense of humor. She will always be doing several things simultaneously and well—thinking, creating, and awing male admirers with her beauty and her brains. Men adore her. Director Ed Marin, who is putting her through her paces for her next picture, "Miss Annie Rooney," grows eloquent in his praise of her.

Shirley took to the air with all the aplomb of an expert. Before Junior Miss had its first broadcast, her microphone experiences had been limited to a few "one-shots," mostly for charity, and four consecutive weekly. Continued on page 65.

Shirley Temple stars as Junior Miss, Wednesdays on CBS. Above, she stops on her way to school to pet her little Peke, Ching Ching.
THE STORY OF

Bess Johnson

Once she had been so sure of the difference between right and wrong! But that was before she had fallen under the spell of Vince Kennedy's disarming smile.

As she stood in the doorway, looking out over the crowded room, Bess Johnson felt curiously alone—and very much out of place. These people, the guests of Councilman Wilson Sloan, were not her sort. Their voices were too loud, their clothes too flashy, and the way they stared at her was, to say the least, disconcerting. More than ever, Bess realized that she was a stranger in a strange land—that she had cut the last tie which held her to the past—that she was entirely on her own.

It was only a week or so ago (but it seemed much longer) when—on impulse and with practically no backlog of money—Bess had left a town that was warm and friendly. As dean of a school for girls she had been an important member of the community—a personage. She had expected to find the same warmth and friendship waiting for her in the city—she'd expected to get a job for the asking. But the city, large, impersonal, had ignored her, and there were no jobs to be had. Since her arrival she had lost cash, confidence and illusions—and the last was probably the most grievous loss of all.

She sighed involuntarily and the girl who stood beside her in the doorway asked a question. "Something wrong, Bess?"

Bess, turning, glanced into the face of the little model who roomed across the hall from her—Marie Agnes Franklin, seventeen, pretty, ultra-sophisticated despite her youth. Marie Agnes had welcomed Bess to the dingy and rather sordid confines of the Romando Hotel. She and the desk clerk, Homer, had tried from the very first to make things easier. It was because of Marie Agnes that Bess had come to this party, which was being held in what the Romando grandiloquently and optimistically called its ball room.

"It's time you were meeting some folks," the model had said—adding, with the candor of the very young—"You're swell, Bess, but sometimes I think you walk around in a daze, like you lived in a little world of your own. You've got to circu-

Bess laughed, "Homer can do more—he can take the money and credit it on my rent bill."

RADIO'S POPULAR DRAMA

NOW TOLD AS

A COMPLETE NOVELLETTE
late—to meet people in this town! And besides, no matter what else you say about him, Wilson Sloan isn't afraid to spend money. There'll be plenty of beer and swell eats!"

Plenty of beer and swell eats! Bess felt a sudden reticence—a wild desire to turn and go back upstairs to her own room. But an uneasy thought that Marie Agnes' careless criticism might be just, made her stay where she was.

It was odd that Marie Agnes should have put into words, so lightly, a thought that had been teasing Bess herself these last weeks, whenever she would let it. Could it be that years of holding positions of authority—of administering first an orphanage, then a school—had robbed her of something that could only be called, for want of a better name, the common touch? "You walk around like you lived in a world of your own," Marie Agnes had said. Well, perhaps... And just now, here in the doorway, she had told herself that these people were "not her sort." That was bad. That was very bad.

"Come on," Marie Agnes said, breaking into her reverie—"Come and meet Councilman Sloan. That's him, standing by the punch bowl."

Bess, glancing in the direction indicated, saw a middle-aged man—stout, curiously slimy, badly groomed. "He—he doesn't look like a politician," she faltered.

Marie Agnes laughed. "I guess you haven't had much experience," she said. "He looks like every politician I've ever met—only more so. C'mon, honey—let's get cutting."

Reluctantly Bess stepped across the threshold in the model's wake. Homer, the clerk of the Romano Hotel, saw them and came bustling forward. "Hello, you two," he said. "About time you got here. All pretty up like crazy, aren't you?"

"You don't look so bad yourself," Marie Agnes told him. "New shoes and a haircut—you went the whole way, didn't you, Homer? Say, let's take Bess over and give her a knockdown to the main guy."

Bess felt less lonely now. With Marie Agnes on one side of her, with Homer on the other, she was fortified. She shook hands with the Councilman Sloan, and ignored her speculatively—she ignored his heavy compliments and withdrew her hand, as swiftly as possible, from his moist fat clasp. And then Marie Agnes and Homer were dragging her over to the refreshment table.

"There's turkey sandwiches," Marie Agnes whispered, "and I didn't have any dinner. This stuff looks like money from home."

As she nibbled a sandwich Bess felt her mind wandering again. She was still solitary—still an alien. Almost without money—with no job in sight—wondering what would happen next week—day after tomorrow—the sight of all this food and drink nauseated her. She thought of the poor people in the city who were going hungry while a politician dined and dined his guests. It was the poor people that she'd expected to help—surely, she had told herself, she would find a job in social service, the field she loved best. But her frankness, her outspoken horror at private welfare conditions, had put her in the wrong.

Marie Agnes was speaking again, practically reading her mind. "Any luck today, Bess?" she asked in a voice that was blurred with turkey and rye bread. "Are you on the track of anything?"

Bess shook her head sadly. "No," she said. "I'm afraid I've been blackballed. For talking out of turn. For telling the truth."

Homer, the clerk, was drifting away to greet some other acquaint-

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Read the exciting story of Bess Johnson as a complete novelette by Margaret E. Sangster—the popular radio serial heard Monday through Friday, at 10 A.M., EWT, over the NBC network, sponsored by Super Suds. Illustrations specially posed by Bess Johnson, and by Billy Lee as Homer.

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
It was only when a voice said, "Stick 'em up!" that she turned sharply—to see a man outside her window.

ance—the two girls were momentarily alone. Marie Agnes said sympathetically, "Gosh, Bess, I'm sorry! I wonder if—" Her voice changed suddenly, hardened. "Hello, Vince," she said.

The young man who had joined them was good looking, Bess thought. He was not only good looking, he had something the others lacked—a certain—the word refinement flashed into her mind. His tone, when he addressed Marie Agnes, was mocking and flattering at the same time. "You're looking especially radiant tonight," he said. "That's a gorgeous gown."

"I borrowed it from the shop where I work," Marie Agnes told him. "I didn't mention it to the boss, so don't spill anything on me!" "I'll handle you with kid gloves," the young man told her. "Anything I can do for you, Marie Agnes? Beer? Another sandwich?"

"Not a thing," the model told him. "Run along, Vince, and sell your papers."

But the young man didn't obey. "Now, now, my pet," he said, "don't try to put me in my place! Incidentally, there's something you can do for me." His eyes smiled into the eyes of Bess Johnson.

Marie Agnes bowed to the inevi-


Bess said, "How do you do—" but the simple words stuck in her throat, she didn't know why.

Vincent Kennedy murmured, "You're very beautiful, Miss Johnson... Marie Agnes, how's it if you run along and sell your papers?"

Marie Agnes made a little ex-
clamation under her breath. She said aloud, "Watch your step, Bess—he's an old smoothie—and then she was mingling with the crowd and Bess and the young man were facing each other, studying each other almost guardedly.

"Yes, you are beautiful, Miss Johnson," Vincent said finally, repeating himself. "And you," Bess told him "are rather abrupt."

"I always speak my mind," Vincent said. "I've been watching you ever since you came in, Miss Johnson... Are you a visitor in our—" he chuckled—"fair city?"

Bess told him, "I'm not a visitor—I'm hoping to stay here. But I haven't found it a very fair city."

Vince asked her, "Why?" and before she knew it Bess was telling him her problem. "If I don't get work soon," she said, "I'll— I'll starve to death."

"A natural blonde—starving to death?" Vince laughed. "It would be a wicked waste... Listen. I'll make an appointment for you with Sloan—he'll put the bee on somebody. Or maybe he can fit you into his social service department."

"Social service—why, that's my specialty," exclaimed Bess. "What—what is it, Marie Agnes?"

For the model, with a large, awkward man in tow, was back again. "Bess," she said, "I want you to meet Billy Joyce. He's a dick."

Bess felt her hand engulfed in a great strong paw. She found herself comparing the firm grasp to the limp flabbiness of the Councilman. "A dick?" she murmured.

The large man chuckled. "I'm plainclothes," he told Bess. "A detective."

Bess murmured, "Oh, I never met a detective before." She added quickly, "Mr. Joyce, do you know Mr. Kennedy?"

Vince said quickly, "We know each other," and the plainclothes man grunted, "Yeah, we do." Bess thought it was odd that they didn't shake hands.

WHEN Bess went to bed that night she was seething with mixed emotions. From the moment of meeting Vince things had happened so quickly, so one on top of the other, so pell-mell! She had met dozens of people, men and women—she had been complimented, praised, made much of. And last but not least, Councilman Sloan, of his own accord, had given her an appointment for the next day. "Vince's friends are my friends," he told her. "Drop in at the office, my dear, and I'm sure we'll make some sort of an arrangement." But when Bess, thrilled with her fortune, talked it over with Marie Agnes and Homer, their combined attitude was like a dash of cold water.

"You'd better take Vince with a pinch of Salt," Marie Agnes had sniffed. "I've been wise to him for years—he's a chiseler if ever there was one!"

Homer, less vehement, had said doubtfully, "Perhaps he means well, Miss Johnson, but I'd go easy if I was you. Vince usually knows which side his bread's buttered on!"

Billy Joyce, the detective? He had made no comment either for or against Vince, but Bess couldn't help noticing that the two men were seldom in the same part of the room at the same time.

And yet, she told herself as she drifted to sleep, there couldn't be anything wrong with Vincent Kennedy.
Marie Agnes had always been a solitary—though she didn't mean to appear that way. She was good at her job, and she was looking forward to it. She had told herself that these people were not her sort. That was very bad.

"Come on, Marie Agnes said, breaking into her reverie—"Come and meet Councilman Sloan. That's him, standing by the punch bowl."

The man dancing in the direction indicated, saw a middle-aged man—stout, curiously skinny, badly gowned. "He—he doesn't look like a politician," she faltered.

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Reluctantly Bess stepped across the threshold in the model's wake. Homer, the clerk of the Romando Hotel, saw them and came bustling forward. "Hello, you two," he said.

"About time you got here. All prettied up like crazy, aren't you?"

"You don't look so bad yourself," Marie Agnes told him. "New shoes and hairdo—you went the whole way, didn't you, Homer? Say, let's take Bess over and give her a little time to herself."

Bess felt less lonely now. With Marie Agnes on one side of her, with the other, the girls, she felt fortified. She shook hands with the Councilman, who eyed her speculatively—she didn't know what the direction compliments and withdrew her hand, as swiftly as possible, from him. She knew that Marie Agnes and Homer were dragging her to the refreshment table. "There's turkey sandwiches," Marie Agnes whispered, "and I didn't have any dinner."

This stuff looks like money from home."

As she nibbled a sandwich Bess felt her mind wandering again. She was still solitary—still an alien. Almost without money—with no job in sight—wondering what would happen next day—day after tomorrow—driving all this food and drink nauseated. She thought of the people in the room—anyone who was going hungry while a politician wined and dined his guests. It was the poor people that got help—"By the way, she told herself, she would find a job in social service, the field she loved best. But her frankness, her outspoken horror at private welfare conditions, had put her in the wrong.

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Bess shook her head sadly. "No."

"But the young man didn't obey. Now, now, my pet," he said, "don't try to put me in my place! Incidentally, there's something you can do for me. His eyes flashed into the eyes of Bess Agnes bowed to the inevitable. "Okay—okay," she said. "Miss Johnson, meet Vincent Kennedy."

"Bess," he said, "however you do it—but that's the simple words stuck in her throat, she didn't know why.

Vincent Kennedy murmured, "You're very beautiful, Miss Johnson; and Marie Agnes, how's it if you run along and see your papers?"

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"Why? And before she knew it Bess was telling him her problem. "If I don't get work soon," she said, "I'll starve to death."

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"Bess murmured, "Oh, I never met a detective before." She added quickly, "Mr. Joyce, do you know Mr. Kennedy?"

"Vince said quickly, 'We know each other,' and the plaid clothes man grunted, 'Yeah, we do.' Bess thought it was odd that they didn't shake hands.
The small upstairs room was very still. Winter sunshine crept over the floor toward the west window and, through the curtains, the sky was lightening before it deepened. Joan lay in the middle of the big bed and listened to the stillness.

Even the pain was quiet. She had the feeling if she stayed motionless she would keep it so, and her body would belong to her again instead of to the tortured misery that had possessed it for days. She raised a hand tentatively and pushed back the short tangled curls into the pillow. Yes, it was hers—and it was thrilling to own your body, to control it even for this brief moment, instead of giving it over to pain and fear and tormented darkness.

She sighed contentedly and listened to the hushed movements from the rest of the house. She could identify each one. The nurse, Miss Lewis, was giving the baby his late-afternoon feeding in the room across the hall. A distant clatter from the kitchen told her Lily was preparing one of her delicious concoctions for “Miz Davis, honey, li’ln’ so sick.” Muted chimes from the clock in the hall meant Harry would be home soon.

In a little while this blessed stillness would be broken. Harry would be masking his anxiety for her under gay and tender raillery. Miss Lewis would be in with the baby for her to look at—not to hold, for she was too weak for that. And Dr. Wiggan would come with his cheerful “How are we today—h’m?” and questions would be asked and gentle hands laid on her, and the pain would start again. For each she must pretend she didn’t know they were hiding their fears for her.

She had been desperately ill when the baby came. Death had come very close. She wasn’t free of it yet. Now, in this respite, she could face that calmly and without panic, just knowing it and accepting it as a fact. It was strange how much you knew when you were ill. Things you’d been too hurried to see before. This was like being in the balcony of a darkened theater, looking down on a lighted stage. She could see herself and Harry, Phil and Eve and her mother, like actors going through their parts of the last two years. She saw herself clearest of all.

“If I ever get well,” she murmured, “if I ever get well, I’ll never be like that again.”

The chimes from the hall struck again. Joan shifted, and then lay still. She must see everything whole and see it clearly, now, while she had time. She must look down on the stage from her balcony seat and try to examine the chain of circumstances that led to here and now, the way each link led inevitably to the next. Letting her mind drift back, she knew that all that had happened since need not have happened. If, for instance, she had just not answered the front doorbell when it rang long ago on a spring afternoon . . .

She and Harry had been married five months then. They were still in the honeymoon stage of locking the door against the world, bounding their horizons only with each other.

The cottage in Fox Meadow Lane shone with newness and excitement. New furniture, new curtains, and a glossy kitchen that housed the wonderful adventure of fixing meals to be shared by the two of them. Money was scarce, but what of that? Market lists, carefully selected for bargains, were far more thrilling than any dance program had ever been in the old days. Making out a budget held more tingling anticipation than drawing up the blueprints for a mansion could ever hold.

“Sure you’re not sorry you married a poor man?” Harry asked, half teasing, half serious.

Joan flung herself on him. “Oh, darling, you’re all I want for ever and ever.” And then, fearful that
the gossamer moment might break under too much feeling, she added, "Except of course extra shelves in the kitchen. I'll be miserable till I get those!"

And Harry struggled to put them up. He upset the box of nails, he lost the ruler, he hammered his finger. When the shelves were done, one side was half an inch lower than the other so that the kitchen clock slid slowly off into the wastebasket. They laughed until they were weak, holding onto each other for support, as they put it back and watched it slowly slide off again.

Those were the singing, halcyon days when God was in His heaven and all was right with their world. Her mother's complaints that she was shutting herself away from old friends on the Ridge by living "over there in that tacky new development where nobody ever lived, my dear," that she would ruin her hands with housework and her looks with making ends meet—they were ridiculously unimportant. So were her memories of the big Field house on the Ridge, playing golf, going to Country Club dances, seeing her name on the society pages as "one of Stanwood's most popular debs." That old life was paltry and empty.

Naturally her mother couldn't see it that way. To Mrs. Field, material possessions and social prestige were the only considerations to any girl in her right mind. Joan just wasn't in her right mind. "Who is Harry Davis?" Mrs. Field had demanded. "A nobody. A poor young lawyer with his way to make. A stranger in town, besides. And as for throwing over Phil Stanley, to marry him—"
As she opened the door, that spring afternoon, how could Joan guess that she was admitting heartache to her honeymoon house? For it was her best friend who was standing outside, waiting...
Her voice always faded off in acute anguish.

“Throwing over” Phil Stanley hadn’t been easy, nor had Joan done it lightly. Their families had always expected them to marry, and the engagement had grown out of that expectation and childhood companionship.

But from the day she laid eyes on Harry, Joan was no longer engaged to Phil. With the burgeoning of love, she knew what she felt for Phil was only fondness. It hadn’t been easy to face his hurt disbelief that she wouldn’t marry him; it hadn’t been easy, or flattering, or any of those things, to hear him plead that he would always love her. She’d married Harry anyway. She’d followed her heart.

Almost immediately Phil had married Eve Topping in a dizzying elopement, and Joan thought the old chapter closed forever. Eve was her “best friend,” which in a town like Stanwood meant the girl whose family had always known yours, the girl you spent the night with after dances. Because they were best friends, Joan knew Eve loved Phil as passionately and tempestuously as she did everything in her impulsive life. There were no half measures in anything for Eve.

The elopement hadn’t gone down well with Phil’s family, and Eve and Phil moved to their own little house in Bailey’s Gardens while Phil started, for the first time in his life, to look for a job.

Joan and Harry hadn’t seen them since they’d been back from the honeymoon. With a vague pricking of her conscience, Joan knew she should. But to share her precious moments with Harry among outsiders was too much of a wrench.


And she sang as she washed the gay new crockery and made the beds and rearranged for the third time the eight pairs of pewter candlesticks they’d received among the wedding presents.

She was singing the day the belling and Fate led her down the narrow, brightly papered hall through the first invisible link in the chain of circumstances, to throw open the front door and come face to face with Eve Topping Stanley.

They embraced, laughing excitedly, and Joan led her into the sunlit living room. It was as if they were little girls again, “playing house”—only this time it was real. And different.

Eve’s dark gypsy beauty seemed dimmed. Heavy shadows lay under her brown eyes, and there was a strained tightness around the full, wilful mouth. She moved as if too tight a rein had been laid on her, and Joan wondered suddenly what was wrong.

“I don’t want to interrupt the honeymoon,” Eve laughed. “But we want you and Harry to have dinner with us one night next week. We haven’t laid eyes on each other since—since we were all married.”

Joan felt the hesitant embarrassment, covered up with laughter. Naturally this was hard for Eve whose husband, after all, had been engaged to Joan until right up before the wedding.

So she answered quickly. “We’d love it. Harry’s so busy now with a new case—” and for the life of her, she couldn’t keep the pride out of her voice—“that we haven’t seen anybody or been anywhere. He’s trying to get a child out of the custody of a perfectly horrible old woman named Mrs. Ashby, and he’s awfully wrapped up in it. But I’m sure Wednesday would be all right. How’s Phil?”

Eve dropped her eyes. The strain around her mouth deepened. “Pretty well. He hasn’t a job yet and we’re living off the allowance his mother makes him. I didn’t want to take it, but Phil’s never worked in his life and we had to have something to live on.”

“He’ll find a job soon,” Joan comforted. “Phil’s played a lot, like we all did, but he’s smart. Have you seen any of the old gang?”

“I saw Bertha Catlett yesterday. You going to her wedding?”

“Bertha’s? Why, I didn’t even know she was getting married.”

“Oh, yes, to a perfectly darling young officer stationed at Fort Brander. A wartime wedding with all the trimmings. I thought surely you’d be going.”

“Well—Harry doesn’t know Bertha, of course. And I haven’t seen her for ages since my wedding. What else do you know?”

She listened eagerly while Eve ran through the old names: Jim Fawcett was in the Air Corps, and the Higginses were having a baby, and Don King had a new job at the defense plant, and the youngest Crowley boy had been dropped from the Country Club for insulting the president’s brother. From then on, it was a fine visit.

She told Harry about it at supper. He was properly and flattering reluctant to accept the dinner invitation. “It’s the entering wedge,” he said. “It’s been perfect with just you and me. If we go to the Stanleys, we’ll have to open the door and let the world in.”

Joan looked radiantly at him across the table, “You darling! I feel that way, too. But we have to open the door sometime. We have to see our old friends eventually.”

“Yes,” he said slowly, “I guess we do. I guess you’ve been pretty lonely these last months.”

She jumped up and ran around the table to him in quick denial. “Oh, no, Harry. I couldn’t be lonely with you and our house and—and why, I’m so busy I haven’t time to be lonely.”

“That’s just it, honey. I’ve been pretty selfish, keeping you cooped up over here away from all the people you used to know.”

“I’m not cooped up! I’ve loved it,

In thrilling fiction form by Helen Irwin Dowsley, begun Elaine Corrievon’s popular radio serial, heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EWT, sponsored by General Foods Corp. Illustrations passed by the cost—Mary Jane Higby as Joan, John Raby as Harry, Michael Fittimaurice as Phil.
Eve's eyes were hard as flint as her gaze swept their startled faces.

with only the two of us. But I want to show you off to people. I want them to see what a wonderful man I married and how proud I am of you and—oh, everything."

He laughed and pulled her down in his lap. "Flatterer. Well, we'll go to the Stanleys as long as you've said we would."

"You'll like Phil, when you know him better," she said happily. "He's more fun than anybody. And Eve is a peach—really she is, darling."

But Harry was quietly thoughtful the rest of the evening and Joan knew he didn't want to go. Once she almost weakened, almost said they'd call the whole thing off. Then she decided against it. She remembered Eve's hesitant embarrassment when she came. No, they'd have to go. They went. And from the moment they set foot inside the Stanleys' door, the evening went wretchedly, horribly. Everything was wrong.

In the first place, it was only Eve who greeted them. Joan saw traces of tears under careful make-up, and her manner was strained to the point of feverishness.

"Phil's delayed," she said nervously. "I thought we'd just start without him."

They tried, all three of them, to make it natural that the host shouldn't be there. They talked and laughed and covered up the awkwardness. The table was set with the best linen, the flowers were beautiful, and Eve must have spent most of her day in the kitchen preparing the dinner. Joan's heart ached for her.

