

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

NOVEMBER  
10¢



CHARITA BAUER  
"Mary" of  
The Aldrich Family  
(See page 19)

**STELLA DALLAS—See Your Favorites in Full Page Photos**

**Thrilling Romantic Novel  
Complete in This Issue — JOYCE JORDAN, GIRL INTERNE**



"I get a lot of fun out of smoking Camels...  
Grand-tasting  
and mild as can be!"

M<sup>rs</sup> Martin Osborn  
*of Santa Barbara, California*



"I'M BUSY EVERY MINUTE of the day," says Mrs. Osborn. Besides running a household, Mrs. Osborn finds time to do Red Cross work... enjoy sailing, golfing, riding. She entertains occasionally with garden parties, frequently with barbecues. • • "Camel cigarettes are such a favorite with my guests," says this California matron, "that I order Camels by the carton. Of course, 'I'd walk a mile' for my Camels, but I prefer to have them handy!"

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**28% Less Nicotine**

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



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*the cigarette of  
costlier tobaccos*

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

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*You can be Plain and still be Appealing*

**LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

BEAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

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gums to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

**Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"**

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

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

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

*Start Today with*  
**IPANA**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*



# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
Editor

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ON THE COVER—Charita Bauer, heard as Mary on the Aldrich Family, over NBC  
Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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# What do You want to Say?



## PITY THE POOR LISTENER

Most radio stars claim they need a studio audience in order to give a good performance. But the trouble is, they favor the studio audience and seem to disregard the listening audience. They clown around and wear funny costumes and cause much merriment among those in the studio, but all this is lost on the listeners and causes quite a bit of resentment.

If a radio star thinks he needs a studio audience, okay. Let him have it. But don't let him forget that there are millions of people who are *listening* and not *looking*.—Mrs. Katherine Luckenbach, Dubuque, Iowa.

## TRIBUTE TO A QUEEN!

Today my radio brought me the voice of Eternal Womanhood, speaking through the lips of a charming lady, who is not only a kind and sympathetic wife, a sweet, devoted mother, but also an inspiring, and gracious queen.

She spoke with the courage and strength of absolute faith in a great ideal. She spoke not so despairingly of today as she spoke hopefully of tomorrow; not so much of the sacrifices and sufferings now as she dwelt on the rewards of victory later; not so much of war in this generation as of a just peace for "our children."

Elizabeth, the Woman! Long live Elizabeth, the Queen!—Edith L. Koerner, Patchogue, New York.

## LET'S CALL IT PATRIOTISM

The applause given the splendid work of numerous patriotic societies is indeed a fine thing. However, too little is said in behalf of the many radio celebrities who have certainly demonstrated their willingness to co-operate for the many worthwhile causes. Their contributions include not only large sums of money, but donation of time and talent through gratis appearances on radio, in army camps, etc., to aid these worthwhile causes. To we parents having a son in the service, this means a great deal. We give our salute to the radio world!—R. D. H., Amboy, Ill.

## FAN CLUB NOTES

Mrs. E. K. Robinson, president of Mother Young's Circle, has moved to 182 Linden Avenue, Middletown, N. Y.

The Bob Crosby Swing Club has just been started. If you want to join, get in touch with Isabel Lee, 958 Silvercrest Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

# Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy Girl guards her Charm with Mum!



## Keep your Charm your winning asset— prevent underarm odor with Mum!

**S**OME GIRLS live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl *must* have. And *every day* she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. *Mum does.* A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

**SPEED**—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

**SAFETY**—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

**LASTING CHARM**—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

## CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING . . . PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!

EVEN ON THE BUSIEST DAYS—MUM KEEPS UNDERARMS FRESH



TO HERSELF:  
JACK'S FULL OF  
COMPLIMENTS. MANY  
THANKS TO MUM FOR  
GUARDING MY FRESHNESS  
AND CHARM



MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

### For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





Theresa Anna Maria Stabile—that's the name she answered to when George Hall hired her as vocalist with his band. Now she's Dolly Dawn, leader of the Dawn Patrol Boys. Below, with the man who made her success possible.



## Facing the Music

**T**HE New York dance band season is in full swing. A baker's dozen of top-flight orchestras have been booked in to the leading hotels and the network wires of NBC, CBS, and MBS are plentiful, thus insuring you of many evening band broadcasts. Here is the line-up; Glenn Miller's band is installed once more in the Hotel Pennsylvania. He'll stay there until January when Jimmy Dorsey takes over. Harry James has returned to the Lincoln and Blue Barron is back at the Edison. Johnny Messner is airing from the Hotel McAlpin.

October will find Vaughn Monroe at the Commodore; Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt (practically a permanent Fall fixture there); Benny Goodman at the New Yorker; Sammy Kaye at the Essex House; Eddie Duchin at the Waldorf-Astoria, and either Horace Heidt or Orrin Tucker at the swank Biltmore.

The fourth annual RADIO MIRROR "Facing The Music" popular dance band poll to determine, by our readers' votes, the cream of the 1941-2 dance band crop, will begin in next month's issue. Here is your chance to cast a ballot for your favorite band—sweet or swing. The December column will include a ballot form. Fill it out, send it in! The results will

be announced early in 1942. Sammy Kaye, Eddy Duchin, and Benny Goodman are former winners.

Latest news from the Charlie Barnet marital front: The madcap musician and his fourth wife, Harriet Clark, a band vocalist, have split.

Bob Allen, who sang with the late Hal Kemp's band for eight years, has formed his own orchestra, crushing the rumors that he would join Tommy Dorsey's band and possibly replace Frank Sinatra.

Xavier Cugat is taking a leaf from the notebooks of Paul Whiteman, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. He will give a Latin-American concert at Carnegie Hall October 5. A road tour follows, winding up Jan. 1, at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove.

Helen Forrest has quit Benny Goodman's band. . . . Marian Hutton is back with Glenn Miller, replacing Paula Kelly. Marian took time out to have a baby. . . . Will Bradley should be at the Sherman, Chicago, at this writing, airing over NBC. . . . Louise King, Hit Parade songstress, flies home to Chicago after each New York

broadcast. . . . Johnny Long was a solid click at the Hotel New Yorker and has been set for a return engagement. . . . Bobby Hackett, an excellent trumpeter, joins Glenn Miller's band, scrapping his own. . . . Shep Field's new vocal find, Pat Foy, is an 18-year-old New York boy. . . . Diana Mitchell is Sonny Dunham's new warbler. . . . The Mitchell Ayres expect a young addition to their family. . . .

It took more than nerve for Shep Fields to discard his rippling rhythms. He had to replace a costly music library, forfeit many booking dates, and lose time hiring new men and rehearsing them. The new band has nine saxophones, no brass section.

John Kirby, Negro band leader, eloped last month with Margaret Cloud. He was formerly married to Maxine Sullivan.

Dorothy Claire has recovered from an appendectomy and left with the Bobby Byrne band for a road tour.

For several weeks, Sonny Burke, Charlie Spivak's arranger, had been boasting to his fellow musicians that he was about to become a father. The boys heard it so often that they decided to form a pool, betting on the sex of the expected infant. Burke did (Continued on page 6)

By KEN ALDEN





## ...THE EPITAPH OF A NICE GIRL

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of

trouble\* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of \*halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without realizing it*. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition

is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, *never* omit this delightful precaution.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath



Benny Goodman, still a swing favorite, opens the fall season at the New Yorker Hotel. But Benny hasn't forgotten his concert ambitions.



Roberta, Raymond Scott's vocalist, comes from Dayton, Ohio, is twenty-one, and has a voice that's equally at home with swing and ballads.

(Continued from page 4)

most of the betting that it would be a girl. And the proud papa wound up the big loser. Mrs. Burke presented him with twin boys!

### DAWN OF A NEW DAY

THE fateful day George Hall turned over band and baton to his dimpled discovery, Dolly Dawn, was July 4, 1941, but the decision was made two years before as the veteran leader tossed restlessly on a hospital bed.

Heartsick over his wife's untimely death, which brought to a tragic climax eighteen years of constant companionship, the heavy-set musician was determined never to give another downbeat again. The work he had loved ever since he left school to play violin in Victor Herbert's orchestra, was now an empty shell. Without Lydia, who had shared his successes and reverses, things could never be the same again.

Then as time healed his invisible wounds, and the memories of days past grew dimmer, George realized he had an obligation to a very young girl with a song in her heart. Ever since he had plucked her from an amateur contest in 1933, Dolly Dawn had become a very important part of his life.

George recalled the day she joined the band. He had been sitting in the empty, table-cleared grill room of New York's Hotel Taft, pleasantly deciding which of the dozen able applicants he would select to replace vocalist Loretta Lee. The job was eagerly sought because Hall, one of the first bandleaders to employ girl singers,

had the knack of developing them into accomplished performers on his numerous CBS broadcasts.

"Don't you remember me?" asked a peep-squeak voice.

Hall looked up and saw a plump, pert, pretty young kid, scared to death, and clinging cautiously to her mother's arm.

"No," he snapped, lighting his inevitable cigar, "I never saw you before in my life."

Tears began to trickle in the girl's eyes.

"But, Mr. Hall," she countered, "two years ago I won \$50 first prize in a Newark amateur contest you directed. Why, you even got me a job singing on a radio station."

This refreshed Hall's memory. Yes, there had been a young girl, very, very young; couldn't have been more than fourteen, who could sing a song with childish enthusiasm.

Hall signalled to his pianist, led the girl to the bandstand, and ferreted out a piece of music from her worn briefcase.

The girl hadn't finished a half-chorus when Hall jumped from his chair, turned to his ever-present wife, Lydia, and said: "This is it!"

"What's your name, child?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Theresa Anna Maria Stabile," the girl blurted out.

"That will never do," said the Halls in unison.

When the happy youngster left the hotel some hours later, she not only had a job but the name of Dolly Dawn. George, Lydia, and a group of helpful songpluggers had a part in the re-christening.

In a few months, Dolly Dawn won a permanent place in the hearts of George and Lydia Hall. Childless, the couple became devoted to their "girl." Dolly began calling George "Popsy" and wouldn't make a move without him. Lydia picked out her clothes,

made her cast off some unnecessary poundage, and devised a new coiffure.

Dolly was an immediate success. Fan mail poured in. Business, always plentiful at the Taft, a virtual George Hall stronghold (he played there eight consecutive years), increased. Hall wanted to make sure his newest prodigy wouldn't leave him. This unhappy experience had occurred too often.

Because Dolly was fifteen at the time she joined the band, and the laws of New York State prohibit a minor signing a business contract, it was decided that George become Dolly's legal guardian. This was acceptable to Dolly's parents. Dolly became the bandleader's adopted daughter. Nevertheless, Dolly is still very attached to her real parents, visits them regularly, and contributes to their support.

When George Hall was discharged from the hospital, his spirits were brighter and his plans promising. They evolved around Dolly. The name "George Hall and his Orchestra" might never light a ballroom marquee again, or spin dizzily across a phonograph record's face, but "Dolly Dawn and Her Dawn Patrol Boys" would carry on.

"I developed the idea slowly," George told me. "I taught her all I knew about conducting. She was a good pupil. And five years of voice study helped considerably. Dolly reads music and can play piano. In a few months she was able to take a test and get a card from our local musicians' union, 802."

This local will not give a leader a card unless the person is able to play an instrument.

A few changes were made in the band's personnel in order to make it more youthfully streamlined. The boys in the band liked the change.

"Gosh," explained Dolly, "those kids are all my friends."



George had little trouble convincing his booking office and others that the new order would click. Bluebird records gave Dolly a contract and the band was immediately hired by New York's Roseland Ballroom and began broadcasting from this spot on NBC. After a short excursion to Baltimore, the Dawn Patrol returns to Roseland in November.

Dolly is getting the thrill of her life. I watched her put the band through its paces and realized this 22-year-old, five-foot-two, auburn-haired girl meant business. She maneuvered her baton with professional adroitness. She had a good teacher.

To George it is a new and pleasant experience. He directs all the band's business details, is head man during rehearsals, and is painstakingly careful about the broadcasts.

Only when the lights dim in the ballroom and the dancers applaud enthusiastically, does a tall, kindly man, eyes glued on Dolly, stand silently in the shadows of the bandstand, and make a forceful admission.

"I guess this is the only time when I really miss not being up there."

### OFF THE RECORD

#### Some Like It Sweet:

Bing Crosby: (Decca 3840) "You and I" and "Brahms' Lullaby." An engaging ballad written by Meredith Willson, coupled with an intelligent treatment of a soothing classic. Glenn Miller (Bluebird), Kay Kyser (Columbia) and Dick Jurgens (Okeh) give the Willson tune "hit" endorsement.

Charlie Spivak: (Okeh 6291) "So Peaceful in the Country" and "What Word Is Sweeter Than Sweetheart." This seems to be ballad month and here's another winner. Spivak's peaceful trumpet provides a rustic background.

Artie Shaw: (Victor 27499) "Why Shouldn't I?" and "Georgia On My Mind." For those who desire a more sophisticated brand of rhythm, here's Shaw's treatment of a 1935 Cole Porter piece.

Enric Madriguera: (Victor 27487) "Danza Lucumi" and "Moon In The Sea." The rumba record market is bullish but I'd buy this stock and hold on to it.

Kay Kyser: (Columbia 36253) "I've Been Drafted" and "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" The best of the conscription tunes and practically Sully Mason's one-man show.

Tommy Dorsey: (Victor 27508) "This Love of Mine" and "Neiani." Tommy Dorsey gets the billing on this platter but it's Frank Sinatra from start to finish. The reverse is Hawaiian. Now, how did you guess that?

#### Some Like It Swing:

Gene Krupa: (Okeh 6278) "After You've Gone" and "Kick It." Roy Eldridge's trumpet ride on this oldie is spectacular. Exciting swing.

Shep Fields: (Bluebird 11225) "Hungarian Dance No. 5" and "Don't Blame Me." No more ripples, no more straws. Subtle swing featuring nine saxophones. Interesting. You'll never miss the brass section.

Jimmy Lunceford: (Decca 3892) "Peace and Love For All" and "Blue Prelude." Interesting slow swing, with the first tune obviously based on the Jewish chant, "Eli Eli." Strictly for curiosity seekers.

## Find your way to new Loveliness Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: "I'm thrilled by what the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for me. It's simply wonderful! I'm telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexions beautiful."

**Try this exciting idea in beauty care  
—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!**

**YOU CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.**

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Twice every day—for 30 days—give

your skin Camay's gentle care. Be constant—it's the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

**Go on the  
CAMAY  
"MILD-  
SOAP"  
DIET!**




Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



# WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



Shirley Ross co-stars with Milton Berle and Charles Laughton on the new MBS program, *Three Ring Time*.

**I**T LOOKS as though comedy will be the style this radio season. Not only are all the old favorites returning after their summer vacations—Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, McGee and Molly, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy with Abbott and Costello, Bob Hope, Al Pearce—but there are several new entries. Frank Fay, undiscouraged by sad memories of a few years ago, will have his own show again, starting in late October. Bob Burns blossoms out as a full-fledged star in a weekly half-hour series, *The Arkansas Traveler*, which advance news says will be a combination of comedy and drama. Hal Peary, the Mr. Gildersleeve of Fibber McGee's shows, is star of *The Great Gildersleeve* Sunday nights. And Ransom Sherman, who changed his radio name to Hap Hazard last spring to become Fibber's summer replacement, did so well that he's continuing under the same sponsorship, as an additional show, after Fibber returns to the air.

Then there are comedy-dramas—humorous continued stories as distinguished from a collection of gags. Several of these seem to have caught sponsors' interest. The most promising of the new lot, perhaps, is *Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt*, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe—a continuation of the adventures of those two hardboiled "What Price Glory" heroes. You can tune them in Sunday nights on NBC-Blue. Another likely prospect, although time and network haven't been set yet, is Mr. and Mrs. North, based on a hit Broadway play. It's about a slightly dim-witted wife and her long-suffering husband—but of course the wife al-



In late October comedian Frank Fay comes back to the air on his own Thursday-night NBC-Red show.

ways solves the problems that beset the couple.

**NASHVILLE, Tenn.**—Roy Acuff, leader of the Smoky Mountain Boys on station WSM's famous program, the *Grand Ole Opry*, might have turned out to be a baseball player instead of a radio star if his parents hadn't been so anxious to keep him at home.

Roy was born in Maynardville, Tennessee, in 1907. His father was a minister, and the family was constantly being transferred to new parishes, so that Roy seldom went to any one school for more than a couple of terms. Maybe this was a good thing—anyway, it taught him to make new friends quickly, an ability that has helped him in his radio career.

When he was in high school, a baseball scout saw Roy playing with his team, and offered the boy a tryout with the New York Yankees. He was wild to accept it, but his parents didn't want him to leave home and go to the city, so they very cleverly offered him a fine new violin (costing \$25) if he'd refuse the chance. The violin won, as music has always won with Roy. Since his earliest youth he'd



Roy Acuff, leader of the Smoky Mountain Boys on WSM's *Grand Ole Opry*, almost was a baseball star.

had music in his soul, and used to spend hours with his grandfather, learning Tennessee mountain songs.

Roy started his radio career near his home town at station KNOX, Knoxville, Tenn. About four years ago he came to WSM to join the *Grand Ole Opry* cast, and was a big hit from his very first appearance. Today, in many places, his phonograph records outsell Bing Crosby's. Last year Roy and the Smoky Mountain Boys took time out to appear in the movie called "Grand Ole Opry."

The Golden Rule is Roy's main philosophy of living, and his friends are all intensely loyal. His contagious personality endears him alike to people he meets on the air and in person. He's married but does not have any children.

The Smoky Mountain Boys include Rachel Voach, who plays a lot of five-

(Continued on page 10)

By Dan Senseney



# LADIES!

## Here Is Such A Special Introductory Offer To Readers of Radio Mirror

**WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT**

**L**ADIES... have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams came true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire replica diamond ring, nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

### Have You Ever Wished To Own A Beautiful Expensive Looking Replica Diamond Solitaire?

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fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors. The average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

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**T**HE beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one

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plus postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them. See how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then if you can bear to part with your ring, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait but mail the coupon, today!

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**T**HE solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.

For Ring Size... Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



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The Diamond Man, Dept. 41, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay postman amount indicated plus postage on arrival on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

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Size ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold Plate

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Anita is her name—just Anita—and she's the tiny brunette who sings for listeners to WLW in Cincinnati. Only twenty-one, she's been in the movies as well as radio.

### News from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

stringed banjo, sings, and does comedy bits; her brother Oswald, who plays the guitar and the steel guitar and does comedy with Rachel; Lonnie Wilson, playing guitar and bass and impersonating the character known as "Pap"; Oral "Odie" Woods, who plays bass fiddle, guitar, fiddle, and does a one-man band with a wash board and all the trimmings; and Jesse Esterly, another man of many talents who plays mandolin, guitar, violin and bass. With such a versatile bunch of performers, no wonder the Smoky Mountain Boys are one of radio's most popular acts.

Meredith Willson has a new alarm clock. Instead of clanging harshly in his ear of a morning, it plays a Swiss music box arrangement of the song hit, "You and I," which he composed. All Mrs. Willson's idea—she gave it to him on their wedding anniversary.

Leopold Stokowski may direct the NBC Symphony Orchestra this winter, at least for several of its Saturday-night broadcasts. Since Toscanini and NBC parted company at the end of last season, the network's been looking around for a big-name conductor to take the fiery little genius' place.

CINCINNATI—If your heart throbs to melodies that are sweet and low, you should know Anita.

That's the name she prefers to be known by—just Anita. She's a tiny brunette, standing only five feet, one and three-quarters inches in her stocking feet and weighing just 102 pounds. For the past year she has been at Cincinnati's station WLW, featured on the Moon River and Scramby Amby programs.

Born in New York City twenty-one years ago, Anita lived in the east and in Canada for some time and then went to Hollywood with her parents soon after her ninth birthday. Her skyrocketing career began when she was sixteen and was successful in an audition for a Mutual program called Juvenile Revue. Other jobs on the air and in night clubs followed so fast that when she was eighteen Anita gave up college to concentrate on singing.

She came to WLW direct from Hollywood after appearing in such movies as "Babes in Arms," "Dancing Co-Ed" and "Forty Little Mothers."

Anita names her mother, Mrs. Lillian Kurt of Hollywood, as her guiding genius. "If it hadn't been for her," she says, "I'd probably be a stenographer today. I was studying short-hand and typing when Mother dared me to try for the audition for Juvenile Revue. Well, I made it and here I am. So far as I'm concerned,

Mother always knows best."

Her plans for the future are very definite. She wants to sing for another few years, in New York, Hollywood, and even abroad if possible, until she's at the top of the ladder. Then she plans to sing no more, professionally at least, but devote her time to being a talent agent, helping other people to be successful.

Publicly, Anita doesn't intend to be married. Privately, she confesses to more than ordinary interest in a young man back to California. Her hobbies are reading and music—the latter from the works of such composers as Debussy, Sibelius and Grieg. Whenever she gets nervous she takes a long walk, over windy hills preferably.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—When pianist-singer Dave Lane pulled up stakes at Charlotte's station WBT and headed for Hollywood, the Duke Power Company couldn't seem to find anyone to take his place as star of its programs on WBT. There just wasn't anyone in the immediate vicinity who was good enough, so talent scouts went looking over a wider circle, all the way across the North Carolina hills, and finally turned up with Tom Pyle.

Tom's a young baritone who had been rocking the Tennessee audiences with his songs for several years. He could sing difficult German *lieder* with as much ease as he could swing



Tom Pyle, left, came to WBT to take Dick Lane's place—and remained to carve a secure place of his own in listeners' affections. Utah Pete, right, never rode a horse until recently, but he's KDYL's star singer of cowboy tunes just the same.





along on the latest popular number. When he came to WBT for an audition it didn't take the sponsors long to hire him, and now he's starred on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 11:45 A. M. on WBT.

Tom is only twenty-three years old, but he's already had a lot of vocal training. His first teacher was Swedish, a Madame Edla Lund, who took him under her wing when he was singing just for the fun of it, and taught him how to do it according to the rules. Then he went to Tusculum College in Greenville, Tenn., and studied there for four years. Last summer he was at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, where Goenraad Bos coached him in *lieder*; he sang successfully at the Virginia Federation of Music Clubs last April, and got a recent compliment from Lawrence Tibbett, who ought to know good baritone singing when he hears it.

A personable young fellow, intelligent and friendly, WBT's new star shows promise of developing into one of the section's best-liked personalities. He's still a bit scared at the thought that 50,000 watts are kicking his voice miles in every direction—for when you think of it, not many people step almost straight from school to stardom on a commercial radio show. But then, not many singers have the kind of voice Tom possesses, or his will to succeed. His record at college shows how hard a worker he is. He was president of the glee club for three years, president of the student body, chairman of the student council, editor of the college annual, vice president of the dramatic club, and in charge of a series of college radio programs presented monthly over the local radio station. Yet with such a full schedule of student activities he found time to be a good student and to work in the terrific amount of practice necessary to proper voice training.

Tom's greatest ambition is to sing at the Metropolitan Opera or on the concert stage. Tibbett is his favorite singer and Benny Goodman his favorite swing music leader—and incidentally, he is crazy about swing.

As pretty a girl as Louise King, soloist on the CBS Hit Parade show Saturday nights, never is able to remain single very long. Louise went out of circulation recently when she became the bride of Jimmy Both, talented staff saxophonist with NBC in Chicago. That means airplane commuting for Louise, since her weekly shows come from New York.

Raymond Gram Swing has turned himself into a country gentleman by buying a 250-acre farm halfway up Putney Mountain in Vermont. He'll probably turn it and the old Cape Cod farm house on it into a summer home for himself and his family, since it's a little too far away from his Mutual broadcasting headquarters in New York for year-around living.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—"Utah Pete" is the name KDYL listeners know him by—but as a matter of fact the star of KDYL's Dude Ranch program is really from Wisconsin and his name is Emanuel Miller.

Since he first began playing his banjo and singing on the Dude Ranch about a year ago, Pete has made

(Continued on page 63)

# "My Husband fell out of Love"



## How a wife overcame the "ONE NEGLECT that often wrecks romance

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. . . . But now he treated me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me.

"Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

"In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues."

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as

for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.



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Send me (in plain wrapper) free booklet on Feminine Hygiene and many other Lysol uses.

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# Remember the Night

I was only one o'clock, and Tommy Brown wasn't due until three, but the store was already full of high school kids. I wasn't the only one, I thought, to whom this day was something special—something so exciting that I'd worn my prettiest dress, so exciting that my feet danced on the floor in uncontrollable little steps and laughter bubbled up to my lips over things that weren't funny at all.

There was only one difference between me and these kids. They weren't scared because they were going to see Tommy Brown in person, and I was, a little. Maybe, to tell the truth, more than a little.

I wanted to keep busy, so I wouldn't have to think about the moment he'd come in at the door, but there wasn't anything left to do. Tommy's newest records were stacked carefully on the counter. A desk with fresh blotting paper and a couple of fountain pens was neatly set up in one corner, where Tommy could sit and autograph the records as they were brought to him. Mr. Wiscinski, who owned the music shop, peered down disapprovingly from his tiny office on a railed-in gallery above the front of the store. Mr. Wiscinski hated popular music and high school kids made him nervous, but he knew this scheme of mine would sell a lot of records so he'd let me go ahead with it.

He didn't know that the main reason I'd arranged to have Tommy Brown come in and autograph records was to give myself an excuse for meeting him again.

There were plenty of people in town who said they remembered Tommy, now that he was rich and

famous. But I really remembered him so well.

He'd been a thin boy, in clothes that were shabby and ill-fitting, so that you saw a length of sinewy wrist above his hands before the cuff began. It was easy to tell why his clothes were always so small—because he was still growing too fast, and his mother couldn't afford to buy new ones to keep up with him. He didn't play on the football or basketball teams, and he wasn't on the staff of the yearbook, and he didn't go to the dances in the gymnasium. Every minute he wasn't actually in school, almost, he was working in Thomas' Grocery Store.

Not many of us paid any attention to him at all, not even enough to notice that he was a good-looking boy in his shy, gawky way, with taffy-colored hair and strange eyes, brown with gold flecks in them, and full, too-sensitive lips. I hardly noticed him myself, because it seems I was violently in love, just about then, with a muscular half-back named Spud Donovan.

And now, I thought while the kids in the music store put another of Tommy's records on the big machine, Spud Donovan was married to that funny little Marge Harris, and they had two children, and I was still Alice Carr, twenty-six years old and not getting any younger. Not that I regretted Spud Donovan, not for a minute, but—

"You're too hard to please," Mother had said once. "Every young man you meet seems wonderful to you for a little while—and then you find out he's only human and you don't like him any more."

Well—I forced my thoughts back to Tommy Brown—I hadn't paid much attention to him either, until one night, late, after the rehearsal of the Senior Play. I'd gone back



He was as arrogant as ever, but he did the last thing I'd ever have expected.

to the gymnasium to get a book I'd forgotten, and as I passed the music room I saw a light and heard someone playing the piano. I opened the door and there he was, head bent over the keys, his fingers flying, and the room filled with a melody I'd never heard before. It lasted only a few seconds, and then he looked up and saw me. He jumped to his feet, tearing his hands away from the keyboard as if it had burnt them.

"Miss Thatcher said I could use the piano," he said defensively—and then just stood there, waiting until I realized he wanted me to go and wouldn't start playing again until I had. So finally I closed the door and went on down the hall, a little angry, a little curious.

After that, for the few weeks of

school that were left, I used to smile and say "Hello" to him when we passed in the halls on our way between classes. But I didn't talk to him again until the night of the Senior Ball.

Spud took me to the dance, but after we got there we had a fight, and to show his independence he disappeared entirely—joining, I suspected, some stags in the locker room of the Country Club, where the Ball was held. I wouldn't let the others see that I'd been deserted, so I walked out of the clubhouse. Rounding a clump of bushes at the far end of the terrace, I almost ran into Tommy Brown.

He muttered something and started to go away, but I put out my hand to stop him. He was in the graduating class too, and he should have been inside with the rest of us. But of course, as usual, he wasn't.

"Don't go away, Tommy," I said. "Stay and talk to me."

"I was just going by—" he said stiffly.

Ten years had passed. Alice never forgot the fine, thin boy with the ill-fitting clothes. But this wasn't the Tommy she used to know. This man was so different!

"It's such a beautiful night," I said. "I don't want to go back inside, anyway."

He looked up at the sky, and around him at the wide rolling stretch of the golf course, as if he were seeing it all for the first time. Everything was black and silver, and there was the scent of honeysuckle in the air. "Yeah," he said wonderingly, "it is pretty, all right. I could—I could play it on the piano."

"You play beautifully," I said. "Do you take lessons?"

"No—just picked it up. We used to have a piano at home, before—" But he didn't finish that sentence. I suppose he'd been going to say, "Before we had to sell it."

"No lessons!" I marvelled. "Why, that's amazing! What was that piece you were playing the other night, in the music room? It sounded awfully difficult."

"That? Oh—nothing. Just something I made up."

His voice sounded uninterested, almost sullen, but just then he moved, stepping to one side a little so that some light from the terrace fell on his face. And it wasn't sullen at all, it was lonely, and wistful, and full of the knowledge that he'd been shut out from the rest of our smug, thoughtless high-school world. Although my pride wouldn't let me show it, that was the way I felt too, since my quarrel with Spud.

"I'd like to go home," I said impulsively. "Won't you take me, Tommy?"

"Why—why, sure," he said. "Only—we'll have to walk."

"That's all right," I told him. "It isn't far." (Continued on page 52)



# Joyce Jordan

## GIRL INTERNE

**T**HIS is kind of a celebration," Paul said. His tone was light and diffident, much too casual, which should have warned her. But even the deep look of his brown eyes as he leaned across the table to her only made her wonder for the thousandth time just what peculiar quality of shape or shine about those eyes made them so different from all other eyes, so unbelievably exciting. And again the thrill surged through her that this tall, wide-shouldered man was miraculously her husband.

Yet even in the physical closeness that warmed her and quickened her pulse, her mind clung stubbornly to the scene at the hospital she had just left. That was how the trouble began.

"Celebration?" she said vaguely. Her soft lips smiled in the gentle way that made patients settle down and breathe more easily, but behind the calm blue of her eyes she thought intensely about the perplexing problem that had confronted her.

Paul continued to speak, but more tensely, as though he instinctively felt the need to break through her thoughts.

"Yes. I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do for years."

"Really?" Joyce said. "That's swell, Paul." But still she was thinking of what the Superintendent of Nurses had said—

"You don't ask me what," Paul

**Another Famous Air Drama  
Brought to You as a**



said, and afterward Joyce could remember the edge his tone had taken.

"I'm sorry, Paul. What?"

"I'm going to write a book."

"A book?" Oh how wrong that kindly, absent-minded tone of hers had been. "Why, that's fine." And she continued to think how very strange it had been, all the same, that when she, a doctor, had gone out of her way to try to fix things up with that nurse, she had got simply nowhere.

"I guess you heard wrong," Paul said and the distinctness with which he spoke still had not impressed her. "I said I'd quit my job!"

She heard that. "Quit . . . Oh Paul . . ."

In her instinctive pause, she lifted her eyes to him. His mobile red lips had tightened at the corners and he studied her with an intentness very different from the look of incredulous appreciation she had seen so often during the six months of their marriage.

"Are you so sorry?" he asked.

"Sorry?" she repeated. "Oh no, it's not that, Paul. It's just that—" She stopped awkwardly, the rush of her thoughts holding her back from saying anything more.

Paul had quit his job! In the half year that she had been Mrs. Paul Sherwood she had resolutely closed her mind to the problem of money. Marriage had been enough, gloriously so. The fact that she must continue to live at the hospital until she had finished her internship, while Paul went on keeping house at his bachelor apartment, had not been enough to prevent their falling in love so desperately that they'd married in a wonderful, exciting rush.

The hospital paid Joyce exactly \$25 every month, barely enough for a single girl with no need for a wardrobe, pitifully inadequate for a bride who dreamed of a home of her own. Paul's newspaper paid him what it had always paid its reporters—enough for Paul to continue as a bachelor, hopelessly short for a bridegroom who pictured an extravagant future for his wife.

So Paul had quit.

"Darling!" His hand came over the red and white checked table cloth to cover hers. "I've—I've got some money saved. It won't be so bad." The love had come gleaming back into his eyes, giving them a sweetness that caught her breath and made her feel almost faint.

"But now tell me," she said firm-

**They had fallen in love, so desperately they had married in a thrilling rush. But had such need for each other blinded them? Joyce felt the chill of sudden terror as she realized she was losing her husband**

ly, determined not to be afraid. "What kind of book are you going to write?"

Paul's face relaxed in a happy smile. "Well—" he began. "A sort of survey of the world scene as war begins to sweep over it and a kind of political contrast between Europe and our own hemisphere."

