

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

JANUARY

10¢  
A MACFADDEN  
PUBLICATION



MY FRIEND BOB HOPE  
BY BING CROSBY

*Beginning* **STEPMOTHER**

Radio's Great Drama of a Hazardous Marriage

**HOLD YOUR HEART** Words and Music of Dinah Shore's **NEW SONG HIT**

# BOY LOSES GIRL!

"The funny thing was that we fell for each other before we even met! It was a Saturday night at the country club, and she was dancing with some other guy when I first saw her. She happened to look up, just at that instant, straight into my eyes. And . . . right like that! . . . my heart was doing a loop.

"From the minute we were introduced, all the rest of the evening, neither of us danced with anyone else. It must have been hours later . . . heaven knows how long we had been dancing! . . . that we finally slipped away from the crowd, out to a corner of the terrace.

"It was dark, we were alone, and there was a moon. So I took her in my arms. She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away.

"I couldn't imagine what had changed her so quickly, so completely. I asked her . . . pleaded with her . . . to tell me. But she said she couldn't—possibly.

"That was four years ago, now.



"She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away."

And I never have discovered the secret of that night. She was the loveliest girl I've ever known. We had clicked, instantly . . . oh, I started as a wonder! But I sure finished as a washout."

Poor guy, he never understood. Yet almost any woman would realize what may have happened . . . would understand how fatal halitosis (bad breath) can be to romance.

It's a condition which is, perhaps, even worse for a woman than for a man. For so much of a woman's attraction depends on sweetness, allure. And the insidious thing is that you yourself may not know when your breath is tainted.

Why not get the habit of taking this pleasant precaution which so many popular, successful people use—rinsing the mouth, night and morning, with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on the mouth surfaces—a frequent cause of breath odors . . . then quickly overcomes the odors themselves. (Of course, in those cases in which bad breath is the result of systemic causes, the advice of a physician should be sought.)

Guard against this fermentation—put yourself on the safe side by putting your breath on the agreeable side. Start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . especially before all important engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS**  
(BAD BREATH)

HIS EYES SAID:

*"YOU'RE MY DREAM COME TRUE!"*

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

**IN HIS EYES** she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts... "How lovely, how truly lovely you are!"

Her moment of magic!—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile... are a poor invitation to love and romance.

**YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED** for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your *gums* as well as your teeth regular daily care... and never ignore the warning



of "pink tooth brush"! **THAT TINGE OF "PINK"** may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE,** is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that in-

vigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana

and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

**TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE** today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

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**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
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**FRED R. SAMMIS**  
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## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

### FIRST PRIZE A BEST SELLER

**A**T last I have found a serial story worth listening to, for it has something greater to impart than a sigh, a sob and a happy ending. The characters in this story are authentic, and the huge tasks assigned them make their lives interesting; their accomplishments rendering them noble; their frailties making them human. The drama is both touching and easily conceivable, for this story is based on a best seller that has never been out-sold. It is, *The Light Of The World—The Story of the Bible.*—Dessie T. Anderson, Jackson, Kentucky.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### WHEN IT'S PIANO-PRACTICE TIME

I found it quite a problem to get my two little girls to practice their music lessons. But, the radio played an important part in helping me solve this problem.

Since both of them love the radio, and enjoy imitating performers, I suggested that we turn practice hours into "broadcasting" hour. Now they both happily come "on the air," while I, the audience, listen and applaud attentively and enthusiastically.

They also get a lot of pleasure from musical programs, and thoroughly enjoy, as well as learn a great deal, from the Do You Know Music Quiz. In fact, we make up little games of our own of this type, which prove delightful and informative.—Mrs. A. Dale, Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 5)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

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

*Lady Esther says*

## "Why not show the World your 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'?"

—It can make you look  
Younger and Lovelier!—



Is it true? Is some of your skin dying—today? Is a New-Born Skin taking its place? Yes!—and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can help your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness!

**I**T'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish—but a fact! Underneath your older, worn-out skin... you are getting a younger, lovelier skin—a skin about-to-be-born.

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will it make you look more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with you. With you, yes, and with your face cream!

If you remove those drab flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty.

For my 4-Purpose Cream permeates those lifeless flakes—softens and loosens them. It helps Nature refine your pores because it whisks away dirt and impurities. Your skin is so smooth that powder stays on for hours.

### Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream. Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't true—that her cream removes dirt, impurities and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Let it help bring you New-Born Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

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

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

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

# Let's talk it over

## ■ Boake Carter, stormy petrel of radio, returns to the air and tells the editor about his new philosophy of broadcasting

**A**FTER two years of almost incessant travel and lecturing, a short, stocky man with reddish eyebrows that shoot upwards at the ends in startled disbelief is back on the air, broadcasting the news. Back of him lies a stormy radio career climaxed when he became the center of a bitter controversy between organized labor and his sponsors—so bitter that he eventually discontinued his radio work and went on a lecture tour.

Now Boake Carter is back, his clipped, British manner of speaking softened and Americanized. Nor is his manner of broadcasting quite the same. He has, he explained to me, given up his previous method of direct attack on governments, institutions and men whose policies meet with his angry disapproval. Rather, now that he has returned to an active radio role, he analyzes the news and leaves the listener to form his own conclusions.

"Before when I lit into people on the air, it was peace time. Now it is a time of war and it is better not to utter inflammatory opinions."

We were talking across a luncheon table at New York's new municipal airport, LaGuardia Field. Through the wide, uncurtained windows we could watch the arrivals of regularly scheduled flights from every part of the country. And once, during the luncheon, with a penetrating sharp roar of its huge motors, the European Clipper taxied out into the bay and took off across the glittering blue water, rose majestically into the air and disappeared toward the Azores, twenty hours away over the Atlantic Ocean.

We lunched at the airport because Boake is sponsored by United Airlines and it was a gentle reminder to mention the fact that an airlines company was re-

sponsible for bringing him back to the air.

I'm glad Boake Carter is broadcasting again. His brusque manner of talking, I think, makes people stop and consider what the day's news actually means. It is so easy to listen to most news broadcasts without bothering to interpret their true significance—unless the talker forces you into weighing the facts and arriving at some conclusions.

But I don't quite believe him when Boake Carter says he no longer voices his opinions.

Listening to his first broadcasts of this new series on the Mutual network, I detected what to me was an obvious point of view in nearly all his news presentations. And, because it was partly submerged and hidden from listeners who weren't expecting Mr. Carter to inject his own viewpoint, I would prefer to have him state his opinion as he formerly did—openly and frankly.

The fact remains, Boake Carter is back on the air and that is

news worth reporting.

Next month's issue will be adorned with a natural color portrait of Carol Bruce, a rather beautiful young lady. Carol is the girl who became Broadway's sensation when the musical comedy, "Louisiana Purchase," opened late last spring. She started life some twenty years ago by being born in Brooklyn. At fourteen she went to work in a department store, her urge to sing buried down deep within her, stifled there by a sense of futility long hours of clerking had given her. How she found herself and how she survived two flaming romances to reach her present vantage point, she tells in her own frank words in the February issue.

Which are two out of two dozen reasons why I'll expect to have you with us again when the next issue of RADIO MIRROR reaches the newsstands.

FRED R. SAMMIS



■ Boake's clipped, British accent is softened and Americanized now.

### THIRD PRIZE BONNIE'S FAN PROTESTS!

MRS. J. DORER:

I was never so mad about anything as I was when I read your letter about Wee Bonnie Baker. Just because you don't like the looks of Bonnie Baker you don't like the way she sings. I'll admit that picture wasn't very good, and I suggest that RADIO MIRROR get a more recent one. If you will go see her, I'm sure you will change your mind. She is a little girl with big brown eyes and beautiful black hair. She is, in fact, very pretty and just as unsophisticated looking as her voice.—June Swiggs, Jessup, Md.

### FOURTH PRIZE MAD ENOUGH TO BITE THE GATE-POST

Really, I'm a cheerful, tolerant soul. I can stand the eternal request for box-tops, the soap-suds that ooze out every time you tune in and the fire-side chats, but the swing-mad dial gets me down! I would be willing to concede half the dial to those who languish for swing but to be obliged to endure it in order to hear Kate Smith's glorious voice, Ilka Chase (her music is atrocious to those allergic to swing) and oh, too many to enumerate. But the thing that makes me want to bite the gate-post is those who write in and criticize the ones that feature good music. Why don't they dial the all-swing programs and let the others alone for our enjoyment? They are like the people

(Continued from page 3)

who try to force communistic ideas into our Government instead of going to the countries that exist under that regime.—Velma Morgan Kramm, Hollywood, Calif.

### FIFTH PRIZE WELCOME BACK, "THOSE WE LOVE"

What a pleasant surprise to hear on the air again the program *Those We Love*, with its homey atmosphere, its cheerful conversation and its everyday problems that all of us can understand. We have gotten to love Auntie's tolerant chuckle, Kit's deep and tender, "Hello, Princess," to Kathy and all the doctor's problems are our problems and we only hope that they will stay on the air for a good long while.—M. B. H., Baltimore, Md.

### SIXTH PRIZE LISTENING TO OPERA—IN BEDROOM SLIPPERS

Many long years ago, I heard Caruso, Plancon and Emma Eames sing *Faust*. Alas, there was so much confusion with the audience being seated and the beautiful costumes of the people in the boxes, that the spirit was not attuned to listen to the music. Besides, it was a cold night, and I had come a long way, and in spite of all I could do, I became drowsy.

How glorious it would have been then even to imagine that some day I could sit in any easy chair, wearing

bedroom slippers, if I chose, and really listen to operas over the radio!—Margaret Hepler, La Crescenta, Cal.

### SEVENTH PRIZE A SERIAL COMPLAINT

If I was desirous of writing successful scripts for daytime radio serials, this is a sample of what I would write:

My heroine would be a beautiful and courageous sixteen-year-old girl, who, alone and unaided, manages either a munitions factory, a large department store, or a bank. She would be an orphan with three younger brothers or sisters to support. Her sweetheart would be a G-man, at present lost in the heart of the jungle, on the trail of notorious and dangerous jewel-thieves. He would also be in the toils of a beautiful widow, who is gradually luring him away from her. (She thinks.) Her fifteen-year-old brother, a no-good if there ever was one, would be in jail awaiting sentence for killing a playmate, in a fit of amnesia. His sister is a kleptomaniac, and the other child could be a sweet little curly-haired youngster who goes around putting poison in grandma's coffee, and tacks in peoples' chairs. (I forgot to mention, grandma is a confirmed drunkard.) But, after about fifty weeks of agonized suspense, our heroine would come through with colors flying, proving that love conquers all.

Then, I would very carefully avoid turning on my radio, just as I do now.—Mrs. J. De Cou, Haddonfield, N. J.

# Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



● "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jr., Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!"

## THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THEY call him Mr. Keen, the Tracer of Lost Persons. But he's more than that, so much more. He finds people who have disappeared, yes, but for him that's only the beginning of a greater task. Because after he's found them, he helps them find happiness.

I've heard of Mr. Keen, of course, but I never realized the immense good he did in the world. It took my own tragedy—or near-tragedy—to teach me that.

Without his help, it terrifies me to think what might have happened to Howard and to me. Certainly we wouldn't be together now, and Howard wouldn't be the strong, confident man he is today. Yet it wasn't merely Mr. Keen's work in finding me after I'd run away from Howard that helped us. It was the way those sharp but immensely kind eyes of his could look into our hearts and souls. He has that rare thing, instinctive sympathy and understanding. I believe, though he's never said so, that he makes a profession out of finding people who have disappeared only because he knows that back of every flight there's a human problem. Finding the people interests him very little. Solving their problems, helping them, is his life.

I wish every woman who is or ever has been in my terrible dilemma could have a Mr. Keen to help her.

If all our marriage had been like the first year, we would never have needed Mr. Keen. No, I don't mean that Howard and I fell out of love after those first delirious, ecstatic weeks had passed. It was much simpler than that, and even more devastating. Howard lost his job.

It's horrible, I think, that a thing like being out of work can come be-

Before my eyes he was destroying both himself and our marriage. It was almost as if he felt he had no right to love me. And so I—



At his touch a blazing tide of emotion swept through me.



Copyright 1940, Frank and Anne Hummert

THE WIFE WHO

Ran Away

tween two people, can force a woman into a decision she hates and fears, can tear her heart to bits. It shouldn't make that much difference. But it does.

Howard was an architect, and when we were married he had a good position with a firm of builders. He didn't make a lot of money, it's true, but there was enough so I could quit my job in the city's largest department store and spend all my time making a real home out of the little apartment we rented.

We were so deeply in love, and the world seemed so bright! All we asked of life was

what we had—each other, and a job for Howard that he liked to do. But then Howard didn't have the job, and gradually we began to lose each other.

There wasn't much building going on in those years, and the firm was cutting down its staff anyway, because of that. And the son of one of the directors got out of college, a full-fledged architect. There wasn't room in the firm for both him and Howard—so it was Howard who left.

We thought at first it would be simple for him to connect with another company, but the weeks went by, and turned into months, and he didn't. Our small bank account melted away to nothing, and finally I had to go back to my old job at the store—and consider myself lucky to get it.

"Now that you're the breadwinner," Howard said, "I guess I'll have to do the cooking and housecleaning!"

We both (Continued on page 47)



Listen to Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening at 7:15, E.S.T., on NBC-Blue—sponsored by the makers of Kolynos Toothpaste.

MR. KEEN, RADIO'S FAMOUS TRACER OF

LOST PERSONS, MENDS A BROKEN MARRIAGE

# HE CALLED MY

# Bluff

**T**HE night I won a prize in a bathing beauty contest, Mother was frightened and Marion, my sister, was furious. I had thought it would be a first step toward Hollywood. But Marion said that, until I finished my course at business school—which she and Mother were paying for—I should stay home, evenirigs, and help them to sew bead designs on evening bags. All three of us together could make about twelve dollars a week, that way, and it was a needed addition to Marion's telephone job salary.

But sewing beads on evening bags made me restless. It made me dream of escorts in top hats, and dancing at night clubs, and still more of singing at night clubs. I could imitate the style of any girl who was singing on the radio. And I watched newspaper advertisements for girls to stay in, evenings, with children, for dinner and a dollar, while their parents went out, and I saved up the dollars to pay for singing lessons. I wanted to save my mother and sister, not only myself, from drudgery, but I couldn't save them by plugging eternally with them. I'd have to save myself first, and then drag them out. At least that was what I thought, and I tried to explain to them my hope of Hollywood, and of a chance on the radio.

Mother was afraid of radio work, too, afraid I couldn't do public work and go on being the kind of girl she wanted me to be. She had always been afraid of everything, since my father's death. And yet it was because of Dad that I was not afraid. I'd been little when he died, but I remembered him.

Dad always understood the things I wanted to do—but not Mother or Marion. That's why I had to stop telling them things I cared about. So the day a letter actually came, offering me a radio audition, I screamed when the postman handed it to me, I was so tense with silent, lonely, pent-up hope.

I'd been singing since I was a child, at our church entertainments, and for two years our organist and choir-leader had been promising to get me a hearing on the radio. He had some kind of connection with the man whose name was on that envelope, a man who put on radio programs that met with much success.

Reading the letter through in the space of



■ She knew that she loved Stephen Langley desperately and must win him by any means. Yet, in that breathless moment of desire, she realized she hadn't counted the cost. A beautiful young star tells the powerful true story of the lesson she learned

a single breath, I flew upstairs, but stopped outside our own apartment door, remembering to keep my joy to myself. I went out and walked, instead of telling Ma and Marion, in pouring, sleety winter rain. And when I went to my audition, I didn't tell where I was going. How could I have gone back and let them know if I failed? It was hard enough, to keep ambition alive, without having to acknowledge failure. But I couldn't fail. I wouldn't. I must be accepted. I'd die if I wasn't accepted.

Never, before walking into that studio, had I known how hard my heart could beat. On my way from the elevator I passed the control room. The door was standing open. The thought of having to satisfy mechanical devices was even more terrifying than the thought of having to satisfy people.

There was a kind of reception room, and beyond it a room where I could see a piano, a man pacing up and down, and a younger man lounging on the piano bench, one arm resting on the music rack. A tall girl was leaving the studio. Swathed in beautiful furs, she looked like a fashion model. Carrying an elegant portfolio she glanced amusedly at me and my worn high school briefcase. Evidently she had just finished her audition. Was I supposed to compete with her?

Yet I thought the man who was pacing the room looked displeased with her. I was sure he was. She could not have been accepted, if he was. By approaching the piano just then, he came into the part of the room I could see. He started looking through a pile of sheet music on the piano.

And he was—he was everything, everything my dreams had ever pictured to me. He was all the top-hat escorts I ever had dreamed, all the men my heart and mind and feet had danced with at night clubs, in imagination, while my fingers, stumbling in weariness, sewed beads on evening bags for other girls to carry. He was the producer of the programs I had dreamed of singing on, he was my dream accompanist, he was all the men in all the audiences I'd dreamed of singing to.

I don't mean I fell in love with him. It wasn't that. Not then. He was too wonderful, too overpowering, not just too wonderful for me, but for any one. And he was not impressed by the girl who had just left the studio.



■ The night I won a prize in a bathing beauty contest, I thought it was my first step toward Hollywood. My sister Marion was furious and wanted me to finish my business course.

But he *must* be, by the girl I was going to be—the girl I already was in my dreams. My resolve to be that girl in reality, at that moment outgrew mere hope or stubbornness, becoming fierce, passionate purpose.

It may be he felt that resolve. More likely he felt me looking at him. His eyes rose to meet my eyes. In the same instant he flung down the music on the piano, and swung round like a person suddenly galvanized, all at once arrived at a decision, an unchangeable, unchallengeable decision. All his decisions, I felt, were like that.

**N**O," he said, to the piano player. "She isn't what we want. She has an—orchid voice. That isn't what we want on this program. We want a brave voice, sweet, a little defiant, a—a wild rose kind of voice. But wait a second. There's some one out there looking for some one."

He came to meet me. He had brown eyes, like Dad. But also he had a strange look of unbelief. Faith in him and doubt of him mingled with my feeling that I was being rapidly—and relentlessly—appraised, by the world of strength and success which he represented. I felt my face color with the intensity of my determination not to be afraid—of him—of anything. With something like the amusement that had showed in the girl's face, he smiled. But there was more than amusement in his smile. There was—recognition, as if a sign and countersign had passed between us.

"I—may be in the wrong studio," I faltered. Surely I could not have found my way so soon. Surely so much good fortune could not come all at once. "I'm looking for Mr. Stephen Langley."

"You're not at all wrong, then," he said. "On the contrary. I'm Langley. And I imagine you're the little girl Ken Dixon made me send for."

"I am," I answered. "I'm Betty Rand." I couldn't find breath enough to say more than that.

Stephen Langley said, "Dixon tells me that you've sung into a mike."

"At my teacher's, and on amateur and children's programs," I replied. "I'm not afraid of one."

But his attention was not on what we were saying. It was on my eyes and hair, and the curve of my cheek, and the way the corners of my lips go when I smile. And, strangely enough, it disappointed me, to see him thinking only of how I looked, just like any boy at school. Somehow I wanted his eyes to be looking away, thinking of songs and audiences, and the power of radio. And when he seemed to feel my change of feeling toward him, and tried a little awkwardly to change his own expression, I wondered in dismay what could be wrong with me, to make me call that kind of attention. In that suddenly galvanized way he had, he went back to the music on the piano.

"We want songs that will inspire people," he said. "I was looking for some here. Have you any to offer?"

His eyes were shutting me out now, as if I hardly were there. That was what I had expected at first, but now it was—it was like a boy having made love to you, and then meeting him with a girl he was engaged to. Not that you'd cared about him, but he had cared about you and didn't any more. It's a let-down, somehow. It makes an emptiness. So I smiled purposely this time, and made my voice smile, so he'd know I was smiling. And still he wouldn't look. I knew it was silly to feel ill almost, like being hungry, and—lonely, but I did.

"This program," he said, "tries to make people believe that there's something good and beautiful in every person and every situation." He was concentrating hard, to explain to me. "We think that you can find in every one something good and beautiful, if you

make an honest effort to, and that you don't have to deal with the qualities you hate or despise in a person. You can find better qualities by using your own better qualities. Our songs must carry out this idea. Do you see?"

"Yes," I answered eagerly. "It sounds like my Dad." And everything was all right then, as soon as Dad was there, even though only in my memory. "He used to say to Mother, when she lost patience with my sister or me, 'Now wait. What the girl wants is right enough. It's only her way of going about getting what she wants, that's wrong.'"

I had forgotten to sparkle. I was only loving Dad and being grateful to him. I hadn't realized I'd brought

■ "No!" I cried. "Can't a girl have a career—can't she even sign a contract—without selling herself?"



back Stephen Langley's eyes to their appreciation of me, or noticed until I stopped speaking that they were warm and friendly for a moment. He laughed.

"I wish he'd written that in songs," he said. "But no one has. We have to be content with our script writer's idea that our songs must bring results, along the line of each day's program. I mean that if you sing, 'Lover, Come Back to Me,' thousands of letters must come in the next day, saying, 'Last night, after hearing your program, I called up the girl I once was engaged to. I told her I was sorry for whatever it was we had quarreled about. Now we're engaged again.' Could you sing that for us now—in a way to make the man in the control room call up some girl

and say he's sorry about the way he treated her?"

That day I could. I sang the song with an emotion I'd never had before. Stephen turned and said to the pianist,

"Well—we've found her."

But, immediately he realized that I was the girl his program needed, his manner toward me changed and became utterly impersonal.

In the days that followed, while we auditioned for sponsors and interviewed advertising agency men and conferred with the script writer and musicians, he was still detached, impersonal. The momentary desolation I had felt, the first day, began to be a mood, a frame of mind, a dim hurt that was settling into my heart.

I tried to argue myself out of it. What in heaven's name was the matter with me? I'd wanted a chance at success. Well, I was having it. Stephen Langley was enthusiastic in his praise; the road to fortune stretched ahead of me, broad and clear. All I had to do was work, and I loved to work. These days of preparation should have been the happiest and most exciting of my life. But, somehow, they weren't—simply because a man with brown, skeptical eyes and a purposeful manner chose to pretend that I was not a person, but only a cog in his success machine.

**I**NSTINCTS—feminine instincts that had nothing to do with my desire to sing and be successful at my job—were stirring in me, making me long to see again that look of interest and appraisal that had been in his eyes at our first meeting. Oh, I knew that I'd been disappointed at the time, seeing it there. But it had told me he was a man and I was a woman. It had been heady, exciting, and I couldn't forget it.

I don't mean that I reasoned all this out. I didn't. I was too confused and hurt at his brisk unawareness. But I found myself watching other girls in the studio building, trying to dress and act more like them. I borrowed clever clothes, and I persuaded Marion (even now, I can't imagine how) to let me use the credit she could get on her steady job to buy more clothes.

When all the tests and proofs were over, and we had agreed on a salary which sounded like a fortune to me, I finally received word that a contract was ready, in his office, to be signed.

I used Marion's charge account to buy a special outfit—a tailored suit with a jacket that had soft, fluffy fur along the sleeves, and ten-fifty shoes, and stockings that must have been about one-half-thread, and clever gloves and hat. Now, surely, he'd look at me!

He did look. But, as he looked, I saw an expression of amused confidence come into his eyes. Even in my pleasure at being admired, that expression made me vaguely uneasy.

Two other men were with us, to see the contract signed. Then they went away. Men were always disappearing out of his office, leaving us alone there. That day, for the first time, I thought I saw that their leaving had been his suggestion. He glanced through my contract again, then folded it and put it into an envelope. In the act of offering it to me, his arm went about my waist.

"There it is—the first step to all you want, starring on a nationwide hookup, maybe Hollywood. Is it to be sealed with a kiss?" he said easily.

His faint smile was a challenge. It was his world of success and strength mocking me. He expected to buy me, so much for so much, a kiss now, and by and by whatever he might care to claim. I flared up in a fury of disappointment.

"No!" I cried, my blazing eyes on his face, like claws unsheathed to scratch its complacent handsomeness. "Can't a girl have a career— (Continued on page 64)



■ You may call this a marriage of inconvenience, but to Alice Reinheart and her husband it's heaven on earth, for they've learned to make a bargain and stick to it

By JUDY ASHLEY

SHE is a slip of a girl with dark brown hair that gleams softly, and with eyes of a strangely lovely green. He is slight and fair-haired, with laughing blue eyes and an infectious grin. She is excitable and intense. He is quiet, reserved, determined.

Alice Reinheart and Burke Miller may sound like characters in a story. They aren't. She is the girl whose vibrant voice you hear in the role of Chichi in the radio serial, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. He is NBC's night manager. They are both very alive, very warm human beings, very much in love, living a roman-

tic adventure which started as awkwardly as any love story conceived in a misunderstanding. . . .

The headwaiter was becoming more and more anxious about the beautiful young lady in the creamy white bouffant evening dress who had been sitting there in the lounge waiting—oh much more than an hour. His heart went out to her, sitting so alone, and he felt anger that anyone could be so stupid as to delay a rendezvous with so charming a girl.

The girl opened her lame evening bag and carefully went over an already perfect makeup. Why didn't

# LOVE

she leave, go back to her perfectly good apartment? Why was she sitting here so stubbornly? He had forgotten completely about their date. When he saw her the next day he would remember and look uncomfortable and everything would be impersonal again between them.

The tiny electric clock in the hallway said twelve o'clock. Midnight on Easter Eve, a lovely new dress and now—it might not have mattered so much if this hadn't been their first date, after nearly a year of meeting him at work, talking to him, discovering how many things they both liked, learning that she worried when she missed seeing him.

But it was silly—caring whether he had remembered. She would leave, right now. She felt the sympathetic glance of the headwaiter, and color seeped up into her cheeks.

It was the same hot feeling of embarrassment she had felt the first day they'd met. She had gone into the office of the night manager to make a phone call. It was New Year's Eve and even though she had to work, she couldn't resist the air of gaiety about the office. When the page boy had come in she had waved to him and called out "Happy New Year."

Only it hadn't been a page boy. It had been Burke Miller, the night manager. He hadn't any right to look so young. He'd laughed when he saw the mistake she made, and it had been such a friendly laugh that she'd nearly forgotten her embarrassment.

She'd stood up in her confusion and stammered, "I'm sorry, I've been monopolizing your office."

"Stay where you are," Burke smiled, "and tell me your name."

She had felt better then. And they had talked—about New York, about the war, about the new Carole Lombard movie, and even about her hat.

"I like it," he said. He walked to the door with her when she realized that she was nearly late for her broadcast.

"Please come back again soon," he told her.

She hadn't meant to, certainly. Even if he had been friendly, he was still an important person and

CAN BE

# Beautiful

she was just another radio actress. But the next evening she somehow found herself walking down the corridor near his office and somehow he had been standing in the doorway and somehow they were in his office and they were talking again, with an understanding remarkable for two people who scarcely knew each other.

It was exciting, talking to Burke, finding out about his job and all the things he had done, and answering his questions about her, who she really was, who her parents were, where she was born, and when. . . .

And it was amazing how much Burke had done, what drama there was in his life. He'd been a newspaper man on the *Louisville Courier*, winning the Pulitzer Prize for reporting on the Floyd Collins story—he was the reporter who risked his life crawling into the cave in an attempt to save Collins. He had been broke in New York several times, banged his head against the hard rock of radio and made a place for himself. He had lived life as Alice herself had, excitingly.

And she found herself telling him about her own life—telling much more than she had ever told anyone else. How she'd been born in San Francisco, spent her childhood in Winnemucca, Nevada, and since growing up had been all over the world, walking hand in hand with adventure.

"Home life—the social life—was always too tame for me," she told him. "Even when I was a little girl, I wanted to get out into the world and do things. At twelve, I was well on the way to becoming a concert pianist. That was in 1924, and soon after that my mother and father took me to Europe with them. I studied all over Europe—on the run. I guess it developed a vagabond streak in my nature that I've never quite been able to squelch."

He understood that. The same streak was in him. He understood, too, the urge that had sent her, when she was fifteen, to touring up and down the Pacific Coast with the Players Guild, and to acting in radio shows in her spare time. All this wasn't exciting enough, and in 1928 she talked her protesting par-



■ Their lives give them few moments to be together in their home—and so times like this are doubly precious to the beautiful young star of *Life Can Be Beautiful* and her NBC-executive husband.

ents into bringing her to New York for a try at the stage. She was successful there, too, appearing in many plays and frequently on the air.

"But Dad lost his money in the depression," she told Burke, "and it was up to me to support the family. Up until then, my career had been something to have fun with—not that I didn't take it seriously, but I didn't have to depend on it. Now I did."

Somehow, when you want money the most, it is the hardest to get. The next few years were slim ones, but Alice kept her nose to the

grindstone, and gradually more and more jobs came her way, until, on the fateful New Year's Eve when she met Burke Miller and mistook him for a page-boy, she was one of radio's most versatile, popular actresses.

. . . And, she reminded herself as she sat alone in the lounge of the night club where they had arranged to meet for this, their first date together, Mr. Burke Miller might be NBC's night manager, but that was no reason for him to keep her waiting until midnight. Just imagine what would happen if she should show up (Continued on page 61)

# STEPMOTHER

■ "Kay opened her eyes on the darkness. The shock of awakening had been so sudden that her nerves were still tingling." So begins one of the greatest emotional experiences ever published in these pages, the story of a beautiful woman whose marriage plunged her into a whirlpool of jealousy and passion. Begin this powerful radio drama now

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KAY opened her eyes on the darkness. The shock of awakening had been so sudden that her nerves were still tingling from it. Then again, she heard the sound that had first startled her into wakefulness.

Outside, there was a shrill burst of laughter and a car door was slammed. A motor was raced and over the roar of it, Kay heard her step-daughter, Peg, call gayly, "See you tomorrow!" There was the clatter of high heels coming up the walk.

Kay glanced at the clock and frowned at its luminous dial. Three-thirty. And Peg had promised her father to be home by twelve. John had made quite an issue of it at dinner. In fact, he hadn't wanted her to go out at all and only gave his permission, finally, on the condition that she come home early.

And now, here she was—not only late, but making no effort to be quiet. In the bed next to Kay's, John stirred restlessly and Kay held her breath, afraid he would awaken. After a moment, she slipped out of bed and, pulling on her dressing gown, crept out of the bedroom to the dimly lit landing.

Peg was coming up the stairs now, dreamily swinging her wide-brimmed hat by its ribbon and whistling a popular tune. Her blonde curls had been blown about by the wind and her blue eyes were shining. She was smiling to herself and the smile gave her wide mouth a look of childishness. She looked so young and sweet that Kay's annoyance almost faded. Then, she saw her stepmother and her face grew cold and petulant.