Afterward in the living room, Harry tried to distract Eve by recounting the amusing incidents that sometimes happened in court. He got her interested in the Ashbey case. "... and Continued on page 48
Her voice always failed in acute anguish.

"Throwing over" Phil Stanley hadn't been easy, nor had Joan done it lightly. Their families had always expected them to marry, and the engagement had grown out of that expectation and childhood companionship.

But from the day she laid eyes on Harry, Joan was no longer engaged to Phil. With the burgeoning love, she knew what she felt for Phil was not loneliness. It hadn't been easy to face this hurt disbelief that she wouldn't marry him. It hadn't been easy, or flattering, or any of those things, to hear him plead that he would always love her. She'd married Harry anyway. She'd followed her heart.

Almost immediately Phil had married Eve Topping in a dazzling elopement, and Joan thought the old chapter closed forever. Eve was the "best friend," whom, in a town like Stanwood meant the girl whose family had always known yours, the girl you spent the night with after dances. Because they were best friends, Joan knew Eve loved Phil as passionately and tempestuously as she did everything in her impulsive life. They were no hall measures in anything for Eve.

The elopement hadn't come down well with Phil's family, and Eve and Phil moved to their own little house in Halley's Gardens while Phil started, for the first time in his life, to look in on her.

Joan and Harry hadn't seen them since they'd been back from the honeymoon. With a vague premonition of her conscience, Joan knew she should. But to share her precious moments with Harry among outsiders was too much of a wrench.

"Not yet," she told herself. "Tomorrow, maybe. I'll call Eve today—just Harry and me!"

And she sang as she washed the new crockery and made the beds and rearranged for the third time the eight pairs of pewter candlesticks they'd received among the wedding presents.

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Oh, yes, to a perfectly darling young officer stationed at Fort Brander. A wartime wedding with all the trimmings. I thought surely you'd be going."

"Well-Harry doesn't know Bertha's coming home. And I didn't know she was getting married. Yes, it's true, not since my wedding. What else do you know?"

Joan lived eagerly while Eve talked through the old names: Jim Fawcett was in the Air Corps, and they'd dropped having him in, and so on. Phyllis was married, and Don King had a new job at the defense plant, and the youngest Crowley boy had dropped being from the Country Club for insulating the president's brother. From then on, it was a fine visit.

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"That's just it. I've been pretty selfish, keeping you cooped up over here away from all the people you used to know."

"And Eve's eyes were hard as flint as her gaze swept their startled faces."

"I'm not cheered up! I've loved it with only the two of us. But I want to show you off to people. I want them to see what a wonderful man I married and how proud I am of you and—oh, everything!"

He laughed and pulled her down in his lap. "Flatterer, well, we'll go to the Stanleys as long as you've said we would!"

"You'll like Phil, when you know him better," she said happily. "He's more fun than anybody. And Eve's a peach—really she is, darling! But Harry was quietly hoping the rest of the evening and Joan knew he didn't want to go. Once she almost weakened, almost cried and they'd call the whole thing off. Then she decided against it. She remembered Eve's hasty embarrassment when she came. No, they'd have to go."

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Afterward in the living room, Harry tried to distract Eve by recounting the amusing incidents that sometimes happened in the Ashby house. And Eve drooped in count. She got her interested in the Ashby case...
You know and love their voices—now you can see how they look. Here are the people you hear on CBS daily, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EWT, in the popular daytime serial starring Joan Blaine as Joan Scott, sponsored by makers of Bisquick.

JOAN SCOTT (right) is a lovely self-sacrificing young woman whose life has been dedicated to helping others. She was born in a small town in upstate New York and grew up there, befriending many who came to her for help. Among them was a young doctor, Truman Scott, who had been a childhood sweetheart of hers, and whom she later married. Since their marriage they have both known hardship and trouble, but Joan has always stood loyally by her husband's side. When he was accused of malpractice, Joan searched her heart but found only one answer—to go into hiding with him until he could be cleared. (Played by Joan Blaine)

DR. TRUMAN SCOTT (left) has done everything in his power to keep his wife, Joan, out of his present trouble. Some time ago, he unknowingly operated on the face of an insurance swindler named Max Carsten, completely changing the man's face and enabling him to escape detection. Scott was then accused of malpractice and, although Joan tried to persuade him to stay and face the charges, he chose to hide out, because he thought the framed evidence against him was too strong to combat. It did not take long for Scott to realize that his wife was right. He loves Joan and will do anything to save her from disgrace. (Played by Bartlett Robinson)
MYRA GORDON (right) is a strikingly beautiful young woman with soft dark eyes and jet black hair, a young woman who in the past has led an exciting and not altogether wholesome life. Myra once tried to take Joan's husband away from her and almost succeeded in wrecking Joan's marriage. Joan has forgiven her for this and has befriended her on more than one occasion. Myra herself is married to Dr. Alec Gordon. Several years ago, her face was badly scarred in an automobile accident. It was Dr. Scott who attended her and his skill as a surgeon saved her from tragic disfigurement. Married life has never been happy for Myra and Alec. Only through Joan's help and her husband's patience has she been able to overcome her vanity and selfishness and gradually turn into a gracious person. She is no longer infatuated with Dr. Scott and is now doing her best to help him clear his name.

(Played by Irene Winston)
DR. ALEC GORDON is Joan and Truman Scott's best friend. He and Scott attended medical school together and after their graduation they helped each other over the rough road which all young and ambitious doctors travel. Alec is very proud of Scott's genius as a surgeon and, in his own right, is a fine brain specialist. At one time, when his wife, Myra, was unfaithful to him, Gordon almost committed suicide. It was Joan who saved him and straightened out their marriage by sending them on a second honeymoon. Alec hasn't forgotten the debt he owes to Joan and is now making superhuman efforts to help the Scotts out of their present trouble. Alec is an invaluable friend of Joan and Truman because he is on most occasions calm and practical and acts as a checkmate to Truman's impetuous nature. Neither he nor Myra will rest until Scott has been cleared of the charges against him and can resume his practice.

(Played by Eric Dressler)
JOLLY ROGERS (left) is employed by an insurance protective association to hunt down Dr. Truman Scott, whom he believes guilty of aiding the swindler, Max Carsten. Rogers is a large, corpulent man with a ready smile and an easy-going appearance. But his looks are deceiving, because actually he is a crafty, relentless sleuth who will employ any method to capture the man he seeks. Most of Joan's and her husband's friends are under the constant scrutiny of Rogers and he is also seeking Joan, because he believes her to be an accomplice in her husband's suspected crime. Mike Hagen, an old friend of Joan's, is always placing obstacles in Rogers' path and the detective is trying to cast a shadow of guilt on this kindly old night watchman. If Rogers ever catches up with Joan and her husband his way of dealing with them will undoubtedly be swift and cruel, but the Scotts' many friends are still thwarting every move of the wily detective.

(Played by Craig MacDonnell)

MIKE HAGEN is Joan's oldest friend, a sweet kindly old philosopher who has known Joan since she was a little girl. Mike is employed as a night watchman, and although this job has never paid him a large salary, he has often helped Joan through many a trying financial difficulty. But even more invaluable than this has been the wise advice which Mike has been able to give to Joan and her husband. It was Mike who helped them escape from their hotel right under the eyes of Jolly Rogers. His only fault is a tendency to be long-winded, but those who love him and have been aided by his wisdom don't mind this.

(Played by Parker Fennelly)
I WONDER if any of you listeners remember a certain broadcast of a program which I shall call “Brother Bob’s Answers,” though that is not quite its name. It ended with one of the messages which Bob quoted to answer questions written in to him:

“. . . to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Do you remember the curious gulp with which my husband said those words, before the announcer ended the broadcast? If you noticed that, then you know the exact moment that our marriage smashed on the rocks after a long stretch of stormy sailing.

That broadcast was my last desperate attempt to save our happiness. I had prepared the message, just as I had prepared all Bob's scripts, since the first program we put on for the little 100-watt station in South City three years before. And I chose those words because they went back to our first program, because I thought some magic in them would take Bob back to those days, remind him of the night we sat on my dad's front porch with moonlight shining through the five-fingered-ivy vine, when he said: “Why, Prue, if anyone really believed those words, they'd find the answer to everything.”

Bob had believed, then. It was his lovely, shining young belief, his deep sweet wish to help people who were puzzled and perplexed, that made our program instantly successful, made it possible for us to marry, and made us perfectly content with life.

At least, Bob was content. He was like that, straight and clear and uncomplicated in his desires and dreams. He could lie on our little
suddenly I was seeing everything that money could buy: a hotel suite looking out over spangles of city lights; shop windows full of frothy lingerie and hand-made shoes and misty-colored tweeds and fine leather luggage; perfumes and furs; modern interiors done by decorators and photographed for the magazines; hairdos and make-up and costumes that would make me look—well, the way I looked now, one year later.

And so I said, "Bob, think how many more people you could help if you went on a network. You could be Big Brother to millions instead of just a few thousand." I said, "Bob, it's your duty."

Oh, I convinced myself that what I said was true. Give me credit, I worked just as hard as ever when we came to the city; even after Bob had stopped believing in our program and believed instead in what the wise guys told him—that he was pretty clever to work out such a racket for the suckers.

You see, he wasn't the type to be a celebrity. The city and its materialism were bad for him. He hadn't the hardness to stand out against the boys who seemed so friendly—and the girls. There was no guile in him, and he didn't recognize it in other people. He thought you really had to keep late hours, and drink a little too much, and believe in practically nothing except what you could see and feel and spend.

How does a marriage, once so closely-knit and firm, begin to fray around the edges and then, swiftly and more dizzyingly swiftly, unravel until it is nothing but a tangled snarl? I didn't know, even though for a year I'd watched our marriage go through that process. A cynical remark, like a knife between us—a quarrel over some trivial thing—a word spoken in anger and never retracted—a gradual tearing-apart. Whose fault, his or mine? Well, I wouldn't know that. And anyway, it didn't matter. What mattered was that our marriage was no longer the living thing it had been back in South City. He had his dates. I had mine.

I had made my last effort to turn the clock back, by including in his broadcast the line about "to thine own self be true." I might have spared myself the trouble, because Bob read that last line with a gulp as if he'd already grabbed the drink that was always waiting for him these days after broadcasts. And he plunged out of the studio and never came home at all that night. I knew, because I still had hopes that kept

me lying tense and aching, listening for a key to click into a lock.

So now, having made my last effort, I was through. I had tried, and I had failed. I was free to admit my marriage was finished, and to go my own way: a quiet, ordered way, with no more of the painful hopes and doubts and heartaches of this nightmare year.

I walked into the little office in the broadcasting building a few minutes before Bob was due to go on the air. He was there, and as I opened the door I heard him saying into the telephone, "Tonight!"

I wanted to turn and run, but I just stood still, rigid with the stubborn pride that kept me there. Bob looked up from the phone and flushed red. Then he said smoothly, "Any special reason, Prue, why I shouldn't accept a dinner invitation for tonight?"

I took a long breath and closed my lips against the crazy thing that was trying to be said: "Oh, no, Bob. No special reason except that while you're eating I'll be telling Brinsley Mackall that I am ready to get my divorce and marry him."

But I had never gone hysterical on Bob once in all this year, never made a single scene. I could keep my record clean and have that to remember, if I hung on a few minutes more. And so I said, "Why, no, Bob. I—I have a date myself."

For a minute I had the queer feeling that all my self-control was wasted; that I hadn't made the right answer. For Bob's brown eyes looked questioning, almost panicky, the way they used to look when he reached for my hand just before he went on the air.

But that was an optical illusion. He turned to the phone and said, "Right, Marnie. Club Cuban at eight."

He sighed, then. He was tired, of course. And why not? A man can't live without sleep and not be tired sometimes.

"Here's your script," I said.

He reached to take it and I looked away. I didn't want to see that hand tremble. I'd had feelings about that hand. Big, clean, with brown skin firm over long strong fingers; a hand to count on, I used to think.

Before he had finished reading over the script, the director popped in his head: "Ready to go on the air, Bob?"

Bob went to the door, and I couldn't help watching. He didn't stagger. Any day he would, for sooner or later they always do, once they start on the way down.

Then they're through. But I wouldn't be here to see it. I couldn't bear to be.
It seemed I couldn't even bear to think about it, for the door had hardly closed before my head went down on that desk at which I would not sit any more.

Correspondence should be kept dry, so I lifted my head and wiped my eyes, but it was too late to save the top letter.

I didn't mean to read it, even when I reached for the blotter. I was through with the pain of reading words from people who did not know that Bob now called their tragic problems "fan mail!" meant only for counting into weekly totals.

At least I thought I did not want to read that letter. I thought I had enough trouble on my hands. But maybe something down deep in me was looking for just what I got in that letter from Angus Cameron.

Carefully I dried the blur of ink and tears and saw what had been written to Bob:

"I don't guess anybody ever needs a big brother like they do at 14 years of age . . . ."

I read that much and I knew I must go on. My eyes continued to scan the uneven, scrawled lines.

". . . especially if you never had any father or mother, but only the Supt. of the Home, and not even him now on account of being sent to this farm. Gee, I sure was sunk until I heard one of your broadcasts. Now I listen every Wednesday night. I get through my chores just in time. Last week I almost missed what you said. Gosh, you made it sound as though you were talking just about me."

For a second I couldn't read the words very well because I was seeing them through a mist of tears. The laborious writing marched on across the cheap notebook paper:

"So I decided I just had to see you in person. You're the only one who can tell me what to do and I've just got to decide. So by the time you read this, I'll be on the train that gets to your depot at 6:10—"

In panic I looked over at the calendar, then to the clock up on the wall. Today . . . in less than half an hour. But someone in the broadcasting studio must have seen this letter. They would have somebody there at the train to meet this frightened, hopeful boy, somebody who would take him gently by the hand and put him on the next train going back, without his ever having seen Bob, having a chance to ask him for advice on his great problem, whatever it was.

So that was that. It was out of my hands. I could step into a taxi for the hairdresser's, get a stunning new coiffure so that tonight, when Brinsley Mackall proposed, he could look at me and feel that he was acquiring the right wife. I would sit back in the taxi's leather seat and relax. Now I could think about the Coach Inn and what would happen there. Brinsley Mackall might like the Cuban Room for a less serious evening but when he had a proposal to bestow, he would arrange a pastoral background, complete with brook, and probably even a full moon for the lighting effects.

The cab whirled down the avenue but I saw nothing that I stared at through the window. We should be at the beauty salon by now. I broke my reverie and looked at the street corner ahead and gasped, "Driver, I thought I told you to take me to Salon—"

"You said the depot, miss," the cab driver said, opening the door.

I got out and looked up at the low, squat depot made the color of slate from the countless clouds of smoke from locomotives chugging in and out in endless procession. A clock said 6:05. The train would just be getting in. I knew I had already made up my mind. I would see the boy myself, try to explain.

Bob grinned and said, "I think we can find a way, but it won't be by running off from your job."
to him, send him back with some good reason why he couldn't see Bob... but not the real reason—that Bob wouldn't waste his time on anyone so unimportant.

I made it. I had time to send away the representative the broadcasting studio had sent to meet the train before it pulled into the station. And I knew Angus Cameron right away.

ONLY a kid looking for a big brother would swing down the steps with that false assurance stiffening the legs too long for his adolescent body. Only the writer of that letter would look around so anxiously from serious big gray eyes above a freckled nose and sternly tight, sweet mouth.

"Angus?"

His eyes leaped to mine, beautifully alight. But they didn't stop. They were looking over my shoulder. They were looking for a big brother.

"I—I'm Bob's wife, Angus." I had to give him that much, and it was still true, after all. "Won't I do?"

His smile tried to say I would, and it was terribly sweet, but it didn't quite succeed. It was still a big brother he wanted.

"Look, Angus," I said quickly. "Let's go over to the network. See the whole works, where he broadcasts from—"

"Will he be there?" That was all that counted.

"Well, maybe not right now. But I could get you into one of the control rooms, introduce you to sound engineers and big shot announcers."

That was guaranteed to fill the mind of any fourteen-year-old. But not Angus Cameron's. His thin hand tightened on the strap of the book bag he was carrying. "If it's all right with you, Mam," he said with painful politeness, "I'd rather see him at home. Where we could talk. I—I just got to ask him this question—"

Home... Bob wouldn't be there, if you could call that huge, empty place a home. However, that was where I had to be, and quick, to get ready for my date with Brinsley Mackall.

In the cab I told him, "This is Central Avenue, Angus." He looked out the window but he didn't see the sights. All he saw was the big question mark inside him. He had come to find an answer, and nothing else existed for him until he found it. Until he found it. What was I thinking of? Panic seized me.

I had to get this boy off my hands. Why had I sent the man from the network away? This was a job for him, not me.

I turned to see his gray eyes looking into mine, full of new fear.

"Here's where we live," I told him as the taxi stopped. Walking up the rubber carpet under the marquee, I put a hand on his shoulder. But if I thought the haughty figure of Felix the doorman, would embarrass him, I had him wrong. He didn't see Felix or his gold braid. And his breath was coming in quick sharp gasps.

There wasn't a sign of Bob, of course. He was neat around the house—the perfect husband, I'd called him long ago. Only I could see that his best dinner jacket was gone.

"He'll be coming home to supper, won't he?" The voice cracked a little. "He's sure to, isn't he?"

"Angus, why don't you tell me what's on your mind?" I answered quickly. "Then we could get a start on it before he comes—" I still had half an hour. Maybe I could get this settled and start him home somehow.

He shook his head. "Not that I don't appreciate you helping me, Mam," he said. "But it's just that I—well, I've heard his voice, and I—well, I know him."

Oh, Angus! So did I, or thought I did. But we were wrong.

I wanted to grab this thin kid up against me and moan and weep. Oh, Angus, so wrong! But I drew a deep breath. "Listen, Angus. Radio's a funny business. The people in it keep queer hours." That was true, all right! "Sometimes we can't be just sure when we'll be seeing Bob—" Oh, Angus, if you knew—

He was waiting there, clutching the cardboard suitcase and the bookbag. "So, look, Angus. I'll go in there and wash my face and fix my hair and powder my nose, while you eat the swell beef stew I'll have sent up—and pie a la mode—"

I stopped, shocked to think I had dreamed that thoughts of food could lighten the stark shadow that had darkened those gray eyes.

"He—Why, Mam, I've got to see him!"

"But tomorrow, Angus!" I told him desperately. "You tuck up and go to sleep here and see him in the morning—"

And what a sight that would be—if he got here. But the minutes were ticking away toward the moment I had to be ready for Brinsley Mackall.

Angus was shaking his head, death in his eyes. "It would be too late—"

His voice cracked again, into a heartrending falsetto. Angus, no! Not a big fourteen-year-old boy, don't dare—

But, of course, he wouldn't cry. Not Angus. His voice just flattened out and he said quietly. "You see, I'll take that nine-thirty train back, like I planned unless he told me it was okay not to." He straightened suddenly, and said, "I guess I was just plain crazy, thinking I could walk right in and find him waiting for me all set to straighten everything out." He even smiled, apologetically, the whitest, saddest smile I ever saw. "I'm sorry to give you all this trouble, Mam, but it's like I said. I was just crazy, trying to figure things out—"

Suddenly I couldn't bear it. For the first time I thought, maybe it's important for Angus to find his Answer. Maybe it's more important than the one I found.

I looked at the clock. Seven already. I rushed to the swanky soundproof phone booth in the hall. "I—I can't make it," I told Brinsley Mackall. And with absurd hopefulness. "Not tonight, that is—"

There was a silence on the wire. Brinsley Mackall was good at silences, the kind that could reprove and punish.

"Something has come up," I stammered. "An emergency, sort of—"

"I see," Brinsley Mackall said. "I understand. Your husband again, I suppose?"

"No. Or not exactly. That is, I have to see him—"

"I think you know my position," Brinsley Mackall said. I did. He had stated it, often. "You must make your choice," he had said. And with impatience, lately. He had laid down an Continued on page 67.

BANDLEADER of the YEAR

The ballots have all been counted, and the winner of the Radio Mirror's annual balloting in the arts is a familiar name—Glen Miller. His orchestra has won again in the annual balloting for its "Stardust" performance. The band has been a favorite of radio listeners for many years, and its popularity continues to grow. The band's latest album, "Stardust," is expected to be a hit. A special concert is planned for the band's fans, and tickets are already selling out. The band's popularity is a testament to the skill and talent of its members, and their dedication to their craft. The band's fans are looking forward to the upcoming concert, and to hearing the band's latest release.
You're The Someone I've Been Waiting For

An accompanist becomes a composer—Ted Straeter, Kate Smith’s pianist on her Friday night CBS program, contributes this captivating hit song

REFRAIN

Words and Music by TED STRAETER

Copyright, 1942 by Ted Straeter
for Thru all the years I hoped to find some-body just like you But

now I have no peace of mind You haunt me all day thru my dream come true my

one i-deal I'm so a-fraid you won't be real At last I've found the someone I can

worship and a dure Cause you're the some-one I've been wait-ing for
KAREN hummed softly to herself, as she washed the breakfast dishes. Every once in a while, she would glance out through the window above the tiny sink and watch the turbulent waves break on the sandy beach.

Karen loved the sea in all its moods, but best of all in this one, with a Nor'easter blowing up and the water choppy and gray and glittering like steel when the early morning sun momentarily broke through the wind-scudded clouds.

Then, her eyes wandering far out to where the murky sky and the restless water lost themselves in one another, Karen's face hardened. Out there, lurking unseen and striking without warning, was an enemy far more implacable than any storm of the sea, far more terrible, because it followed no law of man or nature.

Unconsciously, Karen straightened her shoulders and threw up her head, so that, in spite of her slight frame and the delicacy of her features, there was something of great strength and courage and determination about her. Standing there like that, she looked like a Viking Princess out of some ancient Norse legend.

A gust of wind swirled down over the trailer and whistled against the high, earthen embankment. Karen shivered. She was glad she and her father had found this sheltering cliff of earth under which to camp. They had been lucky to find it in the dark the night before. Here, if a storm did come up, they would be protected from the worst fury of the gale.

It was warm inside the trailer, everything was comfortable and shipshape. Only the dishes remained to be done. Karen set to work again.

"Hey, there!"

