

JULY

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

10¢



I SING OF ROMANCE, BUT—

By Helen O'Connell

Your Happy Birthday Star

MYRT and MARGE

See All Your Favorites in Person
in Full Page Living Portraits

Complete Radio Novel—BACKSTAGE WIFE



"Camels are milder than any other cigarette I've ever smoked!"

MRS. ALEXANDER HIXON
Pasadena, California

MRS. HIXON, whose husband is in the Army, takes a deep interest in United States defense work and social welfare movements. For relaxation, she rides . . . plays golf . . . studies modern art. Working or playing, young Mrs. Hixon finds a lot of pleasure in smoking Camels.

"Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke," says Mrs. Hixon. "So Camels are my favorite. Mild as can be—really gentle to my throat—and full of marvelous flavor! I simply *never* tire of smoking Camels."

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

A few of the many other distinguished women who, like Mrs. Hixon, "enjoy Camel's marvelous flavor"

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., *Maryland*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
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Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, *New York*
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Miss Polly Peabody, *New York*
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Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

The Smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR and

28% Less Nicotine

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



LIGHT UP A CAMEL and see what it's like to smoke the slower-burning cigarette—the cigarette that gives you *less nicotine in the smoke*, the cigarette that gives you *real mildness*. Yes, according to independent scientific tests, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine! (*See statement above.*) Whether you smoke quite often, or just occasionally, it's nice to know that with Camel cigarettes—so grand-tasting and full of flavor—you get less nicotine per puff. Extra mildness from the first puff through the last! Extra flavor, too! Buy Camels by the carton—the thrifty way!

Camel— *The cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*



A lesson in Kissing Technique



LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*
ROBERT HERRICK

*A kiss, when all is said, what is it?
... a rosy dot
Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.*
EDMOND ROSTAND

*The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a
cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.*
O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.
GEORGE MEREDITH

*Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first
invented kissing.*
SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.*
H. H. BOYESEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.*
LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.*
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by
Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember... nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love... yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic con-

ditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." TO MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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Editor

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Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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What do You want to Say?



FIRST

As a child, history for me was a dreaded subject, and I was most disinterested in civic affairs. Thanks to "No Politics," the Saturday afternoon program which features men in Washington, I am getting a clear understanding of the things we should know, and it is presented in an entertaining way—much more attractively than those dreaded childhood history days.—Mrs. David Hedges, Danbury, Conn.

SECOND

There was a time when the press was called the moulder of public opinion, but now, in my humble opinion, I believe the press must relinquish that honor to the Radio. Newspapers are too often read without any trace of emotion, somewhat in a routine manner, but how many of us can deny that we are unaffected, regardless of political affiliation when we listen to that great master voice of Radio, the President of the United States!—John Benkovic, Steelton, Pa.

THIRD

Our twin boys, now seven, have been noisy and boisterous ever since they were born. It is often hard to keep from quietly going mad, without making them feel dominated and frustrated. But for the last year, things have been getting better. They are constantly adding radio programs that they like and keep as still as mice while they listen.—Mary Ruth Baron, La Crescenta, Calif.

FOURTH

Your criticism in Radio Mirror, on Master of Ceremonies Joe Kelly, of the Quiz Kids program, indicates that you have never had any experience in handling children. Don't you realize that the way to get the best out of children is to do it just the way Mr. Kelly does it?

The general opinion, to a very large degree, is that he "makes" the program, as he gets down to their level and is not the stilted, teacher type.—Mrs. L. W. Buckley, River Forest, Ill.
(Continued on page 71)

NOTICE

Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine on the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.



MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable... preferred by millions of women.



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule... "Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance... how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration*.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor... that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after* you're dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Walt Disney gave a party for the famous Quiz Kids on their visit to Hollywood. Right, in his sound effects room, Gloria Jean sings for (left to right), Gerard Darrow, Jack Lucal (behind Donald Duck), Walt, Joan Bishop, Richard Williams, Cynthia Cline and Claude Brenner. Below, Bing Crosby's boys were there, Lindsay, Dennis, Philip.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST to COAST

THE month's palm for real loyalty goes to Fibber McGee and Molly, who rejected an offer from a new sponsor at a substantial raise in salary. They were grateful to their old sponsor who put them on the air in the first place and stuck by them during the first few months when it seemed that their broadcasts were doomed to failure. Now that they're up at the top, they've reversed the situation and are sticking by the sponsor.

Princeton University wanted to give Arturo Toscanini an honorary degree this spring, but the grand old man of music declined the honor, saying that because of "world affairs" he was making as few appearances at public functions as possible. Toscanini and NBC couldn't get together again, so he won't be leading the network's symphony orchestra next season. There's talk that CBS may grab him, but nothing definite.

A radio version of the Broadway stage hit, "Claudia," will take the Kate Smith time Friday nights while Kate enjoys her annual summer vacation (which isn't entirely a vacation, because she plans to continue her noonday talks, which have hit an all-time high of popularity this season). "Claudia" is a comedy about a young married couple, with Dorothy McGuire and Donald Cook in the roles they originated on the stage.

Victims of that romantic feeling you

get around the spring of the year: Ted Straeter, Kate Smith's vocal chorus leader, and Dorothy Lewis, ice-skating champ, who may get married any day; announcer Ben Grauer and Mildred Fenton, script editor in a big advertising agency; songstress Dinah Shore and Alan Grieve, who is one of Uncle Sam's private soldiers at Fort Slocum, N. Y.

They're saying that Ted Husing will stray from his old stamping-grounds, CBS, to announce the prizefights on the Mutual network. . . Also that Mutual stations will be the first to start broadcasting ASCAP tunes again.

Francia White's thanking her sponsors for the chance to sing the leading role in "Naughty Marietta" in Hollywood and San Francisco. Francia's contract calls for her to be on the Telephone Hour over NBC every Monday night—but when she went to the sponsors and explained how much she wanted to accept the Los Angeles Municipal Light Opera Company's offer to star her in the stage production, they granted her a two-broadcast leave of absence.

Remember announcer Norman Brokenshire? He's now on the staff of a local station in New York City.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Tennessee Ramblers have been singing cow-

boy and hill country songs for fourteen years, and they're still going strong, although only one member of the original quartet is still with the group. Right now they're being heard every day over Charlotte's station WBT, in between Hollywood jobs. The most recent of several movies they've appeared in was "Riding the Cherokee Trail," starring Tex Ritter.

"Horse Thief" Harry Blair is the one who has been with the Ramblers since the act was organized in Pittsburgh fourteen years ago. Harry comes from New Martinsville, West Virginia, and besides being a Rambler has worked in steel factories, glass factories, and on road construction jobs. He's a skilled mechanic, specializes in radio construction, and can usually be found either watching the wheels go 'round at the radio station or taking his own radio receiver apart. As to the episode in which he gained his now-famous nickname, he won't talk.

"Montana Jack" Gillette, who plays the violin and many queer musical novelties, has been with the Ramblers seven years. He began his career when he was eighteen by leaving his home town, Providence, R. I., to play in a dance band. He's thirty-three years old now, and has toured in vaudeville and with a unit CBS sent on the road once, composed of people like Stoopnagle and Budd, Tony Wons, Vaughn De Leath and Little Jack Little. The most fun Jack gets out of life is tinkering with novelty musical instruments and finding ways to coax music (Continued on page 6)

By DAN SENSENEY

THIS OLD PHOTO OF ME IS GOING OUT OF MY ALBUM Right Now

Don't Let Ugly, Poor-Fitting Eye-Glasses
Rob You of Your Beauty



Posed by Professional Model

THOUSANDS upon thousands of men and women permit ugly, cumbersome, ill-fitting eye-glasses to rob them of their natural attractiveness.

Many years ago Bernarr Macfadden had a most trying experience with his eyes. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so, always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started upon a course of natural treatments that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so satisfactory that he associated himself with a great eye specialist of the day and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

The essence of their findings is contained in Mr. Macfadden's great book, *Strengthening the Eyes*. Here, in plain, simple language the author describes a series of corrective eye-exercises. If you already wear glasses, find out for yourself how this treatment may be beneficial to you and how you may possibly spare yourself the agony of wearing glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your eyes are failing, then find out how vision may be strengthened without the use of glasses.

Send No Money

You need send no money now—simply mail coupon below and upon receipt of book pay postman \$3 plus postal charges. If, after reading this remarkable book for 5 days, you decide that you do not care to follow the simple instructions—return it to us and we will refund your \$3 at once and without question. Sign and mail coupon below—NOW.

"Discards Glasses"

Here is a woman who writes: "After following the instructions in *Strengthening the Eyes*, I have discarded my glasses and read more now without them than I could with them."

"The Happiest Moment of My Life"

Another lady writes: "I must confess that it was with very little faith that I followed your instructions and began daily routines of eye exercises. But to my surprise I soon noticed improvement. Greatly encouraged, I went ahead with it, until one day I discovered I could lay off my glasses for good. It was the happiest moment of my life."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to many who are troubled with weak eyes or poor sight.



Over 80,000 Copies of this Book Sold

Macfadden Book Co., Inc., Dept. WG-7
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Money-Back
Offer

Send me a copy of *Strengthening the Eyes*. I will pay the postman \$3, plus postal charges, upon delivery of the book. It is understood that if I am dissatisfied with the book, I can return it within five days and you will refund my \$3 at once. (We pay postage on all cash orders)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Foreign and Canadian orders cash in advance. Approval privilege applies only to continental United States.



From This Unique Book

The methods suggested herein are not only practical, they are scientific and have been proved capable of so strengthening the eyes that "eye-crutches," as I have learned to call eye-glasses, will in very many cases not be needed.

Bernarr Macfadden



Above, WBT's Tennessee Ramblers—(from left to right) Harry Blair, Jack Gillette, Curly Campbell and Tex Martin. At left, Rosemay Barck is a talented Finnish girl who's heard over station KQV in Pittsburgh.



Olivia DeHavilland and Charles Winninger as they appeared on a recent CBS Screen Guild Theatre program. Olivia really can play the violin.

(Continued from page 4)

out of things no one else would think of using for the purpose. Besides the violin and trumpet, he plays the following so-called instruments: saw, balloon, musical bass drum, bicycle pump, and "poobaphone," which is a kind of slip horn he invented himself while he was playing with Louis Prima's band in 1928.

"Curly" Campbell plays many types of stringed instruments and sings the baritone parts in the trio. He's twenty-nine years old and was born in Belew's Creek, N. C. That's near Winston-Salem, the big tobacco market, and he spent his boyhood raising the tobacco plant. He still does, on his big farm in North Carolina.

"Tex" Martin, who plays the bass

fiddle and hot guitar, doesn't come from Texas any more than Montana Jack comes from Montana. He was born in Chenoa, Illinois, twenty-six years ago, and before joining the Ramblers traveled all over the country with different bands. At one time he was a featured soloist with a Spanish orchestra. "Tex" is a great lover of baseball and a fine pitcher himself, as well as a good swimmer and high diver.

The Ramblers have written their own songs for years, and recently compiled a book containing the words and music of twenty of their most popular numbers. Besides broadcasting on WBT they make best-selling records for Bluebird.

The monthly report from our style scout says that Ruth Bailey, smart young society actress who plays Rose Kransky in *The Guiding Light*, gets the special award for the trickiest of lapel ornaments. It's a tiny living potted cactus, a souvenir of Ruth's recent trip to Florida. She waters it with an eye-dropper. Muriel Bremner—Frederika Lang of *The Guiding Light*—wins an A-plus style rating with her new straw hat, tiny and close-fitting and pure white in color. It is gayly decorated with scarlet poppies and yards of navy blue maline veiling, and she wears it with a navy blue suit and a chubby scarf of blue fox. Irma Glen, NBC organist, offers the prize idea for amateur gardening wear. Her blue denim overall set consists of three-quarter-length slacks and a matching coat made in coolie style. The suit is trimmed with an edging of red bandanna around the cuffs and the slashed pockets. On extra warm days Irma plans to shed the coat and substitute a bandanna bra, matching the trimming.

* * *

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—A year ago Rosemay Barck was a Junior student at the University of Helsingfors, in Finland. Today she is the newest member of the dramatic staff of station KQV, in Pittsburgh, and has had the thrill of acting in a broadcast play which she herself wrote.

Rosemay came to America as the successful applicant for a scholarship offered by Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh to some Finnish student. She left her war-torn country on October 11, 1940, sailing to the United States by way of Iceland on a Finnish freighter, the *Veli-Ragnar*. Soon after she entered the Pennsylvania College for Women her journalism instructor assigned each member of the class the task of writing an original play for radio.

Rosemay's play was about Finland and the reaction of Finland's young people to the war. Its title was "They Did Not Want to Die," and it was so dramatic that the College Work-Shop chose it for production over KQV, casting Rosemay herself in the leading role. As the result of her dramatic ability, her pleasing accent and her knack for writing, KQV offered her a job on its dramatic staff.

Only twenty-three years old, Rosemay is an accomplished linguist, speaking Swedish, English, and German, besides her native tongue. Her knowledge of German came in handy when she played a German officer's wife in a play specially written for a Greek War Relief program broadcast over KQV in April. She will graduate from Pennsylvania College for Women this June, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Until August she plans to remain with KQV, but then she will go back to Helsingfors and study there for a Master of Arts degree.

Her parents are still living in Helsingfors, and she has two brothers who served in the Finnish army during the war with Russia. Rosemay herself served as secretary to Leland Stowe and three British war correspondents throughout the Russian campaign in Finland.

* * *

Ted Collins leaned back in his office chair the other day and told me he may go to Hollywood this summer to produce a movie. Ted's an ardent movie fan—so much so he doesn't be-

lieve television will ever get anywhere because it falls so far short of the expert standards set by Hollywood.

* * *

Mrs. Ollie Andrews, mother of the Andrews Sisters, is branching out as a business woman. A few months ago, partly for fun and partly to remind folks that her daughters were in the movie, "Buck Privates," she made a clown doll, dressed it up like an army rookie, named it "Buck Private," and sent it to Fort Dix. The doll was such a hit that now she's planning to make it in large quantities for sale.

* * *

Haven MacQuarrie, Your Marriage Club master of ceremonies, is responsible for the new slogan adopted by the city of Omaha. When Your Marriage Club, touring around the country, did a broadcast from the Nebraska metropolis, Haven used the phrase "The Great Outpost of the East and West" in his opening speech. The Chamber of Commerce liked it so well they grabbed it and had it printed on all their stationery.

* * *

It could only happen in radio: When Genevieve Rowe was the singing star of the Johnny Presents program, her contract forbade her to accept any other commercial assignment. However, she was on the unsponsored Gay Nineties Revue under the name of Jenny Lynn, and when that program got a new sponsor she was signed up with the rest of the cast under the false name. Then Johnny Presents changed its formula and there was no singing spot on it for Genevieve. Thus, a well-known singer's only network program now is one on which she appears under an assumed name, Jenny Lynn.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA — When Roger Williams, station KYW's tenor soloist, first took an audition he was so scared that he opened his mouth and not a sound came out. But that was in 1929, and Roger has acquired enough poise and experience since to make him one of Philadelphia's most popular stars.

Roger has been singing over KYW since 1935, averaging ten programs a week. Besides his radio work, he appears per- (Continued on page 75)



Ed Letson sings and broadcasts the news over KDYL, Salt Lake.

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing... use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



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

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-
SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

At the broadcast, Linda was conscious only of his dark eyes, deep and burning, of his romantic voice speaking of love—offering temptation to a beautiful woman who was hungry for admiration

AT LAST you are asleep, George. The room is very quiet now. All the words and tears have faded into nothing in the night. I should be there beside you, asleep, too. But I cannot sleep.

I have a strange feeling that I must put it all down, as it happened, so you can read it and know all the things you don't know now. Being a doctor, you'll understand better than I do, why I have to do this. All I know is that I must tell you.

Where shall I begin—the day I met Les? I told you about that the same day. Do you remember? No, how could you remember. You were so tired when you came home, you could barely keep your eyes open long enough to say hello.

The day I met Les. That was the day I returned the corrected proofs for the second edition of your book to the publishers. I did that in the morning and after it was done, I felt sort of at loose ends. I'd been to the beauty parlor the day before and I couldn't get hold of Julie or Helene, so finally, I decided to have an extravagant lunch and go to a matinee. I felt like indulging myself.

The restaurant in the hotel was full. I could have gone somewhere else, but I chose to wait in the lobby until there was a table for me. I didn't have anything better to do. Besides, I'd always liked that hotel, with its luxurious atmosphere and the smart, glamorous people who go there.

As I was sitting there, one of the most strikingly beautiful women I've ever seen came toward me, her hand outstretched. "Linda, darling!" she said. "You haven't changed a bit. How are you?"

It was Kathy Andrews. But so changed. You remember her, George—one of my sorority sisters at college. I think you once said about her that she wouldn't have an easy time in life, that she'd always be struggling for something she didn't have. And I think I laughed at you and scolded you for trying to impress me with your wisdom. Now, I know you were right.

Even that day, I noticed something tense about her, a sort of

brittleness. Everything about her was too perfect to go very deep. Her eyes were brilliant and quick and restless. She was telling me about what she'd been doing since I last saw her and the words tumbled and sparkled much more than they need have.

Not that she hasn't had an exciting life. It sounded like one of those unbelievable movie stories. Kathy, starting as a stenographer, then writing, then acting on the stage and radio, and ending up by marrying one of the vice presidents of a radio network. All this in four, short years. I couldn't help feeling a little commonplace and dull, listening to her.

Suddenly, a man was standing before us and saying, "I'm terribly sorry, Kathy. I was held up at a rehearsal."

Kathy's eyes darted up at him, then back at me. There was an awkward silence, then Kathy introduced us, very formally.

"Linda, may I present Mr. Cavanaugh? Mr. Cavanaugh, Mrs. Burrey." She stressed the Mrs. just a little.

I smiled up at him quite casually. And then, surprisingly, I was conscious only of a pair of dark eyes,

deep and burning, and the feeling that I was slowly sinking into their depths.

"If you've got to broadcast at three, we'd better have our lunch, Les," Kathy said. Her voice was sharp and cut through the strange fuzziness in my head. Les Cavanaugh smiled.

"Won't you have lunch with us?" he asked me.

Thoughtlessly, I said yes. That it was a mistake I discovered as soon as we sat down. Kathy was irritated. All through lunch, she insisted on talking to me. She rattled on and on about the things we'd done at college. (Continued on page 52)

Forgive Me Dearest



"George, believe me," I said. "You've got to believe me, darling. I never loved him, never. I love you. I never want to see him again."

She must have sex appeal, lovely gowns and a way with the customers. But what is a famous band singer's life really like? The answer is revealed in this true story

I Sing of Romance,

JIMMY DORSEY'S band is playing in your home town. The floor is crowded, the music is gay, romantic, pulse-quickening. I stand up and come to the microphone to sing the chorus. Maybe Bob Eberly is with me and we do a duet. Some of you watch us as we sing, some of you go on dancing.

And you wonder, I suppose, what kind of a girl I am, what kind of a life I lead when I'm out of the spotlight. What my thoughts and dreams are, what friends I have, whether or not I'm in love . . .

It's funny, but do you know I wonder almost precisely the same things about you—you girls out there on the floor, dancing in the arms of your best boy-friends.

Your life is almost as strange to me as mine is to you.

I'm twenty-one years old, and I've been singing professionally with dance bands ever since I was barely sixteen. I jumped straight from be-

ing not much more than a child into a position in which all the responsibility for my conduct was my own. I grew up overnight.

I've had the thrill of wearing beautiful clothes and singing with one of the nation's most famous dance orchestras, and I've had the weariness of jolting all night long in a stuffy bus. Every Friday night I stand at the microphone in an NBC playhouse, and I know that listeners to Your Happy Birthday are hearing me from coast to coast, and that many of them are envying me. I have the friendship of people whose names are in every gossip-column—and I know hours when I'm tired and lonely.

It all adds up to a life that's exciting and glamorous and difficult and discouraging, by turns. But what life isn't? I wouldn't exchange it for any other.

I was born in Lima, Ohio, but when I was six we moved to Toledo.

I had one older sister, one younger one, and a younger brother. When I was thirteen I began to take tap-dancing lessons, and in a few months I was good enough to branch out and begin teaching other pupils not much older than I was. It was only a hobby, though, just like my elder sister Alice's singing. Dad wasn't rich, by any means, but it wasn't necessary for his children to work.

Alice used to sing now and then over a Toledo radio station, and at country-club dances and other local social affairs. If—as occasionally happened—she had two chances to work on the same night she'd let me take her place on the less important job. We had fun—a couple of kids indulging the exhibitionist instinct that every youngster possesses.

Then, when I was fifteen, Dad fell ill. Seriously, desperately ill. He was in the hospital four months, and all the family's savings were swept right out of existence. Toward the end of the four months we thought he was going to be well, and Alice and Glen Hardman were married. Glen worked in the radio station where Alice used to sing, and for a long time they'd wanted to marry. It seemed all right, we were all so sure Dad was on his way to recovery.

Two weeks after their marriage Dad's illness took a turn for the worse, and he died.

The day after his funeral I accepted a job singing with Jimmy Richards' band. It had first been offered to Alice.

I was numb. Things had happened so swiftly—one devastating change in my life had followed so fast on the heels of another—that I didn't have time to feel or think. I

But—

by

HELEN
O'CONNELL

(The Girl on the Cover)

neither wanted to take the job nor to refuse it. It was there, for somebody to take, and it didn't seem right to tear Alice away from her bridegroom and send her touring around Ohio with a band. Yet we had to have money, because there just wasn't any left. If things had been different I probably would have been wild with enthusiasm and excitement. But now it was only a job.

I found out, before long, that I wasn't going to have much time to think about the old days. Jimmy's was a small outfit that skipped around Ohio and into neighboring states like a jumping bean. We'd stay two nights in Mansfield, one in Bucyrus, another two in Lima, making the hops in between by bus or train, whichever was handiest. After a week of it I could hardly remember any other kind of life.

Before I joined the band, Mother had taken (Continued on page 50)



Helen O'Connell stars with Jimmy Dorsey's band on Your Happy Birthday, Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., over NBC-blue, sponsored by Twenty Grand Cigarettes.

MARY NOBLE pulled a sock over her hand, and looked critically at the hole in its heel, rather big, was it worth mending? She tilted her head on one side, and her mouth, that beautiful tender mouth of hers, curved into a smile. She let the sock and darning wool drop into her lap, and her hands lay, relaxed and quiet, upon them.

She was still smiling as she glanced around the shabby room, and through the half open door into the small kitchen. Strange that this little apartment, her house dress, even the dinner she must prepare soon should give her a sense of security, of contentment. No, not strange, not really strange; for the first time in five years of marriage she felt like a real wife with her home duties and a husband who returned at regular hours. And more than that, she had known long, undisturbed hours with Larry, safe in their own world, unmolested by the urgent engagements, the stress and strain of a life which had always come between them, forcing them apart until now.

She lifted the sock and began to mend the tiny hole that had worked into the heel. Did most women really find such tasks drab and stupid? But not when every moment before of your marriage had been devoted solely to helping your husband fight through his hectic existence towards the goal of glittering success. Then the drabness and stupidity were wiped out by a complete happiness in this quiet life so unexpectedly forced upon her. If only her baby were here to make her a real mother as well as a real wife. That would be true happiness—To have Larry, her famous husband, all her own, and Larry junior, their son, here to love and tend and to watch.

Mary looked up, her eyes dark with her thoughts. No, she could not ask for this interlude of peace to be more than just that: an interlude. Larry must begin to make money soon; the treatments for the baby were so agonizingly expensive. They would have to be continued if he were ever to be well and strong. Perhaps, she had not taken proper care of herself before his birth? The doctors had never said so, but her anxious heart told her that might be the reason for his weakness. She had done her best, but there had been so much forced upon her last summer during the season at Westport; she had had to handle all the business arrangements; she had had to face and overcome such strong antagonism directed against them from some of

Backstage

Wife

Always Mary Noble had shared her famous husband with other women, but now a new and passionate love had been offered her and she must choose, once and for all—

Copyright 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert

the local people—and the night the theater had burned had been filled with terror and effort. Mary sighed. If only that had been all! The disastrous summer had been followed by Larry's mistaken venture into the motion picture field. Would he ever learn to judge people? She had felt from the first that the scheme was false, the promoters dishonest, but Larry had laughed aside her warnings. He had been too anxious, too eager to get back on his feet; there had been too many failures. He had grasped at straws and they had broken. At least they had paid their debts, they owed no one money, and the future was still theirs—Mary glanced at the clock and laid aside her sewing.

"Time to get dinner." She felt unreasonably gay and Larry would be so mystified by her happiness. No man, perhaps, could understand that the sweet intimacy of their life more than compensated for their poverty. The stake was Larry's existence and at present he felt defeated, a failure. Despondency was creeping over him, a heavy cloud of

despair. She knew it must be part of her task to help him regain his place in that life which, in a way, she longed to leave forever.

Had it really been five years since the hot September day they'd married? Five years of pain, of happiness, and the almost unbearable joy when their baby—their son—was born to them. Five years when Larry Noble was a star—a star whose name gave secret dreams to women he had never met, a star who filled theaters whenever he opened in a new play. Five years that had ended, as it seemed strangely to happen to so many idols, in this insecurity—this unnoticed corner—and yet in happiness too.

Her thoughts ran on, her hands now busy with the vegetables as she put them into the water that was beginning to boil . . . as she placed the silverware on the kitchen table. Then she glanced up quickly. The door had opened and Larry was standing across the room from her. Always, when she looked up and saw Larry coming towards her, a quick deep sense of exaltation swept through her until she was forced to hold her breath. So handsome, with a quality of sensitiveness that took away any harshness from his firm mouth, that lent his dark eyes a brilliance and warmth. But tonight he flung his hat on a chair with a weary gesture and it was Mary who came to his side, holding his hands, looking into his eyes. She had learned, long ago, not to ask questions, but rather to read from his face and manner his mood.

The romance that has thrilled a million listeners told as a

**COMPLETE
RADIO
NOVEL**



Read in thrilling fiction form the modern marriage story of *Backstage Wife*, heard Monday to Friday at 4:00 P.M., E.D.S.T., on NBC-Red, sponsored by Dr. Lyons Tooth-powder. Illustrations posed by Vivian Friedell as Mary and Ken Griffin as Larry.

"Dinner's all ready, darling," was all she said. "A very nice dinner, too. All the things you like best."

He smiled at her with his lips, but his eyes were preoccupied and moody. He mustn't look like that, Mary thought with a pang. He's too young to have that taut, strained expression. Oh Larry, Larry dear, why must you take things so intensely? But she knew, even as she rebelled, that it was this very faculty of emotional absorption which helped to make him the fine actor he was. Finer, really, than the mere fame he had acquired as a popular stage idol. . . .

YOU'RE wonderful, Mary," he said, but his voice had no lift, no life in it. "Most women would tell me what a flop I am, what a mess I've made of everything."

Mary brushed his cheek with her slender fingers.

"Why should they when it would be a lie?"

"No." He shook his head. "I'm not the first one it's happened to. I've seen it with others. Sitting, waiting to be called for a part, losing their hope. Why haven't I had an offer if anyone had any faith in me? Mary, I can't even make enough money to help our son—"

Her fingers slipped to his mouth, stopping the words she didn't want him to say.

"What you need is dinner," she exclaimed. "Did you eat any lunch? You forgot to, didn't you?"

At the table Mary urged him to talk while she quietly saw that he ate everything she put on his plate. But he had nothing to tell her except another day of futile searching.

There was no play ready for him, no producer willing to back him. But tonight Mary refused to be discouraged. She had learned to fight and wait, and the problem they now faced did not seem to her of as tragic proportions as had many of the difficulties she had had to overcome during Larry's successful years. Larry, she knew, would succeed. Her inner certainty was not to be shaken.

Not even the thought of their son, alone tonight, as he was every night, in a hospital crib which he had never left since he was born, silently struggling—though he could not be aware of it—struggling to keep alive, to find strength and the health that was rightfully his. Only a nurse's arms ever held him now. But that too must change. Soon it would be his mother's arms that would hold him. And when, later, Larry turned and took her in his arms, as they lay side by side, and buried his face in her shoulder, Mary felt for an instant, a twinge of shame that she could be so happy.

She pressed her lips to his hair, stirred by his closeness. And with sudden clarity she understood her husband as never before; warm hearted, generous, impulsive as a boy, because he had never grown up emotionally. His success had been too easy, his popularity too much a matter of course. He had never had to fight to wring victory from defeat, or to turn disaster into triumph. But strength was there, waiting to be brought out by the need for it and these hard days were creating a bond between them which happier hours had failed to bring. The joy she felt as Larry held her closer was a symbol of a union between them which she felt nothing would disrupt—ever.

Larry looked into her radiant face when the next afternoon he had returned early from another unsuccessful round of the agencies.

"Mary, you're beyond me. Here you're singing like a bird, and there's nothing to sing about that I know of."

Mary smiled. She knew she could never explain her feelings to him.

"Maybe I've a hunch," was all she said. "Maybe I've a hunch that something wonderful's just about to happen."

"It had better happen soon, because . . ."

"There!" Mary exclaimed as the doorbell shrilled, "that may be it now."

She ran across the room, and flung open the door.

"Oh, it's Dennis," she called, "and from the look on his face I guess I was right."

Dennis Conroy came hurrying into the room.

"What's all this—what do you mean?" he asked, looking from Mary to Larry.

"Mary had a hunch that something good was on its way."

"You ought to be a fortune teller, Mary—"

"What?" Larry took a step forward. "What's up, Dennis?"

Conroy shook himself out of his coat, and Mary reached for his hat. Her eyes were bright; she might have known that the break would come through Dennis Conroy, their very good friend as well as a successful theatrical producer. How often in the past had he helped them over rough spots. He had never lost faith in Larry, and he was a good business man who knew what he was doing. She listened to Dennis as he walked excitedly around the room.

"He's a find. I tell you Peter Darnell will be famous. A friend brought him in to see me, and when I read his play—well, it's the perfect vehicle for you. And I'm ready to back you."

Larry straightened, and a long sigh, as of tension relaxed, escaped from his lips.

"You're sure, Dennis? Oh, you know what you're doing, but it hit me—it seems almost too good—Lord, I'd almost given up hope."

"Don't insult my intelligence, Larry. When I say a play's good, it's good. Here it is," he was snapping open his brief case, and fling-

ing a manuscript on the table. "See for yourself. It isn't quite finished, but that doesn't matter. The boy's a genius. When can I bring him around to see you?"

