

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

DECEMBER

10
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



HELEN MENKEN
Star of
"Second Husband"
Tells
THE BEAUTY BLUNDER
MOST WOMEN MAKE

WE DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE PARENTS!

A Famous Star's Husband Confesses the Bitter Truth

"I'LL TRY!" — WORDS AND MUSIC OF A HIT SONG EVERYBODY'S SINGING

Famous Evening in
Paris Perfume, Talcum
Powder, Face Powder
and Rouge \$2.95

Purse flacon of Evening
in Paris Perfume, slide-
top Talcum, fragrant Eau
de Cologne . \$1.50

DeLuxe Gift of Perfume,
Eau de Cologne, Tal-
cum, Rouge, Face Pow-
der, Lipstick \$5.00

Gifts that say you care



Stunning box. Evening in Paris Perfume,
Sachet, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Pow-
der, Lipstick and Vanity . \$10.00



Evening in Paris Perfume, with depend-
able atomizer; fragrant Eau de Co-
logne, Talcum, smart Vanity \$4.00



Evening in Paris Perfume, in purse fla-
con of royal blue, silk-tasselled. With
big, matching Eau de Cologne 95c



Smart "flask-shaped" bottle of Even-
ing in Paris Perfume; separate, distinc-
tive blue and nickel atomizer \$1.75



A silvery gift box that looks like a
book. Contains Evening in Paris Per-
fume; fragrant Face Powder \$2.25



Purse flacon of Evening
in Paris Perfume; Daub-
ette applicator \$1.00



Smart Evening in Paris
Perfume in unique "moon
and stars" box . \$2.00



Evening in Paris Triple
Vanity . \$2.95
Others, \$1.25 and \$2.00



Evening in Paris Perfume, atomizer;
Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Face Pow-
der, Sachet, Rouge, Lipstick \$7.75

Evening in Paris

CREATED BY

BOURJOIS

Something to talk about

■ Your editor finds reason for cheer in a writer whose imagination is streaked with genius, in an actress of great charm, and in color television

GENIUS is a much maltreated word, kicked about verbally as mercilessly as a football. It is another of those Hollywood excesses we all like to indulge in so well—like superb! divine! wonderful! unbelievable!

I deliberately looked for a dictionary meaning of genius. "Extraordinary capacity for imaginative creation," I found. It's remarkable how that fits a friend of mine.

Radio isn't wont to spew forth genius. Because it is trying to find ways of pleasing the most people most of the time, because it is commercial, because business men run most of it. Yet there are fertile minds who manage to get around all the taboos, restrictions, and pitfalls carefully built by the conventional.

On October fourth a new series of broadcasts began called *Everyman's Theater*. The opening program starred Alla Nazimova in a searching drama, "This Lonely Heart." That series is the work of Arch Oboler, a man you would dismiss with a shrug and a "So what?" if he were pointed out to you at a party. He is too short, he has too little hair, too large a head, wears too thick glasses and talks too distractedly. His one really good point at parties—a very personal observation—is his wife, who looks to be a child bride until you talk to her and discover a mature woman.

Arch Oboler and neckties were born enemies, just as Arch and sweatshirts are boon companions. Partly because he likes to shock people and partly, I suspect, to make people know he is different, he wears hideous clothes, whether he's in dignified Radio City in New York or studiously careless Hollywood.

But Arch fits that meaning of the word genius I



■ Arch Oboler goes over his script with Alla Nazimova for *Everyman's Theater*.

found, for no one I know has a greater capacity for imaginative creation. He wrote me recently about working with Bette Davis on some typically difficult-to-act drama he had written: "Bette has often told me that when she dies there's only one person she wants buried alongside of her, and this is Arch Oboler, and on my tombstone she wants this chiseled: 'He helped drive her there!'"

I recommend to your listening, *Everyman's Theater* by Arch Oboler. Tune in next Friday at 9:30 on NBC's Red network.

HELEN HAYES has returned to broadcasting every week. That couldn't be happier news to me, for I am as nearly as unquestioning a fan of this actress as any critic ever can be. She has the power to bring tears to my eyes with the most simple words. Miss Hayes broadcasts every Sunday night on CBS.

A CBS wizard, Peter Goldmark, recently supervised a private showing of color television that left a hard boiled audience of newspaper and magazine sceptics in breathless wonder. The scenes we saw flashed on the screen seemed to have greater clarity than the usual black and white pictures. They had depth and warmth and an air of reality television never had before. For the first time, I felt really impatient with all the delays that have kept this miracle from becoming a common, everyday occurrence.

FRED R. SAMMIS



■ Happy news—Helen Hayes on the air again.

I Love...



the loveliest
thing in make-up

Chiffon

I love the quality of this exquisite new Chiffon Lipstick. Flesh-smooth new texture for softer contours. Costlier new perfume that whispers love in every kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.



Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.



Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:



Roschel, Natural, Dark Tan, Helge, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Helge

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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ON THE COVER—Helen Menken by Sol Wechsler
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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

TEN RADIO COMMANDMENTS

1. Keep your radio tuned down—always.
2. Consider the neighbors—and the hour.
3. Don't expect to hear it all over the house—or the street.
4. Two radios are better than one—but let them be far apart.
5. Maybe the guests you are entertaining don't like that program.
6. Don't let conversation and radio run a race—turn one off.
7. Don't monopolize the radio—give the rest of the family a chance.
8. Selectivity of programs counts most—it gets the best out of radio.
9. Don't find fault with the type of program your friends like—the radio is aimed to please everyone.
10. Remember there are times when, where the radio is concerned—it is best silent.

—Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Utica, New York.

SECOND PRIZE

"HEAR AMERICA FIRST"

"See America First" is a famous slogan, but I did even better, I HEARD America as well. Recently my family and I took a cross-country tour, and came back by the coastal route, therefore seeing a great part of our lovely country, but with our radio in the car we heard America too.

It was most interesting dialing local stations as we crossed border after border. Listening to the various types of music and entertainment to which different parts of the country responded, and hearing different local commentators was like coming to know the opinion of that particular locality. The different accents told us where we were as surely as our road map.—Curtis Nelson, Bargerton, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE

A DREAM COMES TRUE

Years before radio became practicable, I used to often remark: "If I were rich, I would have an orchestra (Continued on page 69)"

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— PRIZES —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than November 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

"Politeness has its limits— I just won't dance with Peg!"



Every day ... and before every date ... prevent Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

PEG'S tops on first impression—but you can't be a belle on *that*! She's plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won't make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter's confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor worse.

After your bath, you're fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of future odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for *past* perspiration,

then Mum ... makes you *sure* you're safe!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—all year 'round. Read why!

MUM IS QUICK! Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration Mum prevents odor, all day or evening. (One reason why *men* like Mum, too!) Get Mum today. Mum helps keep you popular all winter long!

SUMMER AND WINTER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Wise women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment ... use Mum!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Rage of the Broadway stage and now singer on Ben Bernie's NBC show Tuesdays is Carol Bruce.

Right—is it romance between the Hit Parade maestro, Mark Warnow, and Helen McGowan, society girl?



IF YOU own a push-button radio set you're going to have to spend a little money next March 29. That's the date the Federal Communications Commission has set for changing the wave-lengths of most American radio stations. If your receiver doesn't have a push-button tuning device the change won't cost you anything, but you'll have to learn the new tunings to get your favorite stations.

Not quite all the stations will have new wave-lengths—to be exact, 777 out of a total of 862 will be changed. All those below the 720-kilocycle mark will remain as they are now. The cost of adjusting push-button sets to bring in the new tunings will be about \$2 per set, according to radio service men—although in your home territory it may run a little higher or a little lower.

It's beginning to look like romance between Mark Warnow, the Hit Parade maestro, and Helen McGowan, New York society girl. They're being seen everywhere together—and Mark recently bought a beautiful new home on Long Island.

Ben Bernie's vocalist on his new Tuesday-night NBC program is Carol Bruce, the find of Broadway's musical comedy season. Of course you can't see her on the Old Maestro's show, but maybe it will help if I tell you that she's prettier than anything a beauty contest ever discovered.

When Mary Margaret McBride started her daily program on CBS, Martha Deane left WOR, a New York station on which she has been a favorite star for a long time. As you may or may not know, Martha Deane and Mary Margaret McBride are the same person, but Mary Margaret McBride is the name the lady was born with, while Martha Deane is the one she

By DAN SENSENEY

took when she began broadcasting on WOR. And WOR owns the name of Martha Deane as its exclusive property. Two years ago, when Mary Margaret was on CBS (as Mary Margaret) she kept up her WOR program too, but it was too much of a strain so this year she was forced to drop it. The funny thing is that although WOR owns the name of Martha Deane it's no good to them because listeners know the Deane-McBride voice so well no other feminine commentator could possibly take her place and name.

To celebrate her twentieth birthday Marvel Maxwell has acquired her first automobile—brand new, and paid for entirely by her earnings as vocalist of NBC's Beat the Band program.

That's no double you hear singing occasional Irish tunes in the character of Frankie McGinnis on NBC's Girl Alone. John Larkin, the Irish actor who plays Frankie, used to sing professionally before he got into the acting business, and he looks forward to the scripts that require him to burst into melody.

Who said Swing was only a passing fad and was already on the wane? In a recent New York survey more than half of all radios checked were tuned to Swing—thirty-two per cent to the musical variety and thirty-nine per cent to the Swing who is a news analyst and whose first names are Raymond Gram.

CINCINNATI — There's nothing Michael Hinn, newscaster on Cincinnati's station WLW, admires as much as enthusiasm for one's job. Yet

even he has to admit that sometimes enthusiasm carries you too far. For instance, take the night of August 30, 1939.

If you know your modern history, you remember that was the day before Europe plunged into war. In WLW's newsroom, men clustered about the teletype machines, watching every new dispatch from abroad as it appeared. Nobody watched more closely than Michael Hinn, because he was to go on the air at 8:15 the next morning and he wanted to tell his listeners the full story of what was happening. All night long he stayed up, watching the news machines and listening to short-wave broadcasts from London, Paris and Berlin. By 5:30 in the morning he had his story. It was to be war.

Michael was tired. He decided that a half-hour's rest before writing his script would do him a world of good, so he set an alarm clock and lay down on a cot in an unused studio. And the next thing he knew, someone was shaking him and saying, "Wake up. It's 8:25. You've missed your broadcast."

That's how Michael Hinn failed to be on the air with the biggest news story of the decade. Too much enthusiasm.

Michael's life has been anything but dull. Born in the lumber and mining town of Virginia, in northern Minnesota, he went through grammar school in a little one-room schoolhouse. His high school years he divided among five cities, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Then he managed two years at the University of Wisconsin, working his way at jobs that varied from orchestra leader to waiter.

After college he went on a road-mining expedition, was foreman of a road construction crew, drove a truck and a tractor and finally tried his



Michael Hinn is WLW's newscaster.

hand at newspaper reporting and advertising. Somewhere along the line he learned to fly an airplane, which had been his ambition ever since he was thirteen. That's important, because whatever Michael wants he eventually gets. He wanted an airplane, and now he has one. He wanted to marry Helen Diller, singer with the WLW's Boone County Jam-boree, and now she's Mrs. Hinn.

SALT LAKE CITY—It's quite a change from staying up all night to getting up before sunrise, but Charlie



Charlie Buck wakens KDYL listeners.

Buck, station KDYL's human alarm clock, says it's a beneficial one.

Charlie has a whole hour and a half of the station's time to himself, to broadcast anything he likes, at the start of every day. Just now, the first (Continued on page 68)

A Wad of Money—

DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But folded bills buy just as much...and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft folded center! This naturally makes Kotex less bulky than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!



Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an improved new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—Super—Regular—Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!



FEEL its new softness
PROVE its new safety
COMPARE its new, flatter ends

"Upon scarcely know you're wearing it!"

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

We didn't deserve to be parents

I WAS paying a personal visit to Hits and More Hits, Ed Martin's music-publishing house, the day Doris walked into my life.

I was proud of myself for making that visit. Ed Martin had given me my start in radio. I graduated from playing accompaniments and copying music there to my first radio-spot; and from then on the ride was like a toboggan-slide in reverse—up very fast.

Now that I was a radio singing-star, I liked to sweep into Ed's big, dingy premises off Broadway and act like the Crown Prince in a musical film—you know, the glad hand to Ed, big-eyed secretaries peeking in for a look at the great Don Blaine, song-pluggers snapping up a kind nod. Yes, I thought a lot of myself. Life had been good to me, and too quickly.

Well, later I tried out some of Ed's latest music and then the accompanist was called away, leaving me alone in the rehearsal cubbyhole. A sound made me look up. A girl stood in the doorway.

She was just above middle height, slim, with blonde hair under a funny little hat. She had the biggest, dreamiest eyes I had ever seen. She also had a determined little chin, which was more of an index to her character than her eyes. But I didn't know that then.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" Soprano, with nice low glints in the voice. "Could you go over a couple of these new numbers with me?" she said.

She didn't recognize the great Don Blaine. She was taking me for an accompanist here. I grinned. "Delighted!"

Her voice was like a flute heard in a dream. That's the only way I can describe it. While I caressed the keys and she sang, the accompanist stuck his head in and I shooed him out behind her back.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" I said when she finished.

"Thank you. May I take this number along with me?" she said earnestly. "I want to study it."

I thought I'd have some fun. "Sorry. It's the only copy available. But you may copy it if you like. Here's some music-paper and a nice loaded fountain-pen."

"Um," she said. She made slow work of the job, her blue eyes narrowed, her fresh lips tight. I let her struggle for a while, painfully putting down note for note. Then I said, "Here!" and I nonchalantly flashed down the music, just streamed it across the paper. Her blue eyes got bigger.

"You big show-off!" she said. "You let me wear my fingers off while all the time you could do this!"

Just then Ed came in and said, "Mr. Blaine!" and she blinked. "Oh—Don Blaine!" she said.

"What'll it be now, Mademoiselle, tea or cocktails?"

Her little chin lifted. "Neither, till you finish copying out this number," she said firmly.

And I did it, note for note, while Ed guffawed.

That was in May. By September I'd introduced her to the agency that paid me my salary for starring on the Gilman Coffee Hour, she'd

■ "You can keep the boy from now on," she said. "I've had just about enough of caring for him."

■ **Had they the right to bring a child into a marriage that was already a failure? —a story of a radio wife who took a desperate chance, and a husband whom love made a weakling**

been auditioned, and she was making her debut on the program, singing duets with me. She was wonderful. The sponsor thought so, the listeners thought so, and I thought so. We were married in December.

Funny, how differently marriage affects people. Ours made Doris more earnest and ambitious than ever in her life. It brought out all the softness in me. To tell the truth, I never was very fond of hard work and now I was too darn happy to start slaving. Life was so full of pleasanter things that it seemed a waste of time to work.

"Don, you really don't have to go in for those long cocktail sessions with the boys every afternoon. You don't need that kind of popularity, and it doesn't help your voice, either," Doris would say.

"Can I help it if I have social gifts? Come here, woman," I'd reply. And pulling her onto my knee, I'd hold her soft form close and kiss her until she relaxed in my arms. And then she'd jump right up and say, "We're late to that rehearsal. Come on."

"Oh, darling, we could sing those duets in our sleep!"

"That's just what people will think we're doing!"

Doris was willing to make any sacrifice for her career. She was in bed at ten, up at six for a day of exercise, light breakfast, voice instruction, scales and vocal exercises, lunch, riding in the park, rest, language instruction and diction, rehearsal—whew! My idea of singing was to open your mouth and let the notes come out. So while she worked, (Continued on page 75)



HAPPY YEAR

Happy Year, presented here for the first time in story form, was an original radio script by Arch Oboler and was presented on the Good News program with Claudette Colbert starring in the role of Mary.

JIM CRAIG entered the church diffidently; he was City Prosecutor and his work took him more often into the abodes of the devil than the House of God.

The shadows closed about him as he edged himself clumsily into a pew far to the side and rear of the nave. A wedding, a very small wedding, was going on at the altar. He could hear nothing of what was said, but he could watch. The bridal couple stood, solemn and straight, with their backs to him; another couple, the witnesses, were a little to one side. Besides the minister and Craig himself, these were the only people in the church. A very small and unimportant wedding indeed.

Craig looked at the boy and girl

at the altar with interest. It was a whole year since he'd seen them. Had those twelve months, he wondered, been all the girl had said they would be? But just then she turned, smiling at the boy and holding her hand out for the ring to be placed on it, and as Craig saw her delicate profile, he knew the answer to his question.

A year could be a long time, he reflected, or it could be very short. For instance, it certainly didn't seem very long ago that this girl, this Mary Ryan, had burst into his office at City Hall, looking small and scared and yet defiant.

He'd asked her to sit down, he remembered, but she'd said, trying to hide her nervousness behind a brusque manner, that she preferred

to stand if he didn't mind.

"I won't take long," she said. "I just wanted to tell you that Ed Blake didn't steal the money from the Stone-Hall Company."

A chuckle shook Jim Craig's big frame. "Now, Miss Ryan," he said. "Please! Every time a good looking young man is arrested for embezzlement, sooner or later his sweetheart turns up and tries to say she did it. Don't you be like that!"

"I'm not Ed Blake's sweetheart!" she snapped. "He doesn't mean a thing to me."

Craig, a skeptical smile on his square face, said, "You expect me to believe that Ed Blake means nothing to you, and yet you're willing to admit to a felony which means a year in the penitentiary?"

■ "Well," he said, "which one of you took that money? Remember, I want a confession that'll stand up in court."

■ A drama of intense devotion as stirring as you've ever heard broadcast, of a girl who offered twelve months of her life as a sacrifice to the man she loved

"I can't let him go to jail for something I did!" Still not believing her for a minute, Craig said to himself that young Blake was lucky to have a girl like this so nuts over him she was willing to go to prison. She had looks, and even in her cheap tailored suit she had distinction.

"Blake made a complete confession yesterday," he said shortly.

"Confession! How could he confess? I took the money! Can't you get that through your head?" Evidently she thought that by reiterating her statement, as loudly as possible, she would add conviction to it. Craig could have told her, but didn't, how wrong she was. Instead, he said, "All right, all right! Take it easy." He flipped a switch and spoke into a box on his desk. "Miss Thorne, have that Blake boy brought up here."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth Mary Ryan was protesting wildly, "No, don't do that! Don't bring him in here! I don't want to see him—isn't it enough that I told you I took the money?"

"No, it isn't enough!" Craig was stern now. "Blake confessed yesterday that he embezzled three hundred dollars from the Stone-Hill Company. Now you confess too! Well, I'm going to get the facts."

Her big, tragic eyes studied him for a second. "Mr. Craig—please!" she said. "Let me be alone with him just a few minutes, before you talk to him."

"Huh?" he said, unprepared for a change in tactics. He *did* like this girl—she was so young, and so transparently honest. A rotten liar, and working so hard at it!

"Yes," she stumbled on. "You see, I—I know why he confessed. He works at the desk next to mine in the office and—of course he knows I took the money. I mean, he thinks he's helping me by saying he took it—but if I was alone with him a little while (Continued on page 74)

Illustration by D. F. Coell

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Illustration by D. F. Coell



The Beauty

By HELEN MENKEN

Star of Second Husband, heard over CBS
Tuesday nights at 7:30, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin.



■ A pair of overalls with the bottoms turned up will make cleaning up the garden walk easier.

Of course, you want to be well dressed. Nor is it vanity that causes this desire. It's simple self-respect, plus a healthy feminine instinct; and the fact that in general American women are the best dressed in the world, is something to take a national pride in.

But did you ever think of this: Being well dressed begins at home?

I got a real shock the other day when I read the report of a census-taker who rang thousands of doorbells all over the country. Mrs. America, the report said, simply lets herself go in her own home. When she's clearing up the breakfast dishes, or rearranging those top shelves, she's all too apt to present a very unlovely appearance. She is making the most common beauty blunder of all.

Of course, it's a very real temptation to wear just any old thing about the house—limp, much-laundered dresses, run-over shoes, anything so long as it's comfortable.

But you can be just as comfortable, and still look "special."

All of us need to look and feel a little "special," even when there's no one else around. We're on exhibition to ourselves, every minute of the day, and we need to play up to our audiences. The way we look makes all the difference in the world to the way we feel.

After all, for most of us, a home is a woman's life, her career. The home is where a woman spends



■ You'll look trim and smart in the new, picturesque jumper dresses when you answer the door bell.

most of her time. She owes it to herself, in those long hours of home-making, to keep up her spirits by presenting—even if only to herself—an appearance that's attractive, gay, pleasant. You'd really be surprised to know how much more easily even the most irksome of household tasks can be accomplished when you know that you're performing them in an outfit that does you credit.

And, nowadays, it's so easy to wear attractive clothes every minute of the day! There is such a wide variety of well-made, inexpensive outfits to choose from that no woman of even a modest income can be excused for failing to look "dressed-up" in the home as well as out of it.

Why not wear three outfits a day?—cleaning-up clothes in the morning, a slightly more formal change in the afternoon, and then, of course, one or two very special effects to don just before dinner. Every woman wants to look perfect for her husband, even if she is the best cook in the world besides. And don't be fooled for a minute. The man-in-your-life doesn't fail to notice, though sometimes he may not say anything.

Let's just go through a day-in-the-home, with attention to these three outfits.



■ You'll feel and look "special" in slacks when painting—and the bandana will hide those curlers.

Blunder

MOST WOMEN MAKE

■ Have you been overlooking the true importance of being attractive every minute of the day, no matter what you're doing? Radio's best dressed star proves it is amazingly simple always to look your best

First, the cleaning-up clothes. Slacks, you know, are your privilege, and they can be terribly smart. Cotton twills, for instance, that launder in a flash. I simply live in them myself. And you can do any kind of work in them—scrub floors, wash windows, even paint!

Of course, slacks should be carefully fitted, and so should shorts. Some of the ones you've seen on the beach, for instance—but you've seen them yourself! In many cases, a few tricks with a needle might have saved them.

Let's say that even well-fitted slacks or shorts are all wrong for you. Well, then, you can get all kinds of a picturesque effect with jumper dresses and starched pinafores. Or regular Farmer Jones overalls, for that matter. Still another idea is a trim maid's uniform. You can slip it on or off in a second, it will launder perfectly, and always look trim and smart.

If you must keep your hair up in curlers, wear a gay scarf around your head. Or—particularly with the overalls—a bright Mammy's bandana, tied in a perky bow at the top. And remember you take on the color of your clothes, so if the housework gets you down, be sure to wear something lively. I've found that pink perks me up, yellow makes me gay, and red always gets things done.

The main thing to bear in mind when you're selecting your cleaning-up clothes (and when you're selecting all your other clothes, too, as far as that goes) is that they must "do something for you," they must be practical for use to which you (Continued on page 70)



■ Nine ways to make one smart, well fitted basic dress into several new and charming costumes—simply add one or more of these modern accessories such as the handsome leopard collar (a) with matching bows on shoes (d) and hat (e); or a stunning bag (i) with matching buttons (c) and belt (g); or the latest costume jewelry (b-f-h).

WE THE ABBOTTS

■ Here is a story designed to help you get better acquainted with a family that's new to the air. You can listen to their further adventures Monday through Friday at 4:15, E.S.T., on CBS, in a dramatic serial sponsored by the makers of New Nucoa.

LOVE is blind," the old adage says. But I wonder. I wonder if real love doesn't always see past the externals, into the heart. It seemed to me that I was in love with John Abbott eighteen years ago, when we were married, but I know now that I was not, and that simply because love was not there, I was blind.

I've been thinking about these things because Allen Thompson was here tonight for dinner, and seeing him took me back to those days. I suppose Allen realizes the part he played in John's life and mine. I wish he didn't. I am ashamed to have him know it.

John and I were married very suddenly, a few months after he

graduated from the State University. We thought we knew each other very well, because we had been children together, but as a matter of fact we were almost complete strangers. For four years before our marriage, while John was in college and I was in a different college and then teaching in a public school, we hadn't seen each other at all. And four years can change young people a great deal. John had come back to town for a few days to settle up some final details connected with his father's estate, and then he planned to go on to New York and begin a career as a writer. But as he told me the night he asked me to marry him, something happened when he returned to the little town where we had played as children.

"I just don't want to leave," he said, worrying a blade of grass between his long fingers and stum-

bling over the words as he tried to explain. "This—this is where I grew up, Emmy. It's where I belong. Here, where you live close to the land and the weather is something more than a bulletin in the daily paper. I feel as if my roots were here. I'd be lost in a city."

"Then why don't you stay, John?" I said gently.

"I want to. But that isn't all I want." We were sitting on the brow of a hill overlooking town. It was a moonlit night, and the lights down in the streets looked pale and far away. John's serious, intent face, with its long jaw and high cheekbones, was very close to mine. "I want you to marry me, Emmy."

I had hoped he would ask me that. In the few days since we had met for the second time I had discovered all over again how much John meant to me. But before I

It was only a misunderstanding, and I forgot it when he took me into his arms.



■ She faced him, her heart pounding with anger at this husband she'd never understood. How many women lose Emmy's chance to learn what kind of men they truly love?

a little that I'd saved in two years of teaching—but it didn't seem to matter much. Not then, at any rate.

We looked for a house, and found one that was much too old, and much too big, and frightfully gloomy. But the rent was low, and that was the important thing.

John didn't intend to give up his writing, and after the first magical glow of being married had subsided a little, he settled down in front of his noisy old typewriter and began to turn out short stories—much to the amusement of my parents.

Dad and Mother approved of the marriage thoroughly, for they liked John. But Dad had worked hard

could answer he spoke again, rather hurriedly.

I understand now why John felt he had to tell me about Vee Stewart. Oh, I understand so many things now that I didn't then! But at the time I wished he hadn't. The Vee Stewart incident wasn't important, really, but it hurt me to think that he had ever cared for someone else, even a little.

She was a girl he'd known in college during his senior year, a freshman who had done illustrations for the college magazine of which he was editor. She planned to leave our State University the next year and study in New York, and that was partly why John had wanted to go there too—not to marry her, for they hadn't seriously discussed love or marriage, but simply to be with her.

It all sounded like one of those love-affairs that suddenly flower in

college, come to nothing, and as suddenly are forgotten once the people concerned are out of the atmosphere which fostered them. I thought it was rather ridiculous of John even to mention it. What I did not realize was that Vee Stewart represented for him a world foreign to our quiet mid-western community, a world of artists and writers and famous people and sophistication. That was why she was important to him. And his deeply ingrained honesty would not permit him to keep silent about anything that seemed important.

It was only a minor misunderstanding on my part, and no misunderstanding at all on John's, and I forgot it when he took me in his arms. We were married soon after. We didn't have much money—John's small inheritance had been invested so that it brought in a few hundred dollars a year, and I had



Emmy: "I thought I loved John then . . ."



John: "I must do what I know is right."

all his life, building up a small grocery business; about a year before my marriage he sold the store and retired, with enough to live on comfortably. He simply couldn't understand that writing could be work fit for a grown man. I'm ashamed to admit that I shared his view, in my heart.

ALL of the stories John wrote and mailed out that summer came back. Our little store of money dwindled, and no more was coming in. I would see John bent over his typewriter—tapping away for a moment, then staring off into space, then tapping out a few more words—and against my will I would feel that he was wasting his time, and that it would be much better if he would find a job and keep his writing for a spare-time pursuit.

The time came, soon enough, when he was forced to do exactly that.

In September, the doctor told me I was going to have a baby. Walking home through the tree-shaded streets after my visit to his office, I dreaded telling John. It meant the end of our honeymoon—such a short honeymoon! But in a way, I admitted to myself, it was a good thing. Surely John would realize now that with this new responsibility he must really go to work.

He realized it, but in a way that surprised me. I had expected him to be at least a little sorry that a baby was coming so soon. Instead, he was overjoyed. The happiness in his eyes when I told him was genuine, sincere, and it was he who first remarked that now he'd have to go out and get a job. "What this family needs now is some ready cash!" he said, and a week later he'd gone to work as a clerk in Vin Miller's drug store on Main Street. It was like him, when he once decided to get a job, to take the first one that came along, without stopping to think that a college graduate should be able to do better.

I don't quite know how we got through the winter that followed. The big black furnace in our cellar gobbled up ton after ton of coal, and refused to give more than a trickle of warmth in return. Both John and I developed colds that wouldn't be shaken off, and the doctor pursed his lips and warned me that I'd have to gain more weight if I expected to have a healthy baby.

We gave up trying to heat the whole house and spent most of our waking hours in the kitchen, close to the stove, John at his typewriter and I sewing. It was like a

gift from heaven when one of John's stories that he'd written in the summer was unexpectedly accepted by a magazine which sent us a check for a hundred dollars.

Winter ended at last, and one May evening Dr. Evans came to our house in a hurry. When he left, John and I were the parents not of one baby, but of two—twin boy and girl whom we named Jack and Barbara.

John was like a child himself with them. He could never get enough of looking at them, touching them, admiring them, wondering whether they would be light like me or dark like him. It amused me to see how careful he was in caring for them—he was as expert as I was myself.

Looking back now, I'm shocked to see how frequently I criticized John, in my own thoughts—for

and announced that we were going to build a house of our own so we wouldn't have to spend another winter in that draughty, cold old place.

For a moment I thought he was joking. But he told me he'd been thinking about it for several days, and now it was all settled.

"We'll liquidate my inheritance, and use that money for a down payment. And George Brighton, at the bank, says he'll take a first mortgage on the house and advance the rest."

"But John—we can't afford to burden ourselves with a responsibility like that!" I cried. "We can't possibly keep up the payments—and we use up every cent of the income from your inheritance now."

He saw the anger in my face, and put his arm around me. "We'll make out some way, dear. I only know that we can't spend another winter here—not with the children—and there isn't a decent house in town at a rent that's much lower than the payments we'd have to make on a new one."

Well, that was true, as I saw when he outlined George Brighton's plan and I compared the figures with the rents I had been asked on my house-hunting tours. And about that time John got a small raise at the drug-store. All the same, I felt we were making a mistake, and it rankled that John hadn't talked things over with me before going ahead with his plan. But then my natural feminine desire for a bright new house began to get the better of me, and although I was still dubious I more or less gave my consent.

We selected a lot, signed a great many papers, and watched workmen begin laying the foundation.

I mentioned John's raise at the store. He had been working for Vin Miller almost a year now, and Vin had decided to take things easy, leaving John to manage the store with the help of a registered pharmacist to make up prescriptions, and Crane, Vin's son, who had just graduated from high school. Crane was a dark, handsome boy, very popular with the young people in town, but I didn't like him very well. There was something sly and slick about his manner, I thought. John said I was wrong; that he wasn't any too fond of work but was "a good kid at heart."

Bluff, quick-tempered old Vin, who was a widower, adored the boy and was grateful to John because he could be trusted to run the store and teach Crane the business.

Of course, there was no hope that John (Continued on page 59)

Next Month—

Dinah Shore writes a song . . . and you sing it.

Watch for

HOLD YOUR HEART

Composed by Eddie Cantor's lovely singing star and published complete in the

January RADIO MIRROR

wanting to write, for telling me about Vee Stewart, for accepting a clerk's job instead of looking for something higher in the social and financial scale, for loving the children so much that he was willing to perform menial and un-manly tasks for them. I thought that none of these criticisms was important enough to affect my love for him, but I see now that they were all like the tiny rivulets of water that can wear away the hardest stone. Taken together, they were gradually altering my feeling for John.