"Ssh," Kay whispered. "Please be quiet, Peg. Your father's asleep. You promised to be in early."

Peg's gaze measured Kay coolly. "I'm sorry," she said with calculated impudence. "But I only promised because you made Dad insist on it."

Kay sighed. "I did nothing of the sort," she said. "It's your father, not I, who objects to your late hours."

"Well," Peg retorted, "all I know is that he doesn't think it's necessary to wait up and spy on me!"

A quick answer sprang to Kay's lips, but she closed them firmly and watched Peg walk past her, down the corridor to her own room. Then she crept back to her own bed, trembling with mingled anger and self-pity.

At nineteen, you could be so cruel, so implacable! Everything Peg did and said was designed to make her stepmother feel like an interloper, or, failing that, to undermine her authority as mistress of the house. Oh, Peg had been very open about it, right from the beginning—she was taking no direction or criticism from any strange woman just because that woman happened to be married to her father. And especially not from a woman who was only nine years older than herself. Peg took every opportunity—and where there was none, she manufactured one—to assert her independence and make her hostility felt by Kay.

Tonight, for instance, Kay's only motive in leaving her bed and meeting Peg in the hall had been to protect the girl from her father's anger if he woke and discovered she had broken her promise to be in early. But Peg had cleverly twisted that motive into a desire to spy on her. On the other hand, if John had heard her come in, she would have accused Kay of having awakened him deliberately so he could

catch Peg in the wrong.

It was all so difficult, so tremendously difficult! Lying there in bed, her wide-open eyes staring up at the dark ceiling, Kay faced the problem squarely. Obviously, she and John could not have a happy marriage without the help of John's children. And one of those children refused to give that help.

Suddenly, in a wave of sick bitterness, she felt that she had undertaken too impossible a task when she married John Fairchild and came to Walnut Grove to live. She loved John, yes, loved him so much that even now she couldn't imagine a life without him. Still—life had been pleasant before she knew him. And a wave of nostalgia brought the memories flooding back.

CHICAGO. Chicago in the rain and herself, wet and muddy to the knees, hurrying back to the office with a story. The managing editor barking orders at her, treating her like a man, because—"you're the best damn newspaperman in this town." Chicago in the sun. Visiting celebrities to interview. Hotel rooms and handshaking. Chicago at night. Swing music and rackets. Racketeers and stories about them and—David. No! Not David. Mustn't think of him. Escape—run from heartbreak, like before. "Uncle George" calling her a fool, but understanding and giving her an assignment to do small town impressions.

Then, Walnut Grove and John Fairchild.

The spinning days, with John rolling them along faster and faster, taking her breath away. Calls in the morning, lunch, dinner, drives through the night. Flowers. More phone calls. More days running swiftly by, with nothing in them



■ Totally without warning his hands were on her shoulders.

Stepmother is the story of the popular serial heard over CBS, daily at 10:30 A.M., sponsored by Colgate Toothpowder. Photos posed by members of the cast—Charles Penman as John; Janet Logan, Kay; Barbara Fuller, Peg; Bob Guilbert, Jim.



■ At nineteen you could be so cruel—and Peg was ruthless in her hatred.

but John. A jovial John, grinning deep clefts into his cheeks, his grey eyes beaming. A quiet John, asking, "Will you marry me? Now? Right away?" A serious John, telling her about his first wife, Anne, who went out on the lake alone one stormy night eight years before and never came back, telling about his children, Bud and Peg. "It isn't really fair to ask you to take on such a responsibility. You're so young—and they're pretty spoiled, I guess, being without a mother for so long. But I know they'll love you, just as much as I do." A timid John, afraid he would lose her because of his children, saying hopefully, "I know it's a lot to ask of you—"

KAY remembered how blithely she had looked forward to this new adventure of being a mother as well as a wife. Having John's love, she felt equal to any task.

It had been easy to win Bud's affection. He was twelve years old, healthy, curious and eager. From the first moment, he had been willing to accept her. She had loved him on sight and it wasn't long before he considered her one of his best friends, in spite of the fact that she was a grown-up and, what must have been worse in his eyes, a "lady."

But Peg. A dozen instances of Peg's hostility flashed like pictures on the screen of her mind. Peg, when they met for the first time, looking at her with cold, speculative eyes, never even putting out a hand in welcome. Peg being defiant. Peg calmly assuming that it was Kay, and Kay alone, who objected to her late hours and unexplained dates. Peg being impertinent and deceitful.

If only, Kay thought, she could understand Peg—be friends with her, help her! She was such a strange girl, beautiful and gay and capable of a disarming sweetness, which Kay could not help feeling was a truer indication of her real character than the sullenness she wore whenever she was with her father's new wife. She was not—Kay struggled to analyze her—very stable emotionally, nor very happy. She conceived violent affections, as well as violent hatreds. She had absolutely no ability to judge people, especially men. And whatever emotion she happened to be experiencing at the moment filled her entire horizon. Her impulses, her

ungoverned temperament, might some day lead her into serious trouble.

And yet, as Peg herself had just pointed out, you couldn't treat a nineteen-year-old girl like a child. Even if she acted like one.

Looking backward, Kay saw herself at nineteen and thought how much more mature she had been than Peg. But then, she'd had a job—two jobs, really, because she was working on a newspaper as well as going to college. There hadn't been time for petty resentments or equally petty enthusiasms. Now, if only Peg were busy on something that seemed important to her instead of being so idle—

It was a chance, a slim one, but still a chance. Kay's over-stimulated mind turned it over and over, wondering how to test it. Of course, Peg must never even suspect that Kay wanted her to take a job. How then to manage it? . . .

Dawn was stealing into the room before Kay had a plan. She found suddenly, that she was relaxing contentedly and from eyes grown pleasantly heavy she watched the pink fingers of light gather up the shadows and sweep them into nothingness. Sleep came upon her unawares.

She slept only a few hours, yet she woke feeling refreshed and eager. All morning, she went about keenly aware of a new sense of well being, of belonging to the house and right after breakfast, as soon as John had left for his office in the bank, she went in to Walnut Grove to set her plan for Peg into motion, she felt for the first time that she belonged there, too. Before, she had sometimes felt that it was slow and dull, a backward place compared to Chicago. But now, as if her eyes had been given new sight, she understood John's pride in it.

It was a small town, but it was growing. And everyone in it was helping it to grow. The butcher, the baker, the policeman on Main Street, the young woman pushing the baby carriage, and all the others—the young and the old, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor—all of them were just as much a part of its growth as was Mr. Clark, who smiled so condescendingly to her from the steps of the bank where John worked.

Usually, Mr. Clark irritated her deeply. He was so conscious of his position as president of the bank

and of hers as the wife of one of his employes. She always felt almost as if he expected her to courtsey to him in gratitude for his generosity in giving her husband a job. But today, through her new awareness, she realized that according to his lights, Mr. Clark was important, the most important man in Walnut Grove, in fact, because he possessed the most money and the most power. John was important, too. His job at the bank was second-in-command to Mr. Clark's, but all the same he was an employe. And Mr. Clark was bound to observe the social distinctions by condescending to John Fairchild's wife.

Her good feeling persisted. She visited the "Journal" office, where she had a long talk with Andy Clayton, the editor and publisher of the town's only newspaper. Then she picked up the evening dress she was going to wear to the Country Club Dance that evening. At the dressmaker's, she ran into Eleanor Clark, the bank president's daughter. Here again, she noticed something for the first time—how much of Mr. Clark had been reproduced in his daughter. The arrogance, the desire for power, the need for admiration and attention, they were all there in the girl, somewhat softened by her femininity, but by no means obscured. And thinking of these things made Kay glad she had only Peg to deal with, for, after all, Peg was an angel—if a misguided one—compared to Eleanor.

SHE returned to the house a few minutes before noon to hear from Mattie, the vast colored woman who had been with the Fairchilds for so long that she seemed like one of the family, that "Miss Peg gone out in a hurry 'bout fifteen minutes ago." Further questioning disclosed that Peg's departure had been in answer to a telephone call from a man.

Kay smiled secretively. Andy Clayton hadn't wasted any time. Now there was nothing to do but wait.

Bud came racketing into the house and Kay had lunch with him, as usual. That is, she sat at the table with him, but she was too nervous to eat. She only half listened, one ear cocked for the sound of Peg's return, while he prattled about being elected captain of the baseball team. In spite of her listening for it, she almost dropped her fork when she heard the front door

■ Had Kay undertaken too impossible a task when she married John Fairchild?

slam and Peg's voice, shrill with excitement, calling.

"Kay! Mattie! Where is everybody?"

The next instant, she exploded into the dining room. "Kay! Bud! I've got a job!" she cried, dancing around the table.

Bud raised an eyebrow and snorted derisively.

"But it's true!" Peg said. "Andy Clayton called me up this morning and offered me a job. Just like that!"

Inwardly, Kay breathed a sigh of relief. Andy had put it over. Apparently, Peg suspected nothing. "You don't mean Andy Clayton has given you a job on the 'Journal'?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, he has," Peg said proudly. "But—I don't understand," Kay said.

Peg tossed her head. "Andy Clayton called me and said he thought a gossip column about the younger set would be good in the 'Journal' and he wanted it to be written by somebody in the younger set, because that way it would be more authentic and everything, and right away when he thought of the column, he thought of me to write it, because I'm always running around with that crowd and—" here she hesitated a little, "—well—because he knew you'd been such a good newspaper woman before you came here to live and maybe you could help me a little at first—and so he called me up and asked me if I thought I could write it and I said I thought I could and—so—I have the job. Whew!" And she laughed gayly, all out of breath from her long speech.

Kay laughed, too. But she was laughing with appreciation for Andy Clayton's wisdom. What a good psychologist he was, she thought, to have played on Peg's vanity so neatly.

"Why that's wonderful," she said. "When do you start?"

"Right away," Peg said breathlessly. "I'm to write up tonight's Country Club Dance—sort of a trial piece. Gosh, I hope I can make it."

"Of course, you can," Kay said.

Bud stood up from the table. He looked Peg up and down, shaking his head with mock amazement. Peg made a grab for him, but he evaded her and ran out of the room, with a whoop of laughter.

"He's awful," Peg said with a small smile. She looked a little timidly at Kay. "Kay—" she ven-



tured. "I—that is—you will help me, won't you?"

"Certainly, I'll help you," Kay said. "I don't imagine you'll need much help, though, once you get the hang of it."

Peg smiled a little sheepishly. Then, "Kay—"

"Yes, Peg?"

"I—I'm sorry about last night," she said.

"Let's forget it, shall we?" Kay smiled. Peg blushed and nodded.

ALL day, Kay was excited, more so than Peg, perhaps because she had more at stake than the girl. It seemed to her that her whole future, all her hopes and dreams, depended on Peg's success. Even when she made out the sizable check for their Country Club membership dues, she did it without her usual qualms. For once, she felt that belonging to the Country Club wasn't an extravagance. It was worth a bit of scrimping, if it helped Peg with her job.

In the evening, as she dressed for the dance, she felt pleasantly gay and festive. She brushed her dark hair until it glistened with life.

The excitement had given her dark eyes a depth and glow and brought a delicate flush to her cheeks and lips, making them far more attractive than any cosmetics ever could. Pulling on her new gown, she noted with satisfaction how supple and graceful her figure was and she realized with a start that she hadn't even looked at herself properly for months. She smiled at her reflection in the long mirror. It was good to feel feminine and desirable again.

Just as she was pinning a spray of lilies-of-the-valley in her hair, John came into her dressing room to have his tie fixed. He stared at her for a moment and there came into his eyes a look that had been missing from them for a long time, a look of possessiveness and pride, a warm, intimate look, that sent her heart skipping. And they both forgot all about his tie, for the next ten minutes.

Peg, looking girlish and extremely unready for work in a frilly, tulle dress that made her look as though she'd been caught in a scoop of foam, went to the dance with them. This was the first time since Kay had come to Walnut Grove that the girl had gone out anywhere with her and John, and it made her very happy.

And when they entered the Country Club and John leaned close to her and whispered, "Their eyes are popping, darling, but I love you, even if you are beautiful," Kay felt as though she were back in Chicago and it was before John had asked her to marry him. It was all silly and wonderful and she loved every bit of it.

They had barely settled down at a ringside table, when a young man dressed in a business suit and carrying a camera and lights came toward them.

"Miss Fairchild," he said to Peg. "I'm Jim Shannon. Mr. Clayton sent me over to take pictures."

Peg introduced him. "This is my father and—mother," she said. It was the first time she had ever called Kay her mother and she did it a little awkwardly.

Jim Shannon eyed Kay a bit curiously. "Say," he said, "Mr. Clayton said something about your being Kay Harriman from Chicago. That right?"

"Yes," Peg put in boastfully. "She was a pretty good newspaper woman, there."

"Pretty good!" Jim Shannon exclaimed. "Lady," he turned to Kay,

"you were a little god—I mean goddess to us at school. That was some series you did on the rackets."

"Thanks," Kay said with a smile.

Later, when Peg and young Shannon had gathered up his photographic paraphernalia and gone to the other side of the room, Kay turned to John.

"Let's dance, darling," she said. "We haven't danced together since I've been here."

"That's right, we haven't," John said and led her to the dance floor. "Remind me to do this more often," he added as he put his arm around her. "I like it."

"You should," Kay smiled up at him. "You're one of the best dancers I ever met."

"That's not what I was talking about," John whispered, his lips brushing her ear.

For a few minutes, Kay lost herself in his arms, letting him guide her smoothly around the dance floor. She closed her eyes, shutting out everything but the flow of the music and the gentle pressure of John's arm. She was terribly conscious of John's nearness and as they moved about in perfect unison, she felt as though she were melting into him, becoming a part of him.

The tempo of the music changed and startled Kay out of her dream. She opened her eyes. They were gliding past Peg and Jim Shannon taking a picture of Eleanor Clark's party. It was Eleanor's behavior that caught Kay's eye.

The girl was fairly bristling with charm and vivacity as she stood close to Jim Shannon and smiled up into his eyes. For a second, Kay was amazed by the sight. Then, the reason for it occurred to her.

"Oh-oh," she said to John. "Peg's in for trouble."

John glanced back without interrupting his step. "Peg? Oh, you mean the young man. Nonsense. She just met him."

"Yes," Kay answered. "But apparently Eleanor doesn't know that. Look at her."

John darted another glance at the young people. "Now, look here," he said. "We're here to have a good time. Forget you're a mother, for a change. Peg and Eleanor have been the best friends and the bitterest rivals since they were kids. Peg can take care of herself. Come on," and he whirled her about so she couldn't see them any longer.

The orchestra finished the set and the dancers had begun to straggle back to their tables, when suddenly a low, vibrant voice arrested Kay and John.

"Why, John Fairchild," it said. "How nice (Continued on page 68)

■ To have John close to her like this, to know that she could depend on his love and trust—





**FIBBER  
McGEE  
and  
MOLLY**

■ Welcome back radio's grand comedy team! Fibber and Molly celebrate twenty-three years of a happy marriage and business partnership this winter. Molly got her anniversary present this summer—in the form of a beautifully equipped trailer, in which they toured the West Coast of California. What more could Molly ask for now that her daughter has entered college and her son has grown up? This is the McGees' sixth year with the same sponsor on Tuesday nights at 9:30, over the NBC-Red.

# BING!

BY BOB HOPE



■ An intimate friend writes a charming story about a man he calls "Squire" and who is much more concerned about being a real father to his four sons than he ever was about singing

If you want to see Squire Crosby for yourself, just take a ride out to Santa Anita or Del Mar. You'll usually find Bing at one of these race tracks any day he's not working. But don't look for him in the clubhouse, among the movie celebrities and society bluebloods—where the silver foxes and ermines are so thick they remind me of a trappers' convention.

Bing's reason for attending the races is old-fashioned—he goes to see the ponies run.

The point I'm making is that Bing is a plain, simple guy. Some folks claim he's the richest personality in Hollywood.

Personally, I don't know how rich Bing is. And I don't give a darn. In fact, I've often told him I don't believe he files an income tax return. He just telephones Washington and asks Uncle Sam, "How much do you need?"

I have heard it said that only two present motion picture stars of any consequence have remained unchanged by stardom. One is Gary Cooper. The other Bing Crosby.

My acquaintance with Cooper is slight, but I'm willing to believe

that of him. But as far as Bing's concerned, I can personally vouch that he's as regular as any one can be. He isn't a bit different today than he was nine years ago, when we first met back in New York.

I've never changed my opinion of him since that time.

It was pure coincidence that when I came to Hollywood years later, I landed at Paramount, where Bing was already a top bracket star. We happened to meet one day in the commissary. Bing, if I remember correctly, spotted me first, and instantly detached himself from a group he was lunching with and came over to my table.

"How are y', Hope," he said. "Glad to see you again."

We've been friends ever since. I like to call him Squire—not because down at his place at Rancho Santa Fe, near Del Mar, where he and Dixie and the kids usually spend the summer, he can live the life of an English squire. (At least, according to what I've read about squires). But because Bing's a real gentleman, sweet and kindly—and that's no crack.

We don't (Continued on page 72)



■ Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby at the premiere of Bing's picture, although he'd rather be at home, tucking the kids in their beds.



# BOB!

BY BING CROSBY

■ A fellow who has made us all his stooges becomes a much more human being seen through Bing's eyes—a husband who is deeply in love and a demon golfer who will stop at nothing to win

There should be a law against this Hope fellow. He's dangerous. He's a menace. No one's safe from his glib tongue. And try as you will to match wits with him, he always gets the best of everybody and everything.

Take his recent personal appearance tour.

The world was in a turmoil. Across the seas armies marched, bombs wiped out cities, nations fell. Over here war tension mounted, the government launched gigantic preparations for national defense. In Hollywood, options dropped like plummets and studio executives lay awake nights trying to solve the problem of the diminishing foreign market.

Yet all this time Bob and his troupe played to capacity crowds. Box office records crashed in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and half a dozen other cities.

And look what Hope has done to me. He's out-talked me in pictures, on the stage, and on the radio; even when he's made guest appearances at my race track at Del Mar. He even stole my trombone player from me. One day Jerry Colonna was in

my band, and the next thing I knew he loomed up on Hope's program.

Now, they rate me a pretty good golfer in these parts. I've been two times champion of Lakeside, and not ashamed of it. Bob is a fair player. But even at golf he can out-talk and out-handicap me into losing to him! Remember that charity match we played with Ruby Keeler and Paulette Goddard? Well, Ruby is one of the best golfers in the state of California. Paulette, on the other hand, has plenty on the ball in looks and talent but prior to that match, she had had only six golfing lessons. Hope, naturally, took the arrangements in hand, and Paulette and I found ourselves teamed against him and Ruby. Guess who won!

I call Bob "Honey Boy," the name dating back to the old-time minstrel shows. The idea came to me the first time he played a minstrel man, in black face, at a clambake of our Westwood Marching and Chowder Club. These are a bunch of talented boys and girls from pictures and radio—about a hundred of them—who get (Continued on page 72)



■ Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope like to attend fights. Bing says Mrs. Hope's the beauty of the family and we agree with him, but Bob—

# Mystery House

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

■ Rand was kneeling beside her. His voice was hoarse as he whispered: "Just give me a chance, Lynn! Just say that much."



■ Death comes in the night, and suddenly the veil of serenity is ripped from the Prendergast mansion, revealing a threat of murder to the girl who complained that life was dull

PAGE HAZELTYNE craved adventure. At twenty-seven, beautiful, single, she felt that life held more than her drab existence in a San Francisco boarding house. That was why she jumped at an offer to nurse Mrs. Prendergast at her strange home down on the fog-shrouded California coast. The woman at the employment agency admitted that Mrs. Prendergast had been—well—"queer"—since her husband's death. Her home, called "Mystery House" by the people in the vicinity, was a huge place, always partially under construction, with not a single room that was completely finished. Though Page's nominal duty was to nurse Mrs. Prendergast, who was a cripple, an extra salary was being paid to her by the old woman's niece in San Francisco, who feared that her aunt was being influenced to leave her fortune, including the famous Ked Anna diamond, to others. It was thus part of Page's duty to watch Mrs. Prendergast's two companions, Flora Mockbee and Dr. Randall Harwood.

Within a few days after her arrival at Mystery House Page learned that Flora was the daughter of Mrs. Prendergast's old housekeeper, who had died a few days before Dr. Harwood arrived at Mystery House. He was a young physician, charming and likable but frankly an adventurer, who had recently returned from China. Flora was obviously in love with him, but Page did not believe he could be attracted by her pale, homely face and spinsterish ways. Later, Dr. Harwood asked Page to pay special attention to the fourth member of the household—a young, handsome man named Lynn whose precise identity was a mystery, and who suffered from a strange mental trouble. Lynn was so greatly attracted to Page that one day he revealed he was in possession of the famous diamond, which he claimed Mrs. Prendergast had given to him. Nevertheless, in his vague way, he insisted that she wanted it back, and that if she succeeded in getting it she might send him to an institution.

In spite of the oddly sinister atmosphere about the house, Page was happy in her new job, until Flora revealed that she was engaged to Dr. Harwood. Harwood later admitted a half-engagement, but told Page that he loved her instead. Hardly had she adjusted herself to this proposal when, on a trip to San Francisco, she conferred with Barnes Bishop, the lawyer

representing Mrs. Prendergast's niece, who hinted that there was something strange about the death of Trudy Mockbee, Flora's mother—that she might have been poisoned. Upon Page's return to Mystery House she had another talk with Lynn, and this time he unexpectedly asked her to marry him.

A LITTLE later, Page was walking up the path to the house. A Chinese was bowing and scraping on the terrace, his ivory face a broad smile. "Oneddy come," he announced.

"Old lady come? What old lady?" Page asked.

For answer Ma Foy gestured with a linen-clad arm, and Page saw standing in the shade of the great banana tree a frail elderly woman in a furred coat, a plumed hat, and long white gloves.

"I'm Fanny Watts Roy," the strange woman said, in a weak, faintly autocratic, pleasant voice that matched her appearance in some strange indefinable way. "I'm Mrs. Prendergast's sister."

"I've heard her speak of you," Page assured her politely. But her thoughts were in a jumble. What to do? Mrs. Prendergast had left none of her associates in ignorance of her feeling toward her sister. She hated her and despised her. How on earth had this refined, faded little person passed the Japanese guard at the highway gate? Rand was away; Flora was probably asleep. And upstairs sat enthroned the despotic old woman who would go into a rage at the mere idea of her sister's nearness.

"I'm Mrs. Prendergast's nurse, Page Hazeltynne," she said pleasantly. "Suppose that you come up to my room? I'm not sure that Mrs. Prendergast will see you. She's been nervous, lately. That is, she doesn't see anyone—much."

"Extraordinary!" Mrs. Roy said in her faintly autocratic, weary, lovely voice. "Of course she'll see me! We haven't seen each other for fourteen years."

"Imagine. . . ." Page murmured sympathetically, her heart beating fast with a terror she could not understand, as she opened the door of her room; snapped up lights, "You know she is angry at Mrs. Hibbs," she said cautiously.

"Yes; my daughter told me that yesterday. The quarrel was nonsense of some sort!"

"She's old, and it was just at the time of Mrs. Mockbee's death," Page offered gently.

"I never did like Trudy Mockbee, never could stand her!" Mrs. Roy said, with a sort of elegant peevishness. "There's no question she was after my sister's money."

Page left her and went off to Mrs. Prendergast's room to break the news. Flora was there; had evidently just escorted the old lady to her fireside chair in the sitting-room.

"Well, you look comfortable! Are you ready for a visitor?" Page said. "Mrs. Prendergast, Mrs. Roy is here."

For a minute there was a complete transfixed silence. Page was almost frightened by the look she saw on the full old wrinkled face. Her employer, when angry, was a dreadful sight.

"What did you say?" Mrs. Prendergast asked measuredly.

"Your sister from India. She's in my room."

"Ha! I'll not see her," the old lady said.

"Ah, but she's your sister!" Page said gently.

"You and Flora go right back and see her now," Mrs. Prendergast said fiercely, ignoring Page's remark. "Tell her a man'll come over from the farm, to get her in to Belmont, and that when I want to see her I'll let her know. You can give her a cup of tea or something, if you want to," she added more quietly.

She was shaken badly; Page could see that. Her fat old hands were trembling, and her face, livid with anger and fear a few seconds earlier, had turned an unhealthy tallow color. This was her only sister, after all, the girl reflected; perhaps she found it harder than she would admit to refuse this interview, that for both of them might be the last in this life.

Flora and Page went through the hall together.

Mrs. Roy, her coat removed now, and her ashy graying hair uncovered, was relaxed in a chair beside the stove. The room was warm; the faded beautiful eyes that the visitor raised expectantly to Page

America's famous author now brings to radio the stories every woman wants to hear. On these pages Radio Mirror publishes in its original novel form, "Mystery House," recently heard on the air. Tune in "By Kathleen Norris" daily over the NBC-Red and CBS network (see page 39 for broadcast time) sponsored by Wheaties.

Illustrations by Seymour Thompson

were heavy with drowsiness.

"You'll take me to my sister?" she said at once, rousing.

"I'm so sorry," Page said. "Mrs. Prendergast feels wretchedly. She really doesn't want to see anyone."

"How d'you mean anyone? What's the matter with her?" Mrs. Roy echoed sharply. "I'm her sister."

KNOW. But you see—" Page's eye fell on Flora, who was quivering in the shadows. "This is Mrs. Mockbee's daughter, Mrs. Roy."

"What's the matter with Mrs. Prendergast?" the imperious faded voice reiterated. "I'm not going to do anything to tire her. I've come all the way from India; I only got here Sunday. I have to get back by March; my husband is a chronic invalid—"

"I know," Flora interrupted, with a firmness that amazed Page, "but if you'll just wait until she writes you—"

"Why should I?" the newcomer demanded impatiently. "I certainly shall do nothing of the kind! My daughter and her husband both feel that Mrs. Prendergast would want to see the members of her family if she were not influenced in some way against them!"

She stopped, sniffed, and fixed a defiant glare upon them.

"Suppose you see Doctor Harwood?" Page suggested placatingly, all the trained nurse for the moment. "Miss Mockbee and I can't very well go against Mrs. Prendergast's express orders."

"No, I suppose you can't!" Mrs. Roy conceded. "When will he get here?"

"I'm going down to get you some tea," Page said. "He ought to be here soon."

Flora fluttered away, and Page ran down to the kitchen, and busied herself with a tray—cream, lemon, lady-fingers, buttered fresh toast.

She was carrying it upstairs when, in the upper hall, she met Rand.

"Oh, Rand, there's h-e-l-l to pay!" the girl laughed, surrendering the tray, and lighting lights as they went along. "Mrs. Roy is here!"

"Who?"

"You know. The sister who married the swami—Mrs. Prendergast's sister!"

"Where is she?" Rand asked.

"In my room. I didn't know what to do with her. Mrs. Prendergast was frantic! She says she won't see her, and I don't believe she'll change her mind."

"They haven't seen each other, then?"

"Oh, no. And Mrs. Roy is wild. She thinks we're all working on

Mrs. Prendergast for her money." "She doesn't know that the big diamond's missing?"

"Oh, no! But Mrs. Roy wants to see you, Rand."

"I'll see her at once, of course," he said quickly. Page felt relieved. Rand would settle everything!

He accompanied Page into her bedroom and was introduced to Mrs. Roy and Page saw with satisfaction that he made an instant impression. "I wish, doctor," Mrs. Roy said, "that you would go in and ask her if I may not have just one word with her—not argument, not reproaches! She is my only sister. Surely she has no reason for not just letting me kiss her and say, 'God bless you!'"

"Oh, Rand, I think she might!" Page put in eagerly, touched by this speech.

"I don't know," he said. "I might go in and talk to her."

Rand went away and Mrs. Roy said, "He seems very nice."

"Oh, he's a darling," Page said with a laugh. "We all take his orders!"

"Who else is here? Has she another nurse?"

"No; she doesn't need another.



■ Page knocked on the door. There was no answer. She pushed the door open and looked inside. The room was empty.

There are the three of us, and Lynn."

"Lynn who?" the visitor asked, with a sharp interest that rather surprised Page.

"Lynn—well, I asked him once and he said Edward—Edwards, I suppose, but he said Edward."

"Edward Lynn!" Fanny Roy exclaimed. "It's one of the Lynns. My sister's first husband was Edward Lynn."

"I didn't know Mrs. Prendergast had been married twice," Page said, amazed. Lynn was a relative, then!

"Oh, yes; she was Mrs. Edward Lynn when she met Rutger Prendergast," Fanny said. "They fell madly in love with each other, she and Prendergast, and Ned Lynn let her get her divorce. This was—oh, dear! Min's older than I am—this was almost fifty years ago."

"Minnie's son would be forty-seven or so now. When she married Prendergast, Ned Lynn took his child and went away; I've never heard of him since, except that about—oh, years and years ago, eighteen or twenty years ago, she wrote me that her son was dead. But this might be his son. This might be Minnie's grandson. Has she seen this boy?"

"Seen him!" Page echoed. "He's a member of the family. But she doesn't treat him like a grandson," she added doubtfully. "He's—you see he's been terribly ill, he had a sort of fever when he got here, and he hasn't recovered—exactly. That is, he's physically well, but he—can't remember; his mind's all confused. He's wonderful, in some ways," Page went on loyally. "But his mind's still—sort of vague."

IT might be some relative of Ned Lynn's who showed up here and asked her to help him," the older woman said reflectively. "I wish I could see him. I'd know in a second if he was one of the Lynns; they all look alike."

"But surely, if he was her grandchild, even though the man divorced her, she'd say so?"

"You can't tell. Minnie's always been hard, you know, and it's the hard people who go queer. I never had any brains, and consequently they couldn't go back on me," Mrs. Roy said simply, and Page laughed. "How about the diamond? Has she ever shown it to you?"

"No; she never has."

"Miss Hazelyne, you're a sensible girl, and I know you'll understand me. Are things going on honestly here? Is she happy? Are they taking good care of her?"

"Oh—absolutely!" Page said, flushing (Continued on page 54)

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

# HOLD YOUR HEART

Music by  
**DINAH SHORE**

Words by  
**GEORGE SIMON**



■ Once every year a young, vibrant voice makes itself heard on the air and suddenly listeners have a new star. Dinah Shore, with the huskiness in her voice that makes her blues singing so compelling, is this year's bright new star, on the Eddie Cantor broadcasts, on NBC Wednesday nights, sponsored by Ipana and Sal Hepatica. Now she makes news by composing with George Simon Radio Mirror's song hit of the month. Tune in and hear Dinah, then sing the song yourself.

