

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION
MAY

YVETTE

Singing Star of
Xavier Cugat's
NBC Program.



SECRET ROMANCE—The Radio Star in ALICE FAYE'S Life

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Full Page Living Portraits
of People You Love

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*.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

ALL that you get from a cigarette—you get in the *smoke itself*. And here's what you get when you smoke slower-burning Camels. More mildness where you want mildness...*in the smoke*. More flavor where you want flavor...*in the smoke*. More coolness, too!

In the same slow smoke of a Camel cigarette, you get LESS NICOTINE. Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less nicotine than from *any* of them.

Dealers feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get your Camels by the carton.



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

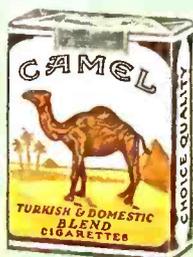
“Camels taste like the cigarette they are . . . a finer cigarette of real mildness, wonderful flavor!”

MRS. EDWARD M. McILVAIN, JR., of New York

• A lover of home life, Mrs. McIlvain enjoys running a household...entertaining small groups of friends. Deeply interested in decoration, she prefers antiques and period pieces . . . was photographed against the background of an eighteenth-century lacquer screen. As a hobby, Mrs. McIlvain collects miniature furniture and silver. She also likes candid photography...movies...concerts . . . Camels. “Smoking Camels is one of my chief every-day pleasures,” says Mrs. McIlvain. “Camels are mild as can be...and taste simply grand. Yes, the fact that there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels means a lot to me!”

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

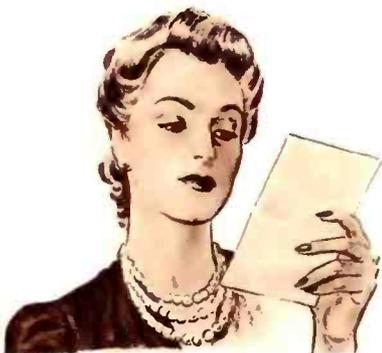
5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



Camel — the Slower-Burning cigarette



Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .
TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. He

may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
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ON THE COVER—Yvette, singing star of Xavier Cugat's NBC program
Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood



SHARP EYES CANNOT TELL with Tampax



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PAOS
NO ODOR

YOU need never fear that *anyone* can detect anything if you wear Tampax—*internal* sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously for monthly use that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply *cannot* feel it when in place!

You experience a new and glorious freedom with Tampax. A month's trial convinces beyond doubt . . . You can dance, swim, engage in all sports, use tub or shower . . . No chafing, no bulging, no pin-and-belt problems. No odor can form; no deodorant needed. And Tampax is easily disposed of.

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in *three sizes*: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-51-B
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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What do You want to Say?



First Prize . . .

A TEACHER DEFENDS HER PUPILS

Lately there has been much criticism of children who appear on radio. It makes them affected, it is said, and interferes with their school work.

As a teacher of Dramatic Art, I know these statements are untrue.

On the contrary, those children who do the best work in my classes are unaffected in their speech and deportment, easily maintain high averages in school, and often also take dancing, music or some other art.

I believe work in radio to be one of the forms of training a child should have. It improves their speech and diction; develops their imaginations; and calls for poise and personality of the sincere, natural type that is of great future value.—Louise C. Horton, Royal Oak, Michigan.

Second Prize . . .

I SAY—"CONTESTS ARE FAIR!"

Having been fortunate enough to have won everything from a pound of coffee to several one hundred dollar checks via radio contests, it annoys and even saddens me to hear the uninitiated ask, "Are radio contests fair?" or even more frequently insist: "I never heard of a New Yorker winning in a national contest!"

May I suggest that the complainant first realize that it is only fair to expect sponsors to distribute their prizes geographically, so as not to put all their prize checks in the same location. Then, if said complainant will just remember also that there are forty-eight states, and that every time they hear a New Yorker's name announced, that there must follow those names in the competing other forty-seven states. In other words, to the listening New Yorker who is waiting

(Continued on page 75)

This is your page!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN
— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00
Second Prize \$ 5.00
Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than April 28th, 1941. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

Frowns can speak volumes—but they can't say "Mum"!



Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.
Every day use quick, safe Mum.

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness *last*. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after

your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on . . . in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE!



IT'S SO DEPENDABLE! MUM MAKES AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS REALLY LAST!

AND SO SAFE. MUM WON'T HURT FINE FABRICS OR TENDER SKIN

I LIKE ITS QUICK, SURE PROTECTION ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. PROTECTS ALL DAY



For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable . . . a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHAT'S NEW FROM *Coast to Coast*



Thursday night's Fanny Brice and Frank Morgan are still making you laugh, but have you noticed that the Good News show is now called something else? Left, who's making the better impression with Lana Turner—Tony Martin or Glen Gray?

EVERYBODY is wondering whether or not Jack Benny will be on the air next season for his old sponsor. His contract comes up for renewal soon, and Jack is said to be asking for a higher weekly pay-check. That Sunday he was off the air he came to New York—to see the play "Charley's Aunt," he said, before making it into a picture. But he had a conference with his sponsors, too.