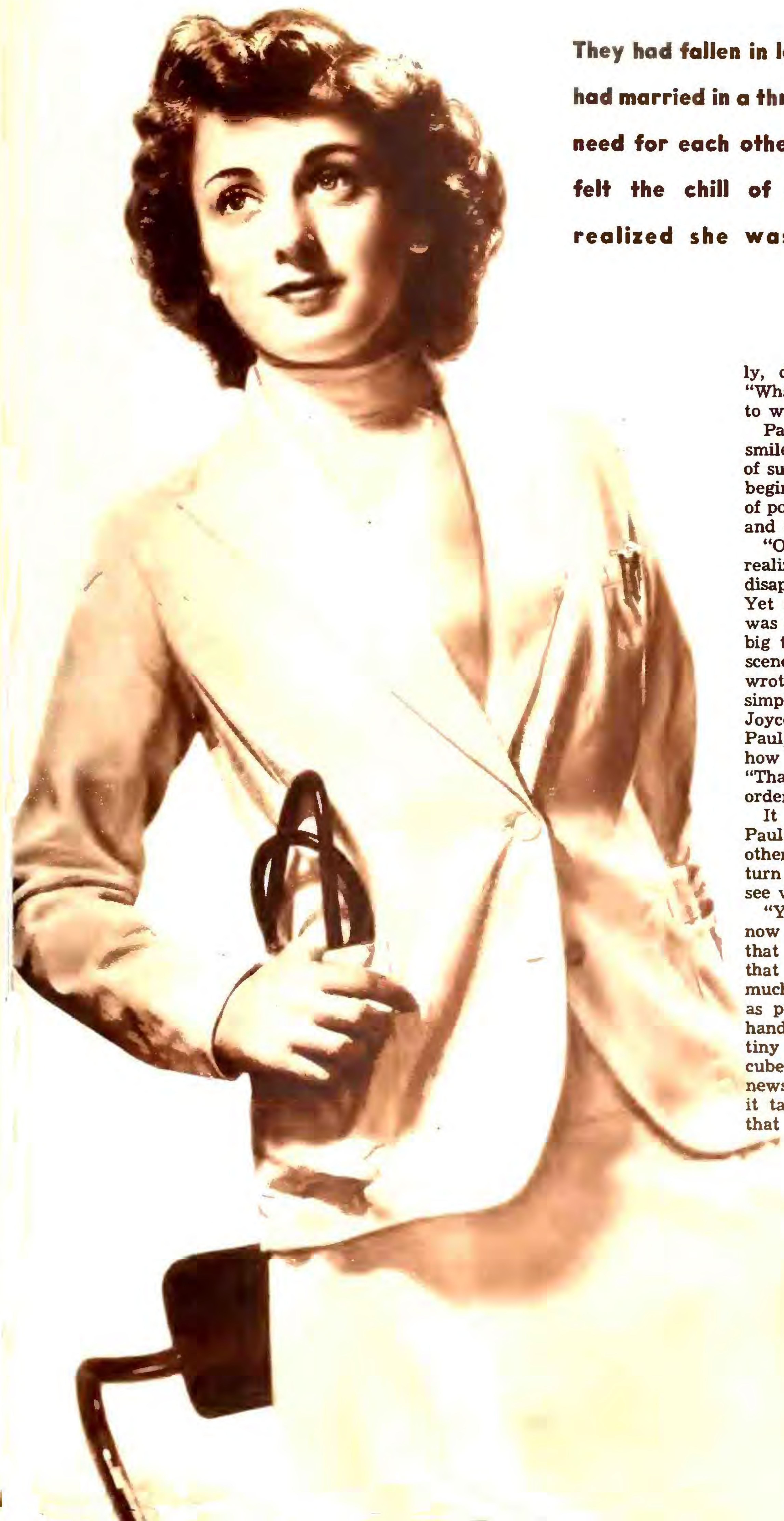
"Oh," Joyce said and immediately realized that she had not kept disappointment out of her voice. Yet she *had* been disappointed. It was so unlike Paul to talk in such big terms as "survey of the world scene" and "political contrast." Paul wrote simple, human stories about simple people that often made Joyce cry. She wanted to say, "But Paul, why not write what you know how to write?" Instead she said, "That sounds like rather a large order, darling."

It must have sounded wrong to Paul. He flushed. "If all those other roving correspondents can turn out books like that, I don't see why I can't—"

"You can," Joyce said, too late now to be convincing. "It's just that every time another book like that comes out it makes it that much harder for the next one to be as popular." She reached for his hand which nervously was making tiny caps out of the paper from cubes of sugar. "If being the best newspaper man in the world is what it takes, you've got it." But was that what it took? Joyce pushed

Her work was Joyce Jordan's life—was that why she seemed unable to find her happiness in marriage?

*As an exciting fictionization by Hope Hale, read the story of the dramatic radio serial heard daily on CBS, Monday through Friday, sponsored by La France, Satina, and Postum. Photographic illustrations posed by Ann Shepherd as Joyce, Myron McCormick as Paul.*





wasn't two days till she had the case figured out. And right, too. Only her mistake was in telling the wrong person. The mother had been coming in every day filling the girl's head full of spite about the father whom the mother was divorcing. The child apparently loved her dad, and every afternoon when Mama left her temperature was sure to be up. Miss Alison spoke right up to the mother and practically accused her of murder."

"That doesn't sound like the wrong person," Paul said. "She was the one that had it coming to her, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but a hospital can't have nurses talking that way to patients' relatives. And in this case all it did was to start the woman tearing the building down around our ears. Naturally I had to speak pretty sharply to the Alison girl—"

"Poor kid."

Joyce opened her mouth to answer, but her voice didn't come. She sat looking into Paul's face. Of course it had been hard on the nurse. But for Paul to see only the nurse's side, not hers—

ANYWAY," Joyce said, her voice a little flat, "it seems she couldn't take it. She tried to resign. They didn't want to lose her, especially when this was just one mistake on a fine record. Miss Richards can't bear to see talent wasted. So they asked me to try to straighten her out. And tonight I tried—" She broke off, her eyes clouded again.

"No luck?"

"Well, as long as we stuck to the case, she was fine, very reasonable and surprisingly wise. But the minute I tried to get to her personal side of the situation, I couldn't touch her. I even invited her to come and see us, but she declined, with thanks. There's something queer—wrong—about that girl, and it's my job to do something about it. I can't rest till I do!"

Paul laughed. It was not an unkind laugh, but not a mirthful one either. "I know," he said. "That's Dr. Joyce Jordan. That's my—wife—" He let his voice trail off, frowning. Joyce felt a queer little pang of fright. She said quickly, "But that's all. There isn't any more. I'm going to drop the subject."

"Oh, no, you're not," Paul said. "You'll pretend to, but you won't fool me. Until you crack that nut, there won't be any Mrs. Sherwood. There'll just be Dr. Jordan. So I guess it's up to me."

"To you?"

"Sure. Turn me loose on her. Takes a man to cure her sickness."

"Her sickness?"

"Of course. It's a clear case of man trouble. You'll see."

Joyce laughed. "All right, Dr. Sherlock Sherwood, I'll call you on the case. You pick me up at the hospital tomorrow for dinner and I'll have her there waiting, needing only your expert diagnosis and prescription."



They heard Hope's voice, high and excited in unashamed flattery: "Why Paul, that's simply marvelous. The book'll make you famous!"

That was the way they left it.

She called Hope Alison down to the interne's lounge to meet her at six. "Dr. Collins is coming to dinner at our place," she told the nurse. "I think you might like him. Won't you do us a favor by making a fourth?"

The girl's lips tightened and she made an involuntary movement toward the door as if she wanted to run away. "It's awfully good of you, Dr. Jordan, but I'm afraid—"

She stopped then, her eyes staring at the door toward which a moment before she had been trying to escape. Paul was standing there.

The sight of him did something to Joyce. It always did. A wave of heat left her weak, and the back of her head prickled as if she were about to faint. He looked marvelous in the soft light gray homespun suit, and the warm spring weather had flushed his thin cheeks, so that his eyes shone even brighter than usual. Yet it was not just his looks, it was his whole presence, the light, easy way he carried his wide shoulders, the liveness of his expression as he gave her a quick smile.

Then his eyes met Hope Alison's. There was a moment of silence while they looked at each other. Something about it, some electric, breathless quality of importance, kept Joyce from speaking. Maybe it was just a minute, but it seemed an age till she got her voice and said, "Hope, this is my husband."

It was over, then. Hope Alison's smile was conventional as she made her acknowledgment. Paul said, "What's the program? Have you given in yet to my

back a lock of the gleaming black hair that would not stay in a proper pompadour and tried to push the thought away with it.

"You really think I'm good?" Paul's hand gripped hers with sudden painful strength.

"The best reporter in the world," Joyce repeated, wondering if he noticed that she kept it strictly in the realm of newspapers, not books. Afterward she scorned this half honesty. Why hadn't she come right out and put it into so many words, straight and clear between them? And it was easy to figure out the answer. Because she had been so careless of his words at first, hardly hearing his big news, she did not dare. Her inattention had made him think her own work was more important to her than his, and she couldn't add to that the crowning insult of expressing doubts about the kind of ability he had.

But it would have been better. Anything would have been better than his dark, half-formed doubts,



unexpressed and all the more troubling because of that. They were in his eyes now.

"Then it's all okay?" he asked her.

"All okay," she said. "If you felt you should quit, why—"

"Why what?" he said. He narrowed his eyes at her. "You're still not sure," he challenged.

INVOLUNTARILY her lashes flicked down. He said, "Ah, I was right. It couldn't be that salary check you were thinking of, could it?"

"Of course not," she said quickly. "We'll manage." They would too. But how?

"It won't take me so long," he said. "With my background it ought to be a cinch to turn out—"

"A cinch!" Joyce stared.

Instantly the dark frown came back, tensing his thin face. "You don't think I'm up to it, do you?"

"I just meant that I didn't think any book could be a cinch—" Joyce floundered miserably.

"I see." He paused a minute. Then he said, "Suppose we skip all this. I didn't mean it to take so long, anyway. It's your turn. What was this hospital thing that's worrying you so?"

Joyce shook her head. "It wasn't important. Nothing like so important as your big news—"

"If it could compete with that big news of mine," Paul said, "I guess it's important enough to tell me." Was there a barb in that? At the time she had not felt it. She had taken him at his word, and her thoughts had flown back to seize on the problem she had left unsolved—relieved, perhaps, to drop a subject that seemed so dangerous.

"It's the queer way I've got involved in a nurse's affairs," Joyce said, thinking of the scene in Dr. Simon's office an hour before. "It's not a bit usual for everybody to get stirred up because one nurse made a mistake and got bawled out for it. But in this case they asked me to go back and square it with the nurse. And she's, a strange girl, this Hope Alison—"

Joyce tried to remember and recapture for him the extraordinary luminous whiteness of the girl's skin, the way the widow's peak of rich bronze hair cut sharply into the white of the high forehead, the queer long gray-green eyes that turned up slightly at the outer corners to give an air of mystery to them, increased by the heavy shadowing of lashes so dark as to look black until the light caught their coppery glint; the sensitive mouth so beautifully shaped and yet somehow—yes, somehow *wrong*: tortured, unsatisfied, perhaps even cruel, if only to herself. "She's hard to describe," Joyce said, giving up.

"Sounds like a common or garden variety of redhead to me," Paul said. "They're always trouble makers, full of themselves—"

"Oh, she's more than that," Joyce said quickly. "Ever since she came here from the Canadian hospital where she trained, they've put her on the most difficult cases in the Children's Wing. She has some curious kind of sympathy for kids that's like magic; practically mesmerizes them. Everything went fine till she took on this seven-year-old girl who couldn't seem to get well, even though all the typical organic symptoms had cleared up. It

Tiny's jaw was set grimly, his big hand shaking off her restraining one.





masterful wife, Miss Alison? Let me warn you, you might as well do it now as later."

It was then that Joyce felt the almost physical discomfort that was to last through this strange evening. Why should she mind if Paul joked about her being "masterful?" But she did. In that moment she almost wished that Hope would hold to her refusal.

But she didn't. "If you say it's useless to resist—" She made a graceful little shrugging motion of her slender shoulders.

"It is, I guarantee. How soon will you be ready?"

"Don't wait," Hope said. "I have to change out of my uniform. I can find my way—"

"Nonsense," Paul said. "I'm so used to waiting around this hospital that if I walked out of here within half an hour it would put me off my stride all evening."

Again Joyce felt that wincing discomfort. It was true that he did a lot of waiting for her, because internes never could get away quite on time, if at all, but that was not her fault. Paul understood that,

## COMPLETE RADIO NOVEL

and it was implicit in the jokes that were just between them. Why did it seem so different now? "Tiny's coming at seven," she said cheerfully. "He can show Hope the way—"

"Tiny?" Paul made a face that sent Tiny into the realm of unimportant details. "We can't trust this important matter to him."

"All right," Joyce spoke brightly from the door. "I'll run ahead and get the potatoes in to bake."

Strange how forlorn she felt, though, as she left the hospital alone. Strange and silly. She told herself it was nonsense to feel martyred when she carried the big bag of groceries up the four flights to the apartment. She had brought Paul this problem and he was helping her with it, that was all. He had made an effective start, that was clear. He had got Hope to accept, and now it would be a good party. With Tiny's gayety, his wholesome bigness, his bubbling fountain of absurd conversation, they'd have Hope out of the despondency that had made her wish to resign.

Something went wrong, though, with Tiny's cheer. He was fine when he arrived. Seeing him, having him there helping her, made Joyce relax and know that all was right with the world. He even made a story of three lost appendices very funny, while he set the table. "I bet the famous Dr. Conroy is gnashing his teeth that he got only three of them, though," Tiny chortled. "The fourth at that bridge table got away. She went to another doctor and found her tummy ache was only a mild case of food poisoning." He stood balancing a plate on one finger, his gray eyes a merry gleam of light in his solid face.

Joyce looked up at him from the onions she was slicing. "It's the first time I ever laughed at Conroy's unnecessary butchering," she told him.

"Nuts," Tiny said. "You're not laughing now. That's a case of onion hysterics."

Joyce wiped her streaming eyes on the sleeve of her blue smock. "Not altogether—"

It was then that the change came over Tiny. He had been grinning when the door opened to admit Paul and Hope. But the grin dis-

appeared, wiped off with comic completeness, leaving a look of blank amazement on his round face. The plate began to tip, and with a wild ducking motion he caught it and got very busy setting the table again.

"Miss Alison, this is the wit of the internes' lounge, court jester to Dr. Simon," Paul said. "In other words, Dr. Tiny Collins. Tiny, Hope Alison."

Tiny made a sort of gasping gulp and rushed to the kitchen for more dishes. Joyce in the doorway had to dodge his blind dash. "What's come over our blithe giant?" Paul asked. "I never saw him struck dumb before. Quite the contrary—"

**B**UT Joyce had guessed. And it was plain to everyone before the evening was over. Something had happened to Tiny that had never happened to him before. And it was Hope.

"I wish it hadn't hit him quite so suddenly," Joyce said to Paul when the others had gone. "If he could have been himself, let her see him that way a while, first, then—"

"Then what?"

Joyce looked up to see that Paul had stopped in the midst of untying his tie and was frowning at her.

Joyce looked at him, puzzled. "I mean he'd be wonderful for her. His good humor, his healthiness—"

"His dumb insensitivity, you mean!" Paul's almost angry voice made Joyce stare in astonishment. "How do you think a big lug like Tiny could help a girl whose trouble is caused by too much sensitivity?"

At first Joyce couldn't answer. Then she asked quietly, "What is her trouble, Paul?"

"Well, maybe it'll sound trite to you," Paul still frowned, staring at his big brown brogues, his voice almost defensive. "The same old story: a young doctor in this Canadian hospital where she trained—" He told it, and it did sound trite to Joyce. Hope's certainty that what was between them meant marriage, and then the sudden announcement of his engagement to the daughter of the Chief Surgeon.

"You were right, then," Joyce told him. "It was man trouble, after all."

"Yes, but not just that," Paul said with a faraway look in his brown eyes. "It's a lot more complicated. I think it started way back in childhood with her relations to her family, the way her mother and father split up, neither of them giving a darn about her—"

"That must be why she slipped up and told (Continued on page 69)



It was then that the tears came—when she found Paul's bathrobe hanging in the closet—the only thing he had left.



# LOVE HAS WINGS



Theirs to have one last enchanted evening before he left to rejoin his air corps training in Canada—but that was long enough for Charita to know that this was love in her heart

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



Lovely Charita Bauer, Radio Mirror's cover girl, is heard as Mary on NBC's Aldrich Family broadcasts. Handsome Charles Wicker is the son of radio's famous singing lady, Irene Wicker.

CHARITA slept with goggles on so the morning sun coming through the windows hung with white chintz in which big red strawberries grew wouldn't wake her. She was in a hurry to read the notices of the play in which she had opened the night before. The director, the star, and all of the company had done their best but they hadn't been able to bring it off. And they knew it.

Following the opening there had been a party. It had been three o'clock when Charita reached home. And she had lain awake for hours thinking about the young man who had been her escort and comparing him with Charlie Wicker. It was nothing new for her to think about Charlie far into the night. She had thought about little but him for four years and more, ever since she was fourteen and he was fifteen and they had met at one of his mother's broadcasts. It had been hard to tell then which had been the greater shock, meeting Charlie or trying to believe that lovely Irene Wicker could have such a grown up son.

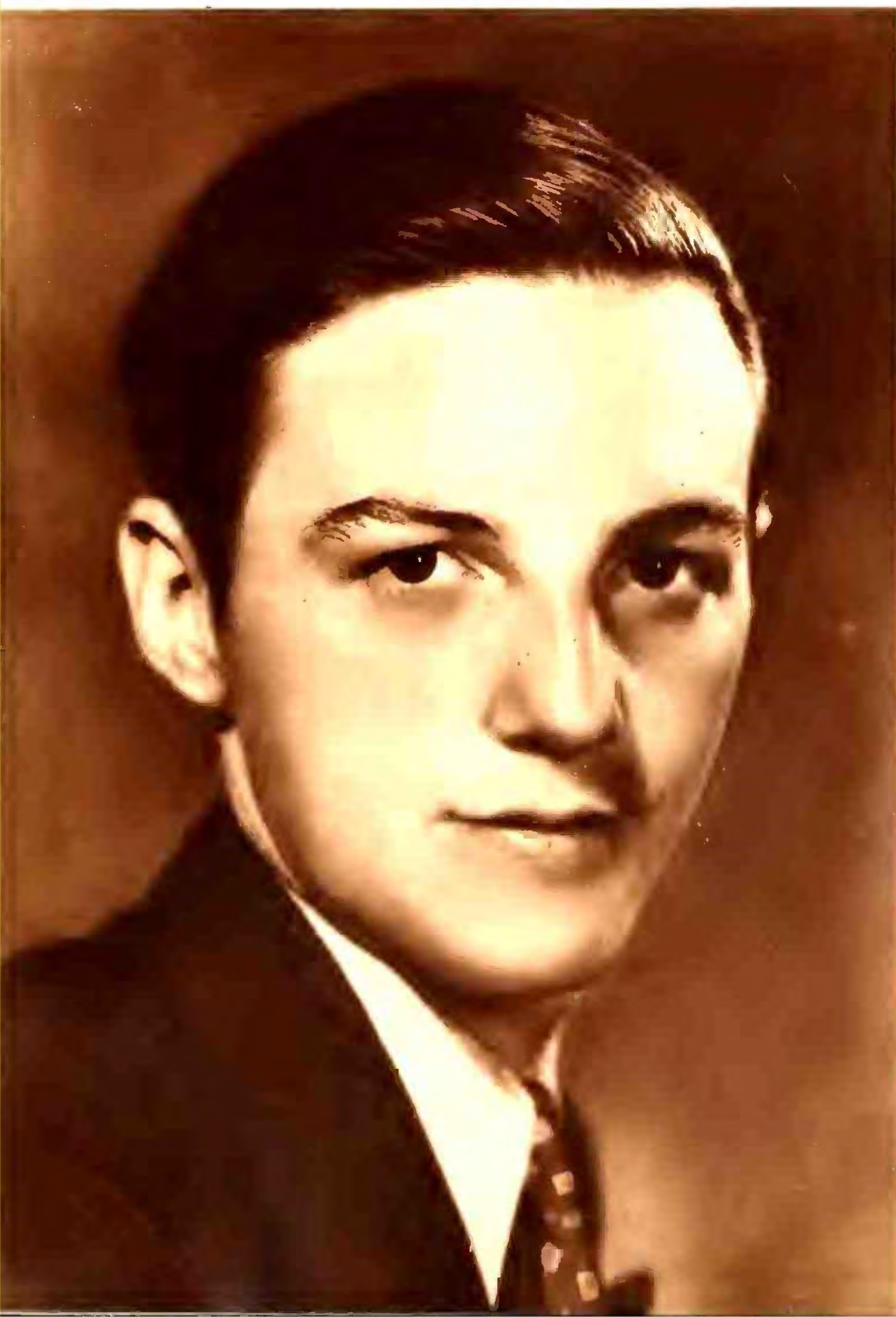
The young man with whom she had just spent the evening had been very kind. He had done his best to convince her there still was hope for the play, that it had good spots in it, really. Charlie wouldn't have hovered over her that way in a million years. He would have expected her to know she had a flop. to be (Continued on page 85)



# Stella Dallas

## IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Presenting, in fascinating album photographs, the people you love to listen to on one of radio's most human dramas, sponsored Monday through Friday on NBC's Red Network by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia



STELLA DALLAS (right) is a woman of rare beauty and courage. She was born of poor parents and her life has been one of continual hardship, yet Stella has been able to keep a shining spirit. She has a daughter, Laurel, whom she left with her husband, Stephen Dallas, after their divorce. When you first met Stella, she had come back to her daughter again after years of hardship and toil. She had left the child in care of her husband because she felt that his wealth and social position would give the girl advantages she could not afford. Stella won the respect of her daughter and then her love. Ever since, she has been fighting to keep it against the will of the very socially prominent Mrs. Grosvenor, Laurel's domineering, aggressive mother-in-law.  
(Played by Anne Elstner)

BOB JAMES (left) is an intelligent, sensitive boy of twenty. He was born in the slum district of New York, but this background could not stifle his desire to make a mark in the world. When Stella first met Bob, she pitied him with a kind, understanding pity, because his background was not unlike her own. They became fast friends and when Stella made some money she very generously offered to put Bob through the finest law school in the country. In spite of his scholastic ability, Bob, like most boys his age, gets into trouble now and then. Not long ago, he went to Washington, became innocently involved in the slaying of a gangster and was accused of murder. He was cleared, but not before Mrs. Grosvenor was able to cause Stella trouble.  
(Played by Albert Aley)

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR





ED MUNN is a loud, boisterous, free spending fellow, always in search of a good time. He loves Stella Dallas and has proposed many times, but, while Stella values him as a loyal friend, she has never seriously considered his offers of marriage. Ed often causes Stella embarrassment because of his lack of social graces and Mrs. Grosvenor looks upon him as quite uncouth and blames Stella for his conduct. But Ed is a fine man at heart and those who love Stella are deeply attached to him.

*(Played by Arthur Vinton)*




*Photos by NBC*

MINNIE GRADY is a sharp tongued, slightly unkempt but very lovable old Irishwoman. Minnie first met Stella when they were both working in a Boston sweatshop and ever since then she has been a very loyal and wonderful friend. The years haven't been too hard on this big hearted, vehement little woman. She and her husband, Gus, now own a farm in Massachusetts and it has often proved to be a haven for Stella, a place where, in Minnie's good care, she can forget the cares and troubles that befall her.

*(Played by Grace Valentine)*

**COMING NEXT MONTH:** see beautiful photographs of Laurel, Dick, Stephen Dallas and Mrs. Grosvenor





# Amanda

## OF HONEYMOON HILL

Copyright, 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert

AMANDA sat huddled on the edge of the corn cob bed in the back room of Aunt Mattie's cabin. Her eyes, dark with hopelessness, strayed from her clasped hands to the bolted door. It did not matter that her father had placed her in the old woman's care, or that he had locked her in; freedom was now stripped of any meaning. I have no place to go, no one to help me, she thought with sick despair; I trusted Edward, I believed him when he promised to save me from all I hated. She jumped to her feet, anger adding its burden to the pain, which, deep, persistent, kept hurting, hurting like a physical bruise. She did not see the green trees, or the flowers, or the blue sky, as she stood, staring out through the tiny slit of a window at a world bereft of hope because it was bereft of dreams.

And pride sent the color sweeping into her white face, because she, Amanda Dyke, of old Valley stock, had sought help, and had failed to receive it, from one whom her people scorned as an outlander. Her hands caught and held the narrow sill before her as memories of the last few days held her motionless. Born in the Valley, knowing nothing but its ways, she had always longed for something more beautiful—different—and no one had ever understood her desires. She believed her father, in his stern manner, loved her, but he had seen no reason why she should not be married to a man she hated.

Amanda forgot for a few minutes her present hopeless situation, as she thought of the day she had fled from her father's cabin and the unbearable touch of Charlie Harris' hands, crying she would die before

she would be his wife, and in a secluded glen on the hillside, had first seen Edward Leighton. How kind he had been, how gentle! He lived on Honeymoon Hill, in that white house she had so often watched from the distance, glimmering through its encircling trees—a place of dreams. He had begged her to come to him there, so he could paint her; he had said she was lovely—he had been the first to tell her that her red gold hair was a thing of beauty, not something of which to be ashamed. And she had gone—oh, now she knew she should not have done so—and he had started her portrait in the peaceful stillness of Honeymoon House, and she had seen the white, golden and cold girl, Sylvia Meadows, whom he was to marry.

Amanda moved restlessly over the uneven floor and the rag rugs of the little room. Then—then—to have rushed up the hill in the darkness of that same night, when her father, having learned she had been to Honeymoon House, had declared she would never leave his cabin again until she went to marry Charlie. To have begged Edward Leighton to save her, to protect her—she should have known, but he had been the only one to whom she could turn, he had been the only one who had ever shown her consideration and kindness.

The color mounted across her neck, staining her face. He had promised that he would never let

her go back into the Valley, that she would be safe. He had taken her to his mother, Susan Leighton, at Big House, and she had been so utterly, so wonderfully happy. But at the very height of her happiness, at the dance, in the beautiful dress Edward and his Uncle Bob had found for her . . . Little pictures flashed before Amanda's eyes, and she pressed her hands tight against her face to shut them out, but could not. The great hall of Big House, the guests watching her, Edward beside her, her voice singing the words of an old English ballad, and out of the night, the tall, dark figure of her father, coming to take her home, home to the man she hated, to the life from which she had escaped. Edward had let her go; he had broken his promise. How clearly she remembered the satisfied expression of Susan Leighton, the cruel, little smile on the lips of Sylvia Meadows; she felt again the cold, numbing terror as Edward failed her; now she felt only a sick hopelessness, a bitter resentment.

SHE found her way back to the bed, and dropped down on it. What did it matter now that she would be wed to Charlie? She was an ignorant Valley girl who had never gone to school; she had been told that black trouble came if one of her people had aught to do with the rich tobacco planters who lived on the surrounding Virginia hills, but she had trusted her heart—and her heart had been wrong.

"Hi, Amanda," a low voice called, and she lifted her head. At the sight of the pert, child's face looking in through the narrow opening at her, she tried to smile. "Come here, come here, so as I can talk to you."

She rose to her feet, wearily, and

A moment before she had known the first sweet rapture of love, but now there was only the bitter memory of a broken promise. Continue radio's beautiful love story of a girl from the Valley and the man she should never have met

crossed to the tiny opening, criss-crossed with slats which served as the room's only window.

"I heard the news." The boy's eyes were big with excitement. "All the Valley's talking about how you run away so as not to marry Charlie, how your Pa had to get you, and how you're locked up here. If you want, Amanda, I'll find that there Edward Leighton and tell him where you are."

"No, no, Jim. I'll never trust an outlander again—never—never—"

"Amanda, don't you look so white and woeful; you let me help you," Jim pleaded. "I don't like that Charlie Harris nohow."

Even in her deep distress, Amanda smiled. Dear, little Jim, with his cruel father; how faithful he had been since the day she had saved him from a wicked beating. But no one could help her. All she said was: "Thank you, Jim, but I don't want ever to see Edward. And he wouldn't come if I did. Don't shame me by asking him."

Jim's sharp eyes twinkled; he shook his head.

"Still, if I see him I'm going to tell him where you are."

He dropped to the ground, and disappeared in the thick undergrowth behind the cabin. Amanda

Amanda's rippling red-gold hair, her fair skin and deep violet eyes, made Edward forget she was only a Valley girl.



Now, in exciting fiction form, read the story of lovely Amanda and tune in every weekday to NBC's blue network, sponsored by Cal-Aspirin and Haley's M.O. Illustration posed by Joy Hathaway as Amanda and Boyd Crawford as Edward.



looked after him for a second, but even as the bushes stopped rustling, she turned and flung herself across the bed once more. How different this was from that wonderful, soft bed in which she had slept for one night in Big House under Susan Leighton's roof. She tried to force her thoughts away from what had happened, but to think of the future was even worse. At any minute, now, her father might take her to be married to Charlie Harris. She turned her head on the hard pillow as tears forced themselves under her closed eyelids. She would grow old like all the other Valley girls, worn out with heavy work and child bearing; it was her fate. But as she heard a sound, she twisted her face farther into the pillow, and shut her lips to keep back the rising sobs. It would be Aunt Mattie, or, perhaps, her father. How could she face it if they had come to get her—

AMANDA—dear Amanda—” She sat up in bed, wide eyed, quickly wiping away her tears. Her face became set as she swung her feet to the floor, and walked to the window. “Amanda, oh, my dear—” It was Edward calling her name, it was Edward looking in at her, it was he who reached his hands through the slats toward her. “I’ve found you. That little boy was right. Thank God, you’re safe—I’m in time.”

Her heart was beating, beating very fast, but her voice held no emotion as she said:

“You broke your word to me. You let Pa take me away. Go back to your own home, Edward Leighton, and don’t ever come to the Valley again.”

“You don’t understand;” his words were hurried, desperate; “Amanda, let me talk to you. I can explain.” He leaned closer toward her, but she stepped quickly aside so he could not touch her.

Why, why had he come to add more to her already heavy burden?

“Go away, Edward,” she repeated, “go to that Sylvia who is to be your wife. It hurts that I should have asked you for help, and for you to have failed me. Go home, Edward—”

“I will not,” he cried. “Amanda, you must listen.” There was a new quality in his voice, a certainty that had not been in it before. “I didn’t fail you. Suppose, Amanda, I had kept you, had forced your father out of the house before all those people? Everyone in the Valley would have known of his disgrace—he’d have been shamed before his friends, and the hate

between the Valley and the Hills would have been worse than ever. That’s what I thought, Amanda. I may have been wrong, but I was thinking of you. You wouldn’t have wanted your father to be insulted by the Leightons, would you?”

His words were broken, filled with tension, and Amanda moved slowly nearer, light creeping into her eyes. He caught her hand.

“If you speak truth, Edward, it was kindly done. Can I believe you?”

“You can, you must.” He held her fingers tightly in his. “I’ll never let you go again. Come into the woods with me, I—I have so much to say to you—”

“But I can’t—I can’t get out. Pa brought me here to Aunt Mattie’s, and they’ve bolted the door and—” Her head dropped forward on the worn sill, and he smoothed the rippling curls with gentle fingers. Suddenly, she looked up, with a startled gasp.

“But you must go, Edward. If Pa found you here, he’d—you’d be in danger—” She caught his arm, trying to push him away.

Edward Leighton laughed.

“Stop worrying, my dear. I’ll have you out in a minute.”

He was around the side of the cabin, and Amanda strained her ears, her hand at her throat, where the pulse beat rapidly. Aunt Mattie was due at any second, her father might come—Edward, Edward, she whispered. There was a crash, the splintering of wood; the bolt of her door was thrown back, and Edward, laughing into her wide eyes, had her hands in his, and was drawing her out into the bright sunshine of the summer morning. Fear for him, terror of what might happen if he were discovered, mingled with a wild, tremulous rapture, sent her running beside him through the woods. Breathless, flushed, she stopped at last, to see she was in the glen where she had first met the man now smiling so reassuringly into her eyes. He took her hands, and his face was grave, tender and eager. Joy surged into Amanda’s heart, for her faith had been restored, and the whole world held, once again, beauty and meaning.

“Amanda,” he spoke, slowly, never taking his gaze from her, “Amanda—my beautiful— You don’t know all that’s happened. I am not going to marry Sylvia.”

“Why?” she asked, direct as a child. And the excitement within her kindled to a sudden exaltation. Somewhere a bird sang, and the song was hers. His hands were pressing on hers; he was very close to her.

“Because I don’t love her, any more than you love Charlie. Our marriage was arranged, just as yours was.”

She nodded, her eyes still direct.

“I talked to mother and Sylvia last night. They understand.” Edward smiled, a trifle grimly. There was no need to tell Amanda any details of that scene, of Susan’s shocked disappointment and disapproval, of Sylvia’s cold anger, the resentment in her face, but no hurt, thank God for that, no hurt. He had won his battle; the future was his and Amanda’s. She read the deepening passion in his eyes, even before he spoke. “My dear, I love you. You will marry me, won’t you?”