Copyright 1940  
by Dinah Shore and George Simon

# Hold Your Heart

■ It's the month's romantic song hit, composed by the singing sensation of the Eddie Cantor Show. Listen to Dinah Shore on Wednesday nights on NBC

Words by  
GEORGE SIMON

Music by  
DINAH SHORE

Hold your heart Here we go a-gain We're both so in love, Don't stop to count to ten For  
then if you do our dream may not come true So dar-ling hold your heart  
Hold your heart, we're go-ing for a ride The stars light the road, the moon will be my guide And  
then when it's done we'll end up in the sun So dar-ling hold your heart.

We met Oh! what a blend-ing As our hearts skipped straight a - head  
Think of the ter-ri-ble end-ing If they skipped a - part in - stead  
Hold your heart here we go a-gain, We're bound straight for Heaven and when we get there then  
You'll say "I Do" and I'll say I do too And so I'll hold your heart.

# Are You Satisfied with YOU?

■ If you aren't, says lovely Claudette Colbert, it's only because you've been neglecting to take proper care of your face, your figure and your clothes. Read this inspiring message if you want to find fascination

THERE is a large dose of somebody else's trouble in every morning's mail if you're an important star. The morning I saw Claudette Colbert (as important a star as ever made a picture for Paramount or broadcast on the air) she had just swallowed her morning coffee—black for slimness—and opened the last of several letters.

One was an appeal from a young mother of three, widowed, jobless, with an important operation to pay for; another was a request for \$2,000 by return mail; a third was the threat of suicide from a young man; and the last, a letter from a young woman which got her—absent though she was—the talking-to of her life.

For the sake of her future, it is a pity she wasn't there to hear it. When Claudette had finished, I suddenly realized how lucky I was to have been there to hear what she said. Because, though it was aimed at another person, I decided that there isn't a woman I know who can't benefit by the lesson in loveliness Claudette Colbert taught that morning.

By PAULINE SWANSON

"Just look at this!" Claudette said, tossing the letter into my lap.

The young woman had taken inventory of Miss Colbert's many blessings. "Why shouldn't you be happy," she wrote, "with a good job in the movies, a handsome husband, a beautiful home, and all those expensive clothes you wear?"

"My figure would probably look all right, too," she added, "if I had clothes like that."

"And my hair might look pretty, if I could afford to go to those expensive hairdressers in Hollywood."

"That young woman is so *wrong*," Claudette Colbert said. "She apparently is starved for some sort of success—one little triumph would cure all her dissatisfaction with

life, and those unripe economic ideas along with it. But she can't win that way—she can't complain herself into a good job, or an interesting date, for that matter.

"If she's not happy with herself the way she is, why in the name of heaven doesn't she do something about it?"

"What could she do about that?" I asked.

"Plenty," said Claudette. "No girl has to be an ugly duckling. I am convinced that *any* girl—if she wants it enough—can have a good figure. *Any* girl can have an attractive face. She can wear becom-



This series of four pictures might be called "Evolution of a Beauty." By any title, they are dramatic proof of Claudette's contention that anyone, by analyzing her assets and her liabilities, can gain the loveliness she desires. Left, 1929; above, 1931; right, 1932, and opposite page, today.



Paramount

ing clothes. She can get the job she wants, or the man she wants—if she wants it enough. And neither luck, nor money—Miss Sourpuss to the contrary—need have anything to do with it.

"You see," Claudette continued, "I've proved it."

"Let me give you a thumbnail sketch of *me*—at sixteen. That was in the middle 'twenties. You remember the middle 'twenties. Short skirts and long waists, shingled hair, baby vamp shoes. Well, just

imagine what a shingle bob would do to this face—a moon face, with flat, fish hooks of curls all around it. Then imagine this figure—all shoulders and no hips—in the crackerboxes which passed for dresses that season.

"Are you shuddering?" she said.

"But how you've changed," I remarked.

"That's the point. Nearly all of us are something less than our own ideal of perfection. But that's no reason to take it lying down—

there's a life-time ahead, and with a little determination we can make it about anything we want to.

"Somebody has said that art develops through three things: dissatisfaction, an ideal, and solitude. I think the same thing is true of beauty.

Any girl who takes stock of herself, analyzes her assets and her liabilities, then sets out for a specific goal needs only time and patience to become the sort of person she (Continued on page 60)

# The Guiding Light

■ In each life there is a ruling passion. In Torchy's it was a hopeless love, in Ned's it was fear, in Rose's a burning desire for independence. But only the Guiding Light of Five Points could bring them all to happiness

LATE on a spring afternoon, when the thin sunlight slanted down over the grime-encrusted walls of Five Points, Dr. Ruthledge liked to rest for a while in his study. He didn't sleep. He simply sat there, arms extended along the arms of his old-fashioned easy chair, head pillowed against its worn leather cushions, thinking, struggling with the great problems of people, of existence, of the soul.

One thing Dr. Ruthledge believed, as he believed in the existence of God:

*There is a destiny that makes us brothers,*

*None goes his way alone.*

*All that we send into the lives of others*

*Comes back into our own.*

But people would not see the truth of those four lines. To their own unhappiness, they fought against seeing it.

There was Rose Kransky, for instance. It was hard to believe that she had learned anything from her tragic experience with Charles Cunningham. Still she went her way, shunning responsibility, struggling against all the ties that held her to others. Now that Ellis Smith, her husband—if he really was her husband—had left the city, she was living with her mother and brother in Five Points; but she had placed her infant son in a nursery, ignoring her mother's heart-broken pleas

to keep it at home. She seemed completely indifferent to the baby; to her it represented only a burden from which she must free herself.

From Rose, Dr. Ruthledge's thoughts turned with a pang to Ned Holden and his own daughter, Mary Ruthledge. Once—and that not so long ago—his dearest wish had been that these two might be married. But now he was convinced that marriage between them would be a mistake, even a sin. And there was nothing he could do to keep them apart. Torchy, Ned's wife, was his last hope, and now she was gone.

"I know Ned never loved me," Torchy told him the day before she left for San Francisco. "He liked me, he was grateful. But he kept on loving Mary. So I'll just go away. I won't divorce him, and I've told him I wouldn't. But any time he wants to divorce me, he can."

Since then, Ned had moved to a furnished room in Five Points, leaving the apartment he and Torchy had occupied in a better part of the city. Mary, against her father's wishes, saw a great deal of him; but between Ned and the man who had been almost a foster-father to him an estrangement had grown up.

Dr. Ruthledge tried never to judge his fellow-man, but even his love for Ned could not blind him to his faults. He steadfastly refused to see his mother, the woman who



Adapted from the radio serial by Irna Phillips. Heard daily on NBC-Red (see Radio Mirror Almanac, Page 39 for your local time), sponsored by P. & G. White Naptha Soap. This photograph posed by members of the cast.

■ Torchy was smiling, sure of herself. "It's very good publicity for me to be seen with my husband—isn't it, Ned?"

called herself Fredrika Lang. He would not cast out from his heart the hatred for her that he had first conceived when he learned that she had abandoned him as a child.

Ned's newspaper columns and the radio broadcasts that he had recently begun—they, too, were things Dr. Ruthledge could not condone. In them he preached a philosophy of selfishness, glorifying this evil so subtly and cleverly that he was doing immeasurable harm. Millions of listeners and readers believed him, unwittingly let their minds be poisoned by him. Already, although he had been on the air only a few weeks, the name of Ned Holden was famous from coast to coast.

If Dr. Ruthledge had needed further proof of Ned's own selfishness—proof that he practiced what he preached—it was found in his relationship with Mary. It did not seem to matter to him that he was breaking the heart of Torchy, who had loved him so deeply, nor that his frequent public appearances with Mary were causing spiteful talk in Five Points and the rest of the city, nor that he had become the cause of a rapidly widening breach between Mary and the father who adored her. For the first time in her life Mary was disobeying Dr. Ruthledge. He asked her not to see Ned, and she refused.

It would have been far better, Dr. Ruthledge thought sorrowfully, if Ned, when he first fled from Five Points, had never returned.

He sighed and slowly got out of the chair. At the window he stood and looked out, for a moment, at the busy life of Five Points. Across the street Mrs. Kransky was standing in the door of her shop, looking old and sad. It was a shame, Dr. Ruthledge reflected, that Rose had never learned how impossible it was to find happiness for herself by making others who loved her unhappy. . . .

A few blocks away from the parsonage, Life, that undiscouraged teacher, was preparing to give Rose Kransky one more, final, lesson.

She sat in the office of the nursery where she had placed her child, talking to the matron. The cheap patent-leather of her purse felt greasy under her nervous fingers. "Those people that were in here—the ones that said they might like to adopt my baby—do you think they still feel the same way?"

Miss Miller, whose personality seemed to have been dipped into the same starch as her crisp uniform, said quietly, "Yes, Mrs. Smith. As a matter of fact, the woman was here only yesterday. She asked me to speak to you once more, hoping you might change your mind."

ROSE was unable to meet the woman's eyes. "Well, yes," she murmured. "Yes, I guess maybe I have."

"Because of the Child Welfare investigation?"

"Oh—you know about that?" Rose looked up, startled. And yet, when she came to think of it, there was no reason for surprise. Naturally the Child Welfare people would have come here, too.

"Have you any idea why they're interested in you and your son?" Miss Miller asked.

Rose shook her head hopelessly. "No. . . . Just yesterday one of their investigators came to see my mother. She told Ma there'd been a complaint filed about me—about me not being a fit person to have charge of the baby. And she asked a lot of questions, about why I didn't keep him there with me, and whether or not I had a job, and how much money Ma made out of the store—"

"But who could have filed a complaint about your fitness as a mother?"

"I—don't know."

Rose forced her lips to speak the words. In a way, she was telling the truth. She didn't really know. But there was only one person who could possibly hate her enough to start this investigation—Charles Cunningham. The man who had ruined her life, who was the baby's real father—surely he was the one, though what his motive might be she could not imagine.

Miss Miller said comfortably, "Well, I'm sure you needn't worry, Mrs. Smith. I told the investigator we considered you perfectly fit to retain charge of your child. We're convinced that it would be difficult, just now, for you to have him at home; and you pay our charges regularly."

"Thank you," Rose said absently. It was true; as far as the nursery was concerned, she was in every way a fit mother. But, her panic-

stricken mind reminded her, there were other things—things Miss Miller didn't know. An investigation would reveal that she wasn't married to Ellis Smith. The scandal of the Cunningham divorce case would be raked up. And her own mother had already told the investigator there was no reason at all why the baby couldn't be kept at home. No reason—except one that her mother would never recognize: that Rose refused to have him there, a responsibility, a burden and a reproach.

"There're reasons," she said hurriedly, "reasons I can't let this investigation go any further. I talked to a woman—a writer—about a job today. A secretarial job. Right now, if there was any trouble, she might change her mind and not hire me. And anyway, I just can't—I can't stand having people snooping around, asking questions!"

She saw Miss Miller's eyebrows go up at the edge of terror in her

voice, and went on more quietly, "Those people that want to adopt him—I suppose you couldn't tell me who they are?"

"I'm sorry—our rules absolutely forbid that. But I can assure you we wouldn't permit the adoption unless we were certain he was going to a good home."

"Yes. . . . I see." Rose took a deep breath and stood up. "Well—I've made up my mind. You can tell them they can have him."

"Mrs. Smith!" The impersonal manner wavered; Miss Miller seemed almost human. "Are you sure you want to—"

"Yes!" Rose spoke more loudly than she had intended. Her voice was harsh and angry. "Of course I'm sure. I'll sign the papers right now, if you want me to."

Her lips pressed together in an uncompromising line, Miss Miller turned to a file, took from it a blank form, and silently began to fill it out.

Well, that's that, Rose thought dully as she watched the moving pen-point. Ma'll jump all over me, of course, when she finds out. But I had to do it, I had to. It's better for the kid, it's better for me. I guess I really had the idea of letting him be adopted in the back of my head all the time, but I hated to take the plunge. It'll seem sort of funny, not being able to stop in here and say hello to him—but I couldn't have him on my hands! I'm going places—I'm going to work, and build up a life of my own! And I couldn't do that with him holding me back. . . . She signed her name.

SUMMER in Five Points. The heat lying close and sticky in the streets and in the tiny rooms of tenement buildings. Children playing, shouting, running over the scorching pavements. Windows open twenty-four hours a day, so that life was carried on as much outdoors as in.

In the *City Times* office a reporter named Spike Wilson tossed into the waste-basket a sheaf of publicity material about Ned Holden, "The Spectator," whose broadcasts were every week gaining thousands of new listeners. He wondered. He remembered Holden from the time when he (Continued on page 50)



# SUPERMAN

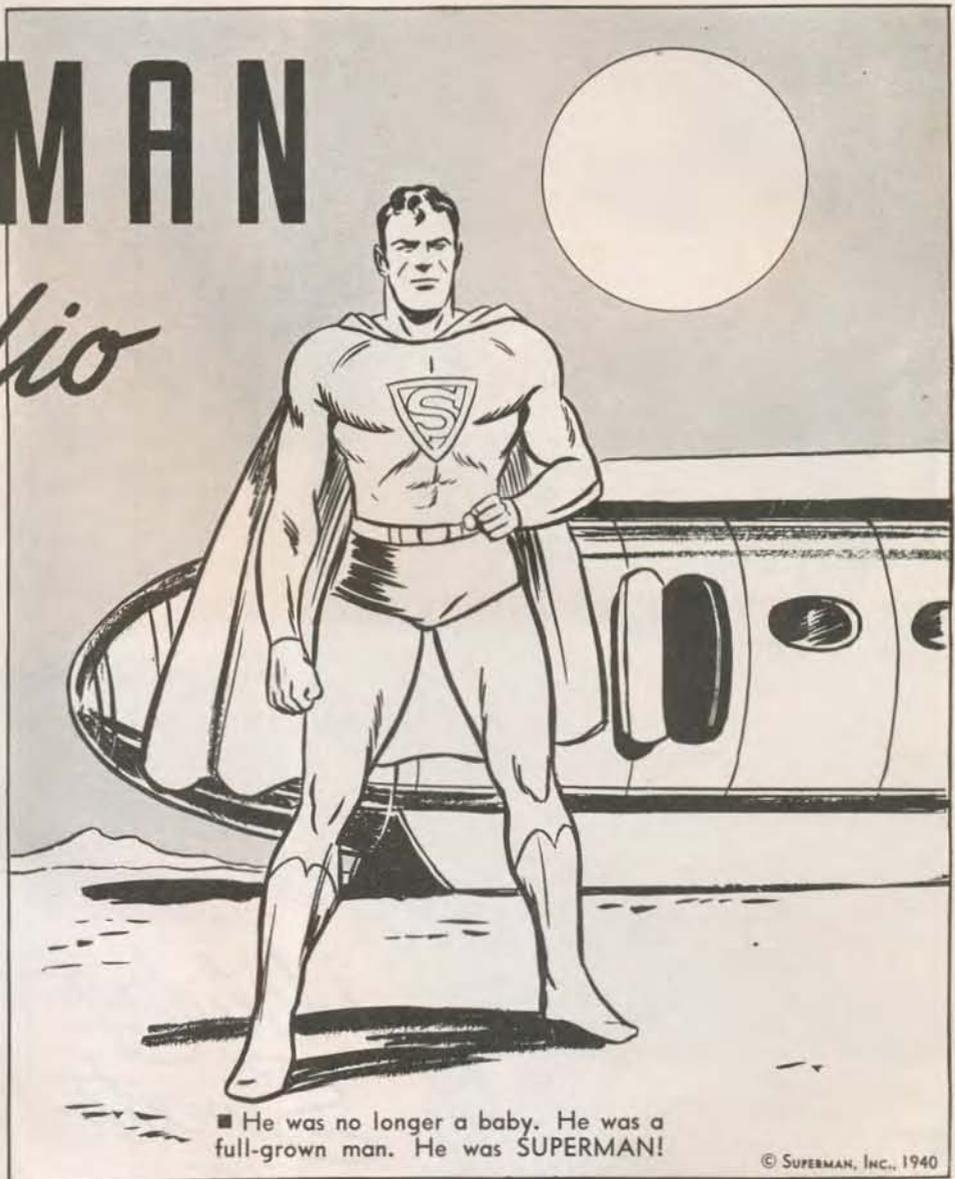
## *in Radio*

■ Now for the first time, the newest hero of the air comes to you as a thrilling story. Read the daring exploits of Clark Kent, Superman, each month on this page and tune in the Superman broadcasts on stations coast to coast

THE planet Krypton was doomed! Jor-El, Krypton's greatest scientist knew that. Feverishly he worked to perfect the rocket ship that would carry his family to Earth. But he was too late! As he stood there beside his laboratory, he saw the sky flame into a fiery red. The ground trembled and wide fissures divided forests and fields. Huge mountains crumbled and fell.

Jor-El hastily took Kal-el, his infant son, from the arms of his mother. He placed the sleeping boy carefully in the model of his space ship, swiftly swung the metal door into place and set the controls.

The tiny rocket-ship roared into the uncharted heavens just as the mighty planet of Krypton exploded into hundreds of thousands of glow-



ing fragments. Glittering stars to remain forever in the night sky! Through the far-flung darkness of space, the ship hurled millions of miles toward Earth.

Years later, the rocket reached the United States on Earth. It

landed, unharmed, in a desert. A bright moon lighted the lonely sandy wastes as the metal door, sealed years before, was opened from the inside. Into the atmosphere of his new planet stepped Kal-el. (Continued on page 63)



■ Superman, disguised as Clark Kent, became a cub reporter.



■ He took the girl gently in his arms and leaped into space.



■ Swooping down, he tore off the roof of the speeding street-car!



*Holiday  
Sweets*

I 'VE never known the time to fly as it has during these last few weeks. It seems only yesterday that we were planning hot weather meals and now the wind is whistling around my window with the message that Christmas is almost here. I'm sure that we're all planning to make this the happiest winter ever, with a feast of those holidays goodies so dear to everyone of us. I almost see the jars of crisp crunchy cookies, taste the delicious fruit cake, and smell the enticing aroma of pudding steaming for the great day.

We are fortunate not only in having these good things to enjoy, but in the knowledge that they are as healthful as they are flavorsome. They really are, for they are made up of just those foods which create the energy we all need during the winter to make our work easier and more productive, our play more fun than ever, and to help us combat colds which too often are our lot. The energy building minerals and vitamins, you know, are found in cereals such as oatmeal and bran, in nuts and fruits and in molasses, and these are the basis of all the

Now's the time to fill up the cookie jar with these delicious energy-building oatmeal and molasses cookies.



holiday recipes I have for you this month.

Since a well filled cookie jar is a Christmas must I'll start with recipes for the three kinds of cookies pictured at the top of the page.



**BY KATE SMITH**  
Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8:00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

**Oatmeal Cookies**

- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. cloves
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1½ cups walnuts
- 1½ cups shortening
- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- ½ cup molasses
- ¼ cup hot water

Sift flour once, measure, and sift with salt, soda, baking powder and spices. Mix rolled oats and nuts with flour. Cream together shortening and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time and add water and molasses. Combine the two mixtures, mix well and drop by teaspoon on oiled baking sheet. Bake at 400 degrees F. Makes 2 dozen large cookies.

#### Rolled Molasses Cookies

- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup flour
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 tsp. ginger

Heat molasses to boiling point, add butter. Sift dry ingredients together and add slowly, stirring constantly. Drop by half teaspoon onto buttered baking sheet, two or three inches apart. Bake at 350 degrees F. about ten minutes. Cool slightly

and roll each cookie over handle of wooden spoon.

#### Molasses Cookies

- 3/4 cup melted shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup thick sour milk
- 6 cups pastry flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. ginger
- 4 tsps. soda
- 1 tbl. lemon extract

Mix melted fat, molasses and sugar until smooth, then add sour milk. Sift remaining dry ingredients and combine the two mixtures. Add lemon extract and mix to stiff dough. Chill. Roll on floured board to one-third inch thickness, or roll very thin for a very crisp cookie. Bake at 350 degrees F.

One of the most popular holiday desserts is the steamed pudding, so here are two recipes, completely different in flavor but equally delicious. Serve molasses hard sauce with either one. The Date and Nut Pudding recipe accompanies the picture at the left.

#### Bran Fig Pudding

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 1/2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups whole bran shreds
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/3 cup melted shortening
- 1 1/2 cups chopped figs

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, sugar and salt and sift together three times, then add bran.

Beat eggs, add milk and shortening and beat the two mixtures together. Stir in figs. Fill greased pudding mold 2/3 full, cover tightly and steam 3 1/2 hours.

#### Molasses Hard Sauce

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tbl. molasses
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- Pinch salt

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Keep in cool place until serving time.

Here's a closing tip: The puddings may be made in advance of the holidays, so why not start to prepare them now, and then all you have to do is heat them just before your dinner. This will cut down on your holiday-time work.



#### DATE and NUT PUDDING

- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 cup chopped dates
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 2 tbls. melted shortening
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup water

Beat egg, add molasses, then add soda and water which have been mixed together. Sift together flour, salt and spices and combine the two mixtures. Dredge nuts and dates in additional flour and stir in lightly. Add melted shortening. Fill greased pudding mold 3/4 full, cover tightly, steam 1 1/2 hours.



Along with holiday meals comes the steamed pudding. For one with an entirely new flavor, try this delicious Bran Fig pudding for the Christmas dinner, and decorate it with a sprig of holly.



#### POPCORN TRICKS

HOLIDAY time is candy time too, and the best kind of candy is the kind that's as much fun to make as it is to eat. Try these Molasses Popcorn Balls.

- 3 quarts popped corn
- 2/3 cup molasses
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/3 tsp. vinegar
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 2 tbls. butter
- 2 tsps. vanilla

Pick over popped corn, discarding all hard kernels. Boil molasses, sugar, water, vinegar and salt, without stirring, to 270 degrees F., or until it becomes brittle when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla. Pour syrup gradually onto popped corn, mixing thoroughly. Form into balls and wrap in waxed paper when cool. They make wonderful Christmas tree decorations.



# What's New from Coast to Coast

■ Edgar Bergen dances with his latest "steady," Vera Gilmer, famous New York model. Below, WBT's "Aunt Sally" is Mrs. Pasco Powell, expert story-teller.



■ Ginny Simms and Kay Kyser attend the preview of their new RKO film, "You'll Find Out." Below, listen to Father Young's Christmas program on NBC.

## BY DAN SENSENEY

**A** JINX seems to follow Shirley Temple on her radio appearances. Last Christmas, when she was on the Screen Actors Guild program, she was suffering from a cold, and the same thing happened this Fall when she starred in "The Littlest Rebel" for the Lux Theater. Shirley came down with a fever of 102 degrees on Friday, and couldn't rehearse either that day, Saturday, or Sunday. She finally went on the air after only two rehearsals—and this on the Lux Theater, which usually rehearses steadily for three days. Many an adult actor would have given a bad performance under such circumstances, but Shirley showed no signs of the lack of adequate rehearsals, and only a couple of sniffles hinted that she had a cold.

There was another little difficulty connected with Shirley's Lux Theater appearances. Charlie Forsyth, the sound-effects man, went into a store to buy nine pistols with which to fire blank cartridges, and the proprietor called the police, figuring that anyone who wanted nine pistols was up to no good. It took a telephone call to Cecil B. DeMille

to convince a skeptical guardian of the law that all Charlie wanted them for was a Shirley Temple broadcast.

Luise Barclay, who plays Connie Tremaine in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, returned from her Mexican vacation with two more suitcases than she started out with. Luise collects Souvenirs.

You'll be hearing Alexander Woolcott as a guest on several programs this winter, and maybe on a regular show of his own in the spring. The moon-faced Town Crier has been ill, but now his doctor says he's well enough to go back to work. The illness sliced fifty pounds off the hitherto more than ample Woolcott figure.

It's getting so NBC's glamour girls line up in the studio corridors to watch the entrance of Bernardine Flynn (Sade, of the Vic and Sade series). Bernardine is famous for her very daring and smart hats, and all the girls want to be sure to get a look at them. Her latest is a flip-pant bonnet of two strips of black felt, nicely fitted to the head in back

but flaring into two butterfly bows in front. That's all there is to it.

Wynn Murray, the 20-year-old songstress you heard last season on Fred Allen's programs, is being screen-tested by M-G-M for a part in Mickey Rooney's new musical picture.

Since Virginia Verrill's recent marriage to Jim Breyley, young dance-band manager, jewelers are crediting her with a new idea in designing jewelry. The lovely singer on Uncle Walter's Dog House had her wedding ring made with a V-shaped slot on top, enabling the ring to fit snugly against the setting of her marquise engagement ring. Funny nobody ever thought of it before.

December 23 is the date this year for one of radio's great traditional Christmas programs. Mark it down on your calendar right now to listen to NBC's Farm and Home Hour on that day, when Rev. Francis C. Young and his boy choristers pre-

sent their annual Christmas show for the thirteenth time on the network.

Father Young is pastor of St. Juliana Church in Chicago. He has always loved to write poetry, and in 1922 a Chicago station asked and received permission to read one of his Christmas poems over the air. Father Young, listening in over a friend's crystal set, was delighted, and the following Christmas he himself stepped to the microphone to read his own poems and present the choir of boys' voices which he had trained.

Until 1928 the program was heard only locally in Chicago, but that year NBC invited Father Young to bring it to the network, as part of the Farm and Home Hour, and since then it has become a regular part of radio's Christmas season.

The program is as simple and beautiful as the Christmas story it tells. Against a background of Christmas music, Father Young reads his most famous poem, "'Cause It's Christmas." Then comes a short sermon—a plea for charity

and tolerance—followed by carols sung by the choir. Some of the carols are Father Young's own versions of German and Polish songs. This Christmas, more than any other, it might be a good idea to make a point of listening to Father Young's program, for its message of good will and peace.

Wisecracks aplenty from the radio stars who have put their signatures on cement blocks which are being embedded in the wall of the Earl Carroll Theater in Hollywood. Jack Benny wrote "Much Love," and Mary Livingstone followed that up with her name and "Me Too." Edgar Bergen's signature is in tiny

italics, underneath a big, scrawled "Charlie McCarthy." Gracie Allen contributed the best one, though. She looked at the sign over the stage door which reads, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world," and scribbled over her own name: "What am I doing here?"

Cupid made a raid on the Big Sister program, and bagged two victims. Fred Uttal, the handsome announcer of the show, married Miss Madeleine Frick, of South Carolina, and went on a typical radio honeymoon, lasting exactly two days. Betzy Tuthill, producer of the (Continued on page 67)

		Eastern Standard Time	
E. S. T.	C. S. T.		
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins	
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
2:00	9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
	9:15	CBS: School of the Air	
	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
8:45	10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris	
	10:00	NBC-Red: This Small Town	
1:15	10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge	
	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
10:30	10:15	NBC-Red: By Kathleen Norris	
1:45	10:30	CBS: Stepmother	
	10:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
	10:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph	
	9:45	CBS: Woman of Courage	
	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
2:30	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
1:45	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story	
	10:00	NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale	
	10:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married	
12:00	10:15	CBS: Martha Webster	
8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Against the Storm	
11:00	10:30	CBS: Big Sister	
	10:30	NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver	
	10:30	NBC-Red: The Road of Life	
11:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
	10:45	NBC-Red: David Harum	
9:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS	
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Words and Music	
9:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries	
9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
	11:30	NBC-Red: Farm and Home Hour	
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful	
10:15	12:15	CBS: Woman in White	
10:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness	
	12:45	CBS: Road of Life	
3:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone	
11:00	1:00	CBS-Red: Hymns of All Churches	
3:30	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne	
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
11:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Willy	
11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Rochester Orchestra	
11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I	
11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Light of the World	
12:00	2:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride	
12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce	
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill	
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
	2:30	CBS: A Friend in Deed	
12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife	
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
	2:45	CBS: Lecture Hall	
12:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill	
12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
1:00	3:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life	
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine	
	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
4:15	3:15	CBS: We, The Abbotts	
1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30	CBS: Hilltop House	
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
12:30	3:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins	
	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
8:30	4:00	CBS: The Goldbergs	
2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Children's Hour	
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
2:15	4:15	CBS: The O'Neills	
2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Lone Journey	
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
2:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines	
5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	
5:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful	
8:55	10:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout	
	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill	
3:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper	
10:00	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan	
3:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today	
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
8:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy	
8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang	
8:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross	
7:30	7:30	CBS: BLONDIE	
8:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger	
7:30	7:30	NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN	
9:00	7:00	CBS: Those We Love	
7:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery	
5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour	
8:30	7:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton	
5:30	7:30	MBS: Boake Carter	
8:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: True or False	
7:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone	
6:00	8:00	CBS: LUX THEATER	
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.	
7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Show Boat	
7:00	9:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo	
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: America Sings	

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Mary Margaret McBride interviews the King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman.

## Tune-In Bulletin for December 2, 9, 16 and 23!

December 2: Tonight's Lux Theater play, unless there's a sudden change of plans, is "Knut Rockne, All American," starring Pat O'Brien.  
 December 9: A beautifully written and acted serial is Lone Journey, on NBC-Red this afternoon at 5:15.  
 December 16: Percy Faith, musical director of America Sings, on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight, is providing some very enticing harmonies. Better listen in.  
 December 23: A clever fifteen-minute play, complete in itself, is the Short Short Story, on CBS this morning at 11:00.

**ON THE AIR TODAY:** Mary Margaret McBride, talking about things that interest all women, on CBS at 3:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the Florida Citrus Commission.

Feminine commentators are rare in radio, compared to the host of masculine ones. But the few women who do make a business of talking into a microphone are outstandingly popular. Like Mary Margaret McBride, who has one of the most friendly radio personalities in the world. Mary Margaret is an unorthodox person. She makes a business of surprising her sponsor as well as her listeners, and never allows herself to be tied down to a script. Up until broadcast time, her scripts usually consist of a couple of pencilled notes, and before she has talked very long even they are crumpled up into a ball and tossed away.

Most of all, Mary Margaret likes to find out the interesting things about places and people everyone else takes for granted. For instance, in a talk about the wonders of the New York World's Fair she devoted at least as much time to talking about the manners and ability of the young man who was her guide as she did about the various exhibits. And once she made a whole broadcast about a Broadway flea circus.

Mary Margaret is ample of figure, with iron-gray hair worn in a shingle bob. She has hundreds of friends, but never accepts a social engagement unless she's sure that in doing so she will get a story. That's because she knows how valuable time is. She learned that when she was a high-school

graduate in her home town of Paris, Missouri. Her great-aunt offered her a free college education, but there was a string attached—if she accepted, she'd have to study to be a dean of women. Mary Margaret wanted to be a newspaper woman instead, so she turned the offer down and worked her way through college. Between classes, she looked after faculty children and worked as reporter, part-time editor, advertising salesman and typesetter on the local newspaper.

