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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

JANUARY



ICE REINHEART  
heard as Chichi  
e Can Be Beautiful  
on CBS  
For Exclusive  
Photographs of  
i and Papa David  
See Page 28

**DAVID HARUM—Living Portraits of All Your Favorites**  
**Beginning the Year's Great Radio Love Story — WOMAN OF COURAGE**





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 Starring in  
 "THE SMILING GHOST"  
 a Warner Brothers Picture

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**BUT HEADS WILL TURN .. if your Smile is Right!**

**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 talis-

man. 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."

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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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# A QUEEN'S GRATITUDE



**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.

# Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

**Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!**

WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many

women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment!"

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet... TONIGHT!"



**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.



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.



# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



*He's a busy Bob Hope now—broadcasting on NBC Tuesday nights and wooing Zorina in his new Paramount picture, "Louisiana Purchase."*



*Mickey Ross, above, stayed home and became KQV's ace bandleader. Eleanor Bryan, below, found success by going to WBT, Charlotte.*



**I**T'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)

**By DAN SENEY**



# What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

**W**HEN you start to snuffle . . . 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 PHARMACAL 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.

### NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

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



AFTER



**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.

**WATCH YOUR THROAT**  
WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

GENUINE DU PONT  
"LUCITE"  
ILLUMINATOR

**LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT**  
ONLY **75¢** BATTERIES INCLUDED



# Love's new sweet song

**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!**

**A**FTER 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.

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*Another in the series of short stories based on outstanding plays broadcast on CBS' Silver Theater, Sundays, sponsored by International Silver Co. Fictionized by Judy Ashley, the original script was written by True Boardman and the play starred Judy Garland.*

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 velvety 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-

ciative audience like us."

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)

Illustration by John Sidrone



*I pictured it all—he'd take me in his arms for our first kiss.*



# WOMAN OF

# Courage

Beginning radio's popular marriage drama told as a moving love story

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 wheel chair, his strong capable hands



The living-room looked cheerful. Jim had his wheel chair pulled close to the fireplace and the firelight was warm on his face.

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





*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 with him 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 know," 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 making 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 crackled 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—"

Martha 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)



*Tune in Woman of Courage, daily, Monday through Friday over the CBS network, sponsored by Octagon Soap in the East, Crystal White in the West. Photo illustration posed by Esther Ralston as Martha, Joan Tetzel as Lucy, Albert Hecht as Jim.*



# Final Glory

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



*Fifty dollars for a new hat and shoes might seem like a lot to some, but not to Adelaide who knew the value of a first good impression.*

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."



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

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

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 slipped 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



steady, 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 ruffed 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 long days—these many long years. Eef you take care of your 'cart, 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 onhappy? Thees room—when I next collect the rents, I weel 'ave eet 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 grafter 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't 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."

Adelaide was bitter. "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

fogies. 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 on 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 kindness. 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 beading 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)



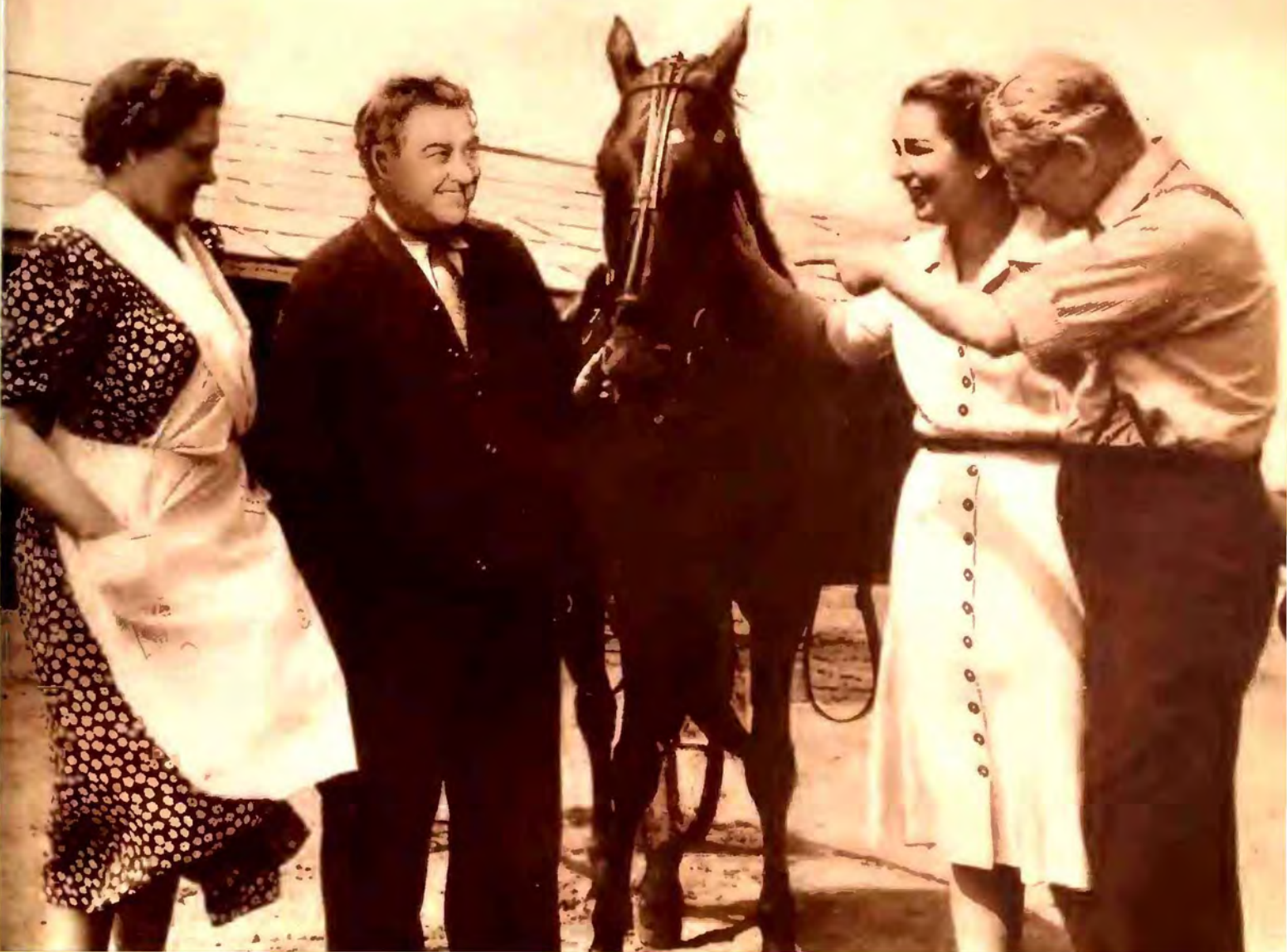


# DAVID HARUM

## 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)



# Big Sister

**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.

*In the flickering light Ruth saw Michael's face, tense and expectant. "I suppose," he said at last, "you couldn't let anybody down—ever."*



*Now read in vivid fiction form the romantic drama of Big Sister, radio's popular serial of love, sponsored by Rinso. Tune in daily Monday through Friday on the CBS network. Illustration posed by Nancy Marshall as Ruth Wayne, Richard Kollmar as Michael.*

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—erone"—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 much 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)







# DICK TODD

*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.*



Instantly all my love and longing surged through me again, turning me faint.