* * *

Fibber McGee is the new mayor of Encino, a small town near Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley. He was inducted at elaborate ceremonies which were broadcast on NBC. In case you missed the show, the best crack of the evening was made by Andy Devine, the mayor of Van Nuys, another small town not far from Encino. Andy said: "A lot of you people listening in may not know how Encino got its start. As you go north on Ventura Boulevard you come to a big electric sign with an arrow pointing to the right, saying 'Van Nuys.' As people traveled north, those that could read turned to the right—those that couldn't went straight ahead, and that's how Encino came into being."

* * *

Have you noticed that the Thursday-night comedy program with Fanny Brice and Frank Morgan has quietly dropped its old title of Good News? The sponsors discovered that nobody thought of the show by that name. Listeners called it mostly "the Fanny Brice program" or "Baby Snooks." And since weekly royalties had to be paid for the use of the title to the owners of an old musical comedy success called "Good News," it seemed a good idea to drop it altogether. The name now is Maxwell

House Coffee Time, which doesn't mention Fanny Brice, Baby Snooks or Frank Morgan, but does mention something very important to the sponsor.

* * *

It looks as if Henry Aldrich would be in the United States Army soon. Ezra Stone is the young actor who created the role of Henry on the stage and has made him famous on the air. Now Ezra's draft number has come up, and he will very likely be called to the colors about May 1. That doesn't mean that The Aldrich Family will go off the air, though. The producers are already looking around for an actor with a voice sufficiently like Ezra's distinctive, adolescent cackle to take his place.

* * *

Hundreds of people in radio, and thousands upon thousands of listeners, were saddened by the death of Donna Damerel, who created the character of Marge in the Myrt and Marge serial.

Death came suddenly to Donna, a few minutes after the birth of her third child, Donald. She herself was only 28, although she was a veteran in the radio industry. Myrt and Marge was one of the earliest popular radio serials, and it has been on the air continuously, except for one brief interruption, ever since it first started nearly ten years ago. The hold Donna had upon the affections of listeners was illustrated by the bags full of letters which poured in after the news of her death.

Donna's mother, Myrtle Vail, said at first that it would be impossible to

replace Marge on the program. But Myrt is a good trouper, and she knows the show must go on, so it is likely that by the time you read this a new Marge will have been chosen. Donna was to have been written out of the script anyway for three weeks after the birth of her baby. She made her last appearance on the air the day before the baby was born.

Donna's husband was Peter Fick, well known swimmer and athlete. She had two other children, one each from two previous marriages.

* * *

The NBC studios in Chicago are an inexhaustible mine of bright new ideas for the feminine wardrobe. Apparently the radio actresses there are always first with the newest thing in gadgets. During a broadcast of The Guiding Light, Jeanne Juvelier was seen wearing a silver charm bracelet, the charms making up a complete miner's outfit in miniature—spade, cradle, pan, pickaxe, burro and even a tiny scale to weigh the gold dust. On the same program Ruth Bailey was wearing lavishly jeweled hair ornaments—butterflies set with stones of all colors and put on tiny springs so they bobbed realistically when Ruth turned her head. They were gifts from her husband to celebrate the recent arrival of their first baby, a boy.

Louise King, the Lullaby Lady of the Carnation Contented program, introduced a huge chiffon handkerchief embroidered with her telephone number. Another decorative item in Louise's wardrobe is a carved wooden necklace of alternate footballs and gridiron shoes.

In the Ma Perkins studio, Rita Ascot
(Continued on page 6)

By DAN SENSENEY



"I didn't come here to rock!"

I DIDN'T come here to rock at \$15 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the Florida sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises . . . but they're out with other girls. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man . . . the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him . . . and he's out tonight with Thelma. *And so I rock.*

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe . . .

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that

are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "line" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . ."

Take This Tip

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and

deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter and fresher. Thousands of popular people, fastidious people, simply wouldn't be without it. It's part of their passport to popularity . . . and it should be a part of yours.

Mouth Fermentation

Listerine works this way to sweeten breath: It overcomes fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth . . . said by some authorities to be the principal cause of odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. Other cases of bad breath may be due to systemic conditions; to get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office; tuck one in your hand-bag when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST (CONTINUED)

showed the latest in clips—a pair of fat bumblebees chasing each other across the collar of her dress. The bees are topaz, with wings that glitter with brilliants.

A letter addressed to an NBC singer: "Friday, while listening to your program, I heard a song which went like this—la-de-do de-la-do. Will you please sing it again next Friday?"

Here's a confession: Last month in this column I said that Charles Crutchfield, Program Director of station WBT in Charlotte, N. C., was a bachelor. I was wrong. He's very happily married, and has two children. Apologies to Mrs. Crutchfield—and to my readers.

If you just can't get enough of Pat O'Malley's dialect poems on Alec Templeton's program (and lots of people can't) you'll be glad to know that Pat has a new book of them out. It's called "The New Lancashire Lad," and is published by Howell, Soskin & Co. of New York City. Here's a warning, though—reading the poems isn't as funny as listening to them recited in Pat's broad Lancashire dialect.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Versatile is the word for Bill Bryan, newscaster, announcer and special-events chaser for station WHAS in Louisville. He not only does five news broadcasts a week for a candy sponsor, but he plays the piano with the expertness of fifteen years' study, has written a hundred original songs and other musical compositions, sings in a rich baritone voice, and has produced a number of exceptional radio programs which have been aired over WHAS in the last four years.