Several years of newspaper work led to magazine writing, and she would probably never have turned to radio if the stock-market crash hadn't come along in 1929 and wiped out her savings while at the same time ruining many of her most profitable literary markets. So she auditioned for a local New York station that wanted a woman to be a radio "Grandmother," giving household hints. She got the job, but "Grandmother" lasted only three days. In the middle of a broadcast, Mary Margaret suddenly announced that she couldn't cook very well, didn't like housekeeping, was really only a reporter, and was killing off her radio "family" so she could be herself. She thought then, and still thinks, that women got enough domestic advice from experts, and the best thing she could do was to bring them entertainment and instruction about things that interested her as a reporter.

She must have been right. Because she's still going strong. And by the way, she still finds time to write. Her new book, "How Dear to My Heart," is just out.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**MURIEL BREMNER**—once of Hollywood, who now lives in Chicago and plays the role of Fredrika Lang on The Guiding Light over NBC. Muriel began her career on the stage of the Pasadena Playhouse. In a Shakespearean play, she was onstage when a super in the wings fired an arrow. It went through her hat, narrowly missing her head, and Muriel decided radio was a safer place than the stage.



# Complete Programs from November 27 to December 26

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Wythe Williams, MBS's international news prophet.

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

December 3: Some very delightful music that you may be neglecting is on the La Rosa Concert, heard on Mutual stations tonight at 8:30, E.S.T.  
 December 10: Nomination for the best-humored of the quiz programs: Battle of the Sexes, with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, on NBC-Red tonight at 9:00.  
 December 17: That Bob Hope fellow is continuing his upward climb to the very peak of comedy fame. Don't forget that he's on the air tonight at 10:00, over NBC-Red.  
 December 24: It's Christmas Eve, and all the programs will be featuring those beautiful carols. Best musical bets: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time at 7:00, Lanny Ross at 7:15, Ben Bernie at 8:00, La Rosa Concert at 8:30.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Wythe Williams, news commentator, on Mutual at 8:00, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast to the West at 7:30, P.S.T., sponsored by American Safety Razors.

The startling thing about Wythe Williams is that he does what other commentators don't—he predicts things that will take place in the future. He doesn't use a crystal ball or tell fortunes with cards, but he does seem to have private information from Europe which helps him to know what's going to happen before it happens. You may find him irritating, but you've got to admit he has often been right. Here are some of his news predictions that have come true:

In August, 1939, as a guest on a Hobby Lobby program, Wythe told Lowell Thomas that Europe would be in another war by September 6. England and France declared war on Germany September 3.

In June, 1939, he predicted that Russia and Germany would sign a non-aggression pact. This happened in August. On February 28, 1940, he said Denmark would soon be invaded—and it was, on April 8.

Wythe won't tell how he gets his information from abroad, except that he has "certain sources" there and that some of the news comes to him by cable and wire, some by mail, some by telephone and some through personal contact. All this drives other reporters and news commentators crazy with curiosity and envy.

Wythe may have organized his own news-gathering syndicate in Europe before he left there in 1936. He was sure then that there would be another war. Twenty-six

years of being European correspondent for various New York papers had given him a knowledge of continental politics and diplomacy second to none. After his return to the United States he wrote a book, "Dusk of Empire," and became editor of the newspaper, Greenwich Time. His radio work started when a sponsor heard his prediction on the Hobby Lobby program and was so impressed he hired Wythe to be a commentator for him and put him on one of the biggest lists of stations ever assigned a news broadcaster.

Wythe was born fifty-nine years ago in Meadville, Pa., and didn't become a reporter until several years after he graduated from college. In between, he worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving it to be a reporter on the Minneapolis Tribune. Skipping from paper to paper, it took him four years to work up to the New York World, and it was while he was on that paper that he went to Europe on a vacation. He arrived in London on the same day Edward VII died, and there was no more vacation. His paper cabled him to help cover the funeral, and his career as a European correspondent was begun.

In 1913 Wythe married Viola Irwin, and they now have three sons, Wilbur, David Irwin, and Ian Wythe. The family lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, where one of their closest friends is Hendrik Willem van Loon, the well-known author. In fact, van Loon recently wrote a book called "Invasion," a fantasy dealing with Hitler's invasion of America, and played a rather grisly joke on Wythe by telling, in the book, of Wythe's death!

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ALISON SKIPWORTH**—the veteran movie actress who recently joined the cast of *Portia Faces Life*, playing the part of Meg Griffin. "Skippy" is eccentric, and loves it. She hates making movies, but lived and worked in Hollywood for years. She hates to listen to the radio, but always keeps it on in her home. She dislikes children, but goes out of her way to see one. Once a reigning beauty of the London and New York stages, she now complains that she never made any money until she got old and ugly. Many years ago she and her English painter husband, Frank Skipworth, were separated, but they have never been divorced.



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

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

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



■ "Mr. District Attorney" and "Miss Miller"—Jay Jostyn and Vicki Vola.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 27, December 4, 11, 18 and 25!

November 27: Fifteen minutes of the newest Hollywood gossip is provided by Hedda Hopper on CBS at 6:15. The gossip's good, even though Hedda's delivery is affected. December 4: A program for all good Americans is the Cavalcade of America, on NBC-Red at 7:30, dramatizing stirring incidents in our history. December 11: If you grown-ups think you're smart, listen to the Quiz Kids at 8:00 on NBC-Blue, and you'll be taken down a peg. You'll have fun too, though. December 18: Just one week left until Christmas, so speed up on your shopping. And tonight, relax by tuning in Fred Allen's comedy on CBS at 9:00. December 25: Christmas Day, and there will be special broadcasts on all networks. Of particular interest is the one Mutual has scheduled from the Santa Barbara Mission in California. . . . Val Ernie and his orchestra open tonight at El Patio, Miami Beach, broadcasting over NBC.

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Mr. District Attorney, on NBC-Red at 9:30, E.S.T., re-broadcast to the West at 9:30, P.S.T., sponsored by Vitalis.

This is not a program about New York's famous District Attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, although it was probably inspired by his racket-busting adventures. Because the District Attorney of the program isn't mentioned by name, many listeners have jumped to the conclusion that Dewey is present in the studio, re-enacting some of his exploits. That isn't so. The D. A. is played by Jay Jostyn, a tall, slim, handsome radio actor.

For the last six years Jay, in spite of his youth and good looks, has been a specialist in character roles. Not until this Fall was he ever cast as a romantic leading man, when he got the part of Frank Hodges in This Small Town, the NBC serial. Some of his other roles are Frank Klabber in Hilltop House, Pa Parker in The Parker Family, Ben Porter in Second Husband, and Jackie in Our Gal Sunday. With his services in such demand, it's no surprise to learn that he's one of the highest-paid actors in radio, frequently earning up to \$1000 a week.

Jay is married, and he and his wife live quietly in an apartment suburb of New York, where his greatest interest in what little leisure time he has is organizing dramatic groups among children and directing them in stage productions. On rare evenings off, he and Mrs. Jostyn go to the theater.

Since Jay plays Mr. D. A., although his name isn't mentioned on the program, he gets all the fan mail addressed to the character. After the Republican convention this Spring, when Willkie was nominated instead of Dewey, he received bags of mail expressing sincere regret. Other letters call on him, as District Attorney, to solve all sorts of alleged crimes. Jay used to answer these letters personally, but he finally gave up. Now he forwards the complaints to the proper officials with notes explaining how he got them in the first place.

Vicki Vola, who plays the role of Mr. D. A.'s secretary, Miss Miller, is an actress who is always at her best in an adventurous type of program. You hear her on the Crime Doctor, Perfect Crime, Who Knows, and other action-shows. Vicki has deep coppery hair and an eager, animated face. She's one of the most superstitious members of a superstitious profession, loves Hungarian music and ravioli, and hasn't yet met the man she could fall in love with.

Denver is Vicki's home town; Milwaukee is Jay's. Jay had a lengthy stage career before coming to radio, but Vicki went on the air in Denver soon after leaving school, and jumped into the big time when a sponsor bought a sustaining program she was on and moved it and the entire cast to Hollywood. Four years in Hollywood led to offers that brought her to New York.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**AL GOODMAN**—who is back on the air after too long an absence, directing the music for Fred Allen's program on CBS tonight. Al used to be the late Flo Ziegfeld's favorite musical comedy maestro, and broke into radio when Flo brought his shows to the air. Since then he's led the orchestra for virtually every singing star in opera and concert. Al is short, stocky and genial. He manages to get along with only four or five hours of sleep and does most of his work at night. He was born in Russia, but fled from there when he was a boy, hidden in a load of vegetables in a cart. His family settled in Baltimore.

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ed East gives a really tough question to an Ask-It-Basket contestant.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 28, December 5, 12, 19 and 26!

November 28: Important listening for Thursday nights is the Town Meeting of the Air on NBC-Blue at 9:35. The subject tonight is "What Kind of World Order Do We Want?"

December 5: Tommy Dorsey's Fame and Fortune program on NBC-Blue at 8:30 is bright and gay, and offers a chance to hear songs written by unknown composers. Maybe they'll be the hits of tomorrow.

December 12: The Town Meeting of the Air subject for tonight is "What Are We Preparing to Defend?" and it should start a hot-and-heavy discussion.

December 19: "Is America Re-arming Efficiently?" is the subject they'll talk about on tonight's Town Meeting of the Air.

December 26: Who will win Horace Heidt's prize of a thousand dollars on the Pot O' Gold program tonight? . . . The Town Meeting of the Air discusses "What Does the Public Owe the Citizen Soldier?"

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** The Ask-It-Basket, with Ed East as master of ceremonies, on CBS at 8:00, rebroadcast to the West at 8:30, P.S.T.—sponsored by Colgate Dental Cream.

Although it suffers from one of the worst titles ever devised by man, the Ask-It-Basket is one of radio's most entertaining quiz programs. Its new master of ceremonies and head quizzer, Ed East, helps make it so.

He's a fat man, Ed East is, and doesn't mind admitting it. Standing six feet one, he weighs 265 pounds, living proof that a lifetime in show business doesn't always impart a lean and hungry look.

Born in Bloomington, Indiana, Ed went to school with Hoagy Carmichael, who rose to fame later with his tune "Star Dust" and many other hits. Ed interrupted his own education when he was fifteen, by running away from home to join a carnival. He says he's never regretted the act. In the carnival he started out as odd-jobs boy and finally worked his way up to being the barker for a high diver. Then the carnival closed and Ed went back home to complete his education.

When he was seventeen and out of school, he tried vaudeville as a black-face comedian, but didn't get very far. He made his debut in Indianapolis, got stage fright, and was withdrawn after one disastrous performance. So he gave up vaudeville and took to leading a dance

band. Later, he managed to conquer his stage fright and now is one of the best masters of ceremonies in radio.

In 1928 Ed met Ralph Dumke, another hefty gentleman, and together they formed the comedy team, "Sisters of the Skillet." They made their radio debut over station WGN in Chicago. After eight weeks nearly everyone at WGN was of the opinion that the station would be greatly improved if they'd take their act somewhere else. Harry Selinger, the boss, thought otherwise, and his confidence interested a sponsor in them.

Ed and Ralph have split up their partnership now, but they're still good friends. Ed came to the Ask-It-Basket this Fall from another quiz show, Name It and Take It.

Besides being a comedian, Ed is quite a composer. He has written about 500 songs which have been published, and more which haven't. At one time he used to dash off ten songs a week for the "Sisters of the Skillet" act. He'd be the last person in the world to claim that they were all masterpieces.

He takes life easily, and his favorite saying is the one about "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday—and it never happened." He's never in his life had enough fishing or cold beans.

If you ever get to be a contestant on the Ask-It-Basket, you'll discover just how much Ed helps the program. He's a master at putting people at their ease.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CONNIE HAINES**—the lovely vocalist on Tommy Dorsey's Fame and Fortune program tonight on NBC. Connie's real name is Yvonne Marie Ja Mais, which is pretty but too hard to pronounce, she says. The greatest problem of her life is her smallness—she's exactly five feet tall and has a terrible time finding size 3 shoes and size 10 dresses. Born in Savannah, Ga., Connie made her professional debut at the age of four. When she was fourteen she began a career of vaudeville and night club singing which finally led her to a featured spot with Tommy Dorsey. She's almost nineteen years old, and a brunette.



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

Eastern Standard Time

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

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Kate Smith's two comedienne—Nan Rae and Maude Davis.

## Tune-In Bulletin for November 29, December 6, 13 and 20!

November 29: Nazimova, the great Russian actress, stars tonight in one of those haunting Arch Oboler plays, "The Women Stayed at Home." Time—9:30 on NBC-Red. . . . Xavier Cugat and his band open at the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, playing over CBS.

December 6: Arch Oboler's play for tonight is "The Visitor from Hades," starring Helen Mack of the movies. . . . On Mutual, also at 9:30, is "I Want a Divorce," starring Joan Blondell, who doesn't.

December 13: Xavier Cugat's band opens at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis, playing on NBC. Xavier's music is reaching new highs in popularity these days. . . . Arch Oboler's play is "Mr. Ginsberg," with Benny Rubin as guest star.

December 20: Woody Herman and his orchestra open at the Hotel New Yorker, and you can listen to their music on NBC. . . . Arch Oboler's play is "These Are Your Brothers."

**ON THE AIR TONIGHT:** Nan Rae and Maude Davis, on Kate Smith's Variety Hour, heard over CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., re-broadcast in the West at 9:00, P.S.T.—sponsored by Grape Nuts.

As an answer to the cry that there's nothing new in radio, listen to Nan Rae and Maude Davis, who began their air-career last season with a guest appearance on Kate Smith's hour, were heard every week for a while with Eddie Cantor this Fall, and have now switched back to Kate Smith to fill what everyone expects to be a regular spot on her program.

Nan is the "straight woman" on this comedy team, the one who is sane. Maude is the zany "Mrs. Waterfall," mother of ten children and loving wife of "Stanislaus," who never appears on the air but whom every listener must feel he knows intimately by the time Mrs. Waterfall finishes telling about him.

In real life, Nan and Maude are sisters, and veterans of a varied career in vaudeville. They were born in San Francisco of a Scotch family named Clark. A third sister, Alice, older than Nan or Maude and now dead, was a professional dancer, and taught Nan to assist her in her stage act. Then Alice married and retired, and Maude joined Nan in the act. They became a song-and-piano team, and toured the country's vaudeville houses for years as the Clark Sisters.

When vaudeville collapsed ten years ago, Nan and Maude retired. Both were

married and widowed by that time, and they thought they'd earned a rest. But resting wasn't as much fun as they'd thought, and they got restless. It occurred to them that radio had plenty of masculine comedy teams, and plenty of mixed teams, but no strictly feminine combinations. They'd fix that lack up, they decided, and so they changed their names, for luck, and created their present comedy characters.

It took them three years to get into radio with their idea, by way of appearances in Broadway shows, but they're on the air now, and doing very well.

The sisters live together in Hollis, Long Island, where they have a comfortable, pleasant home. Nan, who is blonde, has three daughters, and Maude, the brunette, has one son. They're not at all "typical" vaudeville people; in fact, seeing them at home you'd never think they had anything to do with show business. Nan is always working on a crazy quilt, and Maude spends a lot of time fussing over her pet goldfish. They remind you of a pair of small-town widows.

When you listen to them on the air, one of the most striking things is Maude's high-pitched, rather flat voice. It's an accident. When she first played the character of Mrs. Waterfall she had a cold, and was forced to raise her voice to this pitch to project it through the auditorium. Its discordant creakiness got so many laughs she kept it as part of the character.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CHESTER STRATTON**—who plays Monte Kayden in The O'Neills and Mark Scott in Against the Storm. Chester was born of theatrical parents in New Jersey on July 31, 1912. At the age of ten he fell in love with a bareback rider in a circus and ran away to be with her. He was soon returned to his parents, though, and toured the country with them in Chautauqua and vaudeville. Although he's been in the theatrical profession most of his life, there have been lay-off periods when Chester drove a furniture truck, sold washing machines, and worked his way to Europe on an oil tanker. He has blond hair and blue eyes.



# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Maestro Toscanini with his wife and grandson.

(June-In Bulletin for November 30, December 7, 14 and 21)

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	GENERAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
8:00	8:00	CBS: News of Europe NBC-Red: News	
8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra NBC-Red: Crackerjack Quartet	
8:25	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
8:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell	
9:00	9:00	CBS: Press News	
9:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club	
9:00	9:00	NBC-Red: News	
9:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Texas Jim Robertson	
9:15	9:15	CBS: Hillbilly Champions	
9:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Watch Your Step	
9:30	9:30	CBS: Honest Abe	
9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Wise Man	
9:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Sid Walton	
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway	
9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Richard Kent	
9:30	10:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber	
9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Gallicchio's Orch.	
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club	
9:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys
9:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Song Folks
9:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
9:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Dorian String Quartet
9:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
9:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Smitlin' Ed McConnell
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Country Journal
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: American Education Forum
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Milestones in Music
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
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: Of Men and Books
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Highways to Health
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Football
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
10:55	12:55	1:55	NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera (Dec. 7)
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Football
2:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Football
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
7:30	9:30	6:00	CBS: News
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: El Chico Orchestra
5:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: Albert Warner
5:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: Dance Music
5:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: You're in the Army Now
5:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Religion in the News
5:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
5:45	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
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Gay Nineties Revue
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kattenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Your Marriage Club
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
5:15	7:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: Man and the World
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Wayne King Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Boake Carter
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Hollywood Tomorrow
7:30	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	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:35	8:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: Listener's Playhouse
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Chicago Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Public Affairs
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: News of the War

November 30: The football season is almost over, but there's a good game for you to hear today—Army vs. Navy at Philadelphia, on all networks. . . . Arturo Toscanini conducts his second concert of the season over NBC-Blue at 10:00 tonight. . . . Or if the Toscanini brand of music is a little too high-brow for you, listen to Marion Claire and Igor Gorin singing in "Countess Maritza" over Mutual at the same time.

December 7: Bill Stern describes the Notre Dame vs. Southern California football game over NBC. . . . At 1:55 this afternoon the Metropolitan Opera starts a sixteen-week broadcast season on NBC. And it's sponsored this year, too, by the Texaco people.

December 14: Will Hudson and his orchestra open at the Syracuse Hotel in Syracuse, broadcasting over NBC.

December 21: Listen to Nila Mack's Christmas play on the Let's Pretend program over CBS at 12:30 this afternoon. It's called "House of the World." . . . Dick Jurgens and his orchestra start a new engagement at the Aragon Ballroom tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Arturo Toscanini, conducting the NBC Symphony orchestra over NBC-Blue at 10:00, E.S.T.

There will be a good many thousand dollars' worth of furs and jewels on display in Radio City's big eighth-floor studio tonight. A Toscanini concert is still one of New York's big social occasions, although this is the peppery little genius's fourth season conducting the NBC orchestra.

As a matter of fact, the plain people who listen at home on their radios get a great deal more of Toscanini's artistry than do the people in the studio audience. Studio 8-G is fine for broadcasting, but it's terrible to sit in and listen to music. Unless you're sitting in a small area right in the center of the studio, you can't possibly hear the same full, rich tone your radio brings you. So don't feel too envious of the people who are there in person.

There aren't many stories in circulation now about Toscanini's famous musician's temperament. He doesn't often fly into a rage any more, and the reason is that he's happier than he's been for a long time. He likes his orchestra and he likes NBC, which lets him pick what men he wants to play for him, and whatever music he wants to play—and also carefully keeps him from being bothered by reporters and flash-light photographers.

The big event in Toscanini's life during the last year, of course, was his trip with

the NBC Orchestra to South America. They tell a story about something that happened on that trip. On the Fourth of July it happened that no concert was scheduled, and the musicians thought, it being a national holiday, they could have a nice day off and spend it enjoying themselves in Buenos Aires. There was a good deal of disappointment when Toscanini called a rehearsal for that day. The musicians gathered in the theater, grumbling a little, and then Toscanini stepped up and said, "Men, you are American citizens traveling in a foreign land. This is your national American holiday. I think we should celebrate it in an appropriate manner." Then he conducted the orchestra in playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and declared the "rehearsal" over.

The only cloud on the South American tour was the death in Rio de Janeiro of Jacques Tuchinsky, a viola player, who was killed in a traffic accident. The orchestra had played its last concert, so Toscanini was not told of the accident until a day or so before the ship docked in New York. He was so saddened that he shut himself in his cabin for the rest of the voyage and refused to see anyone when the ship docked.

Toscanini has bought a home in Riverdale, near New York, and will certainly spend the rest of his life in this country, though he hasn't yet become a citizen.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**MARION CLAIRE**—soprano star of the Chicago Theater of the Air, on Mutual tonight at 10:00. Chicago is Marion's hometown, and she returns to it for these broadcasts after a glamorous career in opera and movies. She was a child violinist when she was ten, playing with symphony orchestras. Later, applying her talents to singing, she went to Milan, Italy, to study, and made her debut there in 1926. Once she appeared at a command performance before the Crown Prince of Italy. In America, she's sung with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and in the movies you saw her as Bobby Breen's mother in "Make a Wish."



# FACING THE

# Music

By

**KEN ALDEN**

**W**EDDING bells rang out for blonde Marion Hutton, Glenn Miller's vivacious singer. She married Jack Philbin, personal manager of Johnny Long's orchestra.

Sorrow has come to batoneer Little Jack Little. His wife and personal manager, Tea Little, died of meningitis of the brain, while Jack was playing in Kansas City.

Remember I told you about Bobby Byrne's fight against appendicitis? Well, the illness finally caught up with him and he was rushed to the hospital during an engagement at the New York Strand. Guest bandmen pinch-hit for the youthful trombonist while he was recovering from the operation.

Herbie Kay, orchestra leader and former husband of Dorothy Lamour, was secretly married to Margaret Elizabeth Rinehart, daughter of a prominent Tulsa, Oklahoma family.

Jimmy Dorsey and his arranger, Toots Camarata, have written a sequel to "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga." It's called "She's the Queen of the Conga, But—."

Members of cooperative bands like Lou Breese, Casa Loma, Woody Herman, Bob Crosby, and Mitchell Ayres will get a break if they're conscripted, because their dividends will continue while they're in the army.

Enoch Light, after fourteen weeks in a hospital, has recovered sufficiently to start reorganizing his band and have it working by December.

**COMINGS AND GOINGS:** Josef Cherniavsky out of WLWL as musical director, with Milton Weiner succeeding the Russian . . . Jack Jenney has dropped his band and joined Artie Shaw . . . Woody Herman is due back at the Hotel New Yorker soon . . . Sammy Kaye is back on Victor records after a stint at Varsity . . . Teddy Wilson, pianist, has joined Benny Goodman's new band . . . Duke Ellington has gone to the coast to make a picture. So has Tommy Dorsey. He'll appear in Paramount's "Las Vegas Nights" . . . You can buy Lanny Ross singing on Victor records now . . . Ray Noble will be east in 1941 . . . Butch Stone, who used to sing with Van Alexander's band, has joined Jack Teagarden . . . Will Bradley brings swing music to the conservative Hotel Biltmore in New York for the first time.

(Continued on page 62)



Dick Jurgens, husky bandleader of Chicago's popular Aragon ballroom. Below, Bob Crosby in his film debut in RKO's picture, "Let's Make Music."



Besides being tall, dark and handsome, Harvey Harding, new NBC baritone, is an eligible bachelor.



## What do you want to know?

**H**E'S tall, he's dark, he's handsome—and he has a beautiful baritone voice. In fact, Harvey Harding, NBC singer, is quite a catch, but romance will have to wait, he says, until he gets a big commercial program. That shouldn't be long.

Harvey was born July 16, 1913, in Berry, Kentucky, where his father had a 50-acre farm. The chief family diversion was song sessions, when his mother, dad and two sisters got together beside the old melodeon and rendered the semi-classics and Stephen Foster melodies with fervent zeal. They all possessed good voices and mother was a whizz with the wheezy organ. Once in a while they'd vary the program by having Harvey supply the accompaniment.

In those days, Harding's ambition was to be a great concert pianist. So when the Hardings sold their farm and moved to Cincinnati in 1925, Harvey set about obtaining a musical education. His high school studies completed, he promptly entered the University of Cincinnati and then enrolled at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. There he began a serious study of the piano until someone discovered his rich baritone voice had greater possibilities. He became absorbed in the classics and spent hours daily at the keyboard, accompanying himself in Bach, Beethoven and Schubert lieder pieces.

In 1931 Harvey graduated from the

Conservatory, but radio did not claim him until six months later when he applied for an audition at a radio station in Cincinnati. They liked his voice, but told him he should use it on more popular songs. So Harvey switched to swing and was given three programs a week that found instant favor with listeners. At the same time, he joined the National Players Club and played in stock for two years.

Then came a try at Hollywood where for a while he sang over a coast station and appeared in a short for Columbia Pictures. Last May he decided to come to New York and was given an audition by NBC. This proved so successful that in a few days he was singing on one of their programs three times a week. Proof of his success is the fact that this has been increased to five times a week.

A bachelor, Harvey shares an apartment with two other ambitious young singers. His favorite recreations are swimming, horseback riding, tennis and baseball, but he isn't going to have much time for them from now on.

On the personal side—Harding is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blue eyes and wavy black hair.

And now, girls, walk—don't run to the nearest radio!

Mary Marge, 1718-A Dahill Road, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Joyce Jordan-

Girl Interne serial has been on the air for over four years. The roles you asked about are played by the following people:

Joyce Jordan ..... Ann Shepherd  
Dr. Simon ..... Erik Rolf  
Dr. Clifford Reed

Raymond Edward Johnson  
Paul Sherwood Myron McCormick

Marguerite Wright, 612½ Poplar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn. No, Molly does not play the role of Mrs. Uppington in the Fibber McGee and Molly program. The part is played by Isabel Randolph.

### FAN CLUB SECTION

All Tommy Ryan fans are invited to join his fan club by writing to Dorothy Donder, 131 Bremond Street, Belleville, N. J.

A fan club for Clyde Burke, one of the vocalists in Sammy Kaye's band, is being started. All those interested are asked to write to Dorrie Enid Cestare, President, 314 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

M. Lorraine Paxton, President of the Sleepy Hall Fan Club, will be glad to hear from new members. The address is 400 Crescent Street, Harrisburg, Penna.

There is a new Glenn Miller Fan Club being organized by Miss Marion Kress, 220 Nassau Avenue, Kenmore, New York. All those interested are invited to join.

## The Wife Who Ran Away

(Continued from page 7)

laughed at that. But I thought there was a wry note in Howard's laughter.

At first Howard used to tell me all about where he'd been every day, whom he'd seen, what they'd said. That was while he still had hopes of finding a job. Slowly, though, he stopped talking about what he'd done, shrugging it off, instead, with a muttered "Nothing doing, anywhere." And at last, after twelve months of idleness, he just stopped making the rounds.

That was when I had my first intimation of disaster.

I couldn't blame him, exactly. I knew the terrible humiliation of going to office after office, having secretaries tell him that Mr. So-and-so was out, or in conference, knowing very well that was a lie and Mr. So-and-so just didn't want to see him again. It was enough to make the soul of a man shrivel up inside him.

But—  
But, back of the excuses I made for him, I became aware of something else. Howard had stopped trying. Something had happened to him, something had gone out of him. Call it spirit, ambition, hope. . . . I don't know what it was, exactly.

I DID everything I could to bolster up his confidence. I deferred to his wishes and his opinions. When I spoke of my own job, it was always as something temporary. When he was depressed—as he was so often!—I was tender and sympathetic.

I didn't care whether or not Howard had a job and was earning money. What I minded was the thing *not* having a job did to him. He was beaten, licked, and he didn't seem to care.

Worst of all, it was killing our love for each other. It's terribly hard to express, but it was almost as if Howard were less of a man and I less of a woman—as if he felt he had no right to love me as a husband loves a wife.

Before my eyes I could see him destroying both himself and our marriage. A mocking, cynical expression had come into the blue eyes that once looked out on the world so gaily and hopefully. The tall, broad-shouldered figure that he'd been so proud to keep strong and vital was becoming lax and graceless. Many days he didn't even bother to leave the apartment, but would stay there, smoking and reading, until I came home.

I had to keep my fears to myself; once I tentatively suggested that he should keep fighting for a job instead of staying home and waiting for one to come to him, and he lashed out at me bitterly, pouring out all his resentment at a world that "had no place for him." After that I realized my efforts to rouse him from his lethargy must be more subtle.

Even then, I suppose I knew what it all must eventually lead to unless a miracle happened. But I turned my thoughts away from that. A miracle would happen! It must!

It was one of my pitiful little efforts to arouse Howard that finally brought about the catastrophe.

I thought that perhaps he was living too much with himself, and so I began to invite people we both knew to our apartment for evening parties, hoping that the stimulation of their presence and conversation would help

him to forget his own troubles, and also that the company of people who were working would awaken a spirit of competition in him that seemed to be completely dead.

He accepted the parties as he accepted everything these days—without any particular interest. Or seemed to. Inwardly, as I was to learn, he resented them bitterly.

Vainly I tried to strike some spark of festive spirit in him, planning new games to play, inviting different people, preparing clever and amusing things to eat. He let me go on, smiling crookedly at my enthusiasm—and then, one evening after everyone had left, he said:

"Why do you insist on giving these parties all the time, Rosemary?"

I glanced up from the ashtray I was emptying into the wastebasket. There was an odd, tense look about his lips.

"Why—I don't know," I said, trying to be off-hand. "It's nice to have people in, I think."

"Nice to have people in so they can get a good look at your failure of a husband?" he said savagely. "So they can go away and talk about me, and laugh at me?"

"Howard, that's ridiculous!" I said. "You're imagining things."

"Oh no, I'm not." He began to pace the floor restlessly, his brow knotted, his nervous hands making aimless movements along the backs of chairs and the tops of tables. "I know why you give these parties—and that's not imagination, either! You give them because I'm not enough for you any more. You want to have other society besides that of a failure. It doesn't seem to occur to you that I don't enjoy being put on display as a horrible example."

"Nobody thinks of you as a horrible example, or as a failure, or anything else," I said, my own anger beginning to rise. "Nobody except you. You're the one that thinks all those things about yourself. And I wish you'd stop it—stop pitying yourself and complaining that the world's against you!"

HOWARD halted and faced me, his eyes blazing from a white face. "Perhaps not. It's a matter of opinion. But the point is, I'd rather you didn't try to humiliate me by inviting outsiders to this apartment."

I took a deep breath. Almost without thinking, I said, "I'll have to remind you, Howard, that this is my apartment, paid for with the money I earn, and I have a right to invite anyone I like into it."