“You want to wed me?” her voice was low, joy ran through it. Dazed

with wonder, she caught her breath. “I love you—”

And he drew her to him, and kissed her lips, and held her close. The bird song rose triumphant on the summer air, but they heard only the beating of their hearts, the whispered, broken words they murmured and knew nothing of the world around them, lost in the wonder of their first kiss. Amanda’s head rested on his shoulder, and, at last, she spoke:

“Your mother, Edward. She doesn’t like me.”

“Hush, dear, hush, no worrying. Tell me, Amanda, what is the first duty of a wife?”

“To obey her husband, to please him, and to always do as he says, of course.”

Edward laughed; his fingers

smoothing her hair, his eyes on the long, dark lashes brushing her cheeks. “I thought you’d say that. Now, you must obey me, and leave everything to me. We are to be married; it’s all settled, mother knows.”

Amanda sprang to her feet with a sudden cry; all the lovely color drained from her face.

“Then, come, Edward, come now, and don’t delay. When Pa finds I’m gone, he’ll get the Valley men, and if he finds us here—oh, my love, it won’t be safe for you.”

He stood beside her, and put his arm around her, once more holding her to him.

“I love it here,” he said, softly, “for this is where I first saw you, running out from among the trees, so beautiful I couldn’t believe you

were real. And in my heart, I knew I loved you at that minute, though I didn’t understand.”

“I must have loved you, too, Edward, or I wouldn’t have come to you to aid me.”

His hands on her shoulders, he looked at her: the rippling red-gold hair, the fair skin, the deep violet eyes. He bent and kissed her, and then, hand in hand, like two children, they passed from the glen into the woods, and up the hill to where, white in the distance, glimmered Honeymoon House. At last, they stopped before it on the green, sweeping lawns, and Amanda’s eyes were wide with the awe of dreams come true, as Edward said:

“This will be your home, my dear—our home.”

She clapped her hands together. “It is so wonderful, just as you are wonderful, Edward. I’ll be a good wife. You must tell your mother that, and then, maybe, she’ll be glad we are to be wed.”

“She’ll love you when she learns to know you, dear. We’re going to her now. Don’t be afraid.”

“I’m not afraid of anything if you’re with me, Edward.”

And there was a lump in his throat as he led her through the door of Big House to where his mother sat alone in the cool, shadowed living room. Her greeting was friendly; she drew Amanda down beside her on the couch; she looked from the girl’s face, flushed like a wild rose, to her son’s bright eyes, and sighed.

“Oh, Mrs. Leighton,” Amanda exclaimed, her voice vibrant with the happiness in her heart, “I am so joyful. And I’ll be a good wife to Edward. I’ll do what he says; I’ll care for him. It’s all so wonderful I can’t think straight. I don’t rightly know whether I’m here or there. It doesn’t seem true unless I look at Edward, and then I know—I know—”

“Yes, I’m sure you do want to make Edward happy.” Susan Leighton spoke slowly.

“Indeed, and indeed, I do. It’s the one wish of my life.”

Mrs. Leighton nodded. “For that reason I would like to talk to you alone for a little while. I have so much to say. We must learn to know one another better—”

“That’s fine,” Edward exclaimed. “It’s what I want more than anything—for you two to know and love each other. Mother, you’re being splendid.”

Susan smiled, not a happy smile, but neither noticed it; they saw only the other. Edward bent and kissed Amanda, and she clung to him like a (Continued on page 57)



“You want to wed me?” Her voice was low; joy ran through it. Dazed with wonder, Amanda caught her breath. “I love you,” she said.





# Look Who's Laughing

You will be, when you read this gay story of Wistful Vista, where Fibber McGee and Molly meet Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and get involved with airplanes, electric washing machines, romance, and high finance



**T**HAT guy Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, Fibber McGee fumed, was at it again. Here Fibber, as President of the Wistful Vista Chamber of Commerce, had a honey of an idea—and Throcky was trying to queer it.

Fibber, looking authoritative, sat on the platform at the Chamber of Commerce meeting and wielded the gavel, but Gildersleeve was trying to do all the talking. It never pleased Fibber to listen to somebody else, and Gildersleeve should have known it.

"Fellow members," Gildersleeve was saying, "as you all know, this city owns a piece of useless prop-

erty, laughingly known as the Wistful Vista Flying Field. As you also know, Mayor Duncan has asked the Chamber's advice as to how to dispose of this property which the city has never been able to turn over, even with a plow." He smoothed his black moustache and laughed happily at his own witicism. "Now, I have a friend who is offering the city a two thousand dollar profit on its investment, and I hereby move that we urge the city to accept the offer."

Mrs. Uppington seconded the motion. Mrs. Uppington was always seconding Gildersleeve's motions.

"Now, listen here!" Fibber's square face, with its high forehead where the sandy hair was beginning to give up the struggle, was red with impatience. "We won't do anything of the kind. Everyone knows the Horton Airplane Company is going to build their new factory in this vicinity. The choice is between us and Ironton, across the river. We gotta do everything in our power to get Horton to build in our flying field!"

"Pipe dream," Gildersleeve sneered. "Horton has already decided to build in Ironton. I learned that from an unimpeachable source."



Molly and Fibber were the first to recognize the famous visitors who came flying down.



Charlie and Edgar were on their way to Pinehurst—but they landed plump in Wistful Vista.



"Unimpeachable applesource!" Fibber snapped, and took a letter from his pocket. "Get a load of this, Throcky, old boy. It's from the Horton Airplane Company and it says, 'My dear Mr. McGee—We think you should be made cognizant—' Get that, folks, they want me to be made cognizant."

Molly McGee, sitting in the auditorium, straightened her shoulders proudly. "And I think he'd make a very good one, too," she said to the woman beside her.

Fibber went on. "'—cognizant that we categorically repudiate any implication of partiality in determining the site for our prospective expansion. Exhaustive technological investigation predisposes us preponderantly toward your neighboring municipality. But we might conjecturally contemplate an alternative situation in the immediate proximity. Cordially, Hilary Horton.' What do you say to that?" he inquired triumphantly.

"Extremely noncommittal and nebulous," Mrs. Uppington said.

"You're darn right it is!" Fibber said even more triumphantly. "And I say we should hold on to that field and go after Horton!"

Gildersleeve's voice cut through an excited buzz of comment running through the hall. "I think my opinion on real estate is worth a little more than yours, McGee."

"Oh yeah?" Fibber shouted. "What about that property you ad-

vised me to buy two years ago?" "I told you that was a good investment for a long pull."

"Sure," Fibber said bitterly. "A long pull in a rowboat! I asked the bank what that hunk of swamp was worth and they offered me six cents a gallon!"

"That's beside the point," Gildersleeve said. "I demand that you put this matter to a vote."

Molly McGee, comfortable and solid in her flowered print dress, stood up. "I move," she said loudly, "that the meeting be adjourned."

"Do I hear a second?" Fibber asked.

Someone sneezed.

"Thanks, Mr. Sinus," Fibber nodded. He rapped on the table. "The meeting stands adjourned."

Gildersleeve caught up with the McGees as they tried to escape from the hall. He was blusteringly angry. "You can't get away with this, McGee!" he yelled. "You're railroading this thing through!"

Fibber's gray eyes twinkled. Now that he carried his point, he was his usual vague, mild self again. "I'm surprised you could follow it, you big caboose," he said. "Besides and furthermore, Throcky, I dunno what

your angle is, but that offer you got from a friend is a fake. It must be a fake—you ain't got a friend."

"Why, you anemic little anthropological aberration! You bump-tious little bot-fly, I could smack you down with a wet noodle!"

Fibber turned to Molly. "You think he could?"

After consideration, Molly said, "No."

"I don't either," Fibber decided. "I ain't scared of you, Gildersleeve, and I'm gonna protect the citizens of Wistful Vista. I'm gonna see that Horton sees our site before he settles on any other site he sees."

It was about this time that Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy dropped out of the sky.

They hadn't meant to come to Wistful Vista at all. They had done their last broadcast, and were on their vacation, which they'd planned to spend in Pinehurst, but Edgar was piloting his own plane and somehow he couldn't seem to find Pinehurst. But, as Charlie told him, he was always absent-minded. "You'd lose me," Charlie leered, "if I didn't make a living for you."

Anyway, just before they ran out of gas they landed plump on the Wistful Vista Flying Field. Fibber and the rest of the Chamber of Commerce had rushed out to the field upon sighting the plane, thinking maybe Mrs. Roosevelt was dropping in for a visit; and it was

*Fictionalized from the RKO Radio Picture, "Look Who's Laughing," based upon the screen play by James V. Kern, produced and directed by Alan Dwan, with a cast starring Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Lucille Ball.*



Molly who first recognized Charlie McCarthy and was able to invite the new arrivals to her home before her social rival, Mrs. Uppington, had realized they were celebrities.

Fibber and Molly's house was like its owners—middle aged, friendly, and unpretentious. Like Fibber, it was always a bit untidy, although Molly did her best to keep it neat. A hall closet was so crammed with discarded furniture, clothes, crockery and tennis rackets that it overflowed every time the door was opened. When this happened, Fibber would mumble, "Got to clean that closet out one of these days"—

mine," Edgar said casually. "He'd come and look over your field personally if I asked him to."

Fibber jumped up. "He would! Well, gee—golly, Mr. Bergen, if you only would—"

"Would this factory mean so much to your community?" Edgar asked.

"Would it! Why, look at the jobs it would make, the people it would bring to town, the business it would assimilate!"

"But what would you get out of it?"

"Who, me?" Fibber asked. "Not a darn thing. I want it for the good

gen toward the kitchen, "when I was in charge of the Precision Division of the Biggs Thrasher and Belting Company. 'Biggs' Tinker McGee' I was knowed as in them days. Biggs' Tinker McGee! The brawny and brainy Bonaparte of benzine-buggy blacksmiths! Busy as a beaver and bright as a beacon at bolting bumper brackets on bus bodies. Boosted as the best boss in the business at boring bronze bearings in boat boilers. Bringing back the bacon as the boss of the brake-band, bumblebee of the brace and bit, and big bullfrog of the brass bicycle bell bongers. A breezy,



Once Julie Patterson realized how Fibber was being swindled, it didn't take her long to swing into action.

but he never did. Instead, he spent his time making labor-saving gadgets, usually electric, of his own invention. These always added to Molly's work instead of cutting it down, and usually blew every fuse in the house.

Edgar Bergen liked the McGees and their home at once, and after an excellent dinner he listened sympathetically while Fibber told the sad story of his efforts to bring the Horton Airplane factory to Wistful Vista.

"But Horton's an old friend of

of the city. I love this town and the folks who live here. They're a fine, loyal, intelligent bunch of people. And if I put this thing over and the ungrateful dumbbells don't re-elect me President of the Chamber of Commerce, I sometimes wonder why I go to all this trouble."

Edgar grinned and started to answer, but Molly came out of the kitchen with the news that something was wrong with Fibber's newest invention, the dishwasher.

"I started inventing years ago," Fibber said, strutting ahead of Ber-

brilliant bozo for beginning boys to copy—But just take a look at our dishwashing jalopy."

It was a big box, painted white. McGee waved a proprietary hand, and turned the switch. The machine started with a groan, but rapidly accelerated its speed until it was trembling and leaping on its foundation. The lid flew off, and a plate whistled out of the box, past McGee's ear.

"Why didn't you tell me it was loaded?" he screamed reproachfully. (Continued on page 60)





Bewitching Gladys Swarthout, whose enchanting contralto voice carried her to stardom in the Metropolitan Opera Company, has returned to the air on a regular weekly program. Hear her every Sunday afternoon on CBS, sharing musical honors with Deems Taylor, baritone Ross Graham and Al Goodman's orchestra. Between broadcasts, Gladys is Mrs. Frank Chapman, happy wife.



# WE'RE ALL AMERICANS

## (ALL TRUE BLUE)

Here—free to all Radio Mirror readers—is the patriotic song hit that makes your heart beat to a marching rhythm every time Kate Smith sings it on her Friday evening variety shows on CBS

Words and Music by  
JAMES T. MANGAN

March tempo



*mf*

We're all A - mer - i - cans!  
If we're A - mer - i - cans,  
Here come th'A - mer - i - cans!

*mf - f*

We're proud to bear the name, Our  
De ceived by no ones tricks, We'll  
A march of age and youth, We'll

na - tion's fath - ers wove a flag By the  
talk and think and act to - day In the  
fight to keep our lib - er - ty And pre -

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light of free dom's flame, Now  
spir - it of "Sev - en - ty six", Life,  
serve our great - est truth, To

wav - ing brave - ly ov - er - head, It  
lib - er - ty and hap - pi - ness Un  
guard and hon - or and pro - tect, The

tells us what to do, We're  
sul - lied just - ice too, We're  
man - y, not the few, We're

all A - mer - i - cans! All True  
all A - mer - i - cans! All True  
all A - mer - i - cans!

Blue.  
Blue.

All True Blue.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

# "Love Story"

RADIO DIRECTOR

**His mind wasn't on the broadcast, it was on a darkened room and a little boy who lay listlessly in bed . . . If only Donnie had a mother! But not Millicent, the party girl, the shallow sophisticate—and the woman he loved**

**J**OE MALLABY said to Hallam Ford, who was by all odds his favorite director, "What do you think of Gerry Gateson's new script?"

Hallam Ford riffled through the sheaf of typed pages. "I think it's a wow!" he answered. "It should play like a million dollars."

Joe said, "Gerry Gateson's a good writer . . . Hal, do you think the client will go for 'Love Story'?"

"If the client doesn't, he's a goon," said Hallam. Once more his nervous hands flicked back page after page. "Gateson can write rings around the rest of the boys."

"You've taken a load off my mind," said Joe, fervently. "In this agency game a fellow gets so he doesn't trust his own judgment. Somehow I thought you didn't like the script."

"Why in the name of common sense," queried Hallam, "should you think that?"

"Your face," said Joe. "It's a study in gloom. In fact, Hal, you look as sour as all get out. What's biting you?"

Hallam Ford sighed. "Donnie's got the sniffles," he told Joe, "and naturally I'm worried. My mind's been running in circles all afternoon. Donnie's such an awfully delicate youngster—the least little thing shoots up his temperature. His mother died when he was born, you know."

"Yeah, I know," nodded Joe Mallaby. His gaze had grown sympathetic from behind owl-like tortoise shell-rimmed glasses. "How old is Donnie, anyway?"

Hallam told him briefly—"Five,"

and Joe smiled.

"I wouldn't get in a dither about a five-year-old," he replied. "Donnie's probably growing too fast—or something. Give him time and he'll be a regular prize fighter."

"I hope so," replied Hallam, but his voice lacked conviction. "Of course, Donnie'd be a heap healthier if we had a suburban house—or even a sunny flat near the park. A hotel is no place for a kid, but it seems the best proposition, with me on the job day and night—". He broke off. "Oh, what the devil, Joe! You're not interested in my troubles. . . . Let's get on with the script."

"Okay," agreed Joe briefly, but his voice was crowded with understanding, "let's."

Hallam drummed on the arm of his chair with tense fingers. "We have four main characters," he mused, "the others are background. There's the older sister—she's the real leading lady—and there's the glamour girl. Lord, how I hate the word glamour! And then there's the leading man and the character woman."

"The whole show depends on the older sister," Joe threw in, "the rest can go hang. At least, that's my slant."

"Mine, too," nodded Hallam.

Joe went on, embroidering his theme. "I fancy you'll agree with me, Ford. We usually see eye to eye when it comes to casting—" he hesitated. "D'you know, I think Millicent Barry should play the older sister!"

Hallam laughed, but there was an

entire lack of mirth in his laughter.

"Now, Joe," he protested, "we've less than a week to get 'Love Story' on the air!"

"So what?" queried Joe.

Hallam explained patiently. "Millicent's always on the go," he said. "You can't pin her down. She's invariably late for rehearsals. She's forever on her way to or from some shindig. I wouldn't care to use her on a rush job."

Joe argued stubbornly. "With la Barry the script is sure fire, and without her—" He paused and Hallam picked up the conversational thread.

"Millicent's a fine actress," he said, "I'll grant you that. She's got what it takes, even though she is—shallow."

Once more Joe fixed his owl-like regard on the man who sat opposite him. "You and Millie had a fight?" he questioned. "Last spring I kind of thought you had a yen for the girl—"

Hallam replied carefully. "Millicent is very attractive, but she hasn't time for a mere director—I found that out. . . . She's like one of those bright insects that you see on streams in the country. She goes skittering over the surface—she never gets below, where there's any depth."

Joe chuckled and said, "Don't be caustic, my boy. I take it back about the yen. You only have to direct the girl—you don't have to marry her."

There was a moment of silence—silence as thick and enveloping as wood smoke—and then Hallam said,

His arms encircled her, and Millie stood up to offer him lips that were still salty with tears.

Illustrations  
by Marshall Frantz

"I'm a sap to let my feelings run away with me. Millicent Barry will be swell in the part—I'll put in a call for her, at once. Incidentally, Joe, I'll start casting tonight in my office at the Radio Mart. At eight o'clock or thereabouts. Want to drop in?"

Joe shook his head. "Can't do," he said. "I've other fish to fry. But if you'd care to eat dinner with me before you go over to the Mart, we can gab about this and that."

Hallam shook his head. "No, Joe," he said, "not tonight. I want to look in on Donnie before I start the grind, and I'll stay with him as long as possible—even if I have to miss dinner."

**A**S he sat in his office, sorting through the multigraphed copies of "Love Story," checking over his list of names and telephone numbers, Hallam Ford had the feeling of a man who stares at a parade through dark glasses. Everything was a little blurred and uncertain before him. Gateson's script was vague, and so were the people who would so soon make it come to life. His mind was in a hotel room—a stupid, over-furnished, average hotel room—with a little boy who lay listlessly in a veneered mahogany bed. Hallam's hand, resting quietly on the cool glass top of his desk, could still feel the dry touch of small, hot fingers.

"Perhaps," he thought, as he read a speech without being aware of the words, "I should have sent for the doctor or a nurse. Maybe it's more than a cold."

More than a cold . . . The thought sent ripples of goose flesh up and down the column of Hallam Ford's spine. Donnie was so little, so frail. A real spell of sickness could so easily erase his young eagerness. . . . If only Donnie had a mother. A mother would supply not only affection—she'd arrange for a home and naps and balanced play and all the calories that a growing child





"Why am I so rude to Millie?" Hal questioned savagely of his heart.

"Why does the very sight of her make me forget that I'm—a gentleman?"

needed. How could a man alone, living in a hotel suite, give a small boy the proper attention?

"When he's old enough," Hallam told himself, "I'll send Donnie to a boarding school." But the idea, practical though it was, cut into his soul with the rasping pain of a rusty knife. Donnie was all he had—all. Donnie was a part of his brief, sweet marriage, and a part of his lost romance, and the whole of his future.

On sudden impulse Hallam reached for the telephone and pulled it toward him. He dialed the number of his hotel and waited impatiently until the operator's familiar voice came over the wire.

"Bertha," he said, "give me the maid on my floor, will you?" and at her "Sure, Mr. Ford—" he held his breath in actual discomfort. When at long last the good natured Irish maid took up the receiver, he found that his palms were damp with perspiration.

"As I left to come down to the office," he said almost sharply, "I asked you to drop in and see Donnie every ten or fifteen minutes. You haven't forgotten, have you?" He listened for a moment and then—"You say he's asleep, now, but that his face is sort of flushed, eh? Okay, Maggie, I'll be home as soon as possible. And don't forget to keep dropping in."

HALLAM FORD hung up the receiver and slumped back in his chair, and stared vacantly through the wide, curtainless window. Almost level with his eyes, the enchanted skyline of the city laughed at him and winked at him and mocked him.

"My Lord," he said aloud, "I wonder if Donnie's really going to be sick? I wonder what a flushed face means? That fool of a Maggie—"

"What fool of a Maggie?" queried a voice from the door. It was a cool voice—cool and low and slightly husky. "Have you started talking to yourself, Hal? Isn't talking to oneself a sign of insanity or senility or something?"

Hallam Ford jumped—actually jumped—and his eyes, focusing accurately for the first time since he had left Donnie, fastened themselves upon the girl in the doorway. She was well worth looking at, that girl. She might have stepped from the pages of a next month's fashion magazine. Her dark, shiny hair was dressed away from her ears and high on her head, in the mode of to-

morrow. Her sleek, hipless body was sheathed in a white satin dinner gown that broke into icy blue ripples at the full hemline. The dress stopped just below her armpits and it hadn't any shoulder straps.

"Good grief," Hallam heard himself asking, "how do you keep it on?"

Millicent Barry stepped into the room. She murmured, "A trick—one of my best." She added, "How're things?"

Hallam told her, "About as usual..." And then, after a pause, "I take it you're going somewhere?"

Millicent crossed the room and seated herself on the corner of his desk. "I'm on my way to a party," she said.

Hallam groaned. "I knew it," he told her. "You always are."

With eyes not quite as cool as her voice, Millicent stared at a picture that decorated the cream tinted wall in back of Hallam. Her unswerving regard disconcerted the man.

"Well," she said finally, "why shouldn't I go to parties? I'm a party girl, aren't I? You told me so, didn't you?"

Hallam had told her just that—there was no denying it. He changed the subject hastily.

"Did you come all the way down here without a coat, Millie?" he inquired.

Millicent Barry chuckled—her chuckle was deep and throaty and exciting. It registered awfully well on the air.

"I left my coat in the outer office," she told Hallam. "I wanted to give you a thrill."

"Well, you did," Hallam told her. All at once he was desperately, achingly weary. "Now suppose you go back to the outer office and put on the coat and beat it."

"Beat it?" echoed Millicent. She reached forward languidly and rumbled the thick, slightly graying hair which swept back from Hallam's suddenly creased forehead.

"Why, I only just got here," she cooed. "And, oddly enough, you sent for me. Don't tell me you're going to break down and give me a job, Hal, after all these years?"

"I was thinking of it," Hallam said guardedly.

"Is everyone else out of town?" jeered Millicent. "You've been neglecting me shamefully, darling, for the last century or so. What's it all about?"

Hallam felt hot anger surge over him. Talking with Millicent invariably had that effect upon him—he

didn't exactly know why. He said—

"You're wrong, Millie. *Even your name is wrong.* Millicent's as sweet and old-fashioned and sane as a country garden. And you're as sophisticated and flippant—" He found himself floundering, much to his own annoyance, for a suitable simile.

Millicent Barry chuckled again. She was appallingly good-humored.

"Now let me think," she mused. "What is insufferably sophisticated and flippant?"

HALLAM told her, "You are!" and knew that the retort was a childish one. "And you haven't any right, either," he added, "to say that I've been neglecting you. The last three times I asked you for luncheon—"

Millicent murmured, "I didn't mean socially, my pet."

Hallam was completely let down. "It's just that I can't depend on you," he growled. "Nobody can!"

"Ah, now, Hal," protested Millicent, "you're in a frightful mood. You know I'm dependable. I've never been late for a date, yet—if it was hot. . . . You mustn't glare at me, Hal—" her voice grew mocking—"don't you love me any more?"

Hallam Ford pushed back his chair. He shrugged away from Millicent Barry's outstretched hand and walked toward the window and stood staring down into the night.

"I was only interested in you—as an actress," he said at last. "If you worked at your job, you'd be amazing. . . . I never did—love you."

"So you never loved me," Millicent cut in. "Well, big boy—"

Hallam grated, "Don't call me big boy! Millie, I'm in no mood for you, this evening. . . . Run along to your party; go sell your darned violets."

Millicent reached into her evening bag for a slim cigarette case. She snapped it open and selected a cigarette with exquisite care.

"I still insist," she said finally, "that you sent for me—ostensibly to give me a part in a show. They tell me outside that you're casting for a Gateson number. I hope it's the truth—he can write."

"I'm sure," growled Hallam, "that Gerald Gateson would be pleased to hear you say so."

Millicent went on reflectively. "I met Gerry Gateson, once, with a beautiful blonde creature, in green. It was at a studio brawl."

Hallam said, "It would have been at some sort of a brawl—"



# OVEN VARIETIES



Delicious and nourishing, and decorative too, is this open Banana Butterscotch Pie.



A tempting Oyster Pie for appetites that have regained their zest with cool weather.



If you're having a roast for dinner, prepare this Brazil Nut Coffee Cake at the same time.



Another sea food treat is Shrimp Casserole which utilizes left over vegetables.

Oyster pie, a shrimp casserole which utilizes leftovers and can be whipped up in no time, ham casserole and two desserts guaranteed to make the family ask for more.

Before we get into the recipes, though, there are a few points I'd like to remind you of which will ensure your getting the very best value out of your oven. Point number one is temperature. Be sure to maintain oven heat at the temperature called for in the recipe. If the exact degree isn't mentioned, remember that a slow oven means 250 to 350 degrees F.; moderate, 350 to 400; hot 400 to 450, and very hot 450 to 500. If your oven isn't equipped with automatic heat control, a small oven thermometer will be a worth-while investment, and you will of course, cook at the same time only dishes calling for the same cooking temperature. Two other points to keep in mind are never to let two pans touch during cooking, for the food is likely to over-cook at the point where they touch, and to set such delicacies as baked custards and souffles in a pan of water during baking so that they will not burn on the bottom before they are cooked through on top.

And now for our recipes.

## Oyster Pie

- 1 qt. oysters and liquor
- 2 tbs. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3 tbs. melted butter or margarine
- 1 tbl. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. red pepper
- Biscuit dough

Blend cornstarch and water into smooth paste, add to oysters with

melted butter, lemon juice and seasonings then mix well and turn into buttered casserole. Top with small biscuits and bake at 400 degrees F., about 50 minutes. Cup cakes to be served warm with whipped cream or chocolate sauce may be baked at the same time.

## Shrimp Casserole

- 2 tbs. butter or margarine
- 2 tbs. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash cayenne
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 No. 1 can shrimp
- 1 cup cooked rice or half rice and half cooked peas or carrots
- 1 cup buttered crumbs

Make white sauce, by melting butter, stirring in flour and adding milk, then cooking slowly until thickened. Add seasoning and grated cheese and stir until cheese melts. Add rice (or rice and vegetables) and shrimp which have been flaked, reserving a few whole shrimp to garnish top. Turn mixture into buttered casserole, place whole shrimp on top, cover with buttered crumbs and bake at 375 degrees 25 to 30 minutes. Tomatoes may be baked at the same time and are delicious served with the shrimp casserole.

## Ham Casserole

- 1 slice ham, 1 1/2 to 2 inches thick
- 2 tbs. prepared mustard
- 2 tbs. tart jelly
- 1 tbl. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves (optional)
- 1/4 tsp. sage
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 tbs. brown sugar
- Milk

Freshen ham by covering with water, bringing to boil and cooking

for 3 to 5 minutes, depending on thickness. Remove from boiling water, place in buttered casserole. Mix together mustard, jelly, onion and dry ingredients and spread evenly on ham. Cover with milk and cook in 350 degree oven until tender (1 to 1 1/4 hr. depending on thickness), adding more milk if original quantity cooks away. The milk will curdle during the cooking but this will not affect the flavor. Serve with baked sweet potatoes. Apples or Brown Betty may be baked at the same temperature.

## Banana Butterscotch Pie

- 3/4 cup brown sugar (packed firm)
- 5 tbs. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt



**BY KATE SMITH**

**Radio Mirror's Food Counselor**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon, and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

## Old Favorite in a New Role

A favorite breakfast cereal, Cream of Wheat, now makes its appearance in a casserole dish, an excellent fix-it-in-a-hurry selection for lunch or supper.

- 1 1/2 cups cooked Cream of Wheat
- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 1 cup condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tbl. minced onion
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 tbs. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. marjoram

Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered casserole. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

- 2 cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tbs. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla extract
- 3 ripe bananas
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

In top of double boiler, mix together sugar, flour and salt. Add milk gradually and blend together. Cook, stirring constantly, over rapidly boiling water and when well-thickened—and not before—note time and cook for 10 minutes more, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolks and beat into them a little of the hot mixture; add egg mixture to remaining hot mixture, beating briskly, and cook together for 1 minute more. Remove from heat and add butter and vanilla. Cool. Arrange alternate layers of sliced bananas and filling in baked cooled pie shell, the top layer being a garnish of banana slices as illustrated. The pie shell may be baked during the first high-temperature cooking of a roast.

## Brazil Nut Coffee Cake

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tbs. melted butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped Brazil nuts

Measure and sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg well, beat in milk and beat into dry ingredients, together with melted butter. Add Brazil nuts which have been rolled lightly in flour. Bake in well-buttered loaf or ring pan and bake at 350 degrees F. until baked through (about 45 minutes). This may be baked with a roast after the high temperature has been reduced.



# Superman

**S**UPERMAN stood in the prow of the sturdy little vessel, the *Juanita*, and watched the brilliant blue of the Caribbean Sea as it gleamed brightly under the setting sun. He wondered about this strange journey on which he had embarked—wondered where this latest assignment he had been given as Clark Kent, star reporter of the *Daily Planet*, would lead him. But he was not alone for long. He turned as he heard footsteps on the deck and smiled at the small, silver-bearded old man who joined him.

"Hello, Professor Thorpe—thought I'd enjoy the scenery for a while."

"Good evening, Kent." The professor addressed Superman by the only name he knew.

Superman's tone suddenly became serious.

"Professor, I'm glad you came out. I've been meaning to talk to you. I know this voyage must have been made for some reason of which I know nothing. Professor, don't you think you can trust me enough to tell me the whole story—now?"

"Yes, Kent, I think I can. When my old friend and your editor, Perry White, told me about you he said that you could be trusted completely. I have waited only till we were safely on the way before telling you.

"You know, of course, that the outward purpose of our trip is to test my new type of bathysphere—my deep-sea diving bell. You know, too, that it can go deeper into the ocean than any man has gone before and lived. And it is equipped with a system of safety doors and divers can walk right out on the bed of the ocean.

"You know all that—but you don't know why we're here. Tomorrow morning we will have reached the little-known spot called Octopus Bay. There—300 feet down—lie two million dollars in gold!"

Superman whistled involuntarily. "But professor—how do you know?"

Thorpe's tone was calm. "Thirty years ago, when I was diving for tropical fish, I saw the hull of a ship beneath me. But then it was impossible to go any deeper. I returned to the surface and began to search for some clue to the identity of the boat. Finally, after years of research, I found it. In the year 1786, the Spanish Galleon *LaQuinta* sank. She carried two million in gold—and not one penny was ever recovered!

"Kent, I want that money for only one purpose—to build a laboratory—the greatest scientific institution ever created. A place where scientists can work for mankind unworried by any thought of finances."

The ship's motors pulsed steadily through the night. On and on, at a steady ten knots, the *Juanita* pushed toward its destination. The bright morning sun beat down and cut through the last lingering bits of seamist as the treasure party finally reached their goal.

As Superman came on deck, the motors gave one last, lazy turn and then the only motion was the soft,



"Kent—the air is foul—no oxygen—we're trapped—I—" But he collapsed before he could utter another word. Stripping off his clothes, Superman wasted no time.



He reached the great sea-beast and with untold strength hit at his inhuman enemy. . . . Superman held the ship against the fury of the hurricane until it was firmly anchored.



# in Radio

gentle lapping of the water against the ship's side. In a few minutes the bathysphere was ready to be launched.

Thorpe and his diver assistant, Bill Gleason, were the first to enter as the steel outer door was swung open. Superman followed and the door was slammed shut behind him.

Down—down through the eternal darkness—farther than any man had ever gone before. One hundred feet—two hundred—three hundred—down.

Gently, the huge bell settled on the bottom. In his specially-designed diving suit, Gleason emerged like some ghostly figure from the bathysphere in search of the age-old Spanish ship. He had walked into the safety chamber with its inner and outer door, both strong enough to withstand tremendous pressure. When the outer door was opened by Gleason, the sea waters rushed in. A green light flashed on the control board in the other room occupied by the professor and Superman. At the signal, Thorpe pressed a button and, immediately, compressed air forced the water out of the chamber and shut the outer door at the same time.

The minutes ticked slowly by. Suddenly, the professor coughed—softly, at first. Then great hacking sounds as if he were gasping for breath. Superman, sensing that something was wrong, ran quickly to the instrument panel. The needle in the oxygen gauge was swinging wildly to the side marked in red. Painfully Thorpe gasped:

"Kent—the air is foul—no oxygen—call Maddox—we're trapped—I—"

But he collapsed before he could utter another word. Superman reached the phone and clicked it up and down, up and down. No answer. The lines had been fouled! Steadily, the air became hot and choking. Even Superman found it difficult to breathe. Grim tragedy was reaching its cold tentacles into the dark water at the bottom of Octopus Bay. But Superman wasted no time. Stripping off the clothes of Clark Kent, he pressed the button that released the compressed air and kept the outer chamber clear of water. Then, he went through first one door and then the other.

The pressure against his body on the sea bed was tremendous. It would have instantly crushed an ordinary man. But Superman cleaved the water like the steel-sharp blade of a knife, easily and smoothly. In a moment, his keen eyes located the air-lines and, swiftly, found the trouble. A giant octopus had wrapped its huge tentacles tightly around the bathysphere's lifeline!