Bill especially loves interviews, and has talked on the air to such celebrities as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rudy Vallee, Madeleine Carroll, Anna Neagle and others. His interest in people led him to devise a fifteen-minute program called I Am What I Am Because—which won honorable mention in a poll conducted by a New York newspaper.

Bill is tall (6 feet 4 inches) and lanky. He comes from Orlando, Florida, where he entered radio ten years ago at the age of seventeen as a

pianist-singer. While working his way through the University of Florida he moved into the announcing field "for the fun of it." As soon as he was graduated from college he was offered a position on the announcing staff of WHAS which he has kept ever since. Coast-to-coast listeners heard him announcing Paul Sullivan's news broadcasts on CBS, and at the present time he is the announcer for all CBS sustaining programs which originate in Louisville.

He's very happily married to the former Dorothy Rothe, whom he met at the University of Florida. "Never knew three years could pass so quickly until I got married," he grins happily.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder what you'd do if you won one of those midget airplanes the Wings of Destiny program gives away every week? Of course it's nice to get the plane, but it really isn't easy to take care of it. As Mrs. Thomas Frissell of Middletown, Connecticut, one of the winners, exclaimed, "You can't just put an airplane under the bed!"

Mrs. Frissell was so excited when she got the telephone call telling her she'd won a plane that she lost her voice. Then she recovered and rushed out to the local airport to rent a hangar and take out insurance. She didn't keep the plane, though. She doesn't drive a car very well, and she'd heard pilots say that unless you were able to drive a car you probably would have trouble learning to pilot a plane. So she accepted one of her sixteen offers and sold her Piper Cub for \$1300. Only two other winners have sold their prizes—George Blair of Miami, Florida, and Harold Beck of Lebanon, Indiana. Mr. Beck wanted the money for an operation his son needed, and Mr. Blair wanted to build a house.

Some of the Wings winners have been inspired to become full-fledged pilots. One is Albert Walker of Pueblo, Colorado; another is Victor Bouldin of Houston, Texas. V. J. Sweeney of Chicago already knew how to fly, so he arranged for his wife to take the lessons which are included as part of the prize. Henry Miller of Tulsa, Oklahoma, found his prize very appropriate—he works at the Spartan School of Aeronautics. Lieutenant Wyan Thiessen of Davenport,

When comedians get together on a charity broadcast—Gracie Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, and George Burns. Fibber you know, is new mayor of Encino, Calif.



RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

What's a new Spring Costume WITHOUT

Blue Swan

UNDIKINS' WARDROBE

Clever Pantie fashions to wear with every New Spring fashion

Every type of pantie for every type of costume. That's why you'll find in Blue Swan's Undikins' Wardrobe

Under your Sport Ensemble

wear **SISSIKINS**

Is a charmer of soft rayon and LasteX with intriguing ribbon bows. Fits like a dream under the new dressmaker fashions. New! ..59c



Under your guy Spring Dress

wear **FLARIKINS**

A carefree pantie allows freedom of action but keeps you slim as a reed. Celanese rayon ... won't run, shrink or sag.59c



Under your Evening Gown

wear **MOLDIKINS**

Blue Swan's newest evening wear creation. Fits as if it were part of you. Laton and rayon. \$1.00

Also about Smoochikins, Slendikins, Minikins and Frillikins, the other members of the "Undikins' Wardrobe"

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

Blue Swan

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
NEW YORK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. · REG. APP. FOR · PATENTED

Iowa, found his far from appropriate—he's a Reserve Cavalry Officer. But he's a flying enthusiast now.

Thomas Gallagher of Norwood, Ohio, makes his plane work for him. He rents it out at the local airport to students who don't own planes of their own.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Not all Southern beauties lived back in the days of Scarlett O'Hara. One of the present-day crop can be heard six afternoons a week on WBT's Briarhoppers program, in the person of Billie Burton, sixteen-year-old songstress.

Billie was only twelve years old when she first raised herself on tiptoe to reach a WBT microphone and captivated audiences with her soft, musical Southern drawl that even in one so young held romance and loveliness. She put her heart and soul into that first performance, because success meant more to her than just personal satisfaction. It meant the fulfillment of her mother's dream that Billie would some day have the musical fame she herself had been denied. And since Billie's memorable debut four years ago, happy Mrs. Burton knows that she's very close to seeing her dreams come true.

Although Billie has just turned sixteen, she has the poise of a young woman and the microphone manners of a veteran trouper. She's tall, golden-haired, with laughing gray-blue eyes. Maybe heritage has something to do with her beauty and grace, for she is a descendant of two famous Civil War generals and of a prominent Southern statesman, Governor John Alston of South Carolina.

Besides being a radio star herself, Billie's an ardent radio fan—her favorite stars are Connie Boswell and Frances Langford. One thing she isn't interested in—as yet—is boys. Maybe she's too determined to be a great singer to let romance interfere with her ambition—or maybe the right boy hasn't happened along yet to make her realize that love is just as important as music.

PITTSBURGH—Once J. Herbert Angell walked out on broadcasting because he didn't think there was any future in it, and went to work as a
(Continued on page 82)



Willie Burton, sixteen-year-old songstress on WBT's Briarhoppers.



Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algonquin, famous New York hotel.



Off for a honeymoon in North Carolina. Mrs. Smith says: "I've used Camay for years. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay's wonderful mildness makes it just right for me."

"I'm another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin"

—Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

Every woman can benefit from Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. F. MARTIN SMITH, JR., is tall and slender, with chestnut hair and grey-green eyes, while her skin is unusually fair and of flawless purity!

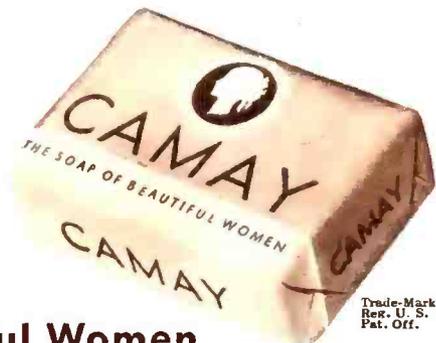
Naturally such a lovely skin calls for the very utmost care—and so Mrs. Smith uses Camay.

A great many beautiful women, even those women who feel they have a somewhat sensitive skin, or a dry skin, tell us they prefer Camay because of its superior mildness.

For now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of

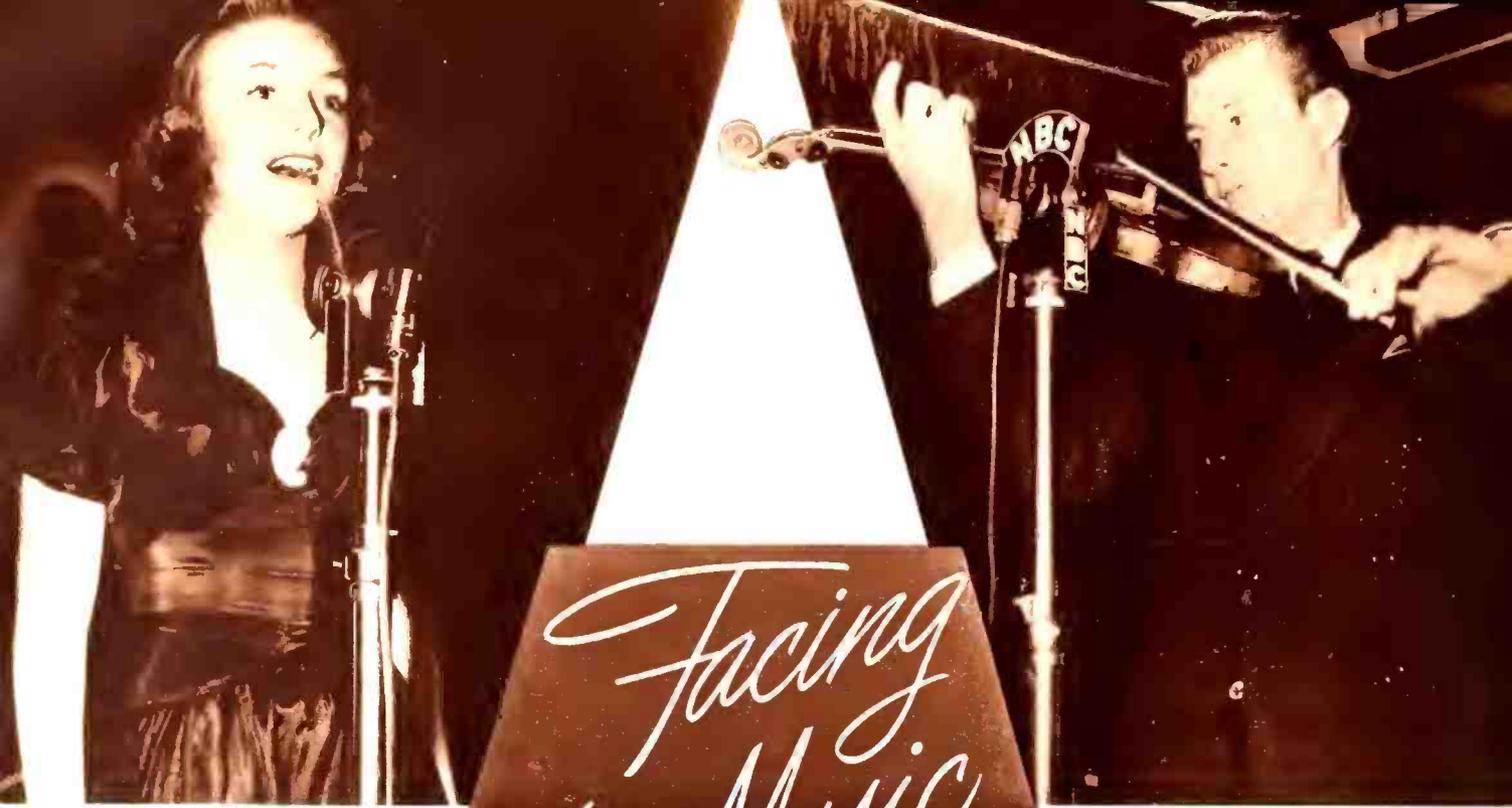
the other leading large-selling beauty soaps. Actual tests made in the great Procter & Gamble laboratories proved this superior mildness of Camay.