Larry had seized the manuscript, and was turning its pages. He did not hear the question. Mary sat down, quietly, her eyes on his face. He had gone far, far away from her once more. If she spoke, he would not answer. And in the midst of her excitement at this sudden turn of events, a sharp, little pain stabbed at her. It was over, this interlude of peace, during which she and Larry had been just a man and wife. It had been so rare, so precious. Now the world was breaking in again on the sweet intimacy of these past weeks. Mary fought away regret. Dennis was talking to her, and she forced herself to listen.

"It's the sort of thing that happens once in a lifetime, Mary. Made for Larry—might have been written for him. Darnell's worth watching, he's going places. Although he's young 'Twilight Symphony' shows a mature mind. Could I bring him over this evening?"

"Do. We'll want to meet him. Oh, wait a minute, there's the telephone. I'll be back."

She turned into the bedroom, with a backward glance at Larry, conscious of his hands turning the page, his eyes racing along the lines. Yes, the play must be unusual to absorb him so completely. Then she lifted the receiver.

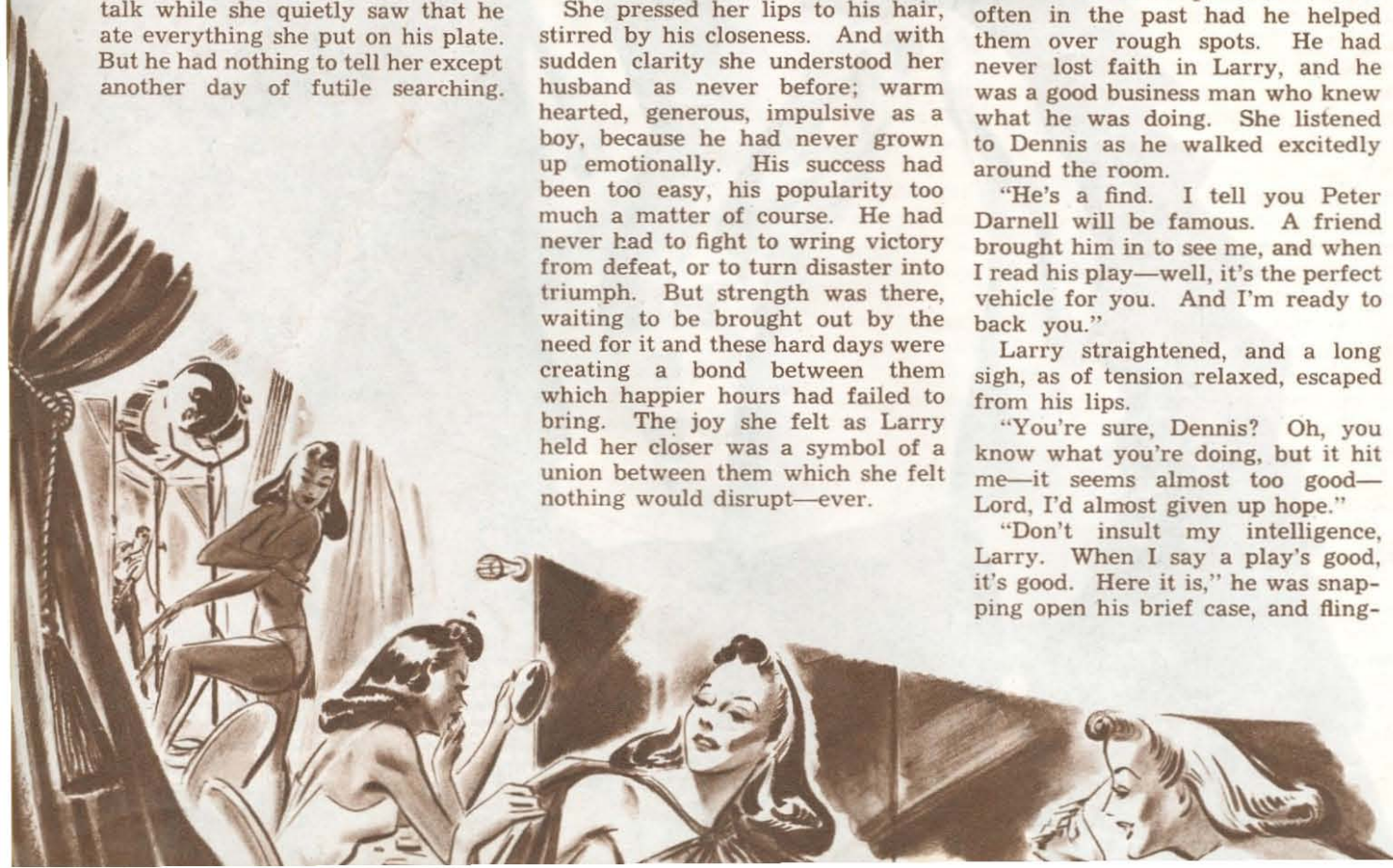
"Yes, Mrs. Noble speaking. What? Oh, no,—I'll—we'll come at once. How serious? A chance—I—yes, at once."

Mary placed the receiver carefully on the hook and rose to her feet. She found she was trembling. The baby—a turn for the worse—Her first, instinctive thought was of Larry. Why, why had it to be now? She shut her eyes for a minute. Should she go alone? Not tell him? Then with a sudden certainty, she knew that, at last, she could turn to her husband for help, she did not have to face this by herself. She ran quickly into the other room, and placed a hand on his arm.

"Larry, dear—I'm sorry—" Her voice broke. "Oh, Larry, it's the baby—he's worse. The hospital just called. I'm going there."

Larry stared at her, forcing himself away from the world of imagi-

She opened the door and met Peter's gaze. "Mrs. Noble—Mary Noble—I've waited a long time for this," he said.



nation in which he had been lost. He saw the panic on her face, and flung the manuscript down.

"Get your coat and hat. I'll be ready." He turned to Dennis Conroy. "Let yourself out, will you? I'll telephone when I can."

"Sure, sure," Conroy exclaimed. "If there's anything—"

BUT Mary and Larry were already out the door, and running down the hall.

In the taxi Mary straightened her shoulders as she tried to fight against the fear which threatened to overwhelm her.

"They didn't say just what it was—it's a question whether he'll have the strength to pull through—oh, Larry, Larry—if he dies—"

Larry pulled her to him, his arm was strong about her shoulders, his hand covered her cold fingers.

"Don't, dear, don't. This isn't like you. He'll pull through. I know he'll pull through."

Mary closed her eyes. She mustn't break, but her baby—the baby she had never really owned, never to put to bed, to bathe, to dress—to love and hold in her arms—and now she might lose him. Her throat was so dry she could not swallow. Larry was talking, giving her what comfort he could. She burrowed against him; how much it meant to have him there beside her, to feel him close. She pushed herself erect. She must not go to pieces. Larry was suffering, too.

"We can't lose him," she whispered.

"We shan't lose him," Larry said.

And it was from Larry's certainty, from Larry's unwavering assurance that Mary drew strength during the torturing forty-eight hours which followed as they waited to know whether their baby would be taken from them. And when, at last, Mary stood beside her son's crib, and saw him sleeping quietly, and heard the doctors say that all danger was past, and that now he would soon be well enough to come home, she knew that something more than her child's life had been given to her. Her husband had become a mature man who had not once failed her during this crisis. Her eyes were filled with happy tears as she bent and kissed her baby. And as she

and Larry went out of the hospital into the bright, clear cold of the autumn day, she wondered if she could ever tell Larry of the new world which had opened before her because he had been so tender, thoughtful and brave. No, such things could not be put into words. Her actions would have to show what the change in him had done for her.

"Let's call Dennis, now—at once," she begged, "and see if he can't bring Peter Darnell to the apartment this afternoon. I'll have sandwiches and tea for them and . . ."

Larry swung her around on the sidewalk and looked at her.

"You're going home to rest," he said. "You haven't slept or eaten—"

"Oh, no, I'm not," Mary laughed.



Mary Noble—black hair waving softly around her face, dark eyes under a broad, clear brow.



"I'm celebrating Larry Junior's recovery and the new play. I'm much too happy to be tired."

Inside the door of their apartment, Larry took her in his arms, before he went to the telephone.

"Mary," he said softly, "I've just realized what a rotten time I've given you—how fine you are—how much I love you—"

Her arms went around his neck; she pulled his face down to hers. She could not answer. Joy rose in her and choked her. She could only press her lips to his, and feel his arms holding her close.

Mary came out of the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches in her hand. She had heard the bell ring. That must be Peter Darnell, she thought, and hoped she would like him. It meant so much just what sort of a person Darnell proved to be. Larry during rehearsals, whipping a new play into shape, was never in a condition to adjust himself to others; how much of her energy had always been spent in preventing friction, smoothing over rough situations. She opened the door and met Peter's gaze.

"Mrs. Noble—Mary Noble—I've waited a long time for this."

Mary looked into the dark gray eyes just a little above her own, ready to turn aside his remarks with a light answer, only to read a complete and astounding sincerity in them.

"Where did you ever hear of me?" she asked, a trifle uncertain just what to say.

"My husband's the famous member of the family, not I." She glanced toward Larry, he was smiling with a whimsical amusement. "But, I've been anxious to meet you since I read 'Twilight Symphony.' It's fine, it's real."

"And true, because you had to have the truth from me. I wrote it for you."

Mary picked up the sandwiches and walked over to the table, Darnell following. Larry busied himself with the tea things, and Dennis talked. He was ready to order rehearsals; he turned to Peter.

"How soon can you finish it?"

Darnell lit a cigarette.

"Any time. I'll work day and night. Now that I know you like it—"

"Like it!" (Continued on page 57)



Nan Grey, heroine of the CBS serial, *Those We Love*, heard Monday nights, says there are guide posts that help you to know from the start if he's really the man of your heart.

Are You Really in Love?

By VIRGINIA LANE

**Here's a new game of hearts for romanticists—
fill out this questionnaire and give yourself
the acid test to see if this time it's L-O-V-E**

THERE'S a gorgeous goofiness about love that trips you up sometimes," said Nan Grey. "You think it is the Real Thing—and then it turns out to be nothing but a heavy crush. Just a romantic spell all mixed up with moonlight and roses and music.

"I think the most important thing in the world for a girl is to be able to tell actual love from infatuation."

But how? Nan began to learn the answers on a certain Saturday afternoon back in her home town of Houston, Texas. There was a certain local football star that she thought she was crazy about. "I was absolutely sure it was Love," Nan admitted. "We'd had a lot of fun together, dancing and swimming, and I liked the way his hair

curled. You know—it was one of those sudden things that hit you and you think, "This surely is it!"

"Then something happened to show me it wasn't. And I snapped out of it just in the nick of time."

On this particular Saturday, her uncle invited Nan and a girl friend out to the race track. It was the first time she'd ever been to one. They bet on a long-shot named "Meany"—ridden by a jockey listed as Jack Westrope. The horse came romping home to the tune of \$10.10 apiece. Nan was so thrilled she ran clear out to the paddock to meet this Westrope and thank him. That was the beginning.

They didn't see each other again until she came to Hollywood. But the football star faded from sight

that same day. It can be a serious business to mistake a mere girl-and-boy flutter-ation for the sort of Heart Case that counts. Sometimes whole lives are spoiled by it. That's why you have to be sure.

"Jack and I have been married a year and a half now," said Nan. "And when he has to go out of town for a race, I'm no good for anything. I can't think. I even muff my lines in radio rehearsals."

For those two it's been the Real Thing, no doubt about it. There are certain guide posts that help you to know from the start, Nan explained. Here they are in the form of a test. It's a new game of hearts to tell if you are *really* in love! Twenty-five questions—to see if that Feeling is fancy or deep-rooted fact.

LOVE QUESTIONNAIRE

(Simply answer yes or no to each question. Be honest. There are no tricks. Then turn to page 76 to see how you made out.)

1. Do you feel he's such an exciting person that you have to strain every minute to keep up with him? _____
2. Have many people annoyed you lately, especially your family? _____
3. Has some person you know only slightly remarked about your appearance during the last few weeks? _____
4. If he's late for a date, do you:
 - (a) worry for fear he's been in an accident? _____
 - (b) sizzle and sputter with righteous indignation? _____
5. Do you enjoy reading or a game of bridge as much as you used to? _____
6. Are you simply cru-azy about him because he looks a leedle bit like Gary Cooper, for instance? _____

(Continued on page 49)



How We Met

**A bitter sweet story of two sisters—
Grace, confident in her beauty and
in love; Jeannie, hiding behind her
barrier of shyness and miserable in
her desire for life, until one day—**

If I close my eyes and go back into my memory, I can still hear some thoughtless friend or relative say:

"No one would ever take you and Grace for sisters. Why you're as different as day and night."

None of them would ever come right out and say that Grace was everything I wasn't. That she was beautiful and charming and clever, but little sister Jeannie— The first thing I remember about those years in which I grew up was the sudden, painful realization that Grace and I *were* different. I know now, of course, that there was nothing unusual about us. The tragedy of two sisters—one a shadow in the bright sparkle of the other—is not new. But to us who have been foolish enough to suffer because of it, it is always new and tragic.

I can blame no one but myself for what happened to me. Not that I became jealous or envious of Grace. But I did withdraw more and more into myself. I built a barrier to my own happiness. I let myself believe that Grace's popularity and personality had robbed me of a chance to do anything but wait until she had married and left home. The result was inevitable. Naturally shy and reserved, I now became dull and uninteresting.

When I graduated from school, I found a job. I bought pretty clothes, but hardly ever wore them. I was convinced that I couldn't attract boys. I reasoned that once I asked them to my home and they saw Grace, they'd lose all interest in me. So my new dresses hung unused in my closet until Grace would come into my room and ask me if she could wear my prettiest one to the party or dance she was going to that night. I'd watch her from the top of the stairs as she and her latest boyfriend would leave. And then, long hours later, I'd hear their muffled voices as he placed her key in the lock. I'd wait for the minute of silence that meant she had given him her good-night kiss. I'd try to picture myself in

her place, a gay and happy and popular Jeannie. But then I'd laugh pityingly to myself and attempt to sleep.

My self-torture was so unnecessary. But I was too young and blind to know it. My mirror could have told me that I was attractive and that if I spent as much time with my make-up and appearance as Grace did, I might have had the same glamorous appeal. Yet I ignored the gentle hints of my family and let a feeling of bitter frustration take hold of me.

I don't know what would have happened if Grace hadn't met Jerry Taylor. I heard her come in that night, too. I pretended to be asleep but she switched on the light and ran up to my bed. There was a brilliance in her eyes, a glow in her face I had never seen before. She was in love! I knew it before she said a word. And then I felt my own heart pound with a desperate longing and desire as she told me about Jerry and how sure she was at last that he was the man she'd always wanted to know.

As the weeks passed, my pleasure in Grace's happiness was clouded by my own feelings. Each evening I'd watch her dress for her date with Jerry and always I'd think "why can't this be me? Why must Grace have everything?" I spent tortuous hours trying to find the answer, and then I woke up for the first time. I realized, finally, that I had been an unseeing, unthinking little fool. I had blamed everyone but myself. I was lonely, I was miserable, but what had I done about it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But how could I start? What could I do to find a Jerry for myself?

I did the most obvious, most natural thing. I spent my lunch hour in a beauty shop. In that brief time, the quick skillful fingers of the operator accomplished what seemed miracles to me. She simply smiled when I told her that and explained that all she'd done was set my hair in the most becoming style and, after the facial, made up my face the way I should always have done it. (Turn to next page)

**A BROADCAST DRAMA
FROM REAL LIFE**



This true story was first broadcast on the "How Did You Meet" program, heard Wednesdays over NBC, at 8:15 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Woodbury Soap and Cosmetics.

I was eager to get home, anxious to see if anyone noticed the change in me, but I stopped first to buy the new frock I'd been admiring in the window of the *Exclusive Shop* for days.

Like a little girl bewitched by the magic of her first long dress, I waited while the seamstress fitted it. I, acting on a crazy sort of impulse, decided immediately to wear it home.

Grace and Mother and Dad were already at dinner when I came into the dining room. They all looked at me, unbelieving, almost, but it was Grace who said the words I had waited too long to hear:

"Why, Jeannie, you're pretty—really pretty!"

I tried to hide the blush I felt burn my cheeks. And finally the spotlight of family curiosity left me when Grace began to talk about Jerry and the fun they'd had together the night before. I followed her upstairs after supper to help her dress. She begged me to tell her about the man who had made me turn into a glamour girl overnight. She wouldn't believe me when I tried to explain. Then I met each of her questions with a knowing smile and, at last, she gave up.

As I watched her deftly apply her lip-stick, I asked her where she and Jerry were going. I was a little surprised by her answer:

"Oh, I'm not seeing Jerry tonight. He had to leave town for a few days so he's sending around an old friend, Hal Worley, to keep an eye on me. I've never met him, but from the way Jerry talked, he must be terrific."

I wanted to ask her more about Hal but just then we heard the doorbell ring. I ran down to answer it and, trying desperately to sound casual, asked the tall, red-headed young man outside to come in. He smiled and, in his deep warm voice, said:

"I'm Hal Worley."

I only nodded and said, "I know." His face, snub-nose, freckles and all, fell a little:

"Oh—and I thought it would be a surprise. You're not at all as Jerry described you."

"Well, it's little wonder—"

"No, ma'am . . . Not a bit. Jerry ought to get himself a pair of glasses."

"I don't think he really needs them. You see . . ."

But he wouldn't let me finish. "I see—but he doesn't. Why he didn't come anywhere near doing justice to you."

"But Jerry didn't . . ."

"Jerry didn't do a lot of things. But we're going to make up for that tonight, aren't we, Grace?"

So Hal thought I was Grace, yet his compliments were meant for me! But I shook my head:

"I don't think so."

"You're not angry at me for calling you Grace, are you? After all, I feel as though I've known you for years. Do you realize that ever since I've known Jerry, he's done nothing but talk about you. It was Grace this and Grace that. I'm afraid I got a little tired of it after a while."

I couldn't help smiling at that. "I shouldn't wonder."

"As a matter of fact, when I rang your bell tonight, I had my doubts."

The experience of talking and laughing with a man who seemed to like me immediately was so new and thrilling that I determined to let the deception continue for a few more minutes. After all, I was harming no one with my trifling masquerade—and this flattering small-talk meant so much to me. More than I had ever realized.

"And now?"

"Well, now I'm looking forward to a wonderful evening."

Hal's tone was so sincere, so completely honest that



The words tumbled over each other as I pleaded—
"Grace, please—let me take your place—tonight."



please—let me take your place. Please—just for tonight!"

My heart stopped while I waited for Grace to answer. Nothing had ever meant this much to me. I don't know why. I had met the other men who had come to call for Grace. None of them had made me tremble with a wild excitement just by smiling at me. I had never felt that I would shrivel up and die inside unless I heard a man's deep, happy voice again.

Grace looked searchingly at me. She could see what had happened. Without a word, she placed her bag back on the dresser and put down her hat.

"Jeannie—he's all yours. But let me give you a little advice—don't carry this masquerade too far. You might find yourself involved in something that's way over your head."

I was already at the door. But I turned for a second: "Oh, Grace—don't worry. I'll unmask the first chance I get."

Her words followed me down the steps.

"Don't forget. Remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long!"

But sitting beside Hal in his car I forgot everything. Everything except the thought that I was where I wanted to be. None of the parties and fun and men I had missed meant anything to me now. I was glad—so gloriously glad—that I had never kissed a man before. Happy that the man's arms to guide me in the dance steps I had so laboriously learned alone should be Hal's. I couldn't tell him now that I wasn't Grace. Perhaps he would feel that I had tricked him. Perhaps he wouldn't understand. That was a mistake. A bad mistake. But I was too young and inexperienced to know that then.

Hal had tickets for the dance at the Country Club. It was only a short drive from our house. Yet each minute seemed to stretch out into a delicious eternity. Outwardly, there was nothing unusual about the ride. Hal talked a lot about Jerry. How they'd met in college and roomed together and what a swell fellow my "fiance" was. Bundled up in my own thoughts, I didn't answer. They spun in rhythm with the whir of the tires on the road. Intuitively I knew—just as something had driven me to the beauty shop and the new dress—that Hal must have known what I felt and felt it, too. There was a magnetic pull of two personalities to each other. It was as if the same electric current had passed through us both at exactly the same time. I felt it when I accidentally brushed Hal's hand and when he held my arm to help me from the car.

As we went in the orchestra was playing a waltz. No setting could have been more perfect. Candles flickered gracefully on the small tables. The waxed floor glistened and shone like yellow ice. We were shown to our table and Hal ordered wine. His face, with the candle's flame making odd shadows on it, looked strange as he held up his glass and said:

"To you and Jerry, Grace."

With a recklessness I didn't know I possessed, I smiled and whispered:

"No, to you and me, Hal. Just for tonight."

We sipped our wine and danced and talked. I had never thought that happiness could come close enough for me to reach out and touch it. It was a writer's love story come to life—a dream that was as real and solid as the white napery and the gleaming silverware. What did we talk about? Why did we laugh so much? Why did contentment fill our eyes like tears and like tears seem to well up and spill over? I don't know. A man and a girl in love should never know. I remember only the beautiful magic of the moments. That thrill which comes only once, the thrill of slipping into Hal's arms for the first time when we danced.

The hours went by too quickly. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight. And then I remembered Grace's last warning sentence—"remember what happened to Cinderella when she waited too long!" Had I waited too long? I was suddenly afraid. I had gambled with love and love was not meant for those who played with it. I was silent and quiet and Hal, so kind and considerate, was quick to notice it:

"What's the matter, Grace? Aren't you having fun?"

"Oh, Hal, I'm having so much fun. Are you?"

His smile was lopsided and it seemed to go with his burnished hair and the (Continued on page 76)



He brings romance into your homes three mornings a week on his Treat Time program over CBS. Although Buddy didn't write our song of the month, "Darling, How You Lied," he features it on his program. He loves to play baseball with the neighborhood kids and flying is his new hobby.

Myrt and Marge

IN

LIVING PORTRAITS

For your enjoyment—another exclusive album of special photographs. Meet Myrt and Marge, Clarence, Bill Boyle, Don MacLaughlin, real people you hear every day when you tune in the favorite drama sponsored by Super Suds on CBS

MYRTLE HAYFIELD is all "trouper." For ten years now, this warmhearted, sincere, courageous woman of show business has lived a breathlessly exciting and colorful life. When you first met Myrt, she was in the chorus of "Hayfield's Pleasures." A veteran of ten seasons, Myrt met Marge, a shy, sixteen-year-old youngster, just starting in show business. Between them there developed a lasting and beautiful friendship. Myrt later discovered that Marge was her own daughter. Then, Myrt fell in love with Hayfield and married him. When he died, she inherited the theater and she and Marge became full fledged actresses. Since then, they have been adventuring together all over the world. Recently, in Hollywood, the murder of Clinton Merrill once more thwarted the success they've long deserved. Now Myrt is once again back to her old stamping grounds, New York, getting ready to open her own musical show at the Hayfield Theater. With years of experience behind her, with all the insight and ability she truly has, Myrt's efforts should make the show a smash hit.

MARGE ARNOLD is an exciting, beautiful young woman. Her dark, soft-flowing hair, her lovely, light brown eyes and sensitive face have attracted many men. She is no longer the shy, helpless girl Myrt met ten years ago. Show business has given her poise and sophistication. Life really began for Marge when she met and married Jack Arnold, a handsome young District Attorney. They had one child, Midge. Jack later met his death at the hands of gangsters, but Marge took it bravely. She is a trouper, fully as much as Myrt is, but very often lets her trusting, lovable, impetuous nature mislead her. She was hoodwinked into her marriage with Clinton Merrill, in spite of Myrt's advice. When Merrill was murdered, suspicion fell on Marge. Only through the loyal efforts of Myrt, Clarence and Bill Boyle was Marge saved. She will probably not fall in love again soon, but even after all these years, Myrt can never tell what Marge will do next because Marge is filled with that deep and sometimes terrifying love of life that is in all who are young and vital.

Myrt



Played by Myrtle Vail

Marge



Played by Helen Mack (formerly played by the late Donna Damerel)



Myrt and Marge Photos Especially Taken for Radio Mirror by CBS—Seigal

CLARENCE TIFFINGUFFER is Myrt and Marge's oldest friend. When Marge came to get a chorus job with "Hayfield's Pleasures," she was ill from hunger, and kindly, jittery, boyish Clarence came to her aid. He was a costume designer for the show and has been a costume designer ever since, plying his trade sometimes wickedly against the enemies of Myrt and Marge. Many a catty show girl has felt Clarence's pins. Clarence loves Myrt and Marge very much, but every time the poor boy tries to get them out of trouble he only gets them in deeper. He is not immune from trouble himself. When Ray Hunt was murdered, the gun was found in Clarence's pocket. Myrt and Marge cleared him. Clarence has never been more than a hop, skip and jump away from the gals. In Rio De Janeiro, when they were broke and stranded, Clarence, the fool for luck, won a lottery and saved the day. Clarence continually borrows money from Marge, is a terrific eater and secretly wants to be an actor.

Played by Ray Hedge

DON MACLAUGHLIN (right) owns that mellow voice that tells you all about the sponsor's product. He's a big, blond, handsome, 185-pounder who has been everywhere and done everything. Born in Webster, Iowa, Don attended Iowa Wesleyan, Northwestern, the University of Arizona and the University of Iowa before he was finally granted his degree in speech. Wanderlust kept getting in the way of education. At the University of Arizona he worked as an announcer on a local station. At the University of Iowa he was president of the "Purple Masque," a dramatic society. After graduation, Don taught school in a small Iowa town. He was not only an English teacher, but taught music, dramatics and was athletic coach. New York is the mecca for all young men with ambition, and Don landed a job in New York with the Columbia Artists Bureau and went on the road with Little Jack Little's band, as manager. Then the wanderlust took him again and the next thing he did was hop a freighter for the Orient. Eventually, he wound up back in New York again and found himself a job in radio and a lovely wife.



BILL BOYLE (left) is a talkative newspaper columnist, strictly from Broadway, a dynamo in a gray, slouch hat. Several years ago, in Hollywood, Bill stumbled into Myrt and Marge, who were involved in a murder case. Bill came to their rescue and helped the F.B.I. solve the crime. Bill has a little bloodhound in him and likes nothing better than a good murder to work on. He is also extremely fond of Marge and has a sort of platonic "crush" on her. Last year, Myrt and Marge got into another scrape with Chinese smugglers. Out of nowhere, Bill appeared and cleared up the trouble. Both Myrt and Marge have a deep affection for him and are fascinated by his picturesque speech. When Clinton Merrill was murdered recently, Bill, thinking Marge was guilty, offered to help her escape. Eventually, the real murderer was caught, but Myrt and Marge were stymied in Hollywood with no way to make a living. It was Bill Boyle's suggestion that they go back to New York and re-open the Hayfield Theater. Since then, he has been giving them help through his column.

Played by Arthur Elmer

SUPERMAN in RADIO

As their car sped out of the darkening city, Clark Kent and Lois Lane, the *Daily Planet's* star reporters, could hear the hoarse cries of newsboys shouting the news of a great disaster:

"EXTRA—EXTRA—THIRTEEN DIE IN MELVILLE FACTORY EXPLOSION—EXTRA—"

Assigned by City Editor Perry White to get an eye-witness story of the catastrophe, the man and girl covered the 42 miles to the factory town in less than an hour. They gasped as they found the piles of twisted steel and broken brick that marked the site of the once busy and prosperous factory of Hans Holbein. The bodies had already been removed and now the wreckage was deserted. Kent, jerking to a stop, hopped out of the car.

"Wait a minute, Miss Lane—I want to take a look around here."

But Lois didn't wait. Before Kent could stop her, she slammed the door and stepped on the gas. He heard her shout back:

"I'm not waiting! If you think I came along to watch you get a story, you're crazy! I'm going up to interview Mr. Holbein at his home!"

Kent shrugged his shoulders and walked back to the ruins. He could not know then the consequences of Lois' reckless impulse. When the

servant admitted her into Holbein's drawing room, the factory owner seemed nervous and shaken. That was natural enough and, at first, he talked unhesitatingly about the accident. He told the girl reporter that he had been manufacturing dolls for 20 years and that the explosion had been caused, apparently, by the bursting of a boiler in the basement.

As Lois thanked him and got up to leave, she casually mentioned that she was going to stop by at the factory to pick up her fellow reporter. Holbein's face blanched.

"Another reporter? What's he doing at the factory?"

"Oh, he's probably rummaging through the bricks—"

Holbein's tone became menacing—"Oh, he is, is he?"

"Of course, he won't find anything—"

"I am not so sure about that—maybe he *will* find something—so in case he does I think you better stay here. . . ."

Frantically, Lois ran to the door and seized the knob. But she couldn't move the securely locked massive oak barrier. Seeing the set cruel expression that covered Holbein's heavy features, frightened by the cold thoughts of an unknown terror, she faced her captor:

"So you are hiding something—"

something about the explosion."

"Yes, I *am* hiding something—and if your friend finds out what I am hiding—you will never leave this house alive!"

Meanwhile Clark Kent, rummaging through the wreckage, made an astonishing discovery. The boiler was intact! But what had caused the explosion? The time for ordinary methods had passed—Kent made a quick decision. And, in that second, Clark Kent became—Superman. His ordinary street clothes were off in a flash and he stood there, revealed in the half-light, in the avenging blue costume of the man from another world.

Effortlessly, he burrowed through the bricks, pushing huge beams and steel walls aside. He found a packing case filled with dolls and with one hand split the heavy boards open. His eyes widened as he examined a doll which had cracked. Then he picked up another—and another—and another. Each, when it was torn open, disclosed the same thing. A small metal cylinder was hidden cleverly in every doll! He waited for nothing else. Seizing a handful of the dolls, Superman stood poised for a moment, then—

"Holbein, things don't look so good for you. I think we have the answer. (Continued on page 74)



When Superman smashed through the door, the doll man was standing beside an odd-looking cabinet. "Come no nearer," he cried. "Don't touch me!"

Bound tightly, Lois lay in the drifting boat. Moment by moment the high wind and fast-ebbing tide carried the frail craft farther out to sea.



Young Widder Brown

Copyright, 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert

It wasn't happening, it couldn't be happening, Ellen felt, standing there in that gloomy room with its windows shrouded in heavy curtains, almost as if it were trying to hide from the world. Incredible that it was early afternoon on a bright midsummer day, here in this heavy dusk, in this room made even more somber by its overpoweringly massive furniture. And the woman staring at her, the hatred in her eyes seeming the only living thing in the room accentuated the nightmarish unreality of her quick terror.