Shooting upward, he reached the great sea-beast. Pulling until the muscles rippled on his broad back, Superman loosened them. But still the octopus clung. Then it whirled with lightning speed and fastened its other tentacles around its tormentor. Superman battered at it with his steel fists and the octopus began to give.

(Continued on page 68)



# Sunday



Gladys Swarthout's stunning voice and Deems Taylor's witty comments about music make *The Family Hour* on CBS this afternoon something that's well worth listening to.

## ON THE AIR TODAY:

The Prudential Family Hour, starring Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Ross Graham, and Al Goodman's orchestra, on CBS this afternoon at 5:00, Eastern Time, sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Co.

The Family Hour likes to dramatize the stories which lie back of the musical numbers it presents—and, if nobody has thought of it already, here's an idea for a dramatic episode centering around the Family Hour's own singing star.

At a recital given by a music teacher in Deep Water, Missouri, some years ago, a very small girl struggled manfully to sing a very big and very difficult operatic aria. Her name was Gladys Swarthout, she was twelve years old, and she was singing this particular aria at the annual recital against her teacher's advice and wishes. On a high note half-way through the song, her voice broke and an unprofessional and unmusical croak took the place of the beautiful, rounded note the composer had written. Gladys stopped singing. But instead of retiring in a flood of tears she stamped her foot angrily and told the accompanist, who was also her teacher, to start playing the piece again from the beginning. This time she sailed through the song, hit the high note squarely on the nose, and had the satisfaction of hearing a round of applause from the audience.

That was the first public appearance of

the beautiful American girl who eventually became a leading star of the Metropolitan Opera and radio. It was also the first appearance of the determined, sink-or-swim spirit that helped to make her so successful. There just wasn't any stopping the Swarthout girl. When she was thirteen she put up her hair, gave her age as nineteen, and applied for a job as contralto soloist in a Kansas City church. Maybe they didn't believe the statement about her age, but they gave her the job and that was the important thing.

Gladys made her Metropolitan Opera debut after singing in Chicago opera theaters and in Chicago opera. Her first season at the Met she sang in fifty-six performances, many more than any other artist. In one opera she sang the part of a boy (several operas traditionally cast women in young boys' roles) and looked so attractive in trousers, with her slim figure, that it wasn't long before her nickname was "the Met's favorite boy."

While studying in Florence, Italy, Gladys met Frank Chapman, another music student, and on their return to America they were married. They gave several joint recitals together, but lately Frank has almost completely given up his own career, devoting most of his time to helping along his wife's. They're one of New York's happiest married couples.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

September 28: Daylight saving time ends, so if you've been on standard time all summer tune in every network show an hour later. . . . The new season is under way, with these broadcasts arriving today: *The Shadow* on Mutual at 5:30; *Bulldog Drummond* on the same network at 6:30; the *Pause that Refreshes* going back to its old time of 4:30 on CBS; *Mrs. Roosevelt* on NBC-Blue at 6:45; the *Screen Actors Guild* show at 7:30 on CBS; *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*, starring Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, on NBC-Blue at 7:30.

October 5: More new shows: *William A. Shirer* on CBS at 5:45; the *Wheeling Musical Steelmakers* on NBC-Blue at 5:30; the *Silver Theater* at 6:00 on CBS; *Jack Benny* on NBC-Red at 7:00; *Helen Hayes* on CBS at 8:00; and *Sherlock Holmes*, with Basil Rathbone, on NBC-Red at 10:30.

October 12: The New York Philharmonic Orchestra begins another season of broadcasts this afternoon at 3:00 on CBS.

October 19: Two returning shows—the *Lutheran Hour* on MBS at 4:00 and the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions* on NBC-Red at 5:00.

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: News
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:00	9:00	CBS: News of Europe
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft
8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Bible Highlights
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS: News
10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: News
10:05	11:05	CBS: Library of Congress Concert
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails of Song
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: What's New at the Zoo
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Emma Otero
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: I'm an American
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Down South
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Silver Strings
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: George Fisher
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Syncopeation Piece
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Matinee with Lytell
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Spirit of '41
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Hidden History
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: NBC String Symphony
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: News
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch. (Oct. 12)
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: Weekend Cruise
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Walter Gross Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons (Oct. 5)
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Joe and Mabel
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions (Oct. 19)
		5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Wheeling Steelmakers (Oct. 5)
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Roy Shield Orch.
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer (Oct. 5)
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER (Oct. 5)
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom
3:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: The Great Glidersleeve
9:15	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Jack Benny (Oct. 5)
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Delta Rhythm Boys
6:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
7:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES (Oct. 5)
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Star Spangled Theater
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
7:30	9:30	10:30 MBS: Cab Calloway
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Sherlock Holmes (Oct. 5)
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

**INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac-Programs from Sept. 26 to Oct. 23**



# MONDAY

P.S.T.	E.T.	Eastern Time
8:00	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
8:45	9:00	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
9:45	9:45	CBS: Hymns of all Churches
9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
9:00	10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Helen Hiett
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
9:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Buck Private
9:30	10:30	CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
9:45	10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Road of Life
10:00	11:00	CBS: Treat Time
10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Thinking Makes it So
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: Alma Kitchell
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
3:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interns
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Vallant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: News for Women
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:45	2:45	3:45 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: Richard Maxwell
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
4:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
4:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
4:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
4:15	5:15	6:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Adventure Stories
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
10:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
8:55	10:10	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: This is the Show
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
8:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery (Oct. 6)
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
7:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
7:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: News
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: That Brewster Boy
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Orson Welles
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Famous Jury Trials
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Contested Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum



Joe Julian plays Michael, hero of the new Bright Horizon serial.

## HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Bright Horizon, the new daytime serial on CBS Mondays through Fridays at 11:30 A. M., Eastern Time (rebroadcast at 11:00 A. M. Pacific Time), sponsored by Lever Brothers.

Here is a lesson in how to make two serial stories grow where only one grew before. Several months ago a new character was introduced on Big Sister—a young man named Michael West who roamed around the country singing and playing his guitar in restaurants and taverns. Listeners liked Michael so much that when the sponsors of Big Sister decided to start a new serial program they lifted him right out of his original story and wrote a new story around him.

Michael is played by a young radio actor named Joe Julian who is just as colorful and unusual as his air character. Joe grew up in Baltimore, where he used to get jobs as a walk-on or extra in traveling dramatic companies that came to town. When he grew up he went to work in a shoe factory, learned all he could about making shoes, then quit and set himself up in the shoe-repairing business with the money and the knowledge he'd saved up. But he didn't really like shoe-making, so after a while he sold out and came to New York, where he joined the Group Theater. A few small acting jobs on the stage finally led him to radio, but he didn't get ahead very fast until he wrote a series of articles for "Variety," the entertainment business' trade paper, criticizing radio for all the things he thought were wrong with it. The articles impressed radio executives so much he's been busy ever since.

Joe has several different talents. He writes plays, although none of them have been produced yet, and he can make music by clapping his hands together and forcing air out between the palms. However, he can't sing, so all of Michael West's singing is done by Bobby Gibson, the former CBS page boy who determined to be a singer instead, and did.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

September 29: Frank Parker's Golden Treasury of Song is on CBS at a new time beginning tonight—6:30. . . . Joe Louis and Lou Nova will have everybody in the country listening to their fight over Mutual tonight at 10:00. . . . The Tom Mix Straight Shooters adventure serial returns tonight at 5:45 on NBC-Blue.

September 30: Fibber McGee and Molly return to the air tonight—9:30 on NBC-Red . . . and the Treasury Hour moves on to NBC-Blue at 8:00.

October 6: I Love a Mystery starts a new weekly series on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

October 7: George Burns and Gracie Allen are tonight's new arrivals, on NBC-Red at 7:30.

# TUESDAY

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8:45	9:00	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
9:45	9:45	CBS: Hymns of all Churches
9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
9:00	10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Helen Hiett
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7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Famous Jury Trials
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Contested Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum



# WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time
		8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
2:00	8:45	9:45 CBS: Betty Crocker
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Buck Private
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
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11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: News for Women
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
3:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Adventure Stories
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
8:55	10:10	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Map Hazard (Oct. 15)
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: BIG TOWN (Oct. 8)
8:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Hemisphere Revue
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor
9:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
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-Blue: Author's Playhouse
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Kay Kyser
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Juan Arvizu
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



Singing idol of Latin America, Juan Arvizu can be heard on CBS.

## HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Juan Arvizu, Latin-American singing star, heard over CBS every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday night at 10:30, Eastern Time, and Saturday mornings on Burl Ives' Coffee Time program at 11:05.

If you lived in any of our sister Republics to the south, you wouldn't have to be told about Juan Arvizu. You'd know already that he's as famous down there as Bing Crosby is up here, that his phonograph records sell in the millions, that he's toured all over Central and South America with immense success, and that he's appeared in several Latin-American-made movies.

Juan came to the United States a few months ago at the request of Edmund Chester, CBS' Director of Short Wave Broadcasting and the man who is to be put in charge of running the Latin-American network CBS is planning on opening soon. Chester knew he'd need a big South American star for his network, and Juan was the biggest he could think of.

When Juan arrived in New York, answering Chester's invitation to broadcast for CBS, he didn't know much English beyond "hello" and "okay," but his friendly manners made language no barrier. His English is still pretty sketchy, but he has taken to slang with enthusiasm. His favorite expression is "Here's mud in your eye," which he uses on any occasion. Mostly, though, rehearsals for his program are conducted in Spanish.

Juan himself is a Mexican—he was born in Queretaro, about 160 miles from Mexico City. After a brief spell of being a telegraph operator he embarked on an operatic career, but gave that up to sing the tunes his fellow-countrymen knew and loved. After that decision his success was phenomenally swift.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

October 1: Meet Mr. Meek comes back from its vacation—listen to its first program in the new series on CBS at 7:30. . . . And Jack Benny's old enemy, Fred Allen, returns to his last-year's spot on CBS at 9:00.

October 8: Edward G. Robinson and Big Town is back on CBS, beginning tonight at 8:00.

October 15: Hap Hazard, the comedian who pinch-hit for McGee and Molly all summer, gets a winter show as a reward, starting tonight at 7:30 on NBC-Red.

October 16: For serious listeners—in the Town Meeting of the Air convenes again tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Blue.

October 23: After a long absence, Frank Fay is starring in a new show which bows in tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Red. . . . And at 9:00, Bing Crosby returns from his vacation to the Kraft Music Hall.

# THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time
		8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
2:00	8:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of all Churches
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Buck Private
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Richard Kent
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Midstream
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: News for Women
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Adventures in Science
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
3:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Adventure Stories
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
8:55	10:10	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Map Hazard (Oct. 15)
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: BIG TOWN (Oct. 8)
8:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Hemisphere Revue
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor
9:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
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-Blue: Author's Playhouse
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Kay Kyser
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Juan Arvizu
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



# FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
2:00	8:45	9:45 CBS: Betty Crocker
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Buck Private
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Treat Time
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Martin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Goldbergs
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	12:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Music Appreciation (Oct. 17)
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: Mystery Man
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: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: News for Women
	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Trailside Adventures
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: Richard Maxwell
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Highways to Health
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Martin
3:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Adventure Stories
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
10:00	6:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:10	6:10	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:00 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
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
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Auction Quiz
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Great Moments from Great Plays
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
8:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Vox Pop
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: First Nighter
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Three Ring Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Dog House
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Ginny Simms
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Penthouse Party
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny
7:15	9:15	10:15 MBS: Jimmie Fidler
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



Richard Kollmar acts in radio, stage plays and musical comedies.

## HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Richard Kollmar, who has spent the summer playing the role of David in the Claudia and David series, and will continue to be David whenever that show is on the air. You've also heard him as Barry Markham in Life Can Be Beautiful.

Dick is one of a new generation of actors brought into being by radio. You no longer see these actors hanging around Broadway, hopefully looking for a job in that new play Soandso's supposed to be casting. Instead, they're never far away from a telephone, they have their names listed with one of the two central agencies which radio producers call up when they want to contact some particular actor, and they are busy enough in radio work so they can accept stage parts only when the parts appeal to them.

They're better actors than the old, impoverished kind. They take their work very seriously, and radio has taught them how to get every last ounce of expression out of their voices. They're good, solid citizens with families and responsibilities and a place in the scheme of things.

Dick, for instance, is the husband of columnist and radio commentator Dorothy Kilgallen, and the father of two-month-old Richard Kollmar, Jr. He's a graduate of Yale University, and if he weren't an actor would probably be just as successful as a writer. His wife admits that his suggestions and help often get her out of a tight spot when she is writing a short story. He also paints in his spare time. He and Dorothy both like to stay up late at night, but they'd just as soon have a few friends in as go out to a night club.

Dick comes from a completely non-theatrical New Jersey family. When he was in college he sang in the glee club and took part in undergraduate dramatics to such an extent he couldn't make up his mind whether to be an actor or a singer. He solved the question neatly by becoming both. Broadway theater-goers have seen him both in straight plays and in musical comedies.

He doesn't think that being an actor is particularly glamorous, and as a matter of fact you'll find few sincere actors who do. On the other hand, he does find it very exciting to create a character with his voice, and to know that millions of people are listening, laughing or smiling or feeling sorry in response to his creation of that character.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

October 3: CBS brings back two old favorites tonight—Al Pearce and his gang at 7:30, followed by Kate Smith's variety show at 8:00.

October 17: Dr. Walter Damrosch and his famous Music Appreciation Hour start their new season on NBC-Blue at 2:00 this afternoon.

# SATURDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time
		8:00 CBS: The World Today
		8:00 NBC: News
		8:15 NBC-Red: Hank Lawsen
		8:30 NBC-Red: Dick Leibert
		8:45 CBS: Adelaide Hawley
		8:45 NBC-Blue: String Ensemble
		8:45 NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
		8:00 9:00 CBS: Press News
		8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		8:00 9:00 NBC-Red: News
		8:15 9:15 NBC-Red: Market Basket
		8:30 9:30 CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
		8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: New England Music
		9:00 10:00 CBS: Jones and I
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: Musical Millwheel
		9:00 10:00 NBC-Red: Let's Swing
		9:15 10:15 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
10:30	9:30 10:30	CBS: Gold If You Find It
	9:30 10:30	NBC-Red: America the Free
10:00	10:00 11:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
8:05	10:05 11:05	CBS: Burl Ives
11:30	10:30 11:30	CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
8:30	10:30 11:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:30	10:30 11:30	NBC-Red: Vaudeville Theater
	10:45 11:45	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00 12:00	NBC-Red: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30 12:30	NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30 12:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Let's Pretend
10:00	12:00 1:00	MBS: We Are Always Young
10:15	12:15 1:15	MBS: Government Girl
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Brush Creek Follies
10:30	12:30 1:30	NBC-Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:45	12:45 1:45	MBS: I'll Find My Way
11:00	1:00 2:00	CBS: Buffalo Presents
11:00	1:00 2:00	NBC-Blue: Johnny Long Orch.
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: Of Men and Books
11:30	1:30 2:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: Dorian String Quartet
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC-Blue: Indiana Indigo
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC-Red: Nature Sketches
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC-Red: Patti Chapin
12:30	2:30 3:30	CBS: Vera Brodsky
1:00	3:00 4:00	CBS: Calling Pan-America
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC-Red: Listen to Lytel
1:30	3:30 4:30	NBC-Red: A Boy, a Girl, and a Band
2:00	4:00 5:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
2:00	4:00 5:00	NBC-Blue: Glenn Miller
3:00	5:00 6:00	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
3:30	5:30 6:30	CBS: Elmer Davis
3:30	5:30 6:30	NBC-Red: Art of Living
3:45	5:45 6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC-Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
4:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00 7:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00 7:00	NBC-Red: Defense for America
4:30	6:30 7:30	CBS: Wayne King
4:30	6:30 7:30	NBC-Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood
4:30	6:30 7:30	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
4:45	6:45 7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00 8:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
5:00	7:00 8:00	NBC-Blue: Boy Meets Band
5:30	7:30 8:30	NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
8:30	7:30 8:30	CBS: City Desk
5:30	7:30 8:30	NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle
8:00	7:30 8:30	NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00 9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00 9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC-Blue: Spin and Win
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30 9:30	MBS: Morton Gould
6:30	8:30 9:30	NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
6:45	8:45 9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00 10:00	MBS: Chicago Concert
7:15	9:15 10:15	CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30 10:30	CBS: Four Clubmen
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World



# Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



## "ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new  
kind of powder makes skin  
look smoother, fresher.

By *Lady Esther*



Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Pow-

der FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own

eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.

## Try All 9 Shades FREE

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

*Lady Esther*

FACE POWDER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (73)  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your  
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of  
your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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



# Is There a Doctor in the House?

By Nanette Kutner

**M**OST radio stars are hypochondriacs. As to why . . . I don't know. Maybe nervous strain has something to do with it . . . those few minutes to go . . . those minutes when the hands of the studio clock seem to stop, when each one present feels an unforgettable breathlessness, a frantic silence, a nightmare challenge to the imagination.

Walter Winchell's head starts throbbing, Ben Bernie feels the pumping of his heart, Gracie Allen is conscious of a funny little pain in her right side, Goodman Ace gets that queer dizzy feeling again, and Cantor . . . well, Cantor is the worst.

However, Cantor need not blame his ills on broadcasting. He was fussing about his health way back when people thought radio was a toy with which amateurs wasted their time. In fact, in his "Whoopie" days, when Eddie had pleurisy, Ziegfeld sued him. And Ziegfeld could not be blamed. It was plainly a case of crying "Wolf, Wolf," once too often. Eddie had complained so many times that in this instance when he actually was sick, Ziegfeld refused to believe him and for five nights, Cantor, suffering terrific pain, and strapped up like a mummy, had to go on with the show until the case could be brought before Equity and Ziegfeld's own doctor pronounced him too ill to perform.

In those days his insomnia began. To hear him tell it, the whole world seemed to be in league against his sleeping. Looking forward to the quiet of the country, he moved Ida and the family out to Mount Vernon. No sooner were they settled than someone bought the property directly opposite and there commenced a daily drilling and hammering which ruined Mr. Cantor's morning slumbers. (He likes to sleep until noon.)

"I immediately moved to a Broadway hotel," said he, "but the taxicabs got me. Then I tried one on Central Park West, but they started blasting for the new subway. Next, somebody suggested Gedney Farms at White Plains. So, one evening, after the show, I drove there by myself. I was so sure I wouldn't sleep that I neglected to leave a call for the morning. To my surprise I slept until one-thirty the following afternoon and nearly missed my matinee. I had no time to shave or have breakfast but I did manage to call Ida and say, 'Thank goodness I've found a place!' She packed my clothes and sent them right up there. That night I drove out again. When I was about twenty minutes away I noticed crowds of people. And a policeman stopped my car. 'You can't go any further!' he ordered. 'But I live here!' I argued. He quickly corrected me with, 'You mean you *lived* here,' Gedney Farms had just burned down to the ground."

When Cantor went on the air, according to him, his real insomnia began.

One morning at breakfast, he uttered his usual complaint, "I haven't slept a wink all night," and his wily daughter, Marilyn, hearing this, said "Yes, wasn't the thunderstorm terrible?" And Cantor agreed.

After breakfast, Marilyn took her

sisters aside and plotted to cure him of this self-imposed insomnia because, as Marilyn told them, "There was no thunderstorm."

They telephoned the family doctor and the next thing Eddie knew, he was given sleeping pills. He thought they were wonderful. "Makes me sleep like a top the minute my head touches the pillow." But after he used up the bottle, when he called the doctor for a second prescription, that worthy said, "Why, Eddie, you can make them yourself . . . they are only bread and water."

**C**ANTOR is keen enough to acknowledge the part imagination plays with high-strung temperaments. To prove it he told me a funny story.

It begins in the Zeigfeld era when Cantor and Seymour Felix, the dance director, were rehearsing. Cantor, knowing Felix as a hypochondriac, and always glad to point to somebody else, nudged Ziegfeld, whispering, "Watch me kid him." So, when, at lunch, Seymour, seeing Cantor leave the dining room, called, "Meet you later at rehearsal," Cantor said, "Oh, no, I'm going to take my nap." "Your nap?" asked Seymour, puzzled. "Yes," said Cantor, winking at Ziegfeld. "I always take my nap after my ginger ale and cream."

Ten years later Cantor was in Hollywood, seated in the home of producer Al Lewis, when the butler entered, carrying a glass containing a mysterious looking concoction. In answer to Eddie's query as to what it was, Lewis exclaimed, "Haven't you heard . . . it's ginger ale and cream. You, of all people, should take it. Why, it's cured me of insomnia!"

Remembering that Al Lewis is an intimate friend of Felix's, Cantor quickly put two and two together.

After this, Eddie met at least seven people who were seriously drinking the mixture, and to top it all, a few months later, in Winchell's column there appeared . . . "Insomniacs . . . take a tip from W. W. . . ginger ale and cream."

Like most hypochondriacs Cantor likes to point to the other fellow.

"Take Al Jolson," he says "Jolson beats any of us. He lives in constant fear that something will happen to his voice."

"Once, in the middle of a successful run, Al felt a little hoarse, so he simply closed his show and went down to Florida. The Shuberts had a fit. Jolson could be depended upon to draw in forty thousand dollars a week as against the average star's fifteen. So when he had been gone five days, they sent Stanley Sharpe down to see him. Sharpe found Jolson on the beach, surrounded by admirers, and Jolson was not even talking, instead he was doing what he always does when he gets worried about his throat . . . writing on a pad."

"How are you, Al?" inquired Sharpe.

"A little better," wrote Jolson.

"When do you think you'll be able to use your voice?" asked Sharpe.

"God only knows," wrote Jolson. "In this way they covered thirty pages or so until Jolson wrote, 'What's new?'"

"Cantor opened in Chicago last night in *The Midnight Rounders*," said Sharpe.

"How much business did he do?" wrote Jolson.

"Forty-five hundred the first night," said Sharpe.

"And with that, to the astonishment of the people on the beach, the up-to-then-silent Jolson suddenly hollered in that great booming voice of his. 'That's a lie, and you know it!'"

"Okay, Al," said Sharpe. And led him to the train."

"A hypochondriac," went on Cantor, "lives longer than anyone else because he takes better care of himself. If he has a slight cold he stays in bed because he thinks it's pneumonia. If the doctor says there's nothing the matter with him then he believes one of two things, either the doctor just doesn't know his business, or he is dying and they're keeping the truth from him."

**D**ESPITE a sense of humor that lets him tell a story like that, Cantor doesn't see himself as others do. When he first moved to California, Jack Benny dropped in and asked him to play a round of golf.

"Oh, I can't," moaned Banjo-eyes. "I just had a cardiogram made of my heart. And I'm waiting to hear the results."

Benny good-naturedly sat around with the Cantor family while Eddie telephoned his doctor for the verdict. And Benny's own heart thumped with sympathy as he heard Cantor cry, "Oh, Doctor . . . oh . . . oh." And the last "oh" trailed off in such a ring of despair that Benny felt certain his friend was a goner. He nearly collapsed when Eddie, turning from the telephone, said, with the same disappointed voice, "When do we start playing? The doctor says there is nothing the matter with me."

The habit of refusing to believe there is nothing wrong is beyond being funny, especially in the case of Ben Bernie. A doctor told him he had heart trouble. Since then the doctor has been proved a quack, and although Bernie does have a slight murmur, it is virtually nothing. Yet, Ben tells me he goes to bed each night with one prayer on his lips—that he'll wake up the next morning.

And when he golfs he employs two caddies, one to carry his clubs and the other to place his hand on the small of the Bernie back and actually push him up the hill.

"To take the strain off my heart," says Bernie.

Yet, he is too intelligent to kid himself for long. He senses there is a deep psychological reason to all of this, and that he and his buddies are not just plain spoiled or temperamental, or really sick or only suffering from "mike" fright.

I think he explained it quite clearly when he said, "My heart only began to bother me as the big radio money came in. You see, it never got used to a million dollars."



# IT'S *GLAMOUR NEWS!* —in Hollywood

**JOAN BENNETT**  
Star of  
20th Century-Fox's  
"Confirm or Deny"

I'M A **SCREEN  
STAR**. I USE **LUX  
SOAP** EVERY  
DAY BECAUSE—

I CAN'T FACE A  
MOVIE CAMERA  
UNLESS MY SKIN  
IS SOFT AND  
**SMOOTH**

## —in your own home town!

I'M A **BRIDE**

I USE **LUX SOAP**  
EVERY DAY BECAUSE—

I WANT TO **KEEP  
ROMANCE!**

**MILDER!  
COSTLY PERFUME!  
PURE!  
ACTIVE LATHER!**

**LUX**  
TOILET SOAP

CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE take Hollywood's tip—find **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid! "Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



## "Love Story"

(Continued from page 37)

Millicent queried, and Hallam said evenly—"Not that I've been able to discover, so far."

Millicent was walking to the door. Halfway across the room she turned swiftly on her slender, spike heels.

"You're assuming a great deal, Hallam Ford," she said slowly. "Are you sure you're not a little mite sore because I had other plans on a couple of occasions when—"

"I'm not that small," Hallam interrupted. "If you didn't care to accept my invitations, that's your own business. It wouldn't change my feeling for you as an actress."

With eyes that were very large and several shades darker than usual, Millicent met his gaze.

"I was fond of you at one time, Hal," she said, "very fond. In the beginning I enjoyed going places and doing things with you. . . . But it bored me, rather, when you began to show very plainly that I wasn't a fit companion for your—son."

Hallam protested. "There wasn't any question of you being a fit com-

panion for Donnie," he said. "You just aren't the maternal type. . . . You stay out too late at night and smoke too much. You don't belong to Donnie's world—and he doesn't belong to yours. A girl that's forever late at rehearsals couldn't be depended upon to keep her eye on a kid—at the circus. An actress who's casual about playing an important part—"



Film and radio producer Cecil B. DeMille, in the cabin of his Gloucester schooner-yacht. When he's not sailing it, Mr. DeMille is using it as a background for Paramount's new technicolor picture, "Reap the Wild Wind." Before the Lux Radio Theater started its new season on CBS, early in September, Mr. DeMille made preliminary arrangements for the show via ship to shore telephone.

panion for Donnie," he said. "You just aren't the maternal type. . . . You stay out too late at night and smoke too much. You don't belong to Donnie's world—and he doesn't belong to yours. A girl that's forever late at rehearsals couldn't be depended upon to keep her eye on a kid—at the circus. An actress who's casual about playing an important part—"

Millicent broke in angrily. "Perhaps the part didn't seem important—to me. And everybody's late, once in a while. If you think I'd take a child into a crowd and lose him—" She started toward the door again and didn't speak until she was on the very threshold.

"Listen here, Hal," she queried, "how do you get that way? What right have you—" she choked and said, very low—"I hope the kid's better soon."

The door closed behind her. It was worse after Millicent Barry had gone—much worse. Although it

was necessary to get in touch with the other actors and actresses as soon as possible, Hallam felt no urge to do so. He had an absurd desire to call Millicent back—to beg her pardon humbly, for this evening, and for a six months' old insult.

"Why was I so rude?" he questioned savagely of his heart. "Why am I always so rude to Millie? Why does the very sight of her make me forget that I'm—" it was a trite word—"a gentleman?"

Always? But it hadn't been that way, at first. At first—meeting Millicent Barry in the studio—Hallam Ford had felt only a desire to make her like him—to make her like him very much, indeed.

They lunched together on several occasions back when the world was sweet with springtime. Once it had been in a fountain-studded courtyard, and that had been nice. Once it was on a roof far above the work-a-day world—and that had been nicer! Hallam had lived fleetingly in a land of banter and small talk and lilt

the place was jammed with heavy furniture and lorgnetted old ladies and be-spatted octogenarians. Against the setting of their age Millie's youth stood out like a flaming insolent torch. Her light laughter, her vivid lipstick and her lacquered nails, her modish frock patterned for the day after tomorrow—were a false note. . . . He remembered even now the surprise on Millie's face when he told her that he wouldn't think of letting Donnie accompany her on an afternoon jaunt. To her injured—"Why not?" he had said, "You don't fit in with a child, Millie—you're too modern. You're a party girl."

HALLAM FORD picked up a pencil and began to make curlicues on his desk blotter. The curlicues started out to be meaningless lines, but they developed oddly into a series of hearts—thin hearts and fat hearts, corpulent hearts and emaciated ones. Oh, Joe Mallaby had been right—he had felt a yen, a decided yen, for Millicent Barry. Directing her had been a joy. Touching her elbow as he guided her into a taxi or toward a table, had been sheer rapture. But there was Donnie to consider. Donnie, who needed protection and adult guidance and systematic care. Donnie who was delicate, who couldn't be reared to the tune of jazz—Donnie who still needed lullabies.

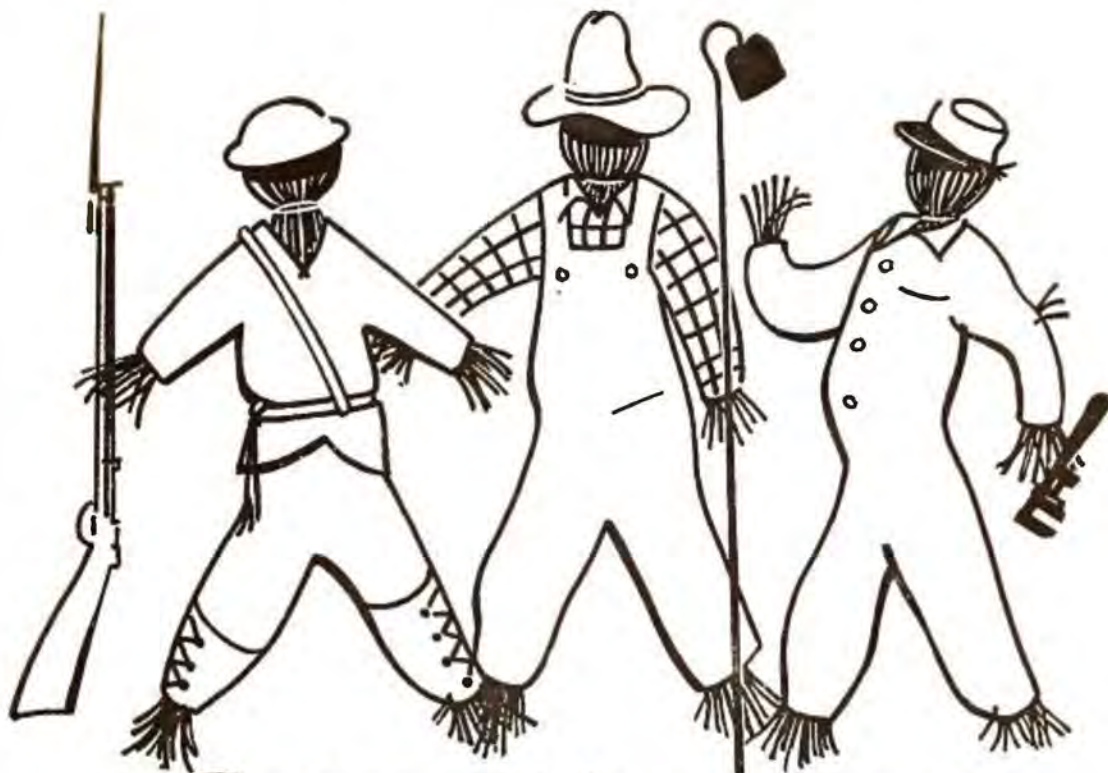
After that tea party there had been a difference—not a very subtle one, either. For several weeks Hallam hadn't made any overtures toward Millicent Barry, and when—after the several weeks had gone desperately by—he asked her to dinner and the theater, she refused him point blank. It was the first of several flat refusals and finally Hallam stopped asking her to—as she said—go places and do things. He also stopped casting her in the scripts he directed—not to be picayunish and revengeful, but because the sound of her voice was like a hot iron drawn across his soul, and because the sight of her, playing a deeply emotional part, was at times more than he could bear.

A deeply emotional part. . . . That was an apt description of the leading role in the Gerry Gateson script—the role of the older sister! He could hear her throaty chuckle sweeping through the air in the glorious moment when the older sister spilled the beans. He could hear her voice, deep down in her throat, and shaken under its coolness, when she said—"Yes, I might learn to care—for you." Who else could play the older sister part as Millicent Barry could play it? The four walls of the room echoed, "Nobody . . . nobody . . ."

All at once Hallam Ford was tearing the desk blotter—with its army of pencilled hearts—into a thousand pieces. He'd been a fool, as usual. He'd called Millicent over to his office to give her the part and he'd sent her away again—empty handed. He had been as gauche as a schoolboy. He had let his private feelings run off with his common sense and with his duty to his employer. Millicent Barry could make or break the script and because of a grudge—or whatever else you might call it—he was bargaining with failure!

(Continued on page 50)





## STRAW MEN

Without meat, milk, eggs, fish, America could never have an efficient army—in the field—on the farms—or in the factory.

For these foods contain vital elements which men need for the hard work the nation must perform.