Get 3 cakes of Camay today. Put this milder Camay to work right away, helping you in your search for loveliness.



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

The Soap of Beautiful Women



■ Helen Young, Johnny Long's twenty-year-old vocalist, was a tap-dancer until she won a vocal contest sponsored by Sophie Tucker.

■ You can hear Johnny Long's orchestra over NBC from New York's mammoth Roseland Ballroom and on Decca records.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

THE stork swooped down on Tin Pan Alley and as a result band-leaders Woody Herman, Mitchell Ayres, Sonny Burke, and vocalist Marion Hutton all expect additions to their families.

* * *
If Benny Goodman's new Old Gold cigarette show on WJZ, New York, clicks, it will be expanded to a full NBC network. Benny still has time for serious music. His newest "long hair" venture is with Gregor Piattigorsky, eminent Russian 'cellist.

* * *
Jimmy Blumenstock, Fordham foot-

ball star, seems to be the constant companion of Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's blonde vocalist.

* * *
Even if radio doesn't air it, Irving Berlin's new tune, "When that Man is Dead and Gone" should be a major click. It is being extensively plugged on records and in theaters and night clubs.

* * *
The King Sisters turned down a Glenn Miller movie bid to stay with Alvino Rey's band, now heard over MBS from Westchester. The reason is that Louise is married to Alvino and Yvonne is wed to pianist Ed Cole.

* * *
The Modernaires, formerly with Paul Whiteman's band, are now a permanent feature of the Miller orchestra. The quartet will help Dorothy Claire and Ray Eberle with the vocal chores.

* * *
Speaking of Miller, the boys in the band tell this story of how careful a craftsman Glenn is when it comes to recording work. The band had to record their "Anvil Chorus" three times until the leader was satisfied.

* * *
THIS CHANGING WORLD: Horace Heidt is back at the New York Biltmore hotel again, replacing Orrin Tucker. . . . Benny Goodman has had two new personnel changes: Pete Mondello is now on tenor sax instead of Jack Henderson, and Davie Tough is hitting the drums, succeeding Harry Yaeger. . . . Bob Crosby is making his second film for RKO. . . . 17-year-old Gloria Hart is Raymond Scott's new

vocalist. . . . Joan Merrill received a long-term Bluebird record contract. . . . Ex-NBC page boy, Ted Steele, one of the country's best novachord players, is forming a full-sized dance band. He tested the outfit when he cut an album of Duke Ellington tunes for Decca.

* * *
There is talk now that the Hal Kemp band will break up because no suitable leader has been found. Several of the musicians have made inquiries into jobs with other bands. Before his death, Hal had planned to enter the serious music field.



■ In the limelight this season is Tony Pastor's orchestra, playing at New York's Lincoln Hotel.



■ Dorothy Claire's doing a good job singing on Glenn Miller's CBS Moonlight Serenade program.

Raymond Scott is now on a string of college and theater dates. The band comes East in April for its first full length semester around New York since it went on the road last year.

The 10th annual New York World-Telegram radio editors' poll voted Guy Lombardo their favorite band, Kate Smith and Bing Crosby by their favorite popular vocalists, and Eddie Cantor's singer, Dinah Shore, the star discovery of 1940.

Charlie Spivak's band is one of four that the wise boys are putting their money on. The others are Tony Pastor, Johnny Long, and Vaughn Monroe. Spivak and his sweet trumpet did so well at Glen Island Casino during the tough winter season that they will be rewarded with a lucrative summer engagement. As most dance followers know, this Westchester rendezvous fostered the careers of Casa Loma, Glenn Miller, Larry Clinton and Bobby Byrne. Spivak begins a long theater tour March 28. The band is only six months old.

Woody Herman has done so well at the Hotel New Yorker that he has been held over through April. No definite replacement after that.

Anson Weeks was painfully injured in a bus crash in Iowa. The rest of the band got off with minor cuts and bruises.

Annual custom: Xavier Cugat returns to the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Starlight Roof for the spring and summer. You'll hear him via NBC and MBS.

Joe Davis, the famous publisher-songwriter, is the real name of the "Leslie Beacon" who wrote "Montana Moon," RADIO MIRROR's Song of the Month. Joe is Abe Lyman's musical minute man. When Maestro Lyman is pinched for a certain type of waltz for his Friday evening "Waltz Time" or an unusual rhumba or hill-billy ditty for one of his sustaining broadcasts, he drops into the Davis office and talks to Joe.

Davis is a native New Yorker and the beaming father of two daughters, both of whom he'll keep out of the music business—by fair means or foul.

Soon after his radio excursion, Joe became a music publisher and sponsored "Jump On The Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," "Basin Street Blues," "After You're Gone," "Christopher Columbus," "I Ain't Got Nobody," "I Would Do Anything for You"—and "Montana Moon," which he thinks will join his long list of smash hits.

NO LONG SHOT

"I'm afraid we'll have to amputate." The city doctor once again examined the two torn fingers of the terrified little boy, clinging desperately to his mother. The bones were crushed very badly. "I believe lock-jaw will set in if we don't."

"But doctor," the woman spoke pleadingly, "if you do that Johnny will never be able to play his violin again. You don't know what that will do to him." Her eyes searched the bedroom for the other doctor. He was the family physician. Then she continued: "Isn't there some other way?" (Continued on page 76)

Beaux a'Plenty

when skin looks like "peaches and cream"!