Ellen didn't know anything about this house or the people who lived in it. Maybe it had been foolhardy, even worse, to go so quickly from Simpsonville in answer to that ad she had seen in a paper. And she was glad now that she hadn't yielded to that impulse to take the children. They were safe in Simpsonville with Hilda and Uncle Josh looking after them.

"You . . . you're Mrs. Gaines?" Ellen asked then, trying to fight down her fear, to keep her voice casual and as if this were any ordinary meeting in any ordinary room. For when she had announced herself at the door this strange woman had only nodded and led the way into this room, closing the heavy oak door after them.

"No." The woman's lips hardly opened as she spoke. "I'm Miss Hethers, the housekeeper. Will you give me your references? I'm supposed to bring them to Mr. Gaines before the interview."

"I'm sorry," Ellen felt as if she were pinning her smile to the corners of her mouth. "I have none. But I'd like to speak to Mr. Gaines. I think I can explain my lack of credentials."

"Well," the woman gave her a long, measuring glance. "It won't do you no good, Mrs. Brown. He don't employ nurses without refer-

ences. But I'll tell him you're here anyway."

"Please," Ellen said. She felt the need of something to do, some ordinary everyday sort of thing, which by its very custom would be reassuring and almost involuntarily opened her bag and took out her powder puff. But in her hurry she had gone off without her mirror.

"I wonder if there's a mirror around that I could use for a moment," she laughed. "I'd . . ."

"There aren't any mirrors here, Mrs. Brown," the housekeeper looked at her sharply.

"No mirrors?" Ellen couldn't help showing her amazement. "But . . . but why?"

"I suggest you don't ask too many questions," Miss Hethers said grimly. "I'll let Mr. Gaines know you're waiting. And please try to be quiet. The madam is asleep upstairs. And we mustn't disturb her under any circumstances."

She looked at him—and suddenly she was seeing a stranger who threatened her children's happiness.



Fictionized from the dramatic radio serial, *Young Widder Brown*, heard every Monday through Friday, at 4:45 P.M., E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Red network. Illustration specially posed by Florence Freeman as Ellen Brown and Ned Wever as Dr. Anthony Loring.

The door closed heavily behind her rigid, uncompromising back and Ellen sat down stiffly on the edge of one of the chairs. It was unbearable waiting, with the heavy silence closing around her. Something was wrong in this room and this house, terribly wrong. Ellen couldn't relax or make herself comfortable and her thoughts raced in rhythm to her heart beating so rapidly in that new frightened way.

She couldn't stay here, she felt

desperately as she fought her growing uneasiness. Yet she couldn't give in so easily. Where could she go, what could she do, if she didn't get this position? There were only those few crumpled bills in her bag, barely enough to pay her railroad fare to another town.

But even if there had been more than enough, she couldn't go back to Simpsonville. Loneliness swept over her at the thought of it. Janey and Mark would be coming home from

She could turn her back on love, flee from it to new and strange surroundings—and yet, Ellen learned, it would seek her out, bring problems she could not solve

school now. And Anthony—her heart skipped a beat remembering—Anthony would be finishing his office hours at the clinic too. Maybe he would be stopping by now, right this minute and hearing that she had gone. He would be hurt, she knew that, at her leaving like this, without even a message or a goodbye.

It was hard thinking of the children and Anthony, the three she loved best in the world. But it was because of those loves, those conflicting loyalties she had come here. Why couldn't life be simpler, why couldn't each love take its own place in her heart without one encroaching on the other?

It was Janey who had made her see how impossible it was to keep on the way she had been going. That day Anthony had suddenly taken Ellen in his arms and kissed her she had felt that her whole life had been destined for this moment. She had never known happiness like this, exciting and yet calm too, with her pulses racing and her heart standing on tiptoe as he held her.

Then suddenly it had been over, the ecstasy and the peace alike, for she had heard Janey's startled cry and turned to see the child standing there, her eyes wide with sudden fear.

"Oh, Mummy, I don't want to lose you. You're ours, mine and Mark's!" And her voice had sounded frightened and bewildered and heartsick.

At first Ellen had tried to talk to the child. It hadn't seemed so impossible then, feeling as she did it was the first shock of seeing her mother in a man's arms that had made the child react so violently. But as the days went by the tension had only increased. Ellen felt the child's eyes fixed on her constantly as if she were afraid to stop watching her for a moment. And once at night (Continued on page 67)

Darling, How You Lied

The new sentimental tune that brings a tear to your eyes every time you hear Buddy Clark sing it on his morning CBS program, Treat Time

Arranged by Frank D. Kettering

Words and Music by
ETHELYN ATHA

When you said just be friends I thought I could let you
go Nev-er thot I'd cry Nev-er knew I loved you so I act
gay laugh and play It's so that no one will know I've a bro-ken heart It's so
hard to let you go When I still thrill to your touch live for your glance

Copyright 1941, by Ethelyn Atha

Find my-self trem-bling when you ask me to dance The scene is the same it's
sum-mer a-gain My friends still reproach me for whispering your name. Can't go on can't for-
get I'm jeal-ous and hurt in - side When you said for keeps oh my
dar-ling how you lied. When you lied.

RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH



It hadn't been easy for Portia to go on after her husband's death—for the people of Parkerstown did not trust a woman lawyer.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

Portia Faces Life

If only she could set him free from this mockery of marriage into which she had driven him! Read this powerful radio drama of a woman's courage

IT was one of those summer showers, a sudden deluge from banked-up clouds that only a moment before had been mere castles of pearl on the horizon. Portia Blake, caught halfway between her office and home, lowered her head and plunged through it, enjoying the coolness it brought even though she was aware that in another five minutes her dress of soft blue linen would be soaked.

A car, an expensive roadster, darkly, glossily green, swerved to the curb beside her. "Portia!" said a voice that she knew. "Jump in! I'll drive you home."

She wanted to refuse. She had not seen Walter Manning alone since his marriage. She was desperately afraid that she did not want to see him. But under the circumstances, a meeting could not be postponed forever. This occasion was very likely as good as any other. She stepped through the door he held open for her, sank back against the soft leather cushions.

He put the car in gear. "Do you mind," he said, "if I don't take you straight home? I'd like to talk to you."

Portia glanced at him. She wondered if he ever smiled now. This was the man she had seen in the courtroom when Bryan Harrison's will came up for probate—a man thinned down to bone and nerves, with a tense, painfully controlled look about his lips and sombre eyes. A man so changed from the one she used to know.

"Of course, Walter," she said.

As they drove through the outskirts of town, along the road that led to the river, the rain abruptly ceased its pattering on the top of the car, and the late-afternoon sun blazed out between the clouds. Walter said, "Is everything all right at the office?"

"Yes, wonderful. I'm very busy with . . . with the estate, of course."

"Yes. It's a big job."

He stopped the car, a moment later, where a growth of willows

framed a view of the smoothly flowing river, its surface flawed here and there by a few tardy drops of rain. His hands fell from the wheel. "I don't know, after all, why I asked you to come out here, Portia," he confessed. "I saw you and—I wanted to be with you. Just as I've always wanted to be with you. But there really isn't anything for us to say."

What was there to say, Portia wondered, between a woman and the man she might have married, had he not married someone else? Particularly when—

She turned in the seat to face him. A shimmering reflection from the river touched the smooth curves of her broad forehead, her unrugged cheeks, her wide, firm mouth. "There is nothing you *have* to say, Walter."

"Except—" His heavy brows drew down, and he spoke as if the words were being torn from him. "Except that I've got to tell you something I should have told you before—how much I love you!"

"There's no need to tell me even that," she said. "I knew—but I wouldn't let you speak."

It seemed incredible to her now that this should be true. Yet it was. She herself was to blame.

So much had happened in the year since Richard, her husband, was killed in an automobile wreck, leaving her with no estate beyond a barely existent law practice. There would have been no way for her to support herself and Dickie, their son, if she herself had not already been a member of the bar, able to take over the practice and make of it what she could. Even so, it hadn't been easy. Parkerstown was anxious to help, but it didn't wholly trust a woman lawyer.

In those first days, Walter Manning's help had been something to

cling to. He had been Richard's best friend; it was natural that he should do everything he could for Richard's widow. But then she had realized that he loved her, and had turned her back on the knowledge. Even the thought of love had seemed to be a treachery to Richard. In the ways a woman knows, she had kept Walter from telling her what was in his heart.

She could not reproach Walter for what had happened. But—

"I've got to tell you, Portia," Walter was saying. "I've got to tell you how it happened that Arline



Taken from the radio serial heard every Monday through Friday at 5:15 E.D.T., on NBC's Red network, sponsored by Post Toasties. Photos posed by Lucille Wall as Portia and Joan Banks as Arline.

JULY, 1941

and I were—married. I'm not proud of it, God knows. I think I must have been insane. But I'd been driving her car when the wreck happened. I felt responsible. She was so near to dying—and she said she didn't want to live if I wouldn't marry her. With some people, you'd pass that off as hysteria. But not Arline. All her life she's had what she wanted; I think to be denied it really would kill her . . ."

Yes, that was true too, Portia realized wearily, and there again she had made a mistake, because she had thought it would be good for Walter to go around with Arline Harrison—good for him to have the admiration of someone so lovely, so fresh and wayward. Yet how could she have foreseen the accident, Arline's injuries, the tragic, mistaken consequence?

"Her father knew well enough that she meant what she said," Walter went on bitterly. "He begged me to give in, and it's hard to say no to a man you've looked up to for years—to your boss, the owner of the newspaper you work on. And I knew you would never care for anyone but Richard—"

A COLD, glittering wave broke in Portia's heart. This was it, this was positive assurance of what she had guessed and feared—that Walter had married Arline because she herself had never allowed him to believe his love for her might be returned.

"I was fond of Arline—I thought I could make her happy. I deluded myself into believing I could bury my love for you. But somehow Arline guessed how I feel. And now—since her father died—her jealousy makes life a hell for both of us."

"She hates me," Portia said. "I knew that a week ago, when I saw her in the court room."

How beautifully ironic that court room scene had been! Three people—caught in a trap they could not escape. For Arline's father had died suddenly, leaving no will. Arline, naturally, had applied to the court to be named administratrix of the estate. Judge Stewart, knowing nothing of the personal elements involved in the situation, had refused her plea and appointed Portia and Walter co-administrators of the Harrison fortune.

On the surface, it had been a judicious move. Arline was far too young and inexperienced to handle the complicated details of an estate which included farms, apartment and tenement houses, securities, a newspaper and controlling interest in a bank. Portia, as the bank's legal counsel, was already familiar with many of the details of the estate, and her integrity and good judgment were well known to Judge Stewart. And Walter was a competent business man who could, of course, be counted on to protect his wife's interests.

"I'll never forget Arline's face," Portia murmured. "It was . . . twisted with hate. Now I know why. How horrible it must be for her to realize that everything she owns is controlled by—"

"Her husband—and the woman her husband loves," Walter finished, his voice almost inaudible.

"I'll ask Judge Stewart to withdraw the appointment!" Portia burst out. "It's an intolerable situation—for you, for Arline, for all of us. I—"

"No!" You mustn't," Walter said quickly. "I won't let you. You can't afford it, for one thing. Do you suppose I don't know what a big break this is for you? And if that weren't enough reason—you know Parkers-town. Everyone in the place would guess why you'd withdrawn. I can't let that happen to you."

"But if it makes things worse for everyone—"

"Nothing can make things worse or better for Arline and me," he said in a flat voice. "I've asked her for a divorce. She said she'd never give me one. Never." There was a deadly finality in the way he said it.



After a moment he said, almost as if thinking aloud, "I lie awake at nights, and I have a dream. I dream that I've run away from Parkers-town, and that I've taken you with me. We're together, in a place so beautiful that it probably never existed on this earth. But—I don't know. I imagine any place would be beautiful if I were there with you."

"You mustn't think such things, Walter!" she said in a panic. For if once she had made a mistake in keeping Walter ignorant of her love for him, now how much greater a mistake it would be to let him know of it.

"No, I mustn't think them," he agreed. "I shouldn't even have told you, I suppose, how we were married. A man who can't manage his own life isn't a pretty spectacle."

"I'm glad you told me," she said. "It helps me to understand—things that puzzled me."

"I'll take you home," he said, turning the ignition key in its lock. He seemed listless, resigned, drained of all energy; and though it wrung her heart to see him so, she could think of no way to help him. They drove back in silence.

As the car stopped in front of the cottage where she lived with Dickie, Portia said, trying to bring back some semblance of reality to this nightmare conversa-



Arline sat immobile, one hand clutching the arm of the sofa, the other in midair as if to fend off Portia's bitter words.

tion, "Walter, we've no choice—except to do our best to settle this estate."

"Yes, that's all we can do—our best," he said. She got out of the car, said good-by, walked slowly up the path.

The days which followed were busy ones for Portia. A large part of the responsibility for settling the Harrison estate fell on her legal shoulders. Among other things, she inspected a large block of tenements which Bryan Harrison had owned. She found them in a shocking state of neglect, which was extremely strange because Harrison's accounts showed that thousands of dollars had been spent in the last year to repair them. Twice she tried to see Kirk Roder, the real-estate agent who had handled them for Harrison, but he seemed to be always engaged or out of town, and this difficulty in meeting him vaguely increased her apprehension about the buildings. If there was anything really wrong, she resolved, now more than ever she must learn about it and set it right.

She became increasingly troubled as the days slipped by. At night she lay sleepless, the memory of Walter's tortured face coming between her and the rest she so badly needed. Her mind twisted and turned with her restless body. If only she could help him—set him free from a woman who was sapping his manhood and

self-respect! But anything she did would only make matters worse, push her farther into the disgusting position of being the "other woman" in an unhappy marriage.

It was a relief, one morning, when Duke Hawthorne's father came to see her, and she found herself busy with a case that had nothing to do with Arline, Walter or herself. Duke, a boy barely out of his teens who lived with his widower father in one of the Harrison tenements, was in trouble with the police for the third time. He was accused of breaking into a fur store; the proprietor had identified him, and conviction, which seemed certain, would mean a long prison term.

"But my boy—he did not do it," old Matthias Hawthorne insisted. "I know he did not. Never has he lied to me, and so I know."

"A court will want more proof than that," Portia reminded him gently. "Hasn't Duke an alibi? Where was he when the robbery was committed?"

"Alibi? Of course he has an alibi! Duke was with Joe Kearney, taking a ride in Joe's car."

"Well," Portia smiled, "that makes a difference. I know Joe well. Ask him to come and see me, and if he can prove that Duke wasn't anywhere near the fur store, I'll take the case."

AFTER the old man left, Portia sat at her desk for a moment, idly. Cases like this one were what brought her the greatest satisfaction in her work. She remembered Joe Kearney very well, because months before, soon after she took over Richard's practice, she had defended his son in a murder charge—and defended him successfully. That had been a case like this one—a boy unjustly accused, feeling that the world was against him, frightened and defiant. It was good to help such boys. It made you feel that you were rebuilding a soul . . .

The smile faded from her lips as the door opened and Arline Manning walked in, followed by Walter.

Arline's death-white face, her crimson lips, were shocking against the black of her clothes. Walter moved with a sick weariness, like a man pushed beyond the limits of his endurance, but about Arline there was an electric atmosphere of determination. It was obvious that they had been quarreling.

Without preliminary, Arline said, "I would like some of my money, if you please."

"Arline!" Walter groaned. She paid no attention. "I'm entitled to it, I think," she said. "I want ten thousand dollars."

Don't resent this, Portia told herself. Let her be as autocratic as she likes. Keep your temper. She said as pleasantly as possible, "Ten thousand dollars, Arline? That's a great deal of money. Haven't you been receiving the weekly payments?" As a temporary measure, the court had approved an allowance of two hundred dollars a week in cash for Arline.

"Certainly I've been receiving them. You'd have heard from me if I hadn't," Arline said. "I happen to need an extra ten thousand." Her voice was controlled, but her breast betrayed a rising excitement.

"Before your husband and I, as administrators of the estate, can authorize the withdrawal of such a large sum, we must know what it is to be spent for."

Arline whirled upon her husband. "Walter, are you going to let this woman insult me?"

"There's no reason why you should make such a mystery of all this," Walter said angrily. "If I knew why she wanted the money," he added to Portia, "I'd tell you myself."

"Yes! You would!" Arline screamed. "I know you would—and that's why I didn't tell you! You're against me, both of you—you're (Continued on page 46)"

Keep the Kitchen COOL

Easy to prepare with uncooked cereal is this refreshing mousse, served right out of the icebox.

Takes only fifteen minutes—a good hot weather meat course is lamb patties wrapped with bacon.

SINCE the temperature is rising rapidly these days, I believe now is a good time to consider recipes dedicated to a cool kitchen; meal planning which will not only assure appetizing, well balanced and economical meals but which will in addition cut down on the time usually spent in the kitchen. This decrease in cooking time may be achieved during the summer months especially by the use of uncooked cereals as recipe ingredients, the use of prepared products which re-

quire little if any cooking time and by choosing dishes which may be prepared early in the day and placed in the refrigerator all ready for the noontime or evening meal.

This may sound as though I'm suggesting an entire summer of cold dishes, but this isn't the case. Hot dishes we must have, even in warm weather, but summer vegetables cook quickly, broiled and pan broiled meats take only a few minutes and even their preparation is made easier by the knowledge that the dessert and salad are waiting in the refrigerator all ready to be served.

One of my favorite hot weather meat courses is lamb patties wrapped with bacon, so suppose we start off our month's recipes with them.

Lamb Patties

1½ lbs. lean lamb
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
6 slices bacon

Use lean meat from breast, neck, shank or shoulder for grinding. Season with salt and pepper and form into six patties. Wrap a slice

of bacon, notched with a sharp knife or scissors so it will not separate from the patty during cooking, around each one and broil, first on one side then on the other, for 12 to 15 minutes.

Since pie is one of our most popular desserts and strawberries one of our most popular fruits, I know you will be as happy as I am about this strawberry pie made with a crust of uncooked cereal, either puffed or flaked.

Strawberry Pie

Crust
7 cups uncooked cereal 2 tbs. sugar
3 tbs. butter 1 egg yolk
2 tbs. milk

Put cereal through food chopper, using medium knife. Cream butter, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Beat egg yolk, add milk and stir into creamed butter, then combine with cereal. Turn mixture into pie tin and press into uniform layer over bottom and sides of pan. Place in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 6 to 10 minutes. Chill thoroughly before adding filling.

Filling
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
1 cup sliced strawberries

The family will enjoy this strawberry pie made with a crust of uncooked cereal, either puffed or flaked.

Prepare pudding according to directions. Cool to room temperature and fold in sliced strawberries. Cool. When thoroughly chilled, but before mixture has set, pour into crust and place in refrigerator until serving time. Garnish with sliced strawberries.

Mousse, another favorite form of cold dessert, may also be made with uncooked cereal, though the small nutlike cereal is preferable for this.

Mousse

½ cup sugar
¼ cup water
2 egg whites stiffly beaten
1 cup cream, whipped
½ tsp. vanilla
¼ cup uncooked cereal

Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon. Pour slowly over beaten egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture is cool (about 3 minutes). Fold in whipped cream and vanilla, then cereal. Mixture may be turned into freezing tray of refrigerator, or poured into a mold and covered tightly and frozen in equal parts ice and salt. Freezing time either way, 3 to 4 hours.

Peaches and bananas seem to have a natural affinity for each other and their flavors have never combined better than in peach banana mold.

Peach Banana Mold

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water
½ cup sliced peaches
1 sliced banana

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Arrange sliced peaches on bottom of mold, pour on gelatin being careful not to disarrange peaches. When gelatin begins to set, add sliced bananas. Chill until firm.

Tender young summer cabbage forms the basis of a cool molded salad which is served with mayonnaise seasoned to taste with horseradish sauce.

Molded Cabbage Salad

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup tomato juice ¼ tsp. salt
1 tbs. lemon juice
2 cups shredded cabbage
1 medium cucumber shredded
2 scallions, sliced very thin

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add tomato juice and allow to cool. When mixture begins to stiffen stir in remaining ingredients and turn into mold. Chill until firm.

Summer's the time for salads, especially those molded with gelatin. This one's made of shredded cabbage.



Outdoor Snack

If camping figures in your summer vacation plans, here is a recipe just for you. Split frankfurters lengthwise, but do not cut completely apart, and top each liberally with baked beans. Heat piping hot in heavy iron skillet, covered, over very low flame, using just enough butter to prevent sticking. If your camp cooking equipment boasts an oven, bake in covered casserole at moderate temperature (350-375 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Serving note: Shiny baking pans from your local five and ten cent store make attractive and sturdy serving dishes for camp use.



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

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



Meet Eugenie Baird, 17-year-old songstress from Pittsburgh, who is a recent addition to Tony Pastor's band.



... and Ginger Maylen, 20 years old, Texas-born and tiny, who is vocalist with Charlie Spivak's orchestra.



... and last but not least, Paula Kelly, who replaced Dorothy Claire when the latter left Glenn Miller.

Facing

THE Tommy Dorsey marital row didn't exactly rock music land. Insiders had been expecting it. The trombonist's wife, Mildred, has sued for divorce and the case will be tried in New Jersey with charges sealed. The Dorseys have two children.

The battle between Bobby Byrne and Glenn Miller over singer Dorothy Claire has had an unexpected climax giving Byrne the winning verdict. If you recall, the blonde vocalist left Bobby for Glenn when Marian Hutton quit the latter's band to have a baby. Glenn gave Dorothy a larger salary. But Bobby protested loudly, threatening legal action. Glenn thought twice, discussed the squabble amiably with Bobby and now Dorothy is back with Byrne. Glenn then went out and lured Paula Kelly, Al Donahue's former canary, out of retirement. Kay Little, who joined Bobby when Dorothy quit, has caught on with Del Courtney. This makes everybody happy.

Horace Heidt vigorously denies he is leaving the band business. He's just added Ronnie Kemper, formerly with Dick Jurgens. However, singer Jean Farney quit the Heidt troupe to wed Jimmy Butler, a young film actor.

Art Jarrett has taken over the remnants of the late Hal Kemp's old band and they can be heard from Chicago's Black Hawk Cafe.

Vaughn Monroe was secretly screen tested by Paramount. He is getting a tremendous buildup because he is one of the few singing leaders among the newcomers. It seems people are tiring of industrious but colorless maestros who hide most of their personality behind a horn or a set of drums. A decade ago it was different. Topnotchers like Rudy Vallee, Will Osborne, Buddy Rogers, were all singers. Another movie candidate is Jack Leonard. He may sign with 20th Century-Fox if Uncle Sam doesn't put him in khaki first.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Billy Butterfield, one of the truly great

trumpet stylists, has joined Benny Goodman's band. Another of Benny's acquisitions is Les Robinson, lead alto, formerly with Artie Shaw's old band. . . . Freddy Slack, crack boogie woogie pianist, has quit the Bradley-McKinley team and will probably organize his own band. Bob Holt, a pianist discovered by Bradley in Worcester, Mass., has replaced Slack. . . . Johnny Long has a new drummer, Jules Mendelson, formerly with Joe Venuti. . . . The Andrews Sisters are back on the Universal lot for a third film. This one's called "Ride 'em Cowboy." . . . Freddy Martin remains at the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove until September. . . . Dick Rogers is back in New York's Roseland for the summer.

There's a story going the rounds about a prominent sponsor of a big time musical show who heard a rival's program. He excitedly called his own musical director and asked him if he had heard so-and-so's show. The maestro replied that he had.

"Well," asked the sponsor, "Did you notice that startling musical effect in the third number?"

"Yes," gulped the musician. "And the tremendous musical bridge right after the middle commercial?"

"Yes," said the musician again, this time worrying whether a bawling out was due from the boss.

"Well," shouted the sponsor finally, "Never do that on MY program. It's terrible!"

John Kirby, who is rating bows for his musical work on CBS' Duffy's Tavern, used to be a pullman dining car waiter.

Barry Wood has been renewed for the seventh consecutive time on The Hit Parade.

Frankie Carle, the composer of "Sunrise Serenade" and Horace Heidt's pianist, has not sufficiently recovered from a nervous breakdown and has been forced to rest some more.

Jimmy Blake, trumpet player

the Music

By KEN ALDEN

with Tommy Dorsey's band, is a happy musician. Last fall, Jimmy nearly died with the trumpet player's occupational disease—lung collapse. He would have died, except for Tommy, who sent him to John Hopkins for treatment by the country's greatest specialists, provided a room in his own home for the subsequent rest cure, along with the services of Mrs. Dorsey herself as private nurse and dietician. Best of all, Tommy kept Jimmy on the payroll for the entire eleven months of his illness. One of the miracles of the orchestra world will happen this month, when Jimmy goes back to work at the same old stand. Most trumpet players who have that illness take up knitting afterward—if there is an afterward.

Paul Tremaine, who had a big name in the band business quite a few years ago, is trying a comeback.

When Ray Noble goes to Catalina Island this spring his new vocalist will be Snooky Lanson, succeeding Larry Stewart.

Bob Allen, former vocalist with Hal Kemp, is father of a son.

BROTHER ACT

WHEN Raymond Scott is urged to talk about his mercurial musical career he can be as shy as a Gary Cooper movie character, and as vague as some of those song titles he's concocted.

But mention the name of his brother Mark Warnow, another celebrated orchestra leader, and the words flow as smoothly as the rhythms of either one's brass section.

"Listen," says the dark-haired, soft-skinned leader, "Mark sponsored my entire musical career. He bought my first piano and then beat the hide off me when I didn't practice. He cut short any ideas I had of being an engineer and put me through musical school. When I got finished there he got me a job with the CBS house band. And just to show you how thorough the guy is, he even changed my name!"

There was a good deal of logic

behind the big brother's last decision. He believed potential sponsors might confuse Mark and Harry Warnow. Mark picked the name Raymond Scott at random, then hunted through telephone books to find out if there was anyone else by that name in show business. As luck would have it, the Manhattan directory listed one Raymond Scott. He turned out to be an elderly man who played trumpet in Edwin Franko Goldman's Central Park band. Fortunately he had a sense of humor and raised no objections to having his name listed.

A telephone book also played another important part in the 31-year-old composer-conductor's life. It helped to get him a wife.

A tireless practical joker, Ray thought it fun to search for the names of girls in telephone books. If their voices sounded attractive, he asked for a blind date.

"My plan wasn't too successful," he explained, "because all the nice girls hung up."

Not easily discouraged, he devised a new plan. This time he kept a voice recording machine close to the receiver. His next victim was Pearl Stevens. This young lady didn't hang up without first giving the brash intruder a vigorous denunciation for such ungentlemanly tactics. But a few minutes later, when the phone bell jangled again, the girl was speechless. For this time she heard her own voice coming back. The trick crushed all resistance.

"Just what do you want?" she asked helplessly.

"A date," Ray replied quickly.

Pearl turned out better than he could have possibly expected and soon the couple were married. They now reside in a pleasant, rented house in Tuckahoe, N. Y., and have a two-and-a-half year old daughter, Carolyn, who, Ray says, is "nuts about brass bands."

Mark shouldered the responsibility of raising his younger brother because their father, the proprietor of a Brooklyn music store, died when both of them were quite young. Nine years older than Harry, Mark helped his mother run the modest household. As soon as Mark established (Continued on page 72)



Raymond Scott, the 31-year-old composer-conductor never talks about his career, but mention brother Mark—



He has made his brother Raymond's career his career too. Above, Mark Warnow and his daughter Sandra.

Sunday



Bill Stern interviews movie actress Adrienne Ames on his Sunday night NBC sports broadcast. Bill has a different famous guest almost every week.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

Bill Stern, broadcasting highlights from the sports news of the day, on NBC-Blue at 9:45, E.D.S.T., sponsored by Colgate's Shaving Cream.

If you know a 'teen-age boy who insists on pretending that he's broadcasting a football game while he's taking a shower, don't try to restrain him. He may turn out to be another Bill Stern, who almost drove his parents crazy with that trick, back in Rochester, N. Y. Today Bill is not only NBC's crack sports announcer, but also the broadcasting company's executive in charge of all sports events on the air. From his small but comfortable office at NBC he makes all arrangements for broadcasting everything from football games to ping-pong tournaments. Frequently he announces the events himself, and in addition he has his regular weekly network program, which you hear tonight, plus a fifteen-minute sports news show, five nights a week, heard only in New York City. Plus, just for good measure, the commentary for the sports sections of three newsreels every week.

In his leisure time, which isn't extensive, Bill lives in a six-room apartment in New York City with his wife and year-old son. The baby's name is Peter because, Bill says, he figured he'd done about all he could with the name of Bill and wanted to give his son a new one.

Bill plans on taking a vacation this summer—the first in six years. He doesn't really want a vacation now, because he enjoys his work so much he hates to

leave, but Mrs. Stern says either he'll take a rest or there will be trouble in the Stern household. Bill, like a sensible husband, is going to let her have her way.

For a man who sleeps and eats sports, Bill is very modest about his knowledge of the subject. He doesn't consider himself an expert, but he does know the rules of any game you could mention, backward and forward. He reads every book about sports that's published, and owns what is probably New York's biggest sports library. He doesn't play any game himself, now, although in Penn Military College, from which he graduated in 1930, he played varsity football, tennis and basketball, boxed, and was on the crew.

Before putting his shower-tub practice in sports broadcasting to use, Bill knocked around quite a bit. An attempt to break into the movies in Hollywood drew a blank, unless you call digging post-holes on the RKO lot getting ahead in the world. Later he was an assistant stage-manager at the Roxy Theater, then stage manager of the Music Hall and Center Theater in Radio City. He begged an NBC executive to let him broadcast part of a football game, the executive finally got tired of being bothered and consented—and Bill was on his way.