FROM LEAN MEAT come several members of that amazing vitamin family we call B-Complex. Lean meat is *muscle*—rich in strength-giving proteins. Lean meat is a fine source of mineral substances—of iron and copper, for example, without which good red blood cannot exist. Don't forget liver or kidneys either. In some ways they surpass the lean cuts. And the fat from meat is nature's most concentrated form of food energy.

Milk and eggs are also important foods, contributing much to a well-balanced diet.

From fish also we get needed proteins, minerals and parts of the Vitamin B-Complex.

You know how Uncle Sam is bet-

ting on the stamina and courage and alertness of all his nephews and nieces now. Don't let him down.

Proper food, we *all* know, can make the difference between men and women of straw and men and women of iron!

**WHERE YOU SEE** meats displayed, where you see them advertised in counter and window signs, your merchant is aiding our government's program to make the nation strong. Meat, eaten regularly, helps to build up the individual—helps to build up America's defense.

This message is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

### THE MAGIC FOODS

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



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

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



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

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



**BREAD**, whole grain or enriched, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

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

# Food will build a NEW America



"It will be a humiliating admission," Hallam Ford told himself, "and I'll have to eat crow, but what the devil!"

There was a call bell on Hallam's desk. He rang it vigorously several times, and when a messenger boy came darting to the door—a trifle wild-eyed at such an imperative summons from the least temperamental of the directors—he was already ramming a script into a large envelope. He sealed the envelope and wrote Millicent's name and address across it before he spoke.

"I want this delivered at Miss Barry's apartment house within the next half hour," he said. And at the boy's, "Yes, sir!" "She won't be home—but leave it with the porter and tell him to give it to her the moment she gets in."

THINGS didn't go at all well. . . . The evening—which had begun badly—didn't improve. . . . Gerald Gateson's characterizations were so complete, so sharply defined—you couldn't just use anybody in one of his stories. Kelton Stokes—with his slight English accent—was the only possible choice for a leading man. And Kelton Stokes was not to be had immediately—he was out auditioning and his wife didn't know where. Merle Ray would have to play the part of the glamour girl—she was the original jitterbug with her auburn curls and her light-as-meringue voice. But Merle had a touch of laryngitis this evening, and that was that. Oh, sure, she would be well by morning—or so she assured Hallam in a ghost of a whisper, over the telephone. As for the character woman—she was the toughest problem of all. Hallam knew exactly whom he wanted to use, but he couldn't think of the name. He'd have to go through the agency files next day before he could locate it. Of course, the woods were full of character women, but this one had played on Broadway in the Mauve Decade and she still had remnants of the power and the glory. She hadn't been around the studio lately, not much—maybe she had moved away or maybe she was dead. Lord knows she was old enough. . . .

Hallam thrust the scripts—which he hadn't been able to give out—into his desk drawer. He sighed and pushed back his chair and strolled into the outer office. Perhaps it was just as well that the evening had been a bust. If he'd been able to get the cast together he'd have been rehearsing and auditioning until past midnight, and now—at ten—he'd be able to get home to Donnie's. Maggie, the maid, hadn't called. Donnie might still be asleep—perhaps with the flush gone from his thin little face. . . . Donnie might be well in the morning if he slept the night through.

The girl at the reception desk looked up as Hallam went past. She said:

"Going so soon, Mr. Ford?" and Hallam told her, "Yes. Everything's wet—" and the girl laughed.

"You didn't have much luck, did you?" she wanted to know—she had put in the calls for Hallam. "There was only Miss Barry—"

"No, I hadn't much luck," agreed Hallam. "I'll be back first thing in the morning, Miss Kane."

The receptionist shrugged. "Thank heaven, I won't be!" she said. "I don't come on until five, tomorrow. So

long, Mr. Ford—happy landing."

All the way down in the elevator Hallam wondered why she had thrown in that "happy landing"—he had seldom been less happy in his life, and had never known less hope of happiness! As he jolted home in a taxi, he kept thinking—

"If it weren't for Donnie I'd cut and run. I'd go to Singapore—why Singapore?—on a tramp steamer. Or to South America to hunt elephants. Or to Alaska to hunt gold. . . . I'm tired of everything, and everybody."

But even as he said it, he knew it wasn't true. He was only tired of himself. . . .

ALWAYS when he came home after Donnie's bedtime, Hallam tiptoed along the red-carpeted corridor that led to the door of his suite. Not that his feet would make any sound on the thick broadloom—it was habit, pure and simple, that caused him to tiptoe. This evening the corridor was deserted—no sign anywhere of Maggie.

"I bet she never once looked in on the kid," Hallam told himself.

Carefully he laid his hand on a glass door knob and swung open the



Ilka Chase, hostess of CBS' Pent-House Party, goes over her script with Lawrence Langner, producer of her new play, which will soon open on Broadway.

door. The living room of his suite was dark, but there was a faint flicker of light shining from beneath the curtain that separated it from the bedroom. Swiftly and noiselessly Hallam crossed the intervening space and pulled aside the curtain, and heard Donnie's voice raised in a question.

"But," Donnie was asking, "why didn't Snow White stay on in the little house in the woods? She'd have had more fun there than in a castle. . . . Why did she go back with the stupid old prince?"

The voice that answered Donnie was cool and slightly husky. "Women, even princesses, are such fools!" replied the voice. "They don't know when they're well off, Donnie-boy."

Donnie spoke again. "You would have stayed in the little house,

wouldn't you, Millie? You'd a-stayed with the bunnies and the squirrels and the seven dwarfs?"

Hallam found himself rather breathlessly waiting for Millicent Barry's answer. Finally it came.

"Well, I'm not so sure," she said slowly. "I haven't any more sense than the rest of them. In fact—" She looked up with a start and glimpsed Hallam standing there between the living room and the bedroom.

"Oh, hello," she said, with only the slightest tremor in her tone, "it's about time you got home. . . . Donnie hasn't a smitch of fever—I bought a thermometer on the way in."

"Then why," asked Hallam, "is it about time I got home?"

"I'm drained dry of stories," said Millicent, and when Hallam murmured, "I thought you were going to a party?" she told him—"Donnie and I have had a party."

Donnie piped up. "There was pink ice cream," he said. "Millie—she says that's her name—brought it in with her. I was so-o hot before she brought it, daddy. . . . Millie looks like Snow White, doesn't she? Her hair is so black and her cheeks are so red—"

Millicent's cheeks were red. Hallam, glued to the spot, thought that she had never before been so glorious. She was holding Donnie on her lap—her satin dress must have been sadly crumpled but she didn't seem to mind—and Donnie's head, snuggling back, covered up the place where a shoulder strap should have been. A dark and very stylized curl had blown softly—and a trifle untidily—across one cheek. She should have looked like a modern Madonna, but she didn't—not Millie! She looked like—herself.

"All right," she said, meeting Hallam's glance, "I know I'm an intruder. . . . Give me the bum's rush and get it over with. . . . But Donnie and I have had a hotcha time—haven't we, buttonface?"

Donnie said very simply, "I love this lady. Can she stay all night, daddy? She can have my bed and my teddy bear to sleep with. . . . She can have all my toys, if she'll stay."

He didn't seem quite satisfied when his father told him hastily, "Well, she'll stay until you're asleep, anyhow!"

Donnie hung on grimly to wakefulness, but finally he went to sleep because he couldn't help himself, and Hallam lifted his limp body from Millicent Barry's arms and carried him over to the bed and tucked him in. During the tucking-in process, Millicent rose and stretched and went to stand by the bureau.

"Donnie isn't heavy," she said reflectively, "he's a frightfully thin little thing—but at that, both my legs are numb."

WHEN Hallam turned back from the bed he found her standing in front of the mirror, applying lipstick.

"Snow White, my eye," she murmured in slightly blurred accents, as she outlined the contours of her lovely mouth, "I'm a mess."

She hadn't stepped out of character—not one inch out of character. As he stared at her, Hallam realized that there was no pretense about the girl, that she insisted upon being true to herself and to her generation. He said—

"You were swell to come here, Millie, after the way I acted. I was



a beast and I apologize."

"I didn't come here to be swell," she said. "My own mother died when I was knee high to a grasshopper, and I had to spend a lot of time alone in hotel rooms . . . You needn't apologize, Hal—I'd have done the same for any neglected kid."

Hallam told her, "I wasn't apologizing because you were nice to Donnie," and Millie said, "It really doesn't matter—skip it!"

Desperately, aching as he watched her hair being patted into place, Hallam wanted to say the right thing, but the words wouldn't come. Even if they did come—he told himself—they would be phony. He faltered—

"Well, I'll be seeing you in the morning, Millie. Audition's at ten—"

He was entirely unprepared for the fury with which Millicent turned on him. He actually stepped back before her uncontrolled wrath.

"Oh," she raged—but she raged in a muted voice so as not to awaken a small boy—"so you're going to give me the job, are you, as payment for taking care of your child? Well, Hal, I don't want it. I wouldn't take it as a gift. Oddly enough, I didn't come here to bootlick. I came here because I was sorry for a youngster who wanted—who needed—" she gulped—"affection. There! You can take your old job, Hallam Ford—I wouldn't let you direct me if I were starving—"

ALL at once Hallam did know the right thing to say and he said it.

"Wait a minute, Millie, wait a minute," he entreated. "I didn't know you were here—how could I know?—until I came home and pulled back that curtain and saw you with Donnie on your lap. As for the job—well, I sent a script over to your house ten minutes after you left my office. No matter what there is—or isn't—between us, you've got what it takes! You're the only one who could make the older sister come alive—"

Millie—the stark rage fading from her eyes—faced him. The newly rouged lips trembled slightly and then straightened again into a hard line.

"I thought you needed somebody gentle and womanly and understanding," she said slowly. "And I'm just a party girl, Hal. You never sent that script over to my house."

Hallam told her, "Oh, yes, I did," and with a jerky, nervous movement, Millicent Barry was gone from the mirror. She crossed the bedroom with lithe, rapid steps, and jerked aside the curtain and entered the living room. Before he knew what she was up to, she was seated at the telephone table, with the lamp switched on, and was dialing a number. Hallam, following her, was forced to watch and listen. In a split second her voice, less steady than he had ever heard it, spoke into the transmitter.

"Hello," she said, "is that you, Dick? . . . This is Miss Barry. Has there been any message for me this evening?" She paused. "You say there's a flat envelope from Mr. Ford? . . . Oh, you think it's a script . . . Yes, that's all, Dick."

Slowly, carefully, Millicent Barry replaced the receiver on the hook. And then all at once her head was down on the desk, on her folded arms, and her slim, bare shoulders were shaking . . . After a moment, and very shyly, Hallam's arm encircled those quivering shoulders, and Millie stood up to offer him lips that were still salty with tears.



"Now we  
will use  
Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home *clean* with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—"Now we *will* use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

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





"I'm living my whole life over again!"



**WATCHING MY DAUGHTER** make-up for the first time brought back memories of my first lipstick. How thrilled I was when Tangee Natural changed as I applied it—producing a rich, warm rose shade—even though it was orange in the stick.



**I THOUGHT OF MY** marriage day. Wore mother's wedding gown and, as always, Tangee Natural Make-up. The pure cream base kept my lips soft and smooth all through the ceremony and the reception. The matching rouge harmonized perfectly, glowing softly through Tangee's clinging, un-powdery, Face Powder.



**MY DAUGHTER** is 15 today—and the proud owner of her first Tangee Natural Lipstick. Her excitement and pleasure took me back over the years since I first entrusted my make-up to Tangee. And I know that she will depend on Tangee as I have... for natural loveliness.

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City \_\_\_\_\_

## Remember the Night

(Continued from page 13)

Once away from the Country Club, Tommy's gruff shyness wore off, and we talked, and I began to feel as if maybe the evening hadn't been completely spoiled after all. We talked about music, mostly; it seemed to be what interested Tommy more than anything else, and although I didn't play any instrument I'd been taking singing lessons for quite a few years, so I knew what he meant when he said:

"Some day I'd like to know how to really play the piano, and I'd like to write music of my own. Music's—I don't know—it sort of makes you forget things you don't like to think about—I guess that sounds silly to you."

"No, Tommy," I said very seriously. "No, it doesn't." Because, somehow, I understood what he meant. I understood that underneath that stiff, awkward way of his there was a kind of boiling urgency—something that wanted to be released, but couldn't be except in a certain way.

Altogether too soon we were in front of my house, and Tommy was silent and embarrassed again. I guessed it was because he didn't have any money to take me somewhere for a sandwich or a drink, so I said, "My father and mother are in bed. Why don't you come in, and we'll scramble some eggs in the kitchen?"

He looked scared. "Oh, I don't think I'd—"

"Please come!" I interrupted, and pulled him up the front steps.

We— But what's the use of trying to describe it? It was just fun, tip-toeing around the kitchen and smelling the rich odor of bacon and eggs and coffee and afterwards sitting together at the table. And it was fun, and something more than fun, to feel his hand in mine when he said good-night, and know that he wanted to kiss me but didn't dare. . . .

But the next day Spud came to see me, very contrite over the way he'd acted, and we made up our quarrel, after a fashion, so that a few nights later when Tommy came to the house I was out with Spud. He didn't come again, and suddenly I heard that he and his mother had left town and gone to Chicago.

**ALL** that had been ten years ago and now he was Tommy Brown, leader and star pianist of a band that maybe wasn't quite the most popular one in the country but was very near it, and he was playing a week's engagement at Lakeside Park, a couple of miles out of our town.

I hadn't seen him at all. The arrangements for having him come into the music store and autograph records had all been made through his manager.

Maybe he wouldn't remember me.

The old-fashioned clock on the wall beside Mr. Wiscinski's desk ticked away sixty minutes, and another sixty, and another thirty—and Tommy Brown hadn't arrived. The kids were getting restless, muttering among themselves and Mr. Wiscinski's frown as he peered down was more pronounced.

"Hey, Miss Carr," somebody yelled, "you wouldn't kid us, would you?"

"Just be patient," I said nervously. "His manager promised he'd be here."

Another fifteen minutes of increasing embarrassment—and then there was a shout from a group outside the store. "Here he is!"

My hands and feet suddenly went cold—and they shouldn't have done that, because my heart was busier than usual pumping blood into them.

I hardly knew him. That was my first sensation when I saw him come in, convoyed by a dozen boys and girls. There was so little of the old Tommy Brown left. Yet, just at first, I couldn't tell where the change was. His features were the same. He'd filled out, wasn't thin and starved-looking, but that wasn't why he was so different.

Then, as he walked impatiently into the store and over to my counter, I knew. Tommy Brown had been shy and awkward, but this man was aggressively sure of himself—too much so. Instinctively you wanted to shatter that self-assurance.

"Sorry I'm late," he snapped. "Suppose we get started."

I showed him the desk, and boys and girls began pressing around him, holding out records they'd bought already. I was pushed into the back-ground.

**HE** hadn't recognized me. But then, that was very natural, because he hadn't even looked at me. He'd been short, angry, as if he'd come here against his will to do a job that he wanted to finish as soon as possible. I noticed that he smiled mechanically at the youngsters as he signed their records and said a few words to each one—but still you never felt that he meant the smile or the pleasant words. It was only an act, and not a very convincing one. It didn't even convince the kids; I saw them glance at each other in dismay as they filed past him.

Without warning, something rather terrible happened. There wasn't really room in the store for an affair like this, and the boys and girls were crowded into the corner to Tommy Brown's left. There was some jostling, of course, and somehow a small portable phonograph was knocked off its perch on the shelf, and came tumbling down onto the table where Tommy was signing records.

He snatched his hands away and got up, his face white with fury. "You young idiots!" he said harshly. "Do you know that would have broken my hands?"

The youngsters fell back, frightened by his cold rage.

"Go on, beat it!" he said. "I can't sign any more records today."

Quietly, not talking, just looking back at him with dazed, hurt glances, the kids began to seep out of the store. I knew how they felt; I felt the same way myself. Tommy Brown's music had done something to them, expressed their own joy and youthfulness, and they'd assumed that the man who made the music must be fine and gay and friendly, too. They'd idolized him. And now he'd smashed their idol. He'd shown himself as just a self-centered, bad-tempered person, ridden by nerves and scorning the gift of their admiration.

By the time I'd picked up the phonograph, disposed of some broken



records, and called up to Mr. Wiscinski that the machine was unharmed, the kids had all gone. But Tommy Brown, oddly, had stayed behind. He looked uncomfortable—crossly uncomfortable, not repentantly so.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't have jumped down their throats that way. But my hands—they're all I've got! If they were hurt, I couldn't play the piano any more."

"Don't worry," I said shortly. "They're just a bunch of kids, and kids forget."

The bitterness in my voice made him look at me for the first time. "Well!" he said with a sudden smile. "It's Alice Carr, isn't it?"

"Yes, Tommy," I said. I turned my back and began putting records away. I didn't think I could bear to talk to him much more. All the bright promise of the day had gone, now that I'd seen what success had made of Tommy Brown.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Not very," I said without turning. "Not—after what just happened."

"I said I was sorry, didn't I?" His voice had that funny catch at the end of the sentence that tells you a person was going to say more, but decided not to. Instead, after a pause, he added, "Here. Let me pay for the records that were broken, and for the ones you'd have sold if I hadn't stopped signing them."

I SWUNG around to see him laying a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. I don't think I've ever been as angry as I was then. "I don't want your money," I said shakily. "Do you think that's the only reason I didn't like the way you treated those kids? They've looked forward to seeing you for days—they think you're some kind of a little tin god—and then you—you kick them in the teeth. You come in here acting like Mr. Big, the king letting the peasants get a look at him—"

"You don't happen to know," he interrupted coldly, "just how hard it is on a person's nerves to be in the public eye all the time. Like a performing monkey! Go here—go there—do this—do that! I get a little tired of it sometimes, believe it or not."

"Nobody's forcing you to do it," I said. "I can remember a time when this wasn't even what you wanted to do. You wanted to be a pianist, and to write music—not just be a performing monkey."

For a minute I thought he was going to flash back at me again. But he let his breath out on a long sigh, and said, "I don't see why I should argue with you. I came here to sign records, not take part in a symposium on What's Wrong with Tommy Brown. Good-bye. It's been very nice meeting you again."

I let him have the last word. I was too disappointed, too sick at heart, to do anything else. Tommy Brown had been a boy who held promise of becoming a fine person—but this Tommy Brown, the man, was only a bundle of conceit, puffed up with his own importance, purse-proud.

For a second, I seemed to hear my mother's voice, whispering, "You're too hard to please. . . ." But I thrust the thought aside.

I'd forget Tommy Brown. Certainly I'd never see him again.

That was why I was so surprised,



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the next day, when he came into the music store again. He was as arrogant and indifferent as ever as, leaning on the counter, he did the last thing I'd ever have expected him to do—offered me the job of singing with his band for the remaining five days of its engagement at Lakeside Park.

"Doris Davidson—she's our regular vocalist—had to be rushed to the hospital with appendicitis last night. I was going to send to Chicago for a substitute, and then I thought it would be good business to use a local girl. Jim Bacon, over at the radio studio, said you'd kept up your singing, and filled in on the air sometimes, so I thought maybe you'd like the job."

"But I've never sung with a band!" I exclaimed. The offer was so unexpected, especially coming from him, that I hardly knew what to say.

"That's no reason you couldn't. Of course, if you don't want to—" He picked up a record and inspected it, too casually.

I THOUGHT I understood. I thought I knew why he had chosen to give me this unexpected offer. He was sorry about the way he'd acted the day before, and this was his inarticulate, difficult way of apologizing. Though why he couldn't just say he was sorry, instead of going at it in such a roundabout manner, I didn't know. Perhaps it was just the way he was made.

Smiling, I said, "It was sweet of you to think of me, Tommy, after—after yesterday. I'd love to sing with your band."

And that was no more than the truth. What girl wouldn't have jumped at the chance to share in the excitement, the glamour, of being soloist with Tommy Brown's band, even if it was only for a few days?

"Can you get away from here for a rehearsal this afternoon?" he asked.

"I think so." Mr. Wiscinski was glad enough to give me the time off when he learned the reason, and that afternoon I was caught up into the whirl of preparations. The rehearsal went off well enough. I knew the choruses of several new songs, and quickly learned how to accommodate my style of singing to the rhythm of the band.

Tommy seemed a little surprised at the end of the rehearsal when he said, "That's fine, Alice. Surprisingly good."

Nettled at the hint of patronage in his tone, I said airily, "It isn't hard to do these songs, you know. They're a cinch."

To my satisfaction, he frowned. "You think so? Wait until tonight—

then you may find out it isn't so easy to . . . to be a performing monkey."

I only laughed. Of course he had to flatter his ego by pretending his job was difficult!

I rushed home to press my best evening dress—luckily it was almost new, I'd only worn it once. A quick visit to the beauty shop came next, and by that time the afternoon was over. I planned to have a quick supper, then dress and be at the park by eight o'clock.

To my amazement, I discovered I was too excited to eat. Mother had prepared a delicious salad, but I pushed it away, and as I did so I noticed that my hands were shaking. My nervousness increased while I dressed, and at last I couldn't hide the truth from myself any longer—I was terrified!

This was ridiculous, I argued as I drove out to Lakeside in the little car I'd purchased myself from my earnings at the music shop. Alice Carr—the self-sufficient Alice Carr, trembling with stage-fright! I had sung in public before, and on the radio; there was no reason to be afraid now.

I couldn't argue away anything as unreasoning as the fright which gripped me. All I could do was to hide it, and to force myself to park the car near the big open-air dance floor, get out and walk over to the stage entrance at the back of the shell where the band sat.

I groped my way through the semi-darkness of the space behind the band shell, stepping carefully over electric cables that lay twisted and curving on the floor. Then Tommy was at my side, saying, "Come on, it's nearly time to start," and leading me out to the chair at the side and in front of the band where I was to sit between my numbers.

"Are you all right?" he said sharply, looking at me under the lights.

OF course I am," I answered, and after a keen look at me he went to his own position at the piano, where he alternately played and led the band.

It was early, but many couples were already on the floor when the band struck up its first number, and more were pouring in all the time. I sat there, waiting, feeling as though I were made of ice. Never in my life had I known such dreadful self-consciousness. I was convinced that every eye in the vast hall was on me.

Minutes passed, and the band still did not play one of my numbers. But when, at last, I heard the opening bars of "This, My Love," it was even worse than the waiting; I wished I could stay where I was and never have to move.



## Say Hello To—

EVELYN AMES—the new Lullaby Lady on the *Carnation Contented Hour*, Monday nights on NBC. Evelyn is a contralto, and was born near Jennings, Oklahoma, on November 5, 1914. Her father still owns the farm which was her birthplace—it was homesteaded by her grandfather in the Cherokee strip. When she was sixteen she won an Atwater Kent audition in Tulsa, and later studied at the American Conservatory of Music and made her debut over KYW, Philadelphia. Since then she has sung with the Chicago City Opera Company and been on the teaching staff of the American Conservatory. This is the first time she's been starred on a weekly sponsored program. She's 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds, and has brown hair.



In a dream I answered Tommy's nod, walked past the music stands to the microphone in the center of the stage. The music fell to a soft introduction, and it seemed to me I heard, above the shush-shush of dancing feet, a whisper run over the crowd: "It's Alice Carr! Let's listen—" They were waiting, waiting to give their approval or their scorn.

I opened my mouth . . .

I couldn't sing. The words were gone, gone as completely as though I had never known them. The music was rushing on past me, but I could only stand there, my mind emptied of everything but a stinging terror and a frightful urgency.

Instinctively, I turned toward Tommy. But as I met his eyes I saw something in them that sent me stumbling blindly from the stage.

He was glad I had failed!

The humiliation of that realization was worse than the torture of failing itself. Half running through the dim, cluttered-up space behind the shell, tears stinging my eyes, I saw nothing but the memory of his face in which pity and triumph were mixed.

I tripped over something, a length of cable rolled under my foot. Near the floor there was a bright, blue-white burst of crackling light, then flame was licking at my wide, bouffant skirt of tulle, scampering swiftly up the folds toward my face.

SCREAMED and beat at the fire with my hands, but I seemed only to fan it to new fury. I hardly heard the sound of running feet before someone had thrown himself upon me, bringing me to the ground in a confusion of flame and violent blows about my legs. A ribbon of fire mounted against a backdrop curtain that hung backstage, and its lurid light showed me that Tommy was my rescuer.

I felt myself being lifted and carried outside, into the cool night air, away from where people were running and shouting and trying to combat the fire I had started.

"Your car," Tommy panted. "Which one is it?—I've got to take you to a hospital."

But I felt my long slip of heavy white silk against my legs, and I knew that, miraculously, it had protected the lower part of my body while thanks to Tommy's prompt action the flames had not reached my face. "I'm all right," I gasped. "I can walk—let me down. I—Tommy! Your hands!"

For as I slid to the ground I had turned and seen him—seen the agony on his face and the way his hands and arms were vivid with burns.

It was I who drove him to the hospital. I who waited while surgeons dressed and bandaged the wounds. And while I waited, I did some thinking, and my thoughts weren't pretty.

I didn't forget the look of triumph on Tommy's face when I failed—I didn't forget it, but it no longer seemed so important. The fact remained that he had sacrificed his most precious possession, the hands that made the music which brought him fame and fortune, to save my life. I could still feel those hands beating out the flames against my body. He must have realized what he was doing, yet he hadn't hesitated, hadn't

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let someone else brave the fire.

I'd called him, in my thoughts, arrogant and proud and conceited. I'd blamed him for flying into a rage when the falling phonograph had missed his hands in the store. But that had been only nerves. Faced with a real test, he hadn't thought about his hands at all.

A nurse came into the little reception room of the hospital. "Mr. Brown is asking to see you," she said.

Hesitantly, I followed her into the room where Tommy lay in bed, his bandaged arms stretched out over the neatly folded sheet. He smiled, and for the first time I saw again the Tommy Brown I'd known in high school, the young and defenseless Tommy Brown, before he had acquired his shell of protective pride.

For the second time that night I began to cry, but this time I cried because I no longer could hide the truth from myself—that I loved Tommy Brown, had loved him even while I criticized him.

"Hello, Alice," he said softly. "Don't cry. Everything's going to be all right."

**B**UT it was my fault," I sobbed. "And your hands—"

"They'll heal. The doctor said so. I'll be able to play as well as I ever could. Anyway, it wasn't all your fault. I never should have put you through the ropes like that. I knew it would be tough for you—I wanted it to be. I hoped you'd break down."

"But why?" I cried. "I don't understand—"

"Because— Well, I'll have to go back a long time to make you understand. Back to when we were kids. You remember, don't you? How I was always out of things at school . . . and then the night of the Senior Ball you came out of the Country Club and I took you home . . ."

I nodded. Yes, I remembered, very well. "You were the first girl that'd ever paid any attention to me. I thought you were—wonderful. But the next time I came to see you, you and Spud had made up your quarrel and you weren't there. It seemed to me you'd just talked to me because there wasn't anybody better to talk to. I realized that night hadn't meant anything to you. So I was glad enough to leave town and go with Mother to Chicago."

I bowed my head, ashamed to meet his eyes, and after a pause he went on.

"Well, I got a job playing the piano in a cheap night club, and after a while I got a little better job. But all that isn't important. What I want to tell you about is my—wife."

My head jerked up. "Your wife?"

"Oh, not any longer," he said with a wry smile. "We were married when I was playing in Dean Marshall's band. She was the vocalist. I thought I was in love with her, but now I know it was just because she was so pretty and so many other fellows were after her. Marrying her was like showing the world I amounted to something, and I needed that."

"But Elsa—that was her name—"

kept after me to get ahead, make something of myself better than just a danceband pianist. What I really wanted to do was save enough money so I could quit work and study and write music of my own, but Elsa couldn't see that. She said I ought to get my own band, then I could really clean up. We used to have quarrels—pretty bad quarrels."

I could visualize them, from the words he left unsaid. I could almost see Elsa—hard, mercenary, ambitious—and I hated her.

"Finally I gave in. Only I was still enough of a kid to want to surprise Elsa, so I didn't tell her what I was doing until I'd talked to some people I knew and made arrangements for them to help me finance a band of my own. Then, when everything was all set, I went home to tell her. Only—she was gone. To Reno. She left a note saying that after the divorce she was going to marry Dean Marshall."

He chuckled. "I can laugh about it now, but it wasn't very funny then. It hit me hard—it was another case of Tommy Brown not being good enough, you see. So I made up my mind that if being on top of the heap, having lots of money, was such an important thing in life, that was all I'd worry about from then on. And that's all I did worry about—until I came back here and saw you again."

"And I—"

"And you didn't seem to think I was good enough, either. You made it pretty plain what you thought of me. I wouldn't admit to myself that you might be right. Instead, I wanted to prove to you how wrong you were. That was why I asked you to sing with the band after Doris got sick. I thought you'd find out that running a band isn't as easy as you seemed to think it was, and I hoped you'd see me in a different light. Most of all—" his voice sank even lower—"I guess I really hoped you'd have a tough time. It was a petty kind of revenge, I know—but maybe you were right all along. Maybe the kind of life I've led has—made me—mean and petty."

**N**O!" I exclaimed. "I was wrong—I should have understood, sympathized. At least I shouldn't have judged you without knowing the whole story."

"Don't blame yourself for that. It's what too many people do—too many times."

"But I did it," I confessed, "because I wanted you to be perfect. I couldn't stand the thought of you being anything less than perfect."

"Alice!" His eyes were shining. "I—mean that much to you?"

"You mean everything," I told him. "I think I must have been waiting all this time, without knowing it, for you to come back."

I leaned over the bed then and kissed him—remembering the kiss that should have been exchanged on that night ten years before; remembering it and thinking of all the love I must give him from now on to make up for the ten years of loving that were lost.

**NEXT MONTH:** Another romantic "Love Story" by that famous author, Margaret E. Sangster, entitled, "Leading Man"—in December RADIO MIRROR



## Amanda of Honeymoon Hill

(Continued from page 27)

child, unconscious that his mother had risen and had walked to the window, from which she did not turn until her son had left the room. Then she looked long and earnestly into the eyes lifted expectantly toward her, and her face was white, and a trifle strained.

"Amanda," she spoke, at last, sitting down beside the girl, "you say you want to make Edward happy? You'd do anything—anything, at all—for his sake?"

"Of course"; there was no hesitation in that answer.

"Then," the older woman braced herself, "you must leave this house at once, and go back to your father and never, never see my son again."

Amanda stared, all the lovely color draining from her face, stared as if she had not heard aright.

"Leave Edward—go away? No, no, we are to be wed—he asked me!" Her hands crept to her breast and pressed hard. "Edward and I are to be together all our life long."

NOT if you really wish him happiness," Susan's eyes were now hard and determined. "Edward may think he loves you, but it can't be real or lasting. You're very beautiful and he's been carried away by that."

"He loves me," Amanda said.

"It won't continue, not after you're married, and he sees how ignorant you are—how little you know. He'll be ashamed of you. Oh, good gracious, child, you have no idea of the life you'll be expected to lead. People

will laugh at him for having such a wife, they'll laugh at you—"

"Laugh at me!" Amanda was on her feet. "There'll be no cause to make fun of me. I am Valley born and my blood is purer, older—"

"Maybe, but that makes no difference," Susan's voice was edged with controlled anger. "Answer me a few questions. Can you read? Have you ever been to school?" And as the girl shook her head, she continued, quickly. "You'll disgrace Edward; people will pity him."

"Pity! We take no pity in the Valley!" Red flushed Amanda's cheeks. "We're proud and free and honest. We keep our word. We don't lie as you lied to Edward, making him believe you'd be kind to me."

"Yes, I did. I had to. I have to save him from you. You will only make him unhappy and miserable. Can you manage a place like Honeymoon House, direct the servants, entertain his friends? Of course you can't." Susan was on her feet by the trembling girl. "You are poor, white—"

"Don't you say it, Mrs. Leighton." Amanda's eyes were blazing. "Don't say trash. You're Edward's mother, but you can't call me that. I am poor, I know very little—" Suddenly all the anger faded before the terrible realization of Susan's meaning. "Then, you mean—you don't want me—you think Edward would be ashamed of me—he would be sorry after he had wed me?"

"I know my son will be terribly

sorry he ever met you unless you leave at once. Tell me, are you willing to be made fun of, to know Edward would be reluctant to introduce you to his friends—why, you wouldn't know how to talk to them. Do you want him to be pitied because his wife was a Valley girl?"

AMANDA flung up her hand as if to shield herself from the scornful words. She stood, frozen, stiff. She could not think; her house of dreams had crumbled around her even as her heart cried wildly, desperately for Edward—Edward who would be sorry he had ever seen her, who would be shamed before his people if she were his wife. With a broken little moan, she went from the room, out the long windows and across the grass, stumbling in blind pain. The smooth lawn became an overgrown path, and she followed it, not knowing, not caring where it led, until she found herself by the side of an old moss-covered well. She steadied herself on the cool stones, suddenly, terribly exhausted. She bowed her head, but there were no tears; the devastation of her life was far, far beyond any comfort they might bring. Never in all this world would she chance making Edward unhappy, no matter what happened to her, and now she knew she no longer cared what her fate might be. Black trouble when the Valley and the Hill meet; the old saying was true. Oh, Edward—her body quivered in anguish—Edward, I love you. I'll never see you again. It would kill me to

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—by a society editor

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have you sorry you wed me. Suddenly, before she could seek the safety of the trees, she heard running feet, and strong hands caught her shoulders, and had pulled her around. "Amanda!" Edward's eyes blazed at her out of a set face. He spoke harshly. "What do you think you are doing?"