If soap irritation mars your complexion, perhaps you will find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable

THERE'D be more "peaches and cream" complexions if it weren't for the disheartening fact that one woman out of two reports that some soap or other irritates her skin.

So take a tip from the lovely women who have patiently searched for a soap that won't irritate their skins . . . and found the answer in mild, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

When complimented on their clear, smooth skins, three generations of belles have blessed the lucky day they first decided to try Cashmere Bouquet.

And—because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over, and to be glamorously scented *all over* with the fragrance men love—you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too. You get three luxurious cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

In One Ear—

■ An editor invites you to tune in on a special broadcast of news, views and reviews over station RADIO MIRROR

IN ONE ear and out the ether—

Wouldn't the Quiz Kids program be more enjoyable if its Master of Ceremonies stopped sounding so much like a fatuous uncle and became adult in handling these bright youngsters?

1941 success story is announcer Dell Sharbutt, who has done so capable a job of making listeners like his commercials that he's been signed exclusively by one company. Listen to him describe a bowl of soup some time.

Nomination: David Harum, for a daytime serial that is almost sure to please you.

If you like *Girl Alone*, you'd be even more enthusiastic after meeting author Fayette Krum.

Most amusing nickname for a radio program: Elsie Beebe—short for *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

Prediction: this spring America will have the most beautiful flower gardens in the world, if only a tenth of all the seeds radio programs have been giving away are planted.

Best joke based on the music war: a listener, when queried, identified ASCAP and BMI as colleges.

Television, you hear unofficially, has been given another swift kick. Now it is defense orders that must be filled before factories can begin to get the machinery needed for large scale manufacturing of sets.

Amazing how much fun it is to listen to *I Love a Mystery*, a perfectly incredible melodrama.

Surprise of the month: to be told that Bonnie Baker is a champion at ping pong—table tennis to a professional.

News to be envied: Bob Hope has acquired a beautiful new home in California.

Welcome back to George Fisher, whose Hollywood Whispers are heard two times a week, sponsored over the Mutual network.

Query: must the author of *Woman of Courage* use the name Tin Town, for the slum part of his city?

Heartfelt sympathies to Myrtle Vail, mother of Marge, who died so tragically in childbirth.

In need of more plot and character: the new serial, *Home of the Brave*.

Most intimate broadcast: Tony Martin's fifteen minutes on Wednesday evenings.

Number one Crossley in the five times a week field: Ma Perkins.

Suggestion: that the *Inner Sanctum Mystery* program get more hair raising stories or else change the narrator's style. Those strange laughs and fearful predictions now are just silly in view of what actually happens.

Friendly star: Irene Rich on the telephone.

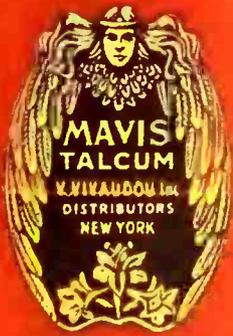
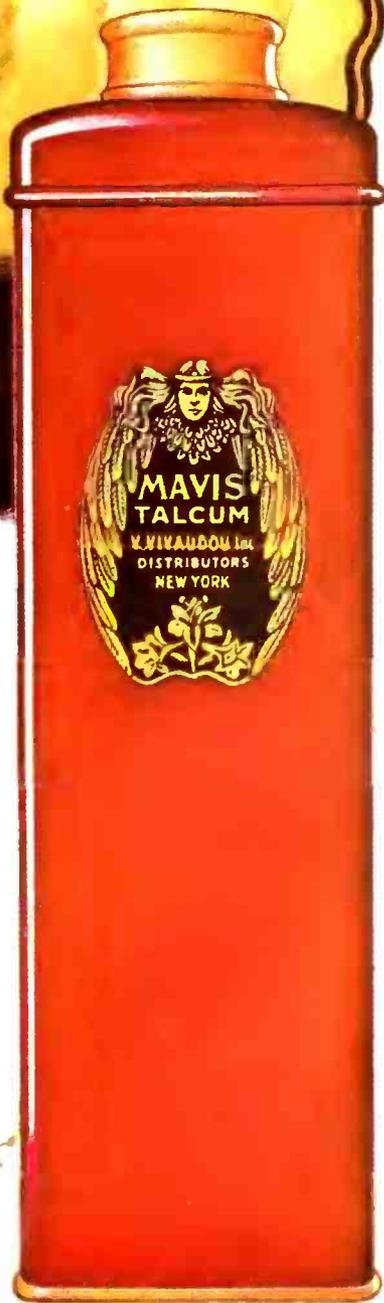
Man of Ideas: Announcer Jean Paul King.

Question: why does Gabriel Heatter pronounce the name as though it were spelled Frawnce?

Wish: to have the knowledge and memory of John Kieran, most consistent of all quiz experts.

New program and well worth listening to: Robinson White and Irene Wicker play-acting on NBC-Red every Sunday night.

FRED R. SAMMIS



*For Body
Beauty*

MAVIS *Talcum*

● Envelops your body in an invisible web of flower-fresh fragrance. It's subtle to the senses, like an emotional adventure... It pampers your body with an adorable gentleness to your skin. Use Mavis Talcum daily... use it lavishly... to fragrantly accent your charm. White, Flesh, and BODITAN (Rachel) shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢.