Karen raised her head to listen. It was a man's voice. A moment later, there was a knocking on the door of the trailer. Karen wiped her hands quickly and opened the door.

It was a young man. "Hello," he said briskly.

He was very tall and his dark, shaggy hair was blowing in the wind. His eyes were surprisingly blue.

"I wonder—" he began and then stopped. "Well—hello—" he stammered. He looked at Karen with an almost unbelieving stare. Then he grinned and there was pleasure and surprise and admiration in his eyes.

Karen smiled back at him. "Hello," she said. "Did you want something?"

He frowned slightly. "I—" he began and looked embarrassed. "Say—" he hedged, "could I come inside? It's cold out here—that wind—"

"Of course," Karen said cordially and stepped aside to let him in.

He was so tall he had to stoop a little and he looked awkward, standing there like that, in the narrow space between the two bunks. He bit his lip and smiled feebly at her.

"Yes?" Karen asked.

"Uh—well—you see," he said, "my family owns that house up there—" he bent low and pointed land toward the south. Karen peered through the window over her father's bunk. She saw the roof of a large, rambling house, just visible over the top of the embankment. She saw four chimneys, smoke feathering from all four of them and getting lost in the rough wind.

"It looks like a very nice house," Karen smiled. "You're very lucky."

His face grew red. "I—yes," he mumbled. Then he said quickly, a little uncomfortably, "This is private property—this strip of beach, too."

"Oh," Karen said softly. "I'm sorry. We didn't see any 'No Trespassing' signs. It was too dark, I guess."

"There aren't any signs," the young man laughed unconviningly. "You see—well—everyone knows—this is a very exclusive summer colony."

"Everyone knows?" Karen asked with a smile. "We didn't."

He tried to answer her smile, not too successfully. "Well," he said with a shrug, "it's just a mistake. I guess your camping here one night won't matter much—"

"One night?" Karen said. "But we'll be here longer that that. We'll have to be." The young man stared at her. "You see," Karen felt she should explain, "we came up here to get work at the Drake Speedboat Company's shipyards."

That seemed to embarrass him even more. He looked around the trailer. "We?" he asked.

"My father's a shipbuilder," Karen said. Secretly, she was a
Because he symbolized the injustice she hated, she hardened her heart against him, forgetting they were allies in a common cause.

Adapted by Medeline Thompson, from the radio play, "Builders of the Bulwark," heard on the First Nighter broadcast sponsored by Campano's Italian Balm over CBS Friday nights.

he had some justification in asking them to move. It occurred to her that he might not understand. "We have been down there," she repeated. "First, we tried to find a house, or apartment, in town. Then we went down to the boatyard. But there's no room. The beach is so crowded with trailers and tents, you can hardly walk around."

"Oh," he said. "But still—there must be some other—"

"No, there isn't any other place," Karen said. "We looked. We just can't camp on the exposed beach."

"I see your point," he said. "But, after all, this is private property and—"

Suddenly, Karen's annoyance turned to anger. She thought of that big house on the knoll. She thought of the warmth and coziness that the four smoking chimneys implied. She thought of this young man, so sleek and neat in his fine clothes and his sense of security, returning to that warmth and comfort after he had sent her father and her packing like so much riff-raff. She was suddenly cold with fury.

"I'm very sorry," she said bitingly, "that our trailer is disgracing your lovely, private beach. But I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it. You might be interested to know that we came up here because the government sent out a call for experienced shipyard workers. But we didn't come just for a job. We came because we love this country and we want to do everything we can to help defend it—now—when it needs us. My father didn't come up here to enjoy the advantages of your precious summer colony. He came to do his share to save America from the fate of his country. He doesn't want what happened to Norway to Continued on page 53
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“One night?” Karen said. “But we’ll be here longer than that. We’ll have to be.” The young man stared at her. “You see?” Karen felt she should explain. “We came up here to get work at the Drake Special-boat Company’s shipyards. That seemed to embarrass him even more. He looked around the trailer. “We?” he asked.

“My father’s a shipbuilder,” Karen said. “Secretly, she was a little amused, even a little flattered, by his question.

“Oh—I see,” he said. “Then—oh—wouldn’t it be more practical for you to camp nearer the boatyard? I mean, after all, it’s over half a mile down the beach and I’m sure you’d be much happier down—”

“Have you been down there?” Karen asked.

“No—no—not since last summer,” he admitted. “We—the family just got up here last night.”

“Well, we have been down there,” Karen said. She was beginning to be annoyed, not only because she was beginning to understand the purpose of this visit, but because it was obvious that the young fellow was trying to convince himself that he had some justification in asking them to move. It occurred to her that he might not understand. “We have been down there,” she repeated. “First, we tried to find a house, or apartment, in town. Then we went down to the boatyard. But there’s no room. The beach is so crowded with trailers and tents, you can hardly walk around.”

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“I’m very sorry,” she said bitingly, “that our trailer is disgraceing your lovely, private beach. But I’m afraid you’ll have to put with it. You might be interested to know that we came up here because the government sent out a call for experienced shipyard workers. But we didn’t come just for a job. We came because we love this country and we want to do everything we can to help defend it—now when it needs us. My father didn’t come up here to enjoy the advantages of your modest little colony. He came to do his share to save America from the fate of his country. He doesn’t want what happened to Norway to Continued on page 33

Because he symbolized the injustice she hated, she hardened her heart against him, forgetting they were allies in a common cause.
The house on Princess Street was gray, with green shutters. It was not a tall house; in its Georgian architecture it was perfectly proportioned, and as graceful as the rhododendron and wisteria and mimosa trees of its garden. A low wrought-iron fence surrounded the house and separated it from the cobbled street and narrow sidewalk. Within the garden was a fountain, a little Cupid with stiff marble curls, always smiling.

The rooms were large, low-ceilinged, and all done in neutral, pale colors which took the light streaming in the windows and gave it back again as something softer and more gentle.

This, Mary had thought when Arnold, her butler, first showed it to her—it was Arnold who had selected it—was a place to live.

It was in Alexandria, not so very far from Washington in point of distance, but very far in point of atmosphere. The throbbing tempo of the nation’s capital slowed down here, to no more than a soft, distant pulse-beat. Davey could play in this garden as quietly as if he were in Cedar Springs; and at night, with the drawing of the curtains, all of the day’s business was effectively shut out.

Joe Marlin would not have chosen this house. It would have been too modest for him. But Joe—and Mary, in one of those moments of abstraction which came to her now and then, stood by a gleaming mahogany table, staring unseeingly out of the window at a garden which just now was blanketed in snow—Joe did not live here. Not now, and probably not ever.

At first she had not been able to believe that he was gone. She still could not believe it, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. But it had been three years since the airplane which was carrying him had crashed in flames on the Siberian steppe, and in all that time no trace of him had ever been found. The detectives Eve Underwood had insisted upon sending to Russia had returned empty-handed after a search that had circled the globe. It could not be that he was still alive.

Three years...

Davey had been a baby when his father went on the mission to Russia from which he was never to return; now he was a little boy, as active in body as he was in mind. And she herself had changed, Mary knew. The Governor’s action in appointing her to fill out Joe’s unexpired term in the United States Senate had plunged her headlong into a world of which she had had only the fringes. She herself, more than anyone else, had been surprised to discover that she had an aptitude for politics and legislation, she had learned to make speeches, and to talk to reporters so they would print what she wanted them to print about her and her work; she had faced blame and praise with equal calmness.

They had been full years, busy years, and that was well, because activity had helped to ease the ache left by Joe’s loss. It was strange how that ache had persisted, even though when he went away their love had already become something shallow and unsatisfying. Habit, perhaps—

Mary sighed, turning away from the window as if she could thus turn away from her thoughts. But you couldn’t do that: your thoughts were always with you, and your memories.

It was a few days before Christmas; tonight they were going to board the train, she and Davey, and return to Cedar Springs for the holidays. And it was not Cedar Springs she looked forward to seeing again, so much as it was David Post.

Her heart warmed at the thought of him, and she offered up silent thanks for one friend so true, so loyal and unswerving in affection. There had been so many times that she could not count them when she would have been lost without David’s advice and help and confidence. He understood her, she sometimes believed, better than she understood herself—certainly much better than she understood him. Of all men, David was the one who should have had a home, a wife and family, yet he had never married. He was waiting, he said, for the Lady of his Dreams—and there was a touch of fantasy in that remark which did not go with David’s common sense, his firm grasp of the
realities of life.

"But who is she—this Lady?" Mary had asked him.

"Everything that a woman should or ever could be," David had said gravely. "All beauty, and all tenderness, and all loyalty."

Mary had smiled ruefully. "I wonder if such a woman exists, David."

"She exists," he had said, looking at Mary steadily. "I know she exists."

Even then, she had had an inkling of this Lady's real name, but she had thrust the suspicion aside. It could not be, after all these years of friendship! And yet, David was the sort who would keep a secret locked in his heart until he was sure it would not be dishonorable to reveal it. Even then, his innate modesty and reticence would let him speak of it only in hints and veiled references.

But no matter what unexpressed thoughts lay behind David's calm manner, it would be so good to see him tomorrow, waiting at the Cedar Springs station when she stepped off the train!

And it was inexpressibly good to feel the firm strength of his hand-clasp, to watch Davey greet him with childish enthusiasm, to ride with him through snow-muffled streets and, arriving at the old-fashioned house on Main Street, to admire the big Christmas tree he had thoughtfully ordered beforehand. Best of all, though, was the hour that night, after Davey had been put to bed, when she could talk, without reservation, of Washington and her life there.

"It's been such a relief, David, to have the Presidential campaign over and done with! I'm glad I didn't have to run for election—it was bad enough to know Frazer Mitchell and Rufus Kane both so well, and wish that each of them could have what he wanted so badly." Continued on page 78
Unseen, the listener heard the woman he loved give her heart to another man—and knew that at last she had found the happiness he had failed to bring her.

The house on Privy Walk was gray, with green shutters. It was not a tall house; in its Georgian architecture it was perfectly proportioned, and as graceful as the rhododendron and wistaria and mimosa trees that followed it. A low wrought-iron fence surrounded the house and separated it from the cobblestone street and narrow sidewalk. Within the garden was a fountain, a little Cupid with stiff marble curls, always smiling.

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EARLY in May sugar-rationing becomes a fact for everyone in the nation.
I know my readers will understand and accept rationing for what it is—simply an emergency method of making quite sure that everyone gets all the sugar he needs and that no one gets more than he really needs. And I know, too, that you won't want to use your portion of sugar wastefully. You'll be on the lookout for recipes which will help you to conserve the precious sweet stuff. That's why I'm devoting this issue of the Cooking Corner to bringing you new and delicious recipes which utilize other sweetening agents.

There are a number of these, you know. Corn syrup is one—and an excellent one since it is rich in energy-building dextrose. Prepared pudding mixtures, which need only the addition of milk, also are made of dextrose. Molasses is another sweetener and honey is still another—and all of them may be used in a variety of ways, thus enabling you to conserve your sugar supply.

**Sugarless Layer Cake**

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/2 tbs. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup light corn syrup
3 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1/4 tsp. almond extract

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift together 3 times. Cream shortening, add syrup gradually, beating well after each addition. Add 1/4 the quantity of flour and beat smooth. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually add remaining flour, alternately with milk, beating after each addition (for best results beat hard at each stage of mixing), add flavoring and bake in greased layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about 30 minutes.

**Dark Molasses Cake**

2 cups sifted cake flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 tsp. ginger
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup brown sugar, tightly packed
2 eggs
1/2 tsp. vanilla
5 tbs. milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and spices. Cream shortening, add salt and sugar and cream together, then add eggs and cream until light and fluffy. Gradually add flour, alternately with liquid, to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition.

An easy, delicious—also sugarless—filling for either cake is made by using a package of chocolate pudding mixture. Prepare as directed on the package, reducing milk by 1/4 the quantity called for, since the filling must be stiffer than a pudding. Add 1/4 cup chopped nut meats or chopped raisins or currants and cover top with nuts or chopped fruit to make a more elaborate cake, or dust lightly with confectioner's sugar. Chocolate souffle, another luscious dessert—and one many of us usually consider difficult to make—may be prepared from chocolate pudding mixture.

continued on page 64
NEW DAYTIME HEROINE...

There's a new daytime serial on the air, and a new actress playing the leading role in it. The serial is We Love and Learn, on CBS at 2:30 p.m., EWT, and the actress is Betty Worth, portraying the part of Andrea Reynolds.

Strictly speaking, of course, neither play nor actress is precisely new—just new to the network. We Love and Learn was broadcast until recently by means of recordings and under the title of As the Twig is Bent. Betty had the lead in it, too, and has done a good deal of radio work the last few years in supporting parts.

Betty started her adult life as a stenographer—a very bad one, she says. She typed and took dictation until, one morning, she rebelled and walked out. This turned her family against her, because they couldn't see why a girl should throw up a good job to be an actress. A few months wandering and a few months living on a few cents a day, Betty had a hard time understanding it herself.

She finally got a part in a play, and when it closed, a part in another. She says, "I was in a succession of turkeys the like of which the drama has never seen, before or since." Translated out of the dramatic jargon, that means the plays were all very bad and closed almost as soon as they opened. In one of them, Betty made her entrance the audience hissed her. Or she thought it was the audience—it turned out to be only the steam pipes of the heating system, but the experience was so unnerving it's a wonder she ever ventured back on a stage.

After a season in a revue—"I was in a couple of sketches," she says—"but really if you blinked you missed seeing me," Betty got a chance to be in a few March of Time broadcasts, and what she saw in the radio studios convinced her that acting for the microphone had it all over acting on the stage. "You get paid in time," she says, the difference, concisely. Having made this decision she lost no time in finding a job on a local station where she spent eighteen months learning all there was to learn about microphone technique before venturing into the fierce competition of the networks.

Betsy's married to Michael Davidson, the nephew of Jo Davidson, the famous sculptor. They met at a party given by Bennett Kilpack, radio's Mr. Kent—and two weeks later they were married. That was five years ago. Michael is a radio script writer and press agent. They've recently bought a farm in Pennsylvania where 'they'll spend the summer.
CLOSE-UP OF A TORNADO

There are a few people in the world who aren’t happy unless they’re in the exact center of constant activity. Charles Martin, who writes and directs the plays on Talullah Bankhead’s show Tuesday nights (NBC, 8:00 EWT) and on the Philip Morris Playhouse Friday nights (CBS, 8:00 EWT) was one of those people. All day long, except on Tuesdays and Fridays when he’s rehearsing a broadcast, he sits in a tiny office at an advertising agency, while telephone bells ring, buzzers, and people rush in and out. He loves it.

At the end of the day he goes home to a big apartment where he lives all by himself, and there he writes the scripts you hear on the air. When he gets stuck for a word or a line he stops and plays his piano or violin for a while. This alternate writing and playing goes on sometimes late into the night. He says that altogether he works about eighteen hours a day, and there’s no reason to doubt him, when you realize that writing and directing even one program is a full-time job.

Most of the people who come to see him at the office are radio actresses and actors, anxious to get parts in his plays. He’s amiably brusk with actors, hasn’t any patience at all with them if they’re inefficient, but uses them again and again if they’re good.

Charlie Martin got his start as a radio director and writer at a local New York station, moved on to doing network programs, and was the director of the programs, Hal Holbrook, who plays Welles first act, on the air. Orson was a struggling, unknown young actor then. Martin did such good work in radio that he went out to Hollywood on a contract which called for him to serve as both writer and director. After a couple of years out there he came back to New York because his movie bosses wouldn’t let him write, and these only pictures they gave him to direct were the type known as “B’s”.

He isn’t married and never has been, although he’s been in Hollywood here and Joan Crawford were seen around together so much that gossip mistakenly had them engaged. He eventually wants to write for the stage as well as for radio, and has one unproduced play in his files now, while he’s working on another. He doesn’t explain just where he finds the time.

His success in persuading the mike-shy Talullah Bankhead to sign up for a regular series is an example of his ability to do the impossible.

Charlie is still young enough to be called radio’s boy genius—about thirty. At the start of a busy day he is neat and dapper, but by the end of it his curly hair is disordered, his tie has been wrinkled loose and unbuttoned, and he has acquired a harassed look. These are all signs of what is, for Charles Martin, a wonderfully good time.

TUESDAY

Eastern War Time

| 8:30 | Blue: Texas Jim |
| 8:30 | Blue: BreakFast Club |
| 8:45 | CBS: Harvey and Dell |
| 8:30 | NBC: MBS: Blue: lẫn others |
| 9:00 | CBS: Blue: Dinner bell |
| 9:15 | MBS: NBC: Blue: Headlight News |
| 9:30 | NBC: Blue: Emmy OTS |
| 9:45 | CBS: Blue: House in the Country |
| 10:00 | NBC: Blue: Help Mate |

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| 9:45 | CBS: Blue: House in the Country |
| 10:00 | NBC: Blue: Help Mate |

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR
Strictly American.

Something a little bit out of the ordinary in the newscaster line is Frazier Hunt, whom you hear on CBS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:00 P.M., EWT (rebroadcast at 7:45 FWT for the West Coast). To begin with, when he talks about the things that are happening in the Far East he's talking about places that he has visited himself, not once but many times. Only last thirty years, Frazier Hunt has traveled some 250,000 miles in search of news. South America is the only part of the world he has never visited.

Everyone calls him "Spike" because he is so tall—six feet four inches. He got the nickname on his first day as a freshman at the University of Illinois, thirty-eight years ago, and it fits him much better than the rather flossy-sounding Frazier. He's the sort of man who can talk as easily to a multimillionaire or a President as to a cab driver, and he has friends all over the world. And those friends are General Douglas MacArthur.

Spike takes his fifteen-minute, three-times-a-week program very seriously. He tries to make it completely American, and to stress on it the importance of everything that's American. That's why, when he repeats his line that he spends all his time on days when he's not broadcasting— he's always traveling somewhere to get material.

He has a home, a farm in Pennsylvania, but even so he gets a chance to visit it. His wife spends part of her time on the farm and part with Spike, either on his travels or at home.

Spike is an entertaining broadcaster to watch. He always wears a hat at the microphone—not because he's bald, which he isn't at all, but because he wears spectacles and without the hat the light hits them and creates a glare which makes it hard for him to read his script. Or anyway, as he explains, that probably wouldn't happen at all but he thinks it would, which is just as bad. In every sense he manages to find one word or phrase which is, for him, a tongue-twister, and before he goes on the air he repeats this tongue-twister again and again, in an agony of apprehension lest he mispronounce it. But he hardly ever does.

When he talks about the war, away from the microphone, Spike always gets excited. You can see him working himself up into a state of irritation. First he takes a handful of coins from his pocket and jingles them from one hand to another. Pretty soon this isn't enough to express his feelings, so he jumps to his feet and begins passing the microphone to the room, talking faster and louder all the time. Any Jap or German enemy who wandered into the room just then wouldn't get much mercy from the enraged Spike.
If you ever meet Fibber McGee's persistent heckler, Mrs. Uppington, this is the way she'll look at you.

Not so Fashionable

As any listener to Fibber McGee and Molly knows, there is one mystery that bitfully agitates the entire population of Wistful Vista, but which probably never will be solved. It is the puzzle of Who Threw the Rock Through Mrs. Uppington's Window?

The center of the controversy, of course, is Mrs. Uppington herself—Wistful Vista's self-appointed dictator on etiquette, social position, fashions, and anything else she happens to think about. Mrs. Uppington isn't the nicest woman who ever lived, and so it's only fair to point out that Isabel Randolph, who originated the character on the air and still plays it, is friendly, clever, and not at all super-fashionable.

Isabel—or "Uppy," as Fibber always calls her both on and off the air—is a born and bred actress. Her first appearance on the stage wasn't even a "walk-on"—it was a "carry-on" at the age of six months. Her mother did the carrying while she and Isabel's father were acting in a Chicago theater. As a child actress she was already playing roles that sometimes called for gray wigs, and as a young woman she acted with such stars as Blanche Ring, Richard Bennett, Walter Connolly, and Lenore Ulric.

Then she married J. C. Ryan, a Chicago newspaperman, and retired from the stage to become the mother of two daughters. After she saw the children through the baby stages she went back to acting on a part-time basis, mostly for amusement. The hobby turned into a real profession, though, when her husband died and she shouldered the task of supporting herself and the two little girls. That was when she entered radio, in Chicago.

Isabel didn't realize the importance of the day in 1937 when she first played Mrs. Uppington on the McGee and Molly program, which was then broadcasting from Chicago. But it was the popularity of Uppy that kept her on the show and eventually brought about her departure to Hollywood, where she not only kept right on broadcasting but began appearing in movies too. You've seen her in the McGees' picture, "Look Who's Laughing," as well as in "Take a Letter, Darling," "My Favorite Blonde," and "Ride Em Cowboy."

Her two daughters are grown up now. Lenore, the elder, works in a motion picture studio, but not as an actress. Isabel, Jr., besides bearing her mother's name, is trying to follow in her footsteps, and has acted in several Max Reinhardt productions.

Isabel is an animal fancier. She has a jet black alley cat, Sir Peter, who has made three transcontinental trips, and a pedigreed white Persian, called Puddin', who has won her weight in blue ribbons. Patty, a cocker spaniel, is queen of the household. Maybe you've noticed that the names of all her pets begin with P. That's on purpose, and when a new addition, another cocker, joined the family, Isabel considered Patience and Penny, among other names. But the course of events in the world changed her mind and the new cocker was christened Victory.
SHE'S Engaged

SALLIE HAMILTON and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.

HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

SHE'S Lovely!

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm not going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creams.

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a twice-over creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely big jars.

SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

She uses Pond's!

— it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream

JUNE, 1942
permission. And after Red, come to think of it, had borrowed three dollars from Edna to get her the license.

That loan to the average woman would have been the fatal hint, the stitch in time. But not to Edna. True, Red evidently worked irregularly, and he was underpaid. But it was equally true—at least to Edna—that he had no other things in him. They needed only to be brought out.

THE Skelton family had been written up, exclusively in a minor key, Edna Stillwell discovered in due time. Born in Vincennes, Indiana, shortly after the death of his father, Red, a circus clown, he was the youngest of a brood of four for whom the widow Skelton wrested a living by serving as laundress, elevator operator and even scrubwoman. At eight, he was selling newspapers. At ten, he was doing improvised tricks in Vincennes pool halls. At eleven, he was working in a department store after school and putting on a one-man variety show. After supper wherever he could draw a crowd. And at twelve, he had left Vincennes in the care and custody of one Dr. Lewis, a prior of a medicine show.