I felt as if I had struck him. And almost hoped that he would strike me back, match my cruelty with some of his own. Anything to show that he had shaken off his horrible blight of indolence and self-pity. I felt sick and weak inside, but still, as I saw the fury in his face, there was a sensation of exultation because I thought, at last, I'd found the way to help him.

But his gaze faltered. His shoulders drooped.

"You're right, of course," he said listlessly. "I'm sorry. Forget it."

That was the end of the argument. But for hours we lay in our beds, separated by only a foot of space,

miles apart in sympathy. Both of us were awake, but neither of us spoke.

In those hours of darkness I faced the tragedy that was upon us. I knew now that it was worse than I had thought. I had done everything I could for Howard, and everything had failed. Everything. . . .

No, not quite everything. There was still that last desperate chance—so desperate, so filled with danger for us both, that up until now I had even refused to consider it.

I could leave him.

Surely other women had met this dilemma, and solved it, I thought. Other women had been brave enough to realize that, for one reason or another, they were bad for their husbands. I was bad for mine. As long as I was with him, working and paying the bills, he had no incentive, or at least not enough of an incentive, to fight for the job and the self-respect that were his right. He might be unhappy, but he was fed, clothed, warmed. With me, he was free to ruin himself.

Life without Howard would be empty for me. I knew that. But if I loved him, didn't I owe him this last chance?

ALL night I struggled with the problem, trying to find some other way out, but in vain. At last I made my decision.

In the week that followed, I made my preparations. I resigned my job at the store and persuaded them to let me go at the end of the week. I drew out what little money there was in the bank, and I arranged secretly with Calypso, the Negro woman who came in once a week to clean the apartment, to write to me regularly, as soon as I was settled, and let me know how Howard was, whether or not he had a job. I didn't want to let any of our friends know where I was going, because Howard must not be able to trace me; but I knew he wouldn't think of questioning Calypso.

Early one morning, while Howard was sleeping, I crept out of bed and dressed quickly. I'd already packed a small suitcase and left it in the hall closet, and had written him a note to leave on the dresser.

"Howard—I'm giving up my job and going away. I'm not coming back until you have a job. I'm too tired of things as they are, and I can't go on."

One last look at him, sleeping—his fair, tousled hair, his defenceless face, the long body that I loved sprawled out under the covers—and then I hurried out of the room, out of the apartment. I stumbled down the hall toward the elevator, blinded by tears, but upheld by the conviction that what I was doing was the right thing, the only thing that could save him.

Just one fact I failed to take into consideration—that Howard loved me. I forgot what that love might do to him when he woke and found me gone.

I went to New Haven, guided mostly by the thought that in the store I had worked in the book department, and New Haven was a college town where there were many book shops where I might find work. Luck, and the magic name of my old employers, helped me to get a job at the second



Mary Martin, star of NBC's Thursday night Good News program, is all set for the holidays with a Christmas tree that she trimmed all by herself.

store to which I applied.

Three weeks went by. Three dreary weeks, when I longed to feel Howard's arms about me, hear his voice, touch him—even if it meant that he never became the man he had been once and I was sure could be again. Three weeks with nothing but Calypso's sprawled, badly spelled notes, telling me that he was looking for me, was "awful upset," didn't have a job.

Then, one afternoon, Mr. Keen found me. At first I noticed him only as an elderly, pleasant-faced man who was browsing over a pile of books while I was busy with another customer. When the customer went away he came over to me. I was conscious of a quizzically smiling mouth, a pair of bright blue eyes, as I said, "Yes, sir?"

"Mrs. Forbes?" he asked.

"Yes—" I answered mechanically, before I remembered that I was going by my maiden name here. "How did you know who I was?" I asked.

"I'm Mr. Keen," he said. His voice was gentle and caressing. It made you forget, for a moment, the feeling that he was able to read your innermost thoughts. "They call me the Tracer of Lost Persons. Your husband asked me to find you."

"Has he a job?" I asked eagerly.

"No—not yet."

"Oh! Then . . . then I think you've had all your work for nothing. I won't go back to him."

HE didn't seem particularly upset, or surprised. He only smiled and said in a matter-of-fact sort of way, "Not even if I tell you he needs you—badly?"

"But he doesn't need me!" I exclaimed. "I'm bad for him. As long as I'm there, supporting him, he won't force himself to go out and get a job. He's got to learn to do without my help!"

"My dear," he said, with just a hint of reproof, "he can do without your help, perhaps—but I don't think he can do without your love. Your husband tried to shoot himself."

I clutched the edge of the counter behind me to steady myself. "Shoot himself!" I whispered, and then, in rising terror: "Is he hurt?"

"Not physically, no. It happened

in my office—somebody had mistakenly told him I couldn't see him—and we were able to stop him in time. Mrs. Forbes, he'd been trying for two weeks to find you, and he was at the end of his rope."

"But Howard wouldn't do anything like that!"

"I don't think you understand." He leaned forward, looking at me intently and speaking with infinite compassion—a compassion that I felt vaguely was as much for me as for Howard. "Just one thing has kept him alive in the last few years, when he had no work, when he couldn't respect himself or be respected by others. One thing kept him going—that was your love. When you took it away from him, and made conditions he felt he couldn't meet, he had nothing. His whole world was you!"

I KNOW," I said. "And I still love him—terribly. These three weeks have been the unhappiest I've ever spent. But I thought it was wrong—bad for him—to be so dependent on me." I fought back the tears, thinking of Howard being driven to attempt suicide because he thought I'd stopped loving him. "I didn't run away because I was tired of working for him. I'd have gone on working—willingly, gladly, forever and ever—if he'd been ill. But he was ill mentally, Mr. Keen. He wouldn't look for work any more. And leaving him was the only way I could think of to cure him. It was for his sake, more than mine. . . . Oh," I pleaded, as if it were Howard himself before me, "you do believe me, don't you?"

Mr. Keen nodded. "Yes, I do. But now—well, what you didn't think of was that he'd be so heartbroken and shocked over losing you he simply couldn't put his mind to looking for work. I tried to help him. When I was in the store where you worked, inquiring about you, I heard the toy buyer complaining because there were no low-priced play houses that really looked like houses; and when I saw Howard again I tried to get him interested, as an architect, in the idea of designing some himself. But he wouldn't listen—he couldn't think of anything but you."

I felt guilty and despairing, all at once. Of course I would go back to

him. I had been wrong, perhaps, to think that by going away I could help him. But now. . . . Now it would be the same thing over again. I'd go back, to watching Howard's weakness, to the old life of unhappiness.

Mr. Keen's kind voice broke into my thoughts, and he spoke as if he had read them: "Don't you think the real point is—do you love him enough to return to him, even though he hasn't found a job yet, and may not afterwards?"

"Yes," I said after a moment. "Yes—of course. I'll come back."

Mr. Keen smiled and patted me on the shoulder. It was strange how, although I'd known him only a few minutes, I felt he was an old friend. "Good. Now, when can you leave here?"

That raised a difficult point. They had been good to me in the book shop, and I didn't want to leave them without notice. We finally agreed that I should leave at the end of the week, and Mr. Keen would tell Howard he'd found me.

"Incidentally, how did you find me?" I asked curiously, and his eyes twinkled.

IT was simple. Through Calypso, your maid. She came to the apartment one day while I was talking to your husband, and was so insistent about knowing whether or not he'd found a job that I guessed she was the link you'd kept between him and yourself. I followed her home and got a glimpse at a letter she mailed to you, and that gave me your address here."

It did sound simple, as he explained it, but I could divine the patience and cleverness that lay behind it.

"Well, good bye, my dear," he said. "I'll see you in my office on Saturday."

"Mr. Keen," I stopped him, "just give Howard one more chance. Don't tell him you've found me—and maybe, before I come back, he'll wake up and do what I wanted him to do. Then my leaving won't have been for nothing!"

He nodded and agreed, and then he was gone. All afternoon I waited on customers, feeling numb and cold.

It was with a heavy heart, the following Saturday, that I opened the door of Mr. Keen's plain little office. His efficient-looking secretary showed me into a reception room and asked me to wait, and a short time later Mr. Keen himself entered, looking a little upset. The way my heart sank at sight of his troubled face proved how much I had already grown to depend on him.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that we'll have to change our plans a little, Mrs. Forbes. I've just seen Howard and—" He broke off, and began again. "At any rate, you'll be glad to know he has a job."

I felt a great surge of joy. "A job! Oh, Mr. Keen! Doing what?"

"Designing low-cost play houses that look like real houses," he said with a chuckle. "Remember, that was the idea I gave him—that is, I let him think it was his own inspiration. I didn't think he even heard me, but after I left him it seems he began thinking it over, and pretty soon he was sitting down, making sketches. The first day he took the sketches to show toy manufacturers, one of them took not only the sketches but Howard himself."

"But that's wonderful!" I cried. "I knew he could do it!"

"That isn't all, though," Mr. Keen went on. "The fact is—a very curious but quite human sort of thing has happened to your husband. Ever since he first was out of work, he had no pride in himself. And the day came when you had no pride in him either, and you left him. Now, very suddenly, he's got a job—he's got his pride back—and, having it back, feeling like a man again, he's—he's turned against you!"

I sank down into a chair. "You mean—he doesn't want me back?"

"Well—he thinks he doesn't. He told me, just now, that you left him when he needed you most, and so you couldn't have loved him. And so, he says, why should he take you back now when he doesn't need you?"

"But did you tell him that you'd found me, and I was coming back, not knowing that he had a job?"

"No," Mr. Keen said, "I didn't tell him that. He thinks you're still missing, and simply says he doesn't want me to go on looking for you, because even if I found you he wouldn't want you to come back to him. There was no use talking to him in his present frame of mind."

So this was the end. I had done what I wanted to do for Howard—only to lose him completely! He was a man now, standing on his own two feet, fighting for his place in the world, but he didn't want me beside him. Sitting there in that big leather office chair of Mr. Keen's, I felt an overpowering wave of loneliness and desolation. Somehow I had bungled. Bungled terribly, tragically.

"Isn't there something we can do?" I cried in anguish.

"I think I have a plan," he said. I came up in the elevator and walked down the hall toward our apartment. I felt weak and dizzy, unsure of my ability to carry out the difficult role Mr. Keen had assigned me. So much depended upon the success of his plan!—not my happiness alone, but Howard's as well, for I knew that no matter how much, in his new-found pride, he said he didn't want me back, he really loved me as much as I loved him. He could never really live without me, any more than I could live without him. I couldn't fail! I mustn't!

HOWARD himself answered my ring at the bell. He stepped back as he opened the door, staring at me in amazement. Then his lips tightened and his eyes went hard. Before he could speak, I said:

"I'm sorry to bother you, Howard." My voice sounded strange and far away to my own ears. "But may I come in for just a minute? I'd like to get the rest of my things and move them out, if you don't mind."

"I—I—why, certainly," he stammered. "Come right in—you're welcome to them."

I entered the apartment. Mr. Keen was sitting in the living room, and I stopped, feigning surprise. We'd agreed that I must pretend not to know him. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a visitor."

Howard nervously introduced us, and I said, "I won't be long. There are just a few things I want to get. . . ." I dragged a suitcase out of the closet and began filling it with the dresses and other clothing I had left behind at first. I concentrated on the

movements of my hands to keep myself from dropping this farce and telling Howard I had come back because I loved him.

And then I caught a glimpse of his face, and it steadied me. It was a study in bewilderment and rising anger. Whatever else he had expected, he hadn't thought I would come home unexpectedly and coolly prepare to take myself even further out of his life—and he didn't like it.

"I have a job, Rosemary," he said truculently.

"Have you?" I marvelled at the coolness of my voice. How could I speak so off-handedly, when inside I was burning? "That's very nice. I'm glad." The closet that opened into the living room was empty now, and I bustled off into the bedroom. Through the half-open door I heard Mr. Keen murmur:

"Well, Forbes, you were going to tell your wife you didn't want her, if she ever came back—but I must say it seems as if she weren't going to give you the chance."

"It just proves what I told you!" Howard burst out furiously. "You've met her now—you can see she doesn't love me. She wouldn't treat me this way if she did!"

WELL, what do you care?" Mr. Keen said comfortingly. "You've decided you're better off without her anyway."

"Um—yes—" Howard said doubtfully, just as I came back into the room, my arms piled high with lingerie for the suitcase.

"You'd like to keep all the books, wouldn't you?" I asked Howard. I picked up an evening coat he'd given me, long ago; looked at it critically and then tossed it over a chair. "You might give that to Calypso, if you see her. She always admired it."

"See here!" Howard roared, reaching my side in one long step. He seized my arm, knocking clothes out of my hands and onto the floor. "You're still my wife! You're not going to act this way, sailing in here

and thinking you can sail right out again. Give me that suitcase!"

The touch of his hand swept away all my poise. A blazing tide of emotion rushed through me.

"You might as well do what he says, Mrs. Forbes," Mr. Keen's voice broke in from behind us. "Especially since you know very well you didn't intend to take that suitcase out of here if you could possibly help it."

HOWARD swung around. "What? How do you know she didn't?"

I said, "Because Mr. Keen found me and brought me back, Howard. But you'd found work and said you didn't ever want to see me again."

"I—" Howard looked from me to Mr. Keen, and back again. "I was crazy," he said humbly. "You mean more to me than anything in the world. I knew that when I saw you walk in here tonight."

Mr. Keen and I exchanged a quick glance of understanding.

"Then you do want me back?" I asked softly.

"Do I?" Howard said. "Do I!" Mr. Keen stood up. He nodded benevolently. I really believe he was as happy over the way things had turned out as Howard and I were. And then he left the room. Over Howard's shoulder, I saw him go.

I thought, in my new-found happiness, how infinitely fortunate we had been to have Mr. Keen helping us. And yet, in the months that have passed since then, as I have been able to know Mr. Keen better, I've realized something even more important. The aid he gave us is only a small part of the good he does everyone with whom he comes in contact. Knowing that has helped to bring me a new humility and understanding.

"The Wife Who Ran Away" is the first in a series of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, stories, produced on the air by Frank and Anne Hummert. Others will appear in future issues of RADIO MIRROR.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published Monthly at Dumellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1940.

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

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

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

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernard Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Bernard Macfadden, Miami Beach, Florida.

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

(Signed) FRED R. SAMMIS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September 1940.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH,  
Notary Public Westchester County,  
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 439  
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 1 R 299  
Commission expires March 30, 1941

## The Guiding Light

(Continued from page 32)

had been only an obscure reporter on this same paper. Odd fellow—moody, reticent about himself. And he was still being reticent. He was a radio star now, but no one knew anything about his background or his family. Dr. Ruthledge wasn't his father, of course—but who was? And who was his mother? Might be a story there. Experience had taught Spike Wilson that there was usually a story in anything a famous person didn't tell of his own accord. He decided to ask a few questions down in Five Points and see what he could find out.

Ned Holden himself was on his way back to Five Points from a hurried trip to San Francisco—a trip taken solely for the purpose of seeing Torchy, his wife. Sitting in the Pullman section while green fields of corn flashed past his unseeing eyes, he went over and over the strange—the incredible—interview he had had with the girl who now called herself Myrna Reynolds.

He'd had the unpleasant feeling, talking to her, that this wasn't Torchy at all, but a complete stranger. It didn't seem possible that a girl could have changed so entirely in a few months. Not only in appearance, though even there she was different enough. But mentally and—and spiritually.

Torchy had prospered since leaving him, there was no doubt of that. She'd found a job singing in a night club at the San Francisco Fair, and had made an unexpected success with her throaty, somehow tragic, voice. Now she had a pleasant apartment overlooking the Bay, she wore expensive clothes, she had learned how to enhance her natural beauty, and her speech had lost its slang and grammatical imperfections. More than anything else, she was self-confident, assured. And hard.

Surely success alone hadn't brought about this staggering change in her, he thought. Some other influence had been at work—some influence which was now and perhaps would always remain a mystery to him. . . . He dismissed all speculations as vain and fruitless. Just now his mind was too full of his mission to concern itself with the puzzle which was Torchy's new character.

After talking to her for five minutes he knew why she had answered none of his letters suggesting a divorce.

I TOLD you when I left Five Points I wouldn't divorce you, but I'd let you divorce me," she said. "Well, I've changed my mind. You're my husband, Ned. I wish we could live together, like any married couple. Apparently we can't, without fighting and making each other miserable. But—" and her jaw took on a firm, uncompromising line—"if I can't have you, no one else is going to."

"You left me almost six months ago," he said. "If I wait another six, I can sue you for divorce on the grounds of desertion."

Torchy's eyes narrowed. "You do that, Ned, and I'll tell all I know about you—that your father was a thief and your mother a murderess. And that I picked you up out of the gutter, right here in San Francisco. That won't be so very nice for the

famous radio star, The Spectator."

Cold fear struck him. He could not comfort himself by thinking she was bluffing. She would do exactly what she said. Under that newly-acquired veneer of sophistication, she was as primitive as she had ever been—but with an added quality of ruthlessness that she had not had before.

And so he left her, knowing that for the time at least she held all the winning cards.

When the train pulled into the station he went directly to his room in Five Points. He had a column and part of a broadcast to write, and he worked all afternoon, stopping only to telephone Mary and arrange to meet her in a restaurant that evening. They had given up meeting at the parsonage because of Dr. Ruthledge's opposition.

He was at the restaurant before her, and was seated in one of the booths when he saw her come in through the swinging doors.

Mary had fought so bitterly against letting him once more into her heart. But he, unheeding, had battered down her defenses, one by one, until, sobbing, she confessed that she still loved him, would always love him. And now he could not face the trust in her eyes and destroy it by telling her there was no way they could be happy together.

She came up to his table. "Ned!" she said softly. "I'm so glad you're



De Wolfe Hopper Junior guest-stars on his mother's program, Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, over CBS.

back—I've missed you terribly—and listening to the broadcast you did from San Francisco didn't seem to help." She sat down, waiting tremulously for his news. "You saw Torchy?"

"Yes. She—" His brown hand went across the table to cover hers. No, he could not hurt her again. "She won't give me the divorce. But I'm tired of waiting—tired of being afraid. As soon as it's a year since she went away, I'll file suit anyhow."

Would he have that much courage? He wondered.

It was such a small item in the so-

ciety column. You could see that even the reporter who wrote it didn't think it was particularly important. Yet it made Rose Kransky's hands tremble and her face go perfectly white.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham had adopted a baby boy."

That was all. Two lines of type that were like the opening of a door. It was all so plain now! Cunningham had instigated the Child Welfare investigation—and also he was the unknown visitor at the nursery who had seen the baby and wanted to adopt him. But that had been a woman—Miss Miller had said so! Mrs. Cunningham, then, the new Mrs. Cunningham. Of course she couldn't know whose child it was—or did she? Charles must have known, or he would not have brought the investigation against her. But surely not his wife—how could she have willingly adopted the child of her husband and another woman?

HATRED for Charles Cunningham awoke fiercely in Rose. In the few weeks since she had given up her baby she had existed in an emotional vacuum. She had expected to be free, unfettered at the loss of this responsibility. Instead, she had felt strangely alone, empty, unwilling to admit even to herself that she wanted him back. Now, realization that she had given her son to the one man in the world she hated, unleashed all her pent-up feelings and made her into the mother she had refused to be before.

She went straight to Charles Cunningham's office, the same office where she had worked in that era which now seemed so long ago.

Cunningham half rose from his chair as she entered—then sank back, staring at her almost in terror. The pain of seeing her again was so great that for a moment she could not speak. His long face, with the deep lines about the mouth, swayed before her, then steadied, and she saw with a sudden clarity that he was at her mercy.

"The baby you and your wife adopted—it's mine, isn't it?" she asked.

"Johnny . . . ?"

"Is that what you call him? I thought Charles was a nice name."

He frowned painfully. "Rose—I'm sorry."

"Really? Somehow, I got the impression you were never sorry—for anything you did."

"You have a right to be bitter."

This humility was something for which she had not been prepared. It made her uneasy, fearful that some little bit of the old love might return. "I want my baby back," she said fiercely.

"But you gave him up of your own accord," he reminded her. "It shouldn't make any difference to you who adopted him, as long as he's in a good home. And I—I can assure you he is."

"Don't you know I'd rather die," she cried, "than let you have him? Haven't you hurt me enough? Do you have to hurt him too?"

"I don't want to hurt him, Rose," he said gravely. "I love him—and my wife loves him."

"Your wife! Does she know who his father is?"

"I believe so," he answered unexpectedly. "I think that's the reason she loves him so. . . . You see, a little while after we were married, Helene and I were in an automobile accident. Afterwards—the doctors told us she could never have a child." His mouth twisted, and he added half-consciously, "And now—if anything should happen to Johnny—"

His tone, more than his words, frightened Rose. "If anything should happen? What do you mean?"

"Johnny's very ill, Rose. I'm glad you came in. I wanted to tell you. But I was afraid."

Her baby was ill! From somewhere, far back in the faith she had tried to abandon, the conviction came to Rose that here was her punishment—her punishment for everything.

"You've got to let me see him!" she said tensely. "You've got to!"

"Of course" he said in utter submission.

LATE that night she was still in Charles Cunningham's home. Upstairs a nurse was with Johnny; the doctor had just gone. There was nothing he could do, he'd said in a voice nicely balanced between cheerfulness and gravity, until morning. The situation was bad, yes—but not hopeless by any means. Another twenty-four hours should tell.

A fire burned in the library grate. On one side of the hearth sat Charles and Helene Cunningham, on the other, Rose. In the silence, she studied the woman Charles had married: slight, pale, with an inner rather than an outer beauty. Seeing Helene explained so much that she had not understood this afternoon—Charles' new humility, the sorrow in his eyes, his willingness to let her see the baby. She saw the love that existed between them, and felt abashed, for it was not the tawdry, physical thing she had once thought was love. It was, instead, something that had purified Charles and brought out all the decency he had kept buried beneath a shell of selfishness.

"If he—when he gets well again," Charles had said to her as they left the nursery, "you must take him back. Helene thinks so too—we've talked it over, and we know it was wrong of us to take him from you. Helene didn't understand—she didn't know you, and she thought it was my right and—duty to have Johnny with me, since we could never have a child of our own. She didn't know about the Child Welfare business. It was cruel. I didn't realize what I was doing."

And it would be cruel, Rose realized, to take the child away from this gentle, sweet-faced woman who had grown to love him.

Across the hearth she saw Helene Cunningham's hand steal into her husband's, and a glance of affection and understanding pass between them, and she knew that the other woman, for all her passivity and deceptive gentleness, was stronger than she. It would not really be cruel to take Johnny from Helene, because Helene, in her strength, recognized and accepted the necessity of losing him.

Rose struggled to her feet. "I'd better be starting home—Ma'll be wondering what's become of me. I'll stop in first thing in the morning—"

"Wouldn't you like to stay here?" Mrs. Cunningham asked.

"You could telephone your mother, and in the morning you'll be right

here to see the doctor when he arrives."

"Why—yes, thank you," Rose said awkwardly after a moment's hesitation. Emotion had taken its toll; suddenly she was more exhausted than she'd thought. After she had telephoned, they showed her to a room, and almost at once she was asleep—to be awakened, in the morning, by Helene's soft voice: "The doctor is here, Rose. And Johnny is much better. If everything goes well, you'll be able to take him away in a week or ten days." Abruptly, Rose felt tears in her eyes—she, who had prided herself that she never cried!

That fall Ellis Smith returned to Five Points, resuming occupation of his studio-bedroom in the tenement near Dr. Ruthledge's church. He saw a few people: Fredrika Lang, Mary, Dr. Ruthledge, Rose Kransky; and told them, quite casually, where he had been. For several months, he said, he'd lived in San Francisco, where he had met and come to know Myrna Reynolds—the Torchy who was Ned Holden's wife.

He added that Torchy had signed a contract with The Silver Pheasant, an uptown night club, and would soon come to the city to appear there. "And

She was young, beautiful,  
wealthy—but still she was

### GIRL ALONE

Read radio's romantic story  
of Patricia Rogers, who  
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### RADIO MIRROR

it's in her contract," he said, "that they can bill her as Mrs. Ned Holden."

Fredrika, when she heard it, said, "Ned will hate that."

Ellis shrugged. "I can't get very excited over what Ned will or won't hate. He still refuses to see you, Fredrika?"

"He doesn't precisely refuse," the thin, tired-looking woman said. "I've never tried to see him. When he's ready, he'll come to me."

"How can you let him hurt you so! And Myrna—Torchy—she's just as bad. She insists on clinging to him, no matter how badly he treats her. If you could have seen her, Fredrika! There's only one reason she wanted to be a success, and to learn how to dress and talk. She called it learning to be 'a lady,' and asked me to help her. I did as she asked, not even knowing whether or not I should. It was pitiful, because somehow she had the notion that if she could be 'a lady' she'd win Ned's love—his real love this time. That's why it was such a shock when he wrote asking her for a divorce—and later, when he saw her and apparently didn't care because her manners and diction were better, or that she was a successful night club singer. It didn't impress him a bit. All he was interested in was the divorce. So, terribly disap-

pointed, she turned on him and told him he couldn't have one. . . ."

Fredrika asked quietly, "And now she's coming here, to try to get him back?"

"I don't know. I think she only wants to be near him, blindly, without any definite plan."

"And you, Ellis?"

"I?" he laughed shortly. "Oh, I'm back because Torchy's coming back. I'm working on a portrait of her."

Torchy's debut at The Silver Pheasant was heralded with advertisements in the papers and with glaring billboards around town. "Myrna Reynolds—Mrs. Ned Holden," the sign read. "Direct from a triumphant season at the San Francisco Fair." Ned saw his wife's name, her face, wherever he turned. His impulse was to run away from every such reminder; instead, he asked Mary to go with him to Torchy's opening night.

She searched his face questioningly. "But Ned—are you sure you want to? Won't it be terribly embarrassing?"

"Of course I don't want to—and of course it will be embarrassing," he answered, smiling. "But I'm through being afraid, I told you. I'm going to act as if Torchy and I had reached an understanding—in other words, I'm going to act normally. Certainly it's normal for The Spectator to attend a night club opening."

Mary nodded reluctant agreement, and together they went to The Silver Pheasant. The place was crowded, noisy and smoky.

Then the lights dimmed and a bright ray fell upon a girl who stood near the piano. For a moment Mary could not realize this was Torchy—this poised, beautiful woman, in a daringly cut evening gown. As if she were quite alone in the room, she began to sing—casually, softly, her gaze fixed on some far-off vision she alone could see. At the end, she acknowledged the applause, then disappeared.

SHE'S wonderful, Ned!" Mary breathed in sincere admiration. He was about to answer her when they both stiffened in amazement. Torchy was coming toward their table.

Ned scrambled awkwardly to his feet as she stopped.

"Hello, Ned—Mary," she said, an enigmatic little smile on her lips. "Nice of you to come. . . . Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

Wordlessly, Ned moved to draw out the chair on which she already had her hand, and she seated herself, still smiling, sure of herself. "Ellis Smith's waiting for me over there," she said with a toss of her head toward another corner of the room. "But I think I ought to stay a while, don't you, Ned? It's very good publicity to be seen with your own husband."

"Torchy!" Ned said thickly.

"Not to mention the fact," she went on smoothly, ignoring him, "that it's better publicity for you, Ned. And for Mary. Really, I don't think it was very wise of you to bring Mary here."

"I'm the best judge of that, Torchy," Mary interposed, and Torchy threw her a swift, challenging glance.

"I'm only thinking of your reputation," she said. "A minister's daughter—seen publicly with a married man, and the man's wife at another table altogether. That surely isn't a very pretty picture. And—" she smoothed a fold of her dress, then raised her eyes directly to Ned's—"an even less pretty picture would

be a suit for damages, filed by the wife, charging the minister's daughter with alienation of affections!"

"You wouldn't—" Ned gasped.  
"I could. . . I think, if you're smart, Ned, you'll see a great deal less of Mary from now on." Torchy had dropped her mask of poised indifference, and fury blazed out of her face. Dimly, Ned realized how his visit to her opening night, in company with Mary, must have seemed to her—as a deliberate, planned insult.

Before either Ned or Mary had a chance to answer, Torchy had stood up and was on her way to Ellis Smith's table. A carelessly dressed young man tried to stop her.

"Miss Reynolds—I'm Spike Wilson, of the *City Times*. I'd like an interview—"

Even in her rage, Torchy remembered that one must always be polite to reporters. She smiled mechanically and made an appointment to see him the following day.

AS Ned and Mary drove back to Five Points in his car, the silence between them was something that each could feel, as if it had been a heavy fog. They'd reached a complete, perfect deadlock, Ned was thinking. That was all. If it had been anyone else but Mary, he'd tell Torchy to go ahead and create her scandal. But not Mary. He had deserted her, humiliated her, then thrust himself once more into her life after she had learned to do without him. To all that, he couldn't add the final indignity of dragging her name through a public scandal.

"Ned." Her voice was small and frightened. "What can we do?"

"Nothing. Nothing but what she says. We'll have to stop seeing each other."

And perhaps even that would be better than this continual torture of being near Mary, unable to touch her, crush her into his arms, answer the insistent call of his love for her.

"If it weren't for Dad, I wouldn't mind anything she could do."

"I know that, dear. But I would. You're too fine and sweet to be pawed over by scandal-mongers."

Late that night, after he had left Mary at the parsonage, Ned faced the whole truth, and hated himself for it. He would do as Torchy said because he didn't want to expose Mary to scandal, yes—but he would do it for another reason too: to keep Torchy from revealing the secret of his parentage. All his success had never succeeded in uprooting that deepest fear of his life, the fear of walking through a world that knew of the taint in his blood.

A good reporter must be a good detective. He must talk to people, and get the answers to questions he hasn't even asked; he must search old records with infinite care and patience; he must follow up the most unpromising clues; he must piece this fact up with that; and at the end, if he is lucky, he may have a story. And Spike Wilson had his story.

Ned had spent this windy, bitter evening of winter at the broadcasting studio. On his way home, shortly before midnight, he bought a copy of the *Times* from a shivering newsboy.

He hadn't intended to look at the paper until he reached home, but a word—his own name—in glaring headline type caught his eye. He read the story there on the street corner, snow-freighted wind whipping and

snapping the paper in his hands.

"Ned Holden, the famous Spectator, is the son of Fredrika Lang and the man she was convicted of killing two years ago. Documents in the possession of the *Times* . . ."

Often, in imagination, he had lived this moment. Always before, it had been only a nightmare. But this was reality. The secret with which he had lived so long was not a secret now. It was something for everyone with the price of a newspaper to read, to discuss, to wonder over. And, reading the rest of the story that Spike Wilson had written, he saw how much worse it was to have the truth blazoned out this way than it would have been if he himself had revealed it. Now he was put in the worst possible light: as a coward who had denied his mother.