The Fragrance of Flowers

BY V. VIVAUDOU

TANGEE SAYS

"Now We are Three"



TANGEE NATURAL

The "Queen of Lipsticks" helps you "Be Yourself...Be Natural". Actually orange in the stick, Tangee NATURAL changes as you apply it until your own lipshade of blush rose is enhanced to its'utmost.

TANGEE RED-RED

A stirring, vibrant color...one of the rarest, loveliest reds of them all! A true red, keyed to this season's gay fashions, it accents the whiteness of your teeth and the loveliness of your lips.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED

After five years this bright and vivid Tangee triumph is still acknowledged a lipstick masterpiece. Subtly flattering, Tangee Theatrical Red gives your lips new beauty and warmth.

TANGEE'S THREE SMOOTHLY ALLURING CREAM BASE LIPSTICKS keep your lips soft and lovely for hours... help end that dry "drawn" feeling. Together with their matching rouges and your own shade of Tangee's Face Powder they give you complete make-up harmony... a perfect blend of skin and lip coloring.

TANGEE
REALLY STAYS ON!

■ We can wait," he had said, "it's only a year." But her heart cried out that a year was too long, and sought another—the confession of a radio singer in an army camp

Always, when we were together, I was conscious of a quality in Ron Evans I had never felt in Ted.

THE offer was so unexpected and so marvelous that, when it came, it did not seem quite real. It meant so much to me in every way. I had been wandering from room to room, too restless to sit still, unable to adjust myself to life without Ted, wondering what I would do during the long year ahead while he would be at camp. And I was so lonely. Ted and I—we had grown up together in the southwestern town where we had been born, and from high school on there had never been anyone else: dances, games, card parties—always Ted. Lost, that was the way I felt—lost, as if only part of me was still in Oakhurst.

And then that telephone call; it changed everything. Not only did it mean I would see Ted, but it gave me the opportunity of which I had dreamed: a chance to sing over the radio. For it was Mr. Conley, of our local radio station, asking me to come to the office that afternoon for an audition.

"We're arranging for a group of entertainers to go down to Camp Daniels, Miss Adams. And we want local talent, pretty much, as the boys come mostly from around here. Make them feel we're all friends together. I've heard you sing in amateur shows, and here's your chance; everything we do at Camp will be broadcast over an interstate network. Want to give it a try?"

"Do I?" I breathed. "I should say I do."

"At two then," he said.

"At two," I repeated, and turned to call mother and tell her the news. Then I realized this was her day at the Red Cross. I ran over to the piano, and began sorting my music, wondering what I had better use for the audition. I found myself singing happily; perhaps, things were working out for the best after all.



WHEN MY FIANCE' WAS
DRAFTED

Some of the bitterness I had felt disappeared. It had rankled, no doubt of it, that, when the draft had first been discussed, Ted had not suggested our marriage. It hadn't been as if the country was at war; that of course, would have been different. I could not help feeling that if he had loved me as I wanted him to love me, he would never have taken a chance on our being separated for a year. We had almost quarrelled about it.

"But, Betty," how intent he had been to make his point; "it's not right to try and get out of it. We can wait, dear; it's only a year."

WAIT, wait—I did not want to wait; I longed to be swept off my feet, to be told I was more than anything else in life to him, to know he could not leave me. And it had hurt, the rift between us; we had always had such an understanding companionship.

Ted had pulled me to him, and as he had kissed me, I had felt his arms tighten around my shoulders.

"Don't get the idea it's easy to leave you, but—"

There had been a new quality in his voice; my heart had beat quickly in answer to it. Then he had held me off at arm's length, half smiling, half serious. "Better keep our heads," he had said; "or it'll be anything but easy."

And now, wouldn't Ted be surprised and thrilled when I turned up at Camp Daniels! I felt certain I'd make good at the audition. I knew my voice was good, and I loved to sing. So I was not nervous that afternoon, though I was excited as I realized how big a thing was being planned. It would mean leaving home for at least several months; the entertainers were to stay at a small town within easy driving distance of the camp. Mother and father were a little worried about that at first; I was only nineteen, but when they learned that friends of theirs, a Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, were to be in charge, they were almost as excited as I.

The days before we left were the busiest I had ever known: clothes to be bought, programs arranged, a hundred details to be prepared. Everything was grand, all the members of the group got along beautifully, and it was a friendly, happy crowd who drove into Camp Daniels two weeks later. I had written Ted I was coming, and he was the first person I saw, as the car stopped and I poked my head out of the window. I knew then how dreadfully I had missed him. I wondered if he would kiss me before all those people. I scarcely knew whether I



wanted him to or not, yet when he didn't—and I might have known he was too reserved to do so—I turned away, rather miffed, to meet a pair of smiling brown eyes in a tanned, surprisingly handsome face. A strong hand closed over mine.

"So you're Betty Adams. I'm Ted's buddy; he's told me about you. I'm Ron Evans, leader of the band. You'll have to see a lot of me. We're going to be friends, I hope."

All around us were eager voices, bustling activity; the air was crisp and cool. Far away a bugle sounded, there were little flags fluttering, and one large American banner whipping in the wind.