His job takes Bill all over the country and once, on his way to cover a football game in Texas, he had an accident in which his car was completely smashed and he himself was so battered that he had to stay in a hospital for six months.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time. ➤

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 1: Tonight's your last chance to hear Jack Benny's show before it leaves the air for a summer vacation. . . . Sir Thomas Beecham directs the CBS Symphony.
June 8: Taking Benny's place for the summer is Reg'lar Fellers, radio version of the famous comic strip. Listen at 7:00 on NBC-Red . . . Mickey Rooney is Charlie McCarthy's guest on the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red at 8:00.
June 15: Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian beauty, visits Charlie McCarthy tonight.
June 22: Betty Humby, English pianist, is guest star on the CBS Symphony.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 NBC-Blue: News
		8:00 NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
		8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
7:00	9:00	CBS: News of Europe
7:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
7:30	9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
8:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	8:30 10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
9:35	9:05	11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm
7:05	9:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remson
7:30	9:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
7:30	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails of Song
7:30	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and Youth
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Emma Otero
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Blue: I'm an American
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Pageant of Art
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	11:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: March of Games
9:30	11:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
9:30	11:30	1:30 NBC-Red: On Your Job
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: NBC String Symphony
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
10:35	12:35	2:35 CBS: Meet the Music
11:00	1:00	3:00 CBS: Columbia Symphony
11:00	1:00	3:00 MBS: The Americas Speak
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Muriel Angelus
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Charles Dant Orch.
1:00	3:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
		5:00 NBC-Red: Joe and Mabel
		5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
1:30	3:30	5:30 CBS: Ned Sparks Show
	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Roy Shields Orch.
2:00	4:00	6:00 CBS: Ed Sullivan
2:00	4:00	6:00 MBS: Double or Nothing
2:00	4:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: Blue Barron Orch.
2:00	4:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
2:30	4:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom
2:30	4:30	6:30 MBS: Show of the Week
2:30	4:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Dr. I. Q. Junior
3:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
7:30	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
3:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Girl About Town
	5:30	7:30 CBS: World News Tonight
3:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
3:45	5:45	7:45 MBS: Wythe Williams
6:30	6:00	8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES
4:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Star Spangled Theater
4:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
7:00	6:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
7:00	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
4:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
5:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
8:15	7:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
7:15	7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	7:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
4:00	8:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Deadline Dramas
7:00	9:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
7:00	9:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

INSIDE RADIO-The Radio Mirror Almanac-Programs from May 28 to June 24

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
1:00	7:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
	7:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	8:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:15	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
12:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Three Romeos
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
11:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
7:00	9:00	11:00 CBS: Treat Time
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	9:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	9:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
2:15	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
10:15	9:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:15	11:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
9:45	11:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
3:15	12:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: The Munros
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:00	1:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	1:15	3:15 CBS: Frank Parker
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	3:45 CBS: Lecture Hall
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Bess Johnson
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	3:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
2:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
1:15	3:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:15	3:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
	3:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We, the Abbotts
1:45	3:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Gasoline Alley
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
7:55	9:55	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
9:00	4:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
7:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: This is the Show
7:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
6:30	8:30	7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
6:30	5:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
8:00	6:00	8:00 CBS: Those We Love
7:00	6:00	8:00 MBS: Amazing Mr. Smith
7:30	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
7:30	6:30	8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
5:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Basin Street Music
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
5:35	7:55	9:55 NBC-Blue: The Nickel Man
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Contented Hour
6:30	8:30	10:30 CBS: Girl About Town
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum



She's Bess Johnson both on and off her CBS serial show.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

The story of Bess Johnson, heard Mondays through Fridays on both NBC-Red and CBS—10:00 A.M., E.D.S.T., and 9:15 A.M. Pacific Time on NBC and 4:30, E.D.S.T. on CBS—sponsored by Palmolive Soap.

The tall, blonde heroine of The Story of Bess Johnson is the only actress in radio who plays the leading role of a daytime serial under her own name. She's Bess Johnson both off and on the air, and is heard exclusively on this program. As you'll remember unless you're a brand new listener, Bess Johnson used to be the heroine of a serial called Hilltop House. Because of an involved state of affairs which we won't go into here, Hilltop House as the title of a serial became no longer available to Bess's sponsors—so they simply had the fictional Bess lose her job as matron of the Hilltop House orphanage and gave her a new one as Dean of a girl's school.

The story of the real Bess Johnson is almost as exciting as the story of the make-believe Bess you hear on the air. Bess was a stage actress until her daughter Jane was born. Then she turned to advertising, and before long became known from coast to coast as the Lady Esther who announced the old Wayne King programs. At the same time, she was playing one of the leading parts in Today's Children. But people were forgetting there was such a person as Bess Johnson, so she quit and came to New York, where she began the Hilltop House series—using her real name for her network character so there'd be no danger of losing her identity again.

Last winter, for the first time since Jane was born, Bess and her daughter have been separated while the latter attended boarding school in Connecticut.

During the summer months they're both living at a dude ranch, just like a western one, near New York City, with Bess commuting to town every day for her programs. Bess's favorite recreation, outside of reading mystery stories, is horseback riding, and she keeps her own horse, a gray and white pony named Misty, at the ranch, riding whenever she gets a chance.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 2: We, the Abbotts, switches from CBS to NBC-Red at a new time... Mary Small stars in a new program starting tonight at 10:15 on Mutual... Francia White returns to NBC's Telephone hour after a two-week absence.

June 17: Listen to Bob Hope tonight—it's his last program of the season.

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
1:00	7:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of all Churches
	7:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	8:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:15	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
12:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vagabonds
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
11:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
9:45	9:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	9:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	9:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
2:15	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
10:15	9:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:15	11:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
9:45	11:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
3:15	12:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	2:15 MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Mystery Man
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: The Munros
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:00	1:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	1:15	3:15 CBS: Frank Parker
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Bess Johnson
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	3:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
2:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
1:15	3:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:15	3:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
	3:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We, the Abbotts
1:45	3:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Gasoline Alley
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
2:10	4:10	6:10 CBS: News
9:00	4:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
7:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
7:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
3:30	5:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
	5:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	6:00	8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
6:30	6:00	8:00 MBS: Wythe Williams
7:30	6:30	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
4:30	6:30	8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
6:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
4:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: We, the People
7:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station
8:30	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
5:30	7:30	9:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Concert Music
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
5:55	7:55	9:55 NBC-Blue: The Nickel Man
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: New American Music
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
6:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: College Humor
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Edward Weeks
6:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:15 NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
		8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
1:00	7:45	9:45 CBS: Betty Crocker
	7:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	8:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:15	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
12:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vagabonds
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
11:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
7:00	9:00	11:00 CBS: Treat Time
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	9:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	9:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
2:15	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
10:15	9:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:15	11:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
	11:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
9:45	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
3:15	12:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Mystery Man
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: The Munros
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	1:15	3:15 CBS: Frank Parker
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	1:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	3:45 CBS: Lecture Hall
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Bess Johnson
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	3:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
2:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
1:15	3:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:15	3:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
	3:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We, the Abbotts
1:45	3:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Gasoline Alley
	4:30	5:45 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
7:55	9:55	6:10 CBS: Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
9:00	4:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
7:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
7:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
6:30	5:30	7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
6:30	5:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
3:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Fisk Jubilee Singers
5:30	6:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
7:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids
7:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Tony Martin
7:15	6:15	8:15 NBC-Red: How Did You Meet
7:30	6:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
4:30	6:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
4:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
7:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
8:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor
8:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
5:55	7:55	9:55 NBC-Blue: The Nickel Man
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Author's Playhouse
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER
6:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
6:30	8:30	10:30 CBS: Juan Arvizu
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Doctors at Work
6:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



Anne Elstner plays long-suffering Stella Dallas on NBC.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Stella Dallas, the dramatic serial heard Mondays through Fridays at 4:15 P.M., E.D.S.T., over NBC-Red, sponsored by Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Here's one of radio's most popular and longest-running continued stories—and you'll know why if you've ever listened, or even if you read the novel of the same name by Olive Higgins Prouty, or saw either of the two successful movies. The radio Stella Dallas takes up the story of Stella where the novel and movies left off and carries her on to new adventures.

Stella is played by Anne Elstner, a handsome brown-haired woman who has been an actress practically all her life. When she was twelve years old she appeared in a Mena, Arkansas, theater in her own song-and-dance creation, "The Yama Yama Man." Later she was a leading light in all the dramatic activities in school, and got her start in New York by understudying Eva LeGallienne. She's been doing radio work since 1923—or, in other words, about as long as there has been any radio to work for.

She is married to a business man named Jack Matthews, and they live on a farm in New Jersey, so far from New York that it takes Anne an hour and a half to get into New York for broadcasts. She says she doesn't care, though, because she loves the country and hates the city.

Radio fans still remember Anne as the heroine, "Cracker," of the serial, Moonshine and Honeysuckle, which has been off the air for about six years now but was one of the earliest and most famous of continued dramas. Anne was a natural choice for the part, because she was born in Louisiana and raised in other Southern states, so that she possesses a delightful Southern drawl. The voice she uses for the role of Stella is much deeper and huskier than her own cultivated tones.

Anne was on the stage in "Sun-Up" when she got married. The whole company was planning on going to London, but Anne and her fiancé didn't want to be separated by 3,000 miles of ocean, so they got married and Anne retired from stage work. Radio offered a good compromise and she has confined her acting to it pretty steadily ever since.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 4: Danger is My Business, a new weekly program, starts tonight on Mutual at 10:15, E.D.S.T.

June 19: Rudy Vallee's due back in New York about now—so maybe tonight he'll be broadcasting from there instead of Hollywood. Which means he won't have Barrymore.

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:15 NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
		8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
1:00	7:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
	7:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	8:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:15	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
12:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vagabonds
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
11:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
9:45	9:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	9:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	9:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
2:15	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
10:15	9:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:15	11:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
	11:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
9:45	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
3:15	12:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	2:15 MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Mystery Man
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: The Munros
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	1:15	3:15 CBS: Frank Parker
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	1:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	3:45 CBS: Adventures in Science
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Bess Johnson
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	3:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
2:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
1:15	3:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:15	3:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
	3:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We, the Abbotts
1:45	3:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Gasoline Alley
	4:30	5:45 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
2:10	4:10	6:10 CBS: News
2:15	4:15	6:15 CBS: Bob Edge
9:00	4:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
2:30	4:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Rex Stout
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
7:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
7:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
5:30	7:30	7:30 CBS: Vox Pop
5:30	7:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Xavier Cugat
	5:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	6:00	8:00 CBS: Colgate Spotlight
6:30	6:00	8:00 MBS: Wythe Williams
4:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold
7:30	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Fannie Brice
8:00	6:30	8:30 CBS: City Desk
4:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: The World's Best
8:00	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: ALDRICH FAMILY
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
5:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: The Nickel Man
5:35	7:35	9:35 NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
6:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Professor Quiz
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines
6:30	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Listener's Playhouse
6:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	7:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
1:00	7:45	9:45 CBS: Betty Crocker
	7:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
	8:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
9:15	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
12:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vagabonds
	8:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis
	8:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
11:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Wife Saver
	8:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
7:00	9:00	11:00 CBS: Treat Time
	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	9:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
	9:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
10:00	9:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
2:15	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
10:15	9:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
8:15	10:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:15	11:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
	11:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
9:45	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
3:15	12:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Mystery Man
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	2:30 MBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: Midstream
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: The Munros
10:45	12:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	1:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:15	1:15	3:15 CBS: Frank Parker
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	1:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	3:45 CBS: Exploring Space
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:15	2:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:30	2:30	4:30 CBS: Bess Johnson
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	3:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
2:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Home of the Brave
1:15	3:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
1:15	3:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
	3:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines
1:30	3:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We, the Abbotts
1:45	3:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Gasoline Alley
	4:30	5:45 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	4:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	6:10	CBS: Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
9:00	4:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
7:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
6:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Al Pearce
6:30	5:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
3:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Rhyme and Rhythm
8:00	6:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
4:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: John Gunther
	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
7:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE
4:55	6:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
7:30	7:00	9:00 CBS: Great Moments from Great Plays
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
7:30	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
5:30	7:30	9:30 CBS: Campbell Playhouse
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Your Happy Birthday
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Dog House
5:55	7:55	9:55 NBC-Blue: The Nickel Man
6:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Hollywood Premiere
6:00	8:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny
6:30	8:30	10:30 CBS: Juan Arvizu
6:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



Stars like Ethel Barrymore are Lincoln Highway's guests.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Lincoln Highway, on NBC-Red Saturday mornings at 11:00, E.D.S.T., rebroadcast at 9:00 Pacific Time, sponsored by Shinola Shoe Polish.

Most sponsors used to shun a Saturday-morning program, on the theory that people were too busy doing other things to listen to the radio. Then along came the Shinola people and put Lincoln Highway on—a regular night-time show, with famous guest stars and good dramatic stories—and gathered so many listeners that now other sponsors are following their lead. Lincoln Highway just celebrated its first anniversary and it's estimated that more than four million people tune it in every Saturday.

A different star is heard every week in a half-hour play specially written to fit his or her talents. Raymond Massey was on one Saturday, and the authors had a fine script for him, in which he was to play Abraham Lincoln, following up his immense success as the Great Emancipator on the stage and in movies. Massey asked for a different part—didn't want to play Lincoln again for fear he'd be "typed."

Lanky Don Cope, the director, has grown adept at handling temperaments, but he still shudders when he remembers the way Luise Rainer insisted on having her pet dog in the studio with her during the broadcast. Luckily, the dog didn't bark once, but Don lost pounds being afraid he would. Luise went through the whole broadcast kneeling on a studio chair, reading her part. For some reason or other, that was the way she liked to stand at the mike.

Lincoln Highway has a rehearsal at 8:00 on Saturday mornings, which makes it tough on actors. As a rule, they aren't habitual early risers. Once Ethel Waters' maid forgot to wake her, so that the famous Negro star arrived at the studio breathless, just in time to go on the air without benefit of rehearsal.

You hear John McIntire as the narrator and master of ceremonies, and Jack Arthur singing the Lincoln Highway theme song at the beginning and end of the program. Jack composed the tune and wrote the words himself, taking exactly half an hour to do the job.

Getting Hollywood stars to guest on the program is a job in itself. Not that the movie people aren't willing to broadcast, but the show originates in New York, so the producers have to plan on grabbing the screen stars during their infrequent and brief visits to Manhattan. Once the date for a guest appearance is set, writers get to work tailoring a script to fit—and sometimes the scripts have to be changed.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time

SATURDAY

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time
	8:00	CBS: News of Europe
	8:00	NBC-Red: News
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Who's Blue
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:30	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:45	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
7:00	9:00	CBS: Press News
7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: News
7:05	9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
7:15	9:15	CBS: Burl Ives
7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Market Basket
7:30	9:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Music for Everyone
8:00	10:00	CBS: The Life of Riley
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Richard Kent
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
8:30	10:30	CBS: Gold if You Find It
8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
9:00	9:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
	9:05	11:05 CBS: Honest Abe
10:30	9:30	11:30 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
	9:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Weekend Whimsy
8:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: Country Journal
8:00	10:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Nat'l Fed. Women's Clubs
9:00	10:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
8:30	10:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
8:45	10:45	12:45 CBS: Jobs for Defense
9:00	11:00	1:00 CBS: Let's Pretend
9:00	11:00	1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young
9:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future
9:30	11:30	1:30 CBS: No Politics
9:30	11:30	1:30 MBS: Government Girl
9:30	11:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Masters Orchestra
9:45	11:45	1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:00	12:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Indiana Indigo
10:30	12:30	2:30 CBS: Of Men and Books
10:30	12:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Jenkins Orchestra
11:00	1:00	3:00 CBS: Dorian String Quartet
11:00	1:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Bobby Byrnes Orch.
11:30	1:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Guy Hedlund Players
12:00	2:00	4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Campus Capers
12:30	2:30	4:30 NBC-Red: A Boy, a Girl, and a Band
1:00	3:00	5:00 CBS: News of the Americas
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Cleveland Calling
1:00	3:00	5:00 NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
2:00	4:00	6:00 CBS: Report to the Nation
2:00	4:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Thornhill Orch.
2:05	4:05	6:05 NBC-Blue: Dance Music
2:30	4:30	6:30 CBS: Elmer Davis
2:30	4:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
2:30	4:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News
2:45	4:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Edward Tomlinson
2:45	4:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
3:00	5:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
3:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
3:00	5:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Defense for America
3:30	5:30	7:30 CBS: Wayne King
3:30	5:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood
3:45	5:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:00	6:00	8:00 CBS: Your Marriage Club
7:00	6:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Kay Dee Triplets
7:30	6:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse
4:15	6:15	8:15 NBC-Blue: Man and the World
7:30	6:30	8:30 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
4:30	6:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
4:30	6:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle
7:00	6:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
8:00	7:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
5:00	7:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Spin and Win
5:00	7:00	9:00 NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
5:30	7:30	9:30 MBS: Contact
5:30	7:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Summer Symphony
5:45	7:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:00	8:00	10:00 MBS: Chicago Concert
6:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
6:15	8:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
6:30	8:30	10:30 CBS: Girl About Town
6:45	8:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Geraldine Spreckels

—skin like a rose pearl!



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!



Lovely clean!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with *more* Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!



Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

CLIP this Beauty Coupon
for your Pond's Ritual Kit

POND'S, Dept. 3RM-CVG
Clinton, Conn.

I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U.S. only)

Portia Faces Life

(Continued from page 35)

trying to take my money away from me. But I won't let you! And I won't let you have my husband either, Portia Blake!"

"My God!" Walter whispered, and Portia stared in a horror too deep for words. For Arline was like a woman demented. One small gloved hand pounded on the desk top, the other was pressed against her cheek so hard that it left an ugly red spot when she abruptly snatched it away.

She turned and clung to Walter, burying her face against his shoulder, shaken by silent gusts of hysterical grief. Her words came muffled by the cloth.

"I only want the money for clothes . . . and for charity. I can't fight you. I'm so lonely and unhappy. Please let me have the money—let me get out of here."

Without a word, Portia drew a check from the drawer of her desk

The trial of Duke Hawthorne, at least, was heartening. It went off very smoothly, with Joe Kearney proving conclusively that the boy had been with him, driving in the country to get a breath of fresh air on a hot summer night. In the end, the proprietor of the fur store weakened in his identification, and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" after only an hour's deliberation.

The long day in court left Portia curiously tired—not only in body, which was to be expected, but in spirit, which was not, for the verdict should have exhilarated her. Try as she might, she could not shake off a feeling of disaster, vague but persistent. Little things that were, logically, unimportant assumed a ridiculous significance. The fact that Arline had wanted ten thousand dollars to buy clothes—why should she need so much? The odd discovery she had

her own femininity, her precarious position in a man's world.

"Understand you've been looking over the tenements, Mrs. Blake," he said with easy familiarity. "Nice little property."

"Not very," Portia said shortly, liking the man less and less. "In fact, I've been wondering why they aren't nicer. According to Mr. Harrison's books, a good deal of money has been put into them. But they don't show it."

"No?" He pursed his lips in affected surprise. "Takes a lot to make a dent in those old places, of course."

"I suppose it does. But I won't ask you to explain it to me. Your statement of how you've spent the money, with the receipted bills, will be all we'll need."

"And that's just what you'll get, Mrs. Blake," he beamed. "My secretary's fixing it up now. Matter of fact, though, there's something else I really wanted to talk to you about."

"Yes?" Portia said coldly. She was convinced now that Roder had no accounts worthy of the name, that he was dishonest, and stalling for time.

"It's a little embarrassing," he said. "Fact is, it's about that Hawthorne case you tried yesterday. Now, I don't want to throw a monkey wrench into the works, but I happen to know that some of the testimony used to spring Hawthorne in that trial was plain phoney."

He leaned back in his chair with a satisfied little smile. There was utter silence in the office.

"What testimony?" Portia asked at last, although she knew. Her only witness, except Duke Hawthorne himself, had been Joe Kearney. Obviously, his must be the testimony Roder meant.

"Now don't try to kid me," Roder said chidingly. "You were the boy's lawyer. If there was perjury in his trial, you're too smart a little lady not to know about it beforehand. Not that I blame you, personally, understand. A lawyer's business is to get his clients out of jail. But courts and bar associations are—fussy about things like bought testimony."

Fury shook her. "I didn't buy any testimony, and you know it!"

"I know the testimony was bought," he said smoothly, "and I can prove it. But—" He leaned forward confidentially. "But let's pull together, Mrs. Blake. I want to be your friend."

"You mean you want me to approve your crooked accounts on the tenements?"

"I wouldn't call them crooked, if I were you. But it'd be nice if you'd approve them. Otherwise . . . I might have to do something that'd get you disbarred so you couldn't approve them."

"What good would that do you? The court would simply appoint another executor, and no honest executor in the world would approve those accounts."

Kirk Roder only smiled.

The telephone at her elbow rang, and she automatically lifted the instrument and said "Hello."

"Mrs. Blake?" The voice was excited, strained. "This is Joe Kearney. Can I see you—quick, about something important?"

Portia's heart leaped in sudden hope.



HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE

Louella Parsons previews the new pictures on the air Friday nights, 10:00 E.D.T., over CBS, sponsored by Lifebuoy. Left, rehearsing for her first program, "The Flame of New Orleans." Seated are Miss Parsons, Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot; standing is Benny Rubin. Below, Louella working on her news column and radio show.



and filled it out. She was horrified, sickened to the depths of her being, and she knew now what Walter had meant when he said Arline made life into a hell for both of them.

Walter took the check, affixed his own signature below Portia's, pressed it into Arline's hand. A look of understanding passed between him and Portia before he led his wife from the room.

It was not until some minutes afterward that Portia was able to isolate a vague impression that persisted in the turmoil of her thoughts. Arline's first fury had been genuine. But hadn't there been a flavor of calculated play-acting in her subsequent collapse?

HER suspicion remained as a nagging background for the events of the next few busy days. The Hawthorne trial was coming up; she had to interview the boy and Joe Kearney, his alibi witness. And there was Kirk Roder, who had finally promised to have a full accounting of his stewardship ready for her to see in a few more days.

made, just before the trial, that Joe Kearney had recently been hired as Arline's private chauffeur—that, too, troubled her for some reason she could not define.

And she looked forward without pleasure to her interview with Kirk Roder. If, as she suspected, there were irregularities in his accounts, he would be unpleasant to deal with.

She felt dull and heavy the morning after the trial when she received him in her office. For one of the few times in her life, faced with his twinkling little black eyes, she was conscious of

Already she had determined to see Kearney, and now here was the opportunity ready to her hand. She kept her voice casual as she answered, "Of course. I'll be free in ten minutes." Replacing the receiver, she said, "I'll have to ask you to excuse me."

"Sure," Roder said amiably, standing up. "I don't mind giving you a little time to think things over. Suppose I drop in tomorrow morning to see what you've decided?"

"That will be satisfactory," she told him. She waited until the door had closed behind him and then, slowly, her head went down into her hands. A sensation of overpowering weariness weighted her whole body. What a fool she had been! Because she knew Joe Kearney and trusted him, she had ignored the most elementary precautions—she hadn't checked thoroughly into his evidence.

She discounted most of Roder's threats. It would not be as simple as he pretended to get her disbarred. No matter what had happened in the Hawthorne case—and she was still foggy as to that—an airing of the whole business in open court would harm Roder as much as it would herself. Probably he only wanted to frighten her into acquiescing in his own dishonesty by approving his accounts. She would never agree to do that. Her integrity as a lawyer would not allow it.

By the time Joe Kearney entered she had recovered some of her self-possession.

JOE'S red face was troubled, and he crumpled his chauffeur's cap in his hands when he sat down. "I been worried about somethin' for a couple o' days, Mrs. Blake," he began, "an' my wife says I better tell you all about it—"

And so, gradually, the pattern became clear to Portia.

It was Arline Manning who had bought Joe's evidence. Her own incredible malice toward Portia had made her a willing tool in Kirk Roder's hands.

For the ten thousand dollars which Arline had begged from Portia and Walter, Joe had agreed to furnish Duke Hawthorne with an alibi which he would later revoke. Joe, neither very honest nor very clever, had not bothered to inquire into the reasons back of all this. He was being paid ten thousand dollars for doing something that would send him to jail for a year or so, that was all.

"It was Mrs. Manning's an' Mr. Roder's business, not mine," he explained. "But y'see, they didn't tell me at first you was the lawyer for Duke. An' I got t' thinkin', if I was to take back my alibi, it'd look bad for you. I didn't want that should happen, because you got my boy out from under a murder sentence once, an' I don't want to do nothin' that'd hurt you."

"It would have hurt me, all right," Portia said grimly. "You see, Roder knew that if you retracted your testimony I'd be in trouble for using a perjured witness. I might even have been disbarred. . . . Will you swear to all this in court, Joe? Even though it means you can't keep the money?"

"I sure will," he promised. "I don't want none o' that money if it's goin' to hurt you, Mrs. Blake."

"Thank you, Joe. And I'll see to it that you aren't prosecuted for perjury."

Every nerve in her body was hum-



Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . .



—makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts. She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





THE NAKED TRUTH

about BODY-BEAUTY is that many girls who wouldn't for a minute go without a perfect make-up pay no more attention to glorifying their bodies than a mere dunking in the tub. Bodies need beautifying, too. Now, if you've really set your heart on capturing Tall, Dark and Handsome, begin your bewitching ritual by showering your body from top to toe with lovely Mavis Talcum. It clothes you in a gossamer-like web of flower-fresh fragrance. White, Flesh and BODITAN (Rachel) Shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

MAVIS
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
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ming with exultation. The law had been mocked, testimony had been cynically purchased—but chance had given her the instrument of vengeance, and she would not misuse it!

Fifteen minutes later she was in Arline's sitting room. Arline, doll-like in a clinging white negligee, had just finished breakfast.

"I came to tell you," Portia said tersely, "that your little plan to discredit me has backfired—badly."

"I don't know what you mean," Arline said quickly.

"I mean that I've just been talking to Joe Kearney. He's willing to swear in court that you and Kirk Roder bribed him to give false evidence in the Hawthorne trial."

"That's not true!"

"Oh yes, it is. It's also true that you've hated me for months. You fell in with Roder's filthy scheme—I'm sure it was his, you couldn't have thought of it—only because you hated me. You didn't stop to ask why he was so anxious to embarrass me, but I'll tell you. He has been systematically robbing your father for heaven knows how long, and he knew I'd find out. But if you were the administratrix of the estate he could go on robbing you because you'd be too stupid to catch him."

ARLINE sat immobile, one hand clutching the arm of the sofa, the other in midair as if to fend off Portia's words. She seemed incapable of speech.

"But now," Portia went on furiously, "Joe Kearney is *my* witness, not yours. You and Roder will be the ones on trial for bribing testimony, not I!"

"And Walter," Arline whispered, "will know..."

Yes. Walter would know.

Portia felt her fury ebbing away, its place taken by chill dismay.

Arline had gone straight to the heart of their quarrel with those four words, exposing it so Portia could no longer blind herself to its meaning. Arline had conspired with Roder because she was jealous of Portia.

"Walter will know," Arline repeated dully. "And he'll hate me more than he does now. Hate me—and love you." She rose from the couch, slowly, her eyes fixed on Portia in a wild, glittering stare. "And so you've won. You'll take him away from me. You'll take his body, just as you've already taken everything else that makes him Walter Manning. I suppose it will be easy enough for him to get a divorce from me now, no matter how I fight it."

She laughed, rather horribly.

"But don't think you'll be happy with him. Don't ever think that! You don't love him that much—you don't love him so that you're willing to lie, cheat, steal for him. As I did! You think you do, but you don't, because you aren't built that way. I'll be there between you, all the time, and you'll remember you got him by ruining me, and that will spoil everything!"

It was true, all true. Against all her wishes, Portia knew it. One couldn't find happiness at the expense of others. Even Arline hadn't been able to, so how could she?

Her fury was suddenly gone, leaving her empty of all emotion, weary.

She sank down on a softly upholstered chair. There was nothing she wanted to do so much as to leave this house and go some place where it was dark and quiet—some place where she could rest. But first she had a duty to perform.

"Yes," she said, "you're right, Arline. You're so right I can't understand how you've failed to see it for yourself."

"See what?" Arline demanded.

"That you can't command love, or happiness either. You can't go after them and seize them, simply because they're things you want. You have to earn them—and then, maybe, they'll come to you so quietly and unexpectedly that they seem to have come of their own accord. . . . That's really what you've been saying to me. But you haven't applied it to yourself."

"You're . . . trying to trick me." Arline's voice was still hard, but behind it there was now a tremor of doubt—perhaps of hope.

"No. Sit down, Arline."

For more than an hour Portia talked, wrestling with Arline's twisted, unhappy soul, pleading, arguing. When at last she stood up to go, she knew that at least she had made a beginning. Not all at once would this girl be able to shake off habits of selfishness and unbridled will; not all at once would she learn the peace that disciplined emotions would bring her.

But one great thing had been accomplished. Hatred for Portia had been scourged from her heart.

"Don't worry about the Joe Kearney business," Portia said.

"You mean—you won't do anything about it?"

"No, I don't mean that," Portia shook her head. "I'm sorry. I'll have to let it come to court, and you'll have to stand trial for your part in it. But," she added hastily, seeing the terror in Arline's face, "I'll ask the court to try you and Roder separately. I'll defend you, and show how you didn't know what you were doing—how you were completely under Roder's influence."

"I can't go through with it! You mustn't—" Arline began.

Portia interposed quietly, "Wait. You can't make Walter love you by dodging things, Arline. That's what I've been trying to tell you. You must show him that you're brave—that you can face trouble." She patted the girl's shoulder. "Don't worry. It won't really be so bad."

OUTSIDE, Portia took deep breaths of the warm summer air. Down-town, the bell in the court house struck the slow notes of noon. She felt clean, strong, happier than she had felt for days, as if she had awakened after a long, delirious illness. So much of what she had said to Arline had been meant for herself as well.

"You can't find happiness by hurting other people. No matter how much you think they deserve to be hurt. You can only be happy in yourself—by taking, gratefully, what God has set aside as your share, and making the best of it."

She would have to see Walter soon, talk to him about Arline. She did not dread the meeting now.

Another in Our Series of Complete Radio Novels
Don't Miss the Thrilling
ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT in the AUGUST RADIO MIRROR

Are You Really in Love?