And that, of course—the knowledge came at last, from the depths of his soul—was the truth. He was a coward.

Stumbling, the paper falling from



Olga Andre who broadcasts on NBC's Pan American programs meets our own Bette Davis. Right, Jose Jasd, "the Spanish Noel Coward."

his lax fingers, he went on down the street. A violent gust of wind tore his hat from his head, but he scarcely noticed its going. The storm itself was not more bitter than his own self-hatred.

A policeman found him, soon after dawn, stretched out, unconscious, on the steps of a public building. An ambulance was called, and he was taken, still unconscious, to a hospital. And since hospitals proceed strictly according to rule, it was Torchy—Mrs. Ned Holden—who was summoned.

"He keeps calling for someone named Mary," the doctor told her. "Do you know who that might be?"

"No," Torchy said quickly. "No, I don't." A fury of possession rose in her; Ned was hers, and hers alone, and Mary should not be called. But when she went into his room, and saw his closed eyes and fumbling hands, heard his voice calling pitifully for Mary, she buried her face in her hands.

What was this endless, pointless battle she was fighting?

Perhaps Ned suspected her of telling Spike Wilson the whole story—but she hadn't. At least she hadn't

intended to. She searched her mind, trying to remember what she had told him about Ned. Just that he'd been born in Cleveland, that was all. What if that was the one thing Spike needed to know—the one clue? Then Ned would hate her, more than he hated her already.

"Nurse!" she said. "I think—I think he's calling for Mary Ruthledge, Dr. John Ruthledge's daughter. Will you send for her, please?"

Brilliant winter sunlight streamed in through the broad window of the hospital room, over the bed where Ned Holden lay propped up against a heap of pillows. On one side of the bed was Mary Ruthledge, on the other, her father. Two weeks of illness had thinned Ned's face, but he was smiling, and to Mary he looked happier than at any time since that long-ago night when she had first promised to marry him.

This was the first day Ned had been allowed to see many visitors; Rose and Mrs. Kransky had just left. Rose, too, had seemed happier than ever before. She had a good job in a law firm, and Mrs. Kransky had sold the second-hand shop and moved into the suburbs where she could care for Rose's little boy while the girl was away at work.

ROSE had come through all right," Dr. Ruthledge nodded when they were gone. "She's learned, I think, that it's impossible to be solely an individual." There was a quizzical expression in his eyes as he looked at Ned, and the younger man flushed and laughed a little ashamedly. "There's one other person that wants to see you, Ned," the minister added. "Somebody that I asked to come here."

Ned looked from Dr. Ruthledge to Mary and back again.

"Torchy?"

"No. Your . . . mother."

Involuntarily, Ned stiffened, as if in fear, and Dr. Ruthledge said quietly, "I know, Ned. You think it will be hard to see her—"

"It's not that I don't want to!" Ned exclaimed. "I realized, the night the newspaper published the story, how wrong I'd been. But how can she forgive me?"

"In your mother's eyes, my son," Dr. Ruthledge said gravely, "there is nothing to forgive."

"I . . ." Ned turned uneasily, fearfully, to Mary. From her steady, calm gaze, so full of love and trust, he seemed to gain confidence.

"There's nothing for her to forgive, Ned," she said. "because, don't you see, it's yourself you've hurt all these years—not her."

"Myself? Why . . . yes. . . I suppose that's true." He took a long breath. "All right. I'd like to see her, please."

With a nod to Mary to follow him, Dr. Ruthledge went to the door and opened it. Fredrika Lang—slight, black-clad, trembling—stood on the threshold. A moment in which the earth stopped turning—and then she was clasped in the arms of her son.

Dr. Ruthledge and Mary slipped outside and closed the door. They smiled into each other's eyes, winking away the tears.

"The Ned Holden we used to know has come home, Mary," he said.

THE END

(Be sure to tune in the current broadcasts of *The Guiding Light*, Monday through Friday, on NBC-Red.)

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## Mystery House

(Continued from page 24)

with earnestness, and with pleasure in being trusted. "She's living the way she likes to live. She does want to get away; she has, they say, since Mrs. Mockbee died. She wants to go to Connecticut, where she lived when she was a girl."

"She never lived in Connecticut when she was a girl!" Mrs. Roy said amusedly. "Isn't that like Minnie! We lived in Richmond. We used to visit my aunt in northern New York, up near Binghamton; perhaps that's what gives her that idea."

She was still in a reminiscent mood when Rand came back. Then Flora came in, with fresh tea.

"Page, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Prendergast would like to have you come and read her to sleep," Flora said suddenly.

"Oh, isn't she asleep?" With a smiling good-bye to Mrs. Roy, Page went at once to her employer's room. To her surprise the old lady was quiet and merely wanted "something that'll make me sleepy," to be read to her.

Presently the dinner gong sounded, and the crippled woman roused herself to say sleepily, "Just make sure that woman's gone, will you?"

Page, obeying, peeped into her own room, but it was dark and empty. She ran down to dinner; Flora and Lynn and Rand were standing by the dining room fire; Mrs. Roy was not there.

"She got off, did she? Poor thing." "No; she didn't get off," Rand said. "She doesn't feel well; she's lying down in Flora's room."

Page's expression changed to one of doubt, uneasiness.

"Is Mrs. Roy a pretty lady?" Lynn asked.

"Lynn," Page said, shaking out her napkin, "try to think now. Didn't you ever hear of Mrs. Roy?"

"No, I never did," Lynn answered unhesitatingly, but with the troubled look that any serious question always gave him.

"There's nothing really the matter with her, is there, Rand?"

"I don't think so. Excitement, disappointment, emotion. She came a long way, you know, and she must have walked at least a mile. She took some aspirin; she had it in her bag."

The evening moved on its accus-

tomized way. Page went into Flora's room at about half past ten, with Rand and Flora, to find Mrs. Roy heavily drowsy, and to help establish her comfortably in Flora's bed. Flora made up a bed for herself on the wide couch; Page presently went to bed herself.

Rand awakened her at about two o'clock, and she started up frightened, feeling that panic was in the air, and got herself into stiff white linen and her nurse's cap. Mrs. Roy was ill.

The visitor had been just pleasantly heavy and sleepy when they had put her to bed, reporting that her headache was gone. But now she was desperately ill. Rand had sent from the farm for Dr. Kenyon from Half-moon Bay; the old man arrived at about three, and immediately confirmed their fears that something was seriously amiss. Mrs. Roy was in a coma from which no stimulant could arouse her; at four o'clock her fitful breathing stopped.

"Dead!" Page said in her frightened heart, and for an awful moment all the world seemed dead. She had seen death before, but somehow this was more than death. Page and Flora and the two doctors went into Page's room, and they all talked together.

"This is what was in her bag," Flora said, exhibiting a small foreign-looking flask. "She said she was taking aspirin tablets, but they don't look like aspirin to me."

"NO," old Dr. Kenyon said, examining them, "I don't know what this is. Do you know, doctor?"

Rand spilled the tiny yellow pills into his hand. "Something she used in India, probably. She had a bad heart and she had been under strong emotion, of course. Her sister, Mrs. Prendergast, had refused to see her, and she was very much upset."

"Who is going to tell her sister?" Page asked, in a whisper.

"Let her have her sleep out. I'll tell her in the morning," Rand said.

At Rand's suggestion Page, dressed as she was, curled up on her bed an hour later, and to her own surprise fell asleep. It was ten o'clock when she awakened, and sunshine was flooding the room. She was downstairs at breakfast when Rand joined her.

"Doctor Kenyon called it an accidental overdose," he said. "We both suspect it was deliberate, or reckless carelessness at least. But we don't have to distress Mrs. Hibbs, the daughter, with that. Kenyon will meet the daughter in Belmont this morning; we've been telephoning. Flora thinks that Mrs. Roy went into see the Duchess last night and that it was the interview that killed her. But the Duchess isn't awake yet, so we don't know."

"Rand, will you come out on the terrace with me a moment? I want to ask you something." Page had finished her breakfast; she had turned rather pale. They walked out into the sunshine together. "Rand," the girl said, "could Flora have had anything to do with it?"

"Why do you say that?" Rand stared at her, frowning.

"Well, I'll tell you. The Hibbses' lawyer—Barnes Bishop, in San Francisco—said that I might tell you. They thought that some influence was being used on Mrs. Prendergast to make her leave her money to some one else. Who could it be but Flora? And if the two sisters had met and been reconciled, that might have cut away the inheritance from Flora, mightn't it?"

"But Flora won't inherit, anyway! Why should she? The old lady will leave her something, of course. But not enough to hurt Mrs. Roy's share—or the Hibbses' share, as it is now."

"The Hibbses think that Mrs. Prendergast might have a motive in leaving a good deal to Flora. She may know something about Mrs. Prendergast—that would make it worth Mrs. Prendergast's while to keep friends with Flora," Page said significantly. "Barnes Bishop sent me a purse for Christmas—do you remember? It came all done up as a gift, but there was a note in it. He told me he had found out that some one was depositing a thousand dollars a month to the account of Flora Mockbee in a San Jose bank."

"Great Scott!" Rand ejaculated.

THEY suspect that Mrs. Prendergast had a quarrel with Trudy Mockbee, and that there was something queer about Trudy Mockbee's death. Doctor Ullmeyer thinks there was poisoning, or something."

Rand's face was grave, his eyes intent on hers. "Trudy Mockbee, as far as I know, died of acute gastritis."

"The Hibbses want to have Mrs. Mockbee's body dug up. And now, with Mrs. Roy dying, I suppose they'll be more suspicious than ever."

"Well, people do queer things when there's money involved," said Rand. "I'm going up to see the Duchess now. Here's Lynn; you two take a walk."

When Rand had gone indoors Lynn came closer to Page.

"Mrs. Roy died," he said, without preamble.

"I know, Lynn. But she was old and tired and sad and poor. It wasn't a hard way to go." Page felt instant concern for his air of puzzlement and distress. "I want exercise," she said cheerfully. "Wait until I get into boots and a sweater, and let's walk down to the Whistling Rocks."

"Yes, I'll wait," he said. And immediately he added, "Flora did it, didn't she? She—now she'll want to

(Continued on page 56)



They take their Screen Actors Guild rehearsals seriously—left to right, Roger Pryor, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Hersholt, Margaret Sullivan and the script writer.

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(Continued from page 54)

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get me. Here, you take this. If anything happens to me, I'd rather you had it."

They had turned toward the end of the terrace that was sheltered from sight of the house by the great oaks; they were quite alone. Page found glittering on her palm the faint pink, the icy sparkle, of the great diamond.

"You get away," Lynn said. "Take it with you! They'll kill me tonight. Everything's all wrong!"

"You goose!" Page said affectionately. "It means everything's all right!"

For this part of her mission was ended now. Page had the diamond. The end of her stay at Mystery House was definitely in sight.

She need only give it to Mrs. Prendergast today—this queer strange day of a funeral—and everything else would fall into line.

"I want to ask you one favor, Page," Lynn said, "it's only for three days. And it might mean that they—they didn't get me."

"Who didn't get you?"  
"I don't know, exactly. But I think—" he said, in his anxious, simple way, "I think they killed my grandmother."

**W**AS Trudy Mockbee your grandmother, then?"

"I think she was. No; she wasn't." They were sitting on the steps of the terrace now. "You're going to give that diamond to Mrs. Prendergast, aren't you?"

Page, looking at him seriously, felt her face flush. It did seem sometimes as if they were all treating Lynn rather as the holder of the diamond than as a human being with rights of his own.

"It belongs to her," she said.  
"It will if I give it to her," he said.  
"But my grandmother gave it to me."

"Is Mrs. Prendergast your grandmother, Lynn?"

"Why, certainly she is!" he said quietly. "I got it from her."

"But then why—I don't understand it at all," Page said. There was no getting anything coherent out of him. Page gave it up. "Tell me what you want me to do for three days," she said.

"I want you to tell her." He usually designated Mrs. Prendergast so; he jerked his head now in the direction of her room. "I want you to tell her you have the diamond. But you must say you can't give it to her for three days."

"Lynn, I have no right to do that!"

"Let me see it a minute," he said, and as she opened her palm his big brown fingers gently took it from her hand. "Then I won't give it to you," he said. "I'll throw it out there from the Rock. It's deep there. They'll never find it!"

"You mustn't do that!" Page's heart was beating fast. "Just tell me why I must wait three days, Lynn," she pleaded, "so that I'll understand."

"Because, you see, in three days she'll do something to me. They'll tell you I slipped off the rock or that I killed myself, or something."

"What do you mean?" Page's face was suddenly white.

"I mean that then you'll know," Lynn said. "You'll know that they were only letting me—be alive—until they got the diamond back!"

"They? Who?"  
"Flora, for one."

For the first time in her life Page felt her blood actually chilling.

"Flora! What could she do to you?"  
"She'd help her," Lynn said.  
"Who?"

He did not answer in words. Instead he jerked his head in the direction of the house.

"Mrs. Prendergast! How could she? She can't even walk!"

"She walks as well as you do," Lynn stated simply, and there was a silence.

A fresh horror crept slowly through Page's being. A hundred memories rushing at her united to confirm this incredible truth. She remembered the ease with which Mrs. Prendergast had managed certain details of bathing and dressing. She remembered her own astonishment at finding her moved from one chair to another.

"You think she had something to do with the death of Trudy Mockbee?"  
"I know she did. And I know she thinks I'll tell." The diamond rolled in his hand like a casual pebble; he looked down at it absently. "She's just been waiting to get this before she—does something to me. If they tell you I've disappeared, you can say, 'You make him well, or bring him back, or you'll never see your diamond again!'"

"But Lynn," the girl argued, in infinite distress, "they could put me in jail for that! It's her diamond!"

"No, it's not. She gave it to me, and I give it to you, because—" He looked away to sea, grinding his hands restlessly together. "You're so awfully sweet, and I—I do love you so much," he said huskily.

There was a silence. Presently, Lynn looked at the diamond in his cupped hand.

"If you'll promise to hold it for three days, and if in that time nothing happens to me, I'll give this back to you," he said, after a moment. "They'll have to work fast now, because of Mrs. Roy's dying. You see?"

"DON'T see. But if what you think is true," she said slowly, "we are in terrible danger. But—oh, it can't be true," the girl breathed. "If it is, why don't we just slip away—you and I—get into San Francisco right now!"

"How?" the man asked.  
"Well—" Fear was playing on her heart like fingers on the taut strings of a violin now. "We could—one of the cars—only I can't drive," she said, swallowing with a dry throat.

"Rand!" she exclaimed in sudden relief. "He's not in this, he isn't such a fool as to let himself into a thing like this with two crazy women!"

"No. I think he believes them. He didn't come here until after I did. I think she's told him that she'll give him money; he'll be rich. And you know Rand wants to be rich."

"I suppose every one does," Page began.

Lynn was listening only absently. "Shall I give you this?" he said, of the diamond.

"Oh, hadn't you better, and get the thing out of the way?"

"But you'll promise to hold it for three days?"

"If you say so. But the sensible thing for us to do would be to give it to her right now, and then ask to be sent into the city at once, and never come back!" Page persisted.

"And suppose they said that on account of what happened last night, and Flora being upset, we'd have to wait until tomorrow?"

"It wouldn't kill us to wait until tomorrow."

"It would me!"

"Tell me what I ought to do," Page said, trembling, holding tight to his hands. "Whatever is best for you and me. I've got to get out of here, Lynn. I'm frightened."

"They wouldn't hurt you. They'll send you over to Belmont today, with the biggest check you ever saw, if you give them that."

Page looked at her companion. "We go together or we don't go at all," she said. "Tell me what to do?"

"Tell Mrs. Prendergast tonight that you have the diamond hidden," Lynn said promptly, "and will give it to her on Saturday morning. Today's Tuesday. That gives them four days to pack up what they want, and get out."

"But suppose they, Flora and Mrs. Prendergast, plan to do something right away? It might be too late!"

"They won't do anything to me until they've got it."

"I'll think of a place to hide it. I'll tell you where it is," Page decided quickly, excitedly. "But one thing more, Lynn," she added, as they went down the terrace stairs and walked out on the cliff; "shall I tell Rand? He's our one hope if Flora goes queer, or if—but I can't even believe it yet!—if Mrs. Prendergast is only pretending to be lame."

"Don't tell him yet! She may tell him. Wait and see what happens."

RAND, just after luncheon, told her quietly that the body of Fanny Roy had been taken to Belmont, and met there by Mrs. Roy's daughter.

Rand said suddenly, a moment later, "You will go away with me, won't you?"

The girl looked at him curiously, her color rising.

"I mean—" he said confusedly, "I mean that I am going away—almost immediately. I want you—most terribly—to go too. I want you to wait for me—somewhere, anywhere—and we'll—we'll... He broke off abruptly, and there was another pause. "I don't know what I'm saying," he said.

Page was still. The flutter that his shaken tone brought to her own heart, silenced her. Presently Rand spoke again, in his usual quiet tones.

"I told you weeks ago that I had no right to say this to you, and I didn't mean to say it," he said. "But is there any chance—I don't mean now—I don't mean in this accursed place! But after weeks, months, when all this is closed up and forgotten, would you—is there any chance that you would wait for me somewhere?"

"Rand... no," the girl said quietly, after a moment. "I'm terribly sorry. I've never cared that way for any man."

"But you might. Any girl might. You'll love some man some time."

"I don't know. Just now it's all mixed up in—in being afraid of this place," Page said. "Since last night—I've wanted—horribly—to get away. I've felt scared quite suddenly, of Flora, and of... She finished the sentence with a motion of her head toward the closed door of Mrs. Prendergast's room.

"I think," Rand said quietly, after thought, "that the sooner we all get away from here the better. But—I must have you, Page," he ended.

The phrasing of it startled her.

"I'm not the kind of man you ought to marry. But I'd try to make you happy," Rand said, his tone so strained, so almost fierce, that the commonplace little words seemed to

carry a sinister meaning.

Page saw that dark color was flushing his face, and that great veins were standing on his neck.

"Rand, not now," the girl whispered. "I'm really too frightened at everything that's happening. If it weren't for Lynn—" She paused. She hadn't meant to say that.

"Why do you say 'if it weren't for Lynn?'" he asked.

"I like him so much," Page answered simply. "I feel so sorry for him. I don't want to go until he has given up that diamond, and until he is taken care of."

"Don't make me jealous, Page," Rand said, in a low, hard tone, trembling like a man who is putting strong control upon himself. "Tell me that you are only kind to him; that all this laughing and picnicking isn't—isn't anything but that—"

"Rand, don't be such a fool!"

Rand had slipped from his chair; he was kneeling now beside hers, one arm half about her, his handsome dark face close to her own in the soft lamp and firelight. His voice was hoarse as he said:

"Just give me a chance! Just say that much."

What should she have answered? She did not know, for at this moment Mrs. Prendergast's voice was heard fretfully calling Flora, and Page went quickly in to her.

The old lady had evidently been reading. She looked up with her gentlest smile as Page came in, and somehow the girl found tremendously reassuring this actual nearness to the ogress of whom she had been thinking all day. Page went over to the bed and laid a small browned hand against the puffy old discolored one.

"I'm so sorry about your sister."

"We talked together last night," Mrs. Prendergast said. "We parted friends."

"You did? Oh, I'm so glad! Does Rand know that?"

"Flora does. But I told her only tonight, and she may not have told him. Yes; poor Fan!" Mrs. Prendergast said, dreamily.

"She was lovely," Page said.

SHE was very beautiful once. Sit down here on the bed, Page, I want to talk to you a minute. This last thing has decided me—we're all going away. Do you want to come with me to Connecticut?"

Page had considered the possibility of this offer before. She answered without hesitation, "To get you settled—to be sure you were comfortable—of course I'd come. I've never been out of California; I'd love it."

"That unfortunate boy will still have the diamond, of course. We can do nothing about that. You've done your best. The men who came down here from Pinkerton's told me that that's the fate of all diamonds; they are lost sooner or later. Well—"

Page was conscious, in the pause, that her heart was beating fast. She laid her hand on Mrs. Prendergast's hand again.

"I have the diamond," she said.

Mrs. Prendergast looked at her first in silence, then asked in a quiet tone, "What did you say, my dear?"

"Lynn gave it to me today. But he made me promise not to give it to you until Saturday."

"You have it?"

"I have had it. And I will have it on Saturday, and give it to you. That was the only way he would give it

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**TRIMAL**

to me, Mrs. Prendergast," Page said. "You had better give it to me now." "I can't. He made me swear that, and I can't go back on my word!"

Mrs. Prendergast brooded upon this for a full half-minute. "Tomorrow's Wednesday. Thursday, Friday," she said musingly. "And Saturday we could— Send Rand in to me!" she broke off to say suddenly. "And you take yourself off to bed, my dear," she added. "You look tired."

Page took a hot bath, put a hot bottle in between the fine heavy linen sheets, adjusted her reading light and flung two books on her bed. Then she went to the western window and opened it, and took a look at the moonlit night. A light burned in the little cabin where Lynn slept; he had been isolated there upon first coming to Mystery House because of the nature of his illness; he had stayed there by choice ever since.

Page turned back and got into bed; presently she was sleeping.

Everything looked more cheerful in the morning, and the late mournful event of an old lady's death during her first hours under their roof appeared to be completely forgotten. Forgotten, too, by Lynn, was the diamond episode, or at least when he joined Page at breakfast his talk was all of a fleet of jellyfish that had strangely surrounded his favorite refuge on Rock Island.

THEY had not gotten far into their meal before Rand came down, to be followed presently by an unusually composed and agreeable Flora.

"Well," Rand said, attacking his eggs, "I had quite a talk with the Duchess last night, and it's marching orders!"

"When do we go?" Flora asked with an air of interest.

"Early on Saturday, I imagine."

Presently, when Lynn was gone, Page asked, "What do we do with Lynn?"

"Didn't he want to stay here and putter about by himself?" the Doctor said. "That's what she promised him, isn't it?"

"For the return of the diamond, yes," Page said simply. Her eyes met Rand's, and she saw from his flush that he had spoken without preconsideration.

"But she doesn't want to wait until Saturday for that diamond," Rand said.

Page glanced at him quickly. She felt her throat get a little dry, and her spine a little cold, and she knew that she was trembling. "That was Lynn's condition," she pleaded. "After all, he isn't quite responsible, is he? If he feels it so strongly—"

"He oughtn't to be humored," Flora said quickly, nervously.

"It isn't humoring him. He has some confused idea that Mrs. Prendergast herself gave him the diamond."

"Nonsense!" Rand said good-naturedly. "The only real question," he added, "is whether you yourself wouldn't rather be rid of the responsibility. What purpose is served by your hiding it until Saturday?"

If Flora had not been there Page would have told him the truth: that poor benighted Lynn actually feared for his life if this one claim on Mrs. Prendergast's protection were removed.

But Flora would repeat everything to the old lady; Lynn would be betrayed. So Page assumed an expres-

sion of puzzlement, and said vaguely that whether there were any good reason for the three days' delay or not, that was the condition Lynn had made.

"I suppose you could break that condition, and he be none the wiser?" Dr. Harwood said.

"But Rand, why should I?"

"You positively have the stone?" Rand asked, watching both women with his favorite half-amused and half-detached expression.

"Oh, yes; I have it. And safe, too." "After all, Page," Rand said lazily, "if you handed it over to the Duchess today, what could Lynn do?"

Her quick look reproached him. Flora precipitately rose and left the room.

"The Duchess is terribly shaken," Rand went on, apologetically, "by her sister's death, and of course Flora doesn't need much encouraging to go off her head entirely. Well!" He dismissed the thought of the two women with a great sigh of relief, and coming around the table to draw a chair up close to Page's chair, he put one elbow on the table, and rested his chin in his hand, facing her. "We've been talking plans," he began. "Have you made up your mind? Do you want to go east with the Duchess?"

"Rand, why not? It's wonderful pay, and it would be such fun!"

"This is Wednesday." He was thinking. "But you'd want a little time to get ready. How'd you like to go into town tomorrow morning," he said, "have a day or two there getting ready for the trip, and join us in Sacramento on Saturday?"

"Could they spare me?"

"It was the Duchess's suggestion."

Page looked at him seriously; their faces were close together.

"You and Flora will get married?"

"I don't know," he said, flushing and looking evasively away. "I don't know, Page. It's my fault; I did it. But it was all done before you came down here. If I thought there was a chance—"

"However, I'm not going to talk about that," he interrupted himself to say in a changed tone. "I'm talking about you. Would you like a day or two in town before we go?"

"Well—yes. Only, what about the diamond?" A distressed look came into Page's face; she could be amused and scornful with Flora, but Rand was her friend. "I can't throw Lynn down," she said.

YOU don't have to. You can telephone me on Friday night and tell me where it is, and I'll get it."

"You mightn't—" she smiled thoughtfully, "be able to find it. Suppose I stole it and disappeared?"

"You!" he said.

"Or I might ask Lynn if he would mind my giving it to her right away."

"I wouldn't bother. Let them wait until Saturday!— Look at this," Rand said, taking a slip of pale pink paper from his pocketbook and laying it before her. Page looked down.

"Oh, my—my heavens!" she stammered.

"That check goes to your bank account the day she gets the diamond."

"Oh, Rand!" Page was pale with excitement.

"And meanwhile all you have to do is pack up, and I'll take you over to Belmont. This afternoon, if you like."

"Today! Good-bye to Mystery House!" the girl exclaimed.

"Oh, but Rand—Lynn!" she added in sudden recollection.

"What about Lynn?"

"What'll happen to him?"

"Oh, she's taking care of that."

"He will be comfortable?"

"Oh, certainly. You'll be back in San Francisco one of these days and you can look him up. Lynn will be all right!"

PAGE did not feel quite so certain. It was with a rather heavy and rather fearful heart that she went down to the rocks with Lynn that morning before luncheon for a last scramble along the shore.

"You aren't really going this afternoon, Page?" he asked, disturbed, when she had given him the news.

"Oh, yes; to get some things, and say good-byes." But the instant she said the words their sense struck her as unfamiliar, and she stopped in some confusion, and added an uneasy, "Why not?"

"Why, because you promised!" he exclaimed, in amazement. "You said you wouldn't give it to her until Saturday!"

"Oh, but I'm not! I'm to telephone Friday evening and tell Rand where it is."

"No, you're not!" Lynn laughed in bitter unbelief and dissatisfaction.

"But I really am, Lynn. Rand just suggested it. What's the difference between that and doing what we first planned?"

"All the difference in the world!" he said patiently.

"You mean—?"

"I mean just what I told you. They'll have me in an institution. They were talking about taking me there when they found out that I had the diamond. You know that! They'll tell you—when you join them in Sacramento on Saturday—they'll tell you that—well, they can tell you anything, and you won't know! I may be dead, or I may be shut up, forever, and you'll not know."

"Ah, Lynn, Rand wouldn't lie to me!"

"He mightn't, but she would. She'd lie to anyone. You said—you said you'd stand by me until Saturday—until they leave me enough money to live on, and go away. Page, you won't leave me, will you?" Lynn begged, in growing excitement. "When you do I get so frightened, and the dreams get all mixed up with the real. You have the diamond now; I gave it to you to make you like me. Don't go away until I can go with you!"

His words gave her an idea, and her face brightened.

"Why don't you go with me now, Lynn? You could stay at Mrs. Chayne's, my old boarding house, until everything was settled, and then come back here when we are on our way east."

"I'd like that! Could I go with you, Page?" Lynn's lean brown young hands grasped hers eagerly, his voice rose on a sort of cry.

"Why not? I'll talk to Rand."

She ran up the terrace steps. This was the solution, after all. She and Lynn would be safe in the city when the mischief-making diamond went back to its rightful owner.

Rand was alone in the dining room when she entered it.

"Rand, I've been saying good-bye to Lynn, and he reminds me that it was part of the arrangement—his giving me the diamond, I mean—that I should stay around until everything was settled about him!"

"What was his object in that?"

"He seems to feel that something might happen to him if he stayed here. So he's going into town with me."

"Oh, but that's nonsense!" Rand said, in concern. "You can't saddle yourself with any such responsibility as that. He doesn't know what he's doing half the time; he might embarrass you terribly."

"He won't. I'm not in the least afraid. It's only something like amnesia—something that doesn't change him, just changes his memory!" the girl argued.

"But you can't take him with you, my dear. She—the Duchess—wouldn't stand for it! The worst of it all is," Rand said thoughtfully, "I may not be able to make it until tomorrow. I'm expecting a telephone call some time this afternoon. If it comes before four we can get started, but if it doesn't I really oughtn't to go away."

"Tomorrow's as good for me as today!"

"I'll find out about it," he said. "I'll go up and see what the Duchess thinks."

When he returned he merely said briefly, "She says she would rather have you go tomorrow," and nothing more was said.

Lynn accepted this verdict without comment, slipping away at once after luncheon. Page was in her room packing her bags at about three o'clock, when Flora tapped at the door.

"Rand's call came through," Flora said, "so he's starting about four; he said to tell you."

"He's taking Lynn?" the girl asked. "I believe he talked to Lynn about it," Flora said. "But Lynn said he'd rather go in tomorrow."

"That gives me only an hour," Page murmured, with a glance at the clock. But her thoughts were not as docile as her words. She could not go away and desert Lynn, that was plain.

The instant Flora was gone Page ran down through the infinite convolutions of halls and stairs and passages, and out upon the terrace.

It was not yet four o'clock, but the bright day had gone under a cloud, and a restless wind, heavy with rain, was blowing fitfully from the south. The sea was rough and troubled, and dotted with racing whitecaps. A storm was on the way. Page called "Lynn!"

Page ran along in the shelter of the high evergreen hedge that shut the kitchen windows away from the sea, and knocked on the door of his one-room cottage.

There was no answer. Page pushed the door open and looked inside. The plain room was empty.

Below the cliff was the pier, jutting out into the tumbling steel-cold water. Lynn's boat was there, tied to the wharf. He had not gone out in his boat; he certainly would not have started for a walk at this hour. A cold premonition of disaster clutched at her heart. Lynn had warned her that he might disappear—that something dreadful might happen to him.