"Sure, you will," Ted said; but he tucked my hand under his arm with a quietly possessive gesture. My heart was beating quickly, my eyes were shining, my cheeks flushed. Ted was so good looking in his uniform. Ron Evans glanced at us, then with a smile walked on beside us as we crossed the road to-

ward the Recreation Hall.

"I've leave to drive you over to Lynwood. I want to be sure you're comfortable. It's great to have you here," Ted was saying in one ear, while Ron Evans was talking away on the other side of me about his band and how we must arrange to do some songs together—I agreed with Ted: it was great to be there.

We rehearsed for two hours that afternoon. And when Ron started his band I was delighted. He was a musician, and I knew I could work with him. How he swung his men; my eyes were drawn again and again to his tall, lean figure so at ease, so graceful, to his dark eyes, and his mouth curved in a smile. And by the time we were driving the few miles to Lynwood, there was no doubt at all but that our entertainment would be a success.

It was a queer, little hotel at which we were to stay, more like an overgrown boarding house, but



As we struggled I could feel that he had grown really angry. Neither of us knew Ted was standing in the door, watching us.

clean and tidy. Our group had engaged the entire second floor, and when Ted carried my bags up to my room, and before I had even taken off my hat and coat, I caught his arm, and shook him.

"Oh, Ted, Ted," I cried, "isn't this fun! Aren't you thrilled?"

"Sure I am." He kissed me. "My, but I'm glad to see you."

"Really, Ted? You are glad, aren't you?" And I dropped into a chair with a sigh, stretching my arms above my head, relaxing with a sense of utter comfort. He came over and sat on the arm of the chair, and I looked up into his blue eyes.

"You know I'm glad! Why ask such a silly question?"

"Oh, you're so quiet. Don't you ever, ever get excited? If you'd only lose your head sometimes!"

He laughed, and patted my hand.

"At that, I may, some day."

"And what a surprise that would be!" I exclaimed. Then I felt his lips on my hair.

Who wouldn't have been excited? I'm not doing any special pleading, but the situation in which I found myself was as stimulating as the cool breezes, the keen air, the stars at night sparkling in the blue sky. Not only was I singing over the radio, but I was receiving some surprisingly good notices in the papers. I was surrounded by all the color and thrill of army life without being aware of its drab side, or of the hard work necessary to it. And Ron Evans was outstanding. He would have dominated in any set of circumstances. We were together almost every day as he and his band accompanied my songs—military songs that sent the blood swinging

and pulsing through my body. And, whenever his shoulder pressed mine bending above me as we studied some sheet of music, or his hand lingered on mine as he helped me to the platform, I was conscious of him, of his body, of a quality which I had never felt in Ted. I knew perfectly that many of the reasons he gave so as to be with me were mere, made up excuses. And though I understood that Ted trusted me too much to object to my growing intimacy with Ron, it made me angry. I was tired of his quiet certainty. It would have flattered my vanity a lot more to have him make some protest.

And then, that night, when Ron drove me back to Lynwood after the performance, and he didn't have leave; just went off with us when he had been (*Continued on page 89*)



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ALICE FAYE'S

Secret Radio

■ An exciting story of happiness that came unexpectedly to a beautiful star who has placed her heart in the hands of a handsome radio singer



Romance

THE broadcast was over. In the sound booths technicians transferred connections, removed ear-phones, and, yawning, prepared to leave for the night. Down on the stage the stars and players and stooges of the Maxwell House show shrugged their way into topcoats, exchanged jokes, dropped scripts on convenient chairs, straggled vaguely off to whatever excitement or routine the evening held for each.

But the M. C. of the show, John Conte, moved with greater haste. His casual goodbyes were not lingering, and his parting pleasantries were almost on the testy side. He was a big, handsome young fellow with dark curly hair, a clean white grin, and the rangy, lean-muscled build of an oarsman.

Tonight he was less genial than impatient. He got clear of his companions, picked up his car in an adjoining lot near the theater. He drove with what speed his conscience, not the law allowed—down Sunset to Beverly Drive, and down Beverly to Santa Monica Boulevard, and thence three blocks until he reached The Tropics.

The Tropics is a Beverly Hills cafe with all the trappings of South Seas glamour, including palms, batiks, dim lights and rum in every possible shape and concoction.

In the dimmest corner a girl waited. She was blonde and excitingly lovely, with an up-turned Irish nose and wide grey eyes and a mouth designed in a perpetual pout, except when it smiled. It smiled now, as he entered.

He slipped into the sheltered booth beside her. "Got away as soon as I could," he said.

"It's okay," said Alice Faye to the man she loved. "I haven't been waiting long. Besides, I like it here."

You will not have heard this story until now. It hasn't been told, even in Hollywood, except in whispers—and then only at parties or over private telephones or at private gatherings. Personal friends of Alice's or John's have told it, with



■ John Conte, singing star of the Maxwell House radio show, heard Thursdays on NBC, sings other days to Alice alone.

the previous stern injunction: "Remember. It's confidential! It's one of those things, you see?"

But now there's no reason why you shouldn't know that Alice has found love again, or that the man she loves is John Conte, a radio personality who is proving himself these days; nor is there any earthly reason, that I can see, why you shouldn't be told that Alice and John are still going