(Continued from page 17)

7. Do you have the impulse to tell him confidentially:
 - (a) About some silly escapade of yours at school? _____
 - (b) About your First Love? _____
 - (c) About all the things you thought the first time you met him? _____
 8. When you're out on a date, and kissing has little part in it, do you find his talk exhilarating? _____
 9. If you see him talking to another girl, does cold fear grip you? _____
 10. Suppose you've never liked long hikes and he does. Would you:
 - (a) Start going on them? _____
 - (b) Tell him good-humoredly to go ahead while you enjoy yourself doing something else? _____
 11. If he hasn't 'phoned for two days, do you get grumpy and miserable? _____
 12. Does he make you feel:
 - (a) exciting? _____
 - (b) a little superior? _____
 13. Have you thought about changing this or that habit of his after your marriage? _____
 14. When you run into him on a cold, gray morning and he's wearing old clothes and perhaps a spot of dirt on his chin, do you:
 - (a) think he's as wonderful as he was last night at the party—all slicked up in his tux? _____
 - (b) wonder why men look so funny in the A.M.? _____
 15. Do you usually slip off to sleep at night as soon as you hit the pillow? _____
 16. In buying a hat these days, does it take you:
 - (a) A longer time than previously? _____
 - (b) A shorter time? _____
 17. In the last home you visited, did you observe the arrangement of the furniture? _____
 18. If he says he likes the Latin Type (and you're not it), would you:
 - (a) start doing a remodeling job on yourself along those "south of the border" lines? _____
 - (b) stay just as you are without so much as trying a sultry glance? _____
 19. Are your day-dreams impractical? _____
 20. If a woman you dislike is wearing a becoming hat, would you tell her so? _____
 21. After you've been on an all-day outing with him, when you come home do you:
 - (a) feel an urge to call your best girl friend to tell her about it? _____
 - (b) make arrangements to spend the evening, or some evening soon, with your crowd? _____
 22. Do you find yourself fondling torn movie stubs, or perhaps a dried gardenia—anything that reminds you of him? _____
 23. When you squabble, even if it wasn't your fault, are you "closed for repairs"—completely sunk? _____
 24. If that handsome bandleader, or some other Top Man, singled you out for attention, would you:
 - (a) laugh it off? _____
 - (b) play up, just to make him (your boy friend) jealous? _____
 25. Do you wake up in the morning feeling perfectly normal? _____
- Now see how your answers compare with those given on page 76.



DRESS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM

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PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

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4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

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City _____ State _____

I Sing of Romance, But—

(Continued from page 11)

me aside for a private little talk. She hated to see me go. It was only necessity that forced her to give her permission. And she said:

"Helen, you're terribly young. I suppose many people would say I'm wrong to let you leave home and start traveling around the country with nine young men. Sometimes you'll be lonely and other times you'll have to cope with difficult situations. But I know you're a good girl, and a sensible one. You'll go on living as honestly and decently as you always have. And remember—if that's the way you *want* to live, everyone you meet will realize it, and will help you live that way."

I didn't understand, then, how right she was. But it didn't take me long to learn.

It wouldn't be quite correct to say that Jimmy Richards and the other boys in the band were like brothers to me. In some ways, they were. Like brothers, they disciplined me when I needed it. I remember once, after I'd been with them a little while, I got temperamental. We were rehearsing and I hit a sour note. I was just kid enough to look for an alibi. I said that the band was playing wrong, so how could I sing right?

I never did that little trick again. The boys all hooted at me, and for days afterwards they wouldn't let me forget. They'd ask, very seriously, if the music was satisfactory, or they'd bow and call me Miss Galli-Curci, or they'd think up dozens of other ways of showing me what a pompous little bad sport I'd been.

A few weeks of being with Jimmy Richards taught me things that I've never forgotten—things that are every bit as true in Jimmy Dorsey's band, even though it's much bigger and more famous.

There was the time I first discovered that if I wanted to be a good member of the band I must forget that I was a girl.

It hadn't occurred to me that it was wrong to see more of Jack, who played the saxophone, than of the other boys. He was a handsome, pink-cheeked fellow with a shy way of talking that I liked. Whenever we could, we paired off, naturally and very innocently. I wasn't in love with him, and I don't think he was in love with me. But we were a boy and a girl, and we liked each other, and we used to explore new towns together before the night's work, ending up with dinner, away from the rest of the band, in some restaurant or tea room.

Then, one night in the bus, one of the other boys made a remark in my hearing. There wasn't anything particularly wrong with what he said. But I saw Jack flush and frown.

"Pipe down," he said. "That's no way to talk in front of Helen."

First the other musician was surprised, and then he was angry. All he said was, "Trying to be Sir Galahad, Jack?" But there was a strained atmosphere between him and Jack for the rest of that night's bus-ride. And

I could tell that the rest of the band sided with the boy who'd made the remark, against Jack.

I realized then that for the good of the band I mustn't let Jack or anyone else single me out for his personal property—no matter how innocently.

A dance band is a world in itself. A dozen or so reasonably temperamental people spend most of their waking hours and some of their sleeping ones together. Six hours playing in one town—then into a bus or train to hit for the next. And don't be cross if you get your night's rest huddled up between the bass violinist and his bass viol.

For all the other human companionship you get, you might as well be on a desert island with your fellow-musicians.

That sort of thing isn't easy on the nerves, and emotional complications are just so much excess baggage.

When Jack rose gallantly to my defense, it had thrown the delicate machinery of the organization out of gear. There were hard feelings between him and all the rest of the band—just because of me. And that was bad, because it meant I wasn't doing my job right.

AFTER that night, I stopped going around with Jack. I made a rule for myself that I've never broken in the five years since. First in Jimmy Richards' band, then in Larry Funk's, and for the last two years with Jimmy Dorsey, I've never once dated a musician from my own band socially. Occasionally I've been one of an after-the-show party with three or four of the boys, but that's very different from going out with one of them alone. There's nothing romantic about it. I'm just one of the gang, and nobody ever thinks of me as anything else. That's the way I want it.

I've known other girls who didn't make that rule. You'd recognize their names if I told you. One, a beautiful person with a lovely voice, never seemed to get the idea that singing with a band was a job to be done. She didn't mean any harm, but it was second nature with her to flirt with men. In two months she had the boys in the band hating each other. Rehearsals were ragged and sloppy, because there was no team-work in the outfit, there were several fist-fights, and the leader finally lost patience and fired the girl, although she was very popular with the customers. She got a job with a less important band, and finally dropped out of sight. I don't know where she is now.

Another girl wasn't a flirt, but she made a great point of being a lady. She expected the boys to carry her luggage as well as their own, she wanted the best seat in the bus, the best dressing room, the best everything. If somebody swore or in any other way forgot his company manners, instead of being sensible and pretending she hadn't heard, she'd look shocked or reproving. She didn't lose her job, but she isn't very popular in the band business either.

"Girl About Town" is Radio Mirror's Song Hit of the Month for August. It's a grand new tune composed by Joan Edwards, CBS' Girl About Town

Maybe you've heard the musicians' saying, "Girl singers are poison." I don't think that's as true today as it might have been once, because most girls have learned the rules, which are simply to be natural, friendly, hard-working and self-respecting.

I found out I could get along fine if I just made it plain that I didn't consider myself entitled to any more consideration than any of the boys, and that I didn't expect any of them to fall in love with me, either. Maybe sometimes I've swung to the other extreme and been a little tomboyish—but that's far and away better than being too feminine.

A great deal has been said about the difficulty a girl has in keeping men in the audience from giving her unwelcome attentions. I've never had much trouble. I must have a particularly icy stare, or something.

One night at a hotel where we were playing a long engagement, a note was handed up to me. It said something about having supper after the band finished playing, and described the writer so I could pick him out. I didn't answer it, and pretty soon another note came along. My next song was a comedy number, with the words "You cad!" in it, and when I was singing I saw my correspondent hanging around near the bandstand. So I looked straight at him and gave "You cad!" all the emphasis I could. I didn't hear from him again.

SOMETIMES, when I have time to think about it, it occurs to me that being a singer for a dance band is a very strange profession. A successful singer must be good to look at as well as to listen to, and so her sex is very much a part of her stock in trade. I spend hours caring for my skin, my hair, my figure, and more hours selecting becoming clothes. It's my job to look as alluring as I can.

Yet all this is only for display. Another part of my job, equally important, is to minimize my femininity when I'm away from the bandstand. I must be one of the gang. I must be tough enough to stand the physical strain of working long hours, and still look as if I'm so fragile a hard day's work would finish me off.

As for a home or a fixed routine of life, a girl singer has to get used to not having either. When we're playing a hotel date in New York, Chicago, or some other big city, I live in the hotel where we're working. Usually we play for dancing from six or six-thirty until one o'clock in the morning, with some time off between dinner and supper. But in addition there are recording dates, rehearsals and broadcasts of Your Happy Birthday, movie shorts and engagements in theaters. It all takes up your time.

And, though I sing of romance, I've never really fallen in love! At least—I don't think I have, although there's a boy I'm very fond of. His name is Jimmy Blumenstock, and maybe you've read about him in the newspapers, because he's an All-American football player from Fordham University. We see each other Friday nights, week-ends, whenever he can get away from school and come down to the Pennsylvania Hotel where the band is playing. I'm wearing his gold football, and maybe some day we'll talk about getting married.

There, as well as I can tell you about it, is the way a girl singer with a dance band lives. I hope someday you can tell me about *you*.



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*Better Get
neet today*

Forgive Me Dearest

(Continued from page 8)

"You know," she said with a brittle laugh, at one point, "I hated you for awhile." I was astounded. "It's true," she said. "Every time I thought of you and George Burrey, I could have killed you with pleasure."

"Is she talking about the Dr. George Burrey whose book everyone is reading?" Les asked me.

OF course," Kathy answered for me. "You'd never think it to look at her, Les, but little Linda bagged him beautifully—grabbed him right out from under our noses."

She made it sound awful. And I couldn't stop her. She went all the way back to the time, George, when you first attracted the attention of every girl on the campus. Remember how stupid we all were, conniving to meet you and making bets as to who could rope you into a date first? You were very intriguing, you know, darling. So stand-offish and handsome and serious.

I don't have to go over all that for you. You know the tricks I used to get you to notice me. But you were wise. You knew, long before I did, when it stopped being a game and became the most serious and important thing in my life.

But Kathy didn't tell it that way. Her version of it—amusing and gayly sophisticated—was that I simply trapped you into marrying me, not because I loved you, but to show the other girls I could do it. I couldn't understand it. I was sure Kathy wasn't jealous because of you. She had barely known you. And then, it occurred to me that she was doing all this for Les's benefit.

Then Les invited me to see him broadcast at three o'clock. And, after that, instead of going home as I should have, I trailed along with them to Les's penthouse on the East River, where there was a party going on.

I was the only one there who didn't know everyone else, so Les took me in charge. Guiding me from person to person, he got a chance to whisper, "You know, Kathy needs a little chastising."

"Oh, I don't mind Kathy," I said. And I meant it. There were too many interesting people and too many exciting things going on. I was introduced to writers and actors and a painter and a sculptor—both of whom asked me to pose for them—and movie directors and radio producers, until I was dizzy. And they were all marvelous to me. The men's eyes were flattering and the women all seemed curious and, like Kathy, a little afraid of me. I had a fine time being the center of attraction. I felt interesting and clever and lovely and it was a good feeling.

And then it was seven o'clock and everyone began talking about dinner and I was surprised that it was so late. Les came up to me and said, "Why don't you phone your husband and ask him to join us?" Kathy was there with him, looking murder at me and possessively and pointedly commanding Les to take her home.

I found myself irritated with Kathy. I didn't think you'd want to go out, but I called you, simply to annoy Kathy. If only you'd been at home! But you weren't. The maid gave me your message—the same old one. "Dr.

Burrey called to say he had to go out to the hospital. He won't be home until late."

While I was calling you, the others had decided to drive out to the country to eat. And when they heard that I'd be alone for the evening, they insisted I go along with them. I went in Les's car and after we'd left Kathy at her house, I sat up in the front seat with him.

It was one of those hazy, soft evenings and we drove with the top down. Les switched on the radio and music came over us and sort of shut us into a separate, special place of our own. I don't know how to explain it to you, but the whole evening was like that, remote, like a dream.

Les and I left before the others, because Les had an early radio rehearsal the next day. As we drove back to the city he told me about himself. And that all sounded very unreal, too. It was hard to imagine gay, carefree Les playing gangsters and villains and blustering heroes in rapid succession. He does, you know. He's one of the most versatile and sought-after actors in radio.

It was almost one when we got home, and Les came upstairs with me. He wanted to apologize to you for keeping me out so late. But you weren't home.

"Too bad," he said. "I'd like to meet your husband. Some other time, perhaps." He took my hand. "You know, you're the sweetest person I've ever met," he said very quietly. Then, very naturally, as though there were nothing else that could happen, he kissed me, a gentle kiss on the cheek.

"I've had a wonderful day," I said. And he was gone.

I could hardly wait for you to come home so I could tell you about the surprising, exciting things I'd been doing. That marvelous, buoyant sense of importance—I thought I could recapture it, hug it close, make it part of me in the telling.

THEN you came home. And you were too tired even to be mildly surprised that I had met Kathy. You drank your glass of milk and tried to listen, but in the middle of my prattling I looked up at you and you were beginning to go to sleep.

Suddenly, I felt very lonely. Not just because you were asleep. No, it was more because I saw—or seemed to see—how much of your life you lived in a world in which I had no place. I hated your work. It took so much of your time and energy and left so little of you for me. I felt miserable and neglected.

Oh, I was very sorry for myself. I even went so far as to be indignant because I thought you were taking me for granted, like shoes you know you'll always find where you left them. And I thought of Les and the other people I'd met and remembered that they were busy, important people, too, and yet, they had found time to be interested in me. And then I was angry with you for falling asleep, instead of listening to me.

By morning, I had forgotten all this and that would have been the end of it, if it hadn't been for Kathy. Kathy called me a couple of days later.

"Really, Linda," she said with forced gayety, "I don't know what kind of

a spell you cast—you must tell me sometime—but several of the people you met the other day want to see you again. Will you come for cocktails, this afternoon, dear?"

I was thrilled and flattered. How could I help it? I went to that party and there I was invited to others. I told you about them, remember? You seemed pleased that I was having fun.

Then, one day, Les called me. "You're certainly a busy young woman," he said. "I've called you at least a dozen times."

I laughed, not quite believing him. "You must be pretty busy yourself," I said. "I've been to parties and parties with Kathy and your friends and you never turned up."

"So that's it," Les said. "Kathy's playing games again."

I didn't understand.

"Never mind," Les said. Then his tone changed. "Look, I really did have a reason for calling you this morning. We're starting a new program and we need some outsider's advice. Would you come to a rehearsal this afternoon and tell us what you think?"

All morning, I kept thinking about what he'd said about Kathy. And after the rehearsal was over and I'd tried to make a few suggestions, I asked him what he had meant.

"You mustn't bother your head about it, Linda," Les said. "Kathy's jealous and she wants to keep her eye on you, I guess."

"But why?" I asked.

Les seemed embarrassed. "Well—I—I'm afraid Kathy thinks she's in love with me and she's afraid you'll cut her out."

"How silly!" I laughed. "Why, I'm married."

"So is Kathy," Les said.

Now, I was embarrassed. "Les," I said, "maybe I'd better not see you any more, then. I don't want to hurt Kathy—not if she's in love with you."

"I said she *thinks* she is," Les said. "Besides, I'm not in love with her. She knows that. I sometimes think that's the only reason she's interested in me, really." He was very irritated. "I'm sick to death of the whole thing. I'd like a drive in the sun—will you come with me, please?"

HE seemed so distressed and harassed, I felt sorry for him.

The warm sun and the steady rumble of the motor seemed to soothe him. It seemed to comfort him, too, that I was there.

"There's something about you, Linda," he said, when he left me at the door. "I don't know—I—" and he looked puzzled. "Thank you."

Often, after that, Les would call me and ask me to go for a drive or meet him somewhere for cocktails. And I went, because I couldn't see any harm in it. We laughed and danced and it was all very superficial. I should have seen what was happening to him, but I didn't. I understand now that I didn't see it because I didn't want to. I didn't want him to fall in love with me, believe that, George, please. I was very careful. I never did anything to win him, to make him want me.

If only I had told you about it then, how I felt, how Les behaved, you might have warned me. But I could not see the point of making an issue of it. It didn't mean anything to me. No, that's not entirely honest. It did mean something. Les seemed to need me and that made me feel alive and



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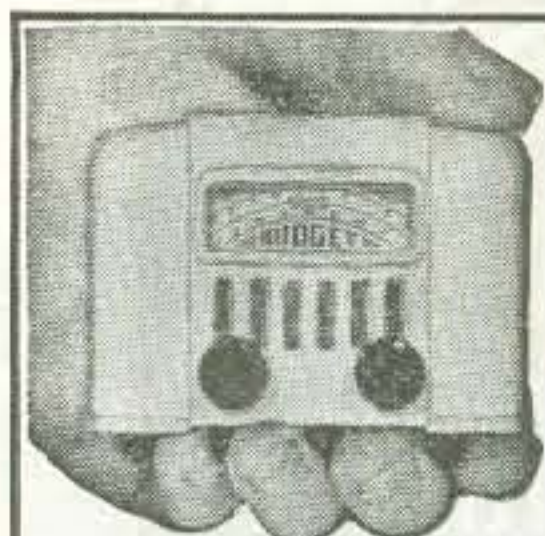
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necessary. It seemed to give some useful reason for my life. And I did look forward to seeing him, again and again. Selfishly, I even thought of the two of you as belonging to me, making my life full and complete. You, the husband and lover; Les, the gay, bright companion. And I wanted it that way.

Of course, it couldn't go on like that. And Les himself forced me to face it. I went out with him on what I thought was just another short drive into the country. But Les drove on and on, until we came to the summit of a high hill and the land was stretched out for miles before us and we seemed to be the only people in the world.

Les parked the car and turned to me. "What are we going to do, you and I?" he asked very quietly.

It was so plain what he meant that I couldn't pretend not to understand.

"I CAN'T go on like this, Linda," Les went on. "I love you. Well?" Then, before I could speak, he hurried on. "No. Wait. It isn't as simple as that. I'm not trying to talk you into an affair, Linda. No—if I'd wanted that—oh, what's the use? I've got to be honest with you. When I met you, you were just another attractive woman to me. I—it's a little hard to say to you—but—well, women were always easy—women like Kathy, restless women, who want something and don't know what it is. It's very easy for them to think you're what they want. And then, when you're tired of it, it's pretty easy to disillusion them. It was going to be that way with you, too. I had it all figured out. Lonely woman, busy husband, lots of time on her hands—and affection—

"But it didn't work. Every time we had a date, I'd say to myself, 'This is wasting time—got to get started—start it today.' And then, I'd see you and you'd be so sweet and real and I'd forget all my plans and relax and just feel new and good, being with you. It's crazy, but many times I've wanted to grab you and kiss the breath out of your lips—and I couldn't—because, well that would have been too much like what's always happened between me and the women I've known. I want you terribly, Linda, desperately. But I want you for always."

I was crying. I couldn't help it. I was so ashamed. I saw now how I had trapped Les much more surely than all the feminine tricks in the world could have done. There he was, asking me to choose between you, my husband, and him. And I knew I would have to hurt him. I knew there was only one answer. You.

"Linda, don't cry. Don't look like that," Les pleaded. "Tell me you love me. Say it! Say it!"

"No, no! I can't! I can't!" I cried. His hands were hard on my shoulders and his intense, dark eyes were searching mine. He seemed puzzled and then his face cleared.

"I won't make you say it," he said with a smile. "You don't have to. I know. I know what it is. You think you owe him something. You think you have to be loyal to him. It's all right. I love you all the more for that."

"No, Les," I protested. "You're wrong. I do love George."

"What kind of love is that—when you never see each other? What is there to love about a man who forgets you're alive nine-tenths of the

time? Think, Linda. Think of what we have together, you and I."

I was wretched. "Take me home, please," I said. "We've got to stop all this. We mustn't see each other any more."

Les laughed. "There's no mustn't about it, darling."

There was a sort of elation about him as we drove home. And I was desperate. I knew he really believed all the things he had said about us and I didn't know what to say or do.

Saying goodbye downstairs, Les held my hand tight. "Don't worry, darling," he said. "You won't have to do anything to hurt George. Leave it all to me. I'll take care of it." And before I could protest again, he had jumped into his car and driven off.

I was afraid. I couldn't imagine what Les would do, but I had a feeling that I must forestall him. I wanted terribly for you to come home early tonight. I longed to throw myself into your arms and sob out the whole, silly story on your shoulder. But you didn't come. I watched the clock and paced up and down, planning what I would say, how I would convince you of the innocence of the whole thing. But you didn't come home, darling. I waited and waited until I couldn't stand it any longer. Then I went out to a movie, hoping that would dull my fear, numb my brain.

You didn't hear me come in. You'll never know how dead my heart went inside me, when I heard Les's voice in the living room. I had to clutch the doorpost to stay on my feet. I couldn't move for a few minutes. All I could do was listen.

LES was talking and his voice was cutting. "I'm not inclined to put much faith in your great love for Linda. You say you love her, yet you don't care where she goes or what she does. A husband who loved his wife would be aware of any danger to that love. But were you? No. You let her do as she pleased. Maybe you even knew about me, but you let her go on seeing me."

And then your voice, a little sad, bewildered. "I wanted Linda to have a good time. I—I trust her. Why shouldn't I?"

"Of course, you trust her," Les said. "You know she's loyal and honest. And you're taking advantage of her loyalty. But loyalty isn't enough. It takes love, too, and companionship and understanding. It takes two people, needing each other and giving and sharing together. And you and Linda haven't got that. But we have, Linda and I. Set her free! She loves me, I tell you. She needs me. You have no right to stand in her way, just to satisfy your selfish vanity. You have no right to tie her down to an illusion, to a dead thing. Maybe you did love each other when you were married. But you don't now. You couldn't and treat her this way. And what does Linda get out of all this? Nothing. A futile clinging to memories, a sense of duty that makes her lie, even to herself, about her love for me. Because she does love me, only she's too loyal to admit it."

I had to stop him. Somehow I found the strength to walk the length of the hall and into the room. You were surprised, both of you, and I was glad. It gave me time to gather my wits.

Still, it was hard to say what I did. I was trembling with fear. And when I turned to you and saw the look on your face, I could hardly go on. But



Mrs. William Powell's Marriage Problems

The William Powells are celebrating the second year of their marriage and for the first time young Diana tells the public of the problems that confronted her and her famous "The Thin Man" Bill. Read "Second Year" appearing in July Photoplay-Movie Mirror out now.

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ALL OF THE ABOVE—AND A LOT MORE. The features mentioned above are only a small fraction of the wealth of Hollywood material, stories, articles, departments and scores of intriguing pictures in the July issue.

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I did. I said, "George, believe me, you've got to believe me, darling. I heard what he's been saying. It's not true. I never loved him, never. I love you. I always have. I don't want him. I never did. I never want to see him again."

I don't know what I would have done, if you hadn't put your arms around me then. And it was like finding salvation to hear your deep, calm voice saying to Les, "You heard what she said. I think, perhaps, you'd better leave now."

So he left and we were alone. What happened between us then you know—and I know—but I've got to put it down too. I got to get it clear.

You said, holding me gently, as though I were a hurt child, "I'm sorry, Linda, darling. I didn't realize—I didn't see how much I was neglecting you. It's all my fault."

And I said "No. No, George. I was stupid. But I didn't think he'd come to you. He had no right—"

And you being generous. "He loves you, Linda." Then, you holding me at arms' length and looking deep into my eyes and saying, "I love you, too, Linda. Very much, enough to want you to be happy. If you do love him—"

"Please, darling, no!" I had to make you understand. "How can I say it? No. It wasn't love, not for a minute. I was fond of him. He was fun. He helped me pass the hours pleasantly. And I felt I was giving him something in return. But it wasn't love."

It was wonderful to see the doubt leave your eyes and to hear the relief in your voice, as you said, "I didn't know. I waited for you to tell me." Even now, I can feel the desperate searching need in you as you drew me close and kissed me. "Oh, Linda," you whispered and the need was crying in your voice, "forgive me. I've been blind and selfish. I've hurt you and almost let you slip away from me. And if you had gone I don't know what I would have done. Darling, forgive me, forgive me."

BUT there's nothing to forgive, dear. I see that now. It wasn't your fault. It was equally mine. For, even if you did seem to lose sight of me and my place in your life, a great part of the blame for that lies with me. Yes, I was lonely for you. I missed you. But, instead of trying to reach you, instead of trying to keep your interest and love alive, I went elsewhere, I went looking for a substitute.

It's getting light outside now, and I find a sort of gladness, lightness within myself. It's not only because I think I have answered all those questions which you were too generous to ask me, questions about Les, how I met him and actually what happened between us. No. It's more because everything has come very clear to me in the writing.

I'm glad all this has happened to us. We've learned something from it, something we needed desperately to learn. Yet, it's so simple, it almost seems silly to say it. Like everything else in the world, love—no matter how strong and real—can't be taken for granted. It has to be kept alive, nurtured, helped to grow. It takes work and tenderness and thoughtfulness. It takes love to keep love alive.

Sometimes you learn this one way, sometimes another, but the important thing is that you must learn it before it's too late. And we came so close, darling, to learning too late.

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Beauty

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

FASHION is a funny thing. A generation ago, girls wore big, floppy hats and stifling veils and even bathing sunbonnets to protect their roseleaf complexions. Now everyone is so aware of the charm of suntan that girls often go to the opposite extreme and need to be warned of the dangers of sunburn.

Lovely Lucy Monroe has ideas about that. She begins her tanning with a sunlamp which she uses all winter. When bathing suit days come, she is all ready for them. But even at that, she never omits the use of a good oil, knowing that even a healthily tanned skin can suffer and be coarsened by those penetrating rays at the beaches.

Miss Monroe, whose superb voice comes to us over WEAF every Sunday, at 9 P.M. E.D.T., on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, is a typical American girl of a distinguished family which gave the country many pioneers, and President James Monroe. She is tall and lithe, graceful and natural. Her beauty is heart-warming, all the more so because she seems quite unconscious of it. She is a star of opera, concert, and radio, a musician to her finger tips. In 1937 she was selected as the official soloist of the American Legion. In Washington, on Armistice Day she was the soloist at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Those who have heard her thrilling bell-like voice as she sings the National Anthem think of her always as "The Star Spangled Soprano."

There are three kinds of help that you can give to your skin against sun-



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Lovely Lucy Monroe knows the charm of beautiful sun-tanning, but she also knows its danger.

burn. First, take it easy. Miss Monroe's idea of a sun lamp all winter is excellent, especially now that lamps are so inexpensive and compact. Begin your outdoor sun baths with about twenty minutes the first few days, exposing as much of your body as possible to the rays after you have first used a good sun oil. Work up gradually, and never, never omit the sun oil.

Next, consider your face. In fact, consider all of you that shows when you wear the ethereally dainty evening gowns which are high fashion for this summer. Just how much tan do you really want? How much is becoming to your type—quite dark, or just a hint of cafe au lait?

Nowadays you really can regulate the tanning of your complexion to any shade you prefer. There are lotions, creams, and liquid creams which actually screen out a part of the sun's rays. They are delicately scented and non-greasy. You can use them freely on neck and arms and as a powder base. By varying the amount and frequency of the application you regulate the shade of tan, or prevent it altogether if you desire.

Of course these sunburn preventives shut out the burning rays, so that you need never fear painful sunburn, not even on beach or boat where the glare is most trying, reflected from water. By all means keep a plentiful supply in your beach bag.

Another item that belongs in the beach bag, always at hand, is one of the special healing creams or unguents. They are marvelously sooth-

ing, not only when you have miscalculated your tanning and got some real sunburn, but also for the many little scratches and burns and chafings that seem to go along with vacations. There is a lovely white healing cream that makes a fine powder base. The instant it touches you, you can feel its cooling, soothing effect. The time to treat any of these minor irritations is right away, not after you have gone home with your day marred by discomfort.

Many smart women keep two complete sets of cosmetics, one for winter and one for summer—powder base, powder, rouge, lipstick and all. You can not look right with a delicate pink powder over your tan. And the entire cosmetic kit must be an ensemble, always.

Some women, particularly delicate blondes who never tan satisfactorily, get a tanned effect by using special cosmetics. They give their faces the maximum protection by using the screening lotions, wearing big hats, and keeping out of the sun during the worst hours for burn (from eleven to three). Then by a skillful use of well-chosen cosmetics they manage as becoming a tan as anyone else, and sometimes a little more so.

A wise physician said recently that although he fully appreciated the part that the ultra violet rays play in our health, he for one wished they could be used only on a physician's prescription, so dangerous is their misuse. Remember that, and be careful that your suntan never becomes sunburn.

Backstage Wife

(Continued from page 16)

Larry exclaimed. "There's an understatement for you."

Mary watched Peter Darnell as they talked. He's too thin, she thought, and noticed a diffidence in his manner as if he were uncertain of himself, yet his slender hands showed strength, and his mouth was firm, thoughtful. Then she saw the frayed cuff under his coat sleeve, and, her attention caught, realized how shabby his suit was, how he lighted one cigarette after the other, and how the sandwiches were disappearing under his inroads upon them. She wondered, with a shock, if he could be hungry, and wished she had prepared something more substantial, roast beef, or ham and cheese, instead of the dainty nothings she had made so carefully.

Peter turned quickly, and caught her intent gaze. He crossed over and dropped down on a cushion at her feet.

"Let me talk to you," he said. "They don't need me. You're the reason for the play. I saw you when I was seventeen. You were on tour with your husband, and that's when I decided to be a playwright."

HE smiled up at her, his face had the charm of something wild, unspoiled. Too fine drawn, Mary realized. Life will hurt him, must have hurt him already. "Twilight Symphony" held too much pain for one so young. He was talking rapidly:

"You see I love you, have loved you since that first night I saw you at the theater. I want you to know. It's been everything to me—the one thing I had to hold to with the world cracking up—with all the horror there is in it today."

"Peter," Mary said, quickly and there was a catch in her voice—she could not doubt the boy's utter sincerity and simplicity—"for I'm calling you Peter. You mustn't make a dream, an ideal out of me. You don't know me—"

"Yes, I do," Peter interrupted. "I'm not blind. I can read in your face what beauty, what fineness lies back of its loveliness. And I've wanted you to know how I feel about you. I had to tell you. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I do understand," she answered, softly. Her heart ached for Peter as she remembered some of the bitter, desperate lines in his play. Something was wrong, she felt, something was very wrong in his outlook on life, or he could not have written as he had of the "little fates" hounding his hero to hopelessness. Larry spoke from across the room, and his eyes were quizzical.

"Dennis and I are going to the office. Want to come, Darnell?"

"Oh, no," he answered promptly. "I'd rather stay here and talk to Mrs. Noble, if she'll let me."

"Can't say I blame you," Larry laughed, and as he passed her on his way to the door, he dropped a kiss on Mary's hair. She lifted her hand and patted his arm.

When they were alone, Peter jumped to his feet, and prowled around the room, lighting another cigarette as he talked.