**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**

# What You Taught Me

**G**OLDEN 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,

*Dick saw me at the same moment and started toward me. "Kay," he called gaily.*





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.

**J**UST 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 it 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 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 were 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-



*Losing my temper could only make matters worse. "I'm sorry, Dick," I said. "Forget I said anything."*

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 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 my love 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 and to acknowledge 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 antagonism which I couldn't explain and which I felt I could never overcome. 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 within 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.

**T**HAT 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 today," 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 luxuriant 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 intensified 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 midnight 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 difference 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 became ragged, uneven, and they grew more so with each week's broadcast. 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 renewing his contract, that he was drinking too much—and that he and Frances (Continued on page 47)





*Papa David Solomon*



*Chichi Bonrad*

**BY POPULAR DEMAND**

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





**H**ELEN 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 like 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."



His brown eyes got softer. "Thanks!" he said. "Will you smile for me again?"

# Plain Guy

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. "Mnn," 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

**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—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."

**H**ELEN 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,

Adapted from a radio script of a Lincoln Highway broadcast Saturday, over the NBC-Red network and sponsored by Shinola, starring Burgess Meredith.



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."

**H**IS eyes widened. "So you know my name?" He smiled, "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 MARLIN, really look like—in true to life photographs—in February RADIO MIRROR**

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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 lush drowsiness over everything and only the occasional croaking of a sleepy frog broke the stillness.

"Gee, it's 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 said, 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 buffaloed."

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 guy 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 panicky 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 walking 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)



# MADE FOR

# Each Other

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

**T**HE 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



"Lucky together"—Alan Bunce, star of *Young Doctor Malone* and his charming wife who was Ruth Nugent of the famous Nugents.

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)





# Company at Ease



**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.

HAS your conscience been bothering you lately because you have been postponing inviting some of your old friends to dinner? Don't postpone it any longer. Give it right now—this very week—and make it a buffet supper.

A buffet supper is just about the most satisfactory form of entertainment there is from the hostess' point of view and as for the guests—well what guests could keep from breaking into compliments when they walk in and find a table like the one shown here with its gleaming silver and glass and its quantities of appetite-inspiring foods? Incidentally, some of my friends are giving radio parties—inviting friends who they know are interested in hearing certain radio programs for a buffet supper, served either before the program or at its conclusion, and they report that never have they and their guests enjoyed themselves more.

Buffets are easy to give for a number of reasons. The table can be set hours ahead of time, leaving only the actual placing of food as a last-minute task before the guests arrive, and by having everything in place at once there is no troublesome changing of plates between courses. The menu I've planned for you this month is easy too—for not only is each dish simple to

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 canapes  
Smoked cottage roll  
Shrimp mushroom macaroni  
Mexican kidney beans en casserole  
Salad bowl of raw vegetables  
Hot buttered rolls  
Molasses mint mousse      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  
¼ to ½ tsp. ground sage, to taste  
2 tbs. 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



## 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. Sook 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 part 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 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) 2½ to 3 lbs.  
2 tbs. shortening  
2 medium onions  
6 peppercorns      6 whole cloves  
½ cup coarse chopped celery leaves  
½ 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.



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  
¼ cup New Orleans type molasses  
½ cup sugar (brown or white)

## Silverware FOR THE OCCASION

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 eggwhites, beaten stiff  
¼ 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 sum-mer skies

Dar-ling on the day we met. When we met, the gold - en

hue of your hair Your eyes like dia-monds so rare, a vis-ion 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 have fa-ded a-way

Dar-ling since the day we met. met



SUNDAY

INSIDE RADIO



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 appealed 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 capgily 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.  
 December 21: There'll be a lot of Christmas music on the air today. . . . The New York Philharmonic, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, plans a full concert of seasonal numbers. . . . So does the Ford Hour, with three guest stars, Anna Kaskas, Felix Knight and Walter Cassell. . . . Nelson Eddy and Ronald Colman appear on the Screen Actors Guild show in "The Juggler of Notre Dame."

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time
	8:00	CBS News
	8:00	NBC-Blue News
	8:00	NBC-Red Organ Recital
	8:30	NBC-Blue Tone Pictures
8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	CBS From the Organ Loft
8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS News
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: News
10:05	11:05	CBS: Vera Brodsky
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Hidden History
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Fiesta Music
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Country Journal
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Second Guessers
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: I'm an American
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Upton Close
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Silver Strings
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: This is the Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Matinee with Lytell
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Spirit of '41
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Wake Up America
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: The World Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Bob Becker
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Disney Song Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Listen America
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions
		5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Wheeling Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Living Diary
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:05	5:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom
3:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:45	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: The Great Gildersleeve
9:15	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Public Affairs
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Flitch Bandwagon
7:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Blue Echoes
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmor Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Dinah Shore
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Sherlock Holmes
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra



# MONDAY

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



Brash Red Skelton is a comedy highlight on NBC Tuesday night

## HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

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 a boy back in Vincennes, 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 re-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 outfit, then 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 idiocy 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 method 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 scripts, and there is another happily married couple on the show—Ozzie Nelson, who leads the band, and Harriet Hilliard, who sings the songs.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

December 2: The NBC Symphony Orchestra has a new conductor for its concert tonight—Juan Jose Castro, from Buenos Aires.

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

# TUESDAY

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



WEDNESDAY

Table listing TV programs for Wednesday, including times (P.S.T., C.S.T., Eastern Time) and program titles like 'Gene and Glenn', 'Breakfast Club', 'School of the Air', etc.



Alice Reinheart created Chichi in popular Life Can Be Beautiful

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Alice Reinheart, our cover girl on this issue, who stars as Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful over CBS at 1:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Ivory.

It's a wonder that Alice Reinheart is able to keep herself in New York within reach of a microphone. Because ever since she was a youngster—called "Shrimp" by her classmates—she has been a willing victim of the wanderlust.

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.

DATES TO REMEMBER

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

THURSDAY

Table listing TV programs for Thursday, including times (P.S.T., C.S.T., Eastern Time) and program titles like 'Gene and Glenn', 'Breakfast Club', 'School of the Air', etc.