"I'm going now, I'm going—" was all she said. But she could not free herself from his grasp.

"You're coming back to the house with me."

"No!" Amanda flinched as though from a physical blow.

"My dear, how could I know what Mother would say to you? She had no right—all she said was wrong, she doesn't understand, I didn't make it clear enough."

"It is true," Amanda's voice was without life. "I can never marry you."

"Darling," he tried to bring her closer to him, but she stiffened against his embrace, shrinking away. "You can't leave me. You're my life, my future, my happiness. Amanda, I can't live without you."

Against the torrent of his passionate words Amanda stood rigid, trying not to listen, not to be moved by his outburst.

"Look," he said and involuntarily Amanda's eyes lifted to where he was pointing. A few feet from where they stood she saw the old well. "It's the Wishing Well," Edward said. "Whatever one promises here, or whatever one wishes always comes true. The well is old, Amanda, and it's heard the vows of many lovers. You must promise with your hand on its stones that your love for me will be undying, and I shall promise the same, and then we'll wish for such wonderful things to come to us. Please. Promise for my sake."

But there was no change in the white face, or in the eyes which looked beyond him, seeming to see a stricken, barren world.

"No, Edward. I'm going."

"I'm not leaving you, Amanda. You can't get away from me."

Now her lips quivered. "Oh don't try to keep me. It's mighty hard. Your mother showed me it would never do." She gently freed herself from his arms and began again down the narrow path.

"Amanda!" She stopped at the sudden anger in his voice. "I'm going with you."

She whirled, fear in her eyes. "You can't. You can never go to the Valley again. They would—"

"Then come back with me," he said.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "You must go back to your mother and I will go back to the Valley."

Edward flung his hands out. "What

do I care what happens to me down there? Let them do what they want. We're not going to lose each other."

Amanda spoke softly. "Might—might your mother change her mind?"

"Oh Amanda," Edward's eyes were bright with hope. "If she did, would you stay? Would you marry me anyway?"

"First you must ask her," Amanda said, tears stinging under her lids.

"I will. Right now. Come, Amanda." And he took her hand in his.

Amanda shook her head. "You must go alone," she said. "Before I ever go back to your house I must know that your mother is sorry for what she said."

Edward paused, his eyes searching Amanda's face.

"Will you promise to wait here for me until I come back?"

She nodded.

"Promise," he said.

Her voice was low, blurred. "I—I promise, Edward," she said.

He drew her to him and this time she let herself be taken in his arms, she let him kiss her, but her body and her lips were passive. Her eyes were sunken in her cheeks as she watched him disappear around the bend; then, stumbling a little, with her hands outstretched as if she were suddenly blind, she started down the hill towards the woods below her to meet her fate as a Valley girl. As she groped her way, she gasped with the pain that her lie to Edward had cost her. Yet how else could she have sent him away in safety? Though it did not matter now what happened to her, Amanda knew that he must go on living. He would forget...

LIKE a sleep walker, sunk in some dreadful dream, Amanda let the slow hours of the day pass over her, scarcely knowing, or caring what they brought. Valley born, Valley bred, Valley wed, and Valley dead—the familiar saying circled around and around in her tired brain, her only hope being that the last line would soon become reality. Marriage to Charlie was more tolerable than that Edward would some day experience shame because of her.

When the sun had dropped over the western hills and a blue haze filled the Valley, she had been taken to the Harris' farm house, already filled with neighbors and relatives. And from the back room, where the unmarried girls of the Valley were dressing her, she could hear the sound of a fiddle being played, and voices raised in songs and laughter. Roused for a minute, she realized that before another dawn broke over the eastern trees she would be Charlie's wife, he would have held her in his arms—he would have



## Say Hello To—

SARAJANE WELLS—blonde and wide-eyed beauty who plays the part of Mary Ruthledge in *The Guiding Light* on NBC. Sarajane came to Chicago from her home town of Owensboro, Kentucky, to study art, but switched to dramatics and the radio. She never had any formal training in acting, and credits her success to having learned everything from hard experience. She's married to an official of a large air transport company, and her principal recreation is going fishing and riding with him. Although she loves to cook, mow the lawn and weed the garden, she refuses to wash the dishes, wind the clock or peel potatoes. She still paints water-colors as a hobby, and her latest accomplishment is a picture of herself having Mike Wright.



kissed her. For a wild, tormented second, she stared, blind with panic, around the room; then sank again into the numb stupor of despair which had held her since Susan Leighton had talked to her. Edward—that had been a dream; this was reality. She stood in her white, homespun dress, her gleaming hair tied with a white ribbon, as the laughing girls slipped away, leaving her for a few minutes alone. Later they would come, bringing the wedding chain, made of all the fruits of the Valley, to place it around her and to lead her through that door to—to Charlie.

With an overwhelming realization of her position, a stark terror seized Amanda. She dropped on her knees, praying to be saved, praying that Edward would feel her danger—that he would forget she had left him, and that somehow he would understand. She had no thought beyond the present minute, of what had gone before, or what might come after, only to escape from that which she would have to endure within the next few hours. The pulse throbbed in her throat, and her heart beat like that of a trapped bird.

"Amanda," a low whisper caught her ear, and lifting her head, she saw Jim Tolliver's face peering in at the window. "Edward Leighton's coming down the hill, he'll be at the big oak soon."

AMANDA sprang to her feet, a new and even more terrible fear in her heart. Edward—they might kill him—the Valley men might kill him! Don't let him come, oh, God, I didn't mean for him to be in danger—don't let him come. He was seeking her, and he might find death—his laughing mouth, his tender eyes—his strong, straight body—

"Jim, Jim," she was at the window, pushing the boy away, "you go stop him. Tell him he must go back. Tell him I said to go. There's death here for him—"

Jim slipped out into the clearing, and was again at the window in a minute.

"I can see in the moonlight, the car's at the big oak, and he's getting out."

The door of the room was pushed open, and Amanda swung around at the sound; four girls stood there with the long chain of fruits in their hands.

"Dear God," she whispered, simply, "help me to help Edward. Don't let him be in danger because he loves me, because I thought other things mattered more than love. Show me what to do."

She felt the fruits and flowers on her shoulders. She saw through the door her father's tall figure, a blur of faces, eyes turned toward her. She listened, her body stiff with the effort to hear any sound from the night outside the windows; then, slowly, she took her first step toward the outer room, where Charlie waited, the minister beside him.

Edward's love for Amanda, combined with his impetuous nature and ignorance of Valley vengeance, has put him into a situation where his life is in real danger. Will Amanda be able to stop him before he interrupts her wedding to Charlie Harris and incurs her father's brutal wrath? Read the next and final chapter of this unusual drama in the December Radio Mirror, on sale September 26.

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**PHILLIPS'**  
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**CREAMS**



## Look Who's Laughing

(Continued from page 30)

### EX-LAX MOVIES

#### COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

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A shower of cups and saucers followed, and Molly and Bergen took refuge in the linen closet. Fibber finally had to use the ironing board as a shield before he could get close enough to the machine to turn it off.

Bergen was a bit shaken when he came out of the linen closet, but he repeated his promise to call Hilary Horton the next day, and Fibber began laying plans for a big Chamber of Commerce luncheon to welcome the distinguished guest and clinch the sale of the Wistful Vista Flying Field.

"You know what people'll say when they see that factory?" he demanded of Molly as they prepared for bed.

"Sure. They'll say, 'There's the new factory.'"

"No sir," Fibber averred. "They'll say 'Fibber McGee is responsible for that. He's the one who's brought prosperity to this town. Fibber McGee has foresight. He has albumen—'"

"You mean acumen," Molly said climbing into bed.

"I do? Then what's albumen?" Fibber demanded.

"Something they make pots out of."

"Then I was right—everybody in town'll simply make pots outta this factory. And think what it'll mean to me. Pretty soon it'll be time to elect a new mayor, and you know what's gonna happen on election day?"

"The Republicans will vote just from force of habit," Molly said sleepily.

"No, sirree! Somebody's gonna say, 'We need a man like Fibber McGee for Mayor.' How does that sound, Molly—Mayor McGee? Just rolls off your tongue, doesn't it?"

"If you don't mind," Molly said, "I won't wait up for any more election returns." She closed her eyes firmly.

"Yes, sir," Fibber continued ecstatically, "I'll start the ball a-rolling down at the luncheon. Mayor McGee, Molly—then Governor McGee—why not President McGee? Shucks, I can see it all already—wearing an Indian headdress during the campaign . . . a silk hat at the inauguration . . . throwing out the first baseball of the season . . . fishing off a battleship—"

He looked over at Molly, who was asleep.

"Look at her!" he said fondly. "She's dreaming, too!" Then he turned out the light and went to bed, too.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY didn't like the way things were going at all. He'd been promised Pinehurst, where there were plenty of pretty girls, and Pinehurst and pretty girls were what he wanted. When Bergen announced they were going to stay in Wistful Vista for a few more days, he turned cross and sulky.

Charlie's brain was only a seasoned pine knot, but he knew a few things Bergen didn't. Most important of all, he knew that Bergen and Julie Patterson, his secretary, were in love with each other and weren't smart enough to realize it. Julie was in New York, and in a couple of days now she would be marrying Jerry Norton, Bergen's business manager. Bergen looked unhappy every time Charlie maliciously reminded him of this fact.

And so Charlie got an idea.

Strictly speaking, he didn't get the idea himself. Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve helped. On the day before

Bergen was due to fly to the state capital and bring Hilary Horton to Wistful Vista, Gildersleeve dropped in to visit McGee and found Charlie alone, sitting glumly on the porch.

"Well, young man," Gildersleeve said jovially, "and are you enjoying your visit to Wistful Vista?"

"This isn't a visit," Charlie snorted. "It's a sentence!"

"Then you don't like it here?"

"That, Mr. Gildersleeve, is a masterpiece of understatement. And Bergen's talking about buying a farm!"

"Well, it's a nice life," Gildersleeve opined. "Up with the chickens, to bed with—"

"Lumbago," Charlie supplied.

There was a short silence. Then Gildersleeve spoke in a lower voice, tapping his fingertips thoughtfully together. "You know, Charlie, when I was your age, I was harder to hold down than you. I remember one time I was stuck in a place I didn't like and my uncle wouldn't take me back home. But I fixed that, all right!"

Charlie showed his first signs of interest. "You did? How?"

"Well, I sent a wire to a friend of mine back home and had him send a wire to my uncle."

"You fascinate me," Charlie said. "Pray go on."

THE telegram said my aunt was very ill and my uncle was wanted at home. And, of course, my friend signed my aunt's name."

"You mean," Charlie marvelled, "that you sent—and then he sent—and then your uncle thought your aunt—well, well, well, well! Throcky, old boy, I think McGee's all wrong about you."

"Why, what did he say?" Gildersleeve asked innocently.

"He said that you were a liver-lipped, pot-bellied old gas bag—but I



A swell character study of Lum and Abner, the two "old" men of Arkansas you hear over the NBC network every weekday night. In real life they're Norris Goff (left) and Chester Lauck (right).



don't think he did you justice."

"I must be going," Gildersleeve said with dignity, but Charlie cleared his throat. "By the way, Mr. Gildersleeve, would it be too much of a coincidence if you happened to be going past the telegraph office? I'd like to send a wire to a friend of mine named Skinny Dugan . . ."

THE next morning, just as Bergen and Charlie were about to take off for the state capital to get Horton, Bergen received a wire from Julie Patterson, asking him to return to New York at once because she was very ill. In a panic, he forgot all about his promise to Fibber, and headed his plane for New York.

The Chamber of Commerce had refused to pay for the luncheon in honor of Hilary Horton, so Fibber was footing the bills himself. He'd borrowed the necessary money. That made it bad when Horton didn't appear and a belated call to the flying field revealed that Bergen had taken off for New York, not the state capital.

"If you ask me," Gildersleeve said with ill-concealed triumph, "your friend Bergen never had the slightest intention of bringing his big businessman here. Probably doesn't even know him."

"I guess you're right, Throcky," Fibber admitted sadly. He was too depressed even to quarrel with Gildersleeve. Looking around the hall and at the long banquet table set with places for fifty people, he sighed. It would have been such a nice luncheon, too. "If we have chicken a la king," he'd told the chef, "remember I want you to use the very best grade of tuna fish."

And now everybody was mad at him, and Gildersleeve wouldn't have any trouble at all in persuading the town to sell its flying field to Mr. Cudahy, over in Ironton.

Fibber and Molly trailed home, and during the afternoon the bank sent a man to put up a sign advertising their house for sale. They'd forgotten that the mortgage payment was due.

"I don't suppose the bank could see its way clear to giving me a third mortgage, could it?" Fibber asked wistfully.

"Not a chance," the man said. "The directors figure if you could afford to give a big luncheon you could afford to pay your interest."

"Yeah," Fibber said. "I should of thought of that sooner, I guess."

He was too abject to do anything but wince, the next morning, when he heard that the sale of the flying field had actually gone through. It now belonged to Ironton's Mr. Cudahy.

Suddenly, more than a day after he'd left, Bergen appeared once more in Wistful Vista, full of apologies for the way he'd betrayed Fibber, and bringing with him not only Charlie but an angry young woman he introduced as his secretary, Julie Patterson.

"I'm not your secretary," she said bitterly. "Not any more. If you hadn't come roaring into my apartment in New York, claiming I'd sent you a wire saying I was sick—and then kidnapped me—I'd be Mrs. Jerry Norton right now. And I wish I was!"

After a hot bath and some food, though, Julie's disposition improved. She and Molly had a long talk while Bergen continued his apologies to Fibber.

"I'm sorry I was such a sorehead when I got here," she told Molly. "It's just that I get so mad at that Bergen. Sometimes I think he hasn't any sense at all. Where he managed to get the idea that I was sick—and then forget all about Mr. McGee's luncheon—Although I'm not surprised at that, he's so absent-minded."

"Now stop fretting," Molly said comfortingly. "It's all McGee's fault for dragging other people into our troubles, anyway. The flying field's been sold to Mr. Cudahy, and it's all past and over with."

"But couldn't Fibber buy the field back—offer Mr. Cudahy a juicy profit or something?" Julie suggested.

"Dearie," Molly said, "McGee's so broke that if you stood him on his head and shook him all you'd get is his Elk's tooth, and even that has a cavity."

"There's something funny going on here," Julie mused. "I can smell it."

"That's more than McGee can do. He has an intellectual cold in the nose. I wish you could see the piece of swamp Gildersleeve sold him a year ago."

CHARLIE'S voice came plaintively from his room next door, calling Julie. Investigation proved that he was locked in.

"Bergen did it," Charlie complained when Julie had turned the key and entered. "He's mad at me. He snooped on me, Julie, and found out about that telegram that said you were sick."

"So you sent that wire!" Charlie assumed an air of injured innocence. "Absolutely and positively



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".

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—I did not!"

"Are you sure?" she asked sternly.

"Positive!" He weakened under her frown. "But—well, I *did* send the one to Skinny Dugan telling him to send the other one."

"Charlie, how could you be such a snake in the grass? What made you think of such a nasty trick?"

Charlie said virtuously, "I didn't think of it. It was Gildersleeve's idea."

Julie stared at him in dawning comprehension. "Oh, it was! Well! Gildersleeve uses you to get Bergen out of town, so Bergen won't bring Horton to Wistful Vista—then Cudahy gets the flying field so that whichever town Horton finally decides to build in—" She got up. "Charlie, I ought to turn you over my knee for getting things muddled up like this, but I haven't got the time."

"But won't you straighten me out with Bergen?"

"There's something else," said Julie, heading for the door, "that I've got to straighten out first!"

Julie paid a call on Mr. Cudahy of Ironton that afternoon. It was easy to get in to see him when she mentioned the Horton Airplane Company—naturally, it wasn't Julie's fault if Mr. Cudahy assumed she was connected with that firm.

HE greeted her with a slightly stale old-world charm, and she immediately became very confidential. He mustn't let Mr. Horton know she'd come to see him, she hinted, because that would spoil all she was trying to do.

"And what are you trying to do?" Mr. Cudahy asked with a wolfish grin.

Julie laid her hand seductively on his arm. "I'm trying to do my friends—and myself—some good."

Smart girl, thought Mr. Cudahy approvingly.

Mr. Horton, Julie explained, didn't really want either the Ironton site or the Wistful Vista Flying Field. He'd only pretended to want them in order to get the place he really coveted more cheaply. Julie let it be known that she knew the locality of this site, and would tell him for a third of the profits.

"All right, girlie," Cudahy said eagerly. "What's the dope?"

"The dope," Julie told him, "is a person named McGee who owns a tract on the north shore of Wistful Vista Lake. It's the only sizeable spot of water within fifty miles—and planes need a lot of water for testing."

"Horton's going to build an amphibian plane factory?" Cudahy asked in amazement.

"Well—I didn't say so," Julie answered innocently—and meaningly.

Cudahy beamed as he showed Julie to the door.

The next morning, bright and early, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve showed up at Fibber's house. He was willing to let bygones be bygones, he said, and just to prove his heart was in the right place he'd arranged with a client of his to take Fibber's lake property off his hands in exchange for the Wistful Vista Flying Field.

"Here's the transfer," he offered. "All you have to do is sign it."

Fibber took the paper. "But what does he want that swamp for?" he inquired.

"I told him it would make a successful frog farm"—and they both laughed uproariously, although prob-

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HAIR RINSE



ably not at the same thing.

"There aren't many men would do what you're doing to a friend—I mean, for a friend," Fibber remarked—and signed the transfer.

After Gildersleeve had left, Bergen called the capital and persuaded Horton to stop at the Wistful Vista field the next afternoon, before keeping his appointment with Mr. Cudahy in Ironton. "And if he ever gets to Ironton, once we have him here," Julie promised, "I'll eat both wings of his plane and throw in the propeller for dessert!"

Now that there was nothing to do but wait, Julie couldn't keep from thinking. She'd wired her fiancé, Jerry Norton, apologizing and promising to return to New York as soon as she could, but the telegraph company had notified her the wire hadn't been delivered. Goodness knew where Jerry was—madly trying to find her, probably. And Marge O'Rourke, the girl she'd been breaking in to take her place as Bergen's secretary, seemed to be missing, too.

"Now, don't worry, dearie," Molly told her. "It's Bergen you really love, isn't it?"

Julie nodded wearily. "Isn't it awful? For the life of me, I can't see what I see in the guy. He's about as romantic as a clam. And he doesn't have the faintest idea I love him!"

"Tell him, then!" Molly advised. "That's how I got McGee. Don't let your man get away, Julie—grab him! With both hands!"

Julie was doubtful.

SHE still hadn't figured out the best way to grab Bergen the next morning when they were at the airport, waiting for Horton's plane to come down out of the sky. They'd waited for some time, and were beginning to worry, when a mud-stained coupe drew up beside the airport, and Jerry Norton and Marge O'Rourke got out.

Bergen and Julie both began to talk at once, Jerry and Marge joined in, and while all four were trying to make themselves heard Fibber and Molly, having nothing better to do, explored Bergen's plane. "Think I'll get one of these things when the factory starts up," Fibber mused, and twisted what he thought was a cigar lighter. The plane lurched and began to taxi wildly around the field. In a panic, Fibber grabbed the first thing he could put his hands on. It proved to be the control stick, and the plane nosed suddenly into the air.

Molly, in the seat beside him, had her mouth open so he supposed she was screaming, but he couldn't hear her. Down below, he could see people start running. He pulled the stick again, and the plane went downward with a sickening swoop. Molly opened

her mouth wider.

Then another plane was in the air, headed right for them. It zoomed past, circled, came alongside. The few glances Fibber could spare for it told him that it was an old ship which belonged to Bill, the attendant at the airport, and that Bill was piloting it. He saw a man climb out on one of the wings, crawl out to the wing tip. The plane sailed upward, maneuvering until it was directly over Fibber's plane, and the man on the wing-tip slid off, holding on with both hands and letting his body dangle in the air.

At exactly the right split-second he dropped—landed on Fibber's plane—almost fell, and then was climbing into the cockpit. Not until then did Fibber realize that it was Bergen. Molly, who had kept her eyes shut in terror, opened them.

"Heavenly days," she said in amazement, "have you been out there all the time?"

In another minute they were on the ground, Molly had fainted and Julie was in Bergen's arms, crying hysterically, "Darling! You might have been killed!"

Neither Julie nor Bergen saw the look of relief on the faces of Jerry and Marge. They'd been married on the way down to Wistful Vista, and had been wondering how they could break the news to Julie.

But—"I'm afraid all this stunt-flying scared away Horton," Bergen said regretfully. "I sighted his plane just before I went up to get you. And by now he's probably in Ironton, buying Cudahy's field for his factory."

"It's all right," Fibber consoled him. "You did your best to get the factory here, Edgar."

Jerry Norton was looking puzzled. "What's all this about?" he asked.

"We were trying to get the Horton Airplane Company to build its new plant on this site," Bergen explained.

Jerry laughed. "You chump! If you wanted Horton to build here, why didn't you just tell him so?"

"Tell him— Why should he do what I say?"

"Why not?" Jerry asked. "You own the controlling stock in the company. I told you over a month ago I'd bought it for you!"

There was a startled silence. "Holy hat!" Bergen breathed at last. "That's right, you did. I forgot all about it."

Julie slipped her arm through his. "Edgar," she said, "I always said your absent-mindedness would get you into trouble. And now look—if you hadn't forgotten about owning the Horton Company you wouldn't be getting ready to marry me now!"

Fibber and Molly looked at each other, and Molly smiled. "Heavenly days!" she said.

## Mary's no longer contrary



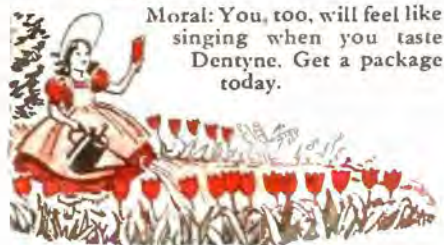
Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary.

You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

So Mary got a handy, flat, flavor-tite package of Dentyne—and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.



Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

listening friends not only throughout the Intermountain West, but in provinces of Canada, as far west as San Diego and as far east as Nebraska. That's a lot of territory for one young (a few months over twenty-one) man singing on a single station without the help of a network.

Pete comes from a musical family. His father has played for thirty years with many well-known bands, his mother taught piano, his young sister

is a church singer, and his older brother plays guitar and banjo with the staff orchestra on another Salt Lake City station. Pete himself always wanted to be a hillbilly singer, and back in Kenosha, Wisconsin, his home town, he started his career by entering an amateur night contest with a dozen other aspirants. He walked away with first prize, and the next step was to form a group of entertainers with his brother Paul and



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\* Used by more women than all  
other Cuticle Removers combined.

**SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"**

audition successfully at WRJN in Kenosha. For six years they played in and around Wisconsin, and then the family moved to Salt Lake City, where Pete soon got a job with KDYL.

Although he sings hillbilly songs, Pete also specializes in Mexican folk-music, which certainly makes him more than just another hillbilly singer. He has a library of several thousand songs, to which he is always adding. On a recent early-morning broadcast he had as his program guest Smiley Burnette, who happened to be in Salt Lake for a few days. It was an occasion that won't be forgotten soon by Peter's listeners, as he frequently features many of Smiley's songs.

A highlight of Pete's career took place during Salt Lake's Covered Wagon Days celebration just a few months ago. Charlie Buck, the "New England Hillbilly" who announces Pete's program, persuaded him to ride a horse in the parade which was part of the celebration. Pete has been so busy all his life singing cowboy songs that he'd never before actually been on a horse—but he liked the experience so well that he's been riding several times a week ever since. Before long he even expects to be a cowboy, as well as singing like one.

**BOSTON—**For the first time, Boston's most radio-minded family now includes a member who doesn't spend part of his day in front of a microphone. Esther Shain, who with her two sisters has sung on New England radio stations for several years, was married just before Labor Day to Dr. Joseph Osborne. The Shain trio, which will go right on broadcasting now that Esther is married, consists of Esther, twenty-two, Thelma, twenty, and Gloria, eighteen. Esther's specialty is popular songs, Thelma sings classics, and Gloria plays the piano and makes the musical arrangements. Their mother, Rose Wies Shain, is also a Boston radio star, singing in several languages and holding the post of Dean of Music in the Staley School of the Spoken Word. Radio earnings helped Esther pay her way through Radcliffe College, and Gloria is now attending Boston College.

**LOS ANGELES—**Hal Styles, who used to conduct the very successful Help Thy Neighbor program over Mutual's Pacific network, found himself in a spot when the national defense effort began. The idea of Help Thy Neighbor was to find jobs for out-of-work people, and defense industries created so many jobs that there soon weren't enough jobless to keep the show going. Hal was glad to see that happen, but he, unfortunately, was now the one out of a job.

Hal is one of radio's cleverest idea men, though, so it wasn't long before he popped up with a new program called Count Your Blessings, and now NBC's Pacific network broadcasts this inspirational show three times a week. Hal brings to the microphone people who outwardly haven't anything at all to be thankful for, and in his interviews with them proves that even the most unfortunate have blessings to count. If you live where you can, tune Count Your Blessings in some night—and you'll be good and ashamed next time you feel like grumbling over one of your little worries. Or your big ones either.



## Love Has Wings

(Continued from page 19)

sensible about it, and to realize he was sorry without any hearts and flowers effects on his part.

However, if Charlie had been with her she wouldn't have needed cheering. Under practically any circumstances, if Charlie was with her, she always was bewilderingly happy. She was, she decided for at least the thousandth time, somewhat ridiculous about Charlie. The way she talked about him—morning, noon and night, even to strangers—actually embarrassed her. And it did no good for her to resolve not to go on about him because always within the same hour she made that resolve she was sure to say, "As a friend of mine, a really brilliant boy, says . . ." while visions of Charlie looking like Scaramouche or some other stirring Sabatini character went marching through her head. He was such a surprising, unpredictable human being.

WELL," she thought, falling asleep, I certainly never can blame Charlie for leading me on. He's always treated me exactly as he'd treat his sister, Nancy, and his friend, Don Stevens. I can't actually remember one romantic thing he's ever said or done. I build my hopes on such little things . . . on that yellow rose he brought me once . . . on the fact that he makes it a point to see me, if he possibly can . . . on the funny pride he showed that time he introduced me to that older officer from his training field . . . on the way the color came up into his face when he said 'Ah, she's a wonderful dancer—and smart too; she makes lots of money. Which is a combination you don't find every day!'

"If only," she thought "he wouldn't be quite so fascinating, too fascinating for my good. In self-defense I must put him right out of my life. I must really. And now that he's in Canada training with the Royal Canadian Air Force and about to go overseas to England for combat duty is the time to do it."

It was with a determination to begin putting Charlie out of her life the very next day that Charita fell asleep. She had no more than closed her eyes, it seemed, when the 'phone rang. Whereupon she dug her head deeper into her pillow.

"Charita," Mrs. Bauer called "It's Charlie!"

"Charlie," she said "Charlie!" And all the time, fast as lightning, she was scrambling out of bed, reaching for her robe, and running towards the telephone.

"I'm at the apartment," he told her. "Mother hasn't come in from the country yet. I wasn't expected. Come on over. I'm lonely."

"You come over here," she said.

He must have been surprised. For four and a half years she had obeyed his every order unquestioningly. It wasn't that she had changed, however. On the contrary. She countered his suggestion only because if he came to her house she could dress while he was on his way and see him that much quicker.

"Charlie!" she cried when she opened the door "Oh, Charlie!"

He looked very fine in his uniform. But this wasn't what changed her mind about her resolve to put him

forever out of her life. She had forgotten all about it.

"I'm so glad to see you, Charlie," she told him.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" he said.

She had often dreamed of him saying something like this.

"I have cold cream on my face," she warned. But even as she spoke she walked into his arms.

"I like cold cream," he said. "It's very nice."

It doesn't sound romantic. But it was. Something in their eyes and their young voices made it so.

Charita was glad her father was at business and her mother had had to go downtown to see about the final details of the farm they were buying; a farm with an old Revolutionary house, an orchard, a brook, a wonderfully fragrant mint bed, and more acres than they ever would use. Because, alone with Charlie, she could move from one chair to another in order to look at him from every angle, unmolested by the embarrassment she would feel if her mother or father were watching.

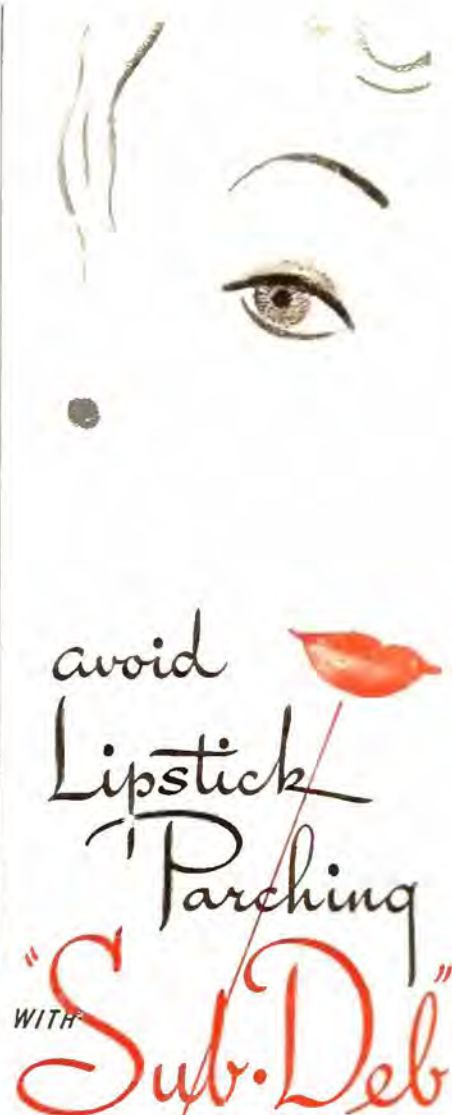
She left him only long enough to play a matinee. There was a notice on the call-board that they were closing that night. Everyone was depressed. Many had counted on this income. Few had radio contracts like Charita. And she realized this and tried to seem depressed too. But it was no use; her happiness shone all over her like a Neon light. Because Charlie, with Nancy and Donnie Stevens, was waiting for her at the Persian Room at the Plaza.

THEY didn't dance. They watched the others. Much of the time they were silent. As always when Charita was with Charlie she felt no need to say the things she wanted so desperately to say when he wasn't there. And in between times she searched his face, grown stronger and more mature in the six months he had been away.

That evening Charlie and Donnie and Nancy went to see Charita's play. And afterwards they all drove to the Hammer house in the country. (Irene Wicker is Mrs. Victor Hammer.) They cooked eggs and bacon and toast because in the rush they hadn't had much dinner. And finally Nancy and Donnie went to bed and Charlie and Charita, left alone, sat on the floor by the fire.

"I wonder," said Charita, "if I'll ever get over remembering the first time you took me out, Charlie. It was my first real date. I felt so grown up. We saw 'Damsel In Distress' with Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine. It wasn't supposed to be a good picture; but I loved it. I thought it was just wonderful! I was so happy! We had seats way up front in the second row on the right. It was at the Rivoli. Remember? Then we went to your house, to put on the feed bag, as you called it. You insisted upon a taxi and I was so impressed—imagine a couple of kids like we were then taking a dollar and ten cents taxi ride. I've always wondered if you did it to impress me or just because you were too lazy to walk

(Continued on page 67)



This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life . . . Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you more than alluring color . . . it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50c.





# WHAT YOUR Hands Tell

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

**A** FAMOUS personnel director said recently that in these days of skillful cosmetics a girl's hands reveal her age more accurately than her face. I'm not sure about that. But your hands do give a fairly complete story on your good grooming and good taste and general health.

Mary Mason has fascinating hands—as expressive as her face. (You hear her every Thursday evening, 7:30 to 8:00 P.M., over CBS Network, as Maudie in *Maudie's Diary*.) Maudie—I mean Mary (the part fits her like a glove)—is the active, wholesome type of modern girl who likes to do things. She likes sports such as archery and badminton. She has a country home, and she has just put her garden to bed for the winter. Yet when she comes to her city home, her smooth young hands show no trace of having roughed it.

Born in California, Miss Mason got an early start in the Pasadena Community Theatre. This led to her first job in a traveling stock company. Inevitably the movies got hold of her, and she appeared for RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox.

In 1935 she came to New York, and was immediately featured on the Broadway stage in "Call It a Day," "Schoolhouse on the Lot," "Brother Rat," and other hits, the most recent of which was "Charlie's Aunt."

Her hobby is fascinating and characteristic. She collects actors' letters, especially eighteenth and nineteenth century ones.

About those hands of yours. Everything you do for your face, you should do for your hands, only more so. Keep them clean with frequent washing, in softened water if possible, always with mild, pure soap. Use a nailbrush if your hands have gotten a bit grimy. But remember that all



The story of a woman's good grooming and fine taste is in her hands, says Mary Mason who stars in *Maudie's Diary* over CBS.

this washing tends to remove the natural oils, drying the skin of the hands. You must make it up to them with creams and lotions, used often and plentifully.