"I've so much to say, I've carried on imaginary conversations with you for years. Maybe, you'll find me an

awful bore. But, oh, Lord, how I've longed to tell you things—what I've thought—what I believe—Do you think I'm crazy?" he asked, suddenly, with a quick twist of his lips.

Mary shook her head.

"No, and since I read your play there are many things I'd like to say to you."

"That's great." He flung himself down on the cushion once more. "I had a friend, we used to discuss everything on earth. I miss him. He cracked up in Spain. He was flying for the Loyalists. It was horrible, the plane burned, and they couldn't get him out." Peter looked down at his hands, clenched his fists. "There's another friend in China now. Not much of a world when even the young haven't a chance, where—" He glanced up at Mary, his eyes like a trapped animal. "If one were even sure that the fight is for freedom, it wouldn't matter—you'd be glad to give your life—but suppose we're just being fooled, that we're dying to save commercialism—"

"The 'little fates' of your play, that mock and taunt, is that what you mean?" Mary asked.

"Yes," Peter cried. "Always driving one, never letting up—"

"Those 'little fates' can be inside one, Peter," Mary said, gently.

"No, that's impossible." Peter was excited. "They're outside. Think of the cruelty, the greed, of children starving, of green, growing trees broken, wheat fields barren, destroyed!"

"Yes, I know." Mary's voice was low. The horror of the devastated world had crept into the room with his words. She forced it away with a definite resistance. "Who made the bombs, Peter? Who are starving the children? Men, Peter. It's from the souls of men that this evil has grown and spread, and it's only from the souls of other men that strength will come to stop it."

Peter looked at her white face.

MARY, Mary, I've hurt you. On the first day I meet you. Instead of being happy and glad to be with you, I bring all my devils with me. I always do the wrong thing—"

Mary jumped up and held out her hands, smiling.

"Don't be foolish," she kept her voice light, "nothing is as bad as you make it, Peter. Let's go into the kitchen, and I'll make coffee. We'll have a cold supper. It may be hours before Larry gets home."

Peter had left when Larry returned. He had helped Mary wash the dishes. Together they had laughed and joked, he had been quite gay by the time he had said goodbye. She had put on a negligé and was lying on the couch when Larry opened the door. She sat up, her hands outstretched, he came over and kissed her. He was excited, elated, all his former moodiness had vanished.

"Peter's a remarkable boy," she said. "Didn't you like him?"

"Hadn't much chance to find out. You and he seemed to hit it off, though."

"Yes, we did. But he's so lonely—"

"He has his dreams," Larry spoke, carelessly. "Don't be too sorry for him, my dear. He's able to take care of himself."

Mary glanced quickly at her hus-

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band. Was she too easily stirred to sympathy, or was Larry a little hard?

"In two weeks we'll be getting rehearsal money!" he exclaimed. "And if the play's a success—it has to be—it will be—"

He walked nervously up and down the room.

"The part's made for you, dear," Mary said. She was happy to see him so alive, so buoyant, yet she could not help sigh. Rehearsals—once again to be a backstage wife, to have Larry preoccupied, living, thinking in a world apart from her!

MARY faced the situation, and herself, quite frankly, as the old life caught Larry into it, sweeping him away from her. He was seldom home, except to sleep and eat. That she understood and accepted without complaint. She was ready, even glad to stand by, to encourage him, and to soothe, as his nerves became taut under the strain of the work he was doing. But she could not disguise to herself the fear she felt of the future. Would his success, she asked herself, mean a return of the old, impressionable Larry, swayed and intrigued by—yes, Mary told herself, be honest—by other women? Their adoration had been like a strong wine, turning the Larry she loved into a stranger, so much so, that more than once she had doubted whether their marriage could survive.

Mary, alone in the apartment, with the slam of the door still echoing in her ears as it closed behind her husband, after a hurried and late breakfast, went over to the long mirror. Black hair waved softly around her face, eyes, dark and widely spaced under her clear brow, a tall, graceful and slim body. It was not vanity which made her study herself. Did it mean that Larry's temperament demanded change, the stimulation of

new faces, new personalities? Did familiarity bore and irk him? If that were so—her hands dropped at her sides in a hopeless, sad gesture—No, no, she must remember the sweet intimacy, the bond which had been created between them during these past weeks. The telephone, ringing, broke into her reflections, and she hurried to it.

"Mary," it was Larry's voice, "do you know where Peter lives?"

"No, certainly not. Doesn't Dennis know?"

"He never got around to asking him—he meant to—I'm at the theater, we've been waiting. He was to bring in a rewritten scene—we can't start without him. Lord, I knew this was too good to be true—I don't know what we'll do—"

"Larry, Larry, he'll turn up. Something must have delayed him. Larry—" but the receiver at the other end of the line slammed in her ear.

Mary was frightened. Something serious must have occurred to have kept Peter away from the theater. She remembered his white face, his thin body. Suppose he were ill? It meant disaster to them all if Peter were missing. And during the frantic day which followed all she could do was to try and calm Larry's fears even as her own doubts increased. They had called the hospitals, had notified the police, but the city seemed to have closed over and hidden the missing boy.

The next afternoon with Larry pacing the floor and Mary unable to find a word of encouragement, the telephone rang. Mary answered, then came running to Larry.

"It's Peter—no, not Peter—his landlady. He's sick. He wants us. I've the address. Hurry, Larry, everything's all right, now—"

But when Mary and Larry stood by Peter's bed in a forlorn room, after a



"Bundles from Britain," the English models (left to right), Vivien Bowden, Rosemarie Chance, Carol Vance, Gwenda Farrell, Peggy Meredith, who recently talked to Latin-America and their home country on an NBC International broadcast about their stay in New York at a hotel in the Times Square area.

climb up three flights of drab, linoleum-covered stairs, and she looked into his eyes sunk deep in his thin face Mary wondered if, perhaps, they had found him too late to be of help.

"Mary," Peter pulled himself up on his elbow, "I've been almost out of my head. But, I wrote that scene, Larry, it's over there." He pointed to a broken down bureau near the one window.

Larry seized the manuscript, but Mary had no thought except for the boy on the tumbled bed.

"Peter, dear," she was so sorry for him. She forced him gently back on the pillows. "Tell me, Peter, about it."

"Oh," a faint color spread over his face, "I was a fool. Didn't eat, worked day and night—"

She could translate the words: No money, too proud to ask for help. She remembered how he had wolfed the sandwiches the day he had come to the apartment. How stupid, how wickedly stupid she had been. She patted his arm.

"We're taking care of you now." Turning to Larry, she whispered quickly, "Come out in the hall for a minute."

He followed her with a puzzled frown.

"Peter's sick because he's had no food, no attention. I'm taking him to our apartment, so I can look after him. Why didn't we realize before—?"

Larry's foot tapped nervously on the floor.

"Mary, you can't do this. You've enough to do as it is. He'll be all right. I'll advance him some money. We can't have another person with us—in our home."

Mary flushed, but she checked the words that rose to her lips. Larry was not really being unkind when he objected.

"He won't be any trouble. And, Larry, surely you see how important it is that Peter gets well, otherwise he can't finish the play. He must be on hand for all the rewriting and consultations. We can't afford to have anything more happening to him now."

Larry did not answer, he was watching Mary, her eyes eager, her lips tender, pleading. Then, abruptly, dismissing the argument, he said, "Arrange it anyway you like, Mary. I've got to get to Dennis now to tell him the news."

Mary hurried into Peter's room. Her voice was gay. "We're taking you home with us," and saw the amazed joy which sprang to life in his eyes.

The doctor confirmed Mary's opinion. Malnutrition, overwork, but nothing so wrong with Peter Darnell that rest, good food and care would not cure. Mary fixed up the little bedroom at the end of the hall, and Peter was put to bed with orders that on no account must he attempt to dress and go out. Cold rains had set in, a keen October wind tore the last leaves from the trees. But Mary's happiness and Peter's gratitude and devotion to her filled the apartment with a cheer and warmth which defied the gray dreariness outside the windows. Until one day Larry broke into unexpected and bitter protests.

"Isn't it time," he exclaimed, "that you thought a little more of me and less of your so called patient? I know it must be flattering to have anyone so devoted to you, but . . ."

"Larry, dear, don't be silly. Peter is

only a boy, and I'm just an ideal he's built up in his mind."

"I'm not so sure. And, what is he to you, my dear?"

"A friend, a good friend. I've grown fond of him, naturally." She held out a note Peter had given her that morning. "Read this, Larry, and you'll understand. He's tried to show me how grateful he is."

Larry's eyebrows lifted as he glanced over the letter. "For a married woman, Mary—" and the paper ripped in two under the sudden tightening of his fingers.

"Oh, Larry," Mary's voice rose, and there were tears in her eyes. "You've torn it—"

"You're acting like a silly romantic." Larry's voice had risen, too. He tossed the scraps on the table and swung toward the door. "I'll leave you with Peter, while I work—"

As the door slammed behind Larry, Mary flung herself down on the bed. She forced herself to lie quietly. She must be composed before she saw Peter again. He was too sensitive to her moods. Larry was being so foolish. Her eyes closed, she realized she was very tired.

THE apartment seemed very still when Mary awoke. How long had she slept, she wondered, sitting up, and pushing the hair away from her eyes. A cold rain beat against the windows. She slipped to her feet, stretched and yawned. Going into the hall she called Peter, but there was no answer. She walked to his door, and glanced in. The room was empty. But where could he be? She switched on the light, and then she saw the sheet of paper stuck in the mirror,

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with her name on it. And, even as she read, her face strangely white, Larry came through the front door, shaking drops of water from his hat. Mary held the letter toward him.

"Larry! See what we've done." She was nearer to anger than Larry had ever seen her. "Peter's left—gone out into this rain, when he can hardly stand on his feet. Oh, Larry, he heard us quarreling about him—he's left because he thought he'd made trouble between us—"

"He's a young fool!" Larry exclaimed. He walked to the window. "Just look at this weather. Haven't we worries enough without this? And we open in three nights—"

There were tears in Mary's eyes.

"Larry, we must do something."

"What can we do? He'll hide somewhere. Good Lord, I hope he doesn't collapse on the street. You'd better call all the hospitals, give them his description, and tell them to notify us if he's brought in. That's all we can do." Larry turned toward her, and she read contrition in his face. "I'm sorry, Mary," he said. "It's all my fault. I should have kept my temper—but with my future at stake—"

Mary nodded, she could not speak. She shivered as she looked at the icy rain beating against the windows. Somehow, in some way, she should have managed to handle the situation without this. Her first duty was to Larry, but where, oh, where was Peter? The question beat at the back of her mind through the succeeding days. She told herself over and over that she had done all she could. And, as she entered the theater on the night of Larry's opening, and turned up the iron stairs to the star's dressing room, she refused to think of Peter. This was Larry's hour. It had been one of the joys of her marriage that Larry always wanted her to be in the wings on his opening night.

But the telephone was ringing as she reached Larry's room. He was before the mirror, and a quick smile passed between them as she lifted the receiver. Mary stopped smiling.

"Yes, I understand—yes, I'll—I'll come if—as soon as I can." She stood silent a minute as she hung up the receiver, and her hands twisted together. "Larry, dear—Peter's been found. That was the City Hospital calling. He's very ill, pneumonia—he may not live—and—he's asking for me." Her eyes searched Larry's face with a desperate question.

There was silence in the room. Then he came to her and took her cold fingers in his.

"You must go, Mary," he said.

"But, Larry—oh, my dear—I want to be with you—tonight—"

"I know. I've counted on your being here. But, Mary, it's my fault that Peter may be dying. I don't need you as much as he. I understand, Mary."

But did he understand, Mary wondered, or did the amazing and instant success of "Twilight Symphony" compensate for her absence? Perhaps—she did not know. Yet, surely, it indicated a change in Larry that during the first weeks of his triumph he offered and gave his blood for a transfusion which saved Peter's life.

MARY faced the fifth anniversary of her marriage with a strange joy and a sense of anticipation. So much had happened during the past months. Thanksgiving was over. Peter was up and about, elated by the success of his play as well as by a suggestion made

to him by Larry as soon as he had been strong enough to discuss business. Mary had found in Peter's deserted room an unfinished manuscript called "The Bluebirds of Happiness," and Larry had immediately realized its possibilities as a radio script. Both he and Peter wanted her to star in it.

At first she had refused. It would be a wonderful part, and she'd enjoy working again, particularly in radio. But she was not Mary Noble the actress, she was Mary Noble, the wife of Larry Noble. She wanted to give all her thoughts, all her time and energy, to her home.

Larry had laughed at her. "Running a home is a part-time job for you, Mary, and you know it. Stop being so conscientiously unselfish. Anyone with half an eye could see that you're itching to get your fingers on that role."

Blushing a little, she'd had to admit to herself that he was right. Besides, it was warmly comforting to know someone wanted her to do such work, comforting, too, that Larry realized this and was proud of her, anxious to see her caught up in the same whirl of exciting activity that he himself lived in nowadays.

She smiled at her thoughts as she dressed for the very informal party that was to celebrate her fifth wedding anniversary. Peter and Dennis were to be the only guests, the only friends she was willing to have with her and Larry on that day. The bell rang, and Dennis stood at the door with a great bunch of flowers in his arms. She was arranging these as Peter and Larry came in. Mary laughed gaily:

"You both look like two little boys caught stealing jam—what is it?" Larry kissed her, and handed her a box. Mary untied the ribbons and lifting the lid gazed fascinated at a beautiful jeweled bluebird.

"And there's another surprise for you," Larry said. "We've got a sponsor for the 'Bluebird' script. Peter will write it—and you're to be starred, Mary. If you will . . ."

"Oh!" Her eyes glowing, she looked at Peter's happy face. "I'm so glad for you, Peter."

"You can't hold out now, Mary," Larry was saying. He put his hands on her arms, holding her close. "Believe me, dear, I *really* want you to."

"All right," she said suddenly, gladly. "I will!"

Larry bent and kissed her. "Good. I'm glad. And now—there's still another surprise—"

"Surely, nothing more!" Mary exclaimed. She saw Larry's deep tenderness, her breath caught. "You mean . . ." The hope she had so long hidden in her heart. "The—"

"Yes, the baby." Larry flung open the door, and there stood a nurse with Larry, Junior, in her arms. Unable to speak, Mary stretched out her hands, touching, holding, drawing to her the soft little body. She realized Larry was beside her, and heard him say: "He's to stay with us, Mary—he's well enough to come home."

Mary pressed her son to her breast. She looked at the two friends who were watching her, then her eyes fastened on the glittering bluebird pin in its box.

"The bluebird of happiness has come to me . . . I've never, never been so happy in all my life. I—I can't say it—I have everything, everything—even the baby's laughing—"

Peter turned and filled the glasses on the table. He handed one to Dennis, and brought two to Mary and Larry. He raised his own.

"To Mary Noble."

And Mary felt tears of joy steal softly across her cheeks, and Larry's lips press her forehead.

Mary looked forward to the coming winter with a sense of well-being she had not known for years. Worries, fears and doubts had disappeared. She smiled at the thought that the blue-bird of happiness had, at last, found rest in her home. Larry, a success, playing to full houses, no longer a prey to doubts and discouragements, her baby at home, well and strong, Peter, not only a co-worker, but a friend to whom she could talk freely.

It was a surprising relief not to have to face difficulties. Mary had had so much of that in the past: The strain of Larry's restlessness, his infatuations, at times, for other women, the burden of sustaining their marriage against encroachments from all sides. So it was with an almost careless gaiety that Mary settled down into the winter's plans. There were, indeed, times when she checked herself, and wondered, almost guiltily, if in this torn and tragic world, she had the right to be so happy. She said as much to Peter one day, when, after her broadcast, they walked up Fifth Avenue and turned into the Park. It was cold and clear, Mary's cheeks were glowing, her eyes bright, and her body swung gracefully against the wind, which, though sharp, was not too strong for comfort.

PETER," she exclaimed, "is all this too good to last? Have I the right to be so happy, so gay? After Larry came home last night, or rather," she laughed, "in the wee hours of the morning, and we had talked, I lay in the dark and I thought of the agony in Europe, the ruined homes—" Her voice died away, her eyes were fixed on some far distance, not seeing the bare branches of the trees against the blue sky, not thinking, for a few seconds, even of her own words.

She was again in her room, and Larry's arms were around her, her head was on his shoulder, and he was telling her of some incident which had occurred earlier that evening at the theater. She had scarcely listened, too aware of his closeness, in those still hours before dawn. She had realized how wonderful it was to know such emotional delight after five years of marriage, and had asked herself, and as quickly put the question aside, if this might have been lost through use and familiarity, if those years had been contented and secure. Then with his kiss still warm on her lips, she had lain watching the gray outline of the window against the night, and the thought of bombed cities, of husbands dead, of children sent for safety across seas, of the waste and terror let loose on the world had crept over her like a pain. She had stretched out her hand, and had felt Larry's arm, and her fingers closing over it, she had found comfort, and so had fallen asleep.

But the remembrance had haunted her. She felt she could tell Peter, and he would understand.

"Yes, Mary," Peter was saying, "I know just how you feel. But you mustn't tear yourself to pieces over it, it doesn't help. And you've earned a right to your happiness. You've always

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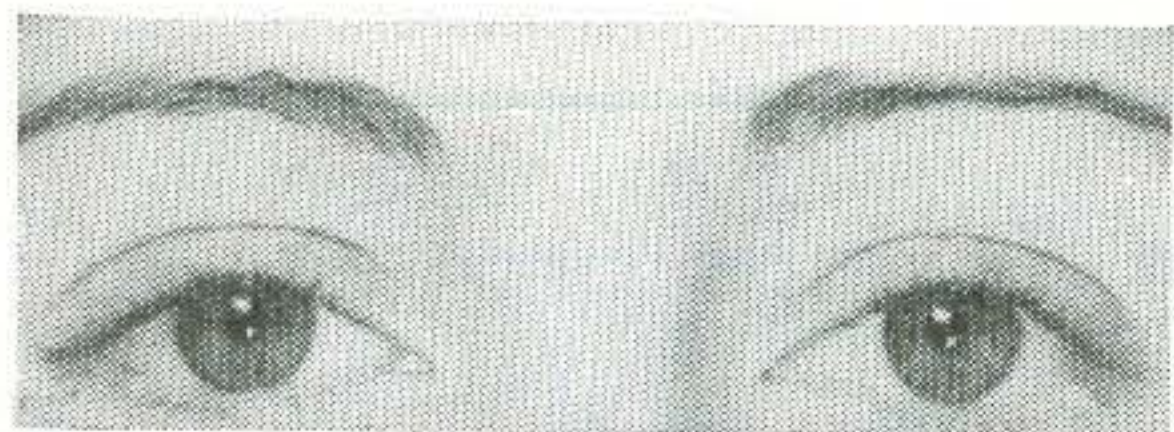
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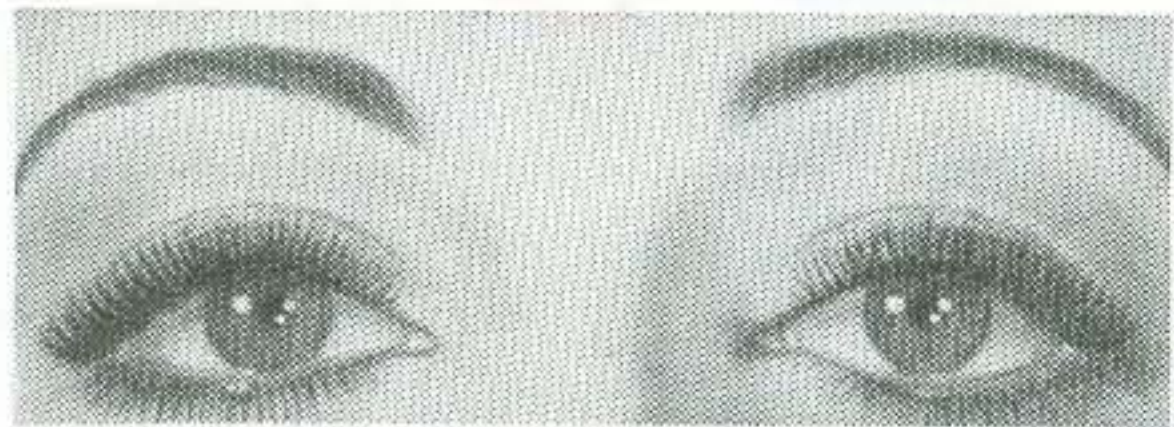


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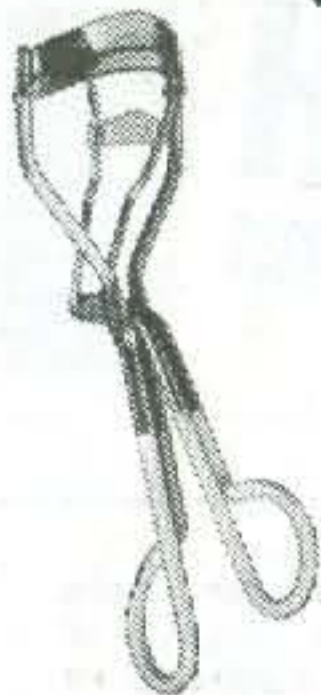
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thought of others, never of yourself. And I do believe that every bit of joy we know, every word of love and praise, goes out into the world, and somehow, somewhere, helps to defeat the forces of evil which seem so strong these days."

"That's a beautiful thought, Peter," Mary said, gently, "if it were only true. It's poetry—"

"Poets see things as they really are, though others may think it's mere imagination." Peter's voice was rueful.

"I don't, indeed, I don't. But you keep me on such a height that I'd be dizzy if I believed all you said."

"Haven't you driven away my 'little fates' which tormented me for so long, and made me happy for the first time in my life?"

They walked on, quietly, until Mary noticed the sky flaming a sullen red in the west.

"Look, Peter, how late it is. It must be almost time for Larry's supper, and he'll be wondering where I am. We can go out later for dinner, but I don't like him to start for the theater without my seeing him."

But Larry was in a preoccupied and brusque mood when they reached the apartment. He was walking restlessly about the living room while the maid prepared his early supper, and as he glanced at their faces, flushed and bright from the cold air, he seemed to shut himself away, almost deliberately, from their light-heartedness. Mary followed him into the dining room, leaving Peter with a book, but Larry had little to say.

"You were gone when I woke up. I waited around, thinking you'd be home, and we'd go for a walk. But I see you took one with Peter, instead."

"Oh, Larry, dear, I am sorry. I wish I'd known. You're here so seldom. Couldn't we do something this Sunday?"

"This Sunday? I'm appearing at a benefit for the Overseas Milk Drive, have you forgotten?"

Mary leaned toward him, and pressed her hand over his fingers nervously tapping the table.

"My dear, aren't you doing just a bit too much of that sort of thing? We want to do all we can, but don't wear yourself out—"

"Are the people over there thinking of the cost?" Larry said.

MARY'S hand dropped to her side, her eyes were hurt and a little bewildered.

"I didn't mean that, Larry, you know I didn't."

Later that evening, when both Larry and Peter had gone, she faced the situation honestly. Larry had been abrupt when she came in with Peter. Perhaps against his will, he

had been jealous. It didn't matter that there wasn't anything, really, to be jealous about. That was entirely beside the point. She determined, then, to see much less of Peter Darnell.

It was not a resolution that was easy to keep. The radio series, for one thing, brought them together constantly. Peter depended on her criticisms, was constantly calling on her for advice and help. After rehearsals he took it for granted that they would walk to her home together, and you couldn't, you simply couldn't, say: "Peter, I can't see you except when it's necessary for the program, because I'm afraid my husband is jealous."

As the weeks passed, she began to wonder, too, if she had really read Larry's irritability correctly. Perhaps, she told herself, it was only that he and she both were tired. She was working very hard, and, of course, Larry was busy—unnecessarily busy, she believed. Why did he stay, night after night, at the theater, gossiping with friends? Did he have to accept quite as many social engagements as he did?

One bitter, snow-swept February afternoon, Peter dropped in unexpectedly for tea. She was sitting with him before the fire, the baby playing on a white bear-skin rug, when Larry entered the room—and stopped, a frown crimping his forehead.

Mary rose eagerly. "Larry! I didn't know you were up. Come and have some tea."

"No," he said shortly, with barely a nod in the direction of Peter, who was standing, too, his face showing that he felt the strain Larry had brought with him. "I'm due at the theater soon, I'd better go now."

"But Larry, it isn't five yet! You don't have to hurry."

Larry said nothing, and in the gathering pause Peter flushed and said, "I think I'd better run along."

"No. Stay and keep Mary company," Larry almost ordered. He turned and left the room.

Mary followed him.

"Larry, dear, why be rude?" she said gently. "Please come back and have some tea."

His hand on the knob of the door to the closet where the coats were kept, he stood, considering. At last he shrugged.

"I'm sorry, Mary. I didn't mean to be boorish. Of course I'll stay."

So the little rough spot in the fabric of their lives appeared to be smoothed over. For perhaps half an hour the three of them were together before the fire, making polite, desultory conversation. Then Peter left, and she and Larry talked of the baby, of Broadway gossip, of inconsequential matters until finally all sense of dis-



Say Hello To—

BRACE BEEMER—who took over the role of the Lone Ranger after the tragic death of Earle Graser. Brace is no stranger to the role, because he played it when the show first went on the air nine years ago. Later he became the narrator, a post he held until Graser was killed in an automobile accident. Brace fits the part perfectly—he weighs 200 pounds, is six feet three inches tall and an expert horseman and pistol shot. He served with distinction in the last war, saw action at Argonne and Luneville, and was wounded twice. In 1930 he joined the staff of WXYZ, where the Ranger show originates for the Mutual network. He's married, has three boys and one girl, and lives on a farm in Michigan, where he raises fine horses.

cord between them was gone.

But the next day it was as if that firelit hour of simple happiness had never been, and Mary realized it was only an interlude.

Mary was surprised at the increasing effort she was having to make to carry herself through these last, long days of winter. She had endured much more strenuous activity in the past and not felt its effect, and she wondered, at times, if it must not be her inner uneasiness which was sapping her strength. Even her broadcasts had lost their interest. New York seemed a welter of noises, and she was not sleeping well.

One morning she caught Larry at a late breakfast. She was on her way out to a conference with Peter and her program director, Christy. She stopped on a sudden impulse.

"My dear," she said, and her hand pressed gently on his shoulder, "What's happened to us? We were so happy—and now—"

He glanced up from the morning paper, his mouth wry. "You really don't know?"

"I—I don't think I do," she murmured. "It's just—the job of living seems so heavy—we neither of us get a chance to see each other, talk the way we should."

"I do have free hours, you know. But they always appear to come when you're busy with"—he hesitated for the merest fraction of a second—"Peter."

"Please, Larry!" Her voice, surprisingly, was sharp. She discovered that she was weary of placating Larry about something that, to her mind, required no excuses. "Can't we keep Peter out of the conversation?"

WE don't have much success in keeping him out of our lives."

"There's no reason why we should! Naturally I have to see him—he writes the radio program you yourself urged me to take."

Larry pushed his plate away. The food on it was scarcely touched. "I know, I know," he nodded wearily. "I guess what really bothers me is that he is obviously crazy about you, and I think you enjoy it."

"That's not true!" she cried with nervous vehemence, really believing what she said. "And I see so little of you, I can't be a hermit. You seem to find reasons for staying away from home, and when you're here, you're not very friendly."

Larry, staring into his coffee, did not answer. The clock in the hall struck, she was late for her appointment already, but she would have stayed to talk this thing out . . . except that she knew it would do no good. Just now, they were both incapable of rational speech. They seemed to want to hurt themselves and each other, and go on hurting.

Her mind ran in circles as she drove to the studio, and, suddenly, she saw one thing clearly. She must get away, by herself, to some place where there was peace and quiet. There were contending forces pulling at her here, without, as well as within herself. She longed for bright sunlight on her body, the feel of warm waves closing over her. She was sick of the broadcasts which now appeared as sweet sentimentality, untrue to the realities of life. A career had never appealed to her. She would talk to Christy, and see her sponsor. Surely they would release her from her contract, and find someone else to take her place.

To her surprise, though Christy was sympathetic and understanding, he was not willing for her to give up the program. He was sure something could be arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. And in a few days he appeared with a counter suggestion. The broadcasts could be transferred to Florida. The sponsor had suggested that Mary live in his home just outside Miami. The servants were there, the house was ready, and he had decided not to go south this winter. Mary consented; there was really nothing else to be done. She would leave in a week's time. She told Larry, wondering what his reaction would be, to be answered by a brief:

"Good idea, you're looking run down. And, anyway, if that's what you want to do, it's not my affair."

And Mary knew she had hoped for protests, or, at least, some sign given, some word spoken, which would show he would miss her.

It was the next afternoon, as Mary came in from shopping, that a pale and angry Larry turned to face her from the window where he had been standing. As he crushed out his cigarette, he said, his voice hard:

"I hadn't realized Peter was going with you."

"But he's not." Mary stared, her hands motionless at the fur piece she had started to unfasten.

"You must have known. I met him and Christy at the Club, and they told me. As Peter said, he has to write the script, he needs your inspiration, and the Florida sunshine will be good for him, too."

Mary dropped into a chair, and looked directly at Larry.

"Believe me, Larry, I didn't know."

"But—you're not sorry?"

Mary was silent; just what should she say? She was not sorry, it would be company to have Peter with her. She would be honest.

"No, I'm not, Larry," she said, "but you must believe me when I tell you again I had nothing to do with it."

"I see," was all he said.

"No, Larry, I don't think you do," Mary replied.


MARY let the telegram drop into her lap, as she lay stretched in a long chair, under the brilliant sun of a Florida morning. It was from Larry, and it amazed her. She remembered a hurried, rather brusque Larry who had kissed her goodbye just before the Southern Limited had pulled out of the station. He had given the baby a hug, nodded to Peter and Christy, and had gone, not turning for a smile or a wave of the hand. She had been a strangely muddled Mary; she, whose emotions had always been direct and uncomplicated, had not liked the pull of contending tensions. So she had concentrated on regaining her physical strength and her nervous energy, before she would permit herself to do any serious thinking. But now the feeling of uncertainty closed around her again. Why was Larry coming south? She knew from the papers, and from his letters, that he was still playing to full houses, and here he was closing at the end of March. She read the telegram.

"Will be with you in a day or two. Hope there will be a welcome for me. Larry."