# FRIDAY

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



This is Milton Berle's idea of co-star Laughton as Capt. Bligh

## HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

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

Until 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 if 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 clinker, 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 star came out of the theater his own footprints kicked him in the pants."

Charles Laughton's comic style is quieter 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 only reason it's used. The reading requires intense 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.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

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.

# SATURDAY

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



# SUPERMAN IN RADIO



The ugly, snub-nosed machine gun blazed away, spitting forth bullets at the chest of the Man of Steel.



Bill went on with his story. "A couple of our boys disguised as brakemen were on the gold train. We just switched..."



Just as Superman reached Van Doren, the thief pulled the trigger, sending the bullet straight toward the box of dynamite, but...

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 hello's from their fellow reporters. The atmosphere was heavy with tension. All of them were waiting—waiting for the arrival of a strange cargo:

Somewhere in that long line of freights 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 platform, 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 small 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 sandwiched 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 oppressed 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 lightning, 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, excusing himself quickly, he left the *Planet* building. There was no indecision 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 tracks, 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 slow and threatening: "C'mon bud—you're comin' with me. I ain't lettin' you go back to 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 completely equipped short-wave sending and receiving outfit. But far more astonishing was what he saw in the dim shadows in the rear. It was the missing freight car!

His attention was fastened on the object of his search until, with his super-senses, he felt a man creeping up behind him. He didn't flinch or move as, out of the corner 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? I came up behind—hit 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 uselessly off (Continued on page 51)



# Facing the Music



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.

**T**HERE'S always an army of over-enthusiastic followers for any new band. Sometimes this premature endorsement 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 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 Troup, 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 bandsman, put a ring on dancer Leimoni Woodd'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

**O**NLY 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)

By KEN ALDEN





Paul Whiteman, 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 hilly-billy outfit at all—it's Kay Kyscr's.

Helen Claire, who plays Sally in The O'Neills, 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 their boss, 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 singer. 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 Francia White and Jimmy Melton.

The Lombardo family boasts 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 wearing a dazzlingly white suit 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 hat, gold teeth, chin (Continued on page 46)





# Our Most Important "TRUCK"

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**LL 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 *army* trucks be if the army itself were red-eyed, scurvyed 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.

Attractive displays of vegetables, special sales and offers of canned goods are your *dealer's* way of helping to get more vegetables onto the nation's tables. Encourage and support this program our government has for making America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

## THE MAGIC FOODS

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



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

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



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



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



**BREAD**, 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



# Do you Secretly long for Romance?



Linda Darnell and George Murphy starting 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)



Linda Darnell's Lovely Hands

**Y**our 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'll 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!

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I want to have those soft hands Linda Darnell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 44) whiskers and a million dollar smile—the man that wears no man's collar—the Dixie Dewdrop—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 75, 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 instantaneously 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 kingpin of the eighty-odd people whose combined efforts produce the WSM Grand Ole Opry broadcast. Around 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 Hills," 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 over Cincinnati's powerful station WLW.

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



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 he was right. In that moment I knew too, what 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.

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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 band to be, you know, Kay."

I nodded. Dick was right. It is almost as important for the members of an orchestra to be in harmony in their relationship to one another as for them to play in harmony. If Dick's boys were quarreling amongst themselves that might be the very reason they were not playing well together—and if Frances were the instigator of these quarrels . . .

"But now that Frances has gone," I suggested, "can't you explain to the sponsors what has happened?"

"They're not interested in explanations," he said bitterly. "Just in results. Unless—unless," for the first time since I had known him I saw that he was frightened. "Unless we can get back to 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'd pull through with you to help us, Kay."

"Why—why, how could I help?" I asked.

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

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

"I need you, Kay," his voice recalled me to my senses. "You can save the program—save me. You're the only one who can."

So he had said it; had meant that he wanted me. I felt like shouting for sheer joy, then swiftly, despairingly I knew it was too late. Steve—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 it. Dick needs me—Dick wants me. The words spun in my brain. But if I went with Dick, I would be walking out on Steve. I owed Steven everything—even this chance with Dick, for if Steve hadn't shown me the way to stardom, Dick, I faced it honestly, would not want me. Steven trusted me, depended on me. He had built the program around me. To let him down now would be shameful, inexcusable. I knew all that and I knew too that none of it counted against the supreme fact that Dick needed me. So I would go with Dick, because to be with him 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 paced it the previous afternoon, when Steve arrived and, scarcely giving him time to get inside the door, I burst out, "Dick wants me on his program and I want you 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. "He needs a singer."

"The band's slipping," Steve cut in shrewdly. "That's what you started to say. It's true, too."

"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 let yourself in for a lot of unpleasantness if you try."

That made me angry. Steve had no right to be critical of Dick. "I want to go, Steve," I said insistently.

Unconsciously I steeled myself for additional protests, but Steve didn't say anything at all. Instead he turned to my desk, drew out pen and ink and paper and began to write. When he finished, still without speaking, he walked out of the room. I heard his footsteps fading down the hall, then I looked at the paper he had left behind. It was a release from my contract.

The day I signed my contract with Dick was the happiest day of my life. At last, I told myself exultantly, my dreams were beginning to come true—surely now they would all come true. Then suddenly, ironically, 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's the way it proved to be. On my way to rehearsal the very first day the people I met, people who had been cordial to me before, barely spoke to me. In the elevator I saw a couple of Steve's boys and they made no effort to conceal the contempt they felt for me.

Even more heartbreaking was the realization that things were not right between Dick and me. I had looked forward to continuing the intimacy of our childhood days, had dreamed that he might fall in love with me, might ask me, when Frances had secured her divorce, to marry him. I was hurt and humiliated when, from the first, Dick took my affection for granted as though it were a not very valuable possession which would 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 and loved; he seemed to be a stranger—a stranger I could never love.

It took another rehearsal to make me see this stranger as he really was. It was during my second week with the orchestra and the rehearsal was one of the most painful experiences of my life. One of the 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 annoying, of course, but it was purely accidental, and I expected Dick to take it in his stride as Steve would have done. Instead he grew irritable and his irritation quickly changed to anger. He singled out first one man and then another for sarcastic reprimand and as his bad temper grew so did the nervous tension of the man in front of him. When he finally dismissed the man he walked over to the corner where I was sitting.

"You see what I've had to contend with, Kay?" he remarked. "The boys are folding up—losing their grip—in spite of everything I can do."

Involuntarily I recalled Steve's words. "The trouble with Dick's band . . . is Dick himself." I tried to make excuses for him; he was worried and worry would account for his irritation. But there was something else that would account for it too—the hours spent in nightclubs, drinking

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published Monthly at Duellien, New Jersey, for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }  
County of New York } ss.