None of them angered me as much, though, as something that happened the first summer after the twins' birth. John came home one noon simmering with enthusiasm



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

*Portland
Hoppa*

■ A new network and a new sponsor—but Portland still continues as feminine stooge for her husband, Fred Allen. She considers January 25, 1910 the luckiest day in her life, for that's the day on which she was born, and admits she's been lucky ever since, especially in having met and married Fred twelve years ago. The Allens spent the summer in Hollywood while Fred's new picture, with Jack Benny, "Love Thy Neighbor," was being filmed by Paramount. In New York now, they spend Wednesday nights at nine on the CBS Texaco Star Theater.



■ Presenting two stars with but a single thought: your amusement six afternoons a week. On your left, Ransom Sherman, husband, father, serious citizen, jokester

Club Matinee



■ On your right, meet the other half of NBC's irresistible pair—Garry Moore who gets up at three every morning and yet manages to stay very happily married

■ Ann and George Sherman in a musical session with Dad.



■ Mrs. Sherman doesn't mind when Rans goes domestic.



■ Ann takes special pride in working alongside of father.



If you have read your magazines, perused your daily paper or been to the movies, you doubtless conceive of a radio gag writer and comedian as a wild-eyed, nail-chewing bundle of frazzled nerves who works all night surrounded by cigarette stubs, mumbles laugh lines experimentally to himself all day and is perpetually dashing in and out of the studios, always late. That's the standard picture. All

By BILL PERRON

it takes is Ransom Sherman to knock it into a cocked hat.

For Rans, the comic of the NBC Club Matinee program (sharing this assignment with Garry Moore), has reduced comedy to a business and put side-splitting on a schedule. So far as Mrs. Sherman is concerned, he might be employed by the Consolidated Kitchenware Com-

pany, because he manages to be a first-rank radio star and keep regular hours—and daytime hours at that—day in and day out.

For instance, who ever heard of a radio comedian getting up at seven o'clock in the morning? Yet Sherman does, every day. He does it in order to begin his day's work, writing funny lines that the NBC-Blue network a few days later will carry to (Continued on page 71)

IMAGINE a husband who goes to bed at midnight, gets up at 3:00 a.m., goes back to bed at 9:00 and finally gets up for good at 10:45, except on Thursdays, when he makes up for a whole week's deficiency in sleep by snoozing from midnight until 4:00 p.m. the next day. Yet that's the routine of Garry Moore, the NBC comedian who shares Club Matinee honors with Ransom Sherman, and Mrs. Moore doesn't seem to mind. After all, he does feed the baby at 6:00, doesn't he?

Almost the exact opposite of Ransom Sherman in everything except laughter-producing ability is the 25-year-old Moore, who runs Club Matinee three days a week over the NBC-Blue network. Whereas Sherman works on a daytime schedule similar to that of a conscientious book-keeper, Moore insists on pounding out his witticisms in the wee small hours of the morning.

Garry says it all started accidentally several months ago, in the following manner:

It was during the craze for identifying the non-existent Yehudi, when Garry happened to wake up one morning before dawn. Perhaps his subconscious mind had been at

By RAY KEYS

work, but anyway, he woke up telling himself that "Yehudi is the man who turns off the electric light in the refrigerator when you close the door."

Ha—a gag! Fearing he might forget it if he went back to sleep, and gags being pretty scarce these days, Moore rushed to his typewriter and wrote it down. He suddenly realized that everything was quiet. Nothing to interrupt his work. That young son of his was asleep, so Daddy couldn't play with him. Why not write the entire show for the next Club Matinee program right then? That's what happened and it's been going on ever since, although Garry claims that the birds bother him sometimes with their early morning songs.

His unorthodox method of sleeping and working hasn't upset either his disposition or his health. He's gained 18 pounds since he started it, and claims he still keeps more regular hours than when he was broadcasting over KWK in St. Louis.

"I used to lock myself in a hotel room for three days at a stretch," he explains, "eating nothing but

sandwiches and milk." That, however, ended when he became ill and was found to be suffering from malnutrition. Now he's a married man and isn't allowed to do anything that silly—unless you consider going to bed at midnight and getting up at 3:00 a.m. silly.

Many of the listeners who follow Garry Moore's mirthful way don't know that for some ten years, he battled long and hard to find some other niche than the fun corner in the show business. When he was a sophomore in high school in his native city of Baltimore he wanted to be a Broadway playwright. He introduced himself to F. Scott Fitzgerald, when the novelist visited Baltimore on a lecture tour. Fitzgerald was so impressed by the sincerity of the young man that he agreed to help him write a play.

Garry quit school to devote his full time to the job and after weeks of hard labor, the play was finished. For several more weeks he tramped from producer to producer, attempting to peddle his wares. "I thought it would be a cinch to sell the play with that Fitzgerald name tacked on the title sheet," Garry explains, "but one producer told me that Maxwell Anderson's name couldn't (Continued on page 72)

Mystery House

■ The romance and adventure that is every woman's dream comes to Page Hazeltyné with breathtaking swiftness in this compelling story of a sinister mansion by the sea and a diamond five people plotted to possess

PAGE HAZELTYNE craved adventure. At twenty-seven, beautiful, single, she felt that life held more than her drab existence in a San Francisco boarding house. In this mood, it proved amazingly easy to accept a job that on another day she would have considered too odd and even sinister to think of taking. In the course of a few hours, she found life transformed, as she became a member of a strange household down on the fog-shrouded California coast. Page was installed there as nurse for a Mrs. Prendergast, whom the employment agency that hired Page had admitted was "queer." Much more than queer, Page decided, for since her son's death old Mrs. Prendergast had never stopped adding to the mansion which the neighborhood called "Mystery House." There was always under construction a new wing, a new room or staircase, and every room was left unfinished. Page's nominal duty was nursing, an extra salary was being paid to her account in a San Francisco bank by a lawyer representing Mrs. Prendergast's niece. In return for this, Page was to report regularly on the safety of the famous Prendergast diamond, and to watch Mrs. Prendergast's two companions, Dr. Randall Harwood and Flora Mockbee. They, the lawyer told Page, were very possibly influencing the old woman in handling her huge fortune.

Page found Mrs. Prendergast in a wheel chair. It was evident, from a whispered conversation she overheard, that Flora, daughter of Mrs. Prendergast's dead housekeeper, was in love with Dr. Harwood, but that she didn't attract him. Later, Copyright 1935, Kathleen Norris



by Kathleen Norris

America's famous author now brings to radio the stories every woman wants to hear. On these pages Radio Mirror publishes in its original novel form, "Mystery House," recently heard on the air. For further exciting listening tune in "By Kathleen Norris" daily over the NBC-Red and CBS networks, sponsored by Wheaties.

Dr. Harwood told Page her real patient was a handsome young man named Lynn, the old woman's protegee, who suffered from a mysterious mental trouble. Strangely attracted to Lynn, Page agreed one day to accompany him to his camp on a rocky island off-shore, and was shocked when he suddenly drew the Prendergast diamond from his pocket. "I'll give it to you some day," he said. "But not now, because you'd give it to—her—and she'd have me sent away." Page, pityingly, realized that Lynn was afraid of being sent to an asylum. She did, however, gain his permission to tell Dr. Harwood that he had the diamond.

Illustrations by
Seymour Thompson

A FEW days later, on a fresh cold morning, Page walked with Rand to the farm. Flora was headachy, and remained in bed. Lynn had disappeared after breakfast. Page, comfortably dressed in low sturdy shoes, snugly buttoned rough coat and brief skirt, felt ready for anything.

The farm at Mystery House lay almost four miles due east from the house, at the highway.

Three families of Japanese managed the farm, all living together somehow in the one stark, weather-blackened old house.

It was a part of the eerie isolation of Mystery House that these orientals settled down for the night at dark every evening, and that their living quarters were as black after sundown as the barns that housed the stock. Also at dark the dogs were loosed—not particularly dangerous looking dogs, and not many. Yet there was something distinctly disagreeable in the idea of their proximity at night; Page had heard them barking furiously.

But, however dark and unfriendly it was at night, the farm was a pleasant rambling place in the daytime, and when Page arrived there with her cheeks glowing and her hair disordered, she enthusiastically accompanied Rand on his round of inspection, smiling at the women and children, eyeing respectfully the dairy and the hay barns, the fields and sheds and fences.

■ "Didn't you know," Flora said to Page, measuredly, "that Randall Harwood and I are going to be married?"

I'LL TRY

■ Here's the song that everybody's singing—a beautiful ballad
composed and featured by orchestra leader Frankie Masters—
to add to your collection of Radio Mirror's melody previews

Words and Music by
Keene-Bean
FRANKIE MASTERS
and Russ Smith

I'll try to fash-ion skies All dot-ted with stars Blink-ing their eyes

I'll try to bor-row the moon Round a-bout June, I'll try I'll try a

whis-per'd line That's cop-ied from some quaint Val-en-tine I'll try a

song that the breeze Sings thru the trees, I'll try. For one like you

There's noth-ing I would-nt do And while there's you

May-be a dream will come true I'll try to spend my days in mak-ing you smile

So ma-ny ways I'll try to make you say when, So un-til then I'll try

The Scorpion's Thumb

Adapted from a script of the Adventures of Ellery Queen heard over CBS. Illustration posed by members of the cast—Hugh Marlowe as Ellery; Marian Shockley as Nikki.

MR. HERBERT WEAVER, of Weaver & McKay, Wall Street, was an odd sort of visitor to have on the day after Christmas. He was small, with a big head on which grew a poor crop of lank white hair, he wore sombre black clothes and a necktie of a dreary seaweed pattern, and he had a cough which he always produced with an air of great apology.

Ellery Queen's first impulse, when Mr. Weaver explained that he had recently discovered a shortage of \$25,000 in his firm's accounts, was to tell the little man to consult the police. Embezzlement didn't in the least intrigue Ellery's mind, used as it was to more dramatic puzzles.

But Mr. Weaver's pale lips pursed into an O of dismay at the suggestion. He couldn't possibly, he said with a cough, do that, because the thief could only be one of two people. "And I wouldn't want to prosecute either of them," he said.

Ellery, still only mildly interested, said, "So you want me to find out confidentially which of the two it is—is that it?"

Weaver nodded violently, "But I can't really believe it's either of them! You see, the missing money is cash which we always keep on hand in a special safe at our brokerage office. Besides myself, the only two people with access to that safe are my partner, Steve McKay, and our office manager, Dave Robinson. And Steve McKay is a millionaire!"

"That would seem to put the finger on Mr. Robinson," Ellery remarked absently. His gaze strayed past Mr. Weaver to where Nikki Porter, his secretary, was demurely taking short-hand notes, and he

thought, for perhaps the two million and forty-first time, how pretty she was. . . .

"But it can't be Robinson!" Weaver was saying in distress. "Dave Robinson is my wife's father!"

"Haven't you ever heard of an embezzling father-in-law?" Ellery grinned.

"I'd as soon suspect myself! Dave's absolutely honest. He and my wife and her sister Sheila are the most upright people I've ever known!"

Ellery felt the first faint prickings of the curiosity that always came when a puzzle began to fascinate him. A crime that—if Weaver weren't mistaken—could have been committed by only two possible men, one of them a millionaire and one a paragon of honesty—this sounded like an impossibility, and Ellery doted on impossibilities.

"Won't you please investigate for me—confidentially?" Weaver pleaded.

"Why, yes," Ellery agreed, "I rather think I shall."

During the following week he made a brief visit to the brokerage firm of Weaver & McKay. Posing as an investor, he conferred again with Weaver, and met David Robinson, the office manager; investigated the office safe; wandered about Weaver's private office with typical Queen insouciance. Later, away from the Weaver & McKay office, he paid one or two other calls. . . .

On New Year's Eve Ellery had an unexpected visitor—Steve McKay, Weaver's partner. He arrived just as Ellery, Nikki, and Ellery's father, Inspector Queen of the New York Police, were about to depart for the traditional festivities.

Nikki and Ellery led Temple stumbling to a chair. Suddenly he began to sob. Long looked at him in disgust.

■ Murder, lurking beneath the hectic gaiety of a holiday party, offers radio's master sleuth one of his most baffling puzzles, to be solved with only stolen money, a broken engagement, and a cocktail glass for clues

AN ELLERY QUEEN
MYSTERY



Steve McKay was the exact opposite of his partner. He was large and jovial and red-faced, and he apologized for his intrusion without embarrassment. He'd just learned from Weaver, he said, that Ellery had been retained to investigate the missing money. Now, as a special favor to him, he would like to have Ellery drop the case.

"You see," he said with a short laugh, "I know who took the money, and I'd prefer not to prosecute. Herb Weaver really shouldn't have taken it upon himself to retain you—"

BUT I know who took the money too, Mr. McKay," Ellery interrupted smoothly.

McKay's eyes, light blue against the brick-red face, widened in surprise. "Really? Have you told Weaver yet?"

"Not yet," Ellery told him. "I expect to have complete proof next week, and I'll tell him then. The odd thing about this case, Mr. McKay, is that the thief isn't the *obvious* thief at all."

"Not the obvious—" Steve McKay broke off, and appeared to ponder for a moment. "Mr. Queen," he said, "I'll tell you what. If you'll destroy that evidence when you get it, and then shut up about the whole business, I'll make it worth your while."

Inspector Queen had kept out of the conversation as long as it was humanly possible for him to restrain his curiosity. Now he said, "See here, McKay, whom are you trying to protect?"

Before McKay could answer, Ellery said, "I know whom he's trying to protect, Dad. . . . I'm sorry, Mr. McKay, but your partner engaged me on this business. I can't possibly do anything now but tell him what I've discovered."

The big man made a gesture of resignation. "I respect your attitude, of course. But look here—you can't take any action until next week anyway—you just said so yourself. Tomorrow's January first. Dave Robinson, our office manager, and his daughter Sheila hold open house on New Year's Day. Won't you—and your secretary and Inspector Queen too, of course," he added less cordially, "call on the Robinsons tomorrow afternoon?"

"Why?" Ellery asked.

"Perhaps," McKay said slowly, "because you'll learn something that will convince you no action in this case is necessary." He looked steadily at Ellery, then turned to the door. "Well, I'll be going along. Happy New Year!"

There was an air of strained gaiety about the party in Dave Robinson's modest suburban house the next afternoon. Or so, at least, it seemed to Ellery and Nikki and Inspector Queen when they arrived. Steve McKay was there, his gestures exaggerated and his voice thickened by liquor. Sheila Robinson, who had answered the doorbell, was pretty in a neurasthenic way, and Dave Robinson, her father, was a man past middle-age who seemed willing to let Steve McKay assume all the duties of host. The only other guest was a thin man of perhaps thirty-five who was introduced as Conrad Long. Ellery noticed that when Long looked at Steve McKay his face wore an expression of elegant distaste—and this though McKay referred to him as "my best friend."

"You haven't got a best friend, Steve," Long replied, laughing.

A table bountifully supplied with bottles, ice, and glasses had been set up in front of the big fireplace where cut logs crackled cheerfully, and as soon as Ellery and his party arrived McKay set to work mixing a fresh supply of cocktails.

"Where's your son-in-law, Herb Weaver, Mr. Robin-

son?" Ellery asked, thinking of the little man with the apologetic cough. "I rather expected to find him here too."

"Herb and Viola dropped by this morning," the white-haired Robinson said. "They're home now, I guess."

McKay had mixed the drinks and poured them. Now he was jovially handing around glasses. With that part of his brain which was never at peace, Ellery noticed that the glasses were rather unusual. Each one bore in colors a different design; looking closer, he saw that these designs were the various signs of the zodiac. His own was stamped with Libra, the Balance; Nikki's with Sagittarius, the Archer; McKay's with Scorpio, the Scorpion. It was an amusing decorative idea, and he was just about to comment on it when McKay cleared his throat importantly.

"Quiet, everybody! I've got two announcements to make this wonderful first day of the New Year—two happy announcements." He raised his glass high in the air with a dramatic gesture and beamed around at them all.

"The first announcement concerns our worthy host, the one an' only papa of Mrs. Weaver and Sheila Robinson—our esteemed office-manager, Dave Robinson! As of today, Dave, you're no longer an employee of Weaver & McKay. Henceforth an' forever you're a *partner*—in the firm of Weaver, McKay & Robinson!"

Through the babble of congratulations, Ellery noticed that Dave Robinson looked surprised, but not exactly overjoyed.

Almost at once, Steve McKay continued, "An' the second announcement—*very* important one—" He interrupted himself disgustedly as the telephone rang. "Oh, nuts!"

While they waited, Sheila (Continued on page 55)

Television Starlet

MEET Sheila Ryan who made history by being the first girl to step from television to a contract with a Hollywood movie studio.

It all started less than two years ago. Though she had lived in Hollywood most of her life, she had never thought about acting. In fact, she was completely wrapped up in her art studies and was all set to become a dress designer when she was graduated from Hollywood High School last June. Then, one day, Russell Williams, radio actor, suggested that she try for a role in a dramatic serial being produced by the Don Lee Television Station W6XAO. She proved to be a perfect television type and was given a role at once.

Now, it happens that among the most ardent television enthusiasts is Director Theodore Reed, and one night he attended a broadcast. One glimpse of Sheila was enough and the result was a screen test that led to parts in two pictures. Then came the biggest thrill of her life. She signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, and will be seen opposite Cesar Romero in "Ghost of the Cisco Kid."

Sheila is Irish, nineteen, was born in Topeka, Kansas, with the finely chiselled but definite features that make a perfect camera face.



The Guiding Light

IN FIVE Points, the melting-pot community of a great American city, stood Dr. John Ruthledge's church, presided over by the man whom people called "The Good Samaritan." Quiet, gentle and forbearing, Dr. Ruthledge was the focal point of all Five Points' tangled and conflicting emotions and passions. Years ago, he took into his home Ned Holden, whose mother had deserted him. Ned grew up to love Mary, Dr. Ruthledge's daughter, and to dream of being a great novelist. A morbid hatred of the parents he had never known, however, shadowed Ned's otherwise happy personality with a fear that was to have its profound effect upon his later life.

Ned and Mary were planning to be married when Fredrika Lang, a middle-aged woman who had recently come to Five Points, was arrested for the murder of a man named Paul Burns. Only Dr. Ruthledge knew that Fredrika and Burns were in reality Ned's parents, and that Fredrika had committed the murder to silence Burns who was trying to extort money from her on the threat of revealing his identity to Ned. Fredrika refused to make any defense at her trial, and was sentenced to death. Under promise to her, Dr. Ruthledge was unable to make her motive public, but shortly before the day set for her execution he made a personal appeal to the Governor of the State and was able to secure a pardon.

Tragedy struck swiftly upon the heels of Fredrika's return to Five Points. On the evening before his wedding to Mary was to take place, Ned overheard a conversation between Fredrika and Dr. Ruthledge which told him that she was his mother and Paul Burns his father. Overwhelmed by the knowledge that what he had feared—a parentage tainted with murder and dishonesty—was true, Ned disappeared from Five Points. All of Dr. Ruthledge's and Fredrika's efforts to find him were futile, and Mary, though her habitual reserve kept her from showing her grief, was heartbroken.

Meanwhile, another group of people in Five Points were struggling for happiness. Rose Kransky, daughter of the pawnshop keeper, had left her family and taken an apartment of her own. Ambitious and headstrong, she was also innocent, and fell in love with her employer, Charles Cunningham, who promised to marry her as soon as a quiet divorce from his own wife could be arranged. His wife, however, brought suit against him, charging infidelity and naming Rose as co-respondent. Clinging desperately to her trust in Cunningham, against the advice of Dr. Ruthledge and of Ellis Smith, an artist who lived in Five Points and had always been her close friend, Rose allowed herself to be

■ A mock marriage and a marriage that was only a mockery, an unwanted child and an unloved wife, a prodigal's return and a woman's resolve to conquer life on her own terms—these make a new chapter in radio's gripping story of human souls

Adapted from the radio serial by Irna Phillips, heard daily on NBC-Red (see Radio Mirror Almanac, Page 43 for your local time), sponsored by P. & G. White Naptha Soap. Photos posed by Ed Prentiss as Ned; Sarajane Wells, Mary; Ruth Bailey as Rose; Mignon Schreiber, Mrs. Kransky; Gladys Heen as Torchy.

drawn into the tawdry scandal that ensued when Cunningham decided to contest his wife's suit. Detectives who had been set by Mrs. Cunningham to watch her husband and Rose, without their knowledge, tore their defense to shreds and made Rose's reputation a plaything for the newspapers. The final, clinching point against Rose and her lover was made when a dictaphone record was played, reproducing one of their conversations in which they had discussed renting a summer cottage together. When she heard this, Rose screamed, "Stop it! I can't stand any more!"

ROSE'S terrified outburst ended that day's session of court. The next morning the judge sent the jury out of the room while he censured Rose severely for testifying that she and Charles Cunningham had never thought of renting a cottage at Redwood Lake. He closed his lecture by fining her five hundred dollars for contempt of court: a fine which Charles paid at once. Then the jury was brought back, and the trial continued.

To Rose, sitting in crushed, hopeless misery, it seemed as if the proceedings would go on forever. And yet, perhaps, it would be better if they did, since now there could be only one outcome—Charles would lose the suit, and he would be so angry he would never speak to her again. If they had only known at first that Mrs. Cunningham had sent detectives to spy on them, watch their movements and record their words! Then there would not have been this tawdry public squabble that tainted with filth every moment she and Charles had ever spent together. At least, she could have kept her memories; now, even they were ruined.

Deep in depression, she had been paying no attention to the trial, but now, hearing a familiar and unexpected name, she stiffened in amazement. Ellis Smith was taking the stand.

"Do you know Miss Rose Kransky, the co-respondent in this suit?" she heard Rigby, Cunningham's attorney, ask.

Ellis' eyes swept the courtroom until they found her. There was a strange expression in them—almost one of pleading. Then he said clearly:

"Certainly I know her. She is my fiancée. We have been engaged for more than a year."

A gasp of astonishment burst from the people in the crowded room, and the judge rapped angrily for order. Raising his voice to make himself heard, Rigby pursued, "Have you at any time had reason to resent the fact that Miss Kransky—your fiancée—was Mr. Cunningham's private secretary?"

"Of course not."

"You trust Miss Kransky, don't you?"

■ The dim light shone on Ned Holden's face. "Mary," he said timidly. "Mary, this is my wife."

"Implicitly."

"Mr. Smith, as Miss Kransky's fiancée, have you had occasion to suspect that she had betrayed your faith in her, in any way, at any time?"

"Absolutely not," Ellis said, his voice ringing out convincingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," Rigby said smugly. "That will be all."

It wasn't, however, quite all. There was more: cross-examination by Taylor, an unsuccessful attempt to imply that Ellis was receiving money from Charles Cunningham for his testimony, and some general questions that showed how surprised and shaken Mrs. Cunningham's attorney was at this new testimony.

A hard spot of anger formed and glowed in Rose's breast—anger at Ellis Smith for his intrusion into her life, at Charles for permitting him to intrude. Then she saw Charles taking the stand for the second time, called there by Mrs. Cunningham's lawyer.

"Just a few questions, Mr. Cunningham," Taylor began smoothly. "Do you notice anything peculiar about Miss Kransky's present conduct, while listening to the testimony given in this court?"

I suppose I do show what I'm feeling, Rose thought—and then, defiantly—I don't care. Rigby was on his feet protesting, "Your Honor, I object to the unnecessary questioning by counsel as far as Miss Kransky is concerned."

The judge sustained the objection, and Taylor went on, in a tone of great disbelief, "Mr. Cunningham, do you mean to tell this court and jury that you had no affection for this girl?"

Charles did not glance at Rose. With utter sincerity, he said, "None whatsoever. I have never had any affection for Miss Kransky."

Once before, during his first examination, he had denied his love for her, and she had listened quietly, believing his statement a lie. But now—now she knew he was telling the truth. He did not love her. He had never loved her.

The realization brought her to her feet, put words into her mouth that she was scarcely conscious of saying.

"How can you tell me that? I won't sit here and let you lie! Tell them the truth—that I love you! Tell them what I've meant to you! Why don't you?—is it because you're ashamed—afraid? Well, I'm

■ Rose stood looking down at her mother and the tiny infant. "I'm going back to work, Ma," she said.

not! I'll tell the whole world—I've loved you, I've let you love me—"

People were clustering about her, talking in loud, chattering voices, putting their hands on her, pushing her and pulling her. Sobbing hysterically, unresisting, she let herself be led out of the courtroom.

It was the next day before she had recovered sufficiently to realize what she had done. The newspaper at the door of her apartment told her what had happened—that Mrs. Cunningham had been granted a divorce on grounds of infidelity.

Alone in the apartment, the paper spread out over her knees, she heard herself talking aloud.

"What a fool! He never loved me. All he wanted was— And in court, he only cared about saving his own reputation—he wasn't interested in mine. I've never meant any more to him than Helen Ryder did—and he lied to me about her. He let her believe he loved her, just as he let me believe it. And when she found out what he was really like, she tried to kill herself. . . ."

She fell silent. The little one-room apartment was bright with morning sunlight. From the kitchenette where she and Charles had once gaily prepared a delicious and quite indigestible dinner, came the low hum of the electric refrigerator. Of course she'd have to give up the apartment, now that she had no job. She couldn't think where she could go instead. Not home. Pa had told her when she left that she need never come back. And after what had happened she couldn't expect any help from him, or accept it if it was offered.

But, she resolved with a sudden upsurge of fighting spirit, she would not be a Helen Ryder. She would not give up. She would go on living, and never again would she have faith in anyone.

A sudden ring of the doorbell startled her. At first she dreaded answering it; then, with head high, she strode across the room and put her hand on the knob.

Ellis Smith was in the hall. His quick movement to enter the room proved his fear that she would refuse to see him; but Rose, who had hated him the day before, now felt only a dull indifference. What did it matter, now, what Ellis Smith had said on the witness stand?

"Hello, Rose," he said.

"Hello." She turned her back on him and walked over to the window. Behind her, a chair creaked as he sat down.

"Rose—I've been thinking about you all (Continued on page 50)



I Got \$4,000 Out of the Air—

■ An amazing radio confession of a missing heir who might have lost a fortune if—



By MYRTLE GARVEY JURANICS

—who got her inheritance through CBS's *Court of Missing Heirs*, heard Tuesday nights at 8:00, sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

EVEN now, I can't believe it happened to me.

I can't believe that a blaring little radio in an ice cream parlor should be the instrument that meant the difference between life and death for my nineteen-year-old daughter!

You see, I'm a housekeeper with a fairly easy job, and though I don't make a lot of money, I manage to get on very comfortably and I've been able to bring up three wonderful children. Besides my married daughter, Margaret, I have a seventeen-year-old boy, Stanley, and a third child, Ruthie, aged twelve.

My employer is a widower here in Rensselaer, N. Y. I run his home as if it were my own. I do the marketing, the cleaning, the mending and I'm happy in my job. Why shouldn't I be? It's better than working in a steam laundry.

Yes, I used to do that too. During the fourteen years that I have worked to make ends meet, I've done all kinds of menial labor and I've had a long, hard pull that began back in 1926 when my husband abandoned me, leaving me with three small children to support.

Looking back on that first awful day when I came home from a neighbor's and found Mike's things gone, I still don't know what made him go. In our community we were considered a happy couple. Oh, we quarreled a little about unimportant things—his staying out too late with the boys or my failure to iron his shirts properly, but generally speaking, we got along swell, like you and your husband or the couple next door.

Mike and I fell in love at first sight. Our romance began in Messina, N. Y. I was working as a waitress in a little restaurant near Messina's big aluminum plant. The men and boys from the plant used

to eat in the restaurant and since I was young and fairly attractive, I was one of their favorites. We'd all kid around a lot together but I never took any man seriously—that is, until I met Mike.

We went "steady" for three years. Then one day I made up my mind I had to have Mike for my own or give him up altogether. I figured out a way to force the issue.

"I'm going to Springfield," I told him. "My brother lives there. Think maybe I'll stay if I like it. A girl ought to be near her folks. She ought to have somebody to be close to."

Mike's face seemed to fall in around the edges. "Well, Gee, Myrtle," he stammered. "I'll certainly miss you when you're gone. Gee, it won't seem right, here in Messina without you."

My heart played a little tune. The plan was working.

"Why don't you come along then?" I suggested.

Mike was a man of quick decisions. He decided to go to Springfield with me just as suddenly as he was to decide to leave me several years later.

In Springfield we went straight to the home of my brother Alfred. Springfield was a thriving railroad center and Al told Mike he thought he could get a good job there. Mike looked at me. . . .

"How about it, Myrtle?" he cleared his throat.

I nodded, brushing aside the happy tears. It was the most important moment of my life. That's what I thought then.

"We'll have a church wedding," Mike said, as he sprawled his name across the application for license. "None of this judge stuff for us. We want a preacher and all the fixin's." (Continued on page 48)

■ We had four blood transfusions and still Margaret didn't seem to get better. I was constantly at her side.





BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8.00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

THESE tingling, blue-skied autumn days are rushing us right along into thoughts of brown, crisp, succulent turkey—even before Thanksgiving Day itself actually comes up on the calendar. And the thought of turkey brings up in turn two major problems we face annually. First, what to serve with the turkey to make the dinner seem a little different. Second, how to cook the turkey the next two or three days after the big feast so that the "left-overs" will become glamorous and exciting.

If these problems, either or both, have driven you to despair in years past, take heart—I have some suggestions that I guarantee will make your next turkey something to be remembered with gratitude.

Although it's no solution to problem one or problem two, I want to add a tip here about the dressing. With so many kinds of dressing to choose from, it's merely a matter of personal preference which you select. The new tip, however, is to use cooked rice or cereal, either of which serves as an excellent base for seasonings and absorbs generous quantities of liquid which keeps the turkey from becoming dry.

Problem one—what to serve with the turkey to make the family and guests sit up and take notice, is well solved, I think, with three dishes—baked stuffed oranges, carrot and sweet potato casserole and a pumpkin pie as a superb finale.

Problem two—what to do with left-overs, is explained in the menus on the right.

BAKED STUFFED ORANGES

Select medium oranges, one for each person. Parboil in salted water until skins are tender. Cut off blossom ends and remove pulp. Combine pulp with equal portions of grapefruit sections, pineapple and dates, all chopped. Place in buttered casserole and cover with liquid (one cup for six oranges) made of equal portions of water and molasses. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently and adding more liquid if oranges begin to get dry. Just before serving, sprinkle tops with shredded coconut and brown lightly under broiler flame. Serve hot.



PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 large pastry shell
 - 2 cups steamed, strained pumpkin (or canned pumpkin)
 - 1/3 cup New Orleans type molasses
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. ginger
 - 1 egg 1 cup milk
- Bake pastry shell at 425 degrees F. for ten minutes. Combine all other ingredients in order named, adding milk gradually so mixture remains smooth. Pour into partly baked pastry shell, sprinkle with 1 tsp. sugar mixed with 1 tsp. cinnamon, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven. Serve hot. Garnish with one cup cream, whipped, with half a cup of chopped candied ginger.