Her eyes, puzzled and thoughtful, traveled to her son in his play pen, a lovely, rosy tan, laughing and romp-

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ing, in high good humor with himself and the world. What a wonderful opportunity it had been for him after his months in a hospital. She was eager for the sight of his father. But the telegram: "Hope there will be a welcome for me"—surely, Larry did not believe—yet, why, just why, had she so consistently ignored the fact that Peter had been a cause of friction? Because she had thought Larry unreasonable, or because she really wanted Peter with her? She rose to her feet, pushing these questions out of her mind. She wished she knew just when Larry would arrive. She had accepted an invitation to go with Peter and Christy to a night club in Miami the next evening, and she did not want to be away from home when he came.

But there was no sign of Larry by the time Peter and Christy drove up to the house to have dinner with her before they started out. It was while they were on the terrace that they heard the sound of a car, and Mary, turning, saw Larry coming across the lawn toward them. She ran to him, with a glad cry, and for a second, his arms were tight about her, his lips hard on hers. Then he drew away, and greeted the others.

JUST in time, Larry!" Christy exclaimed. "We're having dinner, then going out somewhere."

"No, oh, no," Mary cried; "Larry must be tired. I'll go another time—"

"I'm not tired," Larry interrupted. "Of course we'll all go. I wouldn't think of breaking up your party, Mary. I'll run up and change—won't take long."

"I'll show you your room." Mary walked quickly toward the long window.

"Don't bother, the maid will tell me."

Mary stopped, rebuffed. Without another word she went over to a chair and sat down, and as she lifted her eyes, she met Peter's gaze, full of sympathy.

Mary had never felt less like being gay than during the evening which followed. She had been unable to have a word with Larry, to ask him

about his message, and from the first she had disliked the atmosphere of the place they had gone to dance. There was something unpleasant and tawdry about it. While she and Peter were dancing, she decided to end the whole wretched attempt to have a good time, and to go home. She glanced around. Larry had risen to his feet, and was staring toward the main hallway. Then he ran toward them, and caught her arm.

"Who suggested this place?" he demanded. "I thought there was something peculiar about it—it's a gambling place, and we've been caught in a raid. We've got to get out—"

There were sudden cries, a scramble of people, and then Mary saw the blue coated figures. The next second Christy was beside them.

"This way—quick—through the kitchens—and Mary, cover your face."

They stumbled along a dark passage, and as they emerged into the night, and jumped into the car, Larry asked:

"Think the reporters saw us?"

"Reporters?" Mary gasped.

"Count on them," Peter muttered, and Christy added in a dejected voice:

"This sort of publicity could ruin our radio program."

And Mary sought Larry's hand, forgetful of herself, thinking only of what it might do to his reputation.

When they were, at last, in their room, Mary tried to speak, but Larry was not listening. He took her in his arms, and pressed her close to him; his lips were possessive, demanding. She could not deny his love, she did not wish to deny it, but even as she responded, her heart was seeking for something more than passion—passion which even as it demands and gives can leave untouched such vast regions of sweetness and unity.

She slept little that night, and early the next morning she slipped into sandals and slacks, and crept quietly from the room. She was drinking her coffee when she saw Peter on the pier. Larry had insisted that both he and Christy stay the night, and not run the gantlet of reporters who might be looking for them at their hotel.



The National Father's Day Committee selected Jimmy Dorsey, bandleader of Your Happy Birthday program, as an outstanding father in radio for 1941. Here's Jimmy with his wife and daughter, Julie Lou, age nine.

Mary hurried out of the house and across the lawn, and as she reached him, he held the morning newspaper toward her. She felt sick with dismay as she saw the pictures of herself and Larry and Peter on the front page, and read the captions under them. But before she had a chance to say anything, there were cries of:

"Oh, Mrs. Noble—Mr. Darnell—" and turning, they saw three reporters dashing across the lawn.

Without a word Peter leaped for the motor boat tied at the pier, and held up his hands for Mary. And as they roared toward the open water beyond the cove, the disappointed shouts of the group on the shore came faintly to their ears.

"Well, we gave them the slip!" Peter cried, gaily.

Mary laughed, then grew serious. "Yes, but we'd better go back. They'll find Larry, and he—well, he'll be annoyed."

"Mary, I wonder if you know what I'd give to have you always thinking of me, protecting me like that." He looked at her, where she stood, steadying herself beside him in the rushing boat. "Larry's so darn lucky—and he doesn't even know it—he takes so much for granted—"

THE wind in their faces blew away the sound of his voice. Mary sank down on the seat, and looked ahead toward the wide sweep of the open sea, sparkling under the sun. Peter started to sing, and Mary felt sheer joy at their swift motion, and the spray dashing, at times, across her face. The wind freshened, the waves mounted, and, at last, Mary glanced around with a worried frown.

"Turn back, Peter!" she called. "I don't like the look of the sky, and the wind's awfully strong. This is hurricane season, you know, and we're a long way from the shore."

"I've been a darn fool," he exclaimed. "It was such fun I forgot there might be danger. There's a storm coming up, all right, but we'll make land first—don't worry. Look out!" A wave hit them, and drove them head on into an angry sea.

Mary set her lips, and fought away her fears. And then, even as the rain fell in long sheets of water, a cry from Peter brought her staggering to her feet.

"The engine's stalled—hurry—" he lurched toward her, and the boat, rolling helplessly, shipped water. Fumbling with chilled fingers under the lashing rain, they struggled into life preservers—and then Mary felt herself lifted and flung, her eyes blinded by the surge of water, her face bruised by its fury. Somewhere in the smothering spray, Peter found her, and together, they fought to keep afloat, tossed one minute up a rushing height, then dropped into a sucking green waste. All thought had gone, every emotion, except the sheer physical effort for life, when at last she found herself torn from Peter's grasp, and carried with an onrushing wave far up onto a beach. Dizzy, half stunned, and breathless, she struggled to sit up, and saw Peter crawling over the sand toward her. He caught her in his arms, and together they huddled, heads bent before the wind and the rain that cut like a knife. Then, suddenly as it had come, the wind veered, rolling its burden of rain-filled clouds out to sea, and the sun poured over them.

The hours which followed were

utter misery. They were bruised, weary, aching; their faces and lips stung by the salt sea, were dry and parched. There were a few palms in the center of the island, and Peter, leaving Mary under them, stumbled off in a search for fresh water to ease their almost unbearable thirst. All he could find was rain caught in the hollow of some rocks, and he helped her to it, and after they had drunk and cooled their stinging faces, they stretched themselves on the rough grass, too exhausted to sleep, aching in every nerve. Mary's thoughts raced with the pounding on the shore and the sunlight dancing against her closed eyelids, and those thoughts were of Larry—Larry—She pressed her hands to her eyes to keep back the tears. If there were only some way to let him know she was safe—safe on a tiny island, shut off from escape by the sea still rolling and tossing around it. She slept, at last, worn out, and when she opened her eyes, the sky was deepening into night. She sat up, fighting against faintness, and then she heard the swift running of feet, and Peter calling with a desperate urgency which brought her erect.

"Mary, Mary," he was racing across the island, and she stumbled toward him, terror giving her strength. Then she saw it: a motor boat on the further shore, with a huddled figure at the wheel. She was beside it, lifting the fallen head, staring into the white face of Larry. Even as she looked, her hands gripping his shoulders, his eyelids lifted.

A light sprang into the dull eyes as he tried to touch her; then he choked back a moan:

"Can't move—my back—" And his head dropped limply against her breast.

WITH care they managed, at last, to free Larry from the broken steering wheel, and carried him up the bank and laid him on the grass. Mary holding Larry's head in her lap, murmured broken words of love. Her heart seemed choking her, her whole world centered in the limp body before her, and her hand shook as she brushed the hair from his eyes—Larry, Larry—injured, hurt—in pain—no, no, it must not be—

He was speaking, and she bent over him to hear his words.

"I followed. When that storm broke—I—oh, my dear—I went crazy. I'd seen you leave—I knew about this island—I had to find you. That wind, those waves, and you somewhere in them! I headed for here, I hoped and prayed you'd make it, and then I crashed up—Mary, you're not hurt—you're all right?"

"My dear, my dear, I'm not hurt. But your back—oh, my darling, we must do something—"

"I don't think it's serious, and maybe, we can signal a fishing boat."

He closed his eyes, and Mary looked up at Peter.

"Please try, Peter—we must get Larry to the mainland."

Peter stood very still for a second before he turned away. He was watching Mary, her desperate face, white in the dim light, her eyes filled with terrified anguish. His gaze dropped to Larry, and a strange expression, pain, exaltation, purpose, tightened the lines around his mouth, and his strained, tired face seemed all at once that of an older man. He came over to her, and put his hand on her shoulder.



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"I'll get you, Mary and Larry," subtly his tone linked the names together, "out of this." Then he turned away down the beach.

LARRY opened his eyes.

"Mary, I love you. I knew I didn't want to go on if—if I'd lost you. Life wouldn't be worth while—"

Her lips pressed his. She was suddenly calm, with the great uprush of love which filled her came strength and certainty. All their difficulties, their misunderstandings merged and faded before the one, real fact of her life: Larry, and Larry's love. And in the quiet of the night, after she had stretched herself beside him, everything in the past slipped into its proper place. She saw her relationship to Peter in its true light, one which she had enjoyed, and beautiful in itself, but of slight value if it in any way endangered her life with Larry. Shocked into facing facts, she knew now how meaningless existence would be to either of them without the other. She turned, sighed, and, at last, with her arm thrown out across Larry, slept worn out, and exhausted, but at peace.

The sun striking into her eyes, voices shouting, woke her, and sitting up, she saw men from a life guard cutter, coming up the beach. In amazement she and Larry listened to their story. Peter had managed to swim to shore, when the moon, during the tropic night, had made it almost as light as day. He had telephoned the station, and had sent help. Peter had risked his life for them! It had been brave of him, it had been fine—she must tell him so, but even her first rush of gratitude was forgotten in her anxiety over Larry and his welfare.

It was a tired, but happy Mary, who, several hours later, bathed and dressed, drank her coffee at a table drawn close to Larry's bed. The doctor had assured them that his injury was not serious, only a bad strain, he would be up and around again in a few days. Peter had telephoned, saying he would not come up at once; he had brushed away Mary's thanks and words of praise; there had been a new and different quality in his voice. Though Mary wondered at his decision, she was glad not to see him.

It was not until several days later that Larry showed Mary a letter he had received the morning of their rescue. They were having breakfast on the terrace when he handed it to her. It contained an offer from Hollywood to film "Twilight Symphony." Even as Mary was reading it, and Larry was saying he had decided to accept, Peter came through the long window from the living room.

"Walked up to see how you are," he said. "Besides I've—well, there are some things I'd like to tell you, Mary," he glanced at her.

Larry had stopped speaking. He sat, very quietly, looking out over the glittering waters of the cove.

"Read this, Peter." Mary held the letter toward him.

"That's great!" he exclaimed, as he finished the last page. "It fits my plans. Of course, it's Larry's part, I wouldn't let anyone else touch it. And Mary I want you to be my business representative."

"Why, Peter? You'll be there."

Peter shook his head.

"No, I'm staying here to finish my new play, and do some other writing. Besides—I—well—I'm not going, that's all."

"You still want to come with me, Mary?" Larry asked. There was a strange inflection in his voice, a tautness to his face.

"Of course I do." Mary smiled quietly, meeting his eyes, her own filled with happiness. There was silence. Larry pushed his chair away, and touched her shoulder, her hand went up and caught his.

"We'll be leaving in a few days. I'll see you again, Peter. You said you had something to say to Mary, so I'll run along."

After Larry had gone, Peter turned a strained face to Mary.

"It's goodbye, my dear. I learned something important the other night on the island, and that was how much you love Larry, and he loves you. You're a dream and an ideal to me—you just about saved my soul. The world was so bitter and bleak, or that was the way it seemed to me. But now, having met you, I know better, I can see it through your eyes, it's beautiful and fine, though hard at times. But I'm an outsider. Larry doesn't understand my love for you. I can't say I blame him. Anyway I've made trouble, so I'm getting out. I'll stay here, and you go your way. It's the only thing to do."

YES, Peter, you're right." How glad she was that he had seen for himself that this was the thing to do. She need not hurt him by telling him to leave her. And she did not fear for his future. He had found himself, and there was strength under his sensitivity. She held out her hands as she rose to her feet.

"Goodbye, Peter," she said, "we've had a wonderful friendship, and it's made me very happy. But it's best we aren't together. I love Larry more than anything in the world, and I want to make him happy. I've been wrong to let our relationship—innocent as it's been—continue. It wasn't fair to you, or to Larry."

"It was more than fair to me, because you've shown me how to live."

He held her hands very tightly, then he bent and kissed her on the forehead. He turned with a quick gesture, and walked away, across the terrace and along the drive. Mary watched him until a clump of bushes hid him from sight, then she went swiftly into the house, calling:

"Larry—Larry—"

He met her in the hall, and put his hands on her shoulders; their eyes looked steadily, searchingly into each other's.

"Mary!" Larry's voice was hesitant, "I've made blunders—I've—been thoughtless—but you know I love you."

"I've been silly, too, Larry, very silly, but there's only you—there's always been only you—for me, my dear."

There was a singing certainty in Mary's heart. They were not only going together to Hollywood, they were together as they had never been before. They had found that sustaining quality which holds a marriage firm through the routine of life, the contending ripples of personalities. She read the same knowledge in Larry's eyes. Her thoughts leaped forward to the future. She began to speak of their immediate plans: contracts to be signed, tickets bought, trunks packed. And so, walking side by side, his arm across her shoulders, Mary and Larry passed out through the doorway into the brilliant sunshine, talking eagerly, and there was laughter in their voices.

Young Widder Brown

(Continued from page 29)

Ellen heard her sobbing in her room and went in to her.

Mark had heard his sister, too, and was sitting at the foot of her bed trying to hold in his own fears, but they were there just the same in his eyes and in his voice trying to sound so pathetically grown up.

"It's just because she doesn't like Dr. Loring," Mark had said, gulping a little to keep back his own tears. "And I don't either, because he's trying to take you away from us. Janey keeps crying all the time, Mummy, but she made me promise not to tell you."

"That's so absurd," Ellen had pleaded. "Why can't we all be happy together, Anthony and you and I? Don't you see, it's not taking anything away from you, it's giving you something you don't remember having? A father who will love you as much as I do."

"But he isn't our father, Mummy," Janey said defiantly. "He's just a man we don't even know very well. Oh, Mummy, it was so nice before he came, you'd always be here and now, even if you aren't out with him or something, you might just as well be, with him calling you on the phone just at the times when we've got so much to tell you."

YET in the end it wasn't Janey who made Ellen reach her decision, but Anthony.

One afternoon a week she was in the habit of going to the Health Center, making herself useful there while Martha Todd, the head nurse, snatched a few hours of rest. This afternoon, as she was preparing to leave the Center, Anthony suggested that he get the car and take her for a ride. "We can stop somewhere and get something to eat," he urged, "if you'll let Hilda take care of things for once at the tea room."

He hadn't understood her refusal at all. He couldn't see that she must inevitably feel guilty at not being home when the children arrived.

"But don't you see?" Ellen had tried to explain. "If they were a little younger, so that they hadn't grown so dependent on me, so used to not sharing me with anybody, or if they were older so they had found their own interests, it would be different. But they're just at the age when it's hardest for them to accept anything new in our relationship. They're old enough to realize that you're important to me and to resent it, yet they're too young to see that sharing me with you won't make any difference and that loving you won't interfere with my love for them. You can understand that, can't you, darling?"

"I can understand that you're spoiling them," Anthony said then. "It isn't fair to any of us, Ellen, least of all to yourself. Unselfishness isn't always a virtue, sometimes it's much more of a fault. You're not doing those children a favor, giving in to them this way."

She looked at him then and suddenly she was seeing a man she had never met before, a stranger who threatened the happiness of her own children. How could he understand the way things really were, the things no one knew but Janey and Mark and herself? What did he know of the struggle they'd had, the

three of them, or of the way that struggle had united them? How could he gauge the depths of a parent's love, he who had never had a child?

But seeing him look at her, his eyes suddenly afraid as if he knew the thoughts racing through her brain, she almost weakened. It was hard to be analytical, loving him as she did, wanting him, his arms and his lips, longing to feel again the peace that always came as he held her.

"Anthony," she said then. "I . . . I don't know quite how to say it, to make you understand, but we can't go on this way. I've got to have time to think things out."

He took that quick step toward her and before she really knew it was happening, she was in his arms and the excitement came again and the old ridiculous happiness and for a moment there were only the two of them in the whole wide world and nothing else mattered, nothing at all.

"There's nothing to think about, darling," Anthony whispered. "Everything's been decided. It was the moment we first saw each other. Oh, darling, marry me now, right away."

His words broke the spell that had held her. The enchantment, the wild, singing happiness was gone and only the doubts remained. In Anthony's arms everything seemed so easy.

"Please, Anthony," she whispered. "I have to think this out. And I can't when I'm with you. Won't you give me a little time, a week maybe? I'm so confused and bewildered. Don't you see, I have to do the thing that will insure my children's happiness?"

"But what about your own?" Anthony demanded. "I can't promise not to see you, Ellen, for I couldn't keep that promise, you know I couldn't. I'd be running over here the way I always do. Ellen, you've got to give me your answer now."

"Then it's—no, Anthony," Ellen said quietly enough for all the turmoil in her heart.

He looked at her without speaking, then turned abruptly and left. But that evening he called her.

"I'm sorry about today," he said contritely. "I'll see you tomorrow and we'll talk things over. And Ellen, I've thought of a hundred new arguments that you couldn't possibly find answers for. But you already know the most important one. I love you."

Ellen turned away from the telephone with a heavy heart.

She couldn't deny her love of Anthony, try as she would to call it infatuation or excitement or any other fleeting, frivolous word. For it was real, this love, as real as food and warmth and the solid ground under her feet. She knew that, even as she knew she could not accept it, no matter how important it was to her. For she couldn't take her own happiness at the risk of her children's.

After the children were in bed she walked down to the railroad station where she knew she could get out-of-town papers and came back with a bundle of them under her arm. She went through the Help Wanted columns systematically, clipping the ones of the positions she felt she might be able to fill. Then she saw the last one, the one that could have been put in that paper especially for

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her, the terse little ad that asked for a practical nurse.

She looked at the address, New River City, a large town some two hundred miles distant. It would be ridiculous to go there without any assurance at all, for she couldn't draw much money from the bank, only enough for her immediate needs. She glanced at the clock then and decided it wasn't too late to telephone.

The voice that had answered her had been cautious and tense but Ellen hadn't thought of that then. If it hadn't been for her agitation she would never have gone on such a slender chance as the promise of an interview, but Ellen was snatching at straws now in her desperation. The next morning she had made her hurried plans, trying to explain to Janey and Mark that she would come back again in a few days to get them and left all the last minute instructions she could think of for Hilda and Uncle Josh who had promised to stay at the tea room while she was gone. It wouldn't take her more than a few days to tell if she liked the job, provided she could get it at all. Then would be time enough for the children to join her.

AND now this. Ellen looked around the room again. She felt she had to force herself to see it as any other room, with ordinary tables and chairs, and windows, not as that distorted nightmare room her fancy was picturing it. And somehow it seemed different now, less frightening. Then the door opened and Miss Hethers came in and again the room took on that ominous portent. But Ellen felt she could face it now. For it wasn't some dread, unseen force that haunted that room but a living thing, evil and bitter but human for all that. For as the housekeeper's hard eyes looked at her, Ellen knew it was Miss Hethers who had made that room her own.

"Mr. Gaines will see you now," she said. "Come this way, please."

Ellen didn't know what she had expected Mr. Gaines would be like, she only knew that as he crossed the floor to greet her in the upstairs study, a warm flood of reassurance swept through her. Here was a man she knew could be trusted, this quiet man in the late thirties with his grave voice and the sad eyes his smile left untouched.

"I understand you have no references," he said, after he had seated her in the chair beside his desk. "But maybe you'll tell me just what your experience has been."

Ellen felt her confidence mounting as she told him about her former work at the Health Center, about the

epidemics she had helped Anthony fight, about the babies she had helped usher into the world and the man looking at her smiled again.

"I like you, Mrs. Brown," he said slowly. "I'd like to have you stay, but I feel I must tell you the position has certain drawbacks. You see, it isn't the nursing so much as... other things, a need for eternal caution, watching. It's difficult to tell you all this, even though I've had to impress it on all my wife's nurses and I feel I must tell you there have been many, as no one seems able to stand the strain long. My wife is not really ill. You see, she was in an automobile accident a few years ago and..."

SUDDENLY he stopped as they heard someone outside the door and Ellen saw him stiffen as if he were bracing himself against a coming ordeal. And Ellen, too, felt as if she had to strengthen herself against the thing that was coming when she heard a woman's voice behind her. For she had never heard a voice like that before. It had no timbre or tone or ring and it sounded like a lament coming from a grave, even though her words were commonplace enough.

"You're home early, Keith."

"Yes, I had an appointment to see Mrs. Brown," the man's voice sounded vital and reassuring after that other listless one. "I want you to meet her, Grace. If... if she will accept the position, she will be your new nurse."

Ellen felt the other woman hesitating behind her, then she moved slowly into the room so that she was facing her. There hadn't been any preparation then for what she saw, save that instinctive bracing when Ellen had first heard her voice. But somehow Ellen managed to keep her eyes steadily on the other woman's face, to control the quick horror that came at the sight of it.

For she had never seen a woman who looked as Grace Gaines looked, with her mouth distorted so grotesquely by the scars that crisscrossed her face, twisting even the contours of it and leaving only her eyes untouched.

"But I told you I didn't want another nurse, Keith," she said slowly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Brown, but I prefer complete privacy where my home is concerned." And then without another word she left the room.

"Please don't be upset, Mr. Gaines," Ellen said. "I understand how things are and..."

"I'd like you to stay," he said, looking at her intently. "If you feel that you can cope with the situation. Now you see how it is. My wife resents women, particularly attractive ones. Miss Hethers is the only person who



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has been able to gain her confidence at all."

Ellen hesitated. It would be difficult, she knew that, particularly difficult since Grace Gaines so obviously did not want her there. But in spite of the other woman's hostile attitude, she had stirred Ellen's sympathy.

"It would mean so much to me, if you do stay," Keith Gaines went on. "I was grateful for the way you acted just now, not turning away or showing horror the way people do when they first meet her. You see, it's particularly difficult for Grace to have had this thing happen to her. She was a very beautiful woman once and now . . . Of course, you've noticed the absence of mirrors here and the curtained windows. Grace insists on keeping them that way so there can't even be a chance reflection in the glass to remind her of what she used to be."

All Ellen's hesitation was gone then. Keith Gaines was looking at her as if it were his own life he was pleading for. He loved his wife still, devotedly, tenderly. Ellen knew that from the gratitude in his eyes when she told him she would stay.

OVER exhaustion forced Ellen to sleep that night, but there was no way to shut out the dreams which flashed across her consciousness and made her turn away from their vividness. Mostly it was Anthony, his voice low and tense, pleading. Almost she cried out once, for she was in Anthony's arms and he was kissing her goodbye. Then she was alone, far out on a barren plain bathed in milky moonlight and there were no signs to tell her in which direction she should go. Desolation swept over her.

Ellen awoke and for a moment she only knew that she was in a strange room. Then realization flooded into her mind. It was true, she had really left, had really run away from Anthony and had come here to this distant city, to this dark, curtained house and had promised to nurse Grace Gaines. Because Ellen knew that every waking moment would be full of the memory of Anthony, she must force herself to welcome this new task. The pain of leaving Anthony, of fleeing from his love, of denying what was in her heart, might slowly recede before the effort to help Grace Gaines find her way back into a world of reality.

But it was the hardest task Ellen had ever set herself. Miss Hethers was openly hostile and Grace Gaines accepted her with a stony reserve that Ellen could not break down, try as she would. And it wasn't long before Ellen realized why there was a need for a nurse to be in that house, for in losing her beauty, Grace Gaines had lost her desire to live, too. Ellen was there to see that she would not give into a sudden, mad impulse to take her own life.

It was the day Ellen picked some zinnias and marigolds in the garden and brought them into the house that she first realized she could influence her patient. For she had come into the room and gone swiftly to the huge vase and stood there staring down at the flowers.

"I don't want them here," Grace had said then.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Gaines," Ellen said quickly. "I didn't know you were allergic to flowers."

"I'm not allergic to them," Grace said slowly. "It's just that . . ."

She couldn't go on. And Ellen knew it was because she was ashamed to admit that loveliness even in a flower disturbed her.

"But they're so beautiful," Ellen said quickly, feeling it was much better to drag the resentment into the open. "Don't you think so?"

For a moment Grace looked at her, then her smile twisted in her tortured face and her hand went out and touched one of the flowers.

"Yes," she whispered. She turned to go but when she reached the door she stopped and after a moment walked slowly back into the room again. "I . . . always liked to wear flowers," she said uncertainly. "Particularly camellias, those dark pink ones. Keith liked to see them in my hair. But now . . . can you imagine me with flowers?"

"Yes, I can, Mrs. Gaines," Ellen said quickly. "You seem the type of woman who would fill her house with them all the time."

"I used to," Grace Gaines said. Then suddenly she laughed. "It's pretty awful feeling jealous of a flower, isn't it? But I am. You knew that, didn't you?" And suddenly it was as if a bond had taken the place of the old resentment as they laughed together.

If only, Ellen thought later, she could break down all those dark inhibitions that had come to Grace Gaines, get her interested in things again, perfumes, clothes, all the little luxuries which mean so much to the normal woman. But she would have to go about it carefully.

The next day Ellen bought herself a dress and taking it with her from the store ran up to her patient as if it was the most natural thing in the world to show it to her friend.

"I saw one that would look beautiful with your hair and eyes," Ellen went on enthusiastically. "Couldn't we have the store send it out on approval and . . ."

"Oh, no," Grace Gaines protested quickly. "What difference would clothes make to me? I can't bear to think of them."

"I had a friend who felt that way," Ellen laughed. "But she had been eating too many chocolate eclairs and her figure was somewhere in the size forties. But you have such a lovely figure. Just the sort of one clothes look so well on. I'm afraid I would spend everything I could on clothes if I had a figure like yours. Please," she went on quickly before Grace could refuse. "You can send it back if you don't like it."

Mrs. Gaines hesitated just a moment. Then she laughed. "I never knew a woman it was so difficult to say no to," she said.

But Ellen knew she was really excited about something at last and when the dress was delivered the next morning and Ellen helped her put it on, she stood for a long time looking down on it, her fingers smoothing down the soft silk. And when she made no move to take it off again Ellen felt as if her battle was almost won.

But that was before Miss Hethers came into the room.

"Do you like it?" Grace asked eagerly.

"It's well, it's rather conspicuous, isn't it?" the other woman said in her flat voice and suddenly the eager light was gone from Grace Gaines' eyes. For there was no mistaking the housekeeper's meaning, with her eyes fixed

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steadily on the scarred face.

"I suppose it is," she said dully. And Ellen forced herself not to protest as she ripped it off and thrust it into the housekeeper's arms. "Here, you take it. I never want to see it again."

Hethers' eyes looked triumphant as she left the room, and Ellen's eyes blazed as she looked after her. Then she turned to Mrs. Gaines.

"Don't you see what she is doing?" she asked then. "Don't you see she deliberately says things like that to get things away from you?"

"And I was beginning to think you were my friend!" Grace Gaines looked at her resentfully. "What a fool I am. I should have known Hethers is the only real friend I have in the world. You made me buy that dress so I'd look ridiculous, didn't you? So that Keith would see the contrast between us. Funny, isn't it? I didn't believe Hethers when she told me you were in love with him, that you were trying to take him away from me."

Ellen gasped at the accusation—but the first flash of resentment gave way to the realization of what Grace Gaines must have suffered in her life to make such thoughts possible. And when she answered it was in a steady quiet voice.

"I couldn't do that even if I wanted to," she said slowly. "You see, your husband happens to be in love with you."

"With me?" Grace Gaines laughed bitterly. "Oh, he was once, but that's over now. Every morning I wake with just one thought in my mind, wondering if this is the day he is going to tell me he's leaving me."

"Hethers has put that thought in your mind, too, hasn't she?" Ellen asked. "Don't you see she's only tried to dominate you so that she can keep complete control of this house? Don't you see what she's done to it and to you, covering everything with her bitterness? But of course, you can't blame her, she isn't as lucky as you've been."

"Lucky! How can you call me lucky?"

"How could I call you anything else?" Ellen said quietly. "You have a husband who adores you in spite of what you think, you have a home of your own, security, all the things a poor frustrated woman like Miss Hethers has never had. Naturally she envies you."

"You can stand there looking at me and say that?" Grace Gaines said. "Seeing my face . . . Oh, you don't know what it is to be the way I am, to be afraid of everything, the world, the people in it, to be shut out of everything . . . everything."

"It's you who've locked the doors against the world," Ellen said quietly. "You haven't given people a chance to show you how little the things you are afraid of really mean. I never knew you before and yet I wanted to be friends with you from the beginning. I liked you."

"And my face didn't horrify you?" "Of course it didn't," Ellen said simply. "It was the real you I liked. The you I saw in your eyes."

"If only I could believe that," Grace Gaines said slowly. "If only I could." Ellen thought then that this strange battle of wills might end victoriously. For there had been hope in the woman's eyes and they had been beautiful again for that brief moment.

Walking down the quiet, dusty street that afternoon, Ellen's heart

raced with hope and fear and a mad impulse to deny the thought that had come to her. Why hadn't she thought of it before? Ellen had seen some of them, coming to the Health Center at Simpsonville, hopeless, despairing. She remembered, too, their leaving, the disfigurements covered through the skill of facial surgery, all their bitterness gone, as though it had been wiped clean from their souls.

An operation on Grace Gaines' face! Then every other thought was crowded from Ellen's mind. For at the same split second had come the other realization. There was only one man in that part of the country who could perform such an operation. Anthony. Doctor Anthony Loring. And there was only one who could persuade Grace Gaines to let Anthony perform the operation. Herself!

THAT night, before Ellen's courage could be scattered and dissipated by delay, she went to Grace Gaines.

"Has anyone ever suggested an operation?" Ellen asked.

"It's no use," Grace Gaines shook her head. "Keith took me to the best specialists in the country right after it happened. But they all refused. They were afraid my heart wouldn't stand the shock of the anaesthetic. Keith wouldn't allow it."

"But that was three years ago," Ellen protested. "It might be all right now."

"Why should it be?" Grace Gaines said listlessly.

"I know a doctor," Ellen began, forcing the words against her wild desire to stop, knowing that with each word her tiny chance of forgetting Anthony was being destroyed. "Anthony Loring. The most skillful surgeon I've ever known."