*Was Lynn's panic-stricken prophecy true? Have Flora and Mrs. Prendergast conspired to kill him, as—perhaps—they have already killed Trudy Mockbee and Fanny Roy? The web of danger spun by Mystery House and its people holds Page more and more tightly in next month's instalment of this thrilling story. Don't miss reading it in the February issue.*

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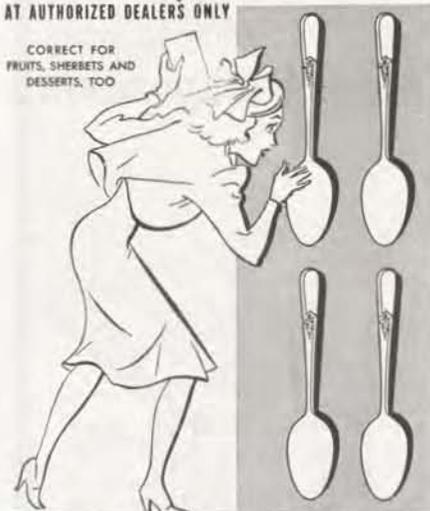
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## Are You Satisfied With You?

(Continued from page 29)

wants to be. It's up to her." These were generalities, but they rang with conviction which I assumed was born of a first-hand grapple with facts.

"Let's get back to specific problems," I said, "once our gal has taken stock of herself, decided she doesn't like the total, and sets out to be beautiful, wise, and witty—then what does she do? What does she do about her face? Her figure? Her clothes? Her charm?" "I'll be specific, if you like—but I'll have to be personal. My own is the only case history I can use for illustration."

"First," I said, "your face."  
"My natural hairline is very low. I realized a good many years ago that it was simply not right for my face—which, in case you hadn't noticed, is too broad. One simple change erased both problems. I cut bangs, which raised my hairline, curled them to lengthen my face. A shortish bob lengthened the line between head and shoulders. Presto!

SHINGLES can come and go, so can page boys, and Baby Bobs and what-have-you—but I cling to one version or another of my own particular hairdress. When you find the sort of hairdress that is yours, unquestionably which highlights your good features and minimizes your bad ones—then, I think, you've found something better than fashion. That's style.

"The same thing is true of eyebrows. I used to thin mine to a hairline—it was the vogue, you remember—until my brother showed me the mistake. Men so often can show us the mistakes we make—for they are not swayed by fashion.

"My brother called me 'calf-eyes'." "Calves have big, soulful eyes—and no eyebrows. And they look silly. I got the point. So I let my eyebrows grow in to their own natural curve, and they will stay that way. Fashion can decree eyebrows up, down, or off and I won't listen. I don't think it's wise to tinker too much with the natural lines of your lips, either.

"My figure problems weren't serious. I simply didn't have a figure in the sacks which passed for dresses when I first took stock of myself.

"My too-broad shoulders did wonders for my waistline once I decided to wear clothes which admitted the existence of a waistline. My posture improved the minute I discarded the four-inch heels.

"You can't buy becoming clothes with all the money in the world until you've studied your figure minutely, and discovered what lines are best for your type.

"I didn't have any money during the years I was finding out about clothes." Here I sensed a slight note of defiance, which indicated Claudette had not forgotten the letter which started all this.

"No one would have envied me my job then. I was teaching French to the spoiled children of the very rich. My salary was infinitesimal. But I had pretty clothes. I made them myself.

"I wanted to be a designer then. And if nothing had happened to change the direction of my ambition, I would have been a designer!

"I followed the same rules then as

I do now in selecting my clothes . . . the only difference is that now I can afford to splurge on fabrics.

"The rules can be stated very simply: buy clothes which flatter your figure, and never buy a dress which 'does nothing for you' no matter how fashionable it is, nor how great a bargain. Remember that the most flattering styles are very often the least expensive. Buy wearable clothes, which means that you must always select styles which are appropriate for the occasions in your life.

"If you're selecting a dress for a school dance or a club party, a simple, youthful gown—probably with short sleeves—will be more suitable than a copy of the backless and frontless chiffon dream which your favorite movie star wore in a picture in a scene at Monte Carlo.

"If our gal is worried about a question of taste, why doesn't she ask her brother or her boy-friend for advice? Men in the family seem to have an unerring instinct for suitability.

"My husband, for instance, decided I looked better with colorless nail polish."

Claudette was wearing colorless nail polish, so I made a mental note that she not only preaches, but practices her preachings. She asks the men in her family for advice, and then—takes it.

We now had our mythical girl who would be beautiful enough to do something about it putting her best face and figure forward, wearing becoming clothes, facing the world a model of perfect taste.

BUT," I said, "what if we get her that far, and she's still a stick?" After all, even pretty girls can be wall-flowers if they're tongue-tied.

"Right," said Claudette. "The girl who has recognized her handicaps and done her best to overcome them has developed something besides attractiveness . . . for the thing she has done has taken grit. She comes out a two-time winner; the same determination, good taste, and imagination which have helped her to streamline her face and figure are the very ingredients of a personality."

There's just one danger the self-made beauty must guard against, Claudette warns.

Once she has started to improve herself, and finds that it works she is likely to become so fascinated with the process that she thinks it perfect subject material for casual conversation. This is dangerous. Talk to your girl friends about your beauty technique, if you must, but never let your men friends know there is such a thing as a "system" behind your attractiveness.

"And, above all," Claudette says, "feel beautiful every minute so as to radiate this idea to the rest of the world.

"Don't talk about yourself. 'Me-me-me' is music-scale practice, not beautiful conversation. Be gay and friendly, always ready to go places and do things with HIM—and let the hair-do blow where it may."

In other words, relax and have fun—

Like Claudette, lovely star of "Arise My Love."

## Love Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

late for one of NBC's programs!

He walked in, rather sheepishly, just about then, and she expressed her opinion in words that were curt, clear, and very much to the point.

"I'm really awfully sorry," he said, "but one of those office crises came up at the last minute and I had to settle it before I could get away. Won't you forgive me?"

Perhaps, if she hadn't looked up into his eyes at that moment—perhaps if he hadn't such warmth and sincerity in his voice—

Even so, Alice certainly wasn't in a forgiving mood, but somehow she did agree to carry out the rest of the evening as they had planned. And, oddly, by the time dawn rolled around, the friendship and affection they had built up between them in the past eight months since they had met was restored. It was then that they both knew they were in love with one another.

**P**ERHAPS, too, it was that night that made them realize that if their love was to last, the demands of their careers would have to be taken into consideration. For months, they discussed marriage—a little apprehensively, for they knew they could have no normal married life. They were both too busy, and their hours were too irregular. But they looked at the problem from all sides, and when they finally did decide on marriage, the outlines of their life together were all established.

They were married quietly, without fuss or feathers, at City Hall.

It is, as Burke and Alice both foresaw, rather a strange sort of marriage. Strange—but perfect, too, because it is perfectly adapted to the kind of life Alice and Burke lead.

For one thing, they keep their careers quite separate from their home. All along, they knew they would have to do this. Their jobs created such dangers to their love. One of the worst came along only five or six weeks after they were married, when radio actors threatened to strike in an argument with the broadcasting studios over salaries. Alice was an actress, and her loyalty, naturally, belonged with the actors. Burke's loyalty, just as naturally, was with the network executives against whom the actors were striking.

It was a situation that required delicate handling. This is how they solved it. If a telephone call came for Alice, Burke would leave the room, in order not to hear the conversation. If the call was for him, Alice would leave. It was a point of honor with them, since nine out of

ten calls during those hectic days concerned the argument between the actors and the networks. If Burke had heard any of Alice's conversations, he might unconsciously have taken advantage of his knowledge of the actors' plans to win for his side—the network side. If Alice had overheard any of his, she might have done the same thing.

"We stood with our backs to each other during those weeks," Alice says now. "It was the only way we could see to keep our careers out of our marriage. We were both glad when the strike was averted, but the experience was good discipline for us. It taught us how to make an agreement, and stick to it."

They still need that discipline, and probably will go on needing it as long as they are both working. Their work demands most of their time, and they see each other about half as much as most married people do.

Alice leaves their apartment—a large place, seven rooms filled with modern furniture, good books, many plays, and fine records—about ten in the morning, for the radio studios. Frequently, Burke isn't even out of bed when she leaves, for he still works nights at NBC.

Sometimes Alice gets home during the day to spend a little time with Burke; if not, she always sees him at his office at 5:30. Burke's working "day" begins at 5:00 and ends at 2:00 in the morning. If she isn't too tired, Alice waits up for him, and they have a bite to eat together.

**Y**OU can see that during the week they don't have much time together, and this makes their weekends doubly precious. Sundays they spend reading, going for a walk or maybe to the movies. They almost never attend night clubs—they work too hard, and night clubs are too wearing. Their friends are the people who work in radio—actors, actresses, radio technicians and executives; and every now and then they give a party that's the height of informality.

Alice's mother lives with them in the big seven-room apartment, and serenely does wonders to keep it, despite its irregularity, a real home. Both Burke and Alice love her dearly, and insist they couldn't get along without her.

Ambition, eagerness to get ahead in the world, and real love have come together for Alice and Burke to create a workable, happy marriage. They've proved that even for career-minded people, Love—to paraphrase the title of Alice's radio serial—Can Be Beautiful.



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The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is also open the year round, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates through the winter months, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation, and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment, in all stages, of this dreaded disease.

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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 45)

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The Larry Clintons have a blessed event. His name is Larry Clinton, Junior... The conga bug has bitten even Guy Lombardo. He's playing plenty of them in the Hotel Roosevelt grill... Benny Goodman plans another appearance at Carnegie Hall—this time as guest soloist with the New York Philharmonic.

### BACHELOR BANDLEADER

**A PROMISING** young bandsman who for the past three years has kept his melodic orchestra practically within the confines of Chicago's enormous Aragon ballroom is husky, handsome Dick Jurgens.

Dick has worked ever since he was twelve. That was the year his father died. Shortly afterward the family grocery store in Sacramento was sold and additional wage earners were needed. Dick's brother and two sisters were too young to help.

The high school lad picked up his trumpet and organized a band composed of fellow students. Six of those boys are still with him.

Only three unusual incidents temporarily delayed the band's upward climb as it improved musically, to reach its current pleasing style that Dick insists is "sweet but not sticky."

About seven years ago Dick was in an automobile accident that left him with a lip injury. The result was that he couldn't play his trumpet until just recently.

Another memorable event occurred when the band was playing a one night stand in a rough, tough mining town known as Mokel Hill, California. The boys were paid to work from nine to one. As they started to pack their instruments away at the appointed hour the noisy, drunken miners rebelled. As if in a Gary Cooper western, the customers reached for their shooting irons and trained them on the slick-haired, scared musicians.

"You kids keep playing till we tell you to stop," growled one of the dancers ominously.

They were still tooting away when the sun came up.

Some time later Dick faced his toughest decision. The late Andrew Karzas, who built the famous Aragon ballroom, traveled west to audition two bands—Orville Knapp's and Dick's. All that the latter knew about Karzas was that he detested novelty arrangements.

"We had no word when Mr. Karzas would come. We were right in the middle of a wild novelty tune which had Ronnie Kemper jumping up and down on the bandstand like a monkey, when I turned around and found the ballroom owner staring at me disgustedly."

The Chicagoan returned east next day with Orville Knapp's contract tucked in his pocket.

Although disappointed, Jurgens refused to eliminate novelties from his library.

"You just can't play beautiful dance music and be a hit. You must have something else, a novelty, an exclusive arrangement, or first choice of a potential popular song."

Just like any other bandleader, Dick has vocalist troubles. Eddy Howard, thanks to a tremendous

buildup, left him to go it alone. Harry Cool, who used to sing on KMOX, St. Louis, replaced him. Ronnie Kemper left to form his own band. Dick hired Buddy Moreno who was formerly with Griff Williams.

Losing these men hasn't bothered Dick too much. He explains why: "I don't put singers under contract. If they want to leave there's nothing that can stop them. They're of no value to us if they're unhappy."

During these personnel changes, Dick tried to break tradition and failed. He hired a girl singer, Gloria Gilbert. But letters from female fans poured in. They wanted their band all-male, all-eligible. Gloria was too good looking and might woo away one of their favorites.

Dick is most anxious to come east and would like to make his New York debut next spring when his Aragon engagement is concluded.

"After all, I haven't got too much time," he says candidly. "In about ten years I'll be washed up because I don't believe you can stay on a bandstand forever. Many who have tried have outlived their usefulness. I'd like to go into the recording business."

The 29-year-old leader's life is strictly in the bachelor tradition. He spends several hours a week in a gym, rides regularly, fondles a Doberman-Pinscher and entertains only one woman lavishly. That is his mother, who divides her time between Chicago and Sacramento, where her two daughters live.

Although Dick is stacking most of his cash into annuities, he doubts if he will ever marry.

Quick-tempered, energetic, and far from the fireside-and-slippers type, Dick says:

"I don't think I will ever marry. Where in the world will I find a girl crazy enough to keep up with me?"

### OFF THE RECORD

**Some Like It Sweet:**

**Goodnight Mother;** Crosstown (Dick Jurgens, Okeh 5730) Patriotic assurances that our boys won't go over there, coupled with a more sprightly tune. Glenn Miller on Bluebird handles the same tune and adds a blues blare called "What's Your Story."

**Looking For Yesterday; I Wouldn't Take a Million** (Victor, Tommy Dorsey, 26738). Polished perfection for any dancers.

**Nearness of You; Blueberry Hill** (Connie Boswell, Decca 3366). The neatest warbling of the month.

**Some Like It Swing:**

**Pennsylvania 6-5000; Beat Me Daddy, Eight to a Bar** (Andrews Sisters, Decca 3375). Crisp rug-cutting with a low bow to Vic Shoen's accompanying rhythms. The telephone number belongs to the Hotel Pennsylvania and was inspired by Glenn Miller's engagement there.

**Martin on Every Block; Charlie Was a Sailor** (Lionel Hampton, Victor 26739). Some excellent solo work with the dusky leader on the vibraharp.

**Calling All Bars; Papa's in Bed** (Cab Calloway, Okeh 5731) Noteworthy in a month devoid of any outstanding recordings. The rhythm is solid and Cab's singing is still something to hear.

## Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 33)

But he was no longer a baby. He was a full-grown man. He was SUPERMAN!

He had been awakened by the voice of his dead father. Superman listened as the sound box, placed in the space ship by Jorel, automatically opened when the rocket touched earth.

"My son," said the voice of his father, "when you hear this, your mother and I will already have perished in the destruction of Krypton. We had hoped to go with you, but I am afraid it will be too late. You are now on Earth. It is the only other planet in the world where the atmosphere will allow you to live. You will look just like the Earthmen. But you are different. Krypton produced a race of supermen—men and women advanced to the absolute peak of human perfection.

"On Earth, you will be able to leap into the air an eighth of a mile at a single bound—hurdle the tallest building—fly faster than the fastest bird. Nothing will be able to harm you. Your strength will be as nothing that has ever been seen before. But, son, you must use your superhuman powers for Good. You must champion the oppressed and swear to devote your existence on Earth to helping those in need.

"Beside you, you will find the blue costume, the cloak and the shield that will distinguish you always as Superman. Honor it! Good-bye!"

SUPERMAN listened, then closed the door, sprang from the ground and sped through the air. Hours later, flying over the outskirts of a large middle-western city, he saw, with his telescopic vision, a street-car, out of control, hurtling to disaster. He swooped down eagerly, confident of his supernatural strength. With ease, he ripped the roof off the death-car! He tucked the two terror-stricken occupants—an old professor and his grandson—under each arm and in a few minutes deposited them gently and safely on earth.

He asked them only one thing: how best to help other people? Conquering his stunned amazement and gratitude, the professor suggested that Superman assume the identity of Clark Kent and become a newspaper reporter.

"Clark Kent—Clark Kent—I like it! And joining a newspaper—that should give me an opportunity to learn the troubles of men—to know whom to help—and when help is needed—I'll do it!"

So Superman assumed an earthly disguise—the shy, spectacled personality of Clark Kent. Perry White of the "Daily Planet" hired him as a cub reporter. Superman was on his way!

He was in the City Room of the "Planet" when Mike, the star photographer, ran panting up to White.

"Say, Chief—just got a phone call. They think there's a girl trapped on the twentieth floor in that four-alarm fire in the Sterling Tower!"

"What!—a girl trapped—can't they get her out?"

"Nope—they can't reach her!"

Superman broke in eagerly:

"Mr. White—let me cover that story! Maybe I can do something."

"Go ahead, Kent. But if the fire de-

partment can't reach her, why do you think you can?"

Superman didn't answer. He rushed out of the office with Mike, downstairs to the waiting car. Above the wild screams of the fire sirens and the pulsating motor, Mike told his companion that there was something funny about the Sterling Tower fire. He had been tipped off that some one had set it on purpose. But why?

The two men reached the balcony directly across from the blazing inferno. They watched as the giant flames and huge clouds of smoke surged higher and higher toward the heavens. The hungry fire tore at the wall of the building. It cracked—it began to crumble—and then Superman saw the terrified face of the girl, trapped in the North Star Mining Co. offices. Alone—20 stories up—cut off by a sheet of flame and smoke!

One second, Superman was standing beside Mike—the next, he was gone! Up, up and away in the sheltering shield of smoke! The flames crackled and spit like things alive as he reached the window. One blow smashed the glass. He dropped into the room. She was not there! He went on—until he was stopped by a locked door. With one push of his hand, he splintered it to bits. Immediately his x-ray vision saw through the thick doors of a closet. There, half-unconscious, lay the girl. He wrapped her in his cloak and held her with his left arm. Dashing back through the fire-engulfed room, he sprang back out of the window to the ledge.

The wind cleared the smoke away momentarily. Down below, an astonished crowd looked up and saw Superman, poised like an eagle for flight, stand for a moment. And then, just as the huge wall collapsed and fell with a crash that shook buildings, he leaped out and up with the girl whose life he had saved.

MINUTES later, Clark Kent, "Daily Planet" reporter, hurried with an ambulance doctor to a secluded spot in an alley near the fire. The doctor was the first to speak:

"But Mr. Kent, how did she get here? The Fire Chief told me some fantastic story of a superman who rescued her by flying through the air. But that's absurd—no human being could do that!"

And Clark Kent, Superman, smiled in agreement. But as he bent over the girl, there was a light of pride in his eyes.

The unconscious girl began to stir. Suddenly, Superman's sharp ears heard the words she mumbled in her delirium:

"Oh—don't let them—they'll get away! Catch them!—Stop them! . . . They're in a big car—Oh! STOP—you don't dare—STOP THEM!"

*What was she trying to say? Was sudden dark mystery to arise from the ashes of the Sterling Tower Building? Superman was suspicious. Who was this girl—why was she trapped in the North Star Mining Co. office—who had to be stopped? Superman didn't know—but Superman would find out! Don't miss next month's installment of Superman in Radio.*

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If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## He Called My Bluff

(Continued from page 11)

can't she even sign a contract—without selling herself for it?"

He let no expression of any kind cross his face.

"A girl can be as good as she likes," he said, "in any kind of career, if she knows how to turn men down without hurting their self-esteem. It's also advisable—at least it's easier—not to invite reactions she doesn't want. What were you expecting would happen, coming in here made up and dressed in a way to excite and bewitch any man?"

"I—I—" But I could only stammer that much, and stop. For I couldn't tell him what I had expected. I couldn't reveal my own appalling innocence by telling him I'd only wanted him to notice me. I knew now that he must have been watching me all along, noting the attempts I made to be more beautiful in his eyes, and putting his own construction on them. And as nearly as I could tell from what he had said, that construction was simply that I was willing to sell myself for a chance at success.

I COULDN'T blame him, looking back. I was humiliated, thinking of the spectacle I must have made of myself, and of what must have been his thoughts as he watched me. But now I was reluctant to confess my innocence. In his sophistication, he would only laugh at me all the more. So I made a quick, desperate decision. I'd humor him, placate him now. Afterward, I'd try to win back his respect. But for the moment, I'd play the game as he thought I was playing it.

"What should I have said, then, when you asked for a kiss? Of course you didn't mean it. I was silly to think you did. You were putting me to a test or something. But if you did mean it, I mean if anyone did, what would have been an answer—that wouldn't be too—savage?"

He looked at me incredulously, then laughed.

"Are you asking me to tell you how to win a game against me?" he demanded. "Besides, I don't know exactly. But some girls can bring a man to order and be liked for it. Learn about it from them. And I did mean what I asked, and you can't kid me out of meaning it. So have you meant the tricks you've been playing, to interest me, whatever your reasons were, I think now that you hoped to make a willing slave of me, uncompensated in any way. But until now I thought you meant you'd accept my help on—whatever terms we might arrive at."

His merciless and all too accurate interpretations carved themselves on my heart and mind and spirit, and tears burned in my eyes and on my cheeks.

"That's how it happened," he added with sudden gentleness, "that we disappointed each other. But if you'll stop crying like that, as if some one had died or something, I'll go on doing all I meant to do for you, just as I would have done if you'd been nice to me and more consistent. That is, what I'm trying to say is, I'm sorry for my share in our being disappointed." He smiled boyishly, frankly, bewilderingly. "I imagine

I could even be jealous if you like," he added, "and ward off other men until you have worked out a technique."

He was starting to look as if he was having a very good time.

"The only trouble is," he said, "that you'd have to go out with me sometimes, I suppose, wouldn't you, to give them the idea that you belong to me. Would you be disappointed again if I asked you to go out with me an evening soon? Maybe tonight?"

"It would be lovely," I said, "to go out with you."

"To dinner?" he asked. "Or a play? Or both?"

Surely this couldn't be happening, surely everything couldn't be all smoothed out so quickly and easily. And on the way home I began to think he must have expected me to concede a kiss, if he offered everything he thought I might want.

But all evening Stephen Langley did everything he could, to please me, called for me in his car, brought me an orchid to wear, bought me the thrill of orchestra seats at the newest musical, and supper at a smart place afterward. And before the evening was over, I began to feel a spot of real warmth burning in each cheek, underneath my makeup, at the persistent thought that by that time I owed him the kiss I had refused. And if he asked it, when we said good night, it would be different from handing me a contract while he asked it. It would be like any of the boys expecting to be kissed good night when we'd gone to a show.

AT supper, excited and maybe a little unbalanced by his attentiveness and generosity, and the lavish beauty of the hotel dining-room, and the seductiveness of the music, I determined I would not refuse. I even tried to be encouraging, though not too much so. But on my doorstep he unlocked the door and handed back the key and said good night, and would I go out again another night, and that was all. And I was standing on the upper step, and our lips were so near, so almost on a level, and it would have been so easy to kiss him simply, honestly, gratefully, without coquetry, that—I did.

"Thanks," I said, "for everything."

I had thought he would understand that I only was offering my thanks for a perfect evening. But he caught me to him and kissed back, and I stood breathless and my lips felt hot and bruised.

"I'm crazy about you," he said, and the words sounded torn from him against his will.

I said, "I'm glad," and then wondered where my own words had come from, because they had not passed through my mind before I heard them being spoken. He answered,

"Don't go in. It's early. Let's talk. We've got to get to understand each other—and ourselves."

"I'd better go in," I pleaded. "I really must. Mother would worry," and I wondered if that was what those girls would have said, who could keep safe and yet not sacrifice a man's self-esteem. And he must have remembered the same thing, because he smiled, and said,

"That's not your true reason. But

it's better, lots better, than roaring 'no' at me. And of course you're right. But soon?"

"If it will be as lovely," I promised, "as tonight has been."

His kiss had brought a throb into my heart and throat, that I never before had felt, like the startled throb of wakening from sleep. And sleep, late though the hour was, remained impossible that night. I had not known I wanted him to love me. I hadn't known what I knew now—that I loved him. But all the rest of that night I thought my way back, again and again, to the first time our eyes had met. Each word, each picture, that I recalled, appeared in a new light. Each sign of feeling I had seen in him, took on significance.

That it might not be love he meant, did not occur to me. I knew there are other feelings than desire to marry and cherish and be faithful all one's life. But I was sure no other kind of desire would ever happen to me.

I had believed, that first night, that we parted in perfect understanding, and never could misunderstand again. The next evening we went out, I was dismayed to find that he expected to be kissed again when we said good night, and at other times, and would not be denied. But by then I wanted him to kiss me. I had brought myself to be in love with him, imagining, interpreting, believing, responding to my own interpretations and beliefs as if they were declarations he had made.

AS winter disappeared and spring came loitering past, ambitions slowly died and gave place to new ones. The new ambitions were, to please him, to win his admiration, to be able to thought-wave him into telephoning me or asking me out, and to be the most absolutely stunning girl he would see anywhere we went. I realized, though, and admitted, that he never talked about marriage. I said so, to a girl friend. She laughed.

"They want to be sure beforehand, of the answer they'll get, when they talk about marriage," she said. "Can you blame them? Don't leave it all to him. Hint that you'd accept him, and see what happens."

But I knew him capable of asking for what he wanted. I did not believe he was waiting for hints. I thought maybe he was waiting for—money enough to marry on, or a summer vacation to be married in. Besides, if I hinted, I would end this prelude that had become so happy a time to me.

And then at last, one early-summer night, driving home from a seaside dance pavilion, he said,

"I have a very small bungalow on a very large piece of ground. I was there Sunday. At this time of year you can see from every window, flowers and trees and sky and distances, all day, and at night there are starfields, and a sea of moonlight, and the murmur of a brook. Your people are accustomed to our going out together. They won't mind if we have a house party at the bungalow next week-end, with another couple, would they? Would you like to?"

For a minute I didn't know if life had stopped in me only, or in all the world. And the first thought that forced its way into the shocked stillness of my mind, was a thought of men disappearing out of his office when I was there. Would the "couple" be as obliging, as aware of his wishes?

If that was what he meant—and what else could he mean—his question was an absolute blackout to my hopes and expectations and beliefs in him. This had been his aim and object, a love-nest affair, not friendship, not marriage. He still thought of me as he had thought at first, that I would be willing to do anything to please him, for the sake of what he might be able to do for my career. He had not changed his opinion, but only his method. Sickened, I understood at last.

"I'm not sure—if I should," I answered wretchedly, "—if I'd have a right—"

"Isn't it rather late to think about that question?" he inquired coldly. "You've led me on and on to the inevitable moment when we'd have to arrive at terms. You understood. I talked about terms the day we signed a contract. I've tried to find out what would be acceptable to you. I've promised everything. I've told you I'm crazy about you. How long did you suppose we could go on the way we have been? I can't think of anything but you. My work is at a standstill. Because of you."

"And if I'd go up to your bungalow with you, you could forget then? You'd have made your conquest and could think of other things then?" I answered bitterly.

"I mean I could put the thought of you out of my mind till week-ends," he said, "if I knew there would be week-ends. Is that too hard to understand?"

"Yes, it is," I owned brokenly, "because all this time I've understood you loved me, and meant to marry me when a right time comes."

"You know better than that," he answered. "I've known girls like you for ten years, and haven't married yet. When I do, I'll marry a home girl, not help a girl like you in her career till she meets some one who can do more for her, and then let her divorce me so she can travel on farther with him. You knew that's how I feel, too."

I DIDN'T answer. I tried. I couldn't speak. I felt him turn to look at me, and heard a sharp intake of breath.

"Aren't you overplaying your part?" he suggested sarcastically, but he must have seen the pallor of my face, sensed my faintness, for his voice was unsteady beneath its harshness. "Nothing I've said could do all that to you. I haven't said you're off my program if you won't do as I want you to do. I'm proud to have you on my program. But whatever the game is, that you're trying to play, you'll have to quit it and be yourself."

"I'm sorry," I said miserably. "Won't you please take me home? I guess I just don't want to talk any more now. It could do no good to say—the things I'd say now, if I said anything."

He didn't speak again, either, but kept looking at me, bewildered.

"You needn't come to the door with me," I said when we reached the house. But he waited, watching, until I had gone in.

All the rest of that night I tossed back and forth, battling my willingness to do as Stephen Langley asked, and at the same time my instinctive certainty that no good could come of giving him his way.

Morning came. I'd have to see him at the studio. We both would have

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# True Story

to be there. How could I face him? What would he say? What could I say? What could I do? Who was there anywhere, who could tell me?

I don't remember thinking of Ed Whitney, the man who wrote our script. I only can remember the early-morning look of the hotel where he had his living-apartment and office. And I remember the way the clerk watched me, as if I were a sleep-walker whom he feared to see awakened, as he phoned to Mr. Whitney that I was there to see him. I remember how the sound of the elevator door seemed to tear across my nerves when I reached Mr. Whitney's hall, and how he looked to me, that day, almost like an angel, with his reflective, clerical face, and holding out a hand to me, standing in a streak of sunlight from a window.

**I** FLASHED into the room, demanding as he followed me, "Do you believe the things our program says, Mr. Whitney? Do you know it's true that there's goodness in any one—any one—and that any one can believe in honesty, and understand it and—respond to it, once he believes?"

"Yes, I believe that. Yes, child," Mr. Whitney said, placing a chair for me at a wide, cool window, and glancing with only very slight regret at coffee that was cooling on a table.

"Will you let me tell you why I asked you that?" I begged. "Will you tell me how I can make myself be believed? Then take your coffee, and don't look while I try to tell you. Telling will be easier that way."

And while he drank coffee and smoked cigarettes, I told him about Stephen Langley and me, except that I didn't tell about the house party, but only said I knew Stephen had misunderstood me. I didn't tell how I knew.

"Please tell me what to do," I begged. "I love him. You do understand, don't you? You've loved some one? Can I—could I possibly have any right to—to go into the kind of affair he thinks I want, the kind I've made him want? I mean I don't care what becomes of me, if I make him happy."

Ed Whitney smoked cigarette after cigarette, until I was sure I'd scream if he lighted another. But at last he stopped smoking to say.

"Tell him the truth, just as you've told me. If he gives you any answer except, 'I love you, too,' there's nothing more you have a right to do, except to stop seeing him. I believe that's what he'll say. If he doesn't, come back to me and I'll see what can be done about another program for you. Go and tell him now, just as you've told me."

"I—will," I said.

The elevator door clashed open as I started to leave his apartment. A man stepped off and, my soul frozen within me, I shrank back into Ed Whitney's amazed arms, whispering frantically,

"It's he. It's Stephen. He mustn't see me here."

But he was on his way to Ed Whitney's room. Already he had seen me and was at the door. Scorn and disgust were in his face, and with them such a rage of jealousy as I had never seen.

"What did you expect *him* to be able to do for you?" His voice was like a sharp-edged tool. "How many

more of us are you making use of at the same time?"

Ed Whitney's hand closed urgently over mine.

"Tell him," he said, "just what you've told me. Don't mind what he's saying. It only means that he's cut to the heart by finding you here."

"I thought Mr. Whitney could tell me what to do about you." I drove myself to say it. I don't know how I ever managed to. "He said to tell you truly what I had told him about me, and that he believed you would give me—the only answer I could take and go on seeing you."

Stephen looked queerly from me to Ed Whitney and back again.

"What's the only answer you could take?" he asked, his face still set in its harshest lines.

"It's—I love you too," I answered. "You told him that you love me?" he gasped.