Comedian on a medicine show at twelve, a minstrel performer at fourteen, Red was burlesque buffoon at sixteen! He was doing a trick at a Kansas City burlesque palace as a full-fledged funny man.

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"Want to be Attractive? Then make Daintiness SURE"

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

“A daily Lux Soap beauty bath,” she says, “makes you sure of skin that’s sweet!”

You’ll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You’ll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

JUNE, 1942
When a Girl Marries

Continued from page 23

It was in her mind all morning as she went about her dusty dusting and polishing and cooking. The dinner appeared at noon, sheepishly contrite and bearing a large bunch of flowers, half a lobster, a bottle of sherry, and a cake. “I came to apologize for last night,” he said soberly. “I guess I was pretty bad. I—well, I just didn’t know what I was doing.”

“We realized that, Phil. It’s all right.”

That’s what Harry had said when he went to his office this morning. He’s a swell guy, Joan. Say, this is cozy back here in the kitchen. How’s for letting me sit awhile?”

She gave him a sandwich and a glass of milk, and they ate lunch at each end of the kitchen table. They laughed, remembering the times when they were children they’d driven poor Annie out of her wits, making messes in the big Field kitchen.

“How is Eve?” Joan asked finally.

The change in his face was so abrupt she was startled. He looked worried, suddenly, and unhappy. “All right, I guess,” he said, and began tracing a pattern on the tablecloth with the salt shaker. “Gosh, Joan, I don’t know what’s the matter. Eve’s marries all right, but I’m not good for her, or something. We fight all the time.”

“Oh, Phil! Not serious fighting!”

Joan grinned ruefully. “It seems serious when we’re at it. Over anything and everything—money, or my father’s attitude toward her, or just because I’m late for dinner or whether to go to a movie or not. Sometimes I think we can’t go on being married.”

“Is Eve—well, I know it’s mainly my fault. But it looks as if I keep thinking of something else—comparing what I’ve got with what I might have had with you, Joan. This is all wrong, you know.”

“I know, Joan!”

Then go back to Eve and really work at making your marriage a success. I know it can be if you just give her a fair chance.”

“Maybe you’re right,” he said slowly. “You always are. Well—”

He broke off. From the front hall someone was calling, “Yoo-hoo—anybody home?”

“Eve,” he whispered.

A quick tap of high heels and then Eve was in the doorway. “I was just—”

She had suddenly throtted her. Her gaze swept their startled faces, the empty plates, the whole scene of guilty, secret intimacy that confronted her.

“Oh, she said.

The eyes she turned on Joan were hard as flint. “I thought you might get out of line with me. But I see you’ve got company. . .” She said it flippily, carelessly, like a challenge.

“We were just—” They began simultaneously, and stopped. Then Joan picked it up. “Phil dropped in to talk about last night. He—”

Continued on page 50

PRESCRIPTION

MY PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS!

When you are happy...
WANTED—
A HUNGRY NATION!

It's healthy to be hungry at mealtime—to have an appetite. And one of America's greatest blessings is that it has the variety and quality of foods with which to satisfy the hunger of good health.

We want a strong nation—sturdy—active. This is why appetizing foods, temptingly served, make so great a contribution to our health.

VOLUMES have been written about the all-important vitamins and minerals and other factors which are distributed by nature through our food supply. Much more should be said about these essentials.

But let's not forget that the best fuel won't run your car without a spark to ignite it. Perhaps not enough has been said about the appealing color of certain foods, about the crunchy, satisfying flavor of other dishes, about the mouth-watering goodness of still other things to eat.

And so those foods which appeal to our senses and which we eat with relish and gusto also do their part in mealtime morale building, in satisfying that very human thing called the appetite.

Many a wholesome food is offered to you with no greater claim to fame than that it looks or tastes good. And, in fact, the foods that are good for you do taste good. Don't neglect these foods nor the merchants who offer them to you. They contribute to our government's program for a strong nation.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

Food will build a NEW America

JUNE, 1942
was just getting ready to leave."

It sounded wrong and awkward. It sounded too expository.

"You mean you were about to send him running home to mother? I'm sure," she said with deadly sweetness, "he'd always do what you told him to, Joan. Well, don't bother. I've got some errands to do."

And she was gone, the high heels tapping hard against the floor.

"Wait!" Joan called. "Eve—wait!"

"Let her go," Phil said. "You can't explain anything now."

"But she thinks—heaven knows what she thinks. I've got to make her understand."

"She will, in time. You'll only make things worse running after her now." He shrugged into his coat.

"Well, thanks for the lunch and the good advice. I'll go along now and—take my medicine."

And so the second link was forged in that invisible chain of circumstances, binding them all, irrevocably, to the future.

JOAN told Harry what had happened, that evening. He listened thoughtfully, pacing up and down, until she was through.

"I wish it hadn't happened," he said slowly. "Not that Eve won't understand when she's calmer. But I wish she hadn't come here alone like that, when I wasn't home."

The days that followed weren't pleasant ones. A pall had fallen over the little house, and the sense of the alien presence Joan had felt the night of the Stanleys' dinner seemed to increase. Harry was busy with the Ashbeys case day and night, and, for the first time, Joan felt alone too much with her thoughts.

Mrs. Field came several times, bringing her usual air of disapproval with her. "How you can stand it living way over here, never seeing anybody, is more than I can see," she said.

"You'll regret it, Joan. Eventually, Harry has no right to keep you shut off from your friends like this and you shouldn't let him get away with it."

Before, Joan had been able to shrug off her mother's complaints. Now they only made her unhappy. Maybe she was alone too much—not for the reasons her mother suggested but because—well, because the shadow of Phil and Eve seemed to color all her thoughts these days. She hadn't seen them since the day of Phil's visit, and she couldn't help wondering whether or not things had been patched up between them.

She thought a little wistfully of all the names Eve had mentioned on her first visit. All old friends, and she didn't know anything about any of them now. And least of all about Eve and Phil.

On an impulse she called Julia King. It was fun to hear her excited comments, to be welcomed "back from the dead" as Julia put it, and to congratulate her on Don's new big job at the defense plant. And when Julia asked, "And when are we going to meet your Harry?" Joan said,

"You and Don have dinner with us at the Tavern Friday night."

"Just like that."

She hung up the phone, her heart beating fast. It would be fun to go to the Tavern again where all the gang used to hang out, to dine and dance and talk.

But Harry wasn't the least bit excited when she told him of the date. He looked up from the law book where he was studying some obscure precedent, and frowned.

"Money, I wish you hadn't. We can't afford to run with people like the Kings."

"Oh, pooh, what difference does it make if they have more money than we do? They don't care—they're not that kind of people. We'll just be seeing old friends of mine that I know you'll like. I want to show you off, anyway."

He ran his hands through his hair.

"I know they're nice and I'd like to meet them, but they don't live our kind of life. You put their kind behind you when we married. You knew we were going to be tied down to a poor man—"

"Don't talk that way. I'm not tied down. I love the way we live. I just want to—see somebody again."

"I know you're lonely, Joan. And I've often wished you could see some of your friends in the afternoons, when I'm at the office. But right now, with this case coming up—"

"That case is all you think about!" she burst out. "You're at it all day, and then every night when you come home. I never even see you any more."

"This case, Joan, is the biggest I've ever had. Our whole future might depend on my winning it. If you'd only understand—"

"It's you who won't understand."

They faced each other suddenly like two strangers. Each was alone with his own hurt and hurt of separateness. For a tense moment they stood like that, angry, hostile. Then Joan whirled away from him and flung herself toward the pillow. She lay there, sobbing, her face buried in the pillows.

HARRY followed, slowly. He stood looking down at a tangle of blonde curls that was all he could see as she burrowed deeper, like a kitten. Then he stooped and fumbled for her shoulders.

"Don't, honey. Don't cry. I'm sorry I was cross."

She sat up and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling, it's my fault. We were nearly quarrelling and I can't stand it! Don't let's ever again. I'll call the Kings and tell them not to come."

He pulled her closer. "No. As long as you've asked them, we'll go through with it. I've been selfish, I guess, and—"

And the sharp edges of the disagreement were smoothed over with kisses and words and promises. But the measure of it was that Friday night was gone, and Joan had almost a sense of foreboding as she dressed for the evening.

She was heightened when Harry called to say he would be late. "Something's come up," he said. "You go on and meet the Kings and I'll join you just as soon as I possibly can. I'm sorry, honey, but it can't be helped."

She didn't like going alone, but there was nothing worse to do. The Kings greeted her with shouts of joy. It was wonderful to see her, they said, and have her back in the fold. Joan explained about Harry, and they took a table to wait. The Kings told her all the gossip about everything—about everybody except the Stanleys, and Joan couldn't bring herself to mention them. She couldn't do it casually enough, she decided. If she waited long enough, the Kings would mention them.

Harry was nearly an hour late, and when he arrived he looked dog-tired. His shirt was rumpled, and lines of fatigue etched deeply around his eyes.

They ordered dinner, and then Don said jovially, "You work too hard, fella. Why don't you join the Club and get in some golf occasionally? Nothing like a good game and a shower to relax you."

"Sorry," Harry said pleasantly. "We can't afford a membership. I'll have to relax some other way."

"Oh, yes, everybody's cutting down these days," Julia observed in hurry. "We've let the maid go, and the cook and I are dividing her work between us. I must say I don't mind doing housework at all. It's my patriotic duty. Don't you, Joan?"

Joan laughed. "I do all my own work. I love it."

"You do! Don, listen. Joan does all her own work. Isn't that cute?"

Joan stole a glance at Harry. He looked a little grim. She changed the subject quickly and then, before she knew it, they were talking about people again—people Harry didn't know. He interrupted politely, "You know, it's that or 'Is that so?' but in spite of all I could do, he was outside. And he felt it. She knew his weariness made him sensitive and he sensed, as plainly as
she, that he was the foreigner in this tight little world that was reaching out to claim her again.

A little later, Julia said, "Have you heard about the Stanleys? My dear, they just don't get on at all. I heard that Phil is spending half his time at his mother's house now, where Eve is definitely not welcome."

"Phil's probably still brooding about not getting Joan," Don said. "I swear I never saw a fellow so crazy about a girl as he was about you, Joan. Of course, we are all pretty sore at you for getting married and going out of circulation so we never see you any more."

It was heavy-handed and without malice, but Harry stiffened. "I wasn't aware," he said crisply, "that Joan's marriage was such a catastrophe to the community."

"Oh, how, look here," Don King was instantly contrite. "I didn't mean it that way at all. I just meant that—well, we've missed seeing her and—er—"

"Because I've kept her hidden over on the other side of town?"

Julia tried to come to the rescue. "I'm dying to see your little house, Joan," she said brightly. "I've never seen Fox Meadow Lane. It must be darling—so quaint, and all."

"Yes, you must come," Harry said politely. "Slumming is so good for the soul, don't you think?"

That pretty well ended the evening. Joan sat miserably as she watched it peter out. It might have been her fault in the first place, she thought, but Harry need not have acted so—so defensive. After the stiff goodnights were said, she told him so on their way home.

"How do you expect me to act? All I heard all evening was how I'd taken you away from them, the good times you were missing out on, and a lot of nonsense about people I never heard of. Along with implications about how dreadful it was for you to be poor. How could I just sit there and take it?"

She had never heard his voice so bitter. She had never felt so shut off from him.

"I knew it wouldn't work," he continued, "and it didn't. I don't belong with those people. And as for their cracks about Phil Stanley—"

He left the sentence hanging, and she didn't take it up. Silently they put the car in the garage and walked around the house in the darkness, not touching. Once inside, maybe she could make him see her side of it, could reach him again. Once inside—A dark form rose from the front steps as they came up. In the starlight, they could see Phil's taut, strained face. He spoke before they could say a word.

"Joan, I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you!" He sounded desperate.

"But what's wrong, Phil?"

"Everything's wrong. Maybe you weren't so smart getting me to marry Eve—"

She felt Harry start. He turned to her. "What's he talking about—your getting him to marry Eve?"

"I—I don't know," she whispered above the pounding of her heart.

Slowly the outer world is encroaching on the happiness Joan and Harry thought was so secure. What has brought Phil on this midnight errand—and what will his visit mean to Joan? Don't miss next month's installment of "When a Girl Marries."

It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day.
And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, no one gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naptha and richer golden soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips...FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

JUNE, 1942
Isn't it time to get curious?

HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you?
Not even wondering if another, newer kind of napkin might be softer? Well—wait till you hear what happened when 12,000 women made an astonishing test — then see what happens to your habit. Just pick up your ears to this...

12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT of buying a certain kind of napkin. But then they compared their usual napkin with Modess.* And guess what? 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that Modess was actually softer! Now doesn't that start you wondering? Let go your old habit—and catch on to a new kind of comfort! So...

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! Try Modess! If you don’t agree with millions that it’s the softest, most comfortable napkin you’ve ever tried, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We’ll refund your full purchase price. The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—Take your pick when you buy Modess!

Facing the Music
Continued from page 7

OFF THE RECORD


Adele Thorhill (Columbia 36527) “Lamp of Memory”—“Memory Lane.” A haunting tune that cropped up in Latin America and will find no trouble in winning many listeners here. Thorhill’s piano playing is still a joy.

Bing Crosby (Decca 4184) “Moonlight Cocktail”—“I Don’t Want to Walk Without You.” A catchy little number right down the master’s alley. The reverse is also already familiar.

Hal McIntyre (Victor 27803) “When the Roses Bloom Again”—“Tangerine.” A new band that insists on getting on the recommended lists despite tough competition. Intelligent phrasing and interesting arrangements.

Woody Herman (Decca 4176) “String of Pearls”—“Las Chimpances.” Best

THE MINUTE MAN SAYS...

Our goal for 1942 is 60,000 fighting planes, 45,000 roaring tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns, 8,000,000 tons of shipping. You can help to speed up the day that we arrive at our goal, and VICTORY! Act now—Invest in Victory every pay day—Buy Defense Bonds, regularly, out of salary.

of the swing numbers. The B side is a Mexican mimicry of “Deep in the Heart of Texas.” Handclapping and all.

Benny Goodman (Okeh 6606) “My Little Cousin”—“Zoot Suit.” A bargain disk of two new tunes that will get a big play on the airwaves. Topside has a familiar Jewish strain. The other is a lilttbite of the vocabulary made romantic.

Horace Heidt (Columbia 36526) “Deep in the Heart of Texas”—“Loretta.” I think this is the best version of the applause anthem to the Lone Star state.

Freddy Martin (Bluebird 11453) “How Do I Know It’s Real”—“If You Build a Better Mousetrap. Ably executed platter featuring Eddie Stone’s ingratiating vocalizing.

Harry James (Columbia 36518) “I Remember You”—“Last Night I Said A Pray.” Highly-stylized trumpetling on a pair of popular tunes.

Maxine Sullivan (Decca 4154) “Blue Heaven”—“St. Louis Blues.” Absent from the platters, her welcome return reveals a soft, soothing delivery on two oldies.

Recommended Album: Decca’s surprising Irene Dunne—Jerome Kern package. The screen star’s voice never sounded better and the tunes make a perfect fit.}

Radio and Television Mirror
Two in the Storm

Continued from page 37

happen here. He came to help build a—build a bulwark against the ene-
 mies of freedom! And you—you dare come in here and tell my father to move along as if he were a bum!”

“I—I didn’t mean—I’m sorry,” he stammered.

“You’re sorry!” Karen flared out.

“Sorry,” she said sarcastically, “that we don’t belong to the social register, so we could be eligible to camp on your wonderful beach! Ex-
clusive summer colony, indeed! Why, your whole fancy colony isn’t worth one of the mosquito boats my father can help to build. Bunt! It isn’t worth one mosquito!”

“All right, all right,” the young man said placatingly. He grinned ingratiatingly. “You get mad awfully fast.”

“It would be a good idea, if more people got mad faster,” Karen said. “And don’t try to change the sub-
ject!”

“Karen!” her father’s voice called from outside.

The next moment, the door was thrown open and her father stepped in, bringing with him a gust of cold wind.

“Karen—down at the camp—” he stopped, seeing the stranger. “What’s the matter, Karen?”

Karen’s eyes flashed. “It seems we’re camping on sacred ground, here,” she said. She nodded toward the young man. “He says we’ll have to move our trailer.”

Her father’s gray eyes clouded over. He frowned questioningly at the young man. “I am Lars Pedersen,” he said. “What is the matter?”

“How do you do?” the young man said. “My name’s Drake.”

“Drake?” Lars repeated. “Not one—of—of the—”

The young man nodded. “Yes. I’m Rand Drake. My father owns the Drake Speedboat Company.”

Karen could feel a hot flush creeping up her face. She turned away and pretended to be busy with her dishes. It wasn’t that she hadn’t meant all the things she’d said. She had, but now she was afraid that perhaps young Drake might spoil her father’s chances to get a job.

“What have we done, Mr. Drake?” Lars asked.

“Well—uh—nothing, really,” Rand Drake said. “I—that is, my mother thought, and he stressed the word mother, “that it would be more com-
fortable for you down near the boatyard. I understand it’s pretty crowded, but—”

“It’s more than crowded, Mr. Drake,” Lars said quietly. “I’ve just come from there. There are several cases of pneumonia in camp and one case of typhoid—”

“Typhoid!” Karen almost dropped a glass. “I’d better go down there right away.”

“Yes,” her father said. “I came back to get you.”

“But—uh—” Rand Drake said.

“Isn’t that dangerous?”

Karen looked at him scornfully. “I’m a nurse,” she said. She took her warm coat from its hook and pulled it on quickly. From a shelf over her bunk, she got her kit and turned toward the door.

“I—I guess I’d better go with you,”

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Rand Drake said, "Something must be done about this."

The wind was strong and biting and Karen had to lean against it. She stopped for a moment and turned on Rand Drake. "By all means, come along, Mr. Drake," she said, "I'm sure if you tell those nasty germs what an exclusive colony this is, they'll all go away!"

She didn't wait to see what effect that would have on him. She turned into the wind and hurried as fast as she could over the shifting sand after her father. Hurrying like that, it didn't take them long to reach the camp.

It had seemed dreary enough the night before. Now, with the cold, gray light on it, it looked makeshift and inadequate. The skimpy, padded tents pulled at their moorings and made a wild, flapping noise as the wind beat against them. The trailers were sunk to their hubs in the sand and thin wisps of smoke struggled fitfully upward from an occasional campfire.

Karen was still seething with anger. What right had anyone to ask decent, honest, hardworking people to live like this? Especially, she found herself hating Rand Drake and everything he represented and hating herself even more, because she had allowed herself for just one moment to think he was nice and might be fun to know better.

"Last time I saw him, the doctor was in that third trailer," her father said.

Then, Karen forgot about Rand Drake. She forgot about everything but her work. All morning long, she and the doctor worked together, going from trailer to trailer, from tent to tent, striving feverishly to take care of everyone who needed attention, doing what they could to stave off an epidemic.

At one o'clock, the doctor said, "You'd better get something to eat and rest for a couple of hours."

Karen insisted she wasn't tired, but the doctor smiled sadly and advised her to rest while she had the chance. She went to help with Karen's heart contracted with fear. She knew what he meant, although she had been trying to hide the truth from herself. Everything was against them now, and there was no way that anything could have worked, under these conditions, disease was going to run wild. They couldn't stop it.

A STORM was brewing and it wouldn't be many hours before it broke, Karen realized as she stepped out of the trailer. She shuddered with the thought of what that meant to all those people in their flimsy tents, to the people, sick and healthy, huddled together in the stuffy trailers.

She didn't feel up to the half-mile walk on the exposed beach, so she made her way to the concrete road that ran along the shore. She had just stopped to catch her breath in the lee of one of the buildings belonging to the Drake Speedboat Company, when a door in the next building up the road opened and two men stepped out, Rand Drake and an older man.

"There!" the older man said, pointing across the road to where some men were unloading cement from trucks. "Work on the housing project will begin at once. The first unit will be ready in six weeks."

"Boy, that's a hop, Drake said, his voice almost as furious as the wind which bore it so clearly to Karen's ears. Six weeks! The worst of the weather will be over by then. It will be summer. It's the next few weeks of rain and cold nights and storms that will be bad. It's awful down there. You have no idea what it's like. It's worse than a concentration camp!"

"I can't help it," his father said. "A beach resort like this has no facilities for such an increase in population."

"Then, some- one's got to help those people," Rand Drake said.

"Look, son," the elder Drake said impatiently. "I have enough on my mind trying to get this plant open and working on those defense orders, without dabbling in social welfare."

"All right! I'll do something, then!" Rand Drake shouted. But his anger was not lost on her. She had already gone back inside to his office. Rand Drake stood there a moment and then hurried to a long, low car and got into it, banging the door savagely.

Suddenly, Karen realized she was smiling. She watched the car disappear down the road and for some strange reason a warming wave of happiness surged through her. As she trudged along the road, it occurred to her that she was perfectly, very inordinately happy, simply because she had discovered that she'd made a mistake about Rand Drake. What she wanted was to see him, to hear him, to know he thought of her, asked herself, what did that have to do with her? And then she realized that, in those first few minutes they had been together that morning, before she had found out what he wanted, something had happened to her.

"But that's stupid," she said aloud to the air. Her own voice, talking to...
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there might be somewhere else for them all to live by then."

"Oh," Karen whispered, feeling small for having made another mistake about him.

"I refuse to discuss this any longer, Rand," his mother said, standing up. "You're old enough to know I couldn't possibly ask my friends to turn over their homes to strangers." Like a small, dainty queen, she walked regally out of the room.

Rand bit his lip and brushed back a shock of his dark hair. His other hand was still on Karen's arm and she felt as though it were burning her. She pulled free of him and said softly, "It was a good idea. Too bad it didn't work. She started for the door. "I've got to go back to the camp."

"I'll drive you down," Rand said, following her. "I'll think of something else."

They drove in silence for a few minutes. Then, Rand slapped the wheel. "Got it!" he said. "I'll see Finch."

"Who is he?" Karen asked.