There are wonderful lotions on the market now—not the least bit gummy or sticky. Massage them on with a gentle stroking, as though you were fitting on gloves. Many business girls carry a little bottle of their favorite hand lotion in the handbag, so that they can use it after each washing.

If you dry your hands properly after every time they are in water, patting them thoroughly dry with soft towel or tissue, and then use a good lotion, there is no reason why you should ever have rough hands.

Lotions or creams at night help, too. There are creams which will not come off on the bedding or pillow. Or, if you wish to use cream in larger quantity, there are special sleeping gloves to keep it on all night.

In the morning give your hands their own beauty bath in softened warm water and push back the cuticle gently with an orange stick. If the enamel on your nails is chipped and you are not ready to give yourself a general manicure, mend it with one brush stroke of the same enamel from the base of the nail to the tip.

There is no reason why you should not give yourself as good a manicure as any professional. With a little practise you get over awkwardness with the left hand. Home manicuring does save time and money. Moreover, you can change your enamel from a daytime color to an evening color, or vary it according to what you are going to wear. Also, tactful women find it simple to change to a natural or inconspicuous enamel when

they are to be with friends who do not like the vivid colors.

If your nails tend to break off without provocation, it is probably a matter of general health (unless of course you are wearing them too long for your ordinary occupations). There are protective coverings, applied under the nail enamel, that are excellent. There is also a nail tonic sponsored by a well-known house of beauty preparations which does wonders in improving the resistance of the nails. It may be applied over nail polish, and it is very good for the toning up of the cuticle also.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, those of you who are foresightedly making your Christmas lists in November, this same Beauty House puts out a complete hand treatment set, a little kit in an attractive box that includes all the requisites for hand care—a gift for which anyone would thank you.

When you break or tear one nail, it is a good idea to have a set of artificial nails on hand. You glue one over the broken nail, trim it like the others, cover it with the same enamel, and it would take a very close observer indeed to tell it from the rest. It protects the finger while the nail is growing out.

Do not baby your hands. Now that the brisk autumn days are here, wear gloves only when necessary for warmth. Let your hands get toned up for the winter. Many women who think they cannot leave the house without gloves, or do any work without rubber gloves, make their hands so tender they chap at the least provocation. Save some of that glove money for more creams and lotions; your hands will fare better.



**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



(Continued from page 65)

over for the bus."

The glow from the fire fell on her hair and skin, giving them a rose glow. And he watched her long and silently.

"I always have to laugh too," she went on "when I think of the first time I ever saw you. When your mother's secretary asked me to come to the apartment after The Singing Lady broadcast and explained you were home from school because you had broken a couple of vertebrae, I instantly had a picture of you in a big chair by the fire with a rug around you. I used to be such a romantic!"

"Used to be!" he said. Undoubtedly he meant to sound mocking. But his emotion got in his way and he sounded very, very tender.

"Well anyway," Charita continued, "well anyway, Charlie, I never will forget looking up from my script about five minutes before we went on the air that afternoon—your mother was playing Cinderella and I was the Fairy Godmother—and seeing you and Donnie in the control room. I knew it was you instantly somehow, even if I had been thinking of you wrapped up in a rug by the fire. Which proves I have a sense of reality too. Don't you think so, Charlie?"

HE reached for her hand and played with her fingers. It was very quiet. Charita scarcely breathed lest she break the magic spell.

"What else do you remember about us?" he asked finally.

"That's about all," she lied. For she remembered everything that ever had happened to them and what time of day it had been and whether it had been sunny or rainy, what Charlie wore, what she wore, exactly how he had stood or sat or walked and exactly what he had said.

"What do you remember?" she parried.

His hands closed over her hands. "I remember when I broke my ankle."

"And . . ." she prompted.

"And I was on crutches," he elaborated, "And you came to see me. And you didn't go on or fuss. You gaged about me forever breaking my bones. And you had tears in your eyes."

"I had tears in my eyes," she volunteered, responding to the question his tone implied, "because I couldn't bear to see you like that."

Her voice came clear and free and fluid and her words rushed. But he talked with an effort, as if each word he spoke must hurdle some restraint he had imposed upon himself for so long that it had become part of him.

Charita thought: "Something must have hurt Charlie once upon a time. That's why he holds back as he does. That's why it's his instinct to be strictly a solo flyer. He's afraid of emotions and what they can do to you."

A log crashed with a bright shower of sparks. Charita jumped. Charlie drew her close and kissed her on top of her head where her brown curls were tied with a blue velvet bow.

"Charita . . ." he began. But when she started to talk in the same instant he stopped that she might go on.

"Charlie!" she said. "Look Charlie! We've sat up all night. There's a rose light in the sky. It's dawn!"

He stood up and pulled her up beside him. And whatever he had been about to say went unsaid. He kissed her instead, twice. "Good

night," he said "and good-bye. And if we don't hurry, Charita, we won't get any sleep at all. It will be time to leave for the airport."

Irene and Victor Hammer, Nancy, Donnie, Charlie and Charita—they all drove to the airport in the Hammer car. Everybody knew they might not see Charlie again for a long time. But nobody mentioned it. Within the month he would have his wings. And soon afterwards he would be sailing overseas where he would remain until the last Messerschmitt had been chased out of the English sky.

The plane for Canada stood waiting on the field.

"Back a few paces, Charlie," Donnie said when they came to the field gate, giving the signal for their favorite gag.

They approached each other, hands outstretched, and met with a big hello. Don wore a tooth-brush in his button-hole.

"What's that?" asked Charlie. "In your lapel?"

"That?" said Don. "Oh that! That's my college pin. I went to Colgate!"

Everybody laughed gratefully. It was good to have any release for their emotion. Then it was time for Charlie to board the plane. The stewardess closed the cabin door behind him. Field attendants took the blocks away from the wheels. The engines roared. The propellers spun and made themselves invisible. In the cabin window Charlie raised his hand in a final farewell. The plane lifted, circled the field, and was lost to view.

"I go Charita's way," Donnie said. "And I'm taking a cab."

"Look," he told her the minute they were alone. "No Messerschmitt or Stuka is going to knock Charlie down. You know what they call him up at the training field—'Lucky!' Because he never crashes no matter how close he comes to it."

"Donnie," Charita said, "I'm not going home just yet. Let me off at the Plaza instead, will you?"

"Sure," he agreed, "but why—if I may ask."

SHE touched the gold RCAF wings she wore for Charlie. "I've been thinking," she said, "that it would be a good idea for me to fly on my own wings—for the duration! So I thought I'd see 'Women Flyers of America' about taking a course and getting a license and being ready to fly a hospital ship or to do anything else women will be needed to do in case of a national emergency. Don't laugh, Donnie . . ."

"I'm not laughing," he assured her. The cab stopped. He got out and took her hand.

"Thanks for everything," she said. "For leaving Charlie and me alone last night . . . for doing that tooth-brush gag at the airport . . . and for taking me to dinner tomorrow night, after my broadcast. You are, aren't you? So I can talk about . . ."

He held up his hand. "Don't tell me, let me guess! So you can talk about Charlie and business of putting him out of your life. Right?"

She shook her head. "Only half right," she said. "You see, last night—or this morning rather—after you and Nancy went upstairs—I completely gave up the idea of trying to put Charlie out of my life. Instead I'm going to try to keep him in my life—forever!"

# Walter Winchell

Presents



"HOLLYWOOD  
JOINS THE  
NAVY" . . .

Walter Winchell, America's ace columnist after serving a tour of duty as a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve is presenting through Photoplay-Movie Mirror a report on famous film figures who have donned the Navy blue. A splendid exclusive that is up to the minute on what Hollywood is doing for Uncle Sam's sea defense. Commander Winchell's "Hollywood Joins the Navy" in the November Photoplay-Movie Mirror will interest and inspire every patriotic American who reads it!



I COULD  
TAME HIM!

He's a challenge to every woman! The fresh, vital tang of his definitely different personality has swept the feminine population like a tidal wave with the result that Hollywood girls are "that way" about Stirling Hayden, and making their brags about what they could do if— But read "Could You Tame Stirling Hayden?" in the new November issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror which includes a grand full color portrait of this new star.

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# Coleman

## OIL HEATERS

"Keep Warmer This Winter"



## Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 40)

Then, rearing back, the Man of Tomorrow hit his inhuman enemy with all the untold strength in his great arm. The tentacles went limp and the octopus, dead, sank to the bottom!

The airlines were clear and in a moment—even before the professor had regained consciousness—Superman was back in the bathysphere. Thorpe was sure that only a miracle had saved them—he would never know that without Superman he would have died a horrible death.

In another minute, a signal came from the diver. The doors were opened and Gleason staggered in, weighed down by a queerly-shaped, heavy box. The other two men helped remove his helmet and, jubilantly, Gleason began to speak:

"Professor—I found it! The gold ship was just where you said it would be!"

"And what about the gold?"

"Look at this box, sir—that's just one of ten others just like it!"

Superman quickly broke open the water-rotted cover.

Reverently, the professor whispered: "Spanish doubloons—the gold of the treasure ship—hundreds of them! I've succeeded—a life's dream come true!" He paused—and then—"Gleason, how long will it take to transfer all the boxes?"

"About an hour."

"Well, let's hurry and get to work."

BUT just before Gleason was ready to step out again, the buzzer rang. It was Maddox calling from the surface. His voice was ragged with anxiety.

"Professor—I've been trying to reach you but you didn't answer. There's a storm—a bad one—brewing up here. The barometer is falling fast—you'd better come on up."

At first the professor refused but then Superman, arguing that it was useless to endanger Gleason's life, persuaded him to come up until the storm had blown over. When they reached the surface, the barometer had stopped falling. Thorpe, insisting that the reporter stay behind, turned a deaf ear to every argument of the captain and descended again.

It was a few minutes after the man aboard the *Juanita* heard the first report that Gleason had gone back to the treasure ship when Superman looked at the barometer again. It had dropped ten points! As he tried to contact the professor, Maddox shouted:

"Batten down the hatches—stand by the anchors! All hands on deck!" Thorpe, worried now, reported that the bathysphere couldn't be moved until Gleason had returned. But even as Kent hung up the receiver, the skipper ran up to him:

"Kent—we can't hold those anchors. The wind's too strong—they're slip-

ping! This is a hurricane and we're being driven on the rocks!"

Frantically, the engineer's bell was rung as full-speed ahead was ordered. The starboard hawser was eased up—the helmsman spun his wheel. But it was useless. The now puny strength of the ship was as nothing against the fury of the gale. And with each foot, the delicate shell of the bathysphere was dragged roughly along the ocean bottom. Caught in the wild, screaming fury of a tropical hurricane, the *Juanita*, pounded by mountainous waves, was driven closer and closer to the jagged rocks that lined the shore of Octopus Bay. And, three hundred feet below the raging surface of the water, Professor Thorpe and Gleason—back too late, now—were trapped, helpless, as the diving bell crashed on toward destruction.

The wind roared at a hundred miles an hour. The wind and the waves didn't give the anchor hooks a chance to sink into the sand bottom. And it would have been sure suicide to attempt to lift the bathysphere. Then Superman, alone at the rail, watched as the ship was driven, irrevocably, relentlessly, toward the jagged, evil Sharks Tooth Reef. They were only 50 yards from it when Superman, hidden in the protective spray, leaped high off the railing. Red cloak streaming, lithe body whistling through the air, his thoughts worked quickly:

"Faster—faster. Not a moment to lose! There is just one way I can hold the *Juanita* off those rocks. I'll brace myself against them. As the ship comes in, I'll catch her—hold her off long enough for the anchor to take hold! Down—down!"

He reached the reef just as the ship, moving with the speed of a locomotive, bore down on him. He reached out and touched the prow. Steel muscles braced like giant bridge girders, Superman held the ship and its human cargo against the fury of the hurricane, held it until it was firmly anchored. Then, as the storm died down, he flew back aboard the *Juanita*, unnoticed in the excitement.

MADDOX, relieved and believing that the anchors had caught finally by some great stroke of luck, immediately contacted the professor. In another moment, the bathysphere and its two weary but overjoyed occupants were standing safely on the *Juanita's* deck. Beside them lay ten wooden boxes.

The professor's gentle, kindly eyes were filled with tears. He turned to Superman:

"Look, Kent—two million dollars in gold—enough to build an institute of science that will stand forever as a monument to mankind. Isn't that the best story you ever wrote?"

And Superman could only smile and nod his head in agreement.

COMING NEXT MONTH—Follow through to the unexpected ending, the beautiful love story of AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL—  
in December RADIO MIRROR



## Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne

(Continued from page 18)

that mother off," Joyce said. "I understand now. Thanks, Paul."

He looked at her in surprise. "For what?"

"For helping me with my problem, of course. Wasn't that what you started out to do?"

"Oh. Oh, yes. Sure." He gave a sort of shrug and went on undressing.

But they did not talk any more that night. And Joyce lay awake for most of their rare precious night together, wondering if Paul was really asleep, lying there so still and so—so separate—

**B**UT morning could always bring back Joyce's buoyant sense of the joy of work, the worthwhileness, the enormous possibilities of life. At the hospital she found that Hope wanted to see her, and she exulted. "We worked it," Joyce said, "Paul and I." It felt good, put that way.

"I've decided not to resign," Hope said, "and I wanted to thank you. All my life I've been running away from every problem I ran into. You don't know how many boarding schools I've gone to—and from. And hospitals, even before I came here, trying to get away from—Canada—" She stopped, tears in her eyes.

"I know," Joyce said. "But you've found out that escape doesn't work, haven't you?"

Hope nodded.

"Staying with a thing and fighting it out on the home grounds is the

hard way," Joyce went on. "If it gets too hard, you come to us, will you?"

**H**OPE promised and she kept her word. More than that, Joyce sometimes thought, though one could never know whether suffering might lie beneath what seemed a simple social invitation. These came often and whatever Hope's problems were, money was not one of them. She left the nurses' home and took an apartment in the same building with the one where Paul lived and Joyce spent her hours off from the hospital.

One day, Hope had called her at the internes' library and asked her to meet her downstairs. When Joyce saw her, her spirits sank. Even from far down the corridor she could see that this was not the serene, happy Hope of the last weeks. She was again the desperate girl with the wild, frightened eyes and the queer tormented mouth, whom Joyce had been called in to help. "What's wrong, Hope?" All her sympathy came rushing back. "Has something happened?"

Hope nodded, her white teeth pressing her lip.

"A case—a patient?"

"Oh, no! If only that was all!" Joyce felt an unreasonable fright. "You'd better get it off your chest," she said quietly.

"Oh, but you—to tell you, of all people—"

"Would you rather talk to Tiny? Or—" Joyce found the words difficult — "Or to Paul?"

Hope's shoulders jerked. "Not Paul! And Tiny knows. It was he who told me!"

Joyce shook her head, dazed. This wild, incoherent talk did not make sense. She waited, and at last Hope burst out passionately, "Oh, forget about me! I'm not worth your kindness. I've got to leave!"

"Running away again?" Joyce asked gently.

"This time I've got to! It's the only way! If you knew, you'd want me to!"

"Suppose you let me decide that," Joyce said.

"All right. I'll tell you. But Joyce, believe me, I didn't want it to happen! I didn't even know it, till Tiny told me."

**A**LL right. I believe you." Joyce felt suddenly tired. She didn't want to go on with this conversation. She had had enough. There were limits to what anyone must do. But she waited.

"Last night Tiny got fed up with what he called my stalling," Hope said at last. "And he was right. I was stalling. Just as he said, I'd been keeping him hanging around, stringing him along, just as a convenience. So I could go on dates with you and —Paul—" She broke off, her eyes frightened, staring at Joyce.

"All right," Joyce said calmly. "Suppose it's true. It's hard on Tiny and flattering to us, but I still don't see—"

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"You don't?" Hope's lip was white where the small even teeth had set into it, hard. "Well, it's because you won't, then. But you have to! I'll tell you! He said it, and it's true. I—I'm in love with Paul!"

Joyce felt the gentle smile freeze on her face. Then she caught herself, forced a deep breath. "I'm sorry," she said. "It is pretty rough on you, isn't it?"

"Me!" Hope lifted her head and stared incredulously.

"Yes. Isn't it your hard luck? Paul is married, you know, and—happily, I think—"

"Oh, yes." Hope sighed. "I know he never dreamed—"

"Well, let's keep it that way." Joyce made her voice brisk, light with an ease she did not feel.

"You mean, you'd want me to stay on, as if nothing had happened?"

"Nothing has, that can't be put behind us. Has it?"

Hope looked at her a long moment and slowly drew a deep, sighing breath. "I—No, of course not. I'll—try."

Joyce believed her. But the extent to which she went to keep her promise was a surprise—and a shock.

ON the first evening that the four could meet at the Sherwood apartment, Hope suddenly raised her sherry glass. Something about the gesture caught the attention of them all, stilled their conversation.

"Joyce," she said in a queerly high, shrill voice. "Remember our talk the other morning?"

"Yes, Hope. But—" Surely she would not bring it up here, before Paul!

"Well, I told you what I'd do and now I'm doing it. Tiny!"

She didn't need to call for Tiny's attention. His eyes were on her, bright, his lips parted.

"Shall we tell them, Tiny?" Hope's voice rose even higher. "Shall we announce our glad tidings?"

Then Tiny's face changed. Slowly a beatific look spread over it, making him look so cherubic that it would have been funny, if Joyce hadn't sensed the tragedy that might lie in this for him.

"We—we're engaged, Tiny and I!" She waved her glass, and her eyes came to Paul. "Do you hear me? Why don't you congratulate us? We're going to be married!"

The congratulations did not come. A heavy silence hung over the room. Tiny could not speak, but he did move. He went to Hope and took her in his arms, shyly, almost reverently, and kissed her. Her response was not what Joyce would have expected in a betrothal kiss. She did not

look into Tiny's face, there was no relaxed, deep surrender, forgetful of the rest of the world. Her eyes were open, bright, they looked over Tiny's shoulder—and they looked at Paul.

It was nonsense to notice things like that, magnify them into importance. But Joyce could not keep her eyes from following Hope's. And Paul was standing as if frozen, his face darkly frowning. Then he was turning to her, his frown deeper, angry, as if he blamed her for something quite intolerable.

Well, it didn't make her happy, either, Joyce thought defensively. It was an engagement on the rebound, entered into for the wrong reasons, and it was terribly unfair to Tiny.

They found words, finally, to say the right things, and somehow the evening wore on. But that night, for the first time, Joyce was glad to leave, glad to leave Paul and go back to the hospital. And the next day she laughed at herself. When for a moment she came out of the wonderful crowded rhythm of hospital urgency, she told herself, "I must be getting neurotic myself. It'll all work out. Marriage will bring back Tiny's laughter, and Hope will laugh with him." About Paul's attitude she reached a hasty but comfortable conclusion. "I can't expect to understand every fluctuation of mood of a sensitive, creative person like Paul. Especially at the beginning of a book—"

That book came to represent the explanation of everything that would have caused Joyce doubt or worry in the next weeks. If he failed to make the call that had been sacredly regular, it was because he was absorbed in writing and forgot the time. If she dined oftener and oftener on the dull fare of the internes' table, it was because he was in a writing spurt. Or living on refrigerator snacks and letting her get her living from the hospital where she earned it, in order to make his money last through the book. And didn't they need to use every device for that purpose!

BUT the book could not explain the misunderstanding that came about one evening when Joyce, after waiting half an hour for his call, had phoned him.

"You're just in time," he boomed out heartily. But heartiness was not the usual tone of their precious minutes of conversation. "Why don't you come out with us to eat?"

"Us?"

"Hope and—Tiny and—me." Had she imagined the pause before he named Tiny? She wondered, afterward.

"I can't, dear. I haven't got all my reports written up for the staff meeting tonight, and I'll have to snatch



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a sandwich while I do them."

"Oh, well I'm sorry, dear." What was missing there, in tone and word? Nothing, necessarily, yet Joyce could not shake off the feeling that he had not spoken the way he would have if he had been alone.

It was not till after she had hung up that Joyce began to wonder about Tiny. Cutting the meeting was an unforgivable offense in a Heights Hospital interne. His work had been getting uneven, lately, anyway. She stopped at Men's Surgical on the way back to the Children's Wing. "Listen, Tiny, don't cut tonight. You know what Dr. Simon thinks about these meetings—"

Tiny's round face went blank. "Who's cutting? My records are up for once and I'm prepared to deliver the most brilliant discourse that ever rang forth in that staff room."

Joyce shook a soft lock of hair off her forehead, dazedly. "I thought—Paul said you and Hope and he—" She broke off. "Never mind. It's O. K. Just a misunderstanding—"

"Wait." His face lost all its gayety as he hung the chart up on the foot of the patient's bed and led her down the hall. "What is this?" His tone was commanding, and Joyce responded, giving him the details. "Hope probably assumed you'd come, forgetting the meeting—"

"No, she didn't." There was no doubt in his voice. "Look here, Joyce. We've got to do something about this. Or you have, rather."

"I."

YES, you. For me it's the old runaround, but I've had enough of them to know what I'm up against. I wasn't fooled about what I was getting when Hope decided to be my fiancée for reasons best known to herself, and I'm getting just what I bargained for. It happens that I want it, and I'm still hoping. But you—you had something pretty nice before Hope came along, and I'm not going to stand by and see it messed up."

"Messed up? You don't mean you can think the girl you love would—"

"She'd do anything, right now," Tiny said, his lips grim. "Maybe it's her fault, maybe it isn't. My guess is that she can't help it. She's needed love all her life and it's got so bad that a kind of sickness won't let her take it naturally, the easy way—if there is an easy way—"

"Maybe there is no easy way," Joyce said thoughtfully. "But there's a right kind of love. Yours would be right, for her. I feel so sure—"

Tiny's big body winced. "It's your problem we're talking about," he said almost harshly. "Whether it's Hope's fault or not is beside the point. Right now she's a menace to you, with the mood she's in, and the mood Paul's in, vulnerable because of his sense of inferiority—"

"Inferiority! Tiny, how can you say such a thing? A man with Paul's successes behind him!"

"That's the kind that get it worst," Tiny said. "The brilliant ones are so smart they see a lot of things wrong with themselves that the dumb ones wouldn't dream of."

"I felt pretty sure he wasn't satisfied with the way the book was going," Joyce said. "But I thought when he realized it wasn't the sort of thing he should write he'd go out and get a job and no harm done—"

"No harm done! Say, a guy like Paul'd go through hell before he ad-

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mitted he was licked. And in the meantime the girl that's on hand with salve for his raw pride can get in a lot of dirty work."

"Tiny, I believe you're right." Joyce paused. The words said aloud had a terrible ring of finality. She had never even let herself think them before. They gave her a sudden sense of panic. "Tiny, what shall I do?"

"Do? You'll get over to that apartment and put in every hour, every minute you can beg, borrow or steal off the hospital—"

"But I can't go running in to stand guard over my husband!"

Tiny gave her a disgusted look. "So it's pride, now? Your pride means more to you than your marriage?"

Joyce looked at him a moment, thoughtfully, then shook her head. "No. No, Tiny, it doesn't."

"Believe me, it better not. You've got enough handicaps as a wife, with a job like this, without adding a lot of artificial ones. We'll just drop over there tonight after the meeting."

**T**HEY did. They heard Paul's voice before they reached the last flight. It was deep, rumbling, with that even rhythm that indicates reading aloud. As they reached the door they could distinguish the words:

"And so, taking the long view, the situation in Europe resolves itself into a struggle among three momentous contending forces: the age-old power of the British Empire, the rebirth of Germany's national pride of military conquest under the insanely clever leadership of a fanatic, and the growing mysterious force of Communism led by the crafty Asiatic, Stalin."

Suddenly Joyce did not want to go in. She couldn't. She could not face Paul, knowing that he had been proudly reading this—this warmed-over political analysis—aloud to Hope. He hadn't offered to read it to her, or to let her read it. Was it because he had sensed her disapproval, and been hurt by it? Or was it because in his heart he knew how right she was to disapprove? More than ever, now, she was sure that this was not the sort of thing Paul could do—Paul with his sure, human touch, his quick eye for the intimate details of a scene. Those were great gifts, too great to be discarded in favor of windy platitudes and pompous re-statements of political theories that must be the merest commonplaces to real experts on world affairs.

Then she heard Tiny, the man Paul had called an insensitive lug, saying gently, "That's probably not a fair sample of the book. Anyway, they all have to have spots like this to impress the public. Besides, this is a first draft."

But even as he said it, they heard Hope's voice inside, high and excited in unashamed flattery: "Why Paul, that's simply marvelous! The book'll make you famous!"

Tiny's jaw was set in a grim line, his big hand shaking off her restraining one and pressing the doorbell. Paul opened the door after a moment

of startled silence. His face was flushed, his eyes bright. Hope stood up from the hassock, placed close to Paul's chair, where she had been sitting. "Just in time for a big moment," she said gaily, but her eyes were embarrassed, almost afraid. "Preview of—The Book!"

But Paul was stuffing the sheets of manuscript into a desk drawer.

"You're not going to stop!" Hope protested. "Just when your wife enters!"

"My wife has enough trouble of her own," Paul muttered, "without having to listen to this—"

It was time for her to say something, to deny it. But Joyce couldn't speak. She was afraid. She was afraid of what she would say if he read more like what she had heard. She had to be honest with her husband. It was basic in their marriage. Give that up, and she might as well admit failure.

But Hope spoke instead. "I'm sure Joyce doesn't feel that way," she said slowly and distinctly. "Joyce wouldn't think her job at the hospital more important than being your wife. Would you, Joyce?" she asked sweetly.

Joyce felt her whole body stiffen. Anger surged through her, and shame for letting this make her angry. But she wouldn't answer a question like that from Hope. Her silence sounded loud in her ears. Paul closed his desk with a bang.

"But Joyce, listen," Hope cried out. "Paul was feeling low tonight. He was even talking about throwing his manuscript into the wastebasket and going out to get a job. Wouldn't that be a crime? Just because he has a lot of old-fashioned ideas about a husband being able to support his wife?"

Again, Joyce felt contrariness tense her muscles. "I think he knows best," she said stiffly, "about what he wants to do."

**B**UT the book is wonderful!" Hope protested. "It'll be a Book of the Month Club selection, all the critics will rave, and he'll be able to choose any job he wants, anywhere. But he won't need to take one, the book will make so much money!"

Paul looked sheepish, but the smile with which he honored the solid leather of his shoes was definitely pleased.

"I'm good at higher mathematics," Tiny said. "Let me figure out the royalties."

Paul's head jerked up and there was hostility in his brown eyes as he looked at Tiny. "Is that a dirty crack?" he asked.

"You know Tiny never made a dirty crack in his life," Joyce told Paul, and her voice sounded sharp to her own ears. She tried to smile. "Let's have a cool drink of something."

So that moment passed, in a way. In another way, it stayed. It stayed with Joyce when she walked slowly down the stairs half an hour later, and for the first time the blessed rush and routine of the hospital did not absorb all her thoughts. For the first time she really wondered if marrying while

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she was still confined to the restrictions of internship had been wise. Maybe Hope's malicious remarks had had some truth in them. Maybe being a wife, helping her husband in his work, encouraging him, serving him, was a full time job, which she was neglecting, which she had to neglect as long as she was an interne.

Yet what was the alternative? Quitting now, throwing away seven years of medical school and nearly two years of this internship when she had such a short span of time ahead before she was through? The idea was fantastic. Paul would be the first to say so. It had all been agreed before they married. But marriage looks so different before you're in it!

To make it worse, the hospital suddenly experienced an almost unprecedented period of activity. A heat wave came down on the city without warning, adding the last touch that made casualties of wavering human lives. People took to the roads, to the beaches, with the resulting accidents and emergencies. For weeks no interne even thought of asking for time off. When at last a night came that both she and Tiny could go out, Tiny was the only one to go. For as she started off the floor the phone rang. "Dr. Jordan, we're sending up a boy in a diabetic coma." That settled that. Joyce had no time even for disappointment, all that long night of feverish activity, rushing from the boy's bedside to the laboratory and back again. When she finally went to bed, the next day, she slept heavily until her phone rang at eleven in the evening. It was not important, about some X-ray plates, but she got up and stumbled, half asleep, toward the X-ray room. Night nurses were just stepping softly and reluctantly into the wards to take up their lonely duties. One of them, approaching down the hall, caught her out of her drowsiness. It was a slender, white-clad figure, and as Joyce recognized her with a sharp, indefinable pang, she turned abruptly into the entrance of a diet kitchen.

JOYCE summoned a friendly voice and stopped in the doorway. "Hope! Where've you been? I haven't seen you around for ages."

"I went onto night duty," Hope answered shortly, and started to pass. But Joyce blocked the door. There was something queer, unwilling, about Hope's way of speaking to her. Perhaps she was ashamed of her insinuations that night. Well, that was over and gone, might as well let her know it. "Hard luck," she said. "Maybe I can get you put back on days."

"It wasn't hard luck," Hope said, her eyes on the chart she carried. "I—I wanted it."

"Wanted night duty?"

Hope nodded, and Joyce saw that her lips trembled.

"I—I don't understand," Joyce said slowly. Then she had a bright thought. "Unless—Oh, I see—Tiny's going on night work!"

Hope shook her head. "No. He isn't. That's just why—" She broke off. "Oh, Joyce, please let me by. My patient's waiting."

But Joyce hardly heard her. She was thinking. It was to escape Tiny's company that Hope had asked for night duty. "Hope, listen," she said with sudden urgency. "What's happened—between you and Tiny?"

Hope's eyes came up to hers and they were shining defiantly. Her

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mouth had twisted to reveal what Joyce had not wanted to recognize before—the capacity to inflict as well as suffer pain. "All right," she said in a low, tense voice. "You've asked for it. What happened wasn't between Tiny and me. Or at least that wasn't important! Nothing about Tiny is important to me!" She hushed her rising voice with an effort.

"Well?" Joyce asked mechanically, numbly. "With whom, then?"

"With Paul, of course! You know it. I don't believe you even care!"

"Never mind that," Joyce said in this same unreal detachment. "Let's have the story straight, without dramatics."

Hope stared at her with hostile eyes. "Haven't you any feelings at all?"

Joyce stiffened, anger rising in her, but she did not speak.

Hope said almost sullenly, "Well, then. Paul was low because he was worried about running out of money. I don't suppose you knew that. You didn't even bother to find out what was wrong."

I took all the self-control Joyce could muster to face Hope with calm. As if she needed to be told about their money troubles! She couldn't let Hope talk to her this way. She couldn't go on with this. But she had to!

"I tried to warn you the other night!" Hope cried out. "But you wouldn't listen. So it was up to me. I had to act, if you didn't. I got Tiny to offer Paul a loan."

"Tiny! But he's got only his interne's pay. Paul knows he's poor—"

"We had a story fixed. He'd been left a little legacy."

"And it was your money, of course?"

"Yes, but Tiny could have put it over. Only he's so insanely honest! Paul worked on him a little and he admitted it."

"Paul must have been furious." Joyce could imagine his outraged pride.

Hope hesitated. Then she turned her face away. "He was, at first—"

Joyce felt as if a pair of giant hands had taken her heart in their grip and started a slow, mighty pressure. She wanted to run from the thing she was to learn. Yet her feet were rooted there, and her ears strained for Hope's next words.

"Naturally, when he realized I'd been trying to help him, he was—sorry."

"I see," Joyce could see it too clearly, the way Hope had crumpled into a pathetic little heap, sobbing, and Paul's look of remorse that he would feel for hurting anything helpless. And then—

"That wasn't all." Hope said the

words sharply, distinctly, as if she took pleasure in using them as weapons. "It had to come. He—he loves me."

Somehow Joyce found herself speaking in that same dead calm. "Did he tell you so? Hope, answer me. Did he say he loved you?"

Hope's eyes studied the toes of her white shoes. Her shoulders moved convulsively, making a crisp rustling sound in the starched white fabric of her uniform. "Some things don't have to be put in words," she whispered at last. "I know. I knew, even before he—kissed me—"

"Kissed you?"

Hope met her eyes then, with a wild sort of triumph. "Yes! He did! Why not? He needs sympathy, companionship—love! I can give them to him. And I'm going to!"

"Hope!" Joyce said sharply. "You're not rational!"

"Rational!" Hope cried out. "If you mean I'm not cold and ambitious, chasing success so hard that I've forgotten to be a real, live woman, then you're right. I'm not rational! I'm a woman in love!"

Joyce closed her lips against the furious words that sprang to them. After a moment she said coldly, "Let's drop the heroics—or hysterics. I'm not going to join your little dramatic club. I ask you for the last time to try to think. Paul is a married man, and until he asks for his freedom he is likely to stay married. Is that clear?"

Hope's eyes lost their defiance suddenly, ran from Joyce's steady gaze. She said, "My patient's ringing—"

Joyce stood aside, hardly aware of what she did, watching as if in a nightmare the slender pliant figure move down the hall and disappear within the door over which the small red light blinked out. How long she stood there she did not know; how long the annunciator whined over her name before she heard it: "Dr. Jordan . . . Dr. Joyce Jordan . . ."