It wasn't the right answer. But then it wasn't an answer exactly. It was a question. Maybe I still could make him want to give that only answer.

"Yes," I said. I'd go through with it. I'd make myself able to, somehow. "I told him I'd wanted you to notice me because you seemed to think I was nothing but a machine to sing songs. You thought it was because I thought it would be good for my career—and you've gone on thinking that. And I told him we started going out, and that—the first night—I started loving you, and began dressing to please you, and so you'd be proud of me, and not just to—impress you, the way I'd done at first. I began—thinking about *your* career, and not even caring about my own. I asked Mr. Whitney if I'd have a right to—to do what you wanted me to do, even if you didn't understand. He said I had no such right, I hadn't any right to do anything for your sake, except—be released from your program unless you said—"

**UNLESS** I said, 'I love you, too,' he finished out the sentence for me. "Betty, I do. I told you I'm crazy about you. But I thought I saw through all that, about impressing me and wanting me to marry you. I knew you were different from other girls. I thought you were only smarter. I was an awful fool. I want you to love me because I love you. That's the only way it has ever been, with me. But I wouldn't let myself believe it was that way with you, too. That's why I wouldn't let myself think of marrying you, and wanted to be able to forget you."

Most of the time he was saying these things, I was in his arms. But Ed Whitney had not gone out of the room, the way men disappeared out of the office when Stephen and I were there. His face was radiant, and it frankly was so because of us. And suddenly a kind of awe filled me.

"The program—worked!" I exclaimed. "I mean—you know—the method did. It's true."

And we all laughed, a little crazily, we all were so excited. But we got so many more letters, once we ourselves believed the message of our program, that we were taken on a larger station, and could not have a vacation to be married in. We were married in a chance hour we had, when our program gave up its time on the air to a special broadcast. But anyway, we were married.

## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 37)

program, was married to John Lagermann, a radio writer who has contributed several plays to the Columbia Workshop.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—One of the most beloved people in the South is station WBT's "Aunt Sally," who for years has won her way into the hearts of both children and grown-ups. Her bubbling good humor and vivacity make her a delightful mistress of ceremonies for the children's half-hour quiz, What's the Answer, every Saturday morning at 9:15.

"Aunt Sally" is really Mrs. Pasco Powell, a dyed-in-the-wool Southerner. She was born and raised in Georgia, and as a child lived next door to Joel Chandler Harris, creator of the famous "Uncle Remus" stories. Many a time she used to sit on his knee and listen to his tales of Uncle Remus and his friends, many of which were never written down and printed.

Mrs. Powell's first experience as a narrator was in Atlanta, where she was employed by the public schools to visit classrooms and tell stories to the children. She is also an accomplished musician, and has toured the United States as a concert pianist.

In 1928 she and her husband and son moved to Charlotte, and "Aunt Sally" originated there. She was on the WBT staff as a fill-in artist, and one day when a scheduled program had to be cancelled, she was called at a moment's notice. Usually, for these hurried programs, Mrs. Powell sang and played the piano, but this time, without any warning, she told the announcer, "I've sung 'Mighty Lak a Rose' twice today and I don't intend to do it again. I'll tell a story instead. Announce me as . . . as Aunt somebody. Aunt Sally will do." Thus for the first time "Aunt Sally" was heard telling one of Uncle Remus' stories.

After three years at WBT, Mrs. Powell returned to Atlanta, where for two and a half years she was Program Director and conductor of children's programs for WGST. During those

years she helped to launch the careers of Jane Withers and Dixie Dunbar by insisting that talent scouts give them screen tests. Announcer Bert Parks and sportscaster Red Barber are also grateful for her help and encouragement when they were just getting started.

Mrs. Powell then moved back to WBT, where she is now and probably will remain for some time to come. Everyone, close friends and business acquaintances alike, calls her "Aunt Sally." She's a small, plump lady with laughing eyes and an infectious chuckle. Besides What's the Answer, she's heard on another program known as Blackie Bear, which consists of animal stories. She never uses a script, and enjoys telling stories as she remembers them, adding just a little typical "Aunt Sally" originality.

"Aunt Sally" is prominent in the social life of Charlotte, and is the city's official Hostess, in which capacity she entertains important visitors and newcomers to town. In the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra she is concertmaster for the second violin section.

SALT LAKE CITY—A sports announcer with an unflinching sense of comedy is Nelson McIninch, station KDYL's specialist in athletics. He doesn't play any sport himself except tennis, but his enthusiasm for watching football, baseball, track, or any other sport, and telling what he sees in graphic, exciting terms, has made him unendingly popular with KDYL listeners.

In Kansas City, where the light of day first fell on his flaxen hair, Nelson was a boy choir singer in the Linwood Christian Church, and rose to be the soloist with a voice that could hit high C. A sudden interest in the slide trombone, and a sliding tendency in his own vocal chords, combined to bring his singing days to an end. His voice kept on sliding, and now he's a basso profundo.

He started playing tennis when he was twelve years old. At that time he was the smallest boy on the team and rated the last in ability. Undaunted, he went on playing, and won the Missouri State High School championship before he was through.

After a year at the University of Illinois, Nelson went to the Pacific Coast and enrolled in the University of California at Los Angeles. There he met Alta Lyon, who is now Mrs. McIninch, and continued his occupational playing tennis and winning trophies.

It was tennis that led him to radio. His first job on the air was describing matches at the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament at Los Angeles, and he liked it so much he decided to make announcing his career, with emphasis on sports. His apprenticeship was served at station KVOB in Denver. An offer from the famous Racquet Club in Palm Springs to act as the club's tennis professional made him forget, for a while, his resolve to stick to radio. He played tennis and chummed with Hollywood stars for a couple of years, until 1939, when a chance came to join the KDYL staff, and he moved to Salt Lake.

Besides his sports broadcasts, Nelson is master of ceremonies on a comedy program or two every week.



Nelson McIninch, expert sportscaster for station KDYL, loves to watch all games but plays only tennis himself.

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## Stepmother

(Continued from page 18)

to see you again. And this must be your lovely new wife. I've heard so much about her."

"Adella!" John said. He seemed embarrassed. "When did you get back from Europe?"

"Now, John," the woman said. "You know perfectly well that I've been back for a week." She turned to Kay and put out her hand. "It's no use waiting for John to introduce us, I see. I'm Adella Winston."

"How do you do?" Kay said.

"You are lovely," Adella Winston said appraisingly. "I'm not surprised John lost his head."

Kay laughed uncomfortably. "Thank you," she said, wondering what the woman was trying to imply. John was looking as though his collar were too tight. She hated things like this, the thinly veiled animosity she sensed in the woman's apparently harmless words and the necessity for John to be polite and leave her in the dark.

It was Peg who came to her rescue, appearing suddenly beside them and saying, "Mrs. Winston, would you mind our taking a picture of you for the 'Journal'?" and with more cleverness than Kay had given her credit for, getting the woman to the other side of the room.

They sat down and there was a strained silence between them. Kay was waiting for John to explain. Surely, he would tell her all about the woman, that it was nothing, had never been anything. But he didn't say a word.

Then Peg came bursting in. "We've got all the pictures," she announced. "And we have a wonderful idea. You know what we're going to do?" she asked, sitting down. "We're—Say! What's the matter with you two?" She looked at them sharply and then threw a glance at Mrs. Winston, who was now sitting a few tables away. She frowned.

Kay froze inside. Then there was something, something she should know about. There must be, if even Peg knew about it.

She forced herself to smile. "What about the pictures?"

"Oh, that," Peg said enthusiastically. "You know, we—Jim and I—we thought we ought to show where the money from the Charity Dance is going—get pictures of the playground and the tenements and everything for the story. What do you think?"

"I think it's fine," Kay said. "And I also think you're learning very fast."

Peg beamed. "We're going down to the office now—if—that's all right?"

"Of course," Kay said quickly, forestalling John's objection. "As a matter of fact, I'm a little tired," she said, turning to John. "Let's drive them down to the paper and then go home."

Somehow, the sparkle had gone out of the evening for Kay. She sat quietly in the car while John drove to the "Journal" office. She kept thinking of Adella Winston and wondering what the woman had been trying to do. And of John's silence and what it could mean.

Can this be jealousy? she thought with dismay. But that was ridiculous. She had never been jealous of anyone in her life.

"Goodnight, Mrs. Fairchild," Jim Shannon was saying.

Kay returned to the moment with a start. "Oh, goodnight," she said.

"Don't stay out too late, Peg," John said.

"You needn't worry," Jim Shannon assured him. "I'll see she gets home safe—and soon."

The silence between John and Kay continued. Gradually, however, as they drove along, there was an almost perceptible change in its quality. It stopped being an awkward, distrustful silence and became an easy, close sort of thing. And there was no need to say anything.

Kay forgot about Adella Winston. The only thing she could remember was the look that had been in John's eyes earlier in the evening. And the remembering made her a little dizzy. Something of her feeling must have communicated itself to John, for he reached over and took her hand and his touch was like electricity, sending a shock through her.

And nothing was the same after that night. It seemed to Kay that her getting Peg the job had acted like a clean-blowing wind, sweeping through the house and leaving in its wake a fresh, clear atmosphere. There was joy there now.

In the beginning, Kay didn't quite trust her happiness. She watched warily for any signs of Peg's losing interest in her job. But there weren't any. Peg worked very hard, much harder than Kay had ever suspected she could.

Even Andy Clayton fell under the spell. He forgot his earlier doubts about Peg. He liked her Charity Dance story so much that he started to train her as a cub reporter.

Kay suspected that the real cause for the great change in Peg was Jim Shannon. Jim was a nice youngster, Kay supposed. At least, everyone around town seemed to like him. She had liked him herself, at first. Now—but she told herself she was being over-critical. His boyish, callow cynicism, that was only a pose, surely—something he thought was right and proper for a newspaperman. And the way he seemed to be using his job on the paper as an entree to Walnut Grove's young social set—but, perhaps that was really Peg's fault. And, anyway, the important thing was that he helped to keep Peg busy and happy.

Spring flowered into summer and summer brought with it a change in the daily routine of life. Bud was sent away to camp and his going left an emptiness in the house. Peg and Jim, too, spent less time arguing and talking in front of the fireplace or on the sun porch and more time outdoors, swimming or playing tennis or just riding around in Jim's rattly old roadster.

Sometimes, in the hot, sultry days, Kay found time hanging heavily.

The characters and situations in this work are wholly fictional and imaginary, and do not portray and are not intended to portray any actual persons, living or dead.

Those times, she would sit quietly in her house or drive out along the river, nursing her sense of security and contentment. Her thoughts would flirt lazily with plans for the future, or linger lovingly over the past few weeks. One time, she had felt guilty about John's being cooped up in his stuffy office while she was out in the bright sun and she drove over to the bank, feeling that if she sat in the office for awhile with him it would be rather like sharing his work. But he was preoccupied and distraught, and she never repeated that experiment, even though he apologized later.

"You came in right on top of an argument with Clark," he had explained with a tight smile.

"John! Anything wrong?" she asked.

"No." He drew the word out. "Just upsetting at the moment. Now and then Clark and I don't see eye to eye about things." And that was all he would say.

Late in July, there was a spell of breathless, oppressive heat. One afternoon, after three days of sweltering, Kay decided to go for a swim in the river. She changed into her bathing suit and a light pair of slacks, and drove to her favorite spot on the river. Here, under a thick grove of trees, it was cooler. The grass was still green and down near the water's edge the earth was pleasantly moist and spongy. She slipped out of her slacks and ran into the water. The water was warm, but there were currents in it fed by icy mountain streams. She swam about, finding these cold spots and luxuriating in their shocking chill.

THERE was a shout from shore and Kay turned toward the sound. Peg and Jim were waving to her and a moment later, Peg was wading into the river.

"We thought you'd be here," Peg called. "Mr. Clayton's closed up shop for the day. Too hot. So when Mattie told us where you were, we decided to come, too."

"Swell," Kay called back.

With a few, strong strokes, Jim had already reached her. "Hello, Lady," he spluttered. "This is a nice spot, but couldn't you do something about getting cold running water?"

Kay laughed. "Come on," she said, "I'll show you the cool places."

Kay was the first to give up their frolic and head for shore. She threw herself on the grass and lay there, feeling happy and comfortable. In a little while, Jim and Peg came out of the water, too. Jim threw himself down beside Kay, while Peg ran to his car for towels and cigarettes.

"Lady," Jim said. "You ought to wear a bathing suit all the time. You look like a kid. And I like the way you're not combing your hair this season."

There was nothing in the words, but something in his voice made Kay look at him. It was in his eyes. Suddenly, she felt as though a cold wind had blown over her and she wanted her clothes very badly. She got up quickly and saying something about having to give Mattie instructions for dinner, hurried to her car.

As she drove home, the strange panic that had sent her fleeing from

(Continued on page 70)

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Jim subsided. She told herself that she was being a fool. Jim had only been trying to be pleasant. But, no matter how she tried to think it away, that look of impudent, unashamed desire had been there.

If her suspicions had needed any bearing out, Jim soon began to prove them correct. He got into the habit of dropping in at odd hours, when he knew Peg would not be at home.

Once, when Kay had been pretending to be very busy, he said, "Kay, why don't you get out of all this? You don't belong in this town. You don't belong in this family."

"It seems to me," Kay said, "that I belong here very much. This is my home and my family—and I love it."

JIM sneered. "Who are you trying to convince—yourself? You're young, full of life and beauty and you're wasting your time being a housewife when you should be out doing important things."

"Right now," Kay said carefully, "I can think of nothing more important than seeing that things continue to run smoothly here and that Peg and John are kept happy."

The pointedness of her remark, the cold anger in her eyes, silenced him for the moment. But it didn't stop him from coming to see her. Eventually, Kay grew to dread the sound of the doorbell, knowing it was the prelude to Mattie's announcement: "It's that young Shannon again."

Worse than anything else was the air of tension that was creeping into the house. Peg wasn't laughing so much any more. When she was at home, her eyes were always on Kay. And when she was away from home, Kay was never quite sure when she would come running in on some pretext and, even while she talked glibly about having forgotten her notes or needing a handkerchief, search with her eyes for cigarette stubs in the ashtrays or Jim's hat on the clothes rack. Sometimes, Jim would actually be there when Peg came in and then the girl would carry him off with her and there would be a sort of challenge in her bearing as she did it.

Then, one afternoon late in August, Jim walked into the living room unannounced. Kay was busy at her accounts and Jim was the farthest thing from her thoughts. She said hello casually, told him to sit down and wait until she was through, and promptly forgot him.

Then, totally without warning, his hands were on her shoulders. His fingers were like steel, his hold on her hard and steady. Horror shuddered through her as his lips touched the back of her neck. She wrenched herself free and jumped to her feet.

"Don't be a fool!" she said harshly, choking with revulsion.

"I couldn't help it," Jim said. He moved closer to her. "I love you," he breathed and caught her in his arms.

There was a startled gasp from the doorway and Kay whirled about. Peg was staring at them, her eyes aflame and her face a white mask. And behind her, John stood.

"Kay!" John exclaimed after a long moment.

Peg laughed hysterically. "That's

what I thought."

"No," Kay cried. "You—you're wrong."

"Don't you think I know what's been going on for weeks?" Peg flashed.

"That's not true," Kay said, her heart going cold with the fear of having John misunderstand, too.

John stepped into the room toward them. "Of course, there's an explanation," he said, as if to convince Peg.

"There is," Jim said, stepping forward and cutting off Kay's words. His face was flushed as he said to her, "Let me tell them." He faced John. "I'm in love with Kay and I want to marry her as soon as she can get a divorce."

The boldness of it shocked even Kay. Peg caught her breath in a tearing sob and ran out of the room. John's face went grey and he clenched his fists as he advanced toward Jim.

"You insolent, young fool," he said in a voice that trembled with irrefragable rage.

Jim stood his ground. "Why don't you ask Kay?"

"Stop it!" Kay said. Stop it, both of you!"

HER tone was so full of anger that both men stared at her. And the flaring moment of murderous hatred died as they stood looking at her.

She spoke first to John. "You know me better than to think I'd be a party to any such nonsense."

"My loving you isn't nonsense," Jim interposed.

Kay turned on him. "That's precisely what it is. And I'm sick and tired of it. I don't love you. What's more, I can conceive of no circumstances under which I could love you. You're young and callow and stupid and I'm past the age when it interests me to help someone grow up. You've got a crush on me. And you've had the nerve to come in here and cause trouble because of it. You've been presumptuous and deceitful, taking advantage of Peg to worm your way into this house, without caring whether you hurt her or not. You've made fools of us all—but you've made the biggest fool of yourself. Now, go away and think it over. I'll expect an apology from you one day."

Jim's face was a burning, agonizing red. "Kay—" he began. Then, the full impact of the finality of her dismissal seemed to strike him. He whirled and hurried from the room.

"Kay—darling—" John said brokenly. "I—I understand. It's all right."

"No," Kay said, slumping into a chair, feeling weak and torn, her nerves crying out against the tension of the past few minutes. "No, it's all wrong and it's all my fault. I should not have been so stupid. But I was afraid to throw him out before—oh, for lots of reasons. Because I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing I paid that much attention to him, because I didn't want to spoil anything for Peg."

John gathered her into his arms tenderly. "Don't," he whispered. "It isn't so bad. You've never felt Jim was quite right for Peg and now he's shown himself up. He's also shown me up," he added softly. "I should have understood—sensed all this. I

see now that leaving you alone so much must have given him a lot of opportunities. Maybe, he even got the idea there was something wrong between us. How alone you've been in all this." His arms tightened about her shoulders. "Forgive me."

Only the sure knowledge that Peg was up in her room, weeping with all the bitterness of despair, kept Kay from feeling that all her weeks of worry and heartbreak had not been in vain. To have John close to her like this again, to know that she could depend on his strength and his love and his trust in any emergency was worth a great deal to her.

Peg's eyes were a little too bright the next morning at breakfast and she was just a little too chipper about saying that "Of course, I'm going to work. You don't think Jim Shannon could keep me away, do you?"

And in the middle of the morning, Peg came home.

"Just thought I'd stop in and tell you the news before the gossips get started," she said brightly, much too brightly, Kay thought. "Jim Shannon eloped with Eleanor Clark last night. Eleanor just phoned me. It's supposed to be a scoop for my column." Peg smiled a hard, brittle smile.

"Oh, Peg—I'm so sorry," Kay said, her heart aching for the girl. The brave face, the flippant words seemed so much more pathetic than tears would have been.

"Don't be silly," Peg said. "I think it's wonderful. They're just right for each other. Well, bye-bye now. Got to get a story."

YET, Kay told herself, it might have been worse. It might have been Peg that Jim married. Now, at least, none of them had anything more to fear from him. And Kay was comforted.

Then, at two o'clock, John came home. There was a numb, vacant look in his eyes and he walked like someone in a daze. Without saying a word, he went to Kay and held on to her as though she were the last remaining strength and support in a world crashing to ruin about them.

"John—John, darling! What is it?" Kay whispered the question, her throat suddenly tight with a paralyzing presentiment.

"I just resigned from the bank," John said. "Resigned!" he laughed harshly. "It was high time I got out of there—in a rut—no future—"

"John!" Kay's voice was sharp. "Why? What really happened?"

John looked at her as though her voice had awakened him, called him back suddenly from some far place. He shook himself and his eyes cleared. He smiled crookedly.

"What happened?" he said bitterly. "Nothing. Just that Clark wanted to make room for his new son-in-law, Jim Shannon."

*If only, Kay thinks, Peg had never met Jim Shannon and started the chain of events that culminated in Jim's marriage to Eleanor Clark and John's loss of his job in the bank. How will she meet this new threat to her happiness? Be sure to read the next chapters of Stepmother in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR.*

# BEAUTY'S *Finesse*

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

AT bridge, a low honor will often take the trick, if it is skilfully finessed. And many a plain face becomes strikingly beautiful by the skilful use of make-up. It is an art well worth practising.

Meet Yvette, one of the newest of radio stars. I wish you could meet her, just as I did. At night clubs and studios, singing with the most delightful hint of a French accent, faultlessly made up for the lights, she seems a young sophisticate with just a hint of the old world in her distinction. But by daylight, minus make-up and sophistication, she is a young girl from Birmingham, Alabama, unaffected and a little shy.

Yvette was trained as an artist. Singing was a hobby with her. But that golden voice which delights us all on her own program, *Have You Met Yvette?* on the NBC-Red, Saturday nights at 7:45 EST, and Sundays at 4:00, made her decision for her. Radio was bound to discover her.

Yvette's beauty is of a rare and exquisite type. She is petite, with soft golden blonde hair and expressive brown eyes. Her skin is fine-textured and clear as a baby's. And with her unerring artistry she chooses the minimum of make-up. A light, soothing powder base, and just a dusting of powder. No rouge, but a little mascara on the too-blonde lashes. Natural brows darkened imperceptibly with pencil. And just the right shade of lipstick clearly outlining the warm, generous mouth.

Under the lights of studio and night clubs, however, Yvette shows complete mastery of the art of theatrical make-up. She knows that with proper use of rouge, powder base, eye



■ Have you met Yvette? She sings on Saturday nights and Sundays over the NBC-Red, and says the art of make-up is in learning each beauty trick until you've perfected it.

shadow and so forth, it is possible to create for oneself the face one should have, or, as in her case, to fortify a delicate coloring and fineness of contour so that the cruel bright lights will show her as she really is.

Yvette has already done a highly successful movie short, and there is every prospect that her public will demand that she be seen as well as heard. A lovely face, a lovely voice, and a most lovable personality point to movie as well as radio stardom.

Yvette agrees with me that for ordinary street and evening make-up, the younger and lovelier the face, the less need be done. A mature face, or a face with defects calls for accomplished artistry. For everyone, experiment only will discover the proper routine. Practise makes the routine swift and sure.

First, of course, we cleanse the face with the right cleansing cream, followed by mild soap and soft water. Then a brisk patting with a skin freshener. And now the all-important question of powder base.

Many creams and lotions make excellent powder bases, when the only purpose is to soothe and protect the skin, and make the powder stay on. But if the skin is blemished, there are bases which have the additional purpose of concealment. If you have

serious blemishes, there is a marvelous product which will conceal even a large purple birthmark, or a burn.

If you are really clever with cosmetics you will use both cream and dry rouge. Apply the cream rouge with a moistened rouge paw or pad, and blend it carefully. Experience will show where it does most for the contours. For mature faces, rouge close under the eyes. With most powder bases the rouge goes under the powder base. Always it is under the powder. The cream rouge stays with you. But you need the dry rouge for finishing touches and for repairs during the day. A dusting of powder, please, even over the dry rouge. Remember, the effect you want is a natural flush that shows through the skin.

**E**YE make-up is a story all to itself. It cannot be said too often that most of us are the better for a little mascara on the lashes and pencil or mascara on the brows. Skilfully used, it is not noticeable. For blondes, it is an absolute "must."

A good make-up is a real time-saver, because it stays on all day. Experiment until you have your own best make-up routine, practice it, and you will be surprised at how little time it takes.



**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

## Bing—By Bob Hope

(Continued from page 20)

see much of each other socially, although we're fairly close neighbors in Toluca Lake. Our respective interests keep us pretty much occupied. But we do play golf together about once a month—when we're home. Bing's a fine golfer, and loves the game. He likes to win, too, but if he loses, he can take it.

Dolores (Mrs. Hope) and I were down at his Del Mar home a couple of times during last season, and Bing proved to be a swell host. One evening we came in from a long walk in the country, hungry as truck drivers after a long haul. The servants had gone to bed, but that didn't faze Bing. He went into the kitchen—and proved that even a crooner can cook. Honestly, though, Bing prepared a supper of scrambled eggs and bacon and a pot of coffee as good as any I've ever tasted.

ON our last visit to his ranch, Bing and the twins, Philip and Denis, staged a song concert, and we all had a lot of laughs.

It's cute to hear Bing address the boys. "Well, men," he'll say—The eldest, Gary, is only six and a half years old. And the "men" fall in line with whatever he wants. They're a well-behaved lot, even Lindsey, the baby, who's only two.

Bing's a family man who skips the fancy premieres because he'd rather go to the movies with Dixie. He enjoys spending an evening at home, catching up on his reading after putting the kids to bed.

Bing is swell to work with, because he's mentally alert and has a sense of humor. Don't sell Bing's funny-bone short. He can ad lib with the best of us.

No one gets more of a kick out of the cracks people make at his horses than he himself. On my radio show one night I told the yarn about Bing taking Ligaroti down to the Santa Fe tracks near Del Mar to see the Streamliner go by. As the train zoomed past, Bing turned to the horse and scolded, "See? That's the way it's done!"

A few days later I met Bing on the lot, and the first thing he said was, "Dixie and I got a great kick out of that gag you pulled on Ligaroti."

One of the best anecdotes I know about Bing combines his sense of humor with his ability to accept circumstances as they come. It concerns an incident that happened several years ago at his ranch, where he was entertaining a group of friends from Lakeside and their wives. I wasn't there myself, but one of the fellows in the party told me about it.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and some one suggested a hike in the valley. The group walked along almost in a body until they reached a narrow dirt road, and it became necessary to continue singly or by twos. Bing and his cocker spaniels, Laddie and Duchess, brought up the rear.

Everybody was happy until the dogs decided to go exploring in the brush. When they returned, the atmosphere became as potent as a double Scotch

on an empty stomach. You didn't need to be psychic to guess that in their wanderings they had routed out a skunk!

Then, I'm told, the pups got excited, brushed up against Bing, and instantly made him as highly perfumed as themselves! Whereupon the rest of the group, to avoid the same result, took to their heels and fled, leaving Bing and the spaniels a good quarter-mile behind.

Instead of getting sore, Bing started to sing—in his best voice, and apparently blissfully ignoring the stench around him. He sang the entire two miles back to the house, his voice carrying clearly in the still night to his delighted audience ahead.

Boy, I wish I'd been there!

Bing has a heart. I could tell you about the pipe organ he bestowed upon his church, which he attends every Sunday. I could mention the many handsome contributions he makes to charities—and probably get him sore. Like all who're sincerely charitable, Bing doesn't like his good deeds publicized.

BING will never have to worry about a tight hatband. He has something which should always save him from the danger of taking himself too seriously. He's humble! I suppose the idea of a man rich and famous acting humble doesn't ring true. But it's no pose with Bing. He's absolutely sincere.

Maybe you've guessed. I'm crazy about the guy!

## Bob—By Bing Crosby

(Continued from page 21)

together every six months for a big feed and minstrel show. It's a costume affair, lasts until dawn, and everybody has a hilarious time. Pat O'Brien's in charge of the next shindig this fall, and Ken Murray, Jerry Colonna and Ella Logan are members of the gang. My brother Larry stage manages the minstrels, for which we rehearse weeks in advance.

Bob's favorite stunt at these clam-bakes is reading lines out of his hat. He puts them inside the crown, then invents all sorts of zany gags to remove the hat.

Make a careful, honest appraisal of this Dream Boat of the airwaves, and what's he got? Looks? With that dish nose, and that shovel chin, Bob Taylor and Ty Power can rest easy. Mrs. Hope is the beauty of the family, and of course Linda, the baby, is already giving evidence of great future beauty. Dolores can out-sing him, too.

WHAT is it, then, the fellow possesses that has made the world his stogie? Frankly, I'm afraid it's brains. Yeah, gray matter. Don't let any one tell you he took it easy to become an overnight sensation. He worked for his breaks. He came up the hard way. He's a veteran of twelve years in show business.

Believe it or not, Hope was once a hooper. He started out originally in a blackface act with a pal, calling themselves dance comedians. The team was dissolved when the other chap

died, and Hope joined up with a new partner. They were eccentric dancers, playing the Gus Sun Time—a circuit familiar to small towns in the east and middle west.

When Bob went east last summer, he got a great kick out of including in the trip Cleveland—where he once sold newspapers and jerked sodas. He looked up all of the gang he'd gone to school with, even forgiving those who, in his youth, nicknamed him "Hopeless." His real name being Lester Townes Hope, even "Les Hope" became a butt for wise cracks. Beneath that glib-talking Mr. Hyde exterior breathes a warm-hearted Dr. Jekyll personality. For all his scene-stealing, gagging and general tormenting, he's a pretty level-headed fellow, and the most sentimental guy in the world. His devotion to friends, particularly old-time pals whose financial status has failed to keep pace with his own, amounts almost to a mania. He recently brought a pal of his out from Cleveland and paid all his expenses. The fellow had been down on his luck back home. Bob's trying to find him a job out here.

You all know what a pushover he is for benefits. Like the time he played twenty-two of them in a short stretch—making three appearances one day—then retired to Palm Springs in a state of near collapse.

Having a pretty good sense of humor himself, Hope doesn't relish people who take themselves too se-

riously. One of his friends tells about an evening at his home when a small group included a film actress who fancies herself pretty much of a Bette Davis or Sarah Bernhardt. Her entrance was as dramatic as a queen's, and her emoting didn't let up for a second all evening. Everybody grew bored, and finally Bob exploded.

LOOK, honey," he said to the aspiring Helen Hayes, "relax. Be yourself. You're not at the studio. You're at the Hope mansion. You're among friends. Forget you're an actress and just have a good time."

The "mansion" is a big, comfortable house of whitewashed brick set amid a couple of acres of lawn framed by a fence. At the entrance gate you have to announce yourself through a speaking tube, and if you don't know the password of the moment, you're out of luck. At present it's a mysterious character in a popular song.

There's an assortment of dogs on the place. One is a black spaniel named Lur. Once there was an Abner, too, but he got too noisy and had to be banished after the neighbors complained.

You can see that Hope's come a long way from the kid in Cleveland who wanted to be a parachute jumper, and leaped off the roof of his home with an opened umbrella for balance. Perhaps you can't attribute his arresting personality to that feat, but I wouldn't discount the theory entirely.

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**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



Peggy and Nancy are the daughters of Mrs. C. Perry Beadleston of New York and Long Island. Among their family forbears are a Territorial Governor, a Secretary of the Treasury, a World War general...

**Noted for their glowing  
blonde beauty**

Good companions, the lovely Beadleston sisters are usually seen together at debutante parties, the theatre, polo matches. Serious-eyed Peggy reads a great deal,

would like to be a writer... Nancy (*seated on arm of the sofa*) is fun-loving, figure-skates beautifully, composes swing music. "*Camels... our favorite cigarette*"

They agree that: "There's something special about a Camel. It always tastes just right. Milder and cooler and full of flavor! Camel cigarettes are gentle to the throat, too—not a bit harsh." As Nancy says: "Well, you'd have to *smoke* Camels to know how grand they really are!"

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**

**GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS**

*The Cigarette of Castlier Tobaccos*

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