There was no sign of interest in her patient's response. "Doctor Loring?"

"I've seen him perform operations much more difficult than this would be," Ellen continued. "You've got to let me call him."

Waiting in the silence that followed, Ellen prayed. But when Grace Gaines spoke, she nodded her head. "All right, Ellen. It can't hurt to have him examine me."

Ellen called the same hour. She gave the operator the number she knew so well, the number that would summon a voice that Ellen longed to hear above all else in the world and yet feared most of all to listen to.

She heard, "Health Center, Doctor Loring speaking." And then she was speaking to him, telling him where she was.

"Ellen!" There was elation, excitement in his voice now. "You've called. Oh, Ellen," Anthony said, "I've waited so long to hear. So long."

There were tears in Ellen's eyes. "Anthony, I can't tell you everything now, but you must come to New River City. Keith Gaines' home. Anyone can tell you where to find it."

"I'll be there by morning." What could she say to destroy the jubilation in his voice?

"Anthony, I'm not asking you to come to see me," Ellen said. But Anthony was talking again, not listening, saying, "Ellen, don't go away this time. Promise me you'll be there."

"I—I promise," Ellen said. It was an effort to place the telephone receiver back in its cradle.

It was a brilliant, cool morning. Ellen stood at the door waiting for the hum of a car motor that she would

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recognize. But when Anthony drove up she had turned back to the dining room to sit with Grace Gaines. The doorbell rasped in muffled tones back of the kitchen door.

"I'll go," Ellen said quickly, intercepting Hethers. She was in Anthony's arms before she could speak to him, she was kissing him as she choked back her tears and her words of explanation. It was this moment of holding him close to her that brought crystal clear the complete realization of the depth of her love. If she ever let him go now, all meaning of life must go with him.

"Ellen," Anthony said, his lips against her forehead.

She told him, standing there, why she had called, told him, too, why she had left him without a word so many weeks ago. And as he understood, his arms dropped to his sides and his face assumed a rigid control that had no other emotion than repressed anger.

"So I'm here on professional business," he said and Ellen had to nod her head, unable to say "Yes."

He laughed, shortly. "I should have known. When you called I forgot I was a doctor and remembered only that I was the man who loved you."

"Anthony!" Ellen cried. "Don't. I couldn't help it. I had to call you."

"Ellen," Grace Gaines called from the dining room. "Who's there?"

"The doctor," Ellen replied. "He's here—to see you."

What other construction could Anthony put on Ellen's words? How could he think anything but that she did not really care for him and was merely using his love for her own purposes? Be sure to read the thrillingly dramatic conclusion of Young Widder Brown in the August RADIO MIRROR, at your news stand June 25.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

Fifth

Some can have their quiz programs, musicals and comedians. But as for me I'll take that two-fisted he-man adventure serial "I Love a Mystery."

Jack Packard's cynical leadership, slow-witted Reggie York and ace lock picker Doc Long combine their efforts to give a half hour of thrills and adventure, which is a rare respite from that mushy stuff that constantly fills the air.—William Kaplan, Chicago, Ill.

Sixth

One can't help notice how Kate Smith helps to keep flowing the spirit of Americanism during her weekly program. During almost every broadcast she sings at least one popular, patriotic song. It is things like this, showing love for our country and the blessing of being an American, that make radio broadcasts of this type a worth-while feature.—Amos Dilliner, Manset, Maine.

Seventh

It's only wistful wishing: That Walter Winchell and Dorothy Thompson were on every evening; that Maurice Chevalier would make a come-back on the air—RIGHT NOW; that Baby Snooks and Charlie McCarthy would get together on a program.—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.



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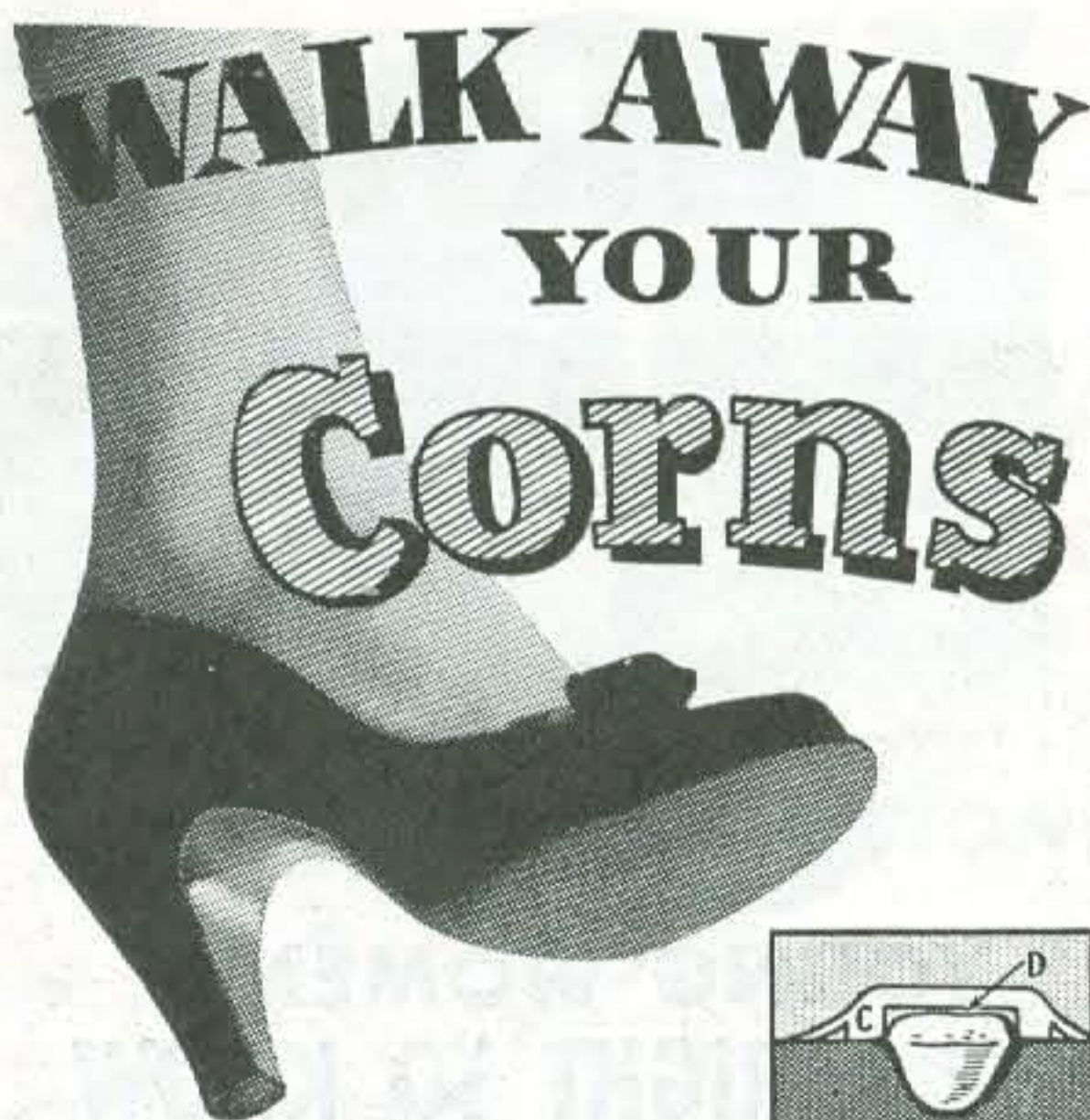
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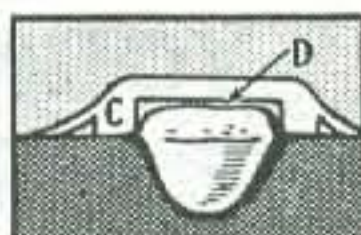
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FREE! Send penny postcard for packet of Sta-Rite Pins: Double-Dipped, Blend-Rite, Ginnie-Lou and Paramount. Instructions for holding hair in place while you sleep included. State color of hair. Sta-Rite Ginnie-Lou, Inc., Dept. 14-G, Shelbyville, Ill.

10¢

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 39)

himself in the musical world, first as a competent violinist in the Paramount theater pit band, and then as a radio orchestra leader, he immediately began his unselfish plan to mould Harry's career.

The boy didn't fail his brother. He first attracted attention on the air with a solid, swing quintette that played garishly titled but always original tunes Ray composed. Some of them were "Twilight in Turkey," "Powerhouse," "Toy Trumpet," "Christmas Night In Harlem," "Huckleberry Duck."

People asked him how in the world he dreamed up such wild titles.

"Maybe I ought to be psycho-analyzed but you see I like to write about strange things. Anyway I found the novelty tunes caught on. I wrote forty ballads but no one paid any attention to them."

Although some say Ray acts eccentric, he really is a practical person. Wise brother Mark drummed that into him years ago. That is why he organized a regular dance orchestra about a year ago.

DANCE bands provide a substantial living," he pointed out, "and give you an opportunity to experiment with less commercial ideas."

Ray's band, featuring singers Clyde Burke, Gloria Hart and a fine set of swing and sweet instrumentalists, is currently clicking on Columbia records, in theaters, one-night stands and college proms.

His brother's career now successfully launched, Mark is now concentrating exclusively on his own. He is busy conducting three top CBS shows, The Hit Parade, We, The People, and the Helen Hayes series, building a dance band for recording work and special affairs, and planning a contemporary American music concert to be held in Carnegie Hall next Fall.

Off the bandstand, Mark has little time for himself. His wife died several years ago and the dual role of daddy-mother to three children, Morton, 15, Elaine, 13, and Sandra, 7, is an exhausting one. Mark bought a fourteen-room estate in Kenilworth, L. I., and lives there with the children. In town he has a large studio apartment just around the corner from CBS.

When he gets time to relax he sails a forty-six-foot yawl.

"I don't know much about boats," he told me, "But I saw Hepburn in 'The Philadelphia Story' and I think my boat is yar too."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Bing Crosby: "Dolores" and "De Camptown Races" (Decca 3644). A rhythmic alliance with the Merry Macs makes for a record standout. Bing does a brace of tunes from his new film "Road to Zanzibar" (Decca 3636-3637) but they all have a familiar ring.

Kay Kyser: "They Met in Rio" and "I Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi" (Columbia 36003). Both from Zanuck's technicolor tribute to South America. If you insist on the original, get Carmen Miranda's colorful Decca album which has tunes from the picture.

Leo Reisman: "Jenny" and "This Is New" (Victor 27340). From "Lady In The Dark," the biggest musical hit Broadway has seen in generations. The Kurt Weill-Ira Gershwin score is joy to anyone's ears. If you want a complete set of tunes buy Gertrude Lawrence's glamorous Victor album or Hildegard's equally smart chore for Decca.

Dick Jurgens: "My Sister and I" and "Pardon Me For Falling In Love" (Okeh 6094). Here's a sentimental ballad based on a Dutch refugee boy's diary, backed by a danceable tune.

Glenn Miller: "Stone's Throw From Heaven" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Harlem" (Bluebird 11063). Nicely balanced and up to the Miller standard.

Guy Lombardo: "The Band Played On" and "You Stepped Out Of a Dream" (Decca 3675). This old tune was nostalgically revived in Jimmy Cagney's "Strawberry Blonde." Now Lombardo revives it and puts a brand new tune on the reverse. Sentimentalists will like it.

Freddy Martin: "Corn Silk" and "Too Beautiful to Last" (Bluebird 11050). This band is still tops for smooth tempos.

Some Like It Swing:

Woody Herman: "Blue Flame" and "Fur Trappers Ball" (Decca 3643). Woody couples his theme with a howling swing session.

Harry James: "Eli-Eli" and "A Little Bit of Heaven" (Columbia 35979). Here's something unusual for listening purposes. Stirring trumpet work.

Raymond Scott: "Evening Star" and "Blues My Girl Friend Taught Me" (Columbia 35980). Evidence that this year-old band contains some fine instrumentalists.

Lionel Hampton: "Open House" and "Bogo Joe" (Victor 27341). This corner's swing favorite of the month. Hampton's vibraharp work is tops.



Say Hello To—

SAMMIE HILL—(and that's not a misprint, it's really her name) who plays Casino on NBC's serial, Home of the Brave. Many proud fathers have been disappointed because their heirs turned out to be heiresses, but few have ever taken matters in hand like Samuel J. Hill, Sammie's father. He already had a Virginia, an Ann, and a Nancy when Sammie was born, and his heart was set on a boy. But it was another girl, so Samuel J. consoled himself by naming the infant Sammie Jane, after himself—the Jane being the nearest feminine approach to his own middle name of Jones. Sammie does all right for herself on the air, so her masculine name can't be a handicap. She had only two radio jobs before her present role.

Are Heroes Born or Made?

The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne



The Spirit of St. Louis

The reception Lindbergh received upon his return from his conquest of the North Atlantic will go down in history. Overnight he became a national hero. Upon him were bestowed honor, wealth, high position, by an adoring public. Anne Morrow, charming daughter of one of America's oldest and wealthiest families became his bride.

What has happened since? Did Lindbergh prove equal to the greatness thrust upon him?

Does he still hold the affection of the public?

Is his lovely lady still as happy as ever at the choice she made?

You have probably asked yourself these and many other questions about the Lindberghs and now you can determine the answers for yourself. In True Story for July is a deeply penetrating article titled "The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne," which whether you approve or disapprove of Lindbergh, will be more than worth your while to read. Take no chances, get your copy today.

UNSUNG HEROES

And now another battle of the North Atlantic is being fought, a grim battle in which the fate of a great nation hangs in the balance. In it not one but thousands of heroes are risking and giving their lives. Their heroism goes unsung because to do so would endanger important military secrets.

At last, however, the part played in it by Lyle Withers, sailor son of an English sailor, can be told and is told in a thrilling true novel beginning in True Story for July. Despite its grim surroundings romance plays a heavy role. Titled "Heroes' World" this most unusual story in which an humble sailor lad aspires to the hand of an English noblewoman will grip your imagination and your interest. Begin it today.

*** HUMAN NATURE DOES NOT CHANGE** but conditions and influences governing human life change endlessly. Because True Story is written largely by its readers its pages reflect such changes almost as soon as they have taken place. Physically True Story keeps pace. Important changes have been made in the July issue. It has been revitalized, streamlined, modernized into a magazine that will charm you with its appearance, thrill you with its contents. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover in full color. Get your copy today.

HE WAS BRANDED A COWARD!

Because in a moment of stress he lost his head a woman lost her life. From that day on the brand of coward was upon him. He was a pariah among his fellowmen, ostracised, abandoned even by his wife. Yet there came a day when those who had sneered at him proclaimed him the greatest hero of them all. A true story as odd and compelling as its title, "God's Coattails." Read it today.

OVERFLOWING WITH HAPPINESS

In these days of weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and you laugh alone, it is a real joy to read a true story filled to overflowing with human happiness. "From This Day Forward" is about a boy, a girl, a mother-in-law and an old, old problem. A battle in which both sides win, it will warm your heart to read it. You will find it among the wealth of absorbing true stories and helpful departments in True Story for July, on sale wherever magazines are sold.



July Issue
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True Story

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE!



Don't let tell-tale gray hair put you on the sideline of Life. In this streamlined business and social world—you've got to look young!

And why not? Millions of men and women have licked the handicap of Gray Hair—quickly, easily and inexpensively.

Right today, in the privacy of your room, you can comb through your hair a color that will take years off your appearance. Gradually, you can give your hair the desired shade. It won't rub off, wash off, change the texture of your hair or interfere with your wave. Your friends will never guess.

And it's so easy. Just go to your drug or department store and ask for a bottle of Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation—just as millions have been doing for 50 years. Competent medical authorities have pronounced it harmless. No skin test is needed.

Make up your mind to look YOUNG! Get that bottle of Mary T. Goldman's today! It has a money-back guarantee. Or, if you want further proof, clip out the coupon below. We'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete test kit for coloring a lock snipped from your own hair.

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Apply Campho-Phenique Liquid then Campho-Phenique Powder to cuts for best results.

Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 40)

Up... UP... and away—"

Red cape streaming in the night wind, Superman winged his way through the darkness, convinced he had hit on the solution to the mysterious explosion. Five minutes later, as Clark Kent, he sat talking to the Melville Chief of Police at headquarters. Wasting no time, he laid one of the four inch cylinders on the Chief's desk and pried off the top. He picked up an empty ash tray and gently poured into it a tiny part of the contents of the cylinder. It was a thin grayish-black powder. First warning the officer to stand far back, Kent struck a match and dropped it in the tray. There was a flash and a roar and the room shook with the explosion.

When the smoke cleared, Kent turned excitedly to his companion:

"Chief, now you know. There's enough of this powder in each of these metal cylinders to blow a battleship apart. It's the most powerful explosive I've ever seen—and Holbein was packing it inside dolls!"

"But why, Kent—why?"

"That's what we have to find out—immediately. That explosion in the factory must have been caused by someone's setting off this stuff accidentally. Chief, wait for me here. I've another little tour of inspection."

Once outside, Clark Kent disappeared and again, his powerful figure shrouded in protective darkness, Superman sped to Holbein's house. He landed lightly in the factory owner's front yard and looked around. The house lay in total darkness. Creeping up the steps, Superman tried the door. It was locked but that meant nothing to the Man of Steel. Bracing himself, he pressed his shoulder hard against it. Cracking and splintering, the door burst open. But the house was empty. It echoed and re-echoed as Superman called in vain for Lois Lane. He was about to give up when he noticed something:

"Hold on—there's something written on the table—written with a lipstick—'AM ON AN ISLAND.' She left that message for me—but what island?"

Desperately hoping that the Police Chief might give him some clue, he hurried back to headquarters. The officer was eager to cooperate. Within an hour, he was able to assemble priceless information: the airport reported that Holbein's private plane had disappeared. A Coast Guard had seen it, minutes later, heading out toward the small ocean island owned by the doll manufacturer.

Superman needed no more. Outside, safe from curious eyes, he sprang high into the air. With the speed of a whistling bullet, he cut through the fog-bound night. But even as he neared the ocean hideaway, Hans Holbein and his helper, Joe, safe on their island, listened to a police call on a powerful short-wave radio—

"Marine Division 421, calling all Coast Guard stations and police boats—reported missing—Lois Lane—L-A-N-E—height, five feet four—weight, one hundred and ten pounds—black hair, brown eyes—watch all fishing boats and private planes—I will repeat..."

Joe snapped the radio off: "Boss, we gotta get rid of that girl and I know how to do it. The barometer's

fallin'—that means a storm comin' up—the tide's runnin' out. Come on—we'll put her in a rowboat an' let her go—out to sea."

Struggling helplessly, Lois fought the two men as they picked her up and carried her out to the beach. Bound tightly, she lay stretched out on the bottom of the small rowboat as they set it adrift. Moment by moment, the high wind and fast-ebbing tide carried the boat farther out to sea.

Long minutes later Superman found an opening in the low, murky ceiling of the sky. As he looked down, he exclaimed involuntarily:

"Good heavens—there's a boat—a small rowboat—and someone's in it. Look, that wave almost swamped it! I guess I'd better get down there and investigate."

Fearlessly, he dove deep into the angry waters and began swimming—"That wave capsized the boat—I may not be able to find whoever was in it—not in this sea—faster—FASTER—Ah! Here's the boat—but there's no sign of a human being—wait—what's that bobbing up ahead? It's a woman!"

"Got her! Good heavens—It's Lois—Lois Lane—half drowned! Well, Mr. Holbein, we'll settle with you!"

Like a giant bird, the unconscious form of Lois Lane in his arms, Superman streaked for the island. Depositing her gently on the sand, he ran toward the small, ramshackle shack. But Holbein and Joe had heard him come. When Superman smashed through the door, the doll man was standing determinedly beside an odd-looking cabinet. One hand held a giant electric switch. Voice high with rage and a mad hysteria, Holbein shouted at his pursuer:

"Come no nearer—don't touch me! You have stopped a great work. With my powder I might some day have ruled the universe! One pound of it would level a great city! I would have ruled the land and ruled the sea!"

"But now it is too late. And so, we shall die together. You see this switch. Yes, I am prepared—I realized some day an accident might happen—like the explosion in my factory—an accident that would put the police on my trail—and so I prepared. Buried deep in the sand—all over the island—are hundreds of pounds of my explosive—electrical wires lead to this switch. I will throw it—and this island and you and I and Joe will blow up into a million fragments and disappear into the sea!"

His laughter rose maniacally and then, before even Superman could reach him, the hands of the madman threw the switch. But just as the first rumbles of the explosion began, Superman, moving with a speed matching that of light, was in the open and beside the still unconscious Lois. As he snatched her up, the ground opened beneath them. Shielding her from the rock fragments that bounded harmlessly off him, Superman quickly leaped into the air. High above, he turned to look back in time to see the island and the mad owner and his henchman disappear under the sea.

Don't fail to get the August issue of RADIO MIRROR and read another thrilling episode in the life of Superman, living symbol of Justice, who triumphs against evil!

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

sonally at benefits for patriotic, relief and welfare agencies, for which he is in great demand. "God Bless America" is a must on these occasions, and Roger has probably sung it more times than any other radio star except Kate Smith.

Roger's voice was trained by several well-known teachers, but he taught himself stage presence by doing door-to-door selling for his family's sign and printing business. He's still their star salesman.

Radio sets, mechanical gadgets and novelty lamps are Roger's hobby. Scattered through his house are ten radio sets, all in working condition, some of them dating back to 1921. He's married, and is the father of a year-old son.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY—A welcome newcomer to Salt Lake's station KGYL is Edwin Oliver Letson, who took no time at all to have everyone calling him just plain Ed. He's both a singer and a newscaster, and equally good at either job.

ED got into radio the long way around. He was born in Enid, Oklahoma, and graduated with the class of 1927 from the University of Nebraska. He always loved to sing, and had a fine tenor voice, but after college he knew it could be better, so he went to New York and studied music there. His lessons led to engagements with the Radio City Music Hall chorus and on the Rudy Vallee hour. But Ed was practical, and knew he couldn't just go on studying music without earning money too. Besides, he wanted to get married.

So when funds ran low and prospects in New York were bleak, he returned to Oklahoma and took up banking. For ten years he worked, first in a bank and later as bank examiner, hoping for the day when he could quit and earn his living by singing. One day in 1936 he heard about an announcer's job that was open on a station in Hutchinson, Kansas, and although he wasn't an announcer, he applied under the name of Eddie Oliver, and was hired.

Two years later station KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska, asked him to work for them, and by this time Ed thought he was secure enough in his new profession to drop the Eddie Oliver name and use his real one. Last January KGYL wanted a good announcer who could also sing, and persuaded Ed to pack up and move west to the banks of the Great Salt Lake. Music lovers welcomed a tenor with such a wide tonal range, and the thousands of listeners to newscasts admired his smooth, friendly type of delivery, so different from many announcers' harsh bark.

Ed's happily married to the girl he met in college, and they have two children, Sydney, 12, and Frank, 8. Sydney says she's going to be an artist, but Frank feels that he may take up radio—'way up, because he wants to be an aviator as well. Ed is a member of the Episcopal Church, where he finds time to be a soloist in the choir.

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked, 'they did wonders for me.'"

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Send for This

Free Booklet

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.



Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for \$1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

Leopold Aul
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case.

I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

Mrs. Oliver Roylance
R. D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

Upon receiving my Cascade I followed directions closely. I have used it for a little over a month and have already found it to be very helpful. I wish every person who is being troubled with constipation could afford to own a Cascade. To me it is a big asset. It is helping me and I know it would help them.

Mr. Edward G. Turnau
215 Irving Street, Toledo, Ohio

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

Mrs. Roy Brown, c/o A. Fiske
3929 Bronson Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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How We Met

(Continued from page 21)

homely, attractive face.

"What do you think? Beautiful music, a beautiful girl in my arms. What more could any man ask for?"

I blushed. It was the first time any man had ever said anything of that kind to me, and I didn't know how to answer. "You don't really mean that," I murmured.

He stopped smiling. "Yes," he said slowly, "I do. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met. And I never thought I'd be saying that to . . . my best friend's fiancée."

"Hal—" I wanted to tell him about my deception now, but the words wouldn't come. At last I stammered, "But Hal, I don't belong to Jerry. I'm not his fiancée!"

His face hardened. "Then Jerry's due for an awful let-down. He certainly thinks you do. And as far as I'm concerned, that's all that counts."

Desperately, I leaned across the table.

"Hal, there's something I have to tell you."

"Never mind, let's forget it." His tone had become sharp and curt.

He pushed his chair back. I tried to hold him. "Please listen. Earlier tonight, you made a mistake—"

"—and since I've been holding you in my arms, I've come darn near making another. Come on, let's get out of here."

He got up, stepped quickly around and helped me up. My coach-and-four so quickly had turned back into a pumpkin! Silently, I followed him out and waited while he picked up our wraps. I sat huddled in a corner of the seat during the drive home. The hard, white look on Hal's face settled more deeply. Not once did he speak or look at me. I wondered if the happiness I had felt sing in me for so short a time was worth this misery.

I was lost. I couldn't blame Hal, but each time I began an explanation the words choked in my throat.

Then we were in front of our house. Hal walked with me up to the porch. I fumbled with my key, and despairingly looked up at Hal:

"Well, here we are."

His set features didn't relax.

"Yeah—here we are."

I couldn't let him go. I had to find some chink in his armor.

"Hal, I want to . . ."

But he wouldn't let me finish.

"I know. You want to thank me for a very lovely evening. Well, there's no need to lie about it. Grace, if there's anything I despise it's a liar and a cheat."

"There aren't many men around like Jerry, and he hates a cheat as much as I do. Just remember that. Now you'd better go inside before I say anything else I'm sorry for."

The door was open. How could I answer him? Cinderella had waited too long.

"I don't suppose there'd be any use in my explaining now?" And I wondered if he had noticed the tears in my voice. But he had already started down the walk.

"Not the slightest. Good night."

I stood still and the heavens and the earth seemed to swim into each other. He was going and I was doing nothing to stop him. But I could never retreat back into the dull, clay-touched world I had known. Hal was life and love and escape and I was losing him. I threw away every restraining impulse. Pleadingly, I called after him:

"Hal, wait a minute. Come back, please."

Still stubborn, still unbending, his gruff reply gave me no encouragement:

"What do you want?"

But I wouldn't stop now, "I can't let you go away like this, believing what you do . . ."

"You lied to me about Jerry and yourself, didn't you?"

Blindly, I went on. "Yes, but . . ."

Again he stopped me. "That's all I wanted to know."

HE was back on the porch beside me. I faced him squarely and placed my hands, imploringly, on his arms. The moon held us in an eerie sort of spotlight and the street was wrapped in the heavy silence of sleep. And I, driven by a mass of mixed, swirling emotions, fear and love and desperation, held tight to the man who thought I was a liar and a cheat. But I had felt his arms tremble when I touched them.

He must have seen the longing in my eyes, he must have felt the tingle, the anticipation in my fingertips because, suddenly, he bent low—

"Darling, darling—here's what I've been wanting to do ever since I first held you in my arms—"

He kissed me. His lips were hard and unyielding but they burned deep into mine and time stopped for me. How long he held me I do not know. I thought I had won, but I was wrong. I opened my eyes. The moon was still there. The street still slept. But Hal's face was tight and bitter with fury.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" He bit out the words grimly. "You succeeded in proving that we're both a couple of cheats."

Stricken and wordless, I waited for him to go on. But before he could, the half-open door swung wide. It was Grace, and her smile told me that she had seen me in Hal's arms.

"Nice going, children."

Hal was embarrassed and, fumblingly, tried to apologize.

"Sis," I stammered out, "we didn't see you . . ."

"How could you? You were so wrapped up in each other."

Poor Hal, he was so worried that my sister might get the wrong impression about me! "Miss Anderson, I know what you think but that kiss was my own idea. It wasn't Grace's fault at all."

Grace's eyes were wide with astonishment. She looked unbelievably at Hal.

"Grace's fault?" Do you mean that she hasn't told you?

"Told me what?"

My heart danced. We'd make Hal understand! I laughed and he turned to look at me, bewildered, as I said:

"He wouldn't let me, Grace."

"Grace?" Now he was hopelessly confused. He couldn't understand why we were both giggling so shamelessly. "Say, will somebody please set me straight?"

The masquerade, which had brought me so close to disaster, was over. I asked Grace to leave us. I had a lot of explaining to do. As the door shut behind her, I whispered:

"Well, Hal, in the first place, as I've been trying to tell you all evening, I'm not Grace. I'm Jean—"

He didn't let me say any more. And this time his lips were not hard and unyielding. I had been afraid of love. But I was afraid no more.

ANSWERS TO "ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?"

Give yourself ten points for each of your answers that corresponds to the correct ones given here. Then find your own "love rating" below.

1. No. (If you have a sense of strain, of not being entirely at ease with him, there's something wrong. He may have dazzled you—but there's no real dent in your heart!)
2. No.
3. Yes. (Love does something to your looks that even strangers notice!)
4. (a) Yes. (b) No.
5. No. (When you're really in love you can't concentrate.)
6. No.
7. (a) Yes. (You want to share such knowledge with him.)
(b) No. (If you tell him at all it will be in an off-hand way—because First Love doesn't seem important now.)
(c) Yes.
8. Yes. (If there's no thrill in just being with him, unless there is Ardent Woo—it's infatuation.)
9. Yes!
10. (a) Yes. (b) No.
11. Yes!
12. (a) Yes. (b) No.
13. No.
14. (a) Yes. (b) No.
15. No. (You're too excited . . . too many things to think over.)
16. (a) Yes. (Because you have to con-

sider what he likes.)

(b) No.

17. Yes. (Girls in love get a sudden Domestic Eye.)
18. (a) Yes. (That's the way Love is . . .)
(b) No.
19. No. (If a girl is not playing at being in love, her dreams become decidedly practical.)
20. Yes. (You feel generous towards the whole world!)
21. (a) No. (b) No. (Sure sign he bores you.)
22. Yes.
23. Yes. (And how!)
24. (a) Yes. (b) No.
25. No! (You're too tingly and alive to wake up feeling your everyday self.)

* * * *

The highest possible score is 350. If you have it, that is Love. Grade A and undiluted!

If your score is between:

- 320 and 350 . . . Call it "L-o-v-e."
- 300 and 320 . . . Romance—Grade B.
- 250 and 300 . . . Passing fancy.
- 200 and 250 . . . Very passing!
- 100 and 200 . . . A breezy whim.
- 0 and 100 . . . Skip it—and start looking around again!

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