I, before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Meyer Dworkin, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Meco Corporation, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Meco Corporation owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Fulton Oursler, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Harold A. Wise, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Charles H. Shurtuck, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Joseph Miles Dooler, 1658 Huss Building, San Francisco, California; Meyer Dworkin, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Otto Adolph Feldon, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Richard August Feldon, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; John M. Ganser, Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan; William J. Rapp, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 341 Madison Avenue, New York City; Sam O. Shapiro, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Carroll Rheinstrom, 434 East 52nd Street, New York City.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1941.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTHE,  
Notary Public Westchester County,  
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co., No. 525  
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 3-R-312  
Commission expires March 30, 1943



more liquor than was good for him. "Are you sure it's the boys' 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 oddly enough that shock of discovery seemed to numb me, so that through sheer 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 let 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.

Dick took this final blow with a bravado 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

"I'm tired of pretending..."



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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 said, 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. Well, 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 opened it. Dick was sitting at a littered table, pouring liquor and seltzer into a glass. The sight of him drinking—drunk—as though nothing in the world but drinking was important snapped my self control and filled me with a fury I had never known. I slammed the door. Dick put down his glass. "What's your 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 reflected, 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, 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 swell orchestra and 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 contorted with fury—"and you wrecked everything!"

"Dick!" I cried hotly. Rage consumed me again. "That's not true and you know it! I'd never have 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 screaming, then I stopped. For the first time I realized what a fool I had been. I had watched, heartsick, 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 room. I heard the door slam violently behind me.

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

Steve ended 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.



## Say Hello To—

**BILL JOHNSTONE**—the friendly, amiable-looking chap who scores you every Sunday in Mutual's adventure serial, *The Shadow*. He plays both the all-knowing *Shadow* and *Lomont Cronston*, wealthy socialite. Bill is a real Scotsman—was born in Paisley, Scotland, on February 7, 1908. He came to America as a child, went to school in New York and began life as a newspaper reporter. The urge to act led him out of the city-room to touring theatrical companies and in 1925 to radio, where he's been very successful indeed. Bill lives in a New York apartment in winter, but spends the summers of his 85-acre farm in Connecticut, where he swims and indulges his hobby of amateur photography. He has hazel eyes and prematurely gray hair, and says he hates women shoppers.



"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 must have made him realize for the first time what he had done to you. He knew you'd never leave him—knew you'd stick by him forever. 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 got scared and called 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 in a long time, Steve. We—we can't leave him alone now."

Steve smiled tenderly. "I thought you'd say that, Kay," he said understandingly. He caught me swiftly 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 siren, 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 policeman talking to two wildly excited men.

One of them was a taxi driver. "He must have been drunk," the taxi driver was explaining hysterically. "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. I recognized him now—the doorman of Dick's apartment house. I felt fear clutching me and blindly I caught at Steve's arm.

"He said he wanted to get 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 cross the street. Steve, as if aware of the torment that was pulling me forward, was at my side, his arm about my shoulder.

Two men, white 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 asleep. 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 sobs tearing at my throat, 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 steady rhythm as, one after the other, the thugs toppled to the floor from his knockout punches. All ten of them covered 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 can't! You know what the Boss 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 or over this radio!"

"Never seen him, eh? And yet you're very much afraid of him. Well, he can't kill you now—so tell me how he got that freight car in here?"

"It was easy. Right outside here there's a steep curve and the train has to slow down to 10 miles an hour. Well, a couple of our boys disguised as brakemen were on the gold train. When they hit the curve and practically stopped, they uncoupled the car with the dough, slowed it down to 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 portable tracks over the regular ones. We switched 'em into place as the gold car reached it, let it slide in, pulled the switch again, coupled the other cars—they was still goin' awful slow and it was easy. An' then, once we had the car in this cave, we picked up our tracks."

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 "QXW," he reached the master-mind

and, directed by the Man of Tomorrow, he spoke, tremblingly, 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 along. 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 to see who the Boss really is. Bill—open that door!"

Bill hesitated but then, haltingly, he twisted the lock. He fell back. Terror masked his face—it gave way to utter, incredulous astonishment: "YOU—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 renegade banker, 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 but either you let me walk out of here safely and unharmed or I'll blow us all 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 masquerade was over. The gold he had so nearly succeeded in stealing was safe. And Superman once again knew the satisfaction of defeating crime.

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## 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? Why can't they see?

"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. Now, she thought, he understands, 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, she 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 trouble. She kissed him good night again, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Helen didn't have to talk to Tom and Pete about Ernie. That very next day, at noon, they waited around until Ernie and the others had left. Tom came over to where she was standing. He seemed embarrassed and shifted the weight of his huge hulk from foot to foot.

"Look, Helen," he said, "you're a good kid, but I hear—"

"What do you hear?" Helen said. For some reason she felt angry.

"Well," Pete said, breaking in, "we hear you were out with that fellow who calls himself Ernie Dell."

"So?" Helen said, angrily.

"Look, kid," Pete said, getting red, "for your own good, stay away from that guy."

"What's the matter with him?" Helen said. "For weeks you've treated him like dirt. You act as if he was poison, as if he didn't belong in the same world with you guys."

"That's right," Tom said, getting angry, too, "he doesn't. If he ain't a big shot, like a vice president of the plant, then he's a company-spy!"

Helen's fingers tightened on the counter. She felt the blood drain from her face. "You're lying!" she cried.

"Tell her, Tom," Pete said.

"Well," Tom said. "You know how he came to work? In a car as long as a block—with a chauffeur. He pulls up in front of the plant and the chauffeur hops out and opens the door for him just as nice and he walks right in like he owns the place."

"I don't believe it!" Helen said. "It's a fact," Pete said, "Tom was there at the front gate when it happened. Next thing we know, he's workin' at a machine, just like the rest of us."

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

"—and maybe it's none of our business," he was saying, "but we figure he's just playing around with you. Hell," he said, roughly, "but there was sympathy in his voice, 'that guy is just making a chump 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 all that afternoon. A 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 seeming 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 would.

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 her boarding house and Ernie tried to take her in his arms. Gently she held him away.

"Ernie, I want to talk to you."

"Sure," he grinned, "but let me kiss you first. Say, you've been actin' 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?"

"But for crying out loud," he said, 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 you're the first girl—"

"Please," Helen said, "just tell me your right name."

"My what?" He began to get angry. "What are you givin' me? You know that's my right name as well as I do."

"Oh, maybe it is," Helen cried. Ernie Dell could be his real name, she thought. But now she was sure he was withholding 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 car and chauffeur that brought you to the plant?"

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

Before his gaze, Helen's eyes dropped to the wooden floor of the porch where tiny raindrops glistened. "But—but Pete and Tom said you—"

"Pete and Tom!" Ernie exploded, not waiting for her to finish. "So you've been talking to them about me—taking their word against mine!"

"Oh no, Ernie," Helen protested, but Ernie's voice went on:

"I might have known you'd be on their side. They always were out to get me. But you're their friend. Sure." Now he was talking breathlessly, all the words running out on top of the other. "Well believe all you like. If you don't believe me—if you can't trust me, why all right. Go ahead and believe them."

With a furious tug at the brim of his hat, Ernie turned and slammed down the steps, out into the rain.

"Ernie!" Helen cried his name knowing he wouldn't listen, that he had gone because she hadn't believed him. Oh why had she had to ask him, why couldn't she just go on like she had?

WHY Ernie kept coming into Bill's place to eat, she didn't know. He sat, all alone now, at the far end of the counter. He had been coming in every day for the past two 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 down the counter from Ernie as they could get, were just finishing up. Helen might not have paid much attention to the tall, thin-faced man who entered, if he hadn't been looking at Ernie so closely as Ernie got up to pay his check.

"Say," 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 smiled for the first time in weeks. "How are you?"

"Out of a job," the man said, "but say you look like you had luck."

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

The thin-faced man seemed to want to talk some more, but Ernie, after telling him the name of the foreman



## Say Hello To—

MARION MANN—who has taken over Evelyn Lynne's singing duties on the NBC Breakfast Club and Club Matinee programs, now that Evelyn has married and retired from radio. Back in Columbus, Ohio, where she went to school, people knew Marian as Marian Bateson, and predicted great things for her when they heard her sing in a school production of "If I Were King." After she left school she joined the Emerson Gill, Jan Garber and Bob Crosby orchestras in succession, before marrying Jack Macy, tennis professional, and looking around for work that would let her stay at home in Chicago. She found it in the NBC studios and now intends to devote all her time not spent in rehearsing or broadcasting to being a model housewife and cooking as well as she sings.



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, "I 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 fussy old dame at the time. She'd had a fit if she knew about it." He grinned. "She had a fit 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've decided," he said, "to have some dessert."

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

"Well," 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 mean myself, inside, instead of to other people." She looked up at him now. "I don't know what to say," she said, trying to hold back the tears.

"You've already said it," Ernie said, softly. "You're sorry. That's all that Pete and Tom said. That was enough."

"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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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 33) mouth opened and stayed that way for a few seconds. She smiled. Alan had never seen such a beautiful girl. She seemed to float, rather than walk. Her hair was the color of copper in the sun, her skin was glowingly white and her eyes a deep, laughing blue.

"Hurrumph!" J. C. Nugent said, watching the two youngsters as they stared at each other. The young man had hair almost the same color as the girl's, a sensitive, earnest face and serious brown eyes.

"Is Mr. Duncan in?" Alan asked, as the girl stepped to Nugent's side.

"Yes, he's in," Nugent said, "but he's busy rehearsing." He looked at the boy carefully. Then he smiled mischievously. "Tell you what," he said. "You take my daughter here to lunch. When you come back, Duncan will probably see you."

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

Alan caught his breath.

"Go on, now," Nugent said. "You do want to take her to 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 the street.

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

"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 wondered 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, laughing, talking show 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 happening. They were in love.

To Alan, it seemed a little more fantastic than it did to Ruth. All her life, Ruth had been in the theater. In fact, she had made her debut at the age of nineteen months, holding her father's hand as she toddled on stage. But Alan was a newcomer. He had stumbled into it by accident and amazing things had been happening to him ever since.

While Ruth, as a child, was troup-ing, Alan was playing cops and robbers in the little town of Westfield, New Jersey. His mother died when Alan was only fifteen and then, a few years later, his father followed her. Alan went to live with his sister in Melrose, Massachusetts.

Summers, he worked as a room clerk in his aunt's Inn in Greenwich, Connecticut. One after another, a series of menial jobs followed. He went to New York, alone, and worked as a runner and office sweeper for a cotton broker at \$12 a week, sold candy for a wholesale house. He did everything and anything to keep going.

He saw his first stage show in a theater just a few doors from where

he met Ruth. Then, sitting in the second balcony, he met a young man who wrote stories for Snappy Magazine. Alan was very impressed with the stream of theatrical names that rolled off that young man's tongue. They became friends. The friendship continued and Alan met people in "The Arts," among them Sidney Howard, the playwright.

When Howard asked Alan what he did, for lack of anything else to say, Alan said he was an actor. And before he knew it, he had a job in Howard's new show at the unheard of salary of \$40 a week. Augustin Duncan was directing the show and, because Alan was too raw and inexperienced even to be frightened by this great name, he managed to get through his small part very well.

One theater job followed another. He always just seemed to "stumble" into them. He never decided to be an actor, it just happened to him. Amazing things happened, like his being called in to fill Chester Morris's shoes at the last minute in a Eugene O'Neill play. Alan was given two nights to learn the part. The other performers on the stage didn't even know him when he walked on to play the lead. They had heard nothing about Morris leaving and stared in astonishment at the young man playing his part.

Then, out to Detroit, to play in Jessie Bonstelle's company, with Frank Morgan and Ann Harding. This had been luck, too. Now, he was back in New York, broke, an actor. He wasn't quite sure whether he was an actor or not.

---

### COMING NEXT MONTH!

Complete words and music of a new  
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---

### "EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY"

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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 his aunt hovering over him, telling him he had been dreaming and was late for school. After all, he was only nineteen. Before Alan was half way through that lunch, he was 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 became more important to her than 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, Elliot, 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 like "Kempy" might tour for a year.

A few days before the company was to leave, Ruth and Alan sat in their little tea room, talking it over.

"I suppose my understudy could 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 practical way to stay together. They walked back to the theater slowly, trying to figure out a way. As they stood by the stage door, Ruth's father came out. He stopped and grinned at them.

"Looks like I started something," he said.

"I guess so," Alan smiled.

"Hurrumph! Got a job?" J. C. asked.

"Not right now," Alan said.

"How would you like to work with us?" Nugent smiled.

"You mean, go on the road with you?" Alan asked.

"Sure. I can't have an unhappy daughter to worry about. You can understudy 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, as long as they were together. Even when the company disbanded in West Virginia, it didn't disturb them in the least. Both of them had saved money. They planned to return to New York, work hard, save more money towards the day when they could get married.

Sometimes they were in the same plays. Sometimes they were in different plays, but both working at the same time. Slowly and steadily, they were making a reputation in the theater. Then, one night in Stamford, Connecticut, while they were waiting backstage for their cues, Alan 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.

Ruth Nugent and Alan Bunce were married in Grace Church in New York City, not quite three years from the time they first met, backstage at the Belmont Theater. They set up housekeeping in a small New York apartment. They both opened in plays the week they were married, so instead of going on a honeymoon, they settled down to work.

In another year, Alan was playing the juvenile lead in a show called "Tommy." Ruth was working, too, in a nearby theater. After the play had been running for awhile, Alan was offered a chance to go to Hollywood 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, vagabonding, trouping, 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 spots 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 'Kempy'."

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.

## "I'm known at home as the ugly duckling"



"Hm! Pretty good-looking duckling to me! What d'you mean, you're known at home . . . ?"

"Dad calls me that on account of what I *used* to be. You should have known me then! Thin, skinny, run-down—I even used to . . ."



"Pretty soon—a dream come true! But what's this business about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Look! 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. Delicious!"

"Used to *what*?"

"Scare babies, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Say it in English!"

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RADIO MIRROR

# PREVIEW

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FEBRUARY

*Radio* ON SALE **26**  
AND TELEVISION  
MIRROR DECEMBER

## Final Glory

(Continued from page 14) tremities."

Lucille was embarrassed. "Eef eet were the first of the month," she murmured, "I would give you every penny of the collections . . . I 'ave 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 ingenue 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 exultantly, "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 Lambert pulled her taffeta skirt aside 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 nonchalance that was too casual to be assumed!

FROM that moment Adelaide Lambert—whose part was a rather small one—just 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 touching a wrinkled 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 you 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, genuinely kind, put an impulsive arm around the slight shoulders that held themselves so proudly erect.

"You must be exhausted, Miss Lambert," said the leading lady. "I know I am! 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 slept a wink 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 fallen out of the grate unburned.

"I was a riot, Lucille," she said to the hovering woman who had once been her maid, "and was the director relieved to have me in the cast! The children that support me are nice, but they don't know the first thing about acting. . . . What I could teach them—if I had time!"

"Time?" queried Lucille. Adelaide bridled. "The director," she said, "is going to keep me very busy—you'll see a lot 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 of this infant art!)—"but 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 thees place from which they weel 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 new hat. She ran fingers through her hair until it stood upright.

"What's the matter with everybody?" she wanted to know. "The pretty girl told me 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 eet?" queried Lucille. "Ave you not the printed sheet from which you can read your lines?"

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, Mees 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. "Nevaire ave I been able to make you do things my way!" she mourned. Suddenly she was struck with an idea. "But, of course, Mees Addie, I weel go weeth you to the Radio Mart this evening? A star weethout '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 mike. 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 capes. . . . 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 Lucille 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 twinkling, 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



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had refused even a cup of tea and a sliver of toast. Standing in front of the hat rack she had laboriously learned her part—pretending that she spoke it through a microphone. When the director muttered—"My Lord, Miss Lambert's forgotten her script," Lucille told him hastily, "She does not need eet. She memorized the role thees afternoon."

Then it was eight-thirty and a tall man was stepping up to the microphone and speaking. "This," he was saying, "is your announcer . . . You will now be privileged to listen to an original story featuring an all star cast—" he named names, and 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 lilting period. It was an old lady's voice, but sprinkled with moonbeams. She saw Adelaide step 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 wavered slightly on her high spike heels. She half rose, thinking—"I should go to her—she may need smelling salts—" 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, gropingly, 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, Ade-

laide Lambert started her final speech. It had everything—that final speech. It had the ashes of romance and the dust of desire. It had glamour as brittle and fragrant as potpourri, and it had—Lucille shivered to realize the quality—resignation.

The director's fingers relaxed and the author bit his underlip, and Lucille held her breath until her throat ached—as the speech swept on to its brave finish, and then—so softly that there was no stir of jarring sound in the control room—the old woman slipped down to the floor and Lucille, sobbing breathlessly, was saying—"I must go to 'er. Eet ees 'er 'eart. I knew eet would one day come—like thees. . . ." She was halfway to the door when the director spoke.

"It 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 director was right. Lucille stopped in her tracks. She saw the star stoop and ease the small, crumpled figure from the path of the announcer. She saw the announcer come forward and she heard his voice—as suave and expressionless as if nothing whatsoever had happened. The engineer did 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, but it was Lucille who reached Adelaide Lambert first. She flopped to the floor, in her rusty black dress, and took the old head—with its gallant 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—showing his beautifully tailored coat 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 lids, the faint movement of lips. 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 certain call.

"How did I do?" she asked. "You were superb," said 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."

*Say Hello To—*

**ARTIE AUERBACH**—the lovable Mr. "Could Be" Kitzel of Al Pearce's show on CBS. Artie was born in New York City on May 17, 1905, graduated from the New York University School of Journalism, and began a newspaper career on a now-defunct Bronx tabloid. He worked as a reporter for ten years, and learned dialects because when he was on a story involving foreigners it was easier to get the news if he could convince the people he was "one of them." The dialects led him to stage and then radio work, and he was heard on the air with Phil Baker, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Jack Haley and others before he joined Pearce's gang. He has two hobbies, bath rather add—collecting firearms and old glass paper-weights.



## 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 wrapped blankets around him. Her eyes filled with tears. Jim was so gay, waving goodbye and shouting to them all.

Tommy was holding her hand. "He'll come back, won't he, Mrs. Jackson?" Tommy asked.

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

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

Martha squeezed his 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 was all very well 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 robbed of the hope 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 spirit. And, of all the people close to her, George Harrison was the only one who was aware that Martha was not as happy as she pretended. 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 glancing up 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.

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 vanity. She was just happy, because she knew Jim had always been proud of the way she looked and she wasn't going to disappoint him, now.

And, when she walked 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's eyes lit up so, when he saw her, and their kiss had about it such a quality of young, long-separated lovers meeting, that Martha knew any outsider would have been embarrassed.

"Here, now," Martha said. "We're a little 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 costume ball 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 rise perceptibly.

Jim laughed. "That's settled, then. And you see to it, George, that she has some fun. I'm counting on you. Well, here comes 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 never 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 rare. It seemed very strange that he hadn't married.

The dance was three weeks off and there would have been plenty of time to make a costume, but 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-

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ing 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 touching up her lips with lipstick and throwing a black lace shawl over her blonde hair, like a mantilla. Martha felt strange. She wished Jim were there.

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

"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 pretty much the same old music and the evening was so full of memories and past laughter and gayety, that Martha found herself losing all contact with the present.

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 to find herself pressed close by 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 uncomprehendingly 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 quickly. They were in a secluded corner, almost completely hidden by a tall, potted palm.

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

"I—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 very gallant, George," Martha said. "Thank you." And they looked at each other and both of them knew they were lying.

In the following days, Martha found that kiss forcing its way into her mind, time after time. She tried to tell herself it had meant nothing, that it was her vanity 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 how unnatural 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 she was afraid.

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

But 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 confusion would only frighten him—and would solve 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 was in her mind. For when Martha got back from the sanitarium, she found a note. A short note, impersonal: "Dear Martha—Sorry to run out like this but an unexpected chance for a vacation trip came up and I took it. Say goodbye to Jim for me. Hope all the news was good news. 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 that he had no intention 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 shoulders and the whole of life stretched before her, clear and shining and full. Tears of happiness clouded her eyes 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 hulk will be back home again. And maybe it won't be so useless, either! Dr. Ryan feels that I've made such wonderful progress in these few months, that I can not only ease up on my treatments, but that I can probably do just as well—if not better—at home, where I won't be lonely for all of you. Oh darling, it will be so much better that way. Just imagine! No more worry about money to keep me from getting well. Nothing's going to stop me from getting on my feet now and living like a man again. I've been doing some 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 carvings. So look for me next week—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 without the canes. Kiss everyone for me and tell them all I'm looking forward to doing it myself next week. All my love, Jim."

And then he was with Martha again, back in his wheel chair before the fireplace, his strong sure fingers creating enchantment in the tiny wooden figures he carved with such delicate precision. His good spirits were like an invisible torch of happiness lighting up the house, and Martha, seeing 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 it 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 wondering if he had really progressed as well as he thought. And Martha was troubled, wondering how much of Jim's feeling that he was so much better might come only from his will to have it so.

The following week, after Dr. Ryan had finished giving Jim his 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 sorry, but I don't think your husband will ever be able to walk again. In the beginning, his reactions were so good—he progressed so amazingly—I thought he had a chance. 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 to race madly. "Oh," she breathed, as if she had been hit.

"I think it would be better, if he didn't know just yet," the doctor said. "He's really not strong 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. It would 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 Jim's dreams and hopes and still go on pretending that everything was all right, that there was still some chance, still something for Jim to fight for and believe in.

Martha had no idea how long she stood in the stillness of the late afternoon, or how long Cora had been standing there beside her. 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 her. "Why, nothing," she said. "Jim's had a treatment."

"Martha—" Cora said, grasping Martha's arm tensely. "Martha—if—if anything's wrong with Jim, I have a right to know."

And Martha realized how much Cora loved Jim, how empty Cora's life would have been without that love. "I—" she stammered brokenly, "the doctor—he—he's just told me there is no hope that Jim will ever walk again."

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

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

"That's unfair to Jim," Cora said. "The longer you put it off the worse 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 us—you and 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 cheerfulness was so forced that everyone was suspicious. And Cora would forget herself and stop talking in the middle of a sentence and look at Jim 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 whatever was wrong came out of the fact that Martha worked too hard.

"Here's your hat, Mother," Lucy said, one evening coming 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 fallen over 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, darling. I'll fix you some hot milk and—"

"Martha—" there was something wrong with Jim's voice. In the mirror, Martha could see him harden his jaw. "I want you to divorce me, Martha!"

Martha stared. She was aware that she looked silly standing there, holding her hat in mid-air, but she couldn't move. She couldn't breathe.

*What is the reason for this startling demand 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 instalment of Woman of Courage in the February Radio Mirror.*



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# Love's New Sweet Song

(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 finished there was an embarrassed silence. Then Cousin Eleanor came rushing over. "Susan!" she said. "I didn't realize you'd—William should have told me! And—you've grown so! I—" She turned around, making vague gestures with her hands. "Phil—everybody—this is 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, "Miss Rowe—I'm prostrate with apologies. Your singing showed me up for the clown that I am."

"It's all right," I said stiffly. "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."

"Please!" I was sure he was teasing me. "If you don't like 'Vilia,' how about—"

And he switched to "Love's New Sweet Song."

It was too much. "No!" I cried. "Stop playing that!" For the second time everybody in the room gaped at me, 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," she said quietly. "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 acted like a hysterical, ill-mannered child, and when Cousin Eleanor came in to see me I said so. But she was awfully nice about it.

"The rest of us were to 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 sure you won'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 business, where it earns enough interest so Phil doesn't have to work."

"Isn't 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, sometimes with Phil 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 pursed her lips and said to wait a little while and see how I liked New York before I decided to stay.

Then, when 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 picture. It was too good an offer to turn down, but she was worried about leaving me all alone.

"I think I'll ask Phil to look out for you," she decided finally. "But you needn't, Eleanor!" I said. "I'll be all right, really I will."

Once she made up her mind about something, though, Eleanor wasn't to be persuaded otherwise. "I'll feel better while I'm gone," she said firmly. "Besides, you can keep him out of mischief, too."

Phil came to the apartment the night Eleanor left, to take her to the train, and just before they went out he asked me to spend the next day with him. "We'll go to—er—oh, the Aquarium, or Coney Island, or someplace," he said lamely.

Eleanor was there, looking at me fixedly, so I couldn't do anything but thank him and say I'd be delighted. But the next morning when he arrived, looking resigned to playing nurse-maid, I said:

"Look, Mr. Marshall. Let's get things straight. You're taking me out because Eleanor asked you to. I'm going with you because Eleanor asked me to go. So please don't act as if you're doing me a favor."

His chin sagged a little. "Oh. Oh, I see. Well, now that all is crystal clear, how would you like to spend the day?"

His remark, the night before, about going to the Aquarium or Coney Island, still rankled.

"I want to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art," I said bluntly. "And tonight there's a concert at Carnegie Hall I'd like to hear."

"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. At first I took him from room to room at top speed, but after a while I realized that I was missing lots of things I wanted to see, so I slowed down. He didn't like that much, either, I discovered when he said angrily:

"My dear Miss Rowe, you have now been standing in that one spot looking at that one picture for exactly ten minutes. At any second I expect the museum guards to move you bodily to the statuary department."

"Very funny," I said. "No, but—haven't you seen that painting yet?"

"Yes, but until just a moment ago I hadn't heard it."

"What's that?" 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 said once," I told him, "that every great painting has a melody, and if you don't hear the melody inside yourself when you're looking at it, there's something wrong with you."

He looked at me with surprised respect. "Whoever said that knew something about art."

"It was my father," I said. I started to walk away. "I want to look at that Rembrandt."

"That's a Rubens," he observed, and it was my turn to be surprised. It just hadn't occurred to me that he'd know one painting from another.

All in all, the day didn't turn out exactly as I'd thought it would. I suspected, after the concert that night, that he'd enjoyed looking at paintings and listening to music as much as I had. I decided to make him take me to a lecture, and looked in the newspaper for the most serious one I could find.

IT was a whole week—a week filled with concerts, lectures and visits to museums—before he finally rebelled. "Look!" he moaned when he came to get me that afternoon, "one more capsule of culture will kill me. How about really going to 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 gaped at fish and monkeys instead of paintings and statuary, or because we had dinner at a famous place on the Coney Island boardwalk and rode the parachute jump and the roller coaster—but because 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 "Love's New Sweet Song."

"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, so it's as if—as if they ought 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 wonderful places to go, marvelous things to do. Phil had stopped being the sarcastic, frozen-up person I'd thought he was 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 night 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 and complained about the food, and afterwards he said he didn't want to dance. Instead, we walked down the boardwalk, to the far end where there weren't many people, and leaned on the rail listening to the waves—a sad sound.

"What's the matter, 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 I'm quite worthless—but will you marry me?"

"Will I—" I gulped, trying to force back a lump that had suddenly risen in my throat, and 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 the 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—he was thirty-one—and he didn't take even himself seriously.

I didn't—couldn't—believe he meant it.

"Aren't 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 would not completely close 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?"

"I . . . yes, I'll believe it then," I said.

BUT the truth was, I believed it already. 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 myself I pictured the way everything 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 morning came, the city spread out, all twinkling with its lights, on every side, waiters bringing things to our table and the band playing for us to dance. And Phil saying 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 somewhere, maybe a terrace, or a part of the hall where no one would see us, and he'd take me into his arms for our first kiss.

There my imagining stopped. I couldn't even dream how happy that kiss would make me.

I was so 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, and the first thing she said was, "Susan! What in the world! That dress—"

I threw my arms around her and then danced away, the long folds 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—"

"Now wait a minute!" Eleanor said. "What goes on here?"

Even if she hadn't asked, I couldn't have kept from telling her. I told 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

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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" it was Phil, not I, who said angrily, "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—and we've 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 place for a woman."

"It looked better to you than me—is that it?" 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 it 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 toward 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, possessive way she had always referred to him—her attitude that afternoon when she learned we were going to be married—they all added up to one thing. Eleanor 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 so 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 socks you in the jaw, Susan, don't waste time rubbing the place that hurts. 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, hunted up the committee's office, sang for them there, and a few days later got a notice that I'd been accepted. I guess the fact that I was Stephen Rowe's daughter and that I sang "Love's New Sweet Song," helped.

I tried not to see 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, Susan!" she said. "It sounds perfect for you."

Neither of us mentioned Phil. It was better that way.

I found out, in the next few weeks, that I really had a job. I went from camp to camp, singing on improvised stages with accompanists picked up from the Army ranks themselves. Sometimes there was opportunity to rehearse, sometimes there wasn't. But I was a success. 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. Or maybe I grew up the night Phil changed his mind about marrying me. I don't know. All I know is that in spite of the many different men I met, in spite of the constant whirl of activity, I felt alone all the time. Completely alone—even worse than I'd felt after Daddy died, because then I'd know he was always 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 when we arrived, after a whirlwind drive, and I rushed up to the stage. As far as appearances went, it was the same as any Army show—a platform stage, bright lights, 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 music that 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 tanned, was Phil.

I couldn't sing—I couldn't even speak. I could only look at him, marveling because it seemed the most wonderful thing in the world to see him here.

"Go on, darling," he said in a low voice. "They're waiting for you. 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 see!"

The next few minutes were all hazy and confused. Nothing came real again until my songs were over and I was backstage, 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 a waster—just no good—a guy who'd never made any use of his hands or brain—a parasite. And I knew she was telling the truth. But—" he hesitated—"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 had feared it would be, hurting him as she was going to be forced to hurt him. She faltered, "I meant that you and Gloria mustn'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 in Nick's diner. Everything in the world looks different to me now."

"That's why—" Ruth paused, clasping her hands together, intertwining the fingers with one another, pressing until the knuckles ached, "That's why you mustn't do what you know is wrong. You know you shouldn't marry Gloria, no—no matter how impossible anything else you want may be. I'm sorry—sorrrier than I can say—if I've done or said 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 that what he said was quite true. Quite true—and still it could make no difference to her. She would go on loving John more than he loved her.

"Michael," she said, "if John were here, it might be different. I don't know, although I doubt it. Somehow, just 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 lightning in the sky had crept closer, and the leaves of the honeysuckle on the porch shivered at the touch of a breeze heralding the long-awaited storm. In the flickering light 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 drop again. "No, I won't marry her. I want her to stay with Dr. Carvell 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 shadows 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 was still there when a 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 slip the boy held out to her, she felt a foreknowledge of its news. She took the message into the house and turned on the light in the hall.

"Regret to inform you Dr. John Wayne missing after direct bomb hit on hospital in which he was performing operation." It was signed by the doctor in charge of the unit with which John had gone to Europe.

Dimly, above the turmoil of her thoughts, she heard Jerry and Sue outside, coming home from the movie. She could not see John crushed beneath 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. But 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? It had nothing to do with John. John was not dead. He was alive somewhere—maybe injured, maybe not even conscious or aware of his 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.

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FRANK LOVEJOY—six feet of handsome acting talent whom you hear regularly as Dr. Christopher Ellerbe on *Valiant Lady* and in supporting roles on other serials. Frank was born in New York City, but at the age of six he left home to tour theaters selling Liberty Bonds. This spell in the limelight was followed by 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 managers' offices and selling vacuum cleaners, he joined a Brooklyn stock company and worked an up from that humble beginning to become one of radio's busiest actors. He's married to pretty Joan Bonks.





What young girl wouldn't be pleased to get a Tangee "Smoothie" compact. The red, white and blue plastic case contains lipstick, rouge and powder. It costs only \$1.00.



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 necessaries 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 \$35.00.



Listen to Joan Banks as Peggy on the NBC serial, *The O'Neills*.

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'Neills*, 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.



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.

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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**



*"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 Skinnay Ennis," one of the Kemp veterans told me, "but Skinnay 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 Dankers, 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

*Shep Fields tuned in on a local New York radio station one day—a few hours later attractive Ann Perry was signed up with his band.*



and the Irish tenor voice of Jarrett blends nicely with the staccato brass and willowy reeds. The band's newest asset is Gail 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-flighters 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 graying 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 steady 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 36393) "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 Set 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."

Tschaikowsky 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 Cugat: (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.

Freddy Martin: (Bluebird 11293) "Lou'siana Lullaby"—"So Shy." Lifting 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"—"Pale Moon." A bouncing, vigorous revival of the famed Vincent 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 DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To Ken Alden, Facing The Music Radio Mirror Magazine  
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in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(voter's name: \_\_\_\_\_)



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AT RIGHT, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper-satin appliquéd with velvet scrolls . . . inspired by the ruby- and-diamond shoulder clip.



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