CARROT AND SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked diced carrots
 - 1 lb. sliced cooked sweet potatoes
 - 1/2 cup New Orleans type molasses
 - 3/4 tsp. salt 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 3 tbs. butter marshmallows
- Place alternate layers of carrots and sweet potatoes in buttered baking dish, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper, butter and molasses. Coat marshmallows with molasses and use for final layer. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until thoroughly heated and browned.



LET'S TALK TURKEY



Ewing Galloway

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR LEFT-OVER TURKEY

THE FIRST DAY

Turkey sticks with bacon
Baked potato
Braised celery
Mixed green salad
Hot gingerbread
Coffee

Turkey Sticks with Bacon

- Cut turkey into two-inch strips, half an inch thick and half an inch wide. Roll a slice of bacon around each stick, fasten with tooth picks and cook under broiler flame, turning once, until bacon is brown and crisp.

THE SECOND DAY

Turkey and ham croquettes
French fried potatoes
String beans or creamed spinach
Tomato and watercress salad
Caramel custard—Coffee

Turkey and Ham Croquette

- 1 cup diced turkey
- 1 cup diced cooked ham
- 1 cup thick mock brown sauce
- 1 tsp. onion juice
- dash nutmeg
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup crumbs

- Combine turkey, ham, onion juice and nutmeg and add sufficient mock brown sauce so that mixture will mold easily into croquettes. Roll croquettes in crumbs, dip into beaten egg and roll in crumbs again and fry in deep fat (375 degrees F.) until brown. The mock brown sauce is made just like white sauce, except that the butter and flour are cooked to dark golden brown before the milk is added.

FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Turkey and oyster a la King
Wild rice—Green peas

Hearts of lettuce
and pineapple with French dressing
Maple nut ice cream—Coffee

Turkey and Oyster a la King

- 1 cup diced turkey
- 1 cup oysters, chopped
- 1 small can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup chopped pimento
- 1/4 cup chopped ripe olives
- 2 hardcooked eggs, sliced

- Combine soup and oyster liquid in double boiler and stir until smooth. Add remaining ingredients and heat through. If mixture becomes too thick, thin to desired consistency with milk.

THANK YOU FOR THANKSGIVING

1. For chestnut recipes, buy the nuts from your hot roasted chestnut vendor. Easier to shell than the home prepared variety, and the roasting adds flavor.

2. It's no trick at all to cook French fried potatoes and croquettes in the same deep fat. Put the potatoes in first and as soon as they begin to brown remove them and let them cool while the croquettes are cooking. While the croquettes are draining, pop the potatoes into the hot fat again; they'll need only a moment for final browning.

3. If you want a sauce for the croquettes, double the quantity of ingredients for the mock brown sauce with which they are made, reserve half the sauce and keep it hot, then add half to a cupful of chopped chestnuts.

4. Now we know what to do with the coarse outer stalks of celery which can't go to the Thanksgiving table. Make braised celery. Cut stalks into two-inch strips, cook until tender in boiling salted water, drain and saute lightly in butter.

5. Avoid gummy, pasty croquettes and a la kings. Dice the ingredients but do not mince them.

6. Now that we've disposed of the leftover turkey problem, here's an idea for the leftover stuffing and gravy. Combine them, place in buttered casserole, dot with butter or sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven until brown.



Facing the Music

■ Xavier Cugat, Rhumba King, is also a clever caricaturist. Right and below, two sketches of dancers made on his recent South American tour.



fectured her excellent singing one bit.

* * *

Ray Noble clicked at Chicago's Palmer House so he stays there until December. The Englishman is also heard on Alec Templeton's NBC commercial.

* * *

Percy Faith, whose Canadian Capers have always brought cheers from this pillar, keeps the Carnation NBC baton permanently.

* * *

Nan Wynn is a wise songbird. She is guaranteed three vocals on every one of Raymond Scott's CBS broadcasts.

* * *

There must be something to this Latin-American music. The Statler hotel chain has signed Nano Rodrigo's crew for a tour of their outlets, starting in Detroit, October 15.

* * *

Dick Jurgens and Raymond

■ Because—they love it!



■ Because they were born in Cuba.

Scott's bands are both burning up the midwest and are headed for the east.

SIX LESSONS FROM SENOR CUGAT

XAVIER CUGAT, the stockily built, blue-eyed Spaniard who caused a wave of national hip-shaking by popularizing the Rhumba and other South American Sways, likes to make dates with himself.

When he came to this country in 1916 as a widely-heralded concert artist, he vowed to become the finest violinist or give up the career. He set a generous time limit of twelve years. After a careful appraisal of critical notices and a waning bank balance, Xavier shrugged his shoulders and sighed frankly "I am not good enough so I quit."

Although a confirmed bachelor, his carefully plastered mustache bristled when he met a wild-eyed Mexican movie senorita named Carmen. He asked her for a date and fumed as only a Latin can fume when she gave him the wrong address. This made Xavier indignant and he made another of his solo appointments: "This time I give myself six weeks to marry that girl." He didn't fail.

Inspired by his bride, Cugat decided to organize a dance band featuring the exotic music he knew best.

For almost five years, Xavier fiddled fox trots for Vincent Lopez,

By KEN ALDEN

ALL radio row is anxious to learn whether Kay Kyser or Glenn Miller attracts the most patronage when these two bands face each other in rival New York hotels this Fall. Kyser holds down the Waldorf-Astoria and Miller returns to the Hotel Pennsylvania.

* * *

Ever since he organized his first band on the campus of Ohio University, Sammy Kaye has refused to employ girl vocalists. But on a recent visit to Toronto, Sammy was impressed with the singing of Louise Lorraine. He is trying the girl out on theater dates and if she clicks, you should be able to hear Louise on future swing and sway broadcasts. This leaves only Guy Lombardo's band in the big name bracket still allergic to female canaries.

* * *

Ziggy Elman, probably one of the finest trumpet players, has switched from Benny Goodman to Tommy Dorsey, replacing Bunny Berigan in the latter's band. Berigan is going to make a stab at leading his own band again.

* * *

Dolly Dawn, George Hall's cherubic singer must have put on some weight during that lengthy road tour because she is now on a strict diet. Dieting, however, hasn't af-

Anson Weeks, and Phil Harris, storing a fund of dance band knowledge without revealing his well-laid plans.

"They teach me so I keep very quiet."

When he needed additional funds, Cugat turned to another of his talents: drawing caricatures, and sold them to many Los Angeles newspapers.

When he made his debut in Hollywood's Montmartre Cafe with a band of American and Cuban musicians, the reaction to this weird combination was decidedly mixed. Most of the patrons stared incredulously at the bongos, maracas, wiros, claves and other unique instruments and stayed off the dance floor as if it were sprinkled with porcupines. The date-minded Cugat was almost ready to give himself another stand-up, when the more traveled movie stars like Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Charlie Chaplin, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., came to the cafe. Their early preference of pampas, instead of campus tunes, helped immeasurably.

However, certain assorted events like swing music and show-off rhumba dancers won Castilian contempt.

"Those semi-professional dancers almost ruined me. They made the rhumba look so difficult that all the other dancers would sit down, scared stiff."

Cugat explained that the rhumba and all its sisters and brothers—congas, boleros, sons, zambas, and the new danzon—are very simple.

"You dance the rhumba just like the foxtrot. Only the rhythm is accentuated. Just remember to keep the top of your body rigid."

If you see any couples hogging the floor like Sunday drivers, give them an icy stare. They are wrong, according to Senor Cugat.

"Cuba is very hot. When people dance there they are too tired and warm to hop all over the place. They try to stay in one spot."

Tunes like "Peanut Vendor," "Carioca," and "Siboney" and those weekend cruises to Florida and Havana were allies of pioneer Cugat. When radio listeners and dancers heard those tunes they were surprised that rhumbas could compete with any other popular tunes. Vacationers to warmer climes would see the dances performed and rush home looking for the Main Street Madame La Zonga.

Hotel managers watched the trend develop and booked small rhumba bands to serve as relief units to the big orchestras. Cugat got

(Continued on page 81)

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

IN THE radio world, where time is generally calculated in terms of thirteen weeks, it's somewhat a feather in one's cap to remain on the same program for four entire seasons. Though she rarely wears a hat, nevertheless we've got the feather for Miss Linda Lee, vivacious vocalist on the Robert L. Ripley Believe It or Not program heard over CBS every Friday night at ten o'clock.

The attractive Miss Lee was born in New Orleans, Louisiana—of non-musical parents, and sang her way all through school—just for the joy of it. But when school was over and she found working in a department store not too much fun, she decided to go to one of the small New Orleans radio stations for an audition. They liked her and gave her a weekly fifteen-minute spot on a sustaining basis, of course. Then she received an offer from a Basin Street nightclub and took the job with the understanding that her real name was not to be used. One night came the inevitable mistake, and Linda's parents insisted that her contribution to the entertainment field was completed.

Little did they know what really lay in store . . . such as a trip to St. Louis; a four-week engagement at the Ambassador Theater; radio work at KMOX; New York and appearances with Russ Morgan and Paul Whiteman; summer stock at Ivoryton, Connecticut; and several roles in various productions on Broadway.

In 1937 she appeared on the Ripley show as a guest . . . and before she turned around once slowly, she was a permanent member of his cast. And what a busy young lady she's been ever since! There are music lessons, dramatic lessons, rehearsals, and in addition, she is appearing in the current Broadway show, Louisiana Purchase.

She's little, dark and sparkling . . . loves to laugh, loves the movies and loves to knit . . . in just that order. And we love to hear her sing!

Miss Phyllis Giammateo, Bristol, Conn: We'd like to comply with your request and publish a picture of Fletcher Wiley, but because he is something of a mystery man, there are no photographs available. It's just that he insists he would like to keep his personal life . . . well, *personal*. His real name is E. McIntyre de Pencier and he was born in New Orleans forty-four years ago. He knocked about the country for years, doing all sorts of odd jobs, making money, losing it, living everywhere. Six years ago he walked into a Los Angeles radio station, introduced himself and insisted that he had a radio idea with a lot of possibilities. The station gave him the air time, and it took seven long months before he found a sponsor. Today, his is one of the highest incomes in radio; to millions he is a well-loved and trusted friend, and in his down-to-earth personal manner, he's ironed out countless problems for his unseen listeners.

Virginia Hobson, Pittsburgh, Penna: Bonnie Baker's real name is Evelyn Nelson and she was born twenty-two



■ From one guest appearance to star for four consecutive seasons—Linda Lee, vocalist on the Bob Ripley show, can be proud of her achievement.

years ago in Orange, Texas. She is five feet tall and weighs 92 pounds.

M. L. Bennet, Alhambra, Calif: The part of Lynn Edwards in Mystery House is played by Chester Stratton, and Teresa Dale portrays the role of Mrs. Pendergast.

Mrs. Clara Ortell, Los Angeles, Calif: Here's the cast of Pretty Kitty Kelly: Kitty Kelly . . . Arline Blackburn
Michael Conway . . . Clayton Collyer
Bunny Wilson . . . Helen Choat
Slim . . . Artells Dickson
Inspector Grady . . . Howard Smith
Mrs. Murger . . . Charmie Allen
Mr. Welby . . . Dennis Hooey
Mrs. Welby . . . Ethel Intropidi

FAN CLUB SECTION

Patricia McCarthy, 524 Garfield Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., has organized a Count Basie Swing Club.

All Dick Jurgens fans are requested to communicate with Miss Dorothy Suhr, 927 Kishwaukee Street, Rockford, Illinois.

There has been a new fan club formed for Marlin Hurt of the Showboat program. You can join it by writing to Lois Pallesen, 1637 No. Springfield St., Chicago, Illinois.

The official Fred Waring Fan Club is just one year old, and though the membership is quite large, they'd like to keep growing. If you are interested, write to Miss Ruth Stanford, 508 Eighteenth Street, Union City, New Jersey.

There's a very interesting fan club known as the Radio Echoes. They have not one president but five honoraries, including Lanny Ross, Alice Frost, Johnnie Johnston, Winston Ross and Alec Templeton. Miss Marie Des Chenes, 72 Delisle Street, Fitchburg, Mass., will be glad to tell you all about it.

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Bandleader John Kirby—and his singer-wife, Moxine Sullivan.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 27, November 3, 10, 17 and 24!

October 27: There's a new variety program starting this afternoon on NBC-Red at 5:30, sponsored by Quaker Oats. . . Bert Gardan, the Mod Russian, is the comedy guest star on Vincent Lopez' Show of the Week, MBS at 6:30. . . And Jone Framon, who isn't heard often enough lately, is guest on the CBS Design for Happiness show at 5:00.

November 3: You can listen to Nina Mortini sing this afternoon—by tuning in Design for Happiness on CBS at 5:00.

November 10: A new program for Chicago and the territory west of it is the Chamberlain Lovely Lady show at 9:30, C.S.T. It's a musical half-hour. . . Dorothy Maynor, sensational colored soprano, sings on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, CBS at 9: . . . and Hape Manning, also a soprano, on Design for Happiness.

November 17: You can listen to Oscar Levant playing the piano instead of wisecracking an Design for Happiness. . . Helen Jepson sings on the Ford Hour.

November 24: Lily Pans is the Design for Happiness guest star today. . . Ted Malane and his interesting visits to the homes of American poets are back on NBC-Blue at 2:00.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm, with John Kirby's orchestra, Moxine Sullivan, and the Golden Gate Quartet, an CBS at 2:30, E.S.T.

Sunday's a busy day on the air, but you really ought to find time to hear this unusual musical program. Maybe you think you don't like swing music—but you never heard this kind. It lives up to the title of the program—it does flow gently, and it is sweet rhythm.

The man responsible for this new and delightful kind of swing music is John Kirby, a shy, chubby, light-complected Negro who knows exactly how he wants music to sound and works like the dickens to make it sound that way. His orchestra is small, consisting of only five men besides himself, and its personnel is the same as when John started it five years ago: Billy Kyle at the piano; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Russell Pracepe, saxophone; and O'Neill Spencer, drums. John himself plays the bull fiddle.

John has four arrangers, in addition, who take popular or classical music and re-phrase it so it sounds the way the bass likes it, melodic and beautiful, not noisy, but with a strong rhythm.

The Kirby success story is something to make you sit up and take notice. He was born in Baltimore, and always loved music.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

BEN ALEXANDER—the announcer on tonight's Chase and Sanborn program on NBC. This expert master of ceremonies is the same Ben Alexander who was a child actor when the movies were young. He's 29 now, and still appears in pictures occasionally, but devotes most of his time to radio. You'll hear him on his own program, Little Ol' Hollywood, at 9:35 tomorrow night over NBC-Blue.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	CBS: Mattinata
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: News of Europe
8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Four Showmen Quartet
8:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Melodic Moods
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
11:35	10:05	11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm
8:05	10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth (Nov. 3)
11:45	11:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Bonnie Stewart
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Wings Over America
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: March of Games
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: On Your Job
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: United We Stand
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: American Pilgrimage
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Smoke Dreams
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Orchestra
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: The Revueers
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Design for Happiness
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Met. Opera Auditions
	5:15	5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
4:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Col. Steopnagle
4:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: The Shadow
4:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
4:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Quaker Variety Show
5:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER
5:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Gordon Orchestra
5:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Gene Autry
5:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Show of the Week
5:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
6:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: News of the World
6:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
6:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
6:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Screen Actors Guild
6:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Speak Up America
6:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
6:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Wythe Williams
7:30	8:00	8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES
7:30	8:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
8:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson
8:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
9:00	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
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
8:00	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
9:00	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Lovely Lady
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Voice That Walks Beside You
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

Eastern Standard Time

8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00 10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:30	9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
1:45	9:30 10:30 CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:45	10:00 11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15 11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30 11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Blue: Rochester Orchestra
11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
2:45	3:45 CBS: Lecture Hall
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15 4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45 4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00 5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15 5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45 6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00 6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30 6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:30	9:30 7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
8:30	6:30 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
9:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Those We Love
8:30	7:00 8:00 NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery
5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Howard and Shelton
8:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I.Q.
7:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Show Boat
7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: America Sings

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Two of Those We Love stars—Helen Wood and Donald Woods.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 28, November 4, 11, 18 and 25!

October 28: Have you succeeded yet in finding all your favorite daytime serials since Daylight Saving Time ended and so many of them changed time? The program guide at the left ought to help you out, if you haven't.

November 4: The positively final campaign speeches are on the air tonight, and the Democrats have the last word, with a program on NBC-Red from 11:00 to 12:00, E.S.T.

November 11: Twenty-two years ago today an Armistice was signed for the first World War.

November 18: There's plenty of drama on the air tonight: Those We Love, I Love a Mystery, the Lux Theater.

November 25: Find out how rubber is extracted from trees and made into useful articles by listening to Americans at Work, this morning at 9:15 on CBS. It's part of the School of the Air.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Those We Love, a dramatic serial starring Nan Grey, Donald Woods, Richard Cromwell and Helen Wood, on CBS at 8:00 E.S.T. and 9:00 P.S.T., and sponsored by Teel.

Because the people in Those We Love are pleasant, normal and interesting, this has become so popular a serial that it has been able to survive extended vacations off the air, plus changes in time, network, and sponsorship.

The four young stars of Those We Love are as handsome a group of kids as you'd ever want to meet. Three of them—Nan Grey, Donald Woods and Richard Cromwell, who play Kathy, Dr. Leslie Foster, and Kit—came to radio from the movies. The fourth, Helen Wood, who is Elaine Dascom, is a product of radio, although she has appeared in a few movies as well. Oscar O'Shea, as John Marshall, Alma Kruger as Aunt Emily, and Virginia Sale as Martha, are all veterans of both stage and screen. Virginia Sale is the sister of the late Chic Sale, and like him, specializes in homespun dialects. Agnes Ridgeway, who writes Those We Love, says that the character of Martha, as Virginia plays her, is the kind of cook who can "cook for company either way—either so they'll come again or so they'll stay away."

A full-fledged member of the cast is Lee Millar, who does dog-barks and otherwise impersonates Rags, the Marshall's

dog. A real dog, naturally, couldn't be trusted to bark when the script cued him in, so an imitator must be employed. However, there is a real Rags who is the mascot for Those We Love and comes to every rehearsal. He's part Sealyham and part runt sheepdog, and Lee Millar has regular work-outs with him, when he studies Rags' barks and growls and whines to make sure that the imitations are perfect. In addition, he once made a set of phonograph records, including sounds made by the dog and by himself. When listeners weren't able to tell the difference, Lee relaxed and knew he was a success. The amazing things that go on in radio!

Nan Grey, whose real name is Eschell Miller, is the wife of Jackie Westrope, one of America's best and most successful jockeys. Nan loves horses, and would like to be as expert at riding them as her husband is, but he doesn't believe in busman's holidays and refuses to ride in his leisure time. And since her leisure time usually coincides with his, Nan's pretty much given up her ambition.

Richard Cromwell and Helen Wood are both unmarried, but Donald Woods is the husband of Josephine Van der Harck. They eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, in 1928, and have two children now—Conrad, 7, and Linda Margaret, 4. Conrad, since he is "a chip off the old block," is appropriately nicknamed "Splinter."

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JOSEPHINE GILBERT—Chicago-born actress who plays Miss Branch in Kitty Keene, dramatic serial heard over NBC-Red in Chicago and westward. Josephine found her first radio success in Detroit, where she played in The Green Hornet and other programs, then returned to work in her home town, Chicago. While Midstream was on the air, she was heard as Amy. She's tiny and vivacious.



Complete Programs from October 25 to November 26

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Professor Quiz and announcer Bob Trout start another year on the air.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 29, November 5, 12, 19 and 26!

October 29: For a program that's a fine mixture of comedy and human-interest drama, tune in *We, The People*, on CBS tonight at 9:00.
 November 5: Don't forget to vote today . . . and tonight you can listen in to practically any station and learn how the whole nation voted. . . Information Please has its last broadcast tonight before moving to Friday night for a new sponsor.
 November 12: A program that made many friends last season returns tonight. It's *Meet Mr. Weeks* (not to be confused with *Meet Mr. Meek*), in which Edward Weeks, editor and writer, speaks his mind. Listen at 9:35 on NBC-Blue. . . Another returning program is the *Lo Risa* Concert series, at 8:30 on Mutual.
 November 19: Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra open tonight at Meadowbrook Country Club, broadcasting over NBC.
 November 26: That's an amusing game Ben Bernie plays on his program tonight at 8:00 over NBC-Blue—and in addition you hear the voice of lovely Carol Bruce.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Professor Quiz, on CBS at 9:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Velvet Smoking Tobacco.

Just four years ago this month, Professor Quiz first went on the air, which makes him the granddaddy of all question-and-answer men. Of course you might argue that Vox Pop was ahead of him, but on the other hand, Vox Pop isn't strictly a quiz program, and doesn't give prizes to the contestants who have the most knowledge.

If you're coming to New York on a visit, why don't you make arrangements to compete on Professor Quiz' program? It's easy enough. All you have to do is write to the Professor, in care of CBS, telling him when you expect to be in New York and asking to be on his show. If you give him plenty of notice in advance, the chances are you'll receive a wire telling you you're elected for the program. Except on one program a year, or when he's on tour, the Professor likes to have out-of-towners on his show, with only one New Yorker.

The exception is at Christmas-time, when he picks as contestants people who are unable to leave New York for their homes. He thinks it's the next best thing for them to appear on his show, so that at least their relatives at home can listen.

In the four years he's been on the air, Quiz figures he—or rather his sponsors—have given away \$65,000 in prizes to contestants and people who send in questions for use on the program. First and second prizes of 25 and 15 silver dollars are given

away on each program to the two highest-scoring contestants, and checks for \$25 are mailed each week to the six people who send in the best lists of six questions.

The silver-dollar business used to be a big problem, and sometimes still is. One of the duties of Lee Little, the director of the program, is to supply the 40 silver dollars every week. In the first year Quiz was on the air Lee used to hunt silver dollars in every bank in New York. Now he has an arrangement with one bank to supply the silver, but when Quiz is on tour, as he frequently is, Lee must carry around a bagful of silver all the time, in order not to be caught in a town where the coins aren't available.

Quiz is really Dr. Croig Earl, a former vaudeville troupier. He doesn't tell very much about the years before he went on the air, but a good guess is that he used to be a professional magician. He still practices magic tricks as a hobby, and likes nothing better than he's traveling around the country than to visit orphanages and hospitals and put on impromptu shows.

Mrs. Quiz helps the Professor on the program and acts as one of the scorekeepers. She's a little blonde woman, very sweet-faced and pleasant. They have a son, Arthur, who is a student of Stackbridge Agricultural College, and has no intention of going into radio or doing anything else which would make him live in a city.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

GEORGE BARNES—the 19-year-old guitarist you're likely to hear doing solos on almost any NBC musical show originating in Chicago—*Club Matinee*, *Breakfast Club*, *Plantation Party*, *Show Boat*, to name a few. He plays an amplified guitar, which has a more resonant tone than an ordinary guitar and works with electricity. Because he loved music too much to waste time at anything else, he left high school at the end of his sophomore year and has been playing in bands ever since. He looks like a very calm person, but really has terrible stage fright at the mike. He was married last March to singer Adrienne Guy.



P.S.T.	E.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
2:00	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:15 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend In Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Mr. O'Neills
7:55	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	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
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
8:10	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: La Rosa Concerts
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, the People
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Meet Mr. Weeks
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
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the War

Karo finds the "KEYNOTE" to Annette's personality

This is the first portrait of Annette ever painted from life! It is the second trait in a series of individual studies of the happy, healthy Dionne Quints. Annette was first. Now you see Annette. Soon will follow paintings of Marie, Emilie, and Marie. Watch for them! They're exquisite. Willy Pogany, famous American artist, depicts the lovely personality of Annette. What a lovable, interesting little person she is! This most talented of the Quints expresses her many and varying moods through music. She can't read a note, but has exceptional "musical ear" and can play almost any tune with two fingers. Annette is straightforward, honest. She commands admiration and respect. She's a good student, an excellent organizer, and lots of fun!

WISE ANNETTE SAYS:

"I like Karo because it makes my milk taste so good!" Karo does flavor milk deliciously, makes it much more tempting. Thousands of children have discovered that two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk greatly increases its food-energy value.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its Dextrose and Maltose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."



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**KARO
RED LABEL**
(Crystal White)
Perfect sweetening for fruits, beverages. Fine for preserving.

**KARO
WAFFLE
SYRUP**
It's new, delicious, different! It has a flavor all its own!

**KARO
BLUE LABEL**
Delicious as a spread. A fine dessert sauce. It adds new interest to cooked dishes.



FOR TWO GENERATIONS Karo has enjoyed a place of honor as America's favorite Table Syrup. Now it also has "taken over" in the kitchen. Women have discovered that this delicious, nutritious syrup works *flavor wonders* in food.

Karo adds new zest to baked beans, sweet potatoes, apples, bananas. It makes them *extra* appetizing, *extra* flavorful.

Perk up your cakes, cookies, pie fillings with Karo. Try it in cake icings, too. You will always get smooth, delicious results. All grocers sell Karo.

ALL KARO SYRUPS ARE RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTULOSE AND DEXTROSE (Food-Energy Sugar)



"He wants to see me every night!"



No wonder Janey was thrilled . . . here was the most popular boy in town asking for "solid" dates while other girls were green with envy. And yet only a few weeks ago he had absolutely ignored her. What explained his old indifference and his sudden new interest? This may be the answer.

Perhaps Janey got a tip that her breath wasn't what it should be . . . and started using Listerine every night and morning, and between times before parties. And oh! what a difference that can make. After all, there's probably nothing that kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath).

How's Your Breath?

You can't always tell when your breath is offensive

due to local causes in the mouth, so the safest course is to be always on guard with Listerine Antiseptic.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gums and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend others.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always on hand and use it before your "big date." It may pay you rich rewards in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

P. M.	E. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	2:30	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:30	9:15	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
1:45	9:30	CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Martin
	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story
	10:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
	2:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	CBS: Lecture Hall
12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	CBS: The O'Neills
4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:30	6:30	CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
8:30	6:30	NBC: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
6:30	7:00	CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
8:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
8:30	7:30	CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Plantation Party
9:00	8:00	CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life
9:00	8:00	NBC-Red: EDDIE CANTOR
9:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Harry Solter and vocalist Clark Dennis broadcast The Song of Your Life.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 30, November 6, 13 and 20!

October 30: Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra open tonight at the New Palladium ballroom in Los Angeles, and you'll hear their music on CBS. . . . A talk everybody ought to be interested in is being given tonight by Leon Henderson about National Defense—CBS at 11:15.

November 6: Do you know how to raise a president? The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor tells you how on a program on NBC-Blue today at 2:00.

November 13: Thrilling dramatizations of incidents in American history make up the Cavalcade of America, on NBC-Red tonight at 7:30.

November 20: It oughtn't to be hard to get a good laugh between 9:00 and 9:30 tonight. You can take your pick of Eddie Cantor on NBC-Red or Fred Allen on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Song of Your Life, with Harry Solter's orchestra and guest stars, at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC-Blue.

Everybody, Harry Solter thinks, has found one song which has meant more to his life than any other—the Song He'll Never Forget—and this program is designed to tell the dramatic stories which connect songs to the lives and emotions of human beings.

For instance—to show you how it works—on a recent program Solter and the orchestra played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" at the suggestion of a man who had been born and brought up on New York's East Side. The story behind the song was that the narrator and four friends, when they were children, used to form a little orchestra which met for musical evenings. One of the boys, a violinist, wasn't really able to play so very well, but there was one song he performed beautifully—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Years passed, and the boys grew up and lost touch with each other. But one day, twenty-five years later, the man who told the story received a letter from the violinist, who was anxious to have a reunion of the old gang. After some difficulty, the other members were located, and the reunion was held. But—and here was the strange thing—the violinist's desire for a reunion seemed to be a premonition of his own death, which occurred a few days after he had played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" so beautifully as ever.

Famous people occasionally bring the stories of the Songs of Their Lives to the

program, but the best and most dramatic stories, Harry Solter says, come from plain people who write in, as they're invited to do. So if you know a song that has had an unforgettable influence on your own life, sit down and put the story on paper and send it in to the program.

Harry Solter, who had the bright idea of presenting a program like this, has been one of radio's best bondleaders since 1926, but he's never obtained the ambition he had when he started, which was to direct the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. He makes up for this lack by persuading members of his orchestra or other bondleaders to join him in their leisure time in playing classical chamber-music.

Don't be surprised if you hear soon that The Song of Your Life has found itself a sponsor. NBC likes the program so much that they're giving it a big build-up, in hopes of having another Information, Please on their hands. On the other hand, if the argument between the networks and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) isn't settled before January 1, it would be impossible to put a program of this sort on the air. ASCAP owns the copyrights on most of America's well-known songs, and the argument, which is about money, may result in ASCAP withdrawing all its songs from the air. And that would mean that if The Song of Your Life was on ASCAP-owned song (and the chances are it would be) you couldn't tell about it on the air. Song of Your Life is such a good idea that it would be a pity if anything like that happened.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



TRUMAN BRADLEY—one of radio's handsomest and best known announcers, who's heard tonight on the Hollywood Playhouse over NBC-Red. Truman was born 35 years ago in Sheldon, Mo., and as a high school youngster walked off with the state debating championship. He studied law in college, but left his Blackstone for a salesman's job and, later, on the advice of Goodman Ace, a career on the stage. In 1929 he went to work as an announcer on KFI in Los Angeles and has been slinging words ever since. He's six feet tall, has gray-blue eyes and dark brown hair, weighs 170 pounds, and has been married since 1937.

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
9:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
9:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
2:00	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Margaret C. Banning
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
7:55	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	5:15	6:15 CBS: Bob Edge
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	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
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Vox Pop
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ask It Basket
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Good News
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Strange As It Seems
7:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Canadian Holiday
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:35	8:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting (Nov. 14)
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Choose Up Sides
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Musical Americana
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the War

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Stars of Mother of Mine—Agnes Young, Donald Cook and Ruth Yorke.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 31, November 7, 14 and 21!

October 31: Raymond Poige's impressive Musical Americana program is on Thursday nights now, at 10:30 over NBC-Red.

November 7: The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra begins its broadcast season tonight, on NBC-Blue at 9:00, with Jose Iturbi conducting.

November 14: America's Town Meeting of the Air, that fascinating debate program in which even the audience gets up and speaks its mind, returns to NBC-Blue tonight for another season. It starts at 9:35 and continues until 10:30.

November 21: President Roosevelt has proclaimed today Thanksgiving Day, and thousands of turkeys will be eaten. . . . And something for radio listeners to be thankful for is Bing Crosby's return to Kraft Music Hall tonight after a long vacation. You'll hear the Old Groaner at 9:00 on NBC-Red.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Mother of Mine, on NBC-Blue today at 4:00, E.S.T.—a new serial sponsored by Clopp's Baby Food.

Did you ever stop to wonder how a new daytime serial gets on the air? Since Mother of Mine is a new one, maybe this would be a good time to tell you the various steps that were taken before you could listen to it this afternoon.

It all began when the Young & Rubicam advertising agency learned that one of its clients, Clopp's Baby Food, would be interested in advertising on radio if it could find a satisfactory program. Since baby food is something that only women are likely to buy, the program must be one that appealed primarily to the ladies. This suggested a daytime serial, because the daytime audience is largely feminine. So the Young & Rubicam man in charge of Clopp's Baby Food advertising went to Miss Carol Irwin, who is director of daytime programs for the agency.

"Miss Irwin," he said, "can you think up a serial that would interest prospective buyers of baby food?" Miss Irwin said she could, and went to work, and her thoughts ran something like this: "Baby food—women—mothers. Mother of Mine. That would be a good title. Isn't there a problem connected with mothers that many women would be interested in? . . . Let's see. . . ." And then she evolved the story of an elderly, destitute mother who is forced to live with her married son—which is the story of Mother of Mine as you hear it today.

After Miss Irwin had written one or

two sample scripts and outlined the story on paper, it was approved by the radio department of the advertising agency and then by the sponsor. The next thing to do was to buy a suitable time on the network, and 4:00 o'clock on NBC-Blue was chosen and contracted for. Then William Rousseaux, who is employed by Young & Rubicam as a radio director, was given the task of auditioning actors for the various parts, while Miss Irwin looked for an author to write the daily scripts. She couldn't write them herself, because her job is to supervise and advise on all daytime serials produced by the agency. So she thought over the radio writers she knew, and finally selected Pauline and Frederick Gilsdorf, a husband-and-wife team which in the past has written The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet and Lorenzo Jones.

Meanwhile, auditions were going on for the actors. At it happens, Mother of Mine set a record for the number of actresses auditioned for the role of Mother Morrison. A full hundred and seventy-five of radio's best actresses read the part before Agnes Young was chosen. The other choristers, and the people who play them, are Donald Cook as John, Ruth Yorke as Helen, his wife, little Potty Chapman as Anne, their daughter, Arthur Allen as Pop Whitehouse, the old man next door, Jackie Kelk as Helen's brother, Pete, and Paul Nugent as Poul Strong.

Finally, everything was decided, and the authors wrote the scripts and the actors rehearsed—and Mother of Mine started its career on the air.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARGARET CUTHBERT—who, as NBC's Director of Women's Activities, is responsible for many of your favorite programs, although she seldom appears on the air herself. When she does, she suffers agonies from mike fright. She was born in northwestern Canada, where her father was an assistant commissioner of the famous Mounted Police. About 1920 she came to New York, intending to write, and was fairly successful, but in 1924 she joined WEA, later to become NBC's key station, as Director of Talks. Sixteen years later, she's still directing talks for NBC, where shows of special interest to women are all in her charge.



P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
2:00	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
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9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
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9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
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11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE (Nov. 15)
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Gangbusters
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: I Want a Divorce
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Richard Maxwell with Friend in Deed Mrs. Ido Cosh.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 25, November 1, 8, 15 and 22!

October 25: This is your last chance to hear Johnny Green's swell piano solos on the Johnny Presents program, CBS at 9:00. After tonight Roy Block will be leading the orchestra. . . . Gene Krupa's orchestra opens at the Roseland Ballroom in New York, broadcasting over CBS.

November 1: NBC brings you the description of a horse race from the Pimlico track in Baltimore this afternoon. . . .

November 8: You can't keep an exciting program down—and the proof is that Gong-busters is back on the air now. Listen to it tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Blue.

November 15: Information Please starts in its new time tonight—8:30 on NBC-Blue, sponsored by American Tobacco Company.

November 22: A "must-listen" if you like unusual stories and excellent acting is Everyman's theater, which Arch Oboler writes and directs. NBC-Red tonight at 9:30.

ON THE AIR TODAY: A Friend in Deed, starring Richard Maxwell, the tenor-philosopher, on CBS at 3:30, E.S.T., this afternoon.

Are you disgusted with the way the world is going? Do you hate to tune in a news broadcast or glance at a newspaper because of the new horrors you will hear or read? Here's an antidote—on inspiring program that proves there is still good in human beings, that they are still capable of self-sacrifice and kindness.

On each one of these fifteen-minute programs, broadcast Monday through Friday, Americans whose kindness has resulted in local or widespread good are honored by having their stories dramatized and being presented with a specially designed medal. You can't possibly listen to A Friend in Deed without feeling a glow of happiness and inspiration.

Richard Maxwell, who has been bringing "Cheer and Comfort" to CBS listeners since 1936, originated the idea of A Friend in Deed. In a way, it grew out of his Good Neighbor Club, which he started in 1938, and which became so popular that 79 member chapters of the Club were formed in eighteen states.

Good-looking, cheerful Dick Maxwell makes a specialty of inspirational programs. In fact, there are four things he'd rather do than eat—go fishing, fly on airplane, sing and help other people. A Friend in Deed takes care of the last two hobbies; fishing and plane-flying are accomplished away from the microphone.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

CLARENCE HARTZELL—the only actor who has ever had the distinction of appearing regularly with Vic, Sade and Rush on NBC's Vic and Sade series. Clarence won the coveted role of Uncle Fletcher after a stiff competition with Chicago's outstanding character actors. He was born in Huntington, W. Va., and attended the Cincinnati College of Music, but on graduation turned to writing and acting for radio. You heard him as one of the principal players in Waterloo Junction, which he also wrote, until it went off the air, and he also plays Pappy in the radio version of Li'l Abner. He's younger than he looks here.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN STANDARD TIME
	8:00	CBS: News of Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra
	8:15	NBC-Red: Crackerjack Quartet
	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
	9:00	CBS: Hill Billy Champions
	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC-Red: News
	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Jim Robertson
	9:15	NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
	9:30	CBS: Honest Abe
	9:30	NBC-Red: Wise Man
	9:45	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
10:00	10:00	CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee
	10:00	NBC-Blue: Sid Walcott
	10:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
	10:15	NBC-Blue: Richard Kent
	10:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Gallicchio's Orch.
	10:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Song Folks
8:30	10:30	CBS: Dorian String Quartet
8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Smitin' Ed McConnell
9:00	11:00	CBS: Country Journal
9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: American Education Forum
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Milestones in Music
9:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:15	12:15	CBS: Highways to Health
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
11:00	1:00	CBS: Vera Brodsky
11:30	1:30	CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Football
12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Football
12:45	2:45	CBS: This is My Land
1:00	3:00	CBS: Bull Session
2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
7:30	9:30	CBS: News
3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: El Chico Orchestra
3:05	5:05	CBS: Albert Warner
3:05	5:05	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Renewal of the Mounted
3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
4:00	6:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	CBS: The Marriage Club
8:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
8:30	7:00	NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
5:30	7:30	CBS: Wayne King Orch.
5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Hollywood Tomorrow
7:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:45	8:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	MBS: Chicago Theater
7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:15	9:15	CBS: Public Affairs
7:45	9:45	CBS: News of the War

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Football Announcers Bill Stern, Bob Elsan and Fart Pearson.

Tune-In Bulletin for October 26, November 2, 9, 16 and 23!

October 26: A football game that's definitely set for broadcasting is Ohio State vs. Cornell, an CBS this afternoon. . . . Mutual has scheduled the Yardsley Handicap horse race from the Empire Track, between 4:30 and 4:45. . . . Tonight on the Chicago Theater of the Air Jan Peerce and Marian Claire star in "The Student Prince." Time— from 10:00 to 11:00.

November 2: CBS broadcasts the Army vs. Notre Dame football game today, while NBC and Mutual will also have pigskin tussles. . . . On Mutual, you can listen to the \$20,000 Westchester Handicap, described by Bryan Field. . . . And an Mutual tonight, Marion Claire sings in "Naughty Marietta," on the Chicago Theater of the Air at 10:00.

November 9: Navy vs. Notre Dame is the definitely-scheduled football game far today, and Mutual the network upon which to listen to it. The time is 1:45. . . . Richard Banelli and Marian Claire sing "The Desert Song" on Mutual at 10:00 tonight.

November 16: CBS broadcasts the Yale-Princeton game this afternoon, Ted Husing and Jimmy Dalan doing the announcing.

November 23: Arturo Toscanini returns tonight to the directorship of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, NBC-Blue at 10:00, and a gala concert consisting of Verdi's "Requiem" is being given at Carnegie Hall to celebrate.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Football, an all networks, most of the afternoon. Whether you're a football fan or not, you'll find it difficult to turn on your radio this afternoon and hear anything else.

Football is always a headache to the networks. Naturally, each network wants to broadcast the most exciting and important game, so broadcast schedules are seldom arranged more than a week or so in advance. Then everyone hops on the one or two games which sound most likely to interest the greatest number of people, with the result that there's considerable duplication and listeners hear the same game no matter which network they tune in. On the other hand, because NBC has two networks, the Red and the Blue, it will always carry two games—and since frequently no more than two really strong games are played during one Saturday afternoon, you can't blame CBS or MBS for insisting upon selecting their own broadcast without regard to what other networks have on the air. If it's variety you want, you can always turn to your local or regional station, which is likely to have a game of more local interest.

The top football announcers for the four networks are Ted Husing, as usual, for CBS; Bill Stern for NBC-Blue; Fart Pearson for NBC-Red; and Bob Elsan for Mutual. Other announcers may make their appearances

once in a while, but these four are carrying the main burden of describing the season's big events to you.

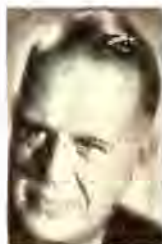
Husing, the old reliable, has been announcing sports so long for CBS that a football season without him would be a decided and unpleasant shock. Bill Stern, an NBC-Blue, is rapidly working himself up to that same enviable position. Bill always wanted to announce football, even when he was a youngster in Rochester, N. Y. He used to annoy his family by pretending, usually in the shower, that he was manning a mike at a big game. He was a prominent athlete at Penn Military College, playing football all four years, as well as tennis, basketball, boxing, and rowing.

Fart Pearson, principal announcer on NBC-Red football games, worked on sustaining and commercial programs before he began to specialize in football. You still hear him frequently on programs which have nothing to do with the game, and he says frankly that the most difficult assignment he ever had was broadcasting his first football game.

Bob Elsan, of the Mutual broadcasts, makes his headquarters in Chicago, where for ten years he has been announcing sports, specializing in baseball. He's lean and lanky, and as a boy was a soprano in Father Finn's famous Paulist Charters.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

HAVEN MacQUARRIE—the conductor and originator of *The Marriage Club* on CBS tonight. Haven's been a trouper ever since he was four, when, in his home town of Boston, he played child parts in stock. At 20, he was a successful stage manager and producer. Then he went into vaudeville, and moved to Hollywood ten years ago when vaudeville "died." He's married to his former stage partner, Gladys Marion, and they have two children. It was his family and the little problems of adjustment necessary in it that gave him the idea for *The Marriage Club*. He put the show on locally and it was an immediate hit.



MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. *Spank* for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances

both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.



BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

I Got \$4,000 Out of the Air

(Continued from page 33)

The date was Oct 8, 1919.

We were married in the Memorial Methodist Church just at twilight—on one of the coldest, bitterest evenings I have ever seen. Maybe the weather was an indication of the things to come. I don't know. All I remember is that I was supremely happy, at the time.

Mike immediately got a job as machinist's helper on the Boston & Albany railroad in Springfield. We rented a nice little house, made some friends, and lived the ordinary life most young married couples do.

After we'd been married two years, Margaret came. Two years later, Stanley came and two years after that, we had Ruth.

Life was pretty smooth for us.

THEN one day something happened. I don't know what it was. It happened to Mike and I don't know what it was because after it happened, I never saw him again to talk it over. I had been visiting a friend down the street. I came home and found the house deserted.

"Mike," I called.

There was no answer. Suddenly a great fear descended. Mike's pipe was gone from its accustomed place on the end table. I ran into the bedroom. The closet door was ajar. I flung it open.

"Dear God," I prayed aloud. But it was no use. Mike's things were not there.

You can understand how terrified I was. I was just twenty-six years old and there I was left with three children to support, the oldest of whom was six. In my change purse I had ten dollars in bills and thirty-three cents in coins. We had enough staples in the house to last about a week.

I called in the children. "Margaret," I said to my oldest. "You're a big girl now. Old enough to take care of Stanley and Ruthie, aren't you, while Mamma's away?"

Margaret's small chest swelled with pride.

"Yes, mamma," she said gravely. "Are you and daddy going visiting?"

"No dear. Daddy has gone away. Maybe he won't be back for a long time. Mummy's going to work."

It didn't take me long to find a job. Scott's Laundry hired me to operate a collar starching machine. I'm not going into those days in the laundry. Many times it was so hot I thought I should faint but Mr. Scott was so good to all of us, that somehow, I didn't mind. I didn't mind the six or seven hundred collars I used to do a day. I didn't mind the hot starch I had to make, or the steam. I did mind the long hours on my feet, though, and to combat weariness, I used to stuff folds of newspaper into my shoe soles to ease the strain of standing. It's an old trick among the folk who must stand long hours at a stretch but it's a trick that almost cost me my life.

I got blood poisoning from the newspaper and in my run-down condition, couldn't fight back. I was out of work one whole summer. During my illness, Mr. Scott kept me on the laundry payroll at \$18 a week and a good friend came in each day to care for me and the children. Today, when I hear some careless person say that human beings are mean and selfish

and hard, I get mad. Human beings may be mean and selfish and hard ordinarily, but let misfortune strike some individual and nine times out of ten, you'll see a miracle that humanizes even the toughest soul.

All of which brings me up to June 1940 and my own personal miracle. You see, after I got well enough to go back to work, I got to thinking about my brother Al and how much happier I'd be around my own family. Al had moved to Rensselaer, N. Y., soon after my marriage to Mike and we hadn't seen much of each other in the meantime.

So I just packed up the kids and moved to Rensselaer and Al got me a job as housekeeper. That was twelve years ago and I still have the same job. In the meantime, Margaret grew up and a year ago, was married to a fine young man named Jesse Cole.



The romance of NBC singing star Kay St. Germain and Jack Carson ended in a late summer wedding.

On Saturday, June 29, 1940, Margaret had a baby . . . her first child, my first grandchild. Jesse and I were deliriously happy for twenty-four hours but suddenly complications set in and Margaret became gravely ill.

In fact, doctors at the hospital where she was told me they might have difficulty saving her life. "She'll have to have a lot of blood transfusions," they told me. "She'll need nurses day and night and she'll have to have a lot of special care."

We had four blood transfusions and still Margaret didn't seem to get any better. I never left her side for forty-eight hours but finally, late Tuesday night on the evening of July 2, I went home.

Back in the familiar surroundings, my mind became a desperate turmoil. Where was I to get money to pay the enormous doctor and hospital bills? Who would pay the donors for the four blood transfusions? Where could I get money to pay for Margaret's convalescence provided she got well at

all? Jesse makes good money but like most young couples, they hadn't saved any.

As I sat there brooding, all the events of my life marched up and down in my head. Trouble! Worry! Despair! I put my head down on the table and cried. If there was a God, I thought. He must be occupied with everybody else but me.

I was wrong of course, I was wrong as are all people who even momentarily doubt His existence.

My boy Stanley burst in the door and told me just how wrong I was.

"You don't have to worry and cry over the bills anymore, Mom," he shouted. "You've just fallen heir to four thousand dollars."

I don't like the children to catch me crying so I bristled to hide my shame.

"Who's crying. What on earth are you shouting about? Who'd leave ME four thousand dollars?"

"Listen, Mom," Stan said. "Listen, carefully. Pop is dead and—"

"Mike—dead? You mean—not Mike?" I was stunned. The man who had left me and the three children fourteen years ago—the man whom I daily expected to see.

I started to talk excitedly. There were a thousand questions, a thousand things I wanted to know.

"Easy, Mom, you've got to take it easy. He was killed in an accident in a Buffalo steel mill. It's too late to do anything about it now. And you've got to pull yourself together. Because—and listen to this, Mom. It's important. Pop left you four thousand dollars, Four thousand dollars, you hear Mom, four thousand dollars!"

As Stanley repeated the amount again and again, the shock of Mike's death began to dull. And in its place the realization that I was to receive four thousand dollars—enough money to save my daughter Margaret's life—came into my mind.

I SHOOK with emotion. The full realization came upon me. I had inherited what was to me a great sum of money! I was an heiress!

"But Stanley," I cried, "Tell me—how did you find out?"

"It was broadcast on the air," Stanley laughed crazily.

"Ed Wheeler heard it. He was listening to the Court of Missing Heirs."

The Court of Missing Heirs! How many times the children and I had listened to that program! How many times I'd said to them—"Wouldn't it be funny, kids, to sit here and hear our name called on this program? Wouldn't it be fun to buy a new car and take a trip somewhere we've never been before?"

Well, our name had been called. But not one of us had heard it. And if Ed hadn't been listening in down at the ice cream parlor he runs, we mightn't know about the legacy at all. We were heirs all right, but the money wasn't to be spent for a trip or a car. It was to go toward doctor and hospital bills. And as it turned out, it was to mean the difference between life and death for Margaret.

"It's a lucky break for us," Stanley reminded me.

"It's something much more than that," I said softly. "It's the hand of Providence reaching down to help those who believe!"

Lady Esther says "You're Invited
to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your
NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

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

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to you . . . and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty longer if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name

Address

City State

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



The talented children of Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of the serials, *Pepper Young* and *When A Girl Marries*—Bobby and Patricia.

The Guiding Light

(Continued from page 32)

night—thinking about your future.”
“Thanks!”

“Don’t talk like that, Rose. I’m still your friend, if you’ll let me be. And about what I said yesterday in court—oh, I suppose I had no right, but everyone else was so busy blackening your reputation I did what I could to save it.”

“No one can save my reputation now,” she said. “It isn’t worth saving.”

“I think it is. And I can save it—if you’ll take my name.”

Amazement made her turn to face him. “Take your—Marry you?”

Ellis shook his head. “No. I don’t think marriage is the right thing for either of us just now. I meant just what I said—call yourself Mrs. Ellis Smith. Let people think we are married.”

AFTER an incredulous moment laughter shook her—painful, bitter laughter that would not stop. “I never heard of such an idea!” she gasped.

Ellis’ hands fell on her wrists, grasping them so tightly that the pain checked her sobbing merriment. “Shut up!” he said sternly. “Maybe Ellis Smith isn’t much of a name—but at least it is a name. Useful when you have a baby.”

Her breath caught in her throat. “You—know about that?”

“I guessed. Before the trial. It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Rose—”

“I’m not ashamed!”

“Good. But people will make you ashamed, unless you let me help you. I’ll get a house on the edge of town, Rose, and we can pretend to live there together—but I’ll really stay on in my old room at Five Points most of the time. It will look all right, because that’s where I’d naturally do my painting.”

“I wouldn’t let you do that,” she said dully. “If you were paying for the house, you’d have to stay there.”

He stiffened a little. “I think I’d

prefer not to. But that’s something we can talk about later. Will you do as I say, Rose?”

She raised her eyes to his, and let them fall again. “What else can I do?” she asked. Then, because that sounded so ungracious, she added awkwardly, “And thanks, Ellis.”

So it was decided. That very day Ellis told Mrs. O’Hearn, the Five Points gossip, that he and Rose had been married and were taking a cottage in the suburbs.

Ellis took her to the cottage, one of a modest row on the northern edge of town, and saw her settled there. “You won’t be afraid here, all by yourself?” he asked. Rose, standing in the middle of the tiny, boxy living room, shook her head. “I’m never going to be afraid of anything, as long as I live,” she said.

“Rose—don’t take what’s happened like this,” he pleaded. “I hate to see you so defiant, hating the world—”

“How do you expect me to act? Should I be dancing—singing?”

“I know you’ve had a tough time. But there’s all your life ahead of you. And the baby—”

“The baby! I’ll hate it!”

Ellis was not shocked. He smiled his familiar twisted grin. “That’s what you think now.” He turned toward the door. “I’ll run along now. Good night, Rose.”

“Good night.”

After Ellis’ abrupt departure she turned slowly on her heel, surveying the room. Here was her new home—and, because it was meant for two people and occupied by only one, a strangely lonely home.

WINTER began early that year. To the people of Five Points it meant a time of suffering, of trying to make one dollar do the work of two in buying food, warm clothing, fuel, medicines. Mary Ruthledge was busy from morning until night visiting her father’s parishioners, doing what she could to help them. She

welcomed that activity, as she welcomed everything that helped pass the days—anything that helped crowd out of her thoughts the memory of Ned Holden.

Dr. Ruthledge had an assistant in the church now, an enthusiastic young man named Tom Bannion, and Tom was full of plans for increasing the influence of the Five Points church with a young people’s organization, weekly dances, sleigh rides, and social meetings. Tom also fancied himself in love with Mary, and it was hard to discourage him while still helping him in his various projects connected with the church.

Just before Christmas Tom learned that three of the young Five Points hoodlums he had been hoping to help with his young people’s program were planning to rob a jewelry store. He told Dr. Ruthledge and asked for his advice, and the older minister went himself to the jewelry store, hoping to intercept the boys. He was too late; he caught the young robbers in the act, and one of them had a pistol. In the excitement, the pistol went off, and Dr. Ruthledge was wounded.

By Christmas Eve he was definitely out of danger, and resting comfortably. Ellen and Fredrika Lang had sternly banished Mary from the room, insisting that she needed rest, and she wandered downstairs—tired, but unable to relax. From the chapel next door she heard, faintly, the sound of the organ. Tom Bannion was holding Christmas Eve services there—services at which, for the first time since the church was built, her father was not present.

AT the entrance to Dr. Ruthledge’s study she paused and smiled, a little sadly. Tom had brought in a tree and decorated it himself, and now it stood in the window, next to the lamp which her father had called “The Lamp of Friendship.” Rather forlorn and lonely, that tree looked . . . forlorn and lonely, like Mary herself. Just a year ago tonight, she remembered, Ned had been there, and they had been in love.

The high-pitched shrillness of the doorbell slashed across her thoughts. Someone else come to inquire about Dr. Ruthledge, of course. She went into the hallway to answer it.

At first, all she could see in the winter darkness outside was a heavy, bulky figure. Then the figure separated and became two, and both of these stepped inside. The dim light shone on Ned Holden’s face.

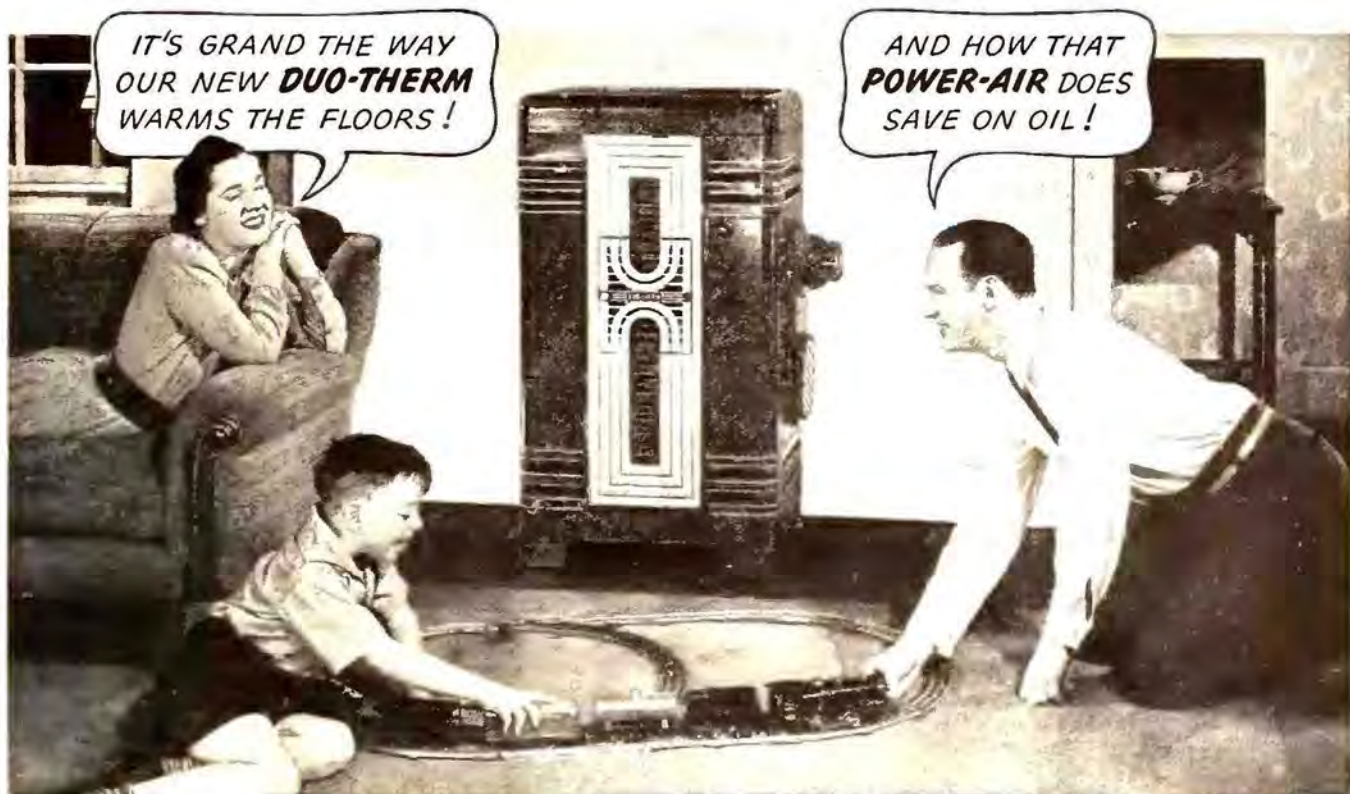
“Mary,” he said timidly. “Mary.” He turned to his companion. “This is my wife.”

Mary, unable to speak, felt all the muscles of her body, an instant ago so tense, melt into slack numbness. The girl beside Ned had a pert, frightened face, a slender figure, wrapped in a shabby coat with a collar that pretended to be fur.

Freeing herself with a struggle from the bondage of silence, Mary said, “Ned! You’re back! Father will be so glad.” To Ned’s wife she extended a hand that did not seem to be part of herself at all. “I’m—glad to know you—”

“Pleased to meet you,” the girl said formally. She had a beautiful voice—mellow, vibrant with a throaty undertone—but its loveliness was

(Continued on page 52)



New heater warms your whole house FAST— by forcing heat to every room!

THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance. Now you can enjoy clean, convenient oil heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before... thanks to Duo-Therm's amazing new Power-Air!*

Drives "fireside warmth" to every corner! Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same *positive* forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while actually using **LESS OIL** than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs


no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Other advantages you'll want! You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the marrow! You get perfect combustion at *any* setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, *safe* operation with Duo-Therm's patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)


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Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

All these extras—at no extra cost! Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon *now!*

Uneven heat without Power-Air!	
	TOO HOT HERE 95°
	WARM HERE 79°
	COLD HERE 62°

This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!	
	WARM HERE 80°
	WARM HERE 72°
	WARM HERE 70°

Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

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— — — **TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!** — — —

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(Continued from page 50)

flawed by lazy, slovenly speech as well as by nervousness.

"We came as soon as I heard about the Doctor," Ned explained. "The San Francisco papers said he was badly hurt."

"Not seriously," Mary said. "He's better now. He'll be glad to see you. I'll—I'll tell him you're here." Without waiting for an answer, she whirled and ran to the stairs, as if all the furies were upon her.

In Dr. Ruthledge's bedroom she stammered out her news. The minister smiled with happiness, but Fredrika Lang stood up in agitation.

"Thank God he's back!" she breathed. "But he won't want to see me. I'll—I'll go to my room now, before he comes up, and tomorrow morning I'll leave—go back to my old place—or away from Five Points—"

"Nonsense, Fredrika," Dr. Ruthledge said. "Of course he'll want to see you. He should see you—"

"No—no. I couldn't stand it. It would be too—too terrible now." She hurried from the room.

THERE was no time that evening for Ned to explain where he had been or how he had married. Perhaps, after she left them alone together, he told Dr. Ruthledge. Mary did not know. She went downstairs again to where the girl, still wearing her hat and coat, was sitting diffidently in the parlor.

"I don't know how long Ned will be," she said, hoping that she showed none of the strain she felt. "Won't you take off your coat, and I'll have Ellen bring us some coffee?"

"No—no thanks." She was devouring Mary with her eyes, watching her movements and every expression of her face as if she were trying to stamp them on her memory.

"I'm sorry you can't meet my father tonight," Mary went on. "But he's still quite weak, and Ned's return is about all the excitement he can stand."

"Oh, sure," the girl said indifferently.

An impulse to hysterical laughter welled up in Mary. Ned was back—and married! That he might meet someone else, love someone else, had never occurred to her in all the months of his absence. She supposed she should feel jealousy—but she did not. You could not be jealous of this pitiful child, so unsure of herself, so terrified, so . . . Yes, so unhappy.

"You know," she said, "I don't even know your name. And I can't very well call—Ned's wife—Mrs. Holden."

"Oh—it's Torchy."

"Ned mentioned San Francisco newspapers. Is that where you met?"

"Yeah." For a moment that seemed to be all she intended to say, then she added defiantly, "I used to work out there. I sang in a night club."

"Will you and Ned stay here in Five Points now? I hope so."

"I don't know. Ned's a famous columnist now—he writes for a San Francisco newspaper. There was pathetic, happy pride in Torchy's voice when she spoke of Ned's occupation. "I don't know but I guess Ned might have to go back to Frisco—that's where the syndicate that handles his column is located."

After that, conversation languished. It was an almost unbearable relief when Ned came downstairs and, after

a few moments of meaningless talk, took Torchy away to the hotel where they were staying.

Upstairs, Mary knew, her father was no doubt waiting to see her, wanting to talk over Ned's unexpected return. But for a while she lingered, putting off the moment when she would have to meet his kind, loving eyes, into which would creep, no matter how hard he tried to keep it out, pity for her because Ned had brought back a wife. She did not want her father to pity her, she did not want to pity herself. Ned had gone away, and while he was away he had married a girl—a strange girl, one to whom life had been hard and cruel. This had happened, and it could not be undone, and therefore there was no place nor use for pity. . . . At last, hand sliding slowly along the stair-rail, she went up.

JUST went to pieces," Ned said. He tugged furiously at the lobe of his right ear; how well Mary remembered that gesture! It was an afternoon a few days after his return; he



Maestro of the Kraft Music Hall and tricky arranger of those Bing Crosby songs—John Scott Trotter.

had seen Dr. Ruthledge for a while, had come alone to the parsonage, and then had joined her downstairs.

"You needn't tell me about it if you don't want to," she said gently.

"But I do. I've got to. I don't expect you to understand. . . . But after I found out about my parents, I only wanted to get away. I didn't have much money—just enough to pay my way as far as San Francisco, and then I was broke. I—"

He stopped, his face working.

"I thought I could tell you everything," he admitted in a lower voice, "but I can't. I can't tell you how low I sank. I was—just an animal, an unthinking beast. Torchy knows. She met me then—picked me up, rather. I don't know why she bothered with me. She was singing in a place down on the San Francisco water-front—a horrible place . . ."

He gazed past her, his face filled with terrible self-disgust. Involuntarily, her hand crept out to touch his, but she stopped it, recollecting that this was no longer Ned, her childhood friend, her lover; but another woman's husband.

"Torchy took charge of me," he went on. "She fed me, and nursed me, and even bathed me. When I got better she talked to me, and somehow—I don't understand it, even now—she made me ashamed of myself, so I went out and got a job on a San Francisco paper. And when my stories began to be printed—not more than a paragraph or two long, any of them—she'd cut them out and save them, so proudly that I began to think they were good too, and want to do better ones. I dropped a remark, one day, about wanting to write a column—a different kind of column—and she kept after me until I had the courage to go to the editor and ask him to let me try it."

He bowed his head, looking down at the hands whose long fingers constantly intertwined and set each other free only to link together again. "Everything I am now," he said indistinctly, "I owe to Torchy."

"I understand, Ned." And she did; she understood what he was trying to tell her without putting it into words. That he did not love Torchy, that he had married her out of gratitude, that he would never knowingly hurt her.

"Torchy even persuaded me to come here," he said. "I don't know why. I didn't tell her anything about Five Points, or my old life here—or I thought I didn't, but from little things I said, she must have guessed a good deal. And she was in the room when I saw the piece in the paper about your father, and knew from my face that something had happened. So she asked questions then, and when she saw how worried I was, she insisted on my coming back here. Wanted me to come alone, but I wouldn't."

YES, Mary thought, that was what a girl like Torchy would do. For Torchy knew something else, something that Ned did not guess: she knew Ned did not love her, that he loved someone in Five Points. She had been self-sacrificing enough to send Ned back to that unknown someone. Here was the explanation of the terror and unhappiness Mary had found in her eyes.

"I think," she said impulsively, "you have a very wonderful wife."

"You do?" He looked at her with surprise and pleasure. "I'm glad. Torchy hasn't had a very pleasant kind of life. I was afraid she'd seem—hard—to you and Dr. Ruthledge."

"No," Mary said softly. "She doesn't seem hard."

"I don't expect you to forgive me, Mary. . . ."

"Don't, Ned. If I've learned anything from my father, it's that in life we do what we have to do. It's not a question of forgiving." Quickly, to change the subject, she added, "Are you going to stay in Five Points?"

"I don't know. For a while, anyway. I can do my column as well from here as anywhere else. I think we'll get an apartment and stay until spring—I didn't intend to at first, but Torchy thinks I should."

Mary thought, but did not say:

Torchy again! Why, having made her gesture, didn't she take Ned away from Five Points as soon as possible? Was she deliberately trying to throw him back into his old life—to his old love?

That was a question only the future—or Torchy herself—could answer.

The long, cold winter took its toll of the people of Five Points. One it struck down was Abe Kransky, the pawnbroker. What started as a cold, fed by hours of standing in the drafty shop and by trips through slush and icy water between the shop and his tenement home, grew into an illness that literally choked life out of the frail old body.

But death had its share of happiness for Abe. On the morning of his last day they brought Rose to him, and he and the daughter he had banished from his house were reconciled.

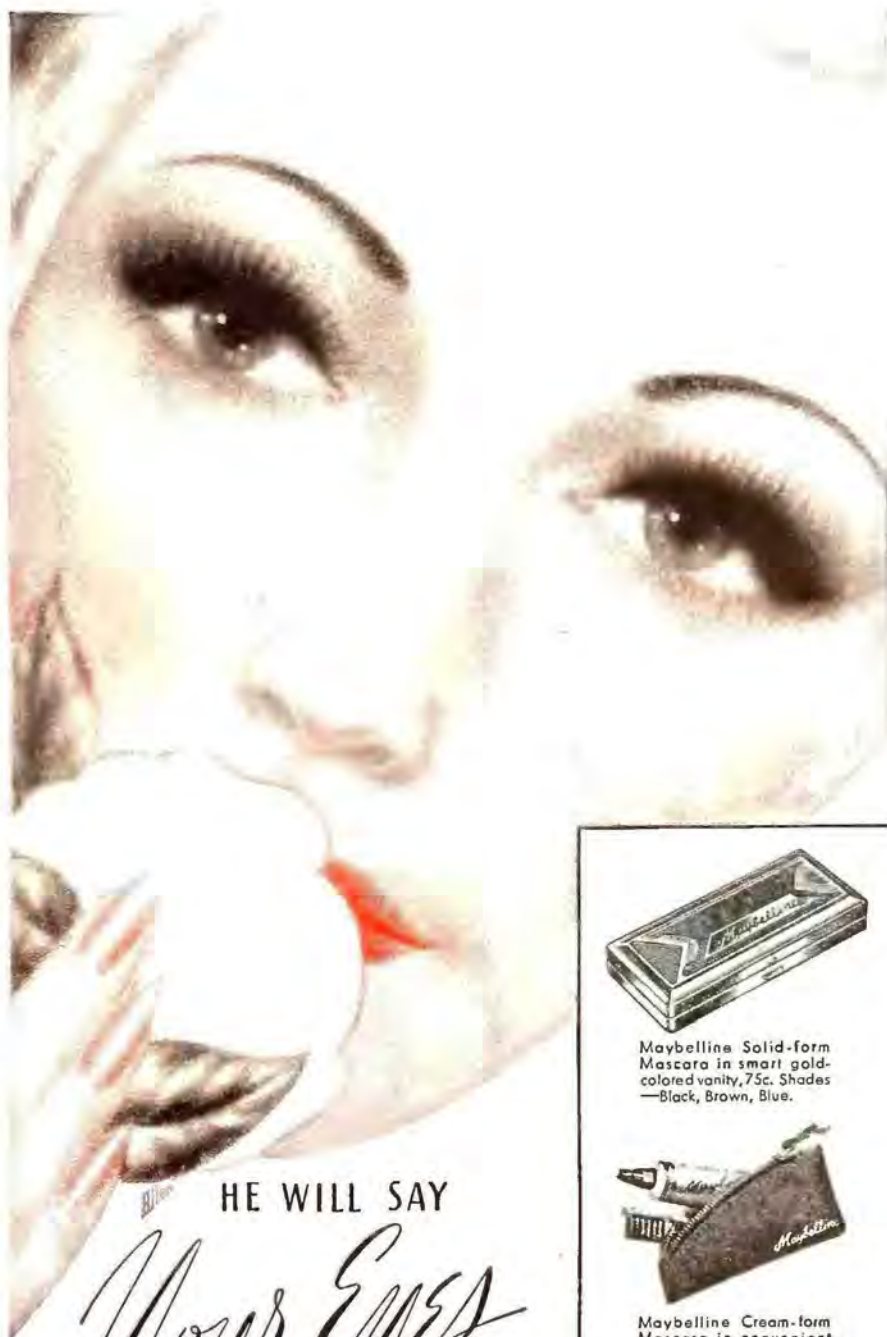
Rose did not move back to the tenement after Abe's death. As far as the world was concerned, she was still Mrs. Ellis Smith. Mrs. Ellis Smith, who soon would have a baby. A premature baby, perhaps, but still a baby with a name. Ellis continued to maintain his room in Five Points, returning to it every night after his dinner at Rose's cottage. The dinners, and daily luncheons, were an arrangement that Rose had insisted on, brusquely. "If you're doing all this for me," she said, "the least I can do is cook your meals for you." And with an amused smile, he agreed.

THEY did not get on too badly together, Rose reflected. Their conversations—long discussions of politics, life, books they had read—might have surprised those people of Five Points who believed them married. They seldom dared to venture upon subjects that were personal to either of them; instinctively they knew that there lay danger.

She understood Ellis a great deal better now than she had when she accepted his name. Then she had been puzzled and distrustful. Trying to assign some motive for his offer of help, she had thought that perhaps he loved her—not enough for marriage, but enough to attempt relationship. She was ashamed, now, of that suspicion, and told herself that it had come to her only because she had been disillusioned, suspicious of all men. At any rate, it was not true. There had been no trickery in Ellis' gallantry. Underneath his surface cynicism, he was truly kind, with a kindness he did his best to conceal. He had simply wanted to help her, and the gift of his name and protection had been the only means of doing so he could find.

He would be free of her soon, she told herself. The old Rose Kransky was dead; the new one was not yet born. She would come into existence on the same day as her child. She would be independent and free, but she would also be wary. Meanwhile, during this interlude, she was thankful for a respite from struggle, a chance to drift quietly with events.

Late in the winter, she read the announcement of Charles Cunningham's marriage. The bride was Helen Marshall, and the paper devoted enough space to the news to make it obvious that the new Mrs. Cunningham was young, wealthy, beautiful, and the daughter of a leading family. Just the kind of wife Charles had always wanted.



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It was fairly obvious that he had known Helen all through the divorce proceedings, had probably intended to marry her all the time and for that reason had been more than normally anxious to protect himself from the scandal Celeste had threatened.

Rose tossed the paper aside. She felt no emotion whatever.

A few days later her own child was born. Ellis wanted her to go to a hospital, but she said firmly that she preferred to stay in the cottage, and so it was while Ellis and Mrs. Kransky waited in the living room that they heard the first wails of the boy who would be given, for a little while, the surname of Smith.

Mrs. Kransky moved into the cottage until Rose was able to be up once more. Both she and Jacob, Rose's younger brother, took an interest in the baby which irritated Rose almost into a frenzy. It was this irritation, perhaps, which led her to announce that she was going to call the boy Charles. The shocked disapproval on her mother's face brought her a bitter kind of satisfaction.

ON a bright, windy day of early spring, the new Rose Kransky was ready to go out into the world. She was up, feeling well again, and she had talked her plans over with Ellis. Now it only remained to tell her mother, who sat in the living room, holding the baby in her arms. Rose stood above them, looking down at the old woman and the tiny infant. In Mrs. Kransky's face was a look of tender yearning, the look of all the mothers in the world, the look which Rose dreaded more than anything else. She would not, she insisted inwardly, permit herself to grow sentimental about this child who had come into the world heralded only by heartbreak.

"I'm going back to work, Ma," she said abruptly. "I'll have to put the baby into a nursery."

Mrs. Kransky raised her head, slowly, as if reluctant to tear herself away from rapt adoration of the baby. "Into a nursery?" she said confusedly. "But Rose—he is your child. You should take care of him."

Rose did not know how much of the real situation between herself and Ellis her mother suspected; she would have to pick her way carefully, revealing no more than necessary. "There's something else I have to tell you, Ma. Ellis and I—well, we're going to separate. We've talked it over. Ellis hasn't been doing well with his painting lately—he thinks he'd like to go away for a while. I'll have to support myself, and I can't be tied down with a baby."

"I don't know what all this is about, Rose. You and Ellis—separating?"

"Yes, Ma," Rose said firmly. "I'd rather not talk about it." She saw tears rise in her mother's eyes, and struggled on. "Ma—please don't ask me any questions!"

"But you could come and live with me and Jacob—I would take care of the baby while you were working—"

"No. I love you, Ma, but too much has happened—we've gone too far apart. I can't come back home to live. I've got to go my own way."

"Once before you said that, Rose," Mrs. Kransky's voice was sad. "Independence, you wanted. Independence you got. Did it bring you happiness?"

Rose bit her lip. "No," she admitted. "But I learned one thing—

not to expect happiness!"

Mrs. Kransky stood up and laid the child gently on the couch where she had been sitting. There was resignation in her voice as she said, "So all right, Rose. You do as you please—just like you've always done. I don't understand you—I don't like what you do." She sighed. "I am too old, Rose, for arguing."

With a kind of homely dignity that made Rose feel, somehow, like a rebuked child, she left the room.

TORCHY and Ned Holden had taken an apartment in an old, gloomy building not far from Five Points. On this blustery day of spring they were engaged in one of the quarrels that had been coming more and more frequently.

Like most quarrels, its outward cause was trivial, its inner causes dark and far-reaching. They had been invited to dinner that evening at Dr. Ruthledge's; now, at almost the last minute, Torchky was pleading that Ned go alone. She had a headache.

Ned pressed his lips together—and then his anger burst out through them. "I don't believe it," he said roughly. "If this was the first time—But every time we're invited there

had failed. She lapsed into sulky silence. Ned glared at her, tugged fiercely at his ear and stalked out of the room.

It was no good, Torchky thought drearily. Just no good at all. Both she and Ned knew why they were not happy, but neither had courage enough to speak frankly.

They were not happy because she loved him, and he did not love her.

She had known, from their first days together in San Francisco, that there was a woman in Ned's past. Among the contents of his pockets she had found a picture of Mary, and when she asked Ned who she was he had said simply, "Some one I never expect to see again." But Torchky was not fooled. She knew from his tone that the girl in the picture meant more to him than she.

That was why she had persuaded him to come back to Five Points. If Torchky was going to fight another woman for Ned's love, she wanted to fight one that was flesh and blood, not a ghostly memory.

Almost her first sight of Mary had warned her that her plan would be a failure. She had never met anyone like Mary Ruthledge. It was so easy to see why Ned loved her—so easy to see why he would always love her in preference to Torchky!

Mary did not mean to—even Torchky recognized that—but every word she spoke, every movement she made, intensified the contrast between her and the girl from the San Francisco waterfront. Mary was a lady, and Torchky was not. That was the only way Torchky's limited vocabulary could describe the difference between them.

And how could Ned—the brilliant, wonderful Ned whom Torchky idolized beyond anyone she had ever known—how could he love an uneducated, common girl whose whole life had been spent in slums and cheap cabarets, when he had once loved Mary?

A LESS honest girl might have urged Ned to leave Five Points, hoping thus to keep at least his physical presence, if she could not have all his love. Torchky could not do this. With her, it must be everything or nothing—even though her heart broke. And so she had let him stay on in Five Points, hoping against hope that something would happen to bring her the ecstatic gift of his love.

Her hopes had been in vain. Nothing of the sort had happened, nothing would happen. Ned simply grew more and more irritable, more and more unhappy. It was even becoming difficult for him to work: several times, lately, he had not met the deadline on his column.

Torchky, curled up in a corner of the sofa, dug her nails into the palms of her hands, almost enjoying the sharp pain—because it was so much less sharp than the pain in her heart. She didn't know how she would ever be brave enough to leave Ned. She only knew that leave him she must.

Will Ned and Mary find happiness only at the expense of Torchky, the girl to whom Ned owes his regeneration? And can Rose make her new philosophy of cynicism work—or will it, too, lead her into disaster? Follow the tangled destinies of these people of Five Points to their climax in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

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together you make some kind of excuse. I want to know why!"

Torchky had changed in the few months she had been in Five Points. Her face was thinner, and paler.

"I just don't feel like going, Ned," she said. "Please don't make me."

"How do you think I feel, always making excuses for you to my friends? I'm getting so I wonder myself—don't you like them?"

"It isn't that, Ned—" Torchky, never very articulate, struggled to explain something that was only half the truth. "It's just that I don't fit. You all know each other, and you can talk about so many things I don't understand at all. I feel stupid."

"That's nonsense! You and I occasionally talk about something besides the weather, and you have just as good ideas as anyone else. Besides, what difference does it make?"

"It makes a lot of difference. It's not much fun to sit there like a bump on a log while the rest of you are having a good time." Her attempt to explain a situation that could, after all, only be explained in one way,

The Scorpion's Thumb

(Continued from page 28)

answered the phone. "It's Herb Weaver," she said to Ellery. "He wants to talk to you."

"Oh," Ellery looked around for somewhere to put his glass. McKay, seeing his indecision, took it from him, and he went to the phone.

Weaver spoke hurriedly. "Listen, Queen, when you leave my father-in-law's, will you drop over here? It's important."

"Of course," Ellery said. "But how did you know where to find me?"

"Steve McKay was here a while ago, and said you'd be at Dave's."

"All right. I'll see you in about an hour," Ellery hung up and returned to the group by the fireplace, apologizing for the interruption.

"Perfectly all right, Queen," McKay assured him. "Here's your drink. And now for that second announcement. Come here, Sheila." Quietly the girl stepped to his side. "Folks, meet the future Mrs. Stephen McKay! We're going to be married—tomorrow!"

TWO surprise announcements, Ellery thought—and only the announcer seemed happy about either of them. For though Sheila Robinson and her father smiled and nodded their thanks to the congratulations of Conrad Long and the Queens, it was plain enough that their happiness was assumed.

"A toast to the bride!" McKay shouted. "Drink 'er down!" He tossed off the contents of his own glass, and everyone followed suit except, Ellery saw, Sheila and Conrad Long, who merely touched the glasses with their lips. "Now let's make it official!" McKay said. "Everybody throw your glass into the fireplace!"

The glasses shattered thinly against the bricks of the hearth, and the fire spluttered and blazed as the alcohol struck it. Nikki, Conrad Long, and Inspector Queen clustered about Sheila and her father; McKay drew Ellery a little aside.

"You see now what I meant when I said you'd find out something that'd convince you no further action is necessary in that office shortage," he said. "Course I'll make the money up out of my own pocket."

"Mmm," Ellery said. "I'll have to think it over, Mr. McKay. . . . I think we'd better be leaving now—I have another call to make—"

McKay suddenly was not listening. His face had gone a dead, frightening white, studded with tiny drops of sweat. He pressed one hand to his stomach, groaning, and with the other felt behind him for some support.

"Mr. McKay! What's the matter?"

"S'nothing . . . too much New Year's —" This much McKay was able to mutter before he collapsed. Ellery stooped swiftly and seized McKay's wrist. After a moment he straightened up and faced the horrified group of people. "He's dead," he said.

It was well over two hours before Ellery and Nikki were able to leave the Robinson house. All the difficult routine of investigation had had to be gone through with: the Medical Examiner had come and gone; Sergeant Velie, Inspector Queen's own special assistant, had been sent for; the bits of shattered glass had been fished out of the fireplace—though there was little hope that they would

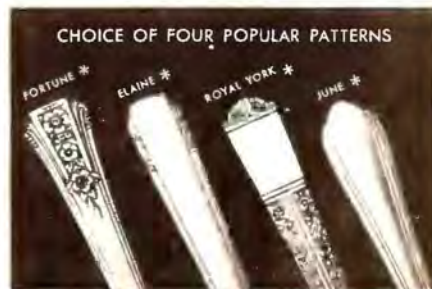


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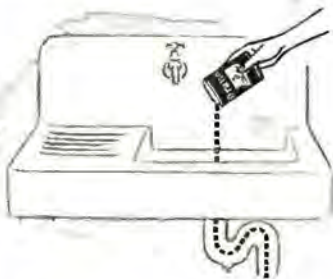
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1. "Bachelors make me laugh. Take Bill. Cooks dinner for the Joneses and me and brags it's a cinch."



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offer any tangible clue.

Now it was known that Steve McKay had died from poison, swallowed some time during the two hours before his death. Questioning of Conrad Long, who had been with McKay since noon, established the dead man's movements throughout the crucial two hours. First he and Long had called briefly on Herb Weaver and his wife; then, before going to the Robinsons, they had visited a Dr. Temple at his apartment. Long identified Dr. Temple as a friend of the Robinsons.

INVITING Conrad Long to go with them, Nikki and Ellery at last broke away and set out for Herb Weaver's home.

The Weavers were alone, and Mrs. Weaver, as pretty as her sister, talked to Long while her husband spoke to Ellery and Nikki. "I just wanted to let you know," Weaver said, "that I think Steve's idea of making Dave Robinson a partner must have something to do with the shortage."

"Yes—probably," Ellery agreed vaguely, and then, "Did Steve McKay have anything to drink when he was here earlier today?"

"Drink? Why, I—" Weaver called to his wife, "Did Steve have anything to drink when he was here, Vi?"

"Of course," she answered. "Two Old Fashioned cocktails—he mixed them himself."

Long nodded agreement. "That's right, Mr. Queen. I remember. Herb and Mrs. Weaver each had one. I didn't have any—I don't drink."

"Yes," Ellery said. "I noticed that at the Robinsons'. Mrs. Weaver, have the cocktail glasses you used for Mr. McKay been washed?"

Mrs. Weaver's housewifely pride was ruffled. "Why, of course—I washed them just after Steve and Conrad left! What a peculiar question!"

"What is this, Queen?" Weaver asked stiffly. "Why all these questions about cocktail glasses—"

"Steve McKay is dead," Ellery told them. "He was poisoned a few hours ago."

Weaver blinked. "Steve—dead!" "We don't know where, or how. I'm sorry I had to ask you those questions, but you understand, of course."

Mrs. Weaver had dropped into a chair. "Poor Sheila!" she whimpered. "Who gains by McKay's death, Weaver?"

Still dazed, Weaver said, "I don't know. His relatives, I guess."

Mrs. Weaver gave a weak exclamation. "Herb! Steve's insurance—"

"Yes. I forgot that," Weaver said slowly. "Mr. Queen, you know the brokerage business depends largely on personal contacts. Steve and I realized that if one of us died the dead partner's clients would probably leave the firm—"

"So you each took out insurance policies," Ellery broke in, "making each other the beneficiaries?"

"That's right," Weaver said. Mrs. Weaver began to cry.

Quietly, Ellery and his two companions left the house. Once outside, Ellery said, "I'd like you to take me to Dr. Temple's, Mr. Long."

Long gave him a curious look, but said only, "Certainly."

They rang the bell of Dr. Temple's apartment for sometime before the door was wrenched open. A young man stood there, very much the worse

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for liquor. He wore no coat and his tie was wrenched askew. He had to hold tight to the frame of the door to keep from falling. His eyes had difficulty in focussing on his visitors. But all the liquor he had consumed did not seem to have raised his spirits: he was a picture of tipsy woe.

"Whaddya want?" he demanded crossly. "Ringin' ringin' ringin'—"

"Dr. Temple!" Long snapped. "I'm Conrad Long—you know me." Aside to Ellery, he said, "I can't understand this. He was perfectly sober when Steve and I visited him before—and he never struck me as being the sort of chap who would drink too much."

Blinking owlishly, Dr. Temple stared at them and then lurched forward. Ellery and Long caught him and carried him inside, into a living room which looked as if a big wind had swept through it. Tables and chairs were overturned, and papers and broken glass littered the floor.

With Nikki following, they led Temple stumbling to one chair that remained upright. Suddenly he began to sob, weakly. Long looked down at him in disgust. "Now you know why I don't drink," he remarked.

ELLERY said thoughtfully, "There's something more than mere dissipation behind this. He's had a nasty shock of some sort. Temple," he said gently. "What's the matter, old man? Why did you get plastered?"

Temple threw back his head, squinting. He seemed to catch sight of Nikki, and to find sympathy in her face, because he seized her arm and said, more to her than to Ellery, "Why shouldn't I get plastered . . . gonna stay plastered all year . . ."

"Why, Dr. Temple?" Nikki asked. "Can't you tell us about it?"

"Risin' young ph'sician," Temple said brokenly. "'Ngaged to swee't li'l girl in worl' . . . and what happens? She breksh 'ngagement! But she doesn't love him—I know Sheila doesn't love Steve McKay!"

"Sheila . . . You mean you and Sheila Robinson were engaged?"

"Was a secret," he confided. "Gonna be married. But now she's gonna marry Steve McKay—'n' she doesn't love him . . . she's marryin' him for his money—" His face twisted up like that of a child, he gulped twice, and then he quietly fell back in the chair.

"Passed out," Ellery commented. "I guess the only thing to do is let the poor chap sleep it off. Long, did McKay know that Sheila Robinson and Temple were engaged?"

"I don't know, Queen," Conrad Long said worriedly. "If he did, he never mentioned it to me. Nothing was said one way or the other when Steve and I called here earlier in the day. Now that I think of it, Temple did act rather quiet."

"Did McKay have a drink here?"

"Why—yes. He mixed a drink for himself and one for Temple."

Ellery groaned. Our Mr. McKay seems to have done nothing but mix his own drinks in other people's houses." He stirred the rubble of shattered glass on the floor with his toe. "Of course there's no hope of locating the remains of the glasses in all this."

The telephone clamored for attention. Ellery picked it up. His jaw dropped as he listened to the excited voice on the other end of the wire. When he hung up he snapped to Long, "Get Temple sobered up right away and then drive him over to the Rob-

insons'!"

"For heaven's sake, Queen, what happened?"

"Dave Robinson just tried to commit suicide! . . . Come on, Nikki!"

David Robinson, after answering Inspector Queen's questions, had quietly excused himself and gone to his own room. A moment later those in the living room had heard a shot. Running upstairs and breaking down the locked door, they had found Robinson stretched out on the floor, blood running from a wound in his scalp. On the dresser was a note:

"Dearest Sheila. With McKay gone there is no hope for me. The police will find the evidence and I'll be arrested. I can't face that. Please forgive me for what I am about to do, and explain everything to Viola. I know it's the coward's way, but I'm too old to stand disgrace. Goodbye, my darlings."

Ellery and Nikki arrived to find Inspector Queen and Sheila Robinson together in the living room. Robinson, the Inspector said, would live—he had succeeded in giving himself only a severe scalp wound. "Now tell my son what you told me," the Inspector instructed Sheila.

Sheila, her face showing the traces of recent tears, spoke wearily.

"I'm glad to tell it all at last," she said. "I've carried this burden so long . . . It all started a few weeks ago. Steve came to see us one night, and accused Daddy of having stolen some money from a safe in the office. He said he had proof. He'd investigated, he said, and found out that Daddy had opened an account with another brokerage house in Wall Street and had speculated on the market, losing exactly twenty-five thousand dollars—the amount that was missing from the safe."

DADDY said he was innocent, and of course I believed him, but Steve showed us the proof—the report from the other brokerage firm showing an account in Daddy's name. And then Steve said I could help Daddy out if I wanted to. He said if I'd marry him, he couldn't very well prosecute his own father-in-law."

"Did you know beforehand that McKay wanted to marry you?" Ellery asked.

"Oh, yes, he'd said, often enough, that he loved me. I'd told him I didn't love him. But this time—well, you know what Steve was like. Mr. Queen. You know that if he had proof that Daddy had stolen money, he'd have carried out his threat to use it if I didn't do as he said. So . . . I agreed to marry him."

"And broke your engagement to Dr. Temple?"

"Yes. I didn't dare explain why—he has such a violent temper I was afraid of what he'd do to Steve. The only person I told was Viola."

"Herb Weaver's wife? Your sister?" Ellery asked quickly.

"Yes." She looked up at him. "I was so frantic with unhappiness I had to tell someone."

"I see." Ellery smiled reassuringly. "Well, suppose you let Nikki take you upstairs to lie down for a while, Miss Robinson."

"A nice mess," grumbled Inspector Queen when the two girls had left. "You investigated that money shortage, Ellery—did what you found out check with the girl's story?"

"Pretty much. I convinced myself

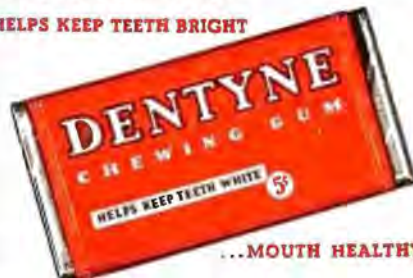


I'VE paid my dentist but I'm still in debt to him. You see he told me how to have a lovely smile.

"I clean your teeth," he said, "but you must help keep them bright. Try chewing Dentyne every day. Its extra firmness helps polish your teeth, eliminate food particles, make them really gleam. Dentyne is good for mouth health too. Vitalizes gums and tissues, exercises teeth and jaw muscles." Then he gave me some to try.

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that Dave Robinson was apparently the thief, but that actually he'd been framed. I was morally certain McKay had taken the money himself, opened an account in Robinson's name, speculated as Robinson, and lost twenty-five thousand dollars in the market deliberately—all for the purpose of building up a case against Robinson. The only thing was, I had no proof, and I didn't know why McKay would do such a thing. I didn't know it was to force Sheila to marry him."

"He must have been reading too many old-fashioned novels," Inspector Queen grunted. "But I don't see that we're any nearer to finding out who killed him."

"No," Ellery agreed unhappily. "He had drinks at the Weavers', at Dr. Temple's, and here. The glasses were washed at the first place, smashed to bits and mixed up with a lot of other debris at the second, and burned here. No chance of finding poison traces in any of them. And someone in all three places had a good motive for killing him."

"Yep. Viola Weaver to help her sister—Herb Weaver for McKay's insurance—Doc Temple out of jealousy, and either Sheila because she couldn't stand the idea of marrying him or old Robinson because he figured murder and then suicide was the only way out."

SERGEANT VELIE poked his head in at the door. "The lab report just came on that glass I fished outta the fireplace, Inspector."

"Well, what's it say?" Inspector Queen snapped. "Any poison traces?"

"Nope. Only—well, a funny thing, and it probably doesn't mean anything—"

"Is that so?" the Inspector roared. "What'd they find?"

Sergeant Velie came into the room and said deprecatingly, "Well, nothin' much. Only there was two pretty big pieces of cocktail glass had i-denti-fiable thumb prints on 'em, and funny marks besides."

"Funny marks? What does that mean, you cluck?"

"Decorations, like," Sergeant Velie explained carefully. "The laboratory says they're the signs of the—the-zo—"

"The zodiac, Velie," Ellery put in. "I noticed as we were drinking, Dad. Each glass was decorated with a different sign of the zodiac. Did the laboratory say what signs were on the two pieces it inspected, Velie?"

"Uh-huh." Velie consulted a paper in his hand. "One has Libra, the Balance, on it."

"That's the one I had!" Ellery exclaimed.

"That's right," Velie continued. "It's got your thumb-mark on it too. But here's the funny thing—the other piece has your thumb-mark on it too. Your thumbmark and a picture of a Scorpion!"

"A picture of a Scorpion..." Ellery paused, thinking hard. "But I didn't handle any other glass except my own!" Suddenly he snapped his fingers in glee. "I've got it," he shouted. "Sergeant, you've just solved the mystery of who poisoned Steve McKay!"

Sergeant Velie allowed a pleased smile to come to his face. "I did? Well, whadda ya know!" Then the smile faded. "Who was it?" he asked.

"Yes," Inspector Queen said. "Who?"

Ellery chuckled. "It's really easy, with that laboratory report. First of

all, Dad, remember this: in all three homes Steve McKay visited today, he prepared the drinks himself. We know that. So isn't it obvious that if someone was scheduled to be poisoned, McKay himself must have been the poisoner? He was the only one who could be sure that any individual cocktail glass had poison in it—and the only one who could be sure, by handing around the glasses himself, that the poisoned drink went to the right victim."

Inspector Queen listened quietly, but Sergeant Velie said, "I don't get it. McKay himself turned out to be the guy that was poisoned."

"You're right, of course. There was no early reason why McKay should commit suicide—on the contrary. He was a rich man; Robinson, not he, was in financial difficulties; and most important of all, he was about to marry Sheila Robinson. He had everything to live for. So I dismissed the idea of suicide. And yet McKay was the only person who could have poisoned that fatal cocktail. That left me stumped—until just now, when I learned that my fingerprints were on two of the cocktail glasses used when we all drank McKay's toast to Sheila. They were on the Libra glass, which was mine—and on the Scorpion glass, which was... McKay's."

"This is what happened. After the glasses were filled and passed around, but before we drank, I was called to the telephone. McKay took my glass while I answered, and when I was finished he returned it to me. Or he thought he did—"

Inspector Queen broke in excitedly. "But he made a mistake, is that it?"

"Yes, Dad. He was already rather drunk, and in his befuddlement, he gave me his own glass—the Scorpion one. In other words, when we drank the toast, McKay himself was drinking from the glass he had meant for me!"

"But—but why should he want to murder you?"

BECAUSE," Ellery said, "I stood in the way of his plans to marry Sheila Robinson. Remember when he called on me, last night, and I told him I knew who had taken the money—and that it wasn't the obvious thief at all. He realized then that I knew about his frame-up of Robinson, and would expose him. He decided he'd have to murder me, and that's why he invited us all to Robinson's home today. But he made one mistake—he drank too much beforehand, very likely because he wanted to keep up his courage. He was able to hand me the poisoned glass in the first place, but then the telephone rang and he offered to hold my drink because he wanted to be sure no one else got hold of it. I came back from the phone and there he was, fuddled with liquor, holding two drinks, one poisoned and one not. In his foggy condition, he made the fatal mistake."

For a moment there was silence. Then Inspector Queen cleared his throat. "Herb Weaver's phone call saved you life, son," he said huskily.

"Yes," Ellery agreed soberly. "And the chance that we happened to drink from glasses marked with the different signs of the zodiac is the one little thing that solved this case for us."

Sergeant Velie was shaking his head in a pleased sort of way. "And to think," he said, "that I solved the case!"

We the Abbotts

(Continued from page 14)

would ever get any farther in the store than he already was, since Crane would eventually inherit it from his father, but the raise enabled us to live comfortably and John didn't want to look for another job.

"Do you and Crane get along all right?" I asked John once when I had been in the store and had seen a sullen look flash across the boy's face when John gave him some kind of an order.

"Sure—well enough," John said easily. But I had my doubts. I didn't like the situation, and I liked it even less when John came home one evening deeply troubled. There had been several shortages in the cash register, it seemed, too many to be overlooked.

"Crane and I are the only ones who ever go near that register," John fretted. "Jim Gray, our prescription clerk, is always in the back of the store, and either Crane or I is always there with him. It *must* be Crane that's taking the money. I hate to—but I guess I'll have to speak to him."

THE memory of Crane's resentful attitude flashed across my mind. I said, "I wouldn't, John. I'd go straight to Vin."

"I can't do that," John said, stuffing tobacco into his pipe. "Vin thinks the sun rises and sets on that boy of his. It'd break his heart if he knew Crane was a thief. He might do or say things that'd have an effect on Crane's whole future life."

"An effect for the better, I imagine," I said tartly.

"No," John said thoughtfully, "I don't want to tell Vin unless I have to. I'll have a little talk with Crane."

The next day he mentioned the missing money to Crane and without making any accusations asked him to be more careful.

"How did he take it?" I asked that night.

"All right. He knew what I meant, I'm pretty sure. I don't think there'll be any more shortages."

For a while, there weren't. Then, on an evening when John had the night shift at the store, the cash register showed another shortage.

"You must call Vin up on the phone, right now," I told him when he came home and revealed what had happened. "Ask him if you can come up and see him, and tell him all about it."

Still John hesitated. He wanted to give Crane one more chance.

"You're being very foolish, John," I said. I was really angry, and frightened. "You simply can't trust Crane, that's all."

Nothing I said made any difference, though. John insisted on giving Crane a second chance.

The delay was fatal. Crane must have expected John to go to Vin. At any rate, he took the first step by accusing John. Vin Miller was at the store the following day when John arrived. It must have been a horrible day, tense and strained, for John knew at once something was wrong, although Vin said nothing until the store closed that night—indeed, he couldn't say anything, with customers walking in and out. But neither did

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John have an opportunity to speak to Crane.

Vin asked to see the books, and spent an hour at them, hunched over the roll-top desk in back of the store. And when business was over for the day he locked the door and he and Crane and John had it out.

I'm glad I wasn't there. I can visualize the scene well enough as it is. Crane had told his father he'd seen John take money from the till. And there were the books, proving that someone had stolen. Vin knew as well as John that the thief could be only one of two people. I suppose he tried to be fair, but he couldn't believe that his own son would steal. He went as far as his pride would let him when he told John that he'd say nothing about the theft and would not prosecute, but, of course, John must leave the store.

John was numb with misery when he told me the story. I was more angry than I'd ever been in all my life. And yet even I could offer no constructive suggestions. John could insist that Vin prosecute him for theft, but what good would that do? It would only result in a public wrangle in court, and no matter how it came out there would always be people who were half-convinced that John was guilty.

WE'VE just got to take it," John said wearily. "Vin will find out, some day. Crane is feeling pretty sure of himself now. I guess he always resented having me as his boss. But he'll make another slip, and I won't be there to blame it on. I feel sorry for Vin when that happens."

All that was cold comfort, when we had a house half built and no money coming in.

I might as well say now that Vin did find out, eventually. I am sure of that, because he aged a great deal in the next few years. But he went to his grave without asking John's pardon. Crane sold the drug store and left town after his father died.

It wasn't easy for John to find another job. There isn't much turnover of jobs in a town as small as ours. Dad and Mother helped us out as much as they could.

John wrote a story and sent it out, but it came back. The second time it came back there was a nice letter from the editor, asking to see more of John's work, and he was so encouraged he wrote two more in quick succession and sent them along. They came back, too.

In between times John had one or two temporary jobs, but nothing with any measure of security.

It was to keep the house—not because I loved John—that I finally went to work myself. A teacher in the grammar school got married suddenly toward the end of the fall term and left, and I applied for her job and got it. The school board was opposed to hiring married women, but they knew John was out of work and I had excellent references from the school where I had taught before my marriage.

I had the job before I told John. For a moment he stared at me, and then he bent his head. "I'm a fine failure as a husband," he said.

"Nonsense!" I spoke briskly, trying to conceal from him—and from myself—my inner conviction that he was right. I find it hard to recognize myself in that intolerant young wo-

man of so many years ago. And yet the memory is there. It must have been I who went on, "We've got to have the money, John. It won't be so bad. You can take care of the children, and if you should get a job I'll quit."

No tenderness. No sympathy. No assurance that it didn't really matter and that I still loved and respected him. I thought I was being kind when I refrained from reminding him that if he had followed my advice about Crane Miller I would not have to go to work.

My "temporary" job lasted almost two years—two years in which John worked at whatever he could get and wrote when he was out of a job. He sold some stories, too, but not more than enough to eke out the family budget. I wonder, now—if he'd been happier, would his stories have been more successful?

John doesn't know that I was the one who finally got him his job teaching English and history in the high school. At least I had wisdom enough to let him think that the school board came to him of its own accord—and, of course, in a way it did. I simply called attention to John and his qualifications. As soon as I heard that Mr. Gilroy, the former English and history teacher, was leaving, it occurred to me that John was the obvious person to take his place.

The Superintendent of Schools was a good friend of mine, and I asked him to call John and interview him, without mentioning that I had suggested it. The unbelievably happy result was that John got the job.

He was like a new man. He had changed so gradually, in the two years since he lost the drug-store job, that I hadn't noticed any change at all. Now, overnight, he became the old John. The lines of sadness about his mouth and eyes smoothed out, there was a new light in his face and a new spring in his walk. I left my job, of course, and for almost the first time since our marriage we had a normal home, there in the new house—a home in which the husband earned the money and the wife cooked and took care of the children.

OUR high school has always had one of the best basketball teams in the State. Every Spring it has entered the State tournament, and has nearly always won one of the first three prizes. This competition is important to everyone in town, and most of all important to the school itself, because the gate receipts at the hugely-attended tournaments are always portioned out among the schools sending the competing teams, with the winning school getting the largest share. Our local school system has come to depend on getting one of these winning shares every year, and uses it for various purposes—books, improvements on the building, equipment.

The first year John taught, he had Allen Thompson in his English class, and Allen, besides being handsome and popular, was the captain of the basketball team. He was also, John said, the most potentially brilliant student in school. But he was incorrigibly lazy, and in the mid-term reports, just before the basketball tournament, John gave him a failing grade. By the rules of the athletic association, he could not play in the tournament game.

You who have never lived in a small town cannot imagine how great a tragedy this was. The Principal of the high school called John into his office and explained how important it was for our team to win in the tournament, and then called the athletic coach to tell how much winning depended on Allen Thompson. The Principal couldn't very well ask John to pass Allen when he didn't deserve it—his professional ethics made that impossible—but he did suggest that perhaps Allen deserved special consideration and asked John to give him another examination.

John agreed. He prepared an examination exactly like one that he would have given a whole class. Apparently it didn't occur to him to take the Principal's hint and give Allen a quiz that was so easy he couldn't possibly fail in it. Allen's grade was 65—below passing.

Up to this point, I was only vaguely aware of what was going on. But the situation was now becoming important outside the high school. The local businessmen, who always took an intense interest in the fortunes of the team and never forgot that their taxes supported the school, were beginning to talk and take sides.

My old friend, Superintendent Bellingham, called me up and asked me to come to his office. There we had a long talk, in which he asked me to use my influence with John.

"I COULDN'T say this to anyone but you, Emmy," he said. "But you realize, and I do, that one has to compromise in this world. If I had my way, I'd tell John to go ahead and give the Thompson boy whatever marks he deserves. But we teachers are public servants, remember. The people pay us, and sometimes we have to do what the people want us to, even when we know they're wrong. I think John should reconsider. If Allen Thompson doesn't play in the tournament, and our team loses, the school will have quite a bit less money than it had counted on for next year. We'll have to cut down somewhere, and John is the most recent member of the teaching staff. . . ."

He looked very old and tired. A shrug of his shoulders made it unnecessary to complete the sentence.

When I left his office it was late afternoon. I walked down the echoing corridor of the high school to John's class-room. He was still there, alone in the chalky, close atmosphere. He looked up in surprise and pleasure when I came in.

"Emmy! What a wonderful surprise—"

"I want to talk to you, John," I said.

"It's about Allen Thompson," he said quietly.

"Yes. Isn't it rather ridiculous to throw the whole town into an uproar because one boy doesn't know who wrote 'Paradise Lost,' or what 'The Ancient Mariner' means?"

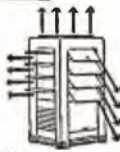
John bit his lip. "It would be ridiculous, Emmy, if the boy were stupid. If I thought he was incapable of passing my course I'd cheerfully give him a passing grade—not in order that he might play in the tournament, but simply because I'd known there was no use trying to pound unwanted knowledge into his head."

"That's what you're doing—he evidently doesn't want to learn."

"Gee, Mom, does that feel swell!"



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"But he should. That boy has a mind as keen as a razor—"

I was too impatient to listen.

"I can't stand much more, John," I said. "I stood by and let you throw away the job in Vin Miller's drug-store. If you had done as I wanted you to then you wouldn't have lost it. I've worked so we could keep the house that you wanted to buy. Yes, I know—I wanted it, too, and I still want it, but we'd have lost it if I hadn't gone back to teaching. Now you have a real opportunity—a job that you can do and enjoy doing. I won't let you throw it away because of some silly, misguided idealism."

The skin on his face seemed to grow tight and pinched. "Emmy!"

"I've just been talking to Superintendent Bellingham. He made it plain that if you couldn't arrange some way to pass Allen Thompson, and the school lost the tournament, you'd probably lose your job."

After a silence that seemed to last forever, John said, "Emmy—I must do what I know is right. You realize it would be wrong for me to pass Allen, don't you?"

"I—No!" I burst out. "It wouldn't be wrong. It's not important enough whether Allen Thompson knows a few facts more or less. It is important to keep our home together. I'm not asking you to do anything dishonest, John. I simply want you to face the world as it is—learn to make the compromises you have to make in order to live—"

"Excuse me," a young voice said behind me.

WHIRLED. A boy was standing in the doorway of the schoolroom—Allen Thompson. He looked very young, in his soiled corduroy trousers and his leather windbreaker, and very frightened.

"I came to see Mr. Abbott," he said. "I couldn't help hearing what you were saying."

John was the first to recover himself. "Come in, Allen," he said kindly. "What did you want to see me about?"

Allen came farther into the room, looking doubtfully from one of us to the other. "I—I guess you were talking about the same thing I wanted to talk about," he said awkwardly. "About my passing in English?"

"Yes, Allen," John said. "As it happens, we were. I understand a good many people in town are talking about that, too."

"I guess so, Mr. Abbott." I began to see what John had meant when he said Allen Thompson had a fine mind. Intelligence was in the broad, high brow, the clear eyes and sensitive lips. "I've been thinking about it all for the last couple of days."

"Have you? And have you reached any decision?" John, I saw to my amazement, was not in the least embarrassed, whereas I could feel my cheeks burning at the thought that this boy should have overheard an intimate family quarrel.

"Yes, sir. I think you're right to flunk me. I could have passed the course if I'd ever studied, but I was just too lazy. I'm sorry it's all got you into trouble. If—if it'll help you any—" his eyes flickered over toward me—"I'll get up in student-body meeting and tell everybody you're right."

"Thank you, Allen," John said gravely. Suddenly I had a bitter sensation—a feeling of not being

wanted or needed, of being an intruder here where two men—two gentlemen—understood each other perfectly.

"That won't be necessary, though," John was continuing. "At least, I hope not. There's still a week before the tournament. How would it be if we worked together, studying, for that week, and then you took another examination? Do you think you could pass it?"

The boy leaned forward. "Oh—yes! I'm sure I could, Mr. Abbott! Anyway, I'd try like the dickens. When can we start?"

"Tonight, after dinner? You can come to my house."

"Why—" He glanced at me, fearfully.

I forced myself to speak calmly. "Of course. And—maybe I can serve some refreshments when the study period is over."

"Gee!" he said. "Gee, Mr. Abbott—you're swell!"

"Thanks, Allen," John said. "I think the same goes for you."

Blushing furiously, Allen backed to the door, turned, grinned at us both, and was gone. We heard his quick footsteps going down the hall.

I couldn't meet John's eyes, and yet I had to.

"It isn't enough to say I'm sorry," I murmured. "I'm so ashamed, John—"

"You shouldn't be, dear. You had a right to your opinion. After all, it hasn't been easy for you—"

"But that boy—he understood. He knew there was nothing so important as doing what you knew was right—but I—your own wife—"

"There, there." He put his arms around me, smoothed the tears away with a finger. "You were excited, overwrought. It wasn't the real you speaking. Let's not think about it any more." He kissed me quickly. "Maybe we'd better be getting home."

John could tell me not to think about it any more, but I couldn't tell myself that. I did think, and I knew that for almost four years I had lived with him, thinking I loved him, and had done nothing but blind myself to his best qualities and seek out his faults. Yes, he was impractical—a dreamer. He had none of the worldly virtues. But he had something much more precious.

HE had an honesty that would not let him be untrue to himself.

That knowledge made me very humble. After that day, I needed no proof of how right John was. But if I had, I would have received it tonight. For, as I said, Allen Thompson came to dinner. He is a grown man now, and a famous one. He has become a foreign correspondent whose articles are read everywhere in the United States, has lived abroad and seen history in the making and written about it. But as he said to John this evening, "If you had let me slip by, that time in school, I might not have ever amounted to anything."

And neither, I said to myself, would I.

Since then, we've been blessed by the arrival of little Linda, who is nine years younger than the twins. And John has been so successful in the teaching profession that he's now Superintendent of Schools. Our life together, since we have really come to love and understand each other, has been everything that any couple could ever hope for.

Mystery House

(Continued from page 21)

minute we questioned him he got nervous and quiet, and we couldn't get anywhere."

Page, back in the home, hurriedly changing, brushing her disordered hair, found herself thinking about Rand sympathetically enough. This solitude-loving man had been promised as payment for his services what he had probably been dreaming of all his life—a competency, a sum large enough to keep him in the research work he liked. He wanted to go back to China and to his laboratory experiments in anesthetics and drugs and opiates; he had told Page that.

The day progressed placidly. At night there was the usual movie to carry them all away from Mystery House, and take them this time to China. Rand talked through the film.

LATER, when she was almost undressed, there was a tap on the door between her room and Flora's room. It was locked. Page heard the bolt fall in answer to her "Come in!"

Flora, tinier and homelier than ever, stood smiling anxiously in the doorway. Page's heart, gave a jump; she was never quite sure of Flora. But there was nothing but friendliness in her manner. She sat down on the edge of a chair; Page looked at her with an expectant smile.

"She's asleep," Flora said, with a jerk of her head in the direction of Mrs. Prendergast's room. She put her lean little freckled claw up to her hair. "Oh, dear, I've got my curlers on!" she apologized. "But I had to wait until I was sure she was off. She got to talking. I think something must have happened that pleased her. You don't know what it might have been?"

Page hesitated only a second. "It might have been what I was talking to Rand about this morning," she said. "That Lynn has been getting—friendly with me. He seems to be better." "You know what she wants of him?" Flora asked. It was as if both women laid down their arms.

"I suppose I do."

"If that—that point could be settled," Flora said, in a dark brooding tone, "it would be a godsend to us all! She ought to get away from here; I ought to get away! I'd throw every diamond in the world into the ocean before I'd stay here another day," she added passionately, "but I have no say. I'm only Flora—poor Flora, poor old-maid Flora who doesn't count!"

"Flora, why didn't you ever marry?"

Page asked, with a sort of inspired simplicity. She saw the color rise under the liver-mottled skin.

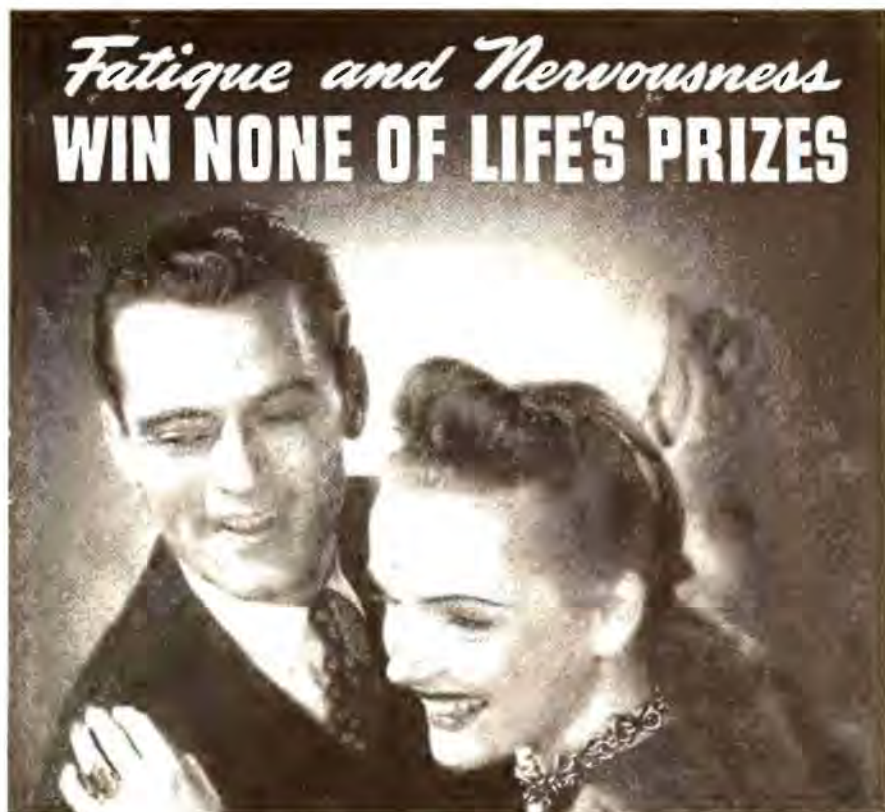
"Didn't you know," Flora said, measuredly, "that Randall Harwood and I are going to be married?"

The room turned over for Page. She wasn't in love with him, no; and she didn't believe it anyway. But Rand—and Flora! She felt the blood in her face as she looked seriously at the other woman.

"No. I didn't know that."

"I love him," Flora said in a hard tone. "He doesn't love me. There are seven years between us—he's thirty-six, I'm forty-three. It doesn't matter. We are going to China."

Page said gently, "I'm glad, Flora. I don't think age matters. He didn't tell me about it, but I'm glad for you."



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For you both," she added, with an awkward little laugh.

"I want to be married," Flora said, in a sort of hard calm that was above shame or concern. "I've always wanted to be. I didn't know it until I came here three months ago and met him. From that first minute. . .

"I was ill and upset," she presently resumed, as Page for sheer pity did not speak. "No man had ever loved me before. Rand did. He didn't like me, but for a little while he loved me. I was a woman and I was here, and I would have let him cut me into little pieces—that was enough for Rand. I think my being—the way I am—interested him. He knew he was the first man to kiss me.

"I lived in a dream through those days. I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep. I was on fire. I'd rather have had it—," she began forcefully, and suddenly stopped and fell silent again. "Well, I had it," she presently resumed. "For a few days, for less than a few weeks, a man loved me.

"I know there'll always be girls—always be some one admiring him, spoiling him," the iron voice, carefully kept unemotional, went on. "He can't help it; he doesn't like it, half the time. But when we are married, and living in China, that won't matter."

It was all so horribly sad, Page thought. She said aloud, "Don't go on saying things like that—don't go on being frustrated and bitter and useless and not loved! Nobody'll think of you as older or unusual, or anything."

"I don't believe I'll ever feel sure and loved and safe like most wives," Flora said. "I'd do without that. But before I'd let him marry anyone else I'd kill him, and myself too. It's all I have left!"

Page was silent for awhile, looking at the other woman thoughtfully. Flora returned her look with one of smouldering proud self-defense.

"This is my advice to you," Flora said, with a strange reluctant urgency. "When you go up to town on Monday with Rand, stay there. Don't come back here! I'm not saying this because I'm jealous," she added harshly. "I am jealous, but it isn't that. I'm saying it because this is a bad place for a girl."

"Wouldn't the simpler way be," Page said, "to see what I can do with Lynn—" she lowered her voice, glanced about, "about the diamond? Tomorrow, any day, he might simply hand it to me. Then I can give it to Mrs. Prendergast, and it's all settled. Then I go back to San Francisco, and you and Rand go to China after you've settled her in the East. It doesn't seem to me," Page finished, "that there's anything dangerous in that plan. Is there?"

"Oh, it's all so mixed up!" Flora said in a whisper.

"Don't worry about me, Flora," Page said. "I'm all right, really I am. Things—things aren't as bad as you think! If I can get Lynn to—to do what Mrs. Prendergast wants him to, and if you all break up here soon, maybe before Christmas, you'll get rested, you'll have a change, you'll need new clothes and things for your trousseau, and for China—that'll all be fun!"

"Trousseau!" Flora echoed, in a scornful, bitter undertone. But for a moment she was softened. She put her pipe-stem arm partly about Page in an awkward unwonted embrace.

"Don't go away," she said, in a whisper. "Stay here! We're all better when you're here! Nothing'll happen to you!"

Rand, going into San Francisco for a day and a night, had suggested that Page go along, and Mrs. Prendergast gave her permission.

It was a thrilling variation to the routine of the endless first month to tuck herself in beside Rand in his car, and watch the hills and the sea slip away, and start for the long grade that rose eastward from Half-moon Bay. It was a clear winter morning.

For awhile Page was quiet in sheer felicity. After a time she spoke from her own thoughts. "Did you tell me, the day you met me at Belmont, that Mrs. Prendergast has a sister?"

"Yes; she has a sister; Mrs. Roy—Fanny. She was a Mrs. Watts, a rich widow; she married a swami some years ago, and the Duchess never forgave her. She writes occasionally from somewhere near Lahore, but the old lady doesn't answer."

"Had Mrs. Roy children?"

"Yes, I believe she has a daughter, married."

Page had not forgotten Mrs. Hibbs, that Alysse Watts Hibbs whose concern for her aunt's millions and her aunt's diamond had started her, Page Hazeltine, upon this fantastic adventure.

They had crossed the big grade now, and were moving smoothly along the level roads between Belmont and the city.

"Rand," Page said suddenly, "I want to say something to you. I think I will! Flora—did you know that Flora thinks she is engaged to you?"

She had expected him to deny it, but instead he was quite silent for a full half minute.

"In a way she's right," he said then.

THAT you are engaged!" Page's tone was all incredulity. "I thought, of course—I never dreamed—" she stammered. A great desolation pervaded her soul. Somehow, Rand had failed her.

"In those first days of sickness and confusion," Rand began, "she and I were consulting—arranging—up nights and eating meals whenever we could—well," he broke off in a bitter tone, "there never was any excuse for it! But she was so small, and so forlorn—I'm not defending myself," he ended.

"You mean you—made love to her!"

"She took it that way. I'm not sure she wasn't right," the man said, with an embarrassed, angry half-laugh. "We were alone together, day after day. I began to—to jolly her up. 'Never mind, Flora,' I'd say to her, 'we'll get out of here some day, and go to China. You and I'll see it through, and some day we can live the way we want to!' She was little, and a woman," he finished, "and I knew—I knew how she felt about me!"

He stopped short, and there was a silence. Page felt a sense of disillusionment. Men were men, of course, and she herself was not a child.

She had even dreamed—well, not of marrying Rand exactly; that is, she had not seriously thought of marrying Rand. But he was fine looking; he was intelligent and kindly and—yes, fascinating.

Flora loved him, the old lady was romantically jealous of her doctor. And Page was fancy free, and she would be twenty-seven in March!

Girls had married, and married happily, with far less reason than she could find for marrying Rand.

"Which brings me to something else," the man presently said in a brisk, matter-of-fact tone. "I'm going to speak of it, and then I want you to forget it."

They were nearing the city now, and he slowed down a little in the traffic on the San Bruno cut.

MY life hasn't been the sort of life that makes it right for me to tell you this," he said. "I've been a sort of adventurer, always. But I love you. I've loved you from that first rainy night at Belmont station. Not the way I've ever loved other women. When you speak, or if you don't speak, if you come in or go out, if I see your old white sweater lying on a chair, or if you ask me to pass you the butter—I'm shaken, I'm sick, I'm a fool. I don't know why I'm telling you. My job is to clean this mess up at the house and marry Flora, and make the best of my bargain. So that's that. I'll never speak of this again. And here we are at your house," he ended with an abrupt change of tone. "I'll pick you up tomorrow afternoon at three."

He had stopped the car at Mrs. Chayne's. Page got out, and took her bag, and turned away. Neither spoke.

It was thrilling to be in the boarding-house again, to whirl into Sarah Bowditch's room, and interrupt the school teacher's quiet Saturday morning of home work with the tale, much deleted, of her adventures. It was supremely thrilling to go downtown in the December sunshine, and find the holly-decorated shops crowded and joyous.

Back in her room, wearied and happy, she was resting when a gentleman was announced. She descended in a flutter of interest to find a slim pale young man with eyeglasses waiting for her.

"Miss Hazeltine, don't say my name!" he said quickly.

"I don't know it!" Page exclaimed. He took a card from his pocket, showed it to her, put it away again. She read the name "Barnes Bishop, Jr."

"Oh!" she said, enlightenment breaking in upon her. "I remember! Mrs. Hurley—"

"Please!" he said in an agony. "I must see you," he said. "We can't talk here! My father couldn't come himself; he might be identified."

"Oh, intrigue!" Page said, unimpressed. "I love it."

The pale young man looked disapproving. "Nobody—nobody must know I've been here. Where could we meet tomorrow without being seen?"

"But why can't we talk here?"

"You know the big library, at the Civic Centre? Could you be there at noon tomorrow, outside on the sidewalk, I mean? I'll come by in my car, and honk three times. If you're not there I'll go slowly around the block. I'll keep driving around the block until I see you."

"You know me by my wearing a green carnation," Page said, incurably frivolous.

Barnes Bishop paid no attention to this. "You know that we are representing Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hibbs in this matter," he said.

"Mrs. Hurley told me that she is Mrs. Prendergast's niece."

"Please!" he said again. "All this is

a complete secret."

He got to his feet and looked out through the tasselled portieres into the hall. It was clear. "I can slip away," he said. "I'll see you—at the time we said, and at the place I mentioned?"

He went away; Page burst into laughter as she remounted the stairs. "He and his mysteries! He's been reading too many murder books," she said half-aloud.

The next day he took her to lunch in an obscure Italian restaurant in Columbus avenue.

Barnes Bishop, small and slight and fair-headed and spectacled, beamed at her through strong glasses, and showed her that he liked her.

"You're bound," she said smiling, "to make this up into a great big murder case before you get through!"

"Well, it may be much more serious than you think it is. There is no question," the man said earnestly, "that something queer is going on down there!"

ASSURE you there's no air of mystery or crime down there," Page told him amusedly. "They're all perfectly normal, really, just a little odd. Well, Flora," she added, reconsidering, "she is queer. And Lynn—but, of course, he was terribly ill."

"That's two," Barnes said triumphantly. "Then there's you and the dope doctor from China, and an old lady who keeps building onto her house."

"It sounds awful," Page admitted laughing. "But it isn't."

"Do you know if old Mrs. Prendergast and her housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, had a quarrel just before

She looks like a Million

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the housekeeper died?"

"I'm sure they didn't. She was devoted to Trudy."

"Ha!" Barnes said, apparently baffled, and returning to his breast pocket a little book from which he had read the names.

"Find the body," Page said, busy with zabaglione.

"We're very near to finding the body," he said seriously. Page's eyes came up with a flash. "Listen to this," he added, leaning across the table, "and don't, of course, breathe a word of it to anyone. For three or four years Mrs. Prendergast has had a Belmont doctor, an old fellow named John Ullmeyer. Well, he says that there was something queer about Mrs. Mockbee's death."

"Queer?" Page repeated.

"Here's the way it was," Barnes said, very earnest and excited. "Doctor Ullmeyer had been going over there every day for weeks, but he was away on a fishing trip up on the Klamath when this housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, died, and his substitute, a young Doctor Moore from Stockton, had the case. Ullmeyer says that up to within three days of her death there was nothing the matter with Mrs. Mockbee, and that Doctor Moore confessed that he himself didn't understand the symptoms of whatever she finally had."

MOORE put 'acute gastritis' on the certificate. Ullmeyer sent in a bill, and the old lady paid it, and sent him a furious letter dismissing him, telling him that he hadn't been around when she needed him, and she was done! He got thinking about it, and he went up to Stockton to see Moore, and the upshot of it is that the Hibbses think that their aunt may have murdered Trudy—the housekeeper."

Page, serious at last, was a little pale as she stared at him. "But what for?" she asked. "She adored Trudy. Why should she murder her?"

"Fury. Just one of her fights."

"But surely her own niece isn't going to accuse her of murder?"

"It isn't her own niece. It's Doctor Ullmeyer. His pride's been hurt. Now, that puts you in a priceless position! You're there, you're on the spot. This is all going to be kept absolutely a secret, of course, but they are going to exhume this Trudy Mockbee's body and see what they find."

Page sat back. "You're right," she said dazedly, in a weak little voice. "I'm in a priceless position. I'm on the spot. Exhume?" she repeated his word after a pause. "But what—what would they expect to find?"

"Poison," Barnes answered briefly. "Poison! They can't think that Mrs. Prendergast would poison her oldest friend, her only friend!"

"This Doctor Harwood you describe, could he have had any interest in getting the old girl out of the way?"

"He wasn't there. He didn't show up at all until after Trudy Mockbee died."

"This other man—the idiot—what about him? Could he be an arsenic—a strychnine poisoner?"

"Lynn? He's no idiot!" she said. "He's good-looking—clean-looking—and he's a gentleman—that is, in manners and voice and being considerate—yes, he's much more of a gentleman, really, than old Mrs. Prendergast is a lady, if you know what I mean. She's just a sort of—a sort of coarse, good-natured woman who's become immensely rich without ever being really cultured or fine, and Flora—

poor Flora's not a lady; you couldn't call her a lady."

"But Lynn has something—something fine. Only he's like a person asleep all the time. As for the diamond, Lynn has it, and keeps it hidden from Mrs. Prendergast. But he couldn't poison anyone. You'd only have to see him to know that."

"I didn't like the poison suspicion," Barnes said, scowling thoughtfully. "Now you tell me this diamond complication! There's some way of tying Trudy Mockbee and this idiot and the diamond together!"

"The diamond is safe enough," Page said comfortably.

"Safe! You mean that this half-asleep, irresponsible boy is wandering about with the Prendergast diamond? I can tell you that Fred Hibbs and his wife wouldn't consider it safe! After all, they're the old girl's only heirs. How did this Lynn get it?"

"They don't know. They think that perhaps Trudy Mockbee got possession of it in some way, and gave it to him when she was dying."

"He might be the Mockbee woman's son?"

"That would make him Flora Mockbee's brother, or half-brother. Surely Flora'd admit it. As it is, she seems half afraid of him."

"Ha!" Barnes Bishop said, musing. "If Mrs. Hibbs went down there to see her aunt, d'you think the old lady would see her?"

"I think," Page said, after consideration, "I might talk her into it. I'd put it to her that she was going away to Connecticut, and mightn't have another chance to see her niece."

"Look here, I'll tell you!" Bishop said. "If Mrs. Hibbs makes up her mind to see her aunt, I'll wire you. Would some one else get the wire first?"

"It would be telephoned. And if I hadn't prepared the way she might be furious."

"Ha, that won't do then. I'll work out a cipher with you. What could I say?"

SAY—say, 'Can you possibly get in for engagement shower for Betty on Monday?'

"You're getting the idea!" the man said approvingly. "And listen. Mrs. Mockbee's grave will be—what'll we call it? We'll mean the grave when we say 'Betty's house.' And look here, if ever you get scared down there," Barnes added, "if there's ever danger say—say 'gingerbread.' That's easy to remember because it has 'danger' in it."

"How could I possibly put 'gingerbread' into a message?" Page asked.

"Ask for the gingerbread recipe," the man answered resourcefully.

"Perhaps we could take Rand into our confidence? He has tremendous influence with her."

"Doctor Harwood is straight, you think?" he asked now.

"Well," the girl said hesitating, "he's lived in some queer places and done—I suppose—some queer things. He probably wouldn't object if the old lady left him a slice of her money. I wouldn't myself," she ended honestly. "But he's been wonderful to her. I think you'd like him."

"I like you," Barnes Bishop said abruptly. "You are a wonderful person to have in the case."

"Oh, heavens!" Page exclaimed. "I mean it. I think you are one of the most interesting girls I ever knew," the man reiterated, flushing. "You don't know me at all," Page said. "We've only seen each other once."

"Once is enough," the boy said, with his pleasant flashing smile.

Life could be exciting and satisfying and all pleasant, Page thought. Yesterday Rand's low fine voice telling her that he loved her; it was hopeless; nothing could come of it, but yet he loved her.

Now here was another man telling her that she had somehow gained in charm during this last strange month. Barnes Bishop, who was the junior member of a fine old firm, and who was nice, too! It was great fun to sit here discussing the Prendergast mystery with him.

They went out together. Barnes signalled a cruising yellow taxi, and put her into it.

"Remember, that's—that's true," he said in parting. "I do. I do really think you're wonderful, Miss Hazeltine."

Page was still smiling dreamily at his absurdities, and still feeling the unaccustomed little warmth they put into her heart when she ran down the steps of the boarding-house half an hour later and joined Rand in the car.

ARE you afraid of anything, Page?" Lynn asked her, one day.

"Yes, I suppose I'm afraid of something—or other," she answered. "The first night I spent here I was afraid."

"I remember that first night," Lynn said.

"Pouring rain."

"Yes; and your hair was a little wet at the edges. And you were sort of blinking when you came into the room. You had on a blue dress, and you were sort of settling the cuffs," Lynn went on. He looked at her with his anxious placating smile; he did not want her to laugh at him.

"You remember all that!"

"I remember everything. Did I say—or did I just think I said you were terribly pretty?"

"You did say it."

Lynn was silent, looking off at the sky. He might have been looking for a cloud that would bring a breeze, Page reflected hopefully, always anxious to put reason into what he did. Or he might just have gone vague again. They had taken the boat out for half an hour's sail and were waiting now, after almost two hours of calm, for enough wind to make the short quarter mile to the pier.

"You see—that's the trouble, Page," Lynn said, in an anxious, bewildered voice; "that's what I meant by things that frighten you. I didn't mean robbers, or ghosts. But—but not knowing whether you said a thing or didn't say it; don't you think that's frightening?"

Page smiled at him, and said comfortably:

"I wouldn't even try to think. Just get well—and gradually things will all come clear."

"But it's not getting better."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's getting worse! I'm thinking more—queer kind of things, and my head aches more. Really it does, Page!"

"Think all you like, only don't be afraid, Lynn," she said. "Nobody'll ever bother you!"

"Ah, but what about the diamond? They'll bother me for that. They all want that!"

Page was taken unawares, and felt for a moment the chill fingers of fright at her own heart. He had not mentioned the diamond for days. Now

every fibre of her being trembled; she must take advantage of this moment—the right action now might mean release for them all. Another second, if she played her cards right, might solve the most serious problem of Mystery House!

YES, but if you gave the diamond back to Mrs. Prendergast, Lynn, then you wouldn't have that to worry about," Page said, carefully careless and cheerful.

His big brown hands moved awkwardly. "If I could be near you I'd never be afraid of anything," he said simply. "But I guess you couldn't ever do that?"

"Do what?"

"We could get married, couldn't we?" he said. "If you would, I would. I mean," he added hastily, apologetically.

"Maybe, some day. . . ." Page said, her throat unexpectedly thick, tears in her eyes.

"You're saying that to make me feel better," Lynn observed, shrewdly. "You say everything you can to make me feel better, don't you? You're kind, you're so terribly kind," he said, with his troubled half-smile. "That's why I like you so. If ever. . . ."

His voice died away; there was a long silence.

Thus Page faces another bewildering problem—a declaration of love from the strange half-child, half-man, Lynn. Meanwhile, what of the suspicions raised by Barnes Bishop? Surprise piles on surprise in next month's chapter of this exciting novel by Kathleen Norris, in the January issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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The finest flavors...thoroughly mixed with skill and care are used in Beech-Nut Gum. That is why you may enjoy each delicious piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds.

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(Continued from page 5)



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Haven't you often wished you could make your complexion perfectly lovely—smooth, soft as a butterfly wing? Well, you can, because HAMPDEN POWDER-BASE...

gives your skin a soft, smooth, more youthful appearance • keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours • helps conceal lines and blemishes • prevents nose shine.

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hour is taken up with a Dude Ranch program, featuring Western songs and stories. Outside the studio window, as Charlie broadcasts, is a magnificent view of the famous Wasatch Mountains above Salt Lake City, and his word picture of the dawn as it tints this range is a greeting that has inspired countless visitors, according to the letters he gets, and makes early rising a pleasure.

Besides his Alarm Clock program, Charlie writes continuities, announces other shows, and modestly carries the title of Publicity Director for KDYL.

In 1924, his first year out of Boston University, Charlie coached a group of aspiring actors in a dramatic series over one of Boston's pioneer broadcasting stations, and he dates his radio experience from that beginning. Soon afterwards, he took his drama more seriously and spent several years with various dramatic stock companies, winding up with a season on Broadway, in musical comedy. In 1929, when sound movies came into full swing and began competing with the stage, he returned to radio, joining the staff of WNAC in Boston. A year later he went to the West Coast for a vacation, and was asked to go to work on KFI. Later still he was with KPO in San Francisco, and then spent five years in and out of the movies. The uncertainty of movie work convinced him that radio was best after all, and when the chance came last year to work for KDYL he jumped at it.

Another reason he was so glad to come to Salt Lake was that a girl named Dorothy Corfield lived there. He met her three years ago when she came to Los Angeles for a vacation, and now she is Mrs. Charles Summer Buck.

Charlie's hobbies are swimming, tennis, and his college fraternity, Lambda Chi Alpha, of which he is a life member.

Want to win an airplane? The new Wings of Destiny program on NBC-Blue, Friday nights is offering what must certainly be radio's strangest prize award. Every week one of those tiny Piper cub trainer planes you've read about will be given away to the writer of the best testimonial letter for the sponsor's brand of cigarettes. The winner must be at home to answer his telephone during the broadcast, though, or he won't get the prize—it will go to the writer of the next best letter. The planes cost about \$1,600 retail, will fly 90 miles an hour, and carries two people. Of course, you have to know how to fly it—the prize offer doesn't include a pilot.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Personality in miniature—that's Dave Lane, station WBT's star songster, who is heard on his own program Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 9:45 P. M., and on Sundays at 10:30 A. M.

"Bend right down and meet him," is the injunction people usually give when introducing Dave, but he takes it with a grin, having learned long ago that his size is always going to be something to kid him about. He's

just five feet two inches tall.

In spite of his size, Dave has plenty of appeal, and whether he's singing or talking or playing the piano, women love him.

For years he staggered along under the name of Eber Lineberger—handle that's longer than he is tall—until a sympathetic boss took pity on him and shortened it to Dave Lane. By any name, he's one of radio's most tireless workers.

At the age of thirteen, he was studying piano and giving his teacher gray hairs because he would insist upon doing his own modern interpretations of classics instead of practicing scales. In high school he demanded a hassock on the piano bench and played with the school orchestra. At Furman University in Greenville, S. C., he sang with the glee club, although no audience could ever swear that they saw him with that group. Still in college, he auditioned at WFBC in Greenville, and began a radio career while attending classes.

Dave did everything at WFBC but sweep out the offices. He beat the first rooster's crow to the station every morning to sign on at six o'clock, announced sports, special events, news and station breaks, played piano, sang, and wrote continuity for his own and about twenty other programs a week. While he was in college, this kept him fairly busy. A few months ago, a scout from WBT heard him, offered him a contract, and brought him to Charlotte.

Dave's unmarried (so far) and has green eyes and black hair. His hobbies are music (he practices five hours a day), golf, swimming and badminton. He always removes his left shoe during a broadcast. Why? Write Dave Lane, WBT, Charlotte, N. C., for the answer. No one else knows it.



■ The long and short of it—John Henderson, WBT's Engineer, and Dave Lane, five-foot-two songster.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

ready and waiting, every hour of the day and night, in some nearby part of my mansion, to play whatever selection I wished on signal by push-button from me."

Yet here am I, not by the furthest stretch of any one's imagination even in moderate circumstances, with that dream come true. For at any hour of the day and night, yea, a newscaster, a stock company and various other entertainers are waiting for me to give the signal to let their offerings in range of my hearing.

Wonderful indeed is radio for the dreams it has fulfilled!—Fred B. Mann, Danville, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE

I DISAGREE, MRS. FRANK!

I see in your September letter contest that a Mrs. Frank wins the first prize for suggesting the elimination of my pet features. I wait every day for the World Today news, and although I know it is censored, just the thought that we are so near to our friends over there—that we can hear them take a long breath, or a little cough—why, that gives me a sense of world unity that nothing else can.

It is so easy when we don't like some feature, just to switch it off. If I consulted my own taste there would not be one single little sentimental song about the wind and the rain in someone's hair. The way I scoot by such songs is enough to dry said hair. If I had the power to eliminate them

from the program, however, I might spoil the day for lots of sweet little girls. I am so glad I can turn a knob! —Cecile Blue, Rusk, Texas.

FIFTH PRIZE

THE LONE RANGER RIDES—FOR GROWNUPS, TOO!

I simply can't "be my age" when I hear that thrilling note of William Tell and a second later the hoofbeats of Silver. The Lone Ranger rides—for children. It's a long way back to my childhood, but Silver doesn't mind distance; the Lone Ranger never hesitates to pick up a stranger on the road to yesteryear; and Tonto can be depended on to say: "Her runnin' far . . . heap scared."

Far is right. Thank goodness for the Lone Ranger and his faithful friend, Tonto, who waste no words—just snatch me up and HIYO, SILVER, AWAY we go back to the jolly days when wrongs were all made right by the timely appearance of help.

Keep on riding, Friends. The troubles you dispatch today are quite as terrifying as those encountered when the West was young.—Mrs. M. C. Moloney, Eagle Creek, Oregon.

SIXTH PRIZE

WANTED: A RADIO BOOK READER

Through the medium of radio, I have heard many interesting book reports but have found them all too brief. For those of us who cannot

buy all the latest books, and find libraries not in our near vicinity, what a pleasure it would be to hear a Book Reading program. It could be arranged in serial form, reading a few chapters each day. I am certain it would be as absorbing as the many continued stories enacted on the air. So many people belong to reading clubs for this purpose, that a radio Book Reader should have a tremendous and appreciative audience.—Mrs. William Berger, Corona, New York.

SEVENTH PRIZE

LISTENING IN ON CONGRESS

The army and navy have radio stations. Our legislature in Washington is certainly important enough to merit one, one which broadcasts continuously while Congress is in session.

As election time draws near, many of us suddenly realize how little we know about the merit of the men we entrust to represent us. We often reelect men who are not only useless but harmful, because their publicized names are familiar to us and we think they have experience.

We will have a clearer picture of our statesmen than partisan newspapers and paid political broadcasts can ever paint.

For the welfare of this country in the present world upheaval; for the preservation and the symbolization of democracy; we should have a legislative broadcasting station.—William Jean, San Francisco, Calif.

VIVACIOUS PEGGY WRIGHT, MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE SENIOR, SAYS:

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AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
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Ask any man, and he'll tell you! There is nothing so lovely as the natural charm of gay young "collegiennes"! And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder—the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that glorify the beauty of your own skin tones . . . give you that modern natural look that men adore!

So whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's easy now to find the powder that is exactly right for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the powder that's keyed to the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly this fine-textured powder goes on—how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And see how it ends powder-puff dabbling for hours! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

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If you have no organic disorder needing surgical or medical care, don't hesitate to try Midol. It should help you. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. Get Midol at any drugstore. Five tablets, enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢. Forty cents for 12 tablets.



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TRIMAL

The Beauty Blunder Most Women Make

(Continued from page 11)

intend to put them, and they must fit.

Now, as to your other two outfits for the day, I'm only going to make suggestions. It doesn't really matter what they are, as long as they fulfill the specifications in the paragraph above. No two of us need quite the same clothes. The effect you want from your clothes may depend not only on the life you lead, but the life you'd like to lead.

Most of us must dress ahead of our incomes, and when that's the case, quality comes first. If you need to make your clothes allowance stretch, you'll want clothes with lasting qualities. But you want variety, too, not only for the eyes of others but for yourself.

That means more of the less expensive, simple styles you can dress up for yourself. New accents, new details for eye-interest, a stunning bag, some frivolous jewelry—these are the devices you can use to bring new life to your wardrobe. But remember that fashion is more important in accessories than it is in basic clothes, so harmonize the old with the new. Build up and add to your wardrobe with clever variations you can switch around.

YOU can teach all your clothes the newest tricks with one or two new details. A handsome collar, a colorful shawl, a corsage at your waist—and all the new and exciting buttons! Schiaparelli gets some of her very best effects with clever fastenings.

If you're just an old gadgeteer at heart, wear the very new and neatest. Clever bracelets, a bunched bright necklace, one striking clip of pearls. But don't buy jewelry just because it's pretty, or even because it's clever. Have a special outfit in mind. There's design in jewelry as well as in clothes, so be sure the color and line are effective. If they add a note of interest and complete your costume, they'll do right by you. But they won't if they look tacked on!

Another good stunt is to brighten up last year's left-overs with color accents—a new note every season. A touch of autumn in your scarf, for instance, with shoes and hat to match. A froth of bright melon would around your hat to give you a new Easter bonnet. Gay bags and belts for summer sparkle.

All these touches—these magical aides to an ordinary wardrobe—are just as valuable when you are alone in your home as they are when you're out where other people can see you.

I design most of my own clothes—and love it! And I think most women would. It's a thrilling experience to watch a dress materialize from one of your own sketches. But the real thrill is that it's just what you want. It belongs to you in every line. Of course, it does take a little more time, and time is a precious thing. But I believe it isn't the amount of money you spend on clothes, it's the time you spend on thinking them through.

When I'm in a rush, however, I nearly always buy a good little dress with very simple lines, and then take it straight to my seamstress and have it fitted to my size. I defy any woman to find a perfect fit in ready-to-wear clothes, though if she looks long and

hard enough, she may find something that comes pretty close. It may not be the style she wants, or have the lines she needs, but she takes it because it just about fits her. But line is all-important in the way you look, so be sure you know your own best formula. Study your figure from all angles, know the new trends and how to adapt them to your needs, and buy the dress that suits you. Then carry out the effect you want by taking the dress to a seamstress and making sure that it fits!

Sometimes, of course, you're pressed for time and you want a dress you can wear out of the store. When that happens, be sure the dress you select isn't too short in the waist. That will throw your whole figure out of line. Then test the shoulders and the back of the waist. Too snug under the arms and at the elbows? Too tight across the back? Walk around, sit down, wave your arms in it, and you'll be on the safe side! Examine it to see if the seams can be let out, in case you're the one that isn't pre-shrunk. And don't be fooled by the way the dress looks in front—study it from the back, too.

Then, before you decide to take it, check up on yourself. Does the dress really do things for your figure? Clever, flattering things? If the style is right for you, can it be fitted to you without re-making the dress? It doesn't matter a whit how much you spend, a dress isn't smart or becoming unless it's molded to your body. That's the secret of Parisian chic—exquisite tailoring. Few Frenchwomen have the Americans' slim silhouettes, but they know how to flatter every curve.

American manufacturers have taught us how to dress, and they've done a really superb job. Of course, they can't fit sixty-five million of us perfectly—that's our job.

DID you ever stop to think that America has created the only original styles that have appeared within the last ten years? Paris always looked into the past for ideas. (Bustles, for instance, were history.) Hollywood, however, looks ahead. California playclothes were something new under the sun. Slacks and shorts caught the modern mood, and Hollywood's stars put them over. Page-boy bobs, little-girl curls and bright-colored fingernails have all been inspired by the picture stars.

In France, during the days when Paris led the style world, dressing was an art, a science. The smartest women thought nothing of spending five hours in front of a mirror studying new effects and styles. Clothes should never be an obsession. American women, however, are far too active for this to happen here. Besides, we have a saving sense of humor. Clothes to us are what they should be—flattering fun. But we should remember that they're much more flattering—and more fun—if they carry out an effect; and at least some time and thought must be spent to create that effect.

Try it—you'll find that it's well worth the trouble! And good luck to our American designers—the best in the world!

Club Matinee-Idols

(Ransom Sherman)

(Continued from page 16)

several million pairs of waiting ears. Up at seven, a quick breakfast and then work at the typewriter—that's the morning routine. His little daughter Ann works beside him, imitating her dad on an old portable typewriter which is her special pride.

All this takes place in the Sherman home in Kenilworth, Ill., a north shore suburb of Chicago.

Ransom has his own unique and effective way of setting deadlines, timing his scripts by the trains as they amble through the suburban station. If the 2:49 whistles on page 9 instead of page 10 Rans knows he has to speed up a bit.

His material comes from anywhere. A headline in a newspaper is twisted into a gag; his wife's culinary achievements give rise to screwy advice to housewives; or a suburbanite working on a dandelion crop will furnish an entire episode for one of his hilarious skits.

CLUB Matinee visitors usually get a mild shock the first time they see the mirth maestro: Sherman looks like a bank clerk, an aspiring curate or even a stock broker; tall, blond, immaculate, be-spectacled, he's consistently unsmiling, often even in his most hilarious moments.

As far as his career is concerned, radio just happened. "Everything I've ever had has been thrown in my lap. I never particularly aspired to anything; never felt that I'd like to be a fireman, policeman and stuff. Just a dope, but my mother loved me. We need more mothers in this world!"

Both his parents were accomplished musicians—his mother a pianist and his father a violinist. So, when he was very young, Ransom studied the violin. Then he caught his finger in a church door and, as he says, "Heifetz, Kreisler and others slept soundly again." He took up the saxophone and put it down; made three separate and spasmodic attempts to become a pianist, but flopped. His final contribution to the realm of music was during his college days, when he played the bass fiddle in a university theater orchestra. (Which school it was he declines to state: says he still has some loyalty to all four colleges he attended). His parents heard the young virtuoso just once and begged him tearfully to take up any career but music.

A rugged individualist even then, Rans mulled over all the more eccentric occupations he could summon to mind. He couldn't be a magician—his older brother, James, had already ventured into that field. So Sherman, after considerable application to the fine art of vocalizing, sent his tux out to the cleaners and became a song starter. In case you don't know, that job involves sitting at the head table during a banquet, waiting until the guests are busy champing roast beef and then rising to lure them (with a questionable tenor voice, in Ransom's case) into vocal vagaries called singing. It gradually dawned on Sherman that they laughed when he got up so he became a comedian.

Radio gathered him in in 1923; he was one of the original Three Doctors, a comedy team which daily went on the air for an hour's broadcast with no

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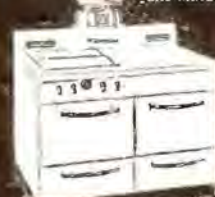
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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

TOUCH UP
Gray
HAIR

ANY
COLOR

LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

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preparation whatever except a sublime faith in a somewhat eccentric wit.

Those were the days, when Ransom touched a truly magnificent height in luckless and unintentional tactlessness. The Three Doctors were working for a touchy sponsor who could be offended by a pin prick. One afternoon the Doctors decided to sponsor a cow-naming contest; a minor thing in itself but it led to their downfall. Out of more than 5,000 names submitted to them Sherman fell on one with wild cries of delight. "Flossie," he yelled, "the perfect name for a cow." The next day they were without a sponsor. Flossie was the name of their client's pet daughter.

Probably a good half of Sherman's fan mail contains the query; "How in the world does your wife put up with you or do you act the same way at home?" The answer is yes. Mrs. Helen Sherman, fortunately, has the same type of humor as her husband's and the two children take after both parents.

DAUGHTER Ann, as cherubic a looking child as you'll find, recently visited one of papa's Club Matinee sessions. Before the show began she bashfully gave maestro Joe Gallicchio a piece of candy. As the sweet melted in Gallicchio's mouth it unrolled a couple of yards of wriggling rubber band. Ann didn't smile once. She also made her idol announcer Charlie Lyon happy by presenting him with a chocolate bar filled with salt.

The new Sherman menage is the home they've been looking forward to for some years. A small-town (Appleton, Wis.) boy by birth, he's chosen

a rambling structure in the north suburbs, with a paneled den and an elaborate basement playroom. There's a large garden, in which Rans plans someday to putter around. To date, his horticultural activity consists of one effort—the day he decided to dig out the roses and, after a futile six hours, decided to send for a gardener. The man took one look at the beds and collapsed; Sherman had been trying to destroy thousand dollars worth of imported blooms set in by the former owner.

They do have their serious ideas, these Shermans. One of them is their firm belief that children should not be exploited, on the theory that it not only makes nuisances out of them but it spoils their future. Consequently, in spite of mild gags, such as Ann's presentation to Joe Gallicchio, the Sherman youngsters are extraordinarily well-mannered.

The family likes simple things. When the daily script is out of the way Ransom piles the family into the car and heads for the zoo or just a quiet drive. They've been known to set out and drive a couple of days just for the fun of it. Sherman likes wood working, "mechanical horsing around," and often helps son George with his radio sound effects gadgets.

Sherman's philosophy is a simple one, but good. It works perfectly for all the minor tragedies of life, and some of the major ones: "The Time that heals our wounds is the same Time that shows us the funny side of what was tragedy when it happened. Why wait for Time? Do it yourself."

There's more wisdom in that than you'd expect. Think it over for a while.

Club Matinee-Idols

(Garry Moore)

(Continued from page 17)

sell that play. I don't even remember what we called it and I wouldn't repeat what the producers called it."

Garry often has wondered, however, if that wasn't really his start as a comedian. "I didn't think the play was a humorous one but the producers sure laughed when they read it," he adds.

That was the first setback for young Garry who then decided he wanted to be a radio author. Garry landed a job as a continuity writer on a Baltimore station and was penning everything from organ recitals to spot announcements, when one day his boss ordered Garry to write a comedy. The young writer gulped and went to his typewriter. The result was a show centering around a character named Bingo Puntworthy. When no one could be found to interpret the role as Garry had written it, Bingo's creator became Bingo and Bingo he was for some two years.

Garry's success as Bingo Puntworthy earned him a big chance to appear with Fred Allen. Allen had invited many new song and comedy acts to make guest appearances on his Town Hall Tonight in 1937. Garry put in his application and was accepted.

He worked up an elaborate "invention" which was his idea of "a sure way to kill a bee." The scheme involved a stepladder, at the top of which was to be placed a nice juicy steak, saturated with whiskey. According to Garry's theory, the bee in buzzing by would smell the steak and

eat heartily. After having his fill of steak and whiskey, Mr. Bee would start to stagger down the stepladder, only to find the rungs had been knocked away by a sledge hammer. Naturally, he would fall to earth, striking his head on a manhole cover which Little Sir Echo had placed there. Garry figured that would stun even a bee so while the buzzer lay on the manhole cover, the bee-hunter would hit him with the sledge hammer. Presto! No more bee!

EVERYTHING went swell during rehearsal and it looked like a new star was about to break over the radio horizon. But when Garry stood in front of the microphone in the world's largest radio studio packed to the brim with broadcasting notables, he got stage fright. He got it so bad, he forgot to explain about the whiskey on the steak so that when he finished his little act, the crowd just stared. Listeners failed to understand why the bee would stagger from a fine big steak. The silence was deafening.

After the broadcast, Garry screwed up his courage, walked up to Allen and remarked, "Guess I laid an egg, Mr. Allen." That master of wit looked at his youthful guest and drawled, "My boy, that was no egg. That was an omelet." Garry went back to Baltimore. Comedy took a count that time.

Shortly afterward, Garry landed a position as special events announcer with a St. Louis station. He took it

with every expectation of talking about football and baseball games, fires and riots, but never a gag. He had been in St. Louis one week when the program manager called the new announcer to his office.

"I hear you conducted a comedy show in Baltimore. How about trying one here?" he asked Garry. Moore looked at his boss and murmured something about not wanting to be a comedian but the man behind the desk suggested Garry write a show and submit it. The young announcer did and Midafternoon Madness made its debut a few days later. The show was an instant hit and stayed on the air until Garry left St. Louis for Chicago, NBC and Club Matinee in 1939.

In addition to his Club Matinee broadcasts Garry is Master of Ceremonies on the popular Beat the Band program, heard each Sunday at 6:30 P. M. EST over the NBC network.

The Moore family moved from its Chicago apartment to Glencoe, a suburb north of the Windy City, early this summer. They live in a modest six-room house, conservatively furnished with a sprinkling of antiques Garry has picked up around the country. There are two bed-rooms, nursery, kitchen, library, living room and dining room.

THE young comedian was married in June, 1939, to Miss Eleanor Little of Richmond, Va., a doctor's technician, whom he met while "I was wearing a falseface" at a Hallowe'en party. She thinks her husband's shows "are lousy and Ransom Sherman is the funniest man who ever lived."

Despite objections from his wife, Garry persists in wearing short "crew" haircuts during the summer months—much to the delight of his rival, Sherman, who thinks the close trims belong exclusively to high school and college boys. Sherman and Moore are bitter rivals on the air but actually they are close friends.

Right here there should be an explanation of how Garry Morfit became Garry Moore. He was known by the Morfit monicker when he came to NBC, Chicago. Early this year he decided to do something when he began receiving fan mail addressed to Mr. Mopfoot, Jerry Muffnitz, Garry Wharfrat.

It seemed the name Morfit just wasn't styled for radio. Listeners couldn't understand it. So Garry took cognizance of their plight and changed to Garry Moore.

Before going on the air, Garry is as calm as the next fellow but as soon as the director gives him the nod, he becomes a bundle of animation. He taps time with the orchestra and often goes through an impromptu dance routine in one corner of the studio. Of medium height and build, Garry's physical trademark is his unruly blond hair. He has a fair complexion and hazel eyes.

Garry has no delusions about his newly-won stardom. He says all radio actors have to be egotists "or they wouldn't have the nerve to get up and show off before millions of people." The young funster also believes that the only sure way to success is "to remain informal and refrain from building yourself into a glamour-boy. Just be a good guy and try to feel a sincere liking for the listeners—after all they're your bread and butter."

All of which just about adds up to the reason why this 25-year-old youth is one of the newest favorites of the radio world.

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Second Wife

Knowledge that she was to be Henry's second wife made no difference to Janet Williams. They loved each other. Before her stretched a lifetime with the man she adored, a future to build together, a home to be made for Jerry, Henry's motherless year-old son.

Perhaps some one should have warned her. For compared to the adjustments that are necessary in any marriage the difficulties of a second wife are awesome. She must successfully establish her own place in the scheme of things in direct and often bitter competition with memories that are glorified and gilded by time. Women more experienced, more worldly wise than Janet have found the competition with such a memory too strong for them.

And that was but one phase of the nerve-racking problem that beset her when she was installed as mistress of the new home Henry had built for them. Another spectre, more intangible, more frightening than any she had imagined rose to make her life a near-tragedy until—

But read in Janet Williams' own words the record of her brief but devastating experience as wife of a man who almost baffled understanding. Read where she went for aid in her extremity and how, in a surprising manner, her problem was solved. You can, today, in the new December issue of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, Don't miss it. The title is Could This Be My Husband? Begin it on page 19.

True Story

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Happy Year

(Continued from page 9)

I could make him see it isn't any use, that the truth's got to come out!"

"Well . . ." He hesitated. She was still a very unsuccessful liar, but—"All right," he said. "But make it fast. I'll send him right in."

LET alone, Mary took a deep breath and moistened her lips with her tongue. Head up, she waited for the door to open—but when it did, she gave a little cry and ran forward. The tall, haggard boy took her in his arms, and for a moment they stood there, locked together.

"Ed!" she said at last, incredulously. "You—you kissed me!"

"I've wanted to for such a long time—for two whole years," he said.

"Why didn't you, then?"

"I was afraid . . . of marriage—kids—all the rest of it." He dropped his arms and turned half away, reminded of the place, the circumstances. "What was the use? You ought to know why I was afraid. For twenty years you've lived right in the middle of it all—cheap walk-up flats, so dirty and dark the sun's ashamed to look in! I wasn't going to tell you I loved you unless I could offer you something better. And now—" He stared at her hopelessly.

"Oh, Ed—why did you take the money?"

"I was crazy, I guess," he said slowly. "I thought I could use it to finish up school—and then when I realized what I'd done I tried to put it back, but it was too late. I'm not a crook, Mary!"

"It was just working all day—trying to live on hot-dogs and soda-pop so I'd have enough money to pay my way at law school! And then you, so sweet and clean there beside me in the office, hour after hour—I couldn't stand it any more, Mary. I just went crazy and—and now they're going to put me in prison."

"No," she said. "No, they're not."

"But they are, Mary. The president of the company wants to make an example of me."

"You're not going to jail," she insisted. "I . . . I am."

"You're . . . what?"

"That's why I came here to talk to Mr. Craig," she said. "I've thought this whole thing out, Ed. For the last two days, that's all I've done—think. And I know it isn't right for you to go to jail."

"But I took the money."

Mary nodded. "Yes, and somebody's got to pay for that. But not you, Ed—me."

"Are you crazy? Why should you—"

She laid the tips of cool fingers across his lips. "No, wait, Ed. Please listen! For three years you've worked—you've starved yourself—just so you could have a little money to go to school at night and make something of yourself."

"What's my studying got to do with it?"

"Everything! Another six months, Ed, and you'll be finished with school—and you can get a job in a law office, and pass your bar examinations, and be somebody! I'm not going to let you waste all the work you've done, and all your sacrifices, when you're so close to finishing. "That's why you can't go to jail. Your record's

got to be clean."

"My record!" Incredulously, she saw that he was really angry, and her own anger began to rise to meet his. "What sort of a man do you think I am, to let you go to jail for me?"

"That's just it!" she said scornfully. "If you'll be a man, and not a boy playing at being a hero, we'll both have a chance to be happy!"

"Both . . . ?"

"Of course." Her anger was gone as swiftly as it had come, and now she was pleading again. "If you go to jail and kill your chance of ever being somebody, you're killing me, too. You made a mistake when you took that money, but you can't let that mistake kill both our lives."

Ed shook his head. "It's no use talking like that, Mary. I can't let you go to jail for me."

"Don't you understand yet?" she cried in desperation. "I won't be doing it for you—I'll be doing it for myself! Don't you know that when a woman loves a man, her life's so very much his that what happens to him happens to her, too? If you go to jail, I'll be going with you—my whole life and hope?"

"Mary, I can't let you ruin your life!"

With her two little hands grasping the lapels of his shabby suit, she shook him with all her strength.

"But there's nothing to ruin! I'll only be trading one little year, that doesn't mean anything to me, for a whole lifetime of happiness. All my life I've been just nothing—I've been in jail, anyway! The jail of my family, and the ugly flats, and the subway! And now I have a chance to get out of that jail—with you!—and you won't let me take it. Ed, you've got to give me that chance at happiness!"

In the office next door, Jim Craig stood up and switched off the dictophone. He'd heard enough. Moving heavily, he went into the room where Mary and Ed were. He entered so unexpectedly that he surprised them in each other's arms, but somehow, just then, it didn't seem to matter.

"Well," he said, "which one of you took that money? Remember, now, I want a confession that'll stand up in court."

Mary said quickly, "It's just like I told you, Mr. Craig—I did."

Craig's glance swiveled to Ed Blake, standing hesitant and tense beside the girl. "How about it, young man? That the truth?"

He saw Mary's hand grasp Ed's arm, press it hard in a wordless plea.

"That's"—his voice was hoarse; he cleared his throat and tried again—"yes! My confession was a lie."

"All right," Craig said. "If that's the way it is." Suddenly brisk, he said to Mary, "Your confession, young lady—we'll let you dictate it."

Behind him, as he went to the door to call the stenographer he heard Ed Blake whisper:

"Oh, my darling! I hope we're right."

And Mary answered, "I know we're right! You've given us both new life—You'll work hard while I'm gone, and when I come out we'll be all ready to start. Oh, darling!" Her voice deepened. "It'll be such a happy year!"

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movie

MIRROR

December, Out Now, 10c

DECEMBER, 1940

We Didn't Deserve to Be Parents

(Continued from page 7)

I played. Doris knew what was happening. I'm sure of that. But her timid attempts to make me understand didn't do any good. I laughed them off, when they didn't make me mad. I just wouldn't let myself see—not even when my fan-mail began to fall off while hers grew, or when she passed me in the popularity poll our agency took every month of the stars they represented. I was glad to see her getting ahead, because it meant so much to her, and as for myself I was just too sure of my own secure position to worry.

ONE day the Gilman Company didn't renew my contract. They didn't want any part of me. Doris was enough for them. And for the first time I had a lost, cold feeling. Doris put her arms around me and comforted me, but she wouldn't meet my eyes. She knew. She wasn't kidding herself when she talked about the other sponsors who would be sure to come after me, now that I was "at liberty." She even made the mistake of offering to tell the Gilman Coffee people that if they didn't want me they couldn't have her.

"No, thanks," I snapped bitterly. "I don't want any favors."

It's funny how, when you're mad at yourself, you take it out by being mad at the people who love you best.

The road down is usually faster than the road up. It was in my case. All I could get that season was a sustaining spot here and there. In between I loafed around the penthouse, drinking a little too much and putting on weight and feeling sorry for myself. Finally Bill Staunton, the agent who handled both Doris and me, called me in and told me not to bother reporting to the studios any more for my sustaining programs.

Oh, yes, I knew it was my own fault, but I wouldn't admit it. I told Bill he was a failure as an agent, and got back at him by persuading Doris to leave him and let me handle her business affairs myself.

That was about the only business mistake she made in her whole career. I mismanaged everything. I wanted to show how busy I was, so I made her change her band, prescribed hot-cha numbers for her when her real appeal was in romantic ballads and dreamy waltzes, battled with the sponsor and the advertising agency. Managing Doris should have been no job at all, but I made heavy work of it and did everything all wrong. And at the end of the season Doris showed me a letter from the sponsor. They were letting her out too.

She was white. "Now you've got me down to your level," she said icily. "That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

I poured out a drink. She hated to see me drink so early in the morning. "Don't you worry, darling," I said huskily. "I'll get you a better spot inside of a week. I'll line up something so big you'll—"

She cut me short with a laugh. There was a hard note in it I had never heard before. "You don't have to worry about that. I'm signing up



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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



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with Weimore's Pearl Cavalcade this afternoon. In Bill Staunton's office!"

"Wait a minute. Who's representing you—Staunton or me?"

"From now on it's Staunton again!" said Doris quietly.

"So that's what you think of me!" I raved. "I'm not good enough to even handle a little business deal for you, is that it?"

"That's it!" she said.

"And that's what you call gratitude, I suppose," I choked. "After I gave you your first chance, after I coached you and slaved with you, after I gave you everything I had, after I picked you up out of nowhere—you can do a thing like this to me? Well, I might have known. You're just like everybody else. Your career means more to you than anything human."

Her voice trembled. "Up to now it hasn't meant more to me than you! But from now on, Mister Blaine, it certainly is going to. It's going to mean more to me than anything in life. And that's that!"

She slammed out of the room. I looked after her. I felt sick. I had just about enough sense left to go after her and take her in my arms and tell her how I loved her, career or no career.

WELL, real love can take an awful lot of punishment. There was enough left between Doris and me to effect a reconciliation between us. We went off on a sort of second honeymoon, a quick, week-end trip without any publicity. And when we got back I moved heaven and earth to make some kind of a comeback.

I did not succeed. My reputation—conceited, quarrelsome, unreliable and a drinker—was against me. All I landed that winter was a Master of Ceremonies job at a small night-spot that was on the point of closing. A week later it did just that and I was high and dry again.

But Doris' opening on the Pearl Cavalcade, engineered by Staunton, was a triumph. I felt more and more superfluous in her life. I sat around the apartment listening to her doing scales. I opened the door to interviewers and photographers, helped her pose, trailed her to the studio on broadcasting nights, ate my soul up. I was a handicap to her everywhere. I tried to get the illusion of impending success from the whiskey bottle. I turned up potted at a party old Lemuel Wetmore himself gave Doris. I tried to make a speech. I fell off a chair and passed out. When I woke up I was home in bed.

Doris did not speak to me for three days after that. Then she felt rather sick and upset one morning. She went out, completely breaking her routine. When she returned she looked pale and disturbed.

"What's the matter, darling?" I cajoled.

She sat down. She did not look at me. "I'm going to have a baby," she said.

"What? Why, that's wonderful—wonderful! Darling—"

"What's wonderful about it?" she said. "I have a job. I have a husband to worry about too. And now I'll have a baby. That's fair, isn't it?"

My first thought was how hard and selfish she was about this. She certainly had changed since our marriage. Then I took her gently in my arms and poured out my gratitude and love and my resolution to be

worthy of her and the coming child. And she kissed me and a new glow of hope came into our hearts.

It soon faded. Doris kept up with her work till the very week the child was due. The sight of her bravely carrying on made me feel more unnecessary and unworthy than ever. I sulked and indulged in self-pity. The rift between us grew. I knew our marriage was going on the rocks.

The climax came on the very day that should have marked a new era for us. It happened right after they let me into Doris' room at the Hospital and for the first time I looked upon my son, a tiny bundle with a red, wrinkled little face.

Awed, with an ineffable sweetness in my heart, and God alone knows how much love for my frail, wan little wife, I bent over and kissed her. She did not stir. Her eyes, unnaturally large, with the remnants of her pain still in their blue depths, looked up at me with a cold, clear light.

"I'm sorry I have to tell you this now," she said. Her voice was weak, but firm. "We can't go on, Don. I've tried and tried but it's no use. It's all over between us. I—I want a separation, Don."

I wasn't really surprised. Sure—this was the answer. She had her career to follow, and now a child too. Why should she have me to burden her in addition? And why should the child be handicapped by having a father like me around, a complete failure?

My pride rose up and took complete possession of me. I was a burden to her. Well, maybe she was one to me too. No wonder I couldn't make a comeback. I was lost in the brilliance of her success. I looked down at her.

"Okay, Doris," I said quietly. "You can have your separation." And I walked out of the room without another glance at either her or the baby.

SO it broke up. I did not try to see her again, nor my little son. A clean break was best, I told myself. Not a step, not a glance backward. So I acted in my stubborn, pig-headed pride.

I am going to pass over the next four years quickly.

What I suffered in loneliness and heartache, how many times I found temporary relief in drink, how I finally conquered that vice, would take too long to recount and is not much to the point anyhow. But after drifting for a long, dreary period, I finally tried to start a comeback in real earnest.

But I had played fast and loose with nature too long. I found my voice was gone. Instead of a resonant and brilliant tone, I emitted a loud, harsh, irritating one.

I didn't go under altogether this time. I got my old job back with Ed Martin, copyist, accompanist, musical man-of-all-work. I even worked in the little cubby-hole of a room in which I had first met Doris. I did not let myself get sentimental over that.

I heard about her, of course. How could I help it? After she got rid of me, she really went places. The second year of our separation, she hit first place in the radio-critic award for female song-stars. She went to Hollywood for a couple of musicals. Her face looked out at me from billboards and magazines. There she was, with her ethereal blue eyes,

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smiling with their new cold light. I admired her. How could I help that? And did I still love her a little too? Well, there were empty nights when I nearly went mad longing for the touch of her lips, the perfume of her hair. But I would rather have died than make any effort to see her again.

No. Our next meeting came about without any effort on my part.

I lived in a two-room furnished apartment in a small, shabby West Side hotel. The days went by monotonously. I had no ambition to do anything but the day's work as it came. Maybe I would have gone on like this for the rest of my days, turning at last into one of those crabbed, white-haired, humble old musicians you see around music publishers' offices. But one evening, the fourth year of our separation, I received a most unexpected visit from Doris.

I wasn't expecting any one that evening. And when I opened the door and saw her there, with a boy of four and a uniformed chauffeur carrying a number of bags, I just stood and stared at them all.

"Hello, Don," she said quietly. "Put the bags down here, Jenkins." He placed them in the hall and left.

"What is all this?" I said. I looked at the kid. He stared at me with shy interest.

"Are you my Daddy?" he asked. "This is Peter, your son," Doris said.

MY son! Oh! Why—that's fine!" I stammered. I looked at him. He had light hair and blue eyes. But his expression was exactly what mine had been at his age—I remembered some of the old photos. I felt my heart turn over. My son! "Hello, Peter!" I said.

"Hello, Daddy!" His eyes never left me.

"This is very nice," I said to Doris. "But just what is the idea of this sudden visit?"

"I've decided to have you keep the boy from now on," she answered calmly. "I've had just about enough of caring for him."

"What?" "I've had him up to now, and now it's your turn." She turned to the child. "Run along and play in that other room," she said.

Peter obediently trotted off. Doris seated herself. "I'll come right to the point," she said. "The child is interfering with my career. He's in the way. Once you stood in my way and now he does. Maybe I seem brutal. But I believe in facing facts," she said crisply. "I can't take care of him any more."

The calm callousness of it took my breath away. "The great artiste, eh?" I sneered. "Even her child must get out of her life if he interferes with the workings of her genius. Oh, you don't mean it, Doris!"

Her lips hardened. "I do. Up to now I've had the whole burden of his care. It's about time you did your share."

I flushed. "Success has done a lot for you, hasn't it?" I mocked.

She shrugged, looked about the crowded combination sitting and work-room. "You'll be crowded with the child here. You ought to have a bigger place. I'll send you a monthly check."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" I shouted. "My son will share what I have."

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There was an expression on her face I could not fathom. "Then it's agreed—you're taking him?"

"Yes. Not to oblige you. Just because I'm sorry for the kid. A mother like you—well, he's better off with a father like me!"

She got pale, but made no reply. "How long is this arrangement to last?" I demanded.

"Permanently, I hope," she murmured. "Peter!" He came trotting back. "You're going to stay with Daddy for a while," she said.

He nodded in quick understanding. Apparently she had persuaded him concerning this beforehand. But when she quickly kissed him, he clung to her wordlessly.

She detached his hands from her skirt. "Good-bye, Peter!" she said tonelessly. The only thing on her mind seemed to be to have this scene over with quickly. "I'll send the rest of his things tomorrow," she said to me, and hurried out.

I was alone with my son.

I TOOK a long, bewildered look at him. So this little fellow was mine! I took him on my knee. "Hungry, kid?" I said.

"You bet," he said.

I phoned down to the hotel restaurant and had supper sent up. We had a friendly meal together. Then I decided it was bedtime for him and made up a bed for him on the sofa. After he was sleeping, I went into the bedroom and tried to work a little. I couldn't. I tiptoed into the sitting-room and looked at my son sleeping in the moonlight. I felt a great warm, trembling emotion take hold of me.

I picked him up gently, carried him into the bedroom and placed him in my comfortable bed. I took the sofa that night.

I had to re-arrange my whole life. I didn't know what I would have done if not for old Mrs. Fowler, who lived on the same floor. She was a retired actress who had brought up four kids of her own and she took a lively interest in Peter. She gave me advice and directions without stint.

It wasn't easy for a man who had had only himself to look after to play the role of father and mother in one. After a couple of weeks I seriously considered putting the kid in some sort of kindergarten boarding-school. I broached it cautiously to him.

He looked at me in astonishment. "I don't want any school," he said stoutly. "I want to stay here with my Dad."

I felt a surge of pride. I had made good with the kid. I amounted to something in his eyes if not in those of the world.

"You bet you're going to stay with me!" I said.

I got Ed to let me do a lot of my work at home so I could have more time for Peter. It was swell sitting at my work-table for hours with the kid playing with his toys on the floor. I felt Doris was a fool for imagining the kid was in her way. Why, he gave life and warmth to everything about him!

It was not only contentment that came into my life with the coming of my son. Something new began to stir in me, something that had been dead for a long time, ambition. I worried about when the kid would grow up and see the difference between his mother, a grand success, and his father, a flat failure. I be-

stirred myself to look for more work and got some arranging to do for a couple of radio bands. But I wanted to do something really big. I wanted to be a real success. For the kid's sake. I wanted to give him a real home, not just a shabby hotel apartment, to have him meet nice kids, send him to a first-class private school in a year or two.

My newly kindled ambition gave me no rest. After Peter was asleep, I sat up for hours trying to map out some novelty radio presentation. But try as I did, the ideas were not fresh. I got auditions for a couple and they were turned down.

I didn't give up. A new force seemed to be driving me on.

Then one night I really hit on something, and in the most unexpected way.

Peter had caught cold in the park and that night he ran a temperature. He cried and wanted to see his mother; he always asked for her when distressed or unhappy. As always, I ignored his plea. If his mother wanted him she knew where to find him. No son of mine was going to run after a mother who did not want him!

I tried to soothe him by singing kid songs to him, "Baa-baa, black sheep," "Oh, it is nice to go up in a swing," "Jingle bells" and so forth. He fell asleep at last. But he awoke an hour later and made the welkin ring with his wailing.

The crusty old bachelor next door knocked. "For heaven's sake, stop that orchestra in your bedroom!" he complained.

I finally hushed the kid and he fell into sound slumber. I paced up and down in the other room. I walked in a sort of trance. Something was generating in my mind. And then it hit me.

"Orchestra—vocal—kid-stuff!"

I stood in the middle of the floor in a daze. And I knew, with dead certainty that, crazy as it might seem, I had it now.

I did. It was still a battle and there were times when I looked licked, but I held on. I had to. It wasn't just myself I had to consider—my son's whole future was at stake.

WELL, I pride myself there are millions of listeners now familiar with Blaine's Kiddie Vocal Orchestra, the group of two dozen kids I've trained to sing in imitation of band and orchestral effects. One of the biggest breakfast food corporations in the country sponsors my "Songs of Childhood" Hour. And I have several studios for the vocal training of little ones. They tell me I have a special gift for that work.

It was only a year after Peter had been given to me that I was on the up-grade again and going fast. And one day Peter saw his mother's face on a magazine cover and piped up, "There's Mummy, Dad. Why can't I see her?"

This time I did not turn him down. Why not see her? I was sitting on top of the world now. I was not ashamed to face her. Oh, boy, what a chance to tell her just what I thought of her. She'd listen to me now, all right. I bundled the kid in a cab.

A new maid opened the door of our old Beekman Place apartment. As I was telling her who we were, I heard a cry behind her.

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"Peter—darling!" And the next moment Doris had the kid in her arms and was embracing him and kissing him frantically.

"My darling, my darling—oh, how you've grown! And how well you look! Oh, I'm so happy!" she sobbed.

I was astonished. My eyes popped. She smiled up at me tremulously. "Thank you, Don," she said.

"You—you seem mighty glad to see him!" I stammered.

"Glad? This is the happiest day of my life!"

"Well, that's nice!" I said. "Nice to see you are as glad to have him as you were to get rid of him."

"Who—whoever wanted to get rid of him?" she sobbed.

"Didn't you come and tell me in so many words he was in your way, interfering with your work?" I said indignantly, "and that it was time I took care of him?" I accused.

She was half-laughing, half-crying now. "Oh, Don, do you always believe what a woman says?"

My head began to swim. I sat down. "What do you mean?" I said.

The child was on her lap and he clung to her. Her hand trembled among his curls. "Oh, Don, I brought Peter to you because I felt you needed him, needed him even more than I did. Don, dear, I was crazy when I sent you away from me, asked for a separation. I was still suffering from the birth-pains, I didn't know what I was doing. All these years I regretted asking you for that separation. All these years I've wanted you back—and was afraid to ask you because of the way I had hurt you." She bowed her head.

"What are you crying for, Mummy?" asked Peter, trying to raise her face.

"I'm not crying, darling. I'm terribly happy," she said. Her wet eyes met mine again.

"And I knew how things stood with you, Don. I knew the rut you were in at Martin's. And—that's the real reason I brought the boy to you. I thought that having him would wake you up, kindle a spark of ambition in you, arouse you to make some supreme effort to do something big with your musical talent. If you couldn't make good for my sake, you might for your son's. Being a father in reality as well as in name, might do it for you when merely being a husband couldn't."

My mouth opened. It closed. So far as I can remember, not a sound escaped from it.

"At any rate, I felt you had a right to fatherhood and all it could mean to a man—just as much as I had a right to the benefits of motherhood. It was a last desperate chance to get you on your feet, Don—and thank God, it worked. I know how you're making good." Her voice suddenly quavered. "Don—where are you going?" she cried.

"To jump in a lake somewhere," I said. "For being such a dope as to misunderstand. For being such a fool. For—"

Well, I didn't even get as far as the door before I found Peter clinging to my coat.

He had the last word a minute or two later when his mother was in my arms and we really were forgetting all about him for the moment.

"Won't we all have fun together!" he said.

And, do you know, he was right!

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By

DR. GRACE GREGORY

It is your eyes that people look at most. They express the real you. It would not be too much to say that all the rest of your face is a setting for your eyes. This being so, are you doing all you can for eye loveliness?

Virginia Verrill certainly makes the most of her eyes, and she has a lot of useful ideas about them. For one thing, she never leaves the house without mascara, altho her lashes are naturally long and dark. And she obeys the fundamental rule of dressing to the eyes. Hers are gray-green, and her hair almost black; so she avoids browns and all blues but turquoise.

Virginia might consider that she has a natural right to Hollywood, because her grandfather helped found the place. She arrived there at the age of five, and at seven she was leading a band in grammar school. All through school she was singing leads in various operettas. At thirteen she made her movie debut—but not as Virginia Verrill. She was the singing voice of various movie stars. It took her four years to get out of that cinema closet and be a radio star in her own right. Her numerous fans (who enjoy her regularly on the NBC-Red network, as featured soloist on Uncle Walter's Dog House, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m. and Show Boat, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.) are glad she escaped from that cinema closet. She is so beautiful, so vivid a personality, in addition to her lovely voice and fine musical talent, that she

is the last person to be wasted as a nameless ghost singer.

Here's a story that she tells of those days as a nameless voice. In Nelson Eddy's first movie they wanted a song by him with a feminine obbligato. As the first part of that idea, they dubbed in Virginia's voice in the contralto part, then they up and re-ran the sound track so that she could sing the mezzo-soprano part. Result: one Eddy, two Verrills, synchronized in perfect harmony.

The first step in eye beauty is care of the eyes. Bathe them regularly with a special soothing liquid, using eye cup, dropper, or glass rod. Morning, day's-end, and bedtime are not too often for an eye bath. If there are wrinkles and crow's feet, use a stimulating tissue cream around the eyes at night. For puffiness, and as a general aid, use a firming treatment as follows: Apply a hot washcloth three times, followed by three cold water compresses, and wind up with a good eye astringent on a bit of cotton.

Eye make-up must be subtle. Mascara, by all means. But for daytime most women use it only on the upper lashes. If you have blonde lashes, however, never, never let me catch you without plenty of mascara both upper and lower. Use one of the better kinds of mascara. They are non-irritant, non-smudging and practically tear proof. Virginia Verrill believes in curling the lashes, and for stage or night club, she beads them and sometimes uses artificial half-lashes at the corners. She finds that a fine dark or white line on the lower lid at the extreme lid edge, next the



■ It will be love at first sight with your eyes made up as Virginia Verrill directs

eyeball has a tendency to make the eyes look larger. She learned this trick at the Goldwyn studio.

Eyebrows need vigorous nightly brushing, wrong way, straight up, and back in place. Pencil carefully, or use mascara, brushing smooth as a final touch.

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

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

the plum, New York's swank Waldorf-Astoria, and played a spine-tingling second fiddle to Jack Denny. That was 1933. Seven years later, Cugat won the top billing at this hotel while a small American band handled the minor chores.

Last season Cugat baptized thousands of Americans with the conga from coast to coast. He wooed Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland novices by employing a clever trick. The dance set would start with a slow foxtrot. Then wily Cugat would weave the tune into a rumba without changing the tempo. By evening's end, people who hadn't tried anything more rash than a waltz, were wiggling on the conga line.

"The conga is easiest to master," explained Cugat, warming up vociferously to his pet subject, "because it has a swing tempo. It comes from the Cuban convicts who used to be chained together. They would drag themselves for three steps, then rest, chanting as they labored along. Negroes picked up this beat, gave it happier surroundings, and inserted a kick after the one-two-three steps."

During carnival time, Cuban conga lines usually stretch for blocks.

Once the rumba and conga are learned, other Spanish-named steps are tackled. The bolero is a slow rumba. The zamba is the Brazilian version of the rumba. The danzon was concocted by Cuban lovers.

Cugat's eyes twinkled when he described the danzon. "In Cuba young girls are accompanied to dances by chaperones. The only place they can hear their boy friends whisper sweet nothings is on the dance floor. So in the danzon they would dance sixteen bars and rest for sixteen bars. While they rest, the boy and girl make sweet talk and the chaperone, she hears nothing."

Cugat believes thousands of people are taking rumba lessons because his Victor records are best-sellers.

Carmen, Xavier's wife, was the daughter of a wealthy Mexican grandee, who had thirty-two children. One of Carmen's sisters is the mother of Margot, the screen actress and wife of Francis Lederer. Margot used to sing with Cugat before the movies grabbed her.

The Cugats have been married twelve years and have no children. When in New York they live at the Waldorf. One of this hotel's dining rooms was decorated by Cugat.

Carmen and Xavier like to rib each other about their domestic bliss.

"Carmen came to the band as a singer. Now she owns it," cracks the senior.

"X is an easy husband to manage. I always know when and where he is working," retorts the senora.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Nostalgia; Li'l Boy Love (Columbia 35594) Benny Goodman. The swing king goes sissy and plays a waltz. Wayne King should look to his laurels.

That's For Me; Rhythm on the River (Decca 3309) Bing Crosby. A dandy doubling by our favorite Kraftsman. You'll also like Bing's "Ballad for Americans" album.

Cinco Hijos; Tunare (Victor 26697) Xavier Cugat. Miguelito Valdes sings about five South American songs. Reeds entwine with maracas flawlessly.

Tea For Two; Dancing in the Dark (Columbia 35588) Ted Straeter. Polished example of society music.

Only Forever; Love Lies (Okeh 5686) Gene Krupa. Krupa can play 'em sweet.

World Is in My Arms; I Could Make You Care (Victor 26717) Tommy Dorsey. Frank Sinatra wraps these softies up effectively.

Sometimes I'm Happy; Get the Moon Out of Your Eyes (Bluebird 10826) Blue Barron. One of this band's better pressings. First tune is theme song.

Some Like It Swing:

Oh, He Loves Me; I Want My Mama (Decca 3310) Andrews Sisters. The girls are back in the groove. The Hollywood climate must be the reason.

Hep Tee Hootie; Dolomite (Decca 3312) Jimmy Dorsey. Helen O'Connell pays tribute to the juke boxes for a pairing that has more lift than wedgies. Tabbed for success.

Jumpin' in the Pump Room; Temptation (Okeh 5661) John Kirby. Different kind of swing by CBS' dusky exponent.

Route 23; Southern Fried (Okeh 5660) Al Donahue. Might as well roll up the carpets now.



Xavier Cugat has been married twelve years. Mrs. Cugat is Carmen, whom he gave himself just six weeks to marry after he first met her, and she is a featured soloist in his famous band.

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When It's Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued from page 23)

and every room is lived in and enjoyed. There's a continuity in the tone of decorations. Soft greens, from misty to sage, in carpets, draperies and upholstery, against cream walls and woodwork, are repeated throughout the rooms.

The only formal note is the drawing room with its lovely French furniture and rich brocades. Everything that goes into this room is a gem, with special significance. Beyond the entrance hall with its imposing circular stairway, is the library, a jolly loafing place. The walls are knotty pine, and there's a wide fireplace, lively prints on the walls, a combination radio and victrola.

It is the dining room with its 18th Century English furniture, and priceless Sheffield, that is her special pride. She pointed out two splendid silver trays, gifts from former radio sponsors, Chesterfield and Campbell, that show to advantage on the quaint accordion cabinet. Her table seats twelve. She considers white flowers the most effective for table decorations, and she adores giving informal dinners, followed by cards.

The playroom—where the family lives, is gay with flowered chintzes and country house furniture. It extends along the rear of the house and one entire side is of windows that look into a vista of gardens, swimming pool and picturesque white pavilion against tall trees. There's everything in this room for amusement—a small built-in piano, a wall radio, a complete bar cunningly camouflaged as a cabinet, and a backgammon table.

Gracie's bedroom is surprisingly conservative without a frill or a lacy bow. It's a cheery large room with French doors opening onto a sun porch overlooking the garden. The furniture is satinwood and there's a six-by-seven-foot bed facing the north. George's dressing room is in quiet tans and browns, but Gracie's is frivolously feminine, a veritable Fairyland, being mirrored from floor to ceiling. Behind the mirrors are spacious closets, specially designed for each type of her wardrobe. Her big extravagance is perfume, but economically, she keeps but two bottles open at a time.

It's easy to see that the Burns home revolves around the nursery. This occupies one entire wing of the upstairs. Among other features, there is a sunny balcony large enough for a complete playhouse with a real garden growing all around it.

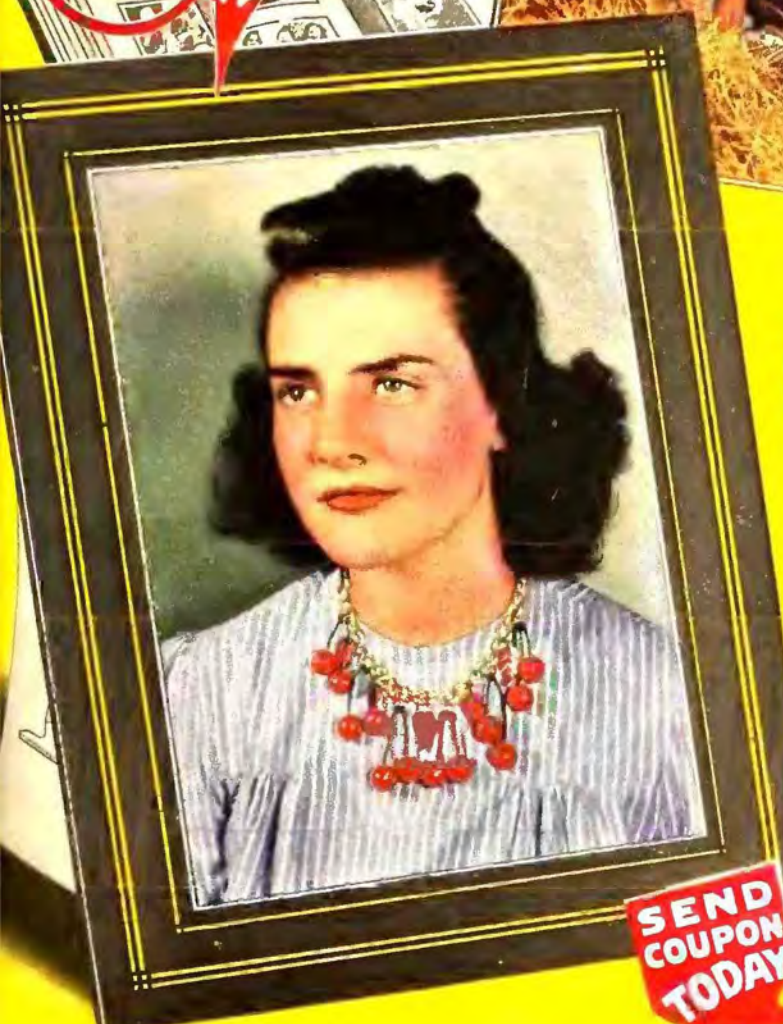
Sandra, now six, and Ronnie, four, are adorable children, happy and beautifully reared.

"It has taken fourteen years to get where we are today," George said. "A dizzy route we followed—stage, radio, screen—but we've had a lot of fun, and a lot of laughs. Living, working, playing together has developed community interests that spell a complete congeniality. Now with our children and our home, we're the happiest people in the world."

"You know something, George?" piped up Gracie, "Looking back over my life my only regret is that I didn't find you and Sandra and Ronnie when I was three years old. Think of the fun we've missed all this time!"

RADIO MIRROR READERS GIVEN

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