"The real estate agent," Rand said. "Oh," Karen said. "You know — Rand — I owe you an apology. I'm afraid I — well — I misjudged you this morning."

He took his eyes from the road for a second and the light in them made Karen go all to pieces inside. "Thanks," he grinned. "I was hoping you'd change your mind about me."

Somehow, Karen was a little disappointed. "You mean, you're doing all this to make an impression on me?" she asked.

He frowned slightly. "No — yes —" he said. "No. I mean, this morning, when I first saw you — maybe — yes, that was the idea. But, when I went down there and saw those people — well — it sort of turned into something else."

"That's better," Karen said.

He stopped the car to let her out. "See you in a little while," he said.

Karen felt unreasonably happy again. This time she didn't bother to worry about it. She just let herself sing inside and went to find the doctor.

She found him in a cold, wind-rattled tent, bending over a small child. The little girl was burning with fever and the doctor left Karen alone with her, while he went to get some more pneumonia serum. Karen sat down and held the little girl's hot hand. It was cold and draughty and uncomfortable there and Karen wished she could pick up the child and carry her to some warm, clean room. She thought of all the neat cottages along the road. And then, she thought of Rand. Maybe he could do it.

The doctor handed her with the serum and left again, before Rand returned. Karen only needed one look at his face to see that he had failed. She didn't even have to hear his bitter, "Finch refused. He wouldn't do it for any amount of rent."

Rand stood over the cot and stared down at the sick child. "These sick kids can't stay here," he said. "They should be in the hospital."

"The doctor thought so," Karen said. "The hospital won't take them."

"Why not?"

They both turned toward the flap of the tent and stared at Mrs. Drake. Tiny and proud, she stood looking in at them, her coat flapping against her legs and her hair tousled by the wind. "Why not?" she asked again.

"They're not residents," Karen said. "What nonsense!" Mrs. Drake said. "Why didn't you tell me there were sick children down here?"

"I didn't think it would matter," Karen said.

Mrs. Drake frowned at her. "And I thought you were an intelligent girl."

She turned to her son. "Rand, you carry that child out to the car, this instant."

"No — wait — where are you taking her?" Karen asked.

"To my house, of course," Mrs. Drake said. "I knew you'd come through, Mother," Rand said.

"Humph!" Mrs. Drake said to her son. "Tell me, what more are there?" she asked Karen.

"I — I don't know exactly," Karen said. "Many."

Karen stuck his head in through the flap. "Karen — we've got to get these sick people out of here. A storm's making — the sea is rising fast — we're going to have a wash — the camp is in danger."

Mrs. Drake waved a tiny, gloved hand at him. "We're taking care of them, my good man," she said. "Go on, Rand, go on!"

Lars stared at her. Rand laughed. "Don't let her bully you, Lars. This is my mother. Mother, this is Karen's father, Lars Rand," he said.

"How do you do?" Get busy. Get those other children out of here," Mrs. Drake said, all in one breath.

Lars didn't know how they managed to get all those children to the Drake home so quickly. Rand and her father were just bringing in the last one when the storm broke in all its fury. After them came Mr. Drake, who stopped in the doorway and stared at the children bedded down in the hall, in the living room, on every available flat surface, chairs, sofas, cots, the floor.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"Get some more blankets," Mrs. Drake said. "Oh, it's you! You'll have to eat dinner out, tonight." And she forgot him promptly.

Karen smiled. "Your mother's wonderful," she whispered to Rand, as they settled another child on a cot.


"Please, you mustn't," Karen said. She frowned again about those other people. What will they do, if the storm washes away the camp?"

There was a commotion at the door...
and they both turned in that direction. A little, thin man, with a long nose and a bald head, was waving his arms and shouting at Mr. Drake.

"You've got to let me have those workers of yours, Drake!" he yelled. "I need help. They've got to throw up a sea wall, or something. The sea's coming up fast. By morning all the homes along the shore will be washed away. You've got to help me!"

Rand chuckled and patted Karen's arm. "Here we go," he whispered to her. Then, he ran to his father's side. "Just a minute, Finch. Those men don't work for my father, yet. He can't tell them what to do."

Mr. Drake stared at his son for a moment. Then comprehension gleamed in his eyes. He smiled, "The boy's right, Finch. Anyway, what would you use for a wall?"

Finch shrank a little. "Well, I thought—those building materials for the housing project—"

"Oh, you did, did you?" Mr. Drake boomed. "You're not even prepared for this emergency. What have you been doing all year? If you remember, the trustees told you last fall to build a sea wall, and appropriated funds for the purpose. Why didn't you build it?"

"I—I've been meaning to—but I just never got started—" Finch stammered.

"Look, Mr. Finch," Rand interrupted. "I'll make a bargain with you. The little man's gimlet eyes glittered. "I think I can get those men to throw up a wall—but you've got to do something for them. Open up the summer cottages for them and their families. Naturally, they'll pay reasonable rents."

"I can't do that! I can't!" Finch was almost crying.

"All right, you can't," Rand said. "They'll be washed away. And you can pay the damages."

Finch cowered and screwed up his eyes. He wrung his hands and moaned, "Oh, damages. What will the tenants say?—I— I'll have to do it—"

Mr. Drake slapped him resounding ly on the back. "I'll take the responsibility, Finch. Let's get going."

"Just a minute, Mr. Finch," Rand said. "The keys—"

Almost as if he were tearing them out of his body, Finch handed over the keys to the cottages. Rand waved them to Karen and started for the door, calling over his shoulder, "Come on, Lars. I'll need your influence with the men."


It was almost eight hours before Karen and Mrs. Drake saw them again. Eight hours of waiting, listening to the gale, listening to destruction and havoc raging outside. Eight hours of not knowing what was happening, not knowing whether the men were building that wall, or whether they had been caught up in that booming, pounding, rising tumult and swept out to sea.

Mrs. Drake stayed close to Karen. She didn't speak much. Once she said, "Rand told me you all came here to build a—something—a bull—" Karen smiled. "A bulwark against the enemies of freedom," she said. "Oh, I wanted to be sure," Mrs. Drake said, then. "I think our friends should all understand that." Another time, she said softly, "They're very long about it, aren't they?" Karen put an arm about her narrow shoulders. "It isn't easy to build a wall against any kind of aggression—even that of the sea," she said. "Don't worry, they'll be all right."

But mostly, they just moved about among the children and tried to hide from each other how frightened they really were.

At last, when the sky was beginning to turn lighter, the front door banged open and there was a shout of, "We did it!"

Wiggins, the butler, came into sight, shaking himself like some huge Newfoundland dog and almost dancing with glee. "We did it! By Jove, we did it!" he shouted. Then, he noticed the women. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Madame."

Mrs. Drake almost sang. "Never mind, Wiggins," and ran for the hall. The next instant, she was caught up in Mr. Drake's arms and crying happily into his wet shoulder.

But Karen was already out of the house, running down the path to where Rand was coming up from the beach to her voice. "Oh—oh—Rand!" she cried.

Karen's heart was pounding frightfully and she had a little trouble with her voice. "Oh—oh—Rand!" he cried.

And the next thing she knew, she was in Rand's arms, clinging to him as Rand's mother had clung to his father. He was soaking wet, his black hair plastered down on his face, his dripping trousers clinging to his legs. His face was dirty, but he was grinning.

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he said. "Not too steep, but steep enough to give you a run."

With him over moguls and the skis, we climbed to the crest of the run, and then he strapped on my skis.

It was so much easier than I'd expected! Even in my first attempts I felt a little of that delicious flying sensation, like nothing else in the world I had ever experienced.

"That was very good," Erik approved. "You have a natural sense of balance. Now if you will just lean forward a little—like this—"

Where the afternoon went, I never knew. It seemed to me we had scarcely begun when the purple shadows were low upon the snow, and the air was cold.

Every day, after that, I was out skiing with Erik. I called him by his first name, but he, with his old-fashioned kind of courtesy, always called me Miss Brewster. I felt completely at ease with him, more so than I had ever felt with anyone else, even Ward. "He told me about himself—not as much as I told all about me, but diffidently, a little at a time. And this was a tragic story, although he did not dramatize it. He had been a ski champion in his own country, Norway; had taught, too, in one of its fine schools. Then the war had come, and his only brother had gone down in a torpedoed ship. Erik and his father had not expected the invasion. It caught them by surprise and his father, fighting against the traitors in his own city, had been brutally murdered.

Erik fled from Norway after that, on a fishing boat that managed to battle its way across the North Sea to England. All his life he had hated war and militarism, and when he first left Norway, he thought he would be able to run away from their brutality.

"But I see now I was wrong," he told me in his quietly-accented English, "I was not wise enough to fight for my own country, but I can fight for this one, and perhaps make amends for my short-sightedness and selfishness."

"You mean—you're going to enlist?" I asked.

"Yes. When I came to America last summer, my break and ill fortune from—"

—from my experiences. I am strong now. When the snow melts I will leave."

"I'm ... sorry," I said, but he shook his head.

"You must not be. I shall be glad to go. It hasn't been easy, the past months, being idle and futile when there is so much to be done."

We were on the very top of Watch Hill as we talked, resting before the run down. With an abrupt change of mood, Erik threw back his shoulders and said gaily, "Come, then, we will start down. And this time you will not fall once?"

For only a moment, his arm was around my waist as he steadied me; after only a moment, I felt my heart to look into his eyes. But in that moment a current passed between us so strong and Erik didn't look surprised. He felt confused and excited and happy, all at once—and for no reason at all that I could see. Then we were slogging over the snow, and the sensation was blown away by the speed of our movement.

Ward had said, before Aunt Jane and I left the city, that he might come up for our last weekend at the Manor and go back to town with us. This afternoon, when I got back to the hotel, there he was, talking to Aunt Jane.

"Hello, darling!" he said, jumping to his feet and coming toward me. "Surprised to see me?"

"No, not really," I said. "Just glad." His arm around me, he led me back to Aunt Jane. "I hear you've been learning to ski!"

"Yes."

"That's grand! We'll go out together tomorrow!"

The news came on over the radio just then, and I was glad Ward turned an attentive ear to it. I didn't want him to see my face, because I was sure he couldn't help reading my thoughts in it.

"You little fool, Carol! I said to myself. You're imagining things; you're tired from too much exercise or—or something. You love Ward, you're engaged to marry him.

Ward, still listening, looked up at that moment, and smiled at me—not really seeing me, because his mind was still on what the news announcer was saying. But it was enough—that little gesture of intimacy—to bring me to my senses. I was close enough to tell myself he was the man I loved: I knew he was.

Before we went upstairs to dress for dinner, Erik walked past and I introduced him to Ward. It didn't matter, of course, but I wished then that I had told Erik I was engaged to be married.

"This is Mr. Mitchell, Erik," I said. "My fiancé."

Erik didn't look surprised. He bowed and said, "Miss Brewster is a very apt pupil. You ski, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Oh, yes," Ward said carelessly. "Then you won't need me anymor—"
row, Miss Brewster,” Erik said. He turned to Ward: “The barometer is falling. It’s late in the season for much of a storm, but it might be a good idea not to go too far.”

“Thanks,” Ward said easily.

After Erik had left there was a silence. Ward broke it by saying, “I’ll see about getting a room. Meet you here in an hour or so?”

It was an uncomfortable evening, somehow. I was so sleepy from my day in the open air that I could hardly keep my eyes open after dinner, although I tried valiantly. Ward deserved something better on this, our first real evening together since before my illness, than yawns and heavy eyelids. But it was a relief when at last we went up to our rooms.

I clung to him in the deserted hallway. “Darling, I’m sorry,” I whispered. “If I’d been sure you were coming tonight I wouldn’t have gone and tired myself all out skiing. Tomorrow we’ll have a good time together.”

Ward patted my shoulder paternally and kissed me briefly. “That’s all right, Carol. See you in the morning.”

I WENT into my room and closed the door. But after all, I didn’t undress and get into bed at once. Instead, I stood quite still in the middle of the floor for—I don’t know how long. Five minutes perhaps, or perhaps thirty. I wasn’t exactly thinking—what went through my brain was too disconnected and fragmentary to be dignified with the name of thoughts—but it seemed to me that there was something missing in my relationship with Ward, something that had been wholly and satisfyingly present in the casual hours I had spent with Erik. I didn’t know what it was. Or I didn’t know exactly. Or, if I did, I wouldn’t give it a name, even to myself.

Something else came unbidden to my mind, while I stood there. I’d pictured it, until now, I didn’t even remember the time and place it had been said. But I remembered the words, and I remembered who had said them, and I remembered the tone in which they had been spoken: “That’s one thing I won’t have to worry about. I’m a lot more necessary to the war effort in my job than I would be as a soldier. Flour’s important, you know, and I know how to make it.”

It was true, of course. But I wished that he hadn’t been quite so triumphant about it.

The weather changed in the night, as Erik had predicted. It was still cold, but the clear blue sky was gone and in its place were low-hanging gray clouds. “Better not stay out long,” the desk clerk said when Ward made arrangements to borrow the station wagon. “We can’t get weather reports now, but our skiing instructor says there’s a storm coming up.”

“Can’t be much of a storm this late,” Ward said shortly. “We’ll be all right.”

I showed him how far to drive the station wagon up the road, and then we got out.

After an hour’s climbing we were on the summit, bracing ourselves against the wind which blew strongly. I tried to point out the landmarks Erik had taught me.

“Over there’s Low Hill, and to the right, just behind it, Mystic Hill. But you can’t see it very well today—it’s too cloudy. And over to the right—”

“Carol,” Ward said, “what’s the idea?”
“The idea?”

“Yeah. You know I don’t give a hoot for the local beauties. Why bother to find them?”

“Why—I don’t know,” I said. “I thought you’d be interested.”

“Don’t,” he said. “I thought you’d be interested.”

“You’re different,” he said. “I notice that for the last time I had my first name. I half turned, and

He saw Ward looking at me with anger in his eyes. He turned, and I didn’t see then, too, that

While I touched a match to the fire

I realized, you’re probably going to

— Ward roared furiously. “Don’t be a fool—you’d bungle the job and I might never be able to walk again! Get a doctor up here!”

Erik sat back on his heels. “A dog of a job, too,” he remarked quietly. “I have done it before, several times. And it is quite impossible to get a doctor up here in this storm.”

He nodded toward the window where even nearby trees were now obliterated by the wildly whirling snow. “But naturally, yours is the final decision in the matter.”

Ward opened his mouth in impotent rage. I said quickly, “Erik is right, Ward. He’s had experience—he
time it was growing dark outside.

“Don’t,” he said. “I don’t think so. I asked

Ward didn’t know the usual trail down, either, and he was leading me far off to the right, over unfamiliar ground. All at once, about a quarter of the way down, I heard a slithering crash, followed by an exclamation.

When I drew up beside him, Ward was lying half-buried in snow, one leg doubled up at a peculiar looking angle. “I don’t know,” he said through clenched teeth, “but I think it’s broken. I can’t move it.”

He unstrapped his skis and kneeled down beside him. But when I tried to help him up he cried out loud with pain and aimed at me.

I looked around in helpless terror of the deadly snow, falling faster every minute. I couldn’t leave him here while I went for help—he’d be dead in a few minutes. I could get back, even supposing I could find my way back to the right place. And I couldn’t move him. He was too heavy, and too hard to move.

A shadow swepted down from above me on the hill. Erik.

“Help me,” I gasped. “He fell—I’m afraid he’s broken—”

“Get me out of here, Bergen,” Ward snarled. “I know damn well it’s broken. What’re you going to do about it?”

“Is there a shelter not so far from here?” Erik said. He was bending over. Ward’s shelter—a little log cabin just over the shoulder of the hill we had been going down. Inside, there was a fireplace, a table and chairs, a stove, a bed, and a bunk, a shelf full of canned food—and a first-aid kit which Erik pro-
duced from a box on the wall.

I’d better look at his leg right away, time it was growing dark outside.

“The storm’s dying down,” Ward said suddenly. “You’d better make a move, too. Erik’s here.”

Erik was standing by the fireplace, and I was sitting at the table. We both turned to look at the window. The snow that had been tumbling down at all, and I glanced at Erik in amazement.

“Not enough, I think,” Erik said. He walked over to the table, then sat down in a low voice. “He’s feverish and a little delirious.”

“Where are you thinking about, Ward?” He asked.


“Erik knows what’s best!” he mimicked scornfully. “Is that all you can say? Is he the only person you can think of?”

“Ward! You don’t know what you’re saying!”

“Don’t? I wouldn’t be too sure. I’ve got a hunch this is all very romantic and sweet for you and your Erik. Lonely shelter, high up on the storm outside—me lying here helpless—How about that seductive Bergen gave me after he finished unstrapping my leg to pieces? It was supposed to put me to sleep—You’re crazy!”

It was a phrase. Erik didn’t mean that Ward was really insane. But I realized, all at once, that there was more in what he had said than he knew.

Ward was not crazy. But neither was he well balanced. Here was the explanation for something in him that had always troubled me. He lived his life on the basis of self. Nothing and no one was as important to him as Ward and Mitchell. Most of us are like that to some extent. But Ward’s ego was so monstrously inflated that he would not stand up to Ward—and with this ego went a hidden and unadmitted sense of inferiority.

He had selected me for a wife, as he said, “because I had to boss him,” because instinctively he had believed he could always control me. I was to have been subservient to him. But all I had done was to go to the Manor and saw that I had been spending time with another man, all his latent jealousy had waked up. His self-control was strong enough to keep his inner thoughts hidden—until the accident which had interrupted his career and thus destroyed his carefully built-up defenses.

I felt very sorry for them. But I was surprised that I did not love him.

“Do you believe that of me?” I asked
Ward. He didn’t answer, just stared at me with pitiful, sullen rage. I said to Erik, “Are you sure you couldn’t get down the mountain? It would be much better.” So much better, because it would calm Ward’s tortured, mistaken mind.

But Erik shook his head. “If I could get help up here, I would go. You know that.”

Yes, I knew it. I knew that Erik would do anything to help me. His eyes told me that.

ABOUT nine o’clock Erik prepared the bunk across from Ward’s for me, and stretched himself out on two chairs near the fire. He blew out the lamp, and there was silence, except for the sound of the wind outside and the crackle of the flames within.

I didn’t think I would sleep. I lay awake, looking through the gloom at Erik, thinking: Soon the morning will come, and then I’ll have to tell Ward I can’t marry him. He’ll accuse me of loving Erik, and I won’t be able to deny it.

The next thing I knew it was morning. Sun was slanting in at the window, and there was the sound of water dripping from the eaves. I sat up, looking for Erik. He was not there, but I saw a slip of paper on the table. I picked it up.

“Have gone down the hill. Will bring help as soon as possible.”

I raised my head, and saw Ward watching me. He was pale, but he seemed normal and calm, and he nodded when I told him the contents of Erik’s note.

“I made a fool of myself last night, didn’t I?” he asked.

“You were feverish. You didn’t know what you were saying.”

Ward sighed and moved his head restlessly. “I knew enough. I knew I cut a pretty poor figure alongside your skiing friend. . . . You love him, don’t you?”

“Yes. But he doesn’t know it, and I don’t intend to tell him.”

“You probably won’t have to. You have the kind of face, Carol, that tells everything you’re thinking. It used to tell me you thought I was some kind of a hero. That was good for me. I liked it. But—it stopped telling me that the night you walked into the lobby of the hotel and saw me sitting there with your aunt.”

“Ward—I’m sorry.”

He shrugged. “I had let me see a little way into his heart, because he had to, but that was all.

I went to the door, waited until Erik and two helpers from the hotel arrived with a stretcher. I watched them gently lift him onto it and start inching their way on snow shoes down the slope, carrying him between them. Erik stood beside me.

“Mr. Mitchell—he is better this morning?” he asked. “He is sorry for what he said?”

“I think so. But we are not going to be married.”

I looked at him then. If what Ward had said about my thoughts showing in my face was true, he would know. In the silence, I saw his blue eyes widen, saw a spark in them.

But what he said was: “This is the last storm of the winter.”

“Yes.”

“So now I shall enlist in your army.”

“Yet,” I said again. Erik’s lips hardly moved. “Will you wait for me?”

My heart jumped in my breast. “Oh, I will. I will!”
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I’LL SHARE MY INHERITANCE

By ELEANOR PAULL Mrs. Paull (above with her two daughters) proved her patriotism when she became a missing heiress.

AMERICA is a fairyland, where almost anything in the world can happen.

That’s what my older sister, Verona, used to tell me when I was a little girl in Hungary.

Today, I know Verona was right. America is a fairyland and almost anything can happen—in fact, something wonderful has happened to me.

In the space of three months, I have been declared legally dead by the New York Probate Court; I have been legally reestablished by the New York Surrogate Court; I have inherited half of an $18,000 estate; have appeared on a coast to coast radio program called “Are You A Missing Heir,” and I am buying Defense Bonds with all my inheritance.

Imagine all that happening to me. Eleanor Paull, housekeeper by the day and cateress, born Illona Moritz, 48 years ago in Eszeng, Hungary.

WELL, IT DID HAPPEN!

I got the money from Verona’s estate, and I’m buying Defense Bonds because I feel it’s my duty to help my country. I say “my” country because I’m an American citizen now. I’ve been an American citizen ever since I married an American sailor during the first World War 22 years ago.

Naturally, my 13-year-old Barbara and my 11-year-old Betty Lee are American citizens. They were born in this country.

My girls are still too young to know how important it is to be born in America. They take for granted new dresses, ice cream sodas, going to college, and all the other things that normal American children can have. When they grow up, they might marry millionaires. There is no official class law which says they can’t. In America, being humble doesn’t mean being limited where opportunity is concerned. Each person makes the most of his own opportunities.

It wasn’t like that in Hungary. Verona and I were forced to take refuge in a way that defies description. To begin with, we were orphans. No one was interested in us—no welfare organization or social-service people. Our wages for a year’s housework in Hungary were no more than a week’s wages for the same work here in America.

So Verona, who was older, came to America and after she got her first job, sent for me. Verona was 19 when I got here. I was 16. Verona had only one dream. The accumulation of money. “You can make it here,” she said. “Loads of it. I’m going to work and work and work until I’m rich. I’m going to be so rich, I’ll never have to worry again.”

I got a job as housekeeper too, and on my days off, used to go down to the Hungarian section of New York City where I had a lot of friends. Remember I was sixteen so naturally, some of these friends were boys. We’d sit for hours, drinking coffee, eating kalach, and talking about how lucky we were to live in America and have jobs and personal freedom. Long about sundown, one of my boy friends would take me home.

Verona didn’t like this. “Men,” she’d tell me. “All they want is your money. It’s all anybody wants. Friends. What are friends? Just people who want to borrow from you. Just people who’ll never pay it back.”

That was Verona. All shadow and suspicion and fear.

She hated the world. She hated people. She didn’t want friends. It wasn’t because she was mean or miserly or selfish. It was because she was afraid. She had known poverty and misery in the old country and she wanted to forget it over here.

Although I sympathized with her, I couldn’t see things her way. I wanted
friends and suitors and good times and gaiety. So eventually, we quarreled over something or other, and separated.

Meanwhile, I met Howard Dudley Paul and fell in love. Howard was in the Navy so we couldn't marry right away but we became engaged. I kept on doing housework and Howard was sent to Honolulu. When the war was over, Howard was discharged and returned to his home in California. He sent me a letter. I'll never forget it.

"Enclosed find money order for trainfare," he wrote. "Take the first train out here. We'll be married immediately."

I got to Santa Ana on Nov. 27, 1920 and we were married in a sweet little Episcopal church. Howard got a job in the oil fields and we took a house in West Los Angeles. Soon Barbara came along. After that, we had Betty Lee. Our lives were like your or your next door neighbor's. We had a car. We had friends. We went to the Los Angeles Community Church. We entertained and were entertained. During vacation times, we traveled. We saw the great trees in Yosemite. We stood on a high hill in San Francisco and saw the silver cables of the Golden Gate Bridge tremble in the sun. We had a good life in a good country. We were grateful for it.

With Verona it was different. She never married. She never went out. She had no friends. Each winter, she'd take a job as housekeeper for some wealthy family in New York. But she'd always specify one thing. She had to have her summers off. Verona was such a wonderful cook and housekeeper that most people were glad to get her nine months of the year. They figured maybe she wanted her summers free for herself. But not Verona. She spent those summers working in seaside resorts where the wages and tips were good. I doubt if she ever saw a tree or a bridge or a river. All she ever saw was the balance in her bankbook.

I wrote to her just once from California. It was after the second baby came. The letter came back marked "address unknown."

Well the years went by, and not long ago, Howard and I separated. We had come a long way together and had reached a crossroad. He went one way, I another. I went back to housework and catering. I could make

THE MINUTE MAN

SAYS...

If you're working overtime—if you're rolling up nice wages like a lot of men are these days—you're a sucker if you don't invest some of that extra money for yourself. Especially when it's patriotic to put money into Defense Bonds, which the Government guarantees.

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enough, I knew, to keep Barbara in Emerson Junior High School and Betty in the Brentwood Elementary school and still save for their college careers. Barbara wants to be a teacher of mathematics and though Betty's too young to know for sure, she thinks she wants to be a teacher too.

Evenings, after their homework is done, we spend listening to the radio. We like the Are You A Missing Heir program and we always listen because I have an uncle on the maternal side who is a bachelor and I've always felt that someday, he might leave me some money.

So, you can imagine how I felt the night I tuned in the Missing Heir program—it was Jan. 27, 1942—and heard the narrator:

"This is the story of two sisters," he said. "Verona and Iliona Moritz." Barbara gasped. "Mother," she shrieked. "That sounds like you!"

Cold chills ran down my spine and I began to shake. "Get me a chair," I said to Betty Lee. "It's my sister. She must be dead."

Whereupon I heard the complete dramatization of how two young Hungarian sisters immigrated to America, quarreled and separated. Verona, the dramatic truth told me, had accumulated more than $18,000 just doing housework and she had died, friendless and alone—alone except for her bank balance. The heirs, the broad-

You Needn't Use Sugar

Continued from page 40

Chocolate Souffle

1 package chocolate pudding mixture
1 cup milk
4 eggs (separated)
1 tsp. vanilla

In top of double boiler mix chocolate pudding and ¼ cup milk and beat smooth. Place over boiling water and cook, adding remaining milk gradually and beating constantly. When mixture has thickened remove from heat and add well beaten egg yolks. Cool somewhat then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish, set in pan of warm water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until mixture is firm (about 40 minutes) then serve. It's lovely served with a very deep dish since soufflé rises and may run over the edge of a shallow container.

Baked Stuffed Oranges

4 oranges
8 dates, stoned and minced
¼ cup nut and fruit mixture
1 tbl. corn syrup or honey (more or less, depending on taste)

For nut and fruit mixture, a combination of equal amount of chopped walnuts, chopped raisins and shredded coconut is excellent, though other combinations may be substituted according to taste. Cut off tops of oranges and scoop out meat, leaving shells clean and unbroken. Remove skin and seeds from orange pulp, combine with other ingredients and fill orange shells. Place in shallow baking dish, adding water to cover bottom of dish, and bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) until shells are tender (about 45 minutes). If desired, top each orange with meringue and return to oven to brown.

Baked Glazed Ham

Smoked ham (about ten pounds)
3 onions, chopped
3 carrots, chopped
4½ cups celery leaves, chopped
4 bay leaves
10 peppercorns
10 cloves

Scrub ham and soak over night. Next morning remove ham from water and cover with fresh boiling water. Bring to boil quickly, add remaining ingredients and cook just below boiling point until fork pieces it easily (20 minutes per pound). Allow to cool in liquid (strain liquid, skim off excess fat and save for soups, gravies, etc.), then slice. Bake in slow oven (300 degrees F.) 15 minutes per pound. Half an hour before ham is done, remove from oven, pour off excess fat and garnish with marmalade, syrup, and meat strips and cloves. Pour on curious glaze and continue cooking, basting several times.

Corn Syrup Glaze

½ cup dark corn sugar
½ cup water
2 tbls. vinegar
2 tbls. clear ham fat

Combine ingredients, bring to boil and cook just below boiling point for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool somewhat before pouring over ham.
Junior Miss Temple

Continued from page 15

shows for Elgin Watches. But she sailed through an opening-night or-
deal on Junior Miss that would have given most radio stars complete ner-
vous prostration.

Listening to that first program, you didn't know that pandemonium
was on the loose in the studio. Four hours before it went on the air, writ-
ers were hired and fired, the outgoing

director-producer said "Howdy" to
the incoming producer-director—and
Shirley entered the studio to meet a
completely new cast. And all this
with only four hours to go.

Shirley didn't flinch. She didn't
ask why or what. Her quiet composure
completely calmed everyone's nerves. Spurred
on by her example of how to be a
trooper, the new cast and the new

director pushed in and turned out an
on-the-air performance that was
smooth, and blessedly free of jittery
"fluffs."

Afterwards, tired and very hungry, Shirley sat for half an hour while
photographers pointed their cameras
at her and shot off flash-bulbs. Fi-

nally she said, smiling, "You'd think I
was only going to be here this once.
Do you boys really have to do all your
work this one night? I'll be back
here, you know."

They let her go then.

THE Temple family still lives in the
Brentwood home that housed the

thousands of dolls and gifts showered
upon baby Shirley. But the playhouse
rooms have given way now to Shir-

ley's own two-room suite, consisting
of sitting room and bedroom.

The sitting room where Shirley
spends her spare time over her home

lessons, reading her books or listening
to her new Capehart radio-phono-

graph is a dream with its wood-rose
rug and its soft beige couches, piped
in the same deep wood-rose as the
rug, that stand on either side of the

fireplace.

Royal blue and white is the color
scheme of the bedroom. The royal

blue satin valences over the window
match the royal blue of the chair.

Shirley is, if you please, a member of
the Book of the Month Club and reads
selectively, carefully. Her

favorites are "Oliver Wiswell" and
"Keys of the Kingdom," "The Soong
Sisters," "David Copperfield," "The
Crisis," and "Darkness at Noon" have
all been read and loved by Shirley.

Literature occasionally throws her,
however. One day Mrs. Temple noti-

ced her daughter going from chair
to chair and room to room carrying
with her a huge volume of "The Last
Days of Pompeii" as if in restless

pursuit.

"They tell me this is good if you
once get into it," she moaned, "but I'm
having a bad time getting there."

From her brother Jack she learned
the beauty of symphonic music and
will sit alone for hours in her sitting

room listening to the work of the

masters.

When Shirley left Twentieth Cen-
tury-Fox and private school teachers
she enrolled at Westlake School for
Girls as a day pupil. She is now in
A-9 and this June will pass to B-10.
Her favorite subjects are French and
drawing. Her talents as an amateur
artist are truly remarkable, but not
good enough. Shirley thinks, to be

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showed publicly. English, ancient history, and algebra, at which she is only "pretty good," are her other studies.

Her grades are usually a division of A’s, B’s and a C. Mrs. Temple doesn’t insist that Shirley be a slave to studies and is happy if she brings home a B average.

The day I visited Shirley on the set of "Miss America," at the picture she is making for Edward Small, she was deep in a French test given by the teacher sent out by the Board of Education. For two hours the director cast, and crew had sat about while Shirley and one of her leading men, Dickie Moore, had lessons.

At four o’clock she emerged from her dressing-room-school room, yawning and weary, to go right into her first screen love scene with young Moore, which had to be to her first kiss screen, a mere peck on the cheek.

Between kisses, Shirley yawned, talked, laughed, listened to instructions, and gave grand performances of a sequence that was repeated for one hour and a half solid.

"When Shirley is tired, she talks and talks and talks," her mother laughed. "And the more tired she becomes the faster she talks."

If a boy is a good dancer and lots of fun, Shirley asks nothing else of him. On Sunday afternoons girls from her school and boys from neighboring military academies congregate at her home for ping-pong, laughter, a bit of dancing and supper. She isn’t given to one boy crushes, but is friends with them all, especially those who catch the spirit of her humor and can give it back.

After a recent party at a local military school, Shirley stood in her lovely little formal frock and told her mother all about it.

"Honesty," she said, "All those military boys talked about were upper and lower classmen and lower-upper-classmen and upper-lower-classmen until all I could think of was a pair of false teeth."

Three times a week a physical instructor comes to the Temple home before dinner to give Shirley the physical training that keeps her well, slim, and beautiful. "Bend, reach," echoes from the room as Shirley goes through her workout. She likes all sort of food but prefers meat, and especially enjoys the fun of it. Ping-pong, tennis, and bicycle riding are her favorite sports, and a certain amount of time each year is given to a Palm Springs hotel where she can swim and ride as well.

Sports, however, are not as important in Shirley’s life as are books and reading, music, dancing and laughter.

Shirley expects to stay on at Westlake until her graduation. At the moment it’s a toss-up between art school and little theater work, perhaps the New York stage when school is over. If movies enter her life at all they will probably be occasional picture and will never again, or at least for a long time, monopolize her entire time. Radio is now her first love and she uses every possible means to keep her heart its own for some time to come.

Her mind explores everywhere. No sooner had she reported to the radio station for rehearsal than she must inspect every nook and cranny of the machinery behind the scenes. She was especially interested in the new television department—a good sign, because heaven knows the world will never have a lovelier subject for televisions.

Her mother still washes and curls Shirley’s hair, giving it careful attention. Together the two select her clothes. Shirley’s taste running to simple unadorned frocks.

At school she wears uniforms of white in warm weather and blue in winter. With standard white or blue sweaters Shirley looks like any other little school girl, until one catches the blue eye that shimmers behind her face.

Like every other young American, Shirley is a firm believer in sending in answers to radio contests. Standing by a large Ivory Plakes sign on a radio stage of CBS Studios, Shirley looked at it wistfully.

"I sent in a slogan in their contest," she sighed, "but I didn’t win anything. My slogan was 'Ivory Soap is best on land or sea. It floats.' I thought it was pretty good."

Today the company that didn’t give Shirley’s slogan a tangle are her sponsors, paying her a fancy sum to do advertising.

Her favorite sport is teasing, but only if she likes you. Lucky the person who brings a twinkle to her eye and a teasing quip to her lips.

Her brother George, a member of the cast, who was in Honolulu during the December 7th raid, is her idol. At the end of her last Elgin broadcast she whispered into the microphone, "Love you, George." A thrilled soldier wired his love back to the little sister who had greeted him across the miles, "For you, my sweetie, a junior at the University of Arizona, Shirley and I are fast friends. When the co-ed was made Desert Queen, George wired, "Now I have three queens, you and mother and my girl."

Shirley was thrilled.

Her older brother, Jack, is married and employed as a radio announcer at Santa Barbara, California.

A healthy, happy, unspoiled, young lady who thinks for herself, who radiates a beauty and happiness that nothing can dishearten is Shirley Temple today. A promise of the brave and lovely womenhood to come. When she stands before the radio each Wednesday, remember this. And be cheered by this very American young lady who comes so welcomed into your homes.
I Found My Love
Continued from page 32

ultimatum. He was the kind of man who laid down ultimatums. And when you took him up on one, as I had done after the Wednesday broadcast, there was no going back. I don’t need to have that all explained to me again, in the cold, final voice of Brinsley Mackall. I hung up the phone.

“Angus, I must be getting hysterical. There was cheer in that voice! “Look, can you buy a steak? Could you do the shopping for Brother Bob?”

“Could I!” That was no question. And I had to look away from the light in those tragic eyes. I gave him the directions, and I made them complicated. Let them hold him while I did my little job.

Little job...I couldn’t even think of that. Better just hop in that cab and tell the man “The Cock and Bull.” He knew where that was. Every driver on our taxi stand knew how to get there with his eyes shut. And better to keep them shut when you drove a man there, sometimes.

The bartender told me when Bob had left there, but he didn’t tell me how.

Bob wasn’t at the Shipshape Club, but I was cutting down his lead.

Why did he never consider an evening well started till he’d crossed town three times? You can tangle into too many traffic jams following people back and forth. Still, it was better than going straight to the Club Cuban. Anything but that. There were things you couldn’t do, even for a thin tall fourteen-year-old boy with a voice that cracked to break your heart. I could not face Marnie Moore, see her smiling, rapacious red mouth before me, and know that all the Cuban Club was watching us meet at last. No, I would hang on to that little shred of pride to which I’d clung so long.

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Words—how queer—words I'd been longing to say for nearly a year: "Bob, come home. Please."

In a minute I could get my breath and say the things I'd planned, the ones that would bring him: how I wasn't asking him for myself, but Angus; and not for sentiment's sake, but because Angus was one of his fans and it didn't pay to get too far, too long, from your fans; how Jake could make a swell publicity story of the kid coming here to find his Big Brother. If I could just get my breath, I could make a smooth selling line.

It was hard to get my breath, even when I kept my eyes away from Marnie Moore's red mouth and looked at her red nails which were moving along the white linen toward Bob's arm. I had to get my breath before they got there, for once they reached his arm, they'd never let me go.

But something queer was happening. Very queer. Bob was getting to his feet, before I'd given him the arguments. He had my hand, and his fingers felt strong, the way they used to, and they were swinging me across the room.

"Look, I told myself. Don't make any mistakes. He only wanted to get me out of there before I made a scene. Well, I'd set him right on that. And so I gave him the story. "I'll only be for half an hour," I explained. "We'll just put on a nice domestic act. Steal broiling in the little kitchen when stove, me in my apron stirring up the muffins, you—" A slight break here, but he wouldn't imagine that I was removing my used goop to clutter up the place—"you setting the table while you talk to him. Just for an act," I added urgently.

Maybe it wasn't as good as I'd thought, for he turned to look out the window and in the pale dusk light his face seemed to sag. He didn't say a word, just sat there staring out, and I was afraid. Had he been drinking more than I thought at first? Or was he just coldly furious? In the elevator he held my arm. "Bob, please—when you see him, you'll know—it's got to be good—" 

For a moment he looked down at me, his face close to mine, and he didn't seem drunk, not at all. Then he turned away, without a word.

Well, he made it good. At least I didn't dare look at them. I bustled around in my green gown, and I was big enough to fill it. It hadn't been a year since I'd cooked a dinner for Bob. I heard Angus tell how Mr. Bright, the Superintendent, had given him it as a party. I knew what it was, and I was up to him to prove that all the care and expense the Home had lavished on him all these years had not been wasted, when they placed him on the Saunders farm.

"I know you gave him everything you had," Bob said gently. "I did, as long as I was going to school too," the kid said. "Though I guess I wasn't so hot at farm work, and Mr.—and, and I spent too much time studying. But that was all right, till this month, when he told me I wasn't going back to school this year."

I didn't need to look at his eyes, I only needed to hear the break in his voice to know this was tragedy.

"What subject is it?" Bob asked, "that you can't get along without?"

"Why, chemistry, of course." It would have been if the boy had not been so deadly serious, the way he assumed that anyone would know the world was well lost for chemistry. "I've been reading ahead some, this summer, but it's not so good. You need somebody to ask things, and you've got to have a lab—"

His voice cracked again, crying out, "Oh, gods, I've just got to go back to school!"

"I see," Bob said. And if he didn't really see, I don't understand how he could sound as if he couldn't be faking. He must see that this was important. We couldn't stage an act to stall along a boy whose future might turn out to be more than everybody in Radio City rolled into one.

It was after one of your broadcasts that you'd catch opportunities; hurry going on, "that I thought up a swell chance to sneak away this week while Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were at the State Fair. I could get so far they'd never find me, and I could earn enough to keep me while I go to school. It won't take much. That part's all right. I'm not here worried, when you talked about being true to yourself."

Bob—Bob—Bob over at me, did his eyes meet mine just for one fleeting second? Then he turned back and said, "Angus, running away is never any answer any more."

That hit me hard, maybe as hard as it was hitting Angus. Had he meant it for me, too? But maybe it does you good to take an honest truth like that. Anyway, Angus pulled up his shoulders, and he even managed to answer. "Okay," he said stoutly. "I—I guess it's just this. It's that, you can take it, but—" he grinned a pale, darling little grin—"I guess I wasn't tough enough to dish it out to myself." "Well, that's not all, though," Bob was saying. His hand was on the boy's shoulder. "There's another angle. You know that desire for school is in your self. It's you. If you gave up school, you wouldn't be true to yourself."

A dim wonderful hope came into Angus's eyes and died again. "But I don't get—"

"Here's how I see it," Bob went on. "I think there's still a lot to that saying about WHERE there's a will there's a way—"

Angus said, "I heard that broadcast too." His eyes were glowing. "Bob grinned in the sheepish sweet way he used to when people men—
tioned his broadcasts. He said, "I think we can find a way. But it won't be by hightailing it off a job without a by-your-leave, with a lot of unfinished business behind you—"

"Oh, goosh!" Sudden alarm whitened the boy's face. "That's why I had to catch that nine-thirty back to the farm. Not that I didn't get a fellow to do the chores, but there's a cow—" He was half-way across the room, his eyes searching wildly for a clock. "She's not expecting it for a couple of weeks, but I thought someone ought to be there—"

Bob caught up with him. "You're right, Bob said. "You can't ever tell, with cows. But if we drove in my car, wouldn't we make it just as quick, if we started right after we put away that steak?"

I never saw such joy as shone right through the skin of Angus Cameron. "You—you wouldn't go with me?"

He believed it, only he couldn't take it in all at once—just like me.

"I'm kind of a fair hand around the stable myself," Bob said. "And while we're waiting for Bossy, we can get things straight with Mr. Bright. I've got a hunch he never meant you to let the Home down on that chemistry business. And I bet he'd take my word for it that you'd have a good place to do your home work here—"

But his eyes turned to me this time, and they didn't look away. They were asking a question, and they were pleading, desperately. I had a fork in the steak then, and a platter in my other hand, and I guess it was because I gripped them so tight that my hands were aching afterward. "Isn't that right, Prue?"

Bob asked.


"But you—" Bob's eyes still held the question. "Do you understand? I'm a kid of twelve. To have a proper home—complete with everybody that belongs in a home—" He was having more trouble than Angus had had in getting his words said. "If I mean, I thought you had other plans—"

"If I did—" I laughed a little shakily. "If I did, they walked out the door of the Club Cuban when I walked in. Did you see them walk out, Bob?"

He never knew what I meant. To this day I guess he thinks I was just hysterical, saying meaningless words. He had not seen Brinsley Mackall get up from his table in the corner of the Club Cuban, watch me cross that room, his blue eyes ice-cold, to see me lean over Bob's shoulder and beg him to come home. He did not see Brinsley Mackall walk out of there.

"You'd better sit down." That wasn't salve in Bob's voice. He took the platter from my hands and put the steak on it himself. A little messily, so that the hot meat spattered over the edge, but it tasted good, that steak. To all of us. Nothing ever tasted so good, even the other good meals there had been, these three of us, from that same table.

For of course, with Angus there, we've had to keep on with our domestic tasks and not be surprised if that act would break all records, even the one being made by Brother Bob. His Answers which is going stronger than ever, now that we have to our own.

JUNE, 1942
The Story of Bess Johnson

Continued from page 19

He was so awfully good-looking, and his eyes had been warm and honest as he told her she was beautiful! When a man was clever and good-looking and had political influence, people were bound to knock him—it was only natural!

She smiled drowsily at the thought of Vince and—still smiling—fell asleep.

The next morning, refreshed and frager after the first real rest since she had had in a long time, she prepared for her appointment with Councilman Sloan. She chose her costume carefully from the stock of the little shop that—oh goodness!—were still plentiful and in style. The Councilman had seen her the evening before in party clothes, glamorous clothes, and she must be just as charming now, but in a different way—for she must look businesslike! She finally decided on a straight little blue dress with wide white frills at the neck and waist—and a hat, very plain and girlish, that made a frame for her fair hair. As she walked down the street to the Councilman's office—it was only a block from the Romano Hotel—she was pleased with herself, and rightly so. She couldn't help glancing into the shop windows which mirrored her slim reflection.

The Councilman's outer office was not impressive—neither were the Councilman's office boy nor his secretary. They eyed Bess with unmasked curiosity, the boy giggling when Bess said she had an appointment with Mr. Sloan, the secretary raising narrow plucked eyebrows. Bess felt a faint misgiving—a misgiving that grew as she entered the inner office, and once more felt her hand submerged by the Councilman's moist flabby fingers. "Sit down, Miss Johnson," he said. "And tell me about yourself."

"I rather hoped that Mr. Kennedy had told you about me," Bess faltered. "He—he gave me to understand that there might be an opening in your social service department. I had quite a bit of experience..."

The Councilman smiled satirically. "You look as if you've had—experience," he said with meaning. "By the way—what's your first name? Bess? Well, Bess, I think we'll get along all right. I think you'll like working for me."

Bess said carefully, "I'm sure I'll like working for you, Mr. Sloan. When will I start?"

The Councilman smiled again. "You can start right away," he said.

Bess was beginning to feel a faint suspicion. "Perhaps," she said, "we should discuss a few details—the question of salary, for instance?"

The Councilman leaned back in his chair and pressed the tips of his fingers together—they were like white gipsies. He said slowly, "Bess told herself, "Why, yes—salary," he said. "The amount of the salary depends entirely on you, Bess. How much time can you give me?"

"I can give you all of my time," Bess said, and the Councilman guffawed with evident enjoyment. "Well," he said, "that's fine! We'll start by having lunch together, and then we'll have cocktails in my car, and—let me see... Oh, I've some passes for a..."

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show tonight, and after the show—"
Bess interrupted. "A full time job," she said, "is eight hours a day, Mr. Sloan... I've never had cocktails in my life, and I don't intend to start now!"

The Councilman was obviously amused. He said, "If you want to hold a job and do a job, you'll have to do a lot of things you've never done before—cocktails in my flat aren't the half of it."

"You're a woman," Bess— and I'm a lonely man. I appreciate companionship."

Bess stood up so abruptly that her purse fell to the floor, spilling a dozen little items—lipstick, compact, fountain pen. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, Mr. Sloan," she said coldly as she stooped to gather up her belongings, "so I'd better go."

The Councilman was staring at her and his gaze was incredulous. "Now, Bess," he said, "don't get off on the wrong foot! Vince gave me to understand that you were a friend of his. He trusts me to understand that you need—employment."

Bess repeated evenly, "I'm afraid there's been a mistake."

"Begun?"—"Mr. Kennedy didn't get me into this. What I mean is—" her voice dwindled off, for Vince had come in, and from the slant of his eye, she was talking with Councilman Sloan, and Sloan— during that dreadful interview—had told her, in surprise—"I thought you were only a job for the Councilman Sloan—"

"I—I don't see how Mr. Kennedy could have given the Councilman such a strong impression," Bess said slowly, "as he did to me last night. And I'm sure I didn't do anything to create a false idea."

Marie Agnes was raging on. "False idea, my eye!" she sputtered. "If you ask me, Vince and the Councilman are in cahoots."

Homer said, "Shush!" loudly, but not before Bess had begged, "Marie Agnes, please tell me the truth! What's happening with you and Vince?"

Marie Agnes clamped her lips tight together and shook her head like a stubborn child. "I'm not a tell-tale, she said, "a raggle-taggle girl, Bess. Use your own judgment."

By making a determined effort in the next few days she was able to forget Sloan, but she could not forget Vincent Kennedy. If Marie Agnes were right, and Vince and Sloane were connected in any way, Vince was certainly not a fit person to associate with, but he was so—engaging. The clean, well-scrubbed look—the pink sheen of his brown hair above a forehead that was broad and high, his smile—these weren't things that belonged to anyone who was connected with Councilman Sloan.

He was waiting for her one evening, two days after her interview with Sloan, when she came into the Romando Hotel after a weary and futile day of job-hunting.

"I've been waiting here in the lobby for an hour, Miss Johnson, just on the chance of seeing you," he said.

"Won't you let me explain?" All at once, he seemed to be visibly embarrassed. "I owe you an apology. I didn't know what I was letting you in for.

Illegally, overwhelmingly relief made Bess unable to do anything but repeat after him, "You didn't know what you were letting me in for."

Vince smiled into her eyes as he had at their first meeting. "When I heard about the line Wilson Sloan pulled on you," he said, "Miss Johnson, I was fit to be tied! Sloan's not only a rat, he's a fool."

Almost before she knew it Bess was seated across from Vincent Kennedy at a corner table in a neighborhood restaurant. Almost before she knew it she was telling him her troubles, and listening to his words of advice. And as, and dinner over, they sipped their coffee, she realized suddenly that she was no longer lonely. That dinner was the beginning of a curious relationship between Bess Johnson and Vincent Kennedy. Bess told him of romances—many of them—indeed a broken romance was responsible for her pilgrimage to the city. But her feeling for Vince was different. It appealed to one side of her—the maternal side—and his good looks appealed to a side of her that was not in the least material. She was fascinated by him and, at the same time, wanted to protect him.

Lunch, dinner, movies with Vince. They were calling each other by their first names now—they were realizing that they had the same tastes and some of the same dreams. Vince confided that his only meeting place with Councilman Sloan was the political arena—he himself, had a slight leaning toward politics. Because—he told Bess—he wanted to make the city a better, cleaner place. "You and I could work together," he told her once, "If I were a City Councilman I'd give you a real job."

"I'd be glad of any kind of a job—real or otherwise," she answered. "I've followed every lead—I've even been answering the blind ads in the papers. I got into a funny jam this morning—answering a job for a hotel."

Vince, said, "Such as—"

Bess said, "It was an ad from something that called itself the Mutual Welfare Association. Naturally I thought it was some sort of social service work, right down my street, but it wasn't. It was a man selling gadgets to a lot of poor people who in turn were supposed to sell them from door to door and make big profit. He got five cents apiece for the gadget—it was some kind of a can opener. The people were supposed to sell it for ten or fifteen or twenty-five cents."

Vincent said, lazily, "Well, it sounds all right to me. They say there's a sucker born every minute."

But Bess wanted to know. "It was a swindle!" she said, "The can openers could be bought in any five-and-ten-cent store for a nickel—the poor people didn't have a chance to sell them for a dime. I—Vince, I saw red, so I stood up in front of the whole crowd and told the man what I thought of him. And when he got objectionable I sent for Billy Joyce."

The laziness had gone out of Bess.

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**BESS JOHNSON** did not quite recognize herself, these days—was not quite sure that she liked herself. Once upon a time she had known, with certainty, what was right and what was wrong—more important, once upon a time she had been mistress of her own emotions. Now she was hesitant, uncertain, prey to a loneliness that was new to her. Keeping her brief companionship with Vine.

Bess was standing at the hotel desk one morning, waiting for Homer to come out and look at her. Homer crossed the lobby and asked, in a husky voice, if a lady named Bess Johnson were staying there.

Bess started to answer but Homer—giving her a look—made an evasive reply. "She lives here, but she's out," he told the desk clerk.

Bess again made an attempt to speak—why was the clerk acting this way?—but the man, growing some with hisRM under his boot, pushed his heel and stalked off across the lobby. "Be back in an hour," he called over his shoulder, and went out, banging the door.

"Why did Homer explain his suspicions. "You've got to be careful, Bess," he said. "You're mixed up with a gang of crooks and crooks won't stop at nothing. That guy was a tough looking customer. He was up to no good."
Bess had been in tangles before. She'd always been a storm center, but this was a new type of tangle. "You're letting your imagination run away with you, Homer," she said crossly, and turned away from the desk, and there—standing beside her—was Vince Kennedy. And in her sudden happiness at seeing him, Bess blurted out the whole story. "I was just telling Homer that he's crazy," she said, but Vince shook his head. "I'm not so sure," she told him. "Look, Bess, I'll stick around until that man comes back."

They sat in the lobby under a dusty artificial palm and talked, because they had a great deal to say the hour passed quickly. Bess was so absorbed that she didn't realize the time was up until the rough looking man walked past the place where she and Vince were seated. He was on his way to the desk but Vince—with a little exclamation—leaped to his feet. "Well, I'll be a so-and-so if it isn't old Max!"

The man stopped in his tracks. "Hello, Vince!" he said. "I didn't expect to see you."

Vince was frightened. Even as she shrank away from him, Bess found herself thinking that he would make a good partner at that! "Puh-leeze, Vince," she whispered, but Vince ignored her plea. "Max," he said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Bess Johnson."

The man, Max, was startled. "Why—why, you're the lady I came to see," he said, "but that guy at the desk—do you know who he was? And—eh—he couldn't get it—and you were standing right there, too."

Bess tried to say it was a mistake. Homer, leaning forward, mouth open, didn't say anything. And then, as he was helping against time, the man quickly explained his errand. He had been commissioned by Steinsmith, he said, to offer Bess a bribe—which didn't take place. "Vince would have a nice piece of change to drop the case, Miss Johnson," said the man. "He'll go up to fifteen hundred dollars and a bribe—only'll he be able to hand you the message and bring back an answer."

"No, finding her voice, said evenly "That's very simple. The answer's no. And you may tell Mr. Steinsmith that I'll inform the Judge of his attempt to—buy me."

Vince said quietly, "You can't prove anything, Bess. It's unfortunate but you can't."

And Bess answered, "Why not, Vince? When I have you for a witness?"

It was then that Vincent turned on the emissary and told him to leave. But after the man had shuffled off, Bess warned him that things were getting a little unpleasant and that fifteen hundred dollars was a lot of money, Bess said. "You could do a lot of good with fifteen hundred dollars,"

he told Bess. "It would go a long way in charity."

But Vince had left her. Bess went slowly upstairs. Opening the door she walked into her shabby little room and threw herself across the bed. She must think, yet it was hard to think. She must rationalize Vince's part in the Steinsmith affair, and yet she couldn't rationalize it. Picking up her fingers to her temples, she lay there, staring wide-eyed at the grimy ceiling over her head, and seeing a great deal more than.

She saw that Vincent Kennedy had been instrumental in sending her, in

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search of a job, to a man who was
vulgar, cheap, without morals. She
saw that Vince had been too a sad
story of complete innocence with the
circumstances and chief figures of the
Steinsmith case, and that he had been
shocked and taken in by the lie which
she told in an attempt to avoid charges
against Steinsmith. She said that she
was an acquaintance—if not actually
a friend—of a certain Mrs. Smith, who
had lived in the same street as the
woman's parents, and that although she
possessed no visible means of support
he always had plenty of money.

And she went on to say that she was
obscured completely—that no matter how
hard she tried she could not shake off
the thought of him, could not shake
off the anticipation of another moment
when next they would meet.

Yet, with the morning, there came
reassurance she so badly needed. For
Vince telephoned her, early. He was
the bearer of glad tidings.

"Bess," she said without preamble,
"I think I've got a job for you. It's
with a firm of men who are going
to go right down to his office
and see him." He laughed as he
gave her an address.

"And it's not exactly had by
Wilson Sloan. This job is on the up
and up."

Bess, having spent the night
proving to her landlord that her
way was all wrong, stammered her thanks.
"It's—it's too wonderful," she
said.

Vince said, "Incidentally, Bess—I've
got another piece of news for you.
Steinsmith has slipped his ball."

Bess, hardly able to take it in,
gasped—"What do you mean, Vince?" and
Vince told her that a party thought
she had been removed from you, my treas-
ure—not that you ever were tempted
by a measly fifteen hundred dollars
worth of goods, but because you
. . . The word "saw" was all wrong, she
didn't have to appear in court again.
Everything's ironed out."

Bess, as she slowly hung up the
receiver, was was halfway through
the job. How did it happen that Vince
was always in the know? Why was he
always in evidence when things were
happening?

BESS got the job—not much of
a job, only fourteen dollars a
week, but enough to pay her expenses
and send her mail offering to
be entertained at the Hotel Romanzo. She
thought that, when she was keeping
office hours, she would have a chance
to learn some of Vince, but
she soon discovered that mere office
hours would not hold him back. He
was always stopping in to take her
to lunch and coffee. The door woman
then came out, ready to ride her
home in a taxi. Bess, whom
taxicab drivers were a distinct luxury, asked
veiled questions about his work and
living, only to be met with veiled
answers. Oh, sure, he was busy—
ever busier. He was in the money.
He'd tell her all about it someday.
In the money? It was money that
brought up the next terrifying—
the most terrifying—doubt of Vince in
Bess Johnson's life.

She and Vince had finished lunch
in a restaurant when Vince,
looking pale, shook his head
at her, looking blank.

"Good Lord," he said. "I've forgotten
my wallet. Bess, you'll have to lend
me some money to pay for the check."

Bess, seeing the look on his face
"the woman always pays," and
handed him five dollars. That night when
she was at the hotel desk asking Homer
for her key, Vince came in and hur-
ried up to her.}

"Here you are, Bess," he said, hand-
ring her a crisp new bill. "And don't
try to get it from me. I've seen
Homer can witness that I pay my
debts."

Bess said, "Homer can do more
— he can take this——" she stopped
and set it on my rent bill. She handed the
money to Homer and he tucked it
carefully in the cash register.

"I'm not bustin' up anything," he
said. "I'm bustin' up—" he added.
"It's pay day. Say, Homer, can you cash
my check?"

"Sure," the man said, "Bet your life," and as
Billy handed over a check he opened
the register again and started
counting out money. Billy, watching,
several burst out a huge bit and picked
one of the bills from the growing pile.

"Good grief, Homer," he said, "that's
as pretty a Phony as I ever saw! Who
paid it out to a postman?"

Homer said, "That's easy. It's the
only new bill I got today—Bess just
paid her rent with it."

"My goodness gracious," said Bess. He
snapped out, "You'd better get it,
Bess," and Bess faltered, "Why—"

"It's for my——" he said. She spoke for her.
"Vince Kennedy handed it over to
Bess," she said. "I was—— unconscio-
ously he was quoting Vince—a witness—"

Vince had made a joke at their
feeling about taking Marie Agnes
to dinner. "I'd better go down to
headquarters and make a report,"

Bess—who halfway was halfway to
her or Bess, hand outstretched,
was powerless to stop him. And then,
with a queer violence, Vince was running
to the door. He was almost collided
with the detective.

"Billy, I'm glad I caught you," he
panted. "When you said that the
due—dolllars put my——"

He made a bet in a bar last night and
he lost and I ran into him on the
street and he paid me. It was just
outside the hotel. He paid me
and I ran into him—no, I don't know his
address. I just met him in a bar last night."

Billy put the bill into his pocket.
"Say that's what I made for me, I
used to down in a disbelieve. "Tayne,
you said his name? Way I was—"

"I don't let you give you any more
money, Vince."

The whole incident ended abruptly.
Bess, seeing his face, knew more,
they went out to dinner, and Vince
made nervous apologies and went
away too, and Bess took the croaky
electric light in her room the next
day, and the days after, it was
almost as though nothing had hap-
pened except that Marie Agnes
sighed in exasperation every time she
saw Bess with Vince.
For Bess, continued to see him—every day, sometimes twice a day. She was caught in a current from which she could not escape. When she was alone she could be reasonable and even to develop a curious relationship with Vince—not abruptly, perhaps, but simply by drifting away from him, making no definite appointments, being out the next time he called. But then he would call and as she picked up the telephone all her resolutions vanished like mist before the sun, and when she was with him and he said, “See you for dinner tomorrow night!”—all she could answer was “Great!”

She could argue carefully with herself that this was only friendship—surely there was no harm in friendship—or harm in having a good-looking and charming man ready to take you to dinner after you’d spent a weary and futile day flying through correspondence! Yes, she could argue that it was friendship—she could refuse to take into account the tender, possessive something in his smile, on the way in which he touched her arm when he helped her into a cab, or the speculations that came unbidden to her thoughts when she wondered how it would be if Vince kissed her.

At dinner one night Vince seemed preoccupied. Bess realized that his eyes, always until now so ready to meet hers, strayed away—as if they contemplated something far not very pleasant. Yet he seemed in no hurry to leave the table, and when they did get up finally he suggested walking back to the hotel.

They were only a few steps from the Romano when he broke into quick speech.

“I want to ask a favor of you,” he said. “Look, dear, will you keep something for me?”

“Of course, I’ll keep the package,” she asked.

Vince told her, “No, I’ve a little package with me and I’m wondering if you’ll stick it in the hotel safe in your name. It’s nothing very—just some jewelry that belonged to my mother. But there’s been a sneak-thief in the neighborhood where you live and he hesitated to take those things—belonged to my mother mean an awful lot to me—no real value, of course, but she’s been dead quiet a year and—” He broke off apparently fighting for self-control, and Bess laid a hand on his arm. “Indeed, I will keep the package for you,” she said, “but wouldn’t it be better if it were in your name—just in case something happened to me?”

Vince sagged. He might not be willing to keep it if he thought it belonged to me—after all, the safe is for the guests of the hotel—so you’d better not even mention that I’m the owner of the package.”

When Bess put the package in the safe, she didn’t make any explanation to Homer and he didn’t ask for any. And as more days lengthened into more weeks, as another month rolled by, Bess forgot—a packet of trinkets, with only a sentimental value, can easily slip from a girl’s mind when it’s springtime and she’s in the mood for love and life and last, but not least of all, to admit the truth! She was in love with an enigma—she was in love with Vince Kennedy.

It was more than a month after she had placed the jewelry in the safe that Bess, home from the office, was writing for a letter which had been in her school. As she jotted
down a series of trivial happenings, she felt—rather than saw—a dark shadow against her window, but she didn’t bother to look up—she was on that side of things so it must be a trick of her imagination. It was only when a voice said, "Stick ‘em up, sister!" that she turned sharply—it was only then that she saw, slithering from her hand, made an ugly blot on her housecoat. She saw a man standing on the floor escape outside her window—a man and a girl, ugly automatic in his hand—a man who looked oddly familiar. Who looked—like Vince!

"You get up here, and wh—what do you want?" she faltered, and the man said, "I came up the fire escape, and you know darn well why. That’s Miss Johnson. Hand over that jewelry."

The jewelry—the jewelry. All at once Bess remembered the little package Vince had given her to keep. "I—I don’t know what you’re talking about," she said.

**THE** man laughed and his laughter, also, reminded her of Vince. "Do you know any more jokes?" he queried. "Hand over that package—quick!" and he was thinking fast. What was the connection between this man and the package that Vince had given her? Her mother’s jewelry—a ring, perhaps, an amber necklace, an old fashioned—something. She remembered her bracelet—nothing of value.

"I haven’t any package in my room," she told the man, "and you’d better go away before I call the police. Detective Joyce is a friend of mine and—"

The man on the windowsill jumped down to the floor and advanced toward her. The gun in his hand was pointed at her breast. "I’ll count up to twenty-five, he said, "and when I get to twenty-five—I’ll shoot. This isn’t a big room—I can frisk it in less time than it would take you to say—" he laughed again—"Billy Joyce.

Bess blanched and pounded in her temples. This was not a joke—this was real—this was danger. "Who—do you know?" she asked, and the man answered "Heck, he doesn’t know it."

"One—two—three—" he counted—"four—five—six—seven—eight—nine.

He was at eighteen when Bess heard a shot—there was no sound of her room opening quietly. Her back was to the door—would it be Marjorie Agnes, would it be Homer? And then she heard Vince Kennedy say. "Ollie! What the devil do you think you’re up to?"

The man in front of Bess growled, "You're my own brother in law, you are—you are my own brother—" Bess saw the barrel of the gun move up until it was aimed at a point above her shoulder. Obviously she flung herself forward—anything to break that aim! She heard the gun go off—she heard Vince moan, "God Almighty," and then the man was on the window-sill again, dropping out of sight.

Waiting in the little room off the hospital corridor, Bess Johnson realized, as she had never realized before, how much she cared for Vincent Kennedy. There were other people waiting in the little room, a woman whose husband had been shot and she was with a baby, a boy in uniform who was pacing up and down, biting his lips. Normally Bess, whose creed had always been to serve others, would have talked with these people, comforted them. But now that Vince was in the operating room, now that a clever surgeon was probing for or with a bullet, she had only one thought in her mind. "Vince. She had only one soul. "Oh, God, let Vince get well!"

Billy Joyce came tiptoeing down the hospital corridor. He crossed the waiting room, to the side—never to himself—side her. "Any news?" he asked, and when Bess told him, "Not yet," he muttered something profane. "It’s too damn bad. I’m going to myself up in a jewel robbery," he told Bess. "I suppose his brother dragged him into it,"

"So the man who shot Vince was really his brother!" whispered Bess, and then the full import of Billy’s speech struck her. "Jewel robbery!" she cried. "Billy! What—?"

**Say Hello To—**

JAY JOSTYN—whose most important regular role on the air is Mr. Dick Tracy in the NBC adventure serial, has on his résumé acts in so many other programs that if you listen at all regularly you probably hear his voice a couple of times a day at least. One week he set a record by appearing on thirty-six different programs and since that time has been on the air almost every night. His acting career on the stage, and still is enough of a stage actor to prefer radio programs that have studio audiences, and to engage, as a hobby, in directing a little-theatre group composed of his neighbors in the New York suburb where he lives and handsome, he has a hard time looking like a stage villain.

Billy explained patiently. "Ollie Kennedied that you're older brother and Ollie’s always been a bad egg. He’s been mixed up in a lot of rackets with a fellow they call the Doc. Ollie’s done time—he’s only been out of prison a few months. I’ve no doubt it was Ollie who palmed that counterfeit bill off on Vince."

But believe me, it was come clear—it was like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle fitting in—but Bess persisted. "You said jewel robbery, Billy. Oh, please."

Billy sighed heavily. "That package you had Homer put into the safe," he said, "under your own name! Homer’s the guy who gave it to me—I had a warrant ten minutes after I left Vince at the hospital. There were stolen jewels in that package, Bess—Vince was using you as a cover-up."

"Oh, no!" It was a low whisper of anguish. "I don’t know how the devil—"

But she knew, somehow, it was the truth.

Billy said, "I don’t like the joke of tellin’ you all this, Bess. I know you’re crazy about him—we all know it—and I hate to hand you a jolt. Vince has his points—he’s good lookin’—he’s perfect gentleman—but he’s weak. He lets Ollie twist him around his little finger, and he lets cheap politicians butter him up and he keeps bad company. Don’t look so hurt, Bess—you’ve suspected him yourself, often enough..."

"Yes, I have—" Bess admitted. And the thought struck Bess—Billy was really bad. Billy—not if he’s done all these things just for his brother. And he must have been trying to protect him, when he gave me the jewels—"

Billy shifted uncomfortably on his big feet. "Well, there’s something else. Bess. I wish you’d say it, but—You know how it is, sometimes you’re sure of a thing even if it is true. I’m standing here that Vince helped Ollie on that jewel robbery. I can’t—" he stopped speaking, relievedly, as a nurse turned the corner of the corridor. Crisp, rustling in her white linen uniform, she approached Bess. "Miss Johnson?" she asked, and when Bess nodded she said, "Mr. Kennedid has come out of the anesthetic. The bullet’s been removed, he has a fair chance of recovery, and he wants to talk with you. I’ve told Bess, it will be right for you to see him, but don’t let him get excited."

Bess, with one movement, was on her feet and halfway to opening room door, and was following the nurse down the hospital corridor. She wasn’t even aware that Billy Joyce was trailing along in her wake. When they came to the end of the corridor the nurse pushed open another—there, weary and spent—whiter than the pillows against which he was resting—lay Vince Kennedy. "Bess," he whispered, "Oh, Billy—"

Bess cried out. "Bess, it’s Bess!"

"Bess—"

"Oh, Billy—you’re Bess—"

"Yes, I have—"

Bess murmured, "Billy, you mustn’t excite him," but Billy Joyce was bending over the bed. "Oh, well—do you know what I think—" he questioned. "You’ll want, Bess?"

Vince told him huskily, "I’ll turn state’s evidence—I protected Ollie in the Steinheim business—yes, I was in that, too; and I protected him with that counterfeit bill—when I ran out I phoned him to lay low—and I have..."
smoothed things over, somehow, a...out the jewel robbery... But when he tried to kill Bess I was—" his voice broke—"through." As he drifted into unconsciousness Bess pressed her lips against his hand. That was where they belonged. No matter what he had done in the past—no matter even if he was withholding part of the truth now as to his own part in the robbery—that was where his lips belonged.

SHE was in the waiting room again. For though her heart was singing with relief the nurse had told her to stay in the vicinity a while longer. "Mr. Kennedy may wake again before the night's over," the nurse told her, "and if he does you'll want to be on hand—won't you, Miss Johnson?" Bess had nodded mutely.

"Yes, she was back in the waiting room, but she was more composed now, more relaxed. An hour went by, two hours—and then the nurse was back again. "Mr. Kennedy seems stronger, Miss Johnson," she said, "he's talking quite normally now, and he's asking for you."

Once more Bess followed the nurse down the hospital corridor. She could scarcely believe her ears when Vince's voice—almost its natural self—greeted her. "Come close, Bess," he said. "I—I've a confession to make." His eyes rested on the nurse's face with pleading. "If you'd leave us alone?"

The nurse smiled knowingly. She melted away into the dim places of the corridor and Bess moved quietly to the side of Vince's bed. Despite his evident return of vigor, she realized that he was very boyish, very helpless. He told her that the bullet originally intended for her had narrowly missed his heart—had nicked one lung.

"Bess," he said, when he had finished with the details of the accident, "that shooting proved a lot of things to me. It didn't only prove how much I love you, it proved that I'll never amount to anything without you... It proved that when I'm on my own I'm a little deficient in spine—and guts."

Bess, holding his hand, stroking it gently, scolded—"I won't have you talk that way about the man I love. You're the bravest person in the world—there's nothing wrong with your spine. And—" her voice trembled—"I'd like to believe that you couldn't get along without me, but I'm afraid it's not true!"

Vince said, "But it is true, Bess. I've spent my life evading things—choosing the easiest way. Even the job I haven't told you about is an excuse for working."

He paused—he had to, for breath—"I make deals for people—I make contacts—I untangle knots and I make fat commissions—but I don't work for my money."

"Another pause. "Protecting Ollie was all a part of my formula—it was easier to protect him than to try and straighten him out—if you hadn't been in on that Steinsmith racket I'd have laughed at the whole thing. It was you—""

Bess said protestingly, "Darling, don't—" but Vince, after a moment, went on. His speech was coming in gasps—Bess didn't know why.

"It was the same way with the counterfeit bill," he said. "If I'd given it to somebody else I'd have thought it was the poor sap's—bad luck. But you made counterfeiting seem dishonest. I planted that jewel—"

"...ry in the safe under your name because it was an out. It was only when your life was in danger that I saw the difference between right and wrong. Bess, you'll have to marry me—"" he was breathless now—his breathing was labored—to reform me. With you for my wife I'll make the grade. Every time I look at you I'll see goodness and decency. I'll be living with goodness and decency. I'll—reflect you. Like a mirror."

Bess repeated, "Darling, darling—" It was all she could say and Vince went on. "If you marry me," he told her in a thread of a whisper, "you'll be taking an awful chance! Marrying a man to reform him is an uphill road! Most of my pals are a little off color, Bess—and most of my background is a little phony. Maybe we'll have to leave town—maybe we'll have to start in some new place, start from scratch. But with you beside me, I'm not afraid."

BESS murmured, "I'm not afraid either, Vince," but she was. She loved Vince—loved him with her whole heart and soul, but she knew that he had told the truth. Marrying a man to reform him is an uphill road! "We'll work together, Vince," she said simply—bravely—overcoming her fear—"making things better for people. Making it impossible for racketeers and racketeers to exist and—" She didn't go on, she couldn't. For Vince was coughing—coughing strangely—and there was a scarlet foam on his lips. "Bess," he gasped, "my wife!" and Bess, springing up, was calling for the nurse. But when the nurse...
The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 39

David, from his deep chair on the other side of the fireplace, said, "Still, you'd be glad the election turned out as it did, aren't you? David. I don't mean just you, but the country as a whole."

"Oh, yes—yes, I am, really. Frazer is a darling, and a really brilliant man—but he's old, David. I don't mean just physically."

"But—" Frazer—"but all the same I have that— that feeling of— of—" David's tone was non-committal. "You're very fond of him, aren't you, Mary?"

"Yes, David."

"Me?" David said, "Aren't you?"

"I don't know one's own emotions, David,—I think,—Mary burst out, "that anyone would be dazzled by the opportunity of becoming First Lady of this wonderful country. And perhaps that's the trouble with me—just dazzlement."

"You mean you're not in love with President Kane?"

"I don't— I don't, I don't mean, but I can't. He's so— so— so—"

David sat back again, so that once more his face was in shadow. "You know one, Mary, that whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"

Shaking her head, Mary replied, "I know what, Joe. That whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"

"You know what, Joe. That whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"

"You know what, Joe. That whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"

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"You know what, Joe. That whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"

"You know what, Joe. That whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised? And then you'd have the right answer. Won't work this time?"
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JUNE, 1942

roof of the house, and gently rattled windowpanes as it passed. A storm
was sweeping down from the north, spreading itself like a cold blanket
over all the great inland plain of the United States. Even far to the south,
it would bring freezing temperatures and uncustomed snows. And per-
haps the wind that touched Mary's house in Cedar Springs tonight would
tomorrow whistle past an adobe hut in Arizona where she had never seen,
and did not know of.

A man sat in this adobe hut, beside a kerosene lamp which struggled
to send its light through a badly blackened chimney. He was bearded,
roughly dressed, with a skin darkened by years of life under the suns
and he did not know his own name. He could remember everything that
had happened since he woke up one morning in his pockets, the Siberian
very dirty hovel, but before that everything was emptiness and con-
fusion. But he knew he was an American.

However, the Stores it for used scales, they enjoyed the benefit
of the scales, McMillan, standardized their store's scales, and added
a soiled and cramped bit of paper on which was written, "Cedar Springs."
These two objects and nothing else had been in his pockets, the Siberian
peasants had told him, when they found him wandering dazed and ill on
the roadside.

By difficult, dangerous stages, he and Oswald, his Chinese friend, had
come this far—wandering, working for a few days as laborers, wandering
on again. Now the time had come for them to part, for Oswald wanted to
stay here in the Southwest, and he himself cared for nothing but to find
Cedar Springs.

An atlas he had consulted in a public library had listed two towns
titled Cedar Springs— one in Texas, one in Iowa. He would try the one in
Texas first. Somehow, he would know it if it was right. There was a memory
—so very dim and formless—far back in his mind, of a square bordered by
trees and planted with flowers, and of a statue—some kind of a statue.

Tomorrow morning, he would start.

M A R Y went back to Washington in
time for Rufus Kane's inauguration,
and Cedar Springs seemed very desolate without her. At least, it seemed so to David Post.

He had fully intended to speak to
her at Christmas time, telling her
that the name of the Lady of his
Dreams was Mary Marlin. He would
have spoken—if she had been less
uncertain of her feelings toward
Rufus Kane. Friendship was so valuable to him that he would not
risk losing it. If Mary really wished to be the Lady of his Dreams
David could bring her nothing but pain by declaring himself.

As the months passed and spring came around, she decided to tell him
that he had been right. In Wash-
ington, Mary still saw much of Rufus Kane, and the newspapers still linked
his name with hers. Mrs. Kane, the President's mother, had been ill, and

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Says Sylvia of Hollywood

If you are overweight, don’t take drastic, harmful measures to lose ugly, cumbersome fat. It is dangerous to use damaging medicines or devitalizing diets in order to reduce superfluous weight. Nor is it necessary to exhaust yourself by faulty and hit-or-miss exercises that merely deplete your energy. But there is a way to reduce and reduce safely! That way is The Common Sense Way.

There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to an ideal figure. But if you follow suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star.

In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won’t have a drawn, flabby face. You won’t feel half starved and you won’t feel weak. In ten days you’ll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood’s brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star’s legs—how she reduced that star’s waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful figure!

Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad... if your legs were not so heavy... if your ankles were not so thick... if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It’s easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure faults. Well, No More Alibis shows you exactly how you can correct your figure faults... how you can mold your body into beautiful, alluring proportions.

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muddled, "Well—yes," he said finally. 
"David's ill!"

Saying nothing more, he thought about his work, but... And he didn't tell me how? How could he expect me to know, when he wouldn't do anything but—talk about the lady of his dreams—and be such a friendly, impersonal idiot that I couldn't imagine how he felt?—"Oh—" she stood up. "I'm going to call him, right now, and make him come here."

"In that case," Jonathan said, rising too. "I'll be going."

Mary held out her hand. "Thank you, Jonathan," she said simply. "Oh—" she shruged, smiled, let herself out and slammed the door behind her. Kate paused, pondering. It was a perfect spring night, star-lit, odor-ous with the scents of blooming things. He felt a strong disinclination to return to his room and the never-fin-ished novel. Instead, he turned to the right, toward the outskirts of town. A walk would do him good.

**Overheard**

**CONSUMER TIME, Station WRC, Washington, D. C.:**

**Money for the Milkmaid:** If you want to save money on your milk bill—enough to pay a month's rent, do what women in Atlanta, Chicago, New Orleans, and other milk-buying cities are doing for a milk-buying club. As few as twelve women, banded together in a neighborhood or in an apartment house can, by buying milk in quantities direct from the dairy plant, save as much as five cents on the quart. That means a saving of $3.50 a year for a family of four.

P.S. Each member of the club takes turns going for and dis-tributing the milk.

---

**Zonitors**

**Try New 11 Minute Home Shampoo!**

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep hair from drying—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it is the hair attractor, color enhancer and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fast for children's hair. To give hair beautiful lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blonde hair. Both one little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores.
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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
A man and a woman stood there, sharply outlined, for a moment before they closed the door behind them and walked slowly across the grass. He heard their voices and crouched down behind a bough of oak, in a panic lest he be discovered.

As he listened, full memory came to him like a thunderclap—memory and with it some knowledge that it had come too late.

"I'm a brazen hussy, David," the woman's voice buzzed. "But I have a good excuse—you forced me into it."

"I don't understand..." He knew this voice, too. It belonged to the man who had been his business partner and best friend.

"Do you love David?" She spoke lightly, but with an undertone of tender gravity. "Are you sure? I can't believe it—because Jonathan told me something just a little while ago."

"Jonathan...what did he tell you?"

"That you love me and you'd ask me to marry you if you knew I didn't love Rufus. I don't love him, David."

"Mary..."

David spoke, huskily, and then for a while there was silence. They were standing only a few feet from the man who lay on the ground behind the wall; by raising his head a little, they could have seen him. But he did not stir.

"I think I've loved you all my life, David." Her voice was so low that the words seemed to float upon the air, yet so distinctly that they burned so many years when I couldn't speak."

"That's not true, my darling."

He could almost see her. She would be smiling, and there would be that tender, gentle look in her eyes. She would look as she had so many years ago, when they were first married—and as she had not looked, not once, in the months before he sailed away to Russia.

His own bitter regrets seized him, and he hardly knew how much time had passed. slowly and Davy went back into the house, shutting the door and leaving him out there in the spring darkness, quite alone.

Joe Marlin knew his name, and his past, but he could claim neither. What he had overheard tonight would make that impossible. Mary must have, at last, her chance at happiness with the man who had always loved her—loved her selflessly, loyally, secretly, not at all as Joe Marlin had loved her. And Joe Marlin, who had existed again for a few moments, now would die for the second time. That would be the first sacrifice he had ever made for her sake. Ironic, that he should begin now by giving up his very existence.

In a while he would get up and leave Cedar Springs, but not just yet. For another minute let him lie here, sobbing, fighting, and flailing.

"Here—what's going on?"

He started up—he had not heard the footsteps approaching along the sidewalk. A man was bending over him—a man who fell back a step in amazement as the street light fell full upon his face. "Joe Marlin!" Jonathan cried.

Recognition sprang to Joe's lips, but he forced it back. "No!" he mumbled. "That's not true. I didn't mean it. I wasn't doing anything."

"Joe—it is you! I know you anywhere?"

"No!" But in a flash he realized that he could not dissuade this old friend who knew him so well. He took his jaw drop, let a sly look come into his eyes. "No—none of that—"

But, I'll tell you who I am. I am a—a Good Samaritan—but you," he caught Jonathan's lapel and whispered, "you must keep it a secret."

"Good God! Joe! I can't believe it—but you—"

"No—I won't tell anybody. I promise. But you've got to come with me, over to my room. You've got to rest—get well!"

Joe's muscles tensed momentarily in resistance. He couldn't stay here in Cedar Springs; it wasn't safe. But then lassitude overcame him. It would be good to rest a while and be free from the terrible necessity of moving on, which had been with him so long. Only for a day or two, and then he could run away again.

"If you won't let anybody see me," he said. "If you won't tell anybody about me, I'm a Good Samaritan. It's a secret."

"Yes, we'll keep it a secret," Jonathan agreed sadly.

With Jonathan's help he got to his feet, and together they moved off down the street, away from the house whose windows shone so brightly with the assurance of love and happiness that was all Joe Marlin's. He was always shy so, he knew, for Joe Marlin would not return.

Follow The Story of Mary Marlin daily on the NBC network at 10:45 A.M., EWT.
Jamup and Honey entertain WSM
listeners every week on the
famous Grand Ole Opry program.

What's New from Coast to Coast
Continued from page 4

important of which are cartooning, sculpturing, sketching, tennis and swimming. He is on the verge of giving up the dubious advantage of being WBT's only bachelor announcer. He has announced his intention to marry a young lady who is one of Charlotte's loveliest debutantes.

This department's apologies to Mary Mason. It was reported here last month that she would no longer play Maudie in Maudie's Diary over CBS. That was true when it was written, but a sudden change of mind on the part of the sponsors made it very, very false by the time you read it.

Another casting change: Betty Winkler is Joyce Jordan, Girl Internenow. Ann Shepherd, her predecessor, is going to concentrate on college for a while. Betty is the fifth radio star to play Joyce. The other three were Helen Clare, Elspeth Eric, and Rita Johnson.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—A full-fledged announcer while still a college undergraduate—that's Allan Moll of Salt Lake City's station KDYL. And all because he followed Horace Greeley's advice to 'go West, young man.'

In Allan's case, it was the family who really made the decision for the westward trek. The Molls moved to Salt Lake City from Minneapolis about eight years ago. At that time Allan was only twelve, and naturally wasn't thinking much about being a radio announcer. But no sooner had he arrived in Salt Lake than a chain of circumstances began which, without his knowing it, was to prepare him to talk on the air.

First, he enrolled in Irving Junior High, where he took part in school dramatics. Then, at East High School, where he was one of the youngest students ever to graduate with honors, he secured a place on the debating team and walked away with the State Championship. When he began his studies at the University of Utah he found that ushering at a local theater was very helpful in balancing his personal budget. And it was also the final step on his road to radio. Last summer KDYL was putting on a quiz show at the theater where Allan worked, and needed an extra announcer. Allan easily won the audition—no wonder, with all that debating and acting experience behind him—and before the quiz program had been on the air a month he was added to the staff of the station as its junior announcer.

Allan celebrated his twentieth birthday last month, and if he isn't called into service in the armed forces of the country this summer he plans to return to the University to finish his studies. He won't have to go back to ushering for an income, because in addition to his announcing duties he is a member of the regular KDYL dramatic group, assistant to the traffic manager, and librarian of the transcription collection.

Outside of radio, which takes up most of his spare time now, Allan is intensely interested in athletics. He was on the track squad at the University and was also a member of the softball team.

Stuart Churchill, Fred Waring's head soloist for so many years, is in the Army now. Uncle Sam couldn't have taken anyone Fred's program would miss more.

Radio people did pretty well when the Fashion Academy picked America's five best-dressed women. Three of the five selected are heard regularly on the air—Jean Tennyson of Great Moments in Music, Dinah Shore of Eddie Cantor's show and her own program, and Ilka Chase of Luncheon Date with Ilka Chase.

Irene Beasley, who used to have a program on CBS, now devotes all her time to singing commercials.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—It's still Jamup and Honey on the WSM Grand Ole Opry every Saturday night, as it has been for the past eight years—but for several months there has been a new Jamup. Tom Woods, the original Jamup, died during the team's tour of the South last winter, and Bunny Biggs replaced him. It wasn't easy to step into Tom Woods' place in the hearts of listeners, but Bunny managed it, and today the comedy team still have one of the Opry's biggest followings.

Honey Wilds was christened Lee Davis, August 23, 1903, at Bolton, Texas. For the first fifteen years of his life, he lived in Bolton, riding the plains and attending school. He was always a better rider than the other boys, and seemed all set to become a rancher—but instead, when he left high school, he became interested in radio cars, and for several years was busy being a mechanic, a riding mechanic, a builder, and finally a driver. Incidentally, Honey today is one of the world's best date drivers. He explains this by saying that when you're in a racing car they don't have to worry about other vehicles nosing in from side-roads, either.

Between races, Honey played an instrument most people call a ukulele but which he invariably terms a "big pork chop." Lasses White, the head of the Lasses White Minstrels, heard him strumming it one day and persuaded him to enter show business. As long as there was a Lasses White Minstrel show, Honey Wilds was in it, and when it disbanded he and White teamed up to play in vaudeville and then on the air. About eight years ago Lasses went to Hollywood to work in the movies, but they stayed on at WSM with the Grand Ole Opry.

Honey is married and plays a better-than-average game of golf. His favorite pastime is golfing with his partner, his secretary, to Hollywood when Bing Crosby patted him on the shoulder and said, "Boy, you can play that ukulele.

Jamup, whose real name is David McConnell was long ago replaced by Bunny Biggs, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, some forty-odd years ago. He went to sea at the age of eighteen, when he joined the Navymore, the first World War, and his main job then was to keep the boys amused. Both before and after the War he teamed up with another comedian to form the vaudeville pair of Sloe 'n Ezy. In radio, Bunny has been with some of the major agencies, has produced programs, and has been featured on the WLS National Barn Dance and on Ben Bernie's program. His present program includes a set of records which tell the tales of Uncle Remus, probably Bunny's voice you hear on them.

Jack Benny signed a new two-year contract with his sponsors, calling for at least thirty-five actors, the beginning of which will be four weeks after the broadcast of his show. He has the privilege of taking four weeks off during the broadcast season. He had the same privilege this year, but exercised it only once, the Sunday after the tragic death of his and Mary's friend, Carole Lombard.

Kathleen Fitz, Hollywood NBC announcer, has given up her old job by marrying Lt. Christopher Wor. Hartsough, Jr., of the U. S. Naval Reserve Medical Corps. They went to Pensacola, Florida, for their honeymoon. You hear Kathleen on One Man's Family and Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt.

That's a clever idea the Celebrity Theater has Friday nights on the Blue network. Each week a leading figure in the news—a statesman, business man, sportsman, prize-fighter, author—appears in the principal role of a play especially written for him. Since celebrities aren't necessarily trained actors, the broadcast series is more important for its novelty than for its high dramatic standards, but it's fun just the same.
"You're going to be a **Beauty!**"  
**said Doctor; advising IVORY**

1 **SO BIG! ME AT 10 MONTHS...**  
wearing a rose-petal complexion, if I do say so myself. 'Course, Doctor insisted on Ivory for my sensitive skin—and Mommy's, too. He explained how Ivory Soap is pure and gentle, without any dye or strong perfume that might be irritating.

2 **BIGGER YET—18 MONTHS OLD**  
Ah me... the good times I’ve had in my Ivory bath! How could they ever make a soap any milder, any sudsiest than this scrumptious big white floating Ivory cake of mine?

3 **PRACTICLY GROWN UP—**  
2½ years next week! And guess what... they've actually made a milder Ivory (with LOTS more SUDS) for Mommy's complexion and mine! Mommy says our New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives us safe beauty-care. You oughta see her cream New Ivory lather all over her face! And afterwards she looks so pink-and-white! Better be like me and Mommy—give your face a velvet sudsing every night!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care  
...use **New Velvet-suds IVORY**

P. S. In a nation-wide survey, more doctors said they recommended Ivory for both babies and grown-ups than any other toilet soap. And doctors now recommend New Ivory—which is even milder!
Romanticist of American designers

MABEL McILVAIN DOWNS

"One of the many reasons I enjoy Camel cigarettes is that there's less nicotine in the smoke. Milder by far!"

- Muted pink crêpe electrified with panels of black—romantic dinner dress from the spring collection of Mabel McIlvain Downs. One of the gifted few who are making America the source of fashion for years to come, she says: "I'm working hard these days—everybody is! And I know it's no time for nerves; so I'm smoking Camels. They're milder ... and so good-tasting!"

- Mabel Downs designs only dinner, evening, and wedding clothes... forecasts a return to the simple, the unadorned. At right, her off-the-shoulder interpretation of the stark black motif—tiny waist, full-skirted flattery

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL
the cigarette of costlier tobaccos