For once the magic of hospital activity swept around her leaving her untouched. She stood dazed, her thoughts racing in furious circles. The story Hope had told her meant nothing but that Paul's heart was kind, his sympathy quick. Only Hope's neurotic need to dramatize herself had made it into anything more. And yet—couldn't compassion and pity grow into emotions quite different, given the opportunity? The opportunity was there. Hope had taken care of that. She had taken night duty to avoid interference from Tiny. All day long she and Paul would be alone in their adjoining apartments: Hope driven by the queer, tormented urge that obsessed her, and Paul—



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Joyce forced her whirling thoughts to concentrate on Paul. Was there some truth in what Hope had said? Could he be in need of sympathy, understanding, that he was not getting from her—even love? She remembered his pleasure at Hope's praise. Maybe she should have—But she couldn't be dishonest. If she felt the book was not good, she could not say it was. She respected Paul too much. Whatever happened, she would have to treat him as an adult, an equal. Even if—but she could not face the thought. It couldn't be true. She wasn't losing him. She couldn't!

But she remembered, as she went about her work, the warning Dr. Simon had given her when she married. "You're like me," he had said. "You don't leave the hospital behind you when you walk out of it. That's good, from my point of view as medical director. But as a man—well, it's left me with nothing in my life but my job. Don't let it happen to you."

But had she? Joyce was suddenly terrified. A little after noon the next day, instead of getting some badly needed rest, she went to Paul's apartment.

She was terribly tired. On the third night she had to stop to rest. Her heart thumped loud in her ears. But was it all from fatigue? Could it be the sounds she heard as she stood still?

A radio was blaring from above. Yes, their radio, though she had never heard it so loud. Then she heard Paul's voice, not the low easy tone she knew well, but a wilder, coarser sound.

SHE put her hand on the railing and pulled herself up the rest of the flight, and the next. The music got louder with each step. And over it she heard the voice she had dreaded to hear.

"So that's okay," shrieked Hope. "'N' that's all that counts, isn't it, Paul?"

What was okay? What was all that counted?

For long seconds Joyce waited for his answer. But it did not come. Only the dizzy rocking tune on the radio, nothing else, making a curious effect of deep silence in spite of all the noise. A silence more frightening than any words could have been.

Joyce lifted her hand at last. It seemed almost too heavy to reach the doorbell. But she would not use her key. She would not walk in on this scene. She was afraid to see it.

But she saw enough. When the sound of the bell at last coincided with a lull in the music, she heard Hope say, "Let me go. It must be the delicatessen—"

Joyce wished crazily that she was the delicatessen, anything but what she was: Dr. Joyce Jordan, or Mrs. Paul Sherwood. Which?

The door swung back and she and Hope faced each other. Hope's face underwent a series of changes that would have been funny if anything could be funny now. Surprise, a flash of something like fear, then quick defiance.

"Oh, Paul, we're honored!" she called out. "A guest who rarely shows up here—"

"Bring 'em in," Paul shouted. "Bring 'em all in! From the highways and byways, let 'em all come and eat and drink and be merry, for it's the last time I'll be entertaining for a while—"

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beneath her, Joyce moved slowly into range. When he saw her, his flushed face turned white. He tried to struggle to his feet, but the rug, apparently rolled back for dancing, tripped him and he sank heavily to the divan. The rough plaid homespun cover, chosen so carefully on their first shopping trip, was crumpled and soiled. The little maple coffee table looked curiously innocent beneath its burden of half-finished drinks. One ice cube slowly melted in a little pool of water.

Somehow all this ought to hurt terribly. But Joyce felt cold and apart from it all. It couldn't be happening in her own place. It was like a scene in the theatre, the orgy scene, lacking no detail to reveal to the blind wife what no number of hints had made her see before.

Still, she did feel weariness. She was tired, desperately tired, and her legs did not support her any more. She reached a hand to a chair and let herself slip into it, gasping a little.

She realized that Hope had followed her—pursued her, really. Now she stood over her with a queer demanding look. She was waiting for her to speak. Then Joyce saw that Paul's eyes were on her too, and he too was waiting.

SO she was not the audience in the theatre after all. She had a part in this to play. They had given her her cue, but somehow she had missed it. What were the wife's lines now? She didn't know. But the silence was awful. You couldn't let a silence grow and grow and bear down on everyone like this. If you were a trouper you could ad lib something.

But Paul was doing it for her now. He was filling in. "Pretty mess to come home to, isn't it, Joyce? Nice refuge for the tired doctor?"

It would do for the moment, but it didn't get them anywhere. It was still up to her. Should she shout out loud denunciations, weep or scream, demand explanations, threaten vengeance? But she couldn't. She could only sit there holding on to the chair.

Hope said suddenly, "What are we waiting for? This is as good a time as any. We've been due to have a showdown for months, and now it's here!"

"Showdown?" Paul's eyes turned to Hope's slowly, narrowed in puzzled question.

Hope laughed. She laid a hand on his forehead, let it move back to twine a strand of hair around her finger. He shook himself free, as if dazed. She said, "Don't pretend—darling. This business of protecting the wife from the facts is no kindness. Don't you agree, Joyce?"

Still Joyce did not speak. But Paul stood up and this time he kept his feet, though he swayed a little. "Facts?" he asked of Hope. "What facts?"

"About—us." Her voice was high, excited. "How we feel about each other."

"Well?" Paul said. "How do we feel about each other?"

"Don't try to shield her," Hope said. "She knows life. Isn't she a doctor? Doesn't she see every day the way things happen that nobody can help? She knows she can't eat her cake and have it too—"

"Stop!" Paul's voice was suddenly his own, quite sober, knife-edged. "What's this about cake? You're not talking about me, are you? Calling me cake?"

Hope tried to laugh, but it was a failure. Fright had come into her eyes and her red mouth was an ugly gash across her white face.

Joyce found her voice at last. "Perhaps she's right, Paul. Perhaps it is time for a showdown. I'm tired of mysteries, too."

"Mysteries?" Paul met her eyes for the first time. "It's quite clear, really. You see before you the celebration of a big event. I sent the draft of my book off to Joe Turner of Kipworth, Brice. He knows his stuff, and he can spot it in the roughest shape. He's a friend of mine, but he's honest. I knew he'd give me the word. And he did. Just one." He caught his breath and then he said it. "Flo!"

He had tried to sound hardboiled, careless, but his face had grayed. He was going through agony. Joyce wanted to rush to him, to cushion his head against her breast, hold him there just feeling the beat of her heart for him. But she could not. It was not to her that he had called out to-night in his suffering. He had wanted Hope. He had left her only words to speak. "Paul, I'm sorry." That was all, but her eyes burned with the tears she held back.

"Why don't you say, 'I told you so'?" he suddenly shouted at her. "You knew it all the time. Why didn't you hit me over the head when I didn't understand anything more subtle? You knew I couldn't do stuff like that. You let me go on like a fool—"

"You weren't a fool!" Hope said in that high, tight voice. "You were right. The book was wonderful! But how could you do your best work with your wife doubting you, dragging you back? It's her fault! She wrecked your chances. She's forfeited her right to be your wife! You have to have someone who understands, who can give you what you need. You need me, Paul!"

THAT got his attention. He looked at her then, intently, but almost curiously as if he saw her for the first time. "You?" he asked slowly. "You're saying I need you?"

It was painful to Joyce. With a different kind of pain from the one she had feared, but it hurt. To see any human being humiliated as Hope was now was pretty terrible. Something in her responded to the sight. She went to where Hope sat, tense and shaking. "Hope, this wasn't you. It was the liquor talking. You'll see it all differently tomorrow."

"She'd better," Paul breathed fervently, wiping his brow. He came to stand beside Joyce, and their hands were together on Hope's bowed shoulders. "I'm sorry if I put you on the wrong track," he said gently.

"Don't!" Hope wrenched herself from under their hands. "I'm not fit for either of you to touch!" And she had gone from the room, the door slamming behind her. They heard her own door open across the hall, and bang shut.

"That's that," Paul said. "I guess there's nothing more we can do."

"I don't know," Joyce said slowly. "We've done too much, and not enough. I don't think she's in a state to be left alone now."

Paul stared at her. "You're thinking of her, now? After all the punishment you took?"

"I think she took her share," Joyce said quietly. "And I don't think she's learned how to take punishment, yet."



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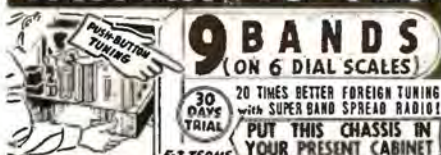
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"What about you?" Paul asked almost harshly. "Have you?"

Joyce smiled into his brown eyes, so intense on hers. "Maybe," she said, "I can learn."

"No!" His whisper was fierce on her cheek, and she was crushed close against him. "Never, darling. I won't let you."

Joyce believed him. It was long minutes that she rested there in his arms, occupied completely with that belief. And it was he who remembered what they had been saying. He lifted his head and said suddenly, "What about Tiny? Think if he happened to knock on the door over there he'd find a welcome?"

"I—I don't know." Joyce could hardly form the words, so great was the upsurge of relief within her—and joy. Paul wanted Tiny to go to Hope! Instinctively, almost unthinkingly, she recognized that in Paul's changed attitude to Tiny lay the answer to these months of agonized questioning.

It was the same with the rest of that day. Almost before Paul made his explanations she seemed to understand them to find them unnecessary. And she was content to be with him, finding it equally unnecessary to answer him. There was no need to tell him of the fears she had had, her doubts, her wild impulses to quit and come home to what Hope had said was her job. Surely he was understanding all that without words. She did not need to tell him, either, that she believed in him, in his talents, his future.

HER relief, her unutterable sense of the rightness of her world, went with her to the hospital. It was increased by her brief meeting with Tiny in a corridor. "Thanks for calling me yesterday," he said. She waited, full of questions. But he raised crossed fingers, with a grin. She crossed her own, and kept her questions back. So far, so good. She'd keep her fingers crossed for Tiny and Hope. But for herself and Paul—her heart swelled. No need of that now.

That was what made the blow so much harder when it came.

It was a week later that it fell. A queer week, the loveliest in some ways that she and Paul had ever had, though their moments together were so brief. Some days they had only a short visit in the lounge, during which they talked little, but their hands would reach for each other and to Joyce it seemed the deepest, closest companionship of their marriage.

Sometimes when she was not with him she wondered how he was spending his days; what plans he was making. She asked him, at last.

"Oh—trying to get my bearings again," he evaded, with a wry grin. "Paul—it doesn't still hurt, does it? Not too much, about the book?"

"No. Not too much. I guess I really never thought it was good, myself. Only—it's hard to find just what I should do."

"Don't ever forget, Paul," she said seriously, "that you're the reporter who made history with the good-will series from South America."

"Yes," he admitted. "But that was a long time ago. I can't ride along forever on one string of sketches."

"You'll do others when the right time comes," Joyce said. Her easy tone was genuine, but he looked at her strangely, his eyes intent and questioning.

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- How can you be sure the products you buy will live up to the claims on the label?
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- Do you know how to be a thrifty shopper?

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"The right time," he murmured almost to himself. "Just how long can we wait for that?"

The question caught her out of her calm. All the nagging money worries which had grown more serious and frightening each month came rushing at her, so that she almost physically hunched her shoulders against their onslaught. How long could they wait? Could they wait at all?

"Long enough," she said after a moment, "for you to find the right job."

Maybe the moment she waited to answer was too long, maybe her voice didn't carry the assurance he needed. He got up suddenly. "The right job . . ." he said musingly, and then straightened his shoulders. "Well," he said, almost gaily, "I've got to run along, darling."

Halfway to the door he stopped, came back, took her in his arms. For a minute he crushed the breath from her body and she almost cried out in pain. But his lips on hers stilled all protest, blocked all questions. Then he had released her and was gone.

After a long time she became aware of the telephone. She was wanted in her ward, and her feet found their way there. She was still living over that embrace. It had been intense, thrilling, unlike the casual contact of a brief farewell in a public place. It had stirred her through every nerve and muscle of her body, but it had frightened her and left her mind full of questions.

THE answer to all of them came at four o'clock.

As she went to the phone, the sense of foreboding gripped her. Her knees went weak and she sat down abruptly as she heard his voice. "Yes, Paul—" It was just a whisper.

"Remember what you said this morning?" Paul asked.

She tried to make her voice light. "Lots of things. Some of them foolish, perhaps."

"No," he said quite sharply. "You said you wanted me to take the right job when it came. Remember?"

"Yes." What was this leading to? Paul's voice was breathless, charged with significance.

"Well, I'm taking it. In fact, I have taken it. I'm going to Europe."

"Europe!" The word was a protest, a cry of sharp and unbearable pain.

"Yes. It's my chance. If I make good on it, I'll be able to—to face the world again. Joyce, I've got to!"

"But wait—let me come and talk it over—I'll go home right away—this minute—"

"It'll be too late." His voice was harsh. "I've fixed it that way. We said goodbye this morning. Wish me luck, darling."

"Oh, Paul, but wait—"

He had hung up. The phone was dead in her hand. She forced herself up, ran to her room, flung her coat about her shoulders, called Dr. Simon and explained in a few words what had happened. Then she was running out of the hospital, the coat flying out behind her, her knees almost giving way at each step. She must get there in time. Surely he had not gone yet. He couldn't!

She leaned against the door jamb, her finger on the bell, hoping against hope—and then against certainty. The buzzer was sounding in the midst of silence. A dead, heavy silence. She knew before she found the strength to take her key and open the door



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that this was an empty place. She walked in stiffly, drearily, looked through the rooms in a perfunctory, automatic way.

The apartment was in a rare state of immaculate tidiness, against all the habits of Paul's careless nature. There was no sign of hurried packing. With arms heavy like a sawdust-filled doll's she pulled out the drawers of his chest and found them empty. His shaving things were gone from the bathroom, even the used razor blades that she had vainly urged him to get rid of. None of his clothes hung in the closet, and the one-sided bareness of the place chilled her. Oh, no, there was one thing left. A bathrobe hanging on a hook on the door. A moth-eaten soft old flannel one that she had often slipped into when the early mornings were cold. Had he left it because it was too disreputable or too bulky to carry, or as a gesture to comfort her, leaving her something of his to shelter her warmth within its folds? It was only then that the tears came. She hugged the robe passionately against her face, breathing in the familiar sense of him that clung to it, weeping until her sobs seemed to tear her apart.

It was a long time later that coherent thought came. Lying exhausted on the bed she made herself face what had happened. She knew then it was not just the pain of separation, the loneliness, she dreaded; not the hurt that he had dealt her in being able to go away from her. No, it was more than that, and worse. She had failed him, in a deep and unforgivable way. She recalled the conversation they had had that morning—only seven hours ago, and there had still been time! So clearly he had revealed his need of support, of reassurance, and she had been blind to it. Even Tiny, weeks ago, had told her in words just where Paul's vulnerabilities and weaknesses lay. The whole experience with Hope had been an object lesson, yet she had refused to accept its implication. Only now she saw it all clearly—too late.

There was nothing she could do. That was the worst part. She did not even know what boat or clipper he took to Europe, or what syndicate had hired him until a week later when the first check came. The letter told her of the terms of the arrangement Paul had made, promised to give her any news of him that they might get, and invited her to telephone a Mr. Bartlett in the office when she had questions to ask. Meantime to watch for dispatches in the *Telegraph*.

With that she had to content herself, week after week. But never a check came that she did not suffer as she cashed it, wish herself back in the days of desperate anxiety about money to pay the mounting bills.

Paul reached the other side safely, a scattering of stories found their way to print. Good stories, Joyce recognized almost unwillingly, every word incisive, telling. Maybe he had been right. Maybe it had been just this experience, and not her love and understanding, that he needed to build up his morale. Bitter as this was to swallow, she could have accepted it, but for her knowledge of the danger Paul was in. For after each story Joyce lived in an agony of suspense until the next one appeared.

Mingled with this pain was yet another (Continued on page 81)

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Jinx Falkenberg—lovely model, attractive actress, one of the nation's most photographed and photogenic girls. Yet all this popularity was hers only after a tragic fall from a rooftop almost disabled her forever! How this accident completely changed her life and showed her the road to success is told for the very first time by Miss Falkenberg herself. Don't miss "My Worst Break Was My Best" in November Physical Culture!

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# Physical Culture

NOVEMBER ISSUE,  
NOW ON SALE



(Continued from page 79)

other: a new doubt of herself as a person, even as a doctor.

"I don't know what to think," she told Dr. Simon one night when she dared not leave the security of the hospital and face her loneliness. "I never thought I'd admit that I couldn't live a life strictly on my own, dependent on nobody. I thought work was enough, but—" She gave him a shame-faced half smile—"it definitely isn't."

"I've tried for thirty-five years to prove that work is enough," Dr. Simon said with a sad smile, "and all I've succeeded in doing is reaching the knowledge that I have missed the best of life. And I think, for all women's advances, it is still more true with you than with us."

"You're not going to pull that old one about love: 'of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence?'"

"Well," he said slowly, his eyes half closed, "I think your progress depends on making that less and less true. But you can't go the whole way if the race is to continue."

THE words gave Joyce another pang. She knew what he meant. The thing more and more modern doctors were acknowledging, that a woman was not a complete person until she had fulfilled herself biologically and had a child.

Conscious as she was of the impracticability of the idea, the dream of Paul's baby had been with her all her married life. They had talked of it, wistfully, telling themselves that it must be postponed till Joyce had made her start. But some day—

Some day! When was that, now? That was one more pain to add to the nagging fears and worries that crowded around her bed to fight off sleep.

But a day came when she knew these pains had been nothing. For real tragedy hung over her, looming darker with every passing hour.

Paul's stories had stopped. No calls at his office gave her any news of him. They had none to give. They could not tell her where he was. They didn't know!

At first Joyce could not take it in. Her body reacted, but her mind refused to function. Three days she lay on her cot in her tiny room at the hospital, too sick to do more than get through each minute, one at a time. Then for two more days she lay numb with exhaustion, drowsing in heavy half-consciousness. But there came a morning when she was physically well enough to think. That was the worst. She saw the pity on the faces of the nurses who brought her trays, and she turned her head away. She winced at the feeble wise cracks with which her fellow internes tried to cheer her when they dropped in to take her temperature and hold a nonchalant finger on her wrist as they chatted.

With each opening of the door the back of her head prickled and her face and hands turned cold, her heart pumping and her breath coming fast. Would this be—news? But each time she read the story in the concealed blankness of the face that appeared.

"Every correspondent runs into something like this at one time or another where there's a war going on," Tiny tried to encourage her. "They don't spend their time outside a cigar store with a public telephone, you know."

Joyce knew. But the words frightened her even more. Where did correspondents spend their time? Among men who were being crushed by ruthless machines that overran them like so many ants; on streets where bombs whined down and buildings crumbled. That was where Paul spent his time.

The truth was worse than her speculations, when at last she heard it. The message was terse. Paul was last seen stepping into an army plane for a "reconnaissance flight." No more. Her begging could not get from Mr. Bartlett any information as to whether the pilot had returned, what happened to the plane. "It's just one of these news blocks," Mr. Bartlett said with the forced matter-of-factness that froze her heart. "It happens all the time. One message will get through a censor, and the sequel won't. Simply a complication of censorship policy. I'm trying to untangle it and we ought to have something for you soon."

Soon! Weeks went by, and still he had no more than these hollowly cheerful descriptions of technical problems, meant to cover the dire implications of the half-told story. Joyce could tell from the faces of others that they weren't fooled. Yet, knowing this, she held to a strange faith. A certainty grew in her, bearing her up through days of work that went by like a dream. He would come back. He would.

In the days that followed, Joyce marveled, as if she were seeing in one of her patients and not in herself the capacity of the human organism to adjust itself to what it must face, even to insulate itself from knowledge of those facts. For she was able to work through her days in a cool, numb sort of serenity. With the worst that she could learn, her faith seemed to come back. As if to symbolize her faith in the future, she found a new occupation for her outside hours. She began to look for a larger apartment, not just a hide-away for odd hours, but a living place for two professional people to lead a solid, stable life; with a maid's room, a guest room which might some day make better use of its sun and air, with a library big enough for a doctor's and a writer's books and desks. She started buying furniture, sewing cushions and spreads and slip covers. She did not tell anyone, for she knew beforehand what looks of pitying wonderment they would give her.

SHE knew this, because she had been through one experience that was almost enough to break the perilous, perhaps unreal, shell of her serenity. She had been glad, more than glad, of what occasioned the test, but that made it harder. Tiny and Hope had asked her to be one of the two witnesses to their wedding.

Tiny had kept his silence about the progress of his relations with Hope, but she had guessed from the steady change in him that things had gone better and better. His eyes had come to carry a more peaceful look, and the period of unevenness in his work had ended without serious trouble.

Hope she almost never saw, which she took as a good sign that she needed no help in her emotional life. On the contrary, she had received a

(Continued on page 83)

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## A LIFE OF LAUGHS WITH JACK BENNY

BY MARY LIVINGSTONE

When a pair like laugh master Jack Benny and his pun partner Mary Livingstone decided to team up for life, they made what appears to be the wackiest couple alive. Yet they take love very seriously—even though their whirlwind courtship wound up in an engagement, separation, and hilarious marriage by a nightgowned preacher all within three days! For Mary learned years later what every good wife eventually discovers—that home is in your heart, not in a house empty of love! Don't miss Mary Livingstone's own rollicking, exclusive description of her life with Jack Benny in November True Story, and learn how a popular woman proudly shares her husband's brilliant success!



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# True Story



(Continued from page 81)

note from her early in the time of her awful waiting:

It is because I know I can be more help to you by staying out of your life now that you don't find me tagging at your heels, begging for a chance to do something. But if ever the time does come that I can help, I'd like to show you that I can think of someone else.

That was all, until this message asking her to the wedding. It was a tiny affair, in a small chapel of a neighborhood church. "That's good," Joyce told herself. "It shows, better than anything she could have done, that she is so far cured that she does not feel the need of making a big drama out of her feelings."

And so Joyce had gone gladly to stand with them before the rector. But she had not dreamed what pain the words would cause her. "Do you take this woman . . . to love and to cherish . . . in sickness and in health . . . till . . ." Joyce tried to close her ears, close her mind to the memory of the day so short a time ago—less than a year!—when she and Paul had answered them.

JOYCE kept her lips tight shut and she braced her feet on the floor to check that sense of floating—floating. She must not faint. She must not spoil this wedding. She must make it a joyful memory for them. She must smile, she must kiss them afterward with all the honest joy she really felt (if only she could get through to the feeling), and she must send them off to the unmarred happiness they deserved.

But when she went back to the hospital Dr. Simon glanced at her face and ordered her to bed, nor would he let her work the next day. It was weeks before she could go back to her buying, cutting, sewing, planning.

It was well into a glorious Autumn when Tiny and Hope surprised her at her labors. Tiny's eyes and the contents of the bottle he carried competed in their sparkling. "We haven't seen you in so long," he explained, setting the champagne down.

Joyce was puzzled. For Hope looked pale, her eyes shadowed, and there was a nervousness in her movements that hinted of more than a casual visit to a friend. Even under Tiny's cheer there was a hint of something suppressed, held back. Instantly the old question rose to Joyce's mind: the question that was always waiting: Did they know anything she did not know? But they wouldn't be bringing champagne with bad news.

"What you making?" Tiny filled the moment of awkward silence, came to stand over her sewing machine.

"Slip covers," Joyce said, not looking at him. "I—I'm taking a bigger place."

"Fine," he said heartily. "Swell idea." His voice was too hearty.

"We're taking a bigger place, too," Hope said almost breathlessly, speaking for the first time. "We have to, now, because—"

"Say, Hope!" Tiny interrupted loudly. "Don't you think a stripe like that would solve our living room problem?"

"Stripe?" Hope asked vaguely. "What problem?"

"You know. Don't you remember, you said you had to pick up a bunch of colors, but you'd already used too much figured stuff—"

"Oh. Oh, yes—" Hope's voice was still vague. What a crazy conversation this was, Joyce thought, with a man getting so excited about home decoration, and his wife so abstracted she hardly seemed to know what he was talking about. She tried to figure it out, but the phone rang just then—

"Mrs. Sherwood, this is Bartlett at the—"

That was all Joyce heard. The floor rocked beneath her feet, she reached a wild hand to catch hold of something—anything—Then she felt Tiny's quick, strong hand under her elbow, and Hope was at her other side, leading her away. Tiny had taken the phone from her useless hand, but it seemed to be making strange whirring and buzzing sounds, magnified until they were enormous, surrounding her, roaring, so that she could not hear what Tiny was saying into the phone, though only a few feet separated him from the couch where she lay.

"Joyce!" At last she heard him, though she tried to bury her ears in the cushions. "Joyce, it's good news!"

Slowly she came back to realization of the meaning of the words, but she could not accept them. It was foolish, wrong, for him to try to lessen horror by denying it. That didn't work. She had found it out during these months. It had seemed to work, but now she knew it was a sickeningly false thing, making this moment harder, making it impossible.

"Tell me the truth," she said in a voice that sounded alien, unlike any she had ever heard. She tried to focus her eyes on Tiny.

But Tiny's face—it was queer. It didn't fit. He was smiling.

"He's found!" he yelled. "He's okay, Joyce! Do you hear me? Okay! He's back in Lisbon, with a great scoop. His first dispatch of the new series will be in the *Telegraph* tomorrow!"

ONLY then could she begin to take it in. And when she started, it went fast. Blood seemed to come rushing back to her body, strength to bear incredible happiness.

Tiny had hung up the phone, his eyes shining. "Bartlett had a lot to say. You'd better call him back and get it, later. About what a tremendous thing Paul pulled. He says this series is going to set the world on its ears."

Joyce could not answer. She lay taking deep breath after deep breath, just absorbing the air around her. It was like a new element to breathe, after being locked up for months in a dark, dank mine. It was half an hour later when she sat up and realized that Tiny and Hope had stopped talking about the miracle. They were silent, looking at each other affectionately, significantly.

"You two," Joyce said. "You've had something on your mind ever since you came. Did you know—"

"Not about Paul," Hope smiled. Joyce realized suddenly that it was the first smile she had ever seen on Hope's face that had given her real pleasure, satisfaction, ease. It was a shy little smile, but so rich with contentment, even peace, that it

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Bing Crosby comes back to his Thursday night NBC program late in October—about the time his new Paramount movie, "Birth of the Blues," begins making the rounds. Above, with his co-stars in the picture, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, and Carolyn Lee.

made of Hope's face something new and different, very lovely. "But something as—" She stopped, laughing at herself.

"As wonderful?" Joyce smiled.

"Well, of course it's not half bad to get a long lost husband back," Tiny said judiciously. "But if you want news that's really swell—"

"Too swell," Hope said, "to tell you, though, when we first came. That's why Tiny stopped me with all that crazy drapery stuff. We haven't picked out any of our furniture yet, and I couldn't imagine what had bitten him—"

**B**UT now," Joyce prompted. "Now you don't need to worry about telling me good news. You're—"

"We're going to have a—"

"Baby!" They spoke in unison, Tiny and Hope, then sat laughing at each other helplessly, Joyce joining in tears streaming from her eyes. This last touch seemed to relax the final wound-up spring of her emotions, giving wonderful, joyful relief.

"That answers everything," Joyce said when she could speak. "The champagne, the mystery, Hope's paleness—"

"But Tiny says that won't last," Hope dismissed it. That was another sign of her cure. She was neglecting this perfect opportunity to get the center of the stage, sympathy, service, which so many women demanded.

It was long after they had gone that Joyce knew she could not push back the thought that had been trying to get in and spoil her happiness. It was wonderful, yes, that Paul was alive and well, had made a great success of his trip. But what about her? In order to set himself up he had had to leave her, live a separate life. Did he need her at all, would he ever need her?

As if in answer to the almost unborn fear, the cable came:

DEAREST CANT WAIT ARRIVING  
CLIPPER SATURDAY START FEATHER-  
ING OUR NEST

She wept, then. And weeping, she could sleep. Her tired body sank into rest she had not known for months. Her last thought was to wish she could sleep for four days, the four days she must wait.

But the four days filled themselves with work and with the savoring of her happiness. She read with a wondering pride the dispatches that piled detail on vivid detail to show an incredulous world the signs of a new and startling change in the line-up of the great warring powers. But with a half-shamed joy she acknowledged to herself it was the small, personal items that she savored most. Like Paul's asking her to start "feathering their nest." Just what she had been doing! Her crazy, desperate instinct had been surer than she knew.

"My cup runneth over." The words of the Psalm ran through her head. Especially after Dr. Simon called her to his office and formally offered her the residency in Pediatrics. It was almost too much. Heights Hospital was one of the great institutions of medicine, here the biggest things were being done in the science of protecting and curing children. To be resident there—it made her career.

"I don't want you to accept, though," Dr. Simon went on, amazingly.

"Not accept—"

**H**E looked at her quizzically. "Well . . . do you think you should?"

And to that, suddenly, she had no answer. She could only face the implications of his brief words, his meaning glance. Did he mean that she ought to sacrifice this wonderful chance that he himself had offered her, was he saying that as a wife she owed it to Paul to think less of her career and more of her relationship with her husband?

But—To give up a residency! No, that was too much. She couldn't do it. Paul would be furious if she did.

Resolutely, she put the worry aside, concentrating on Paul's return. And

when she saw him, stepping bronzed and erect from the Clipper at La Guardia Field, she forgot that there was anything in the world but him.

This was Paul, the real Paul, she knew as his arms closed about her. The Paul who was sure of himself, of his abilities, no longer tormented by doubts and fears of inferiority. She could understand and even exult when, after he had been shown the new apartment, he told her excitedly of his plans, paying her work only the careless tribute of "Everything all right at the hospital? . . . Fine!"

It was miraculous to have him back at all, after all those weeks of terror that she would never see him again—but it was joy inexpressible to see him so vital, so bubblingly pleased with his work and his world.

Quietly, with only the briefest of pangs she put aside all thought of the residency. It was, as she had said when it had first been offered, too much.

Paul was going to do a syndicated column, his name would continue to be famous across the continent. And she would have her work, now that her internship was nearly over, but it would be a private practice and she would never permit it to interfere with her real work, which was her home.

She had not realized how, once the decision had been reached, this bit of sacrifice would heighten her love for Paul, coloring every minute spent with him with a new beauty.

"I've learned at last," she told herself. "Those horrible weeks weren't wasted if they taught me how to be a wife."

**A**ND then, a week after Paul's return, a few days after she had given Dr. Simon the answer he had hoped for on the residency—the letter came. She felt rising excitement in her as she read. It was from a woman doctor in Lyndale, a small town some sixty miles away, and it offered Joyce the position of assistant in the pediatrics division of a factory workers' co-operative medical association.

Sixty miles away—close enough so that Paul needn't be out of touch with his syndicate office! Even in her excitement, that was the first thought that came. But everything about the offer was perfect: she had always been interested in co-operative experiments, and this was a real chance to work, to do good—even better than the hospital residency, and with none of its disadvantages.

Paul listened, smiling, as she told him about it. "Like to go, wouldn't you?" he said.

"Oh, more than anything! That is—" doubtfully—"if you would, Paul."

A light sparkled in his brown eyes, the light she had seen so seldom before he left for Europe, and he glanced around the new apartment. "Will the feathers fit?" he asked.

"They'll fit," Joyce said, her eyes warm with unexpected tears. "Better than anywhere else."

He drew her close. "Funny," he said. "We were married more than a year ago—but we're just now starting out on our life together. That's the way I feel, anyway."

Joyce cast a quick upward glance at him before she nestled her head into the warm, tweedy hollow between his neck and shoulder. He was right, of course—much more right than he knew.



# DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS Karo Desserts Cost less than 4¢ a serving

## MOLDED CHOCOLATE RICE

First: Steam ¾ c. rice until soft. Next: Heat 1 c. milk, ½ c. KARO (red label), ½ tsp. salt, 4 tbsp. sugar in top of double boiler. Add rice and cook for 10 minutes. Cool; add 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 tsp. orange juice, ½ tsp. unsweetened chocolate; Melt 2 squares sugar, 2 tbsp. KARO (red label), 2 tbsp. water. Blend well... Fill individual cooled molds—alternating a spoonful of chocolate mixture and a spoonful of rice mixture. Makes 6 servings—Less than 3½¢ a serving.

## KARO GLAZED APPLES

Wash and core 8 medium sized apples. Do not peel. Place in saucepan; add 8 whole cloves, 1 piece stick cinnamon, 1¾ cups water and ¾ cup KARO (red label). Cover, and cook very slowly for one hour, or until tender. Makes 8 servings—Less than 3¢ a serving.

## KARO COTTAGE PUDDING

Combine 1 c. KARO (blue label), ½ c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cream, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. vanilla. Cook 5 minutes; remove from heat; add 1 tbsp. butter, and stir until dissolved. Pour over eight squares of plain, "one-egg" cake. (There's a good recipe in "KARO KOOKERY"... Cost of cake and KARO Sauce less than 4¢ a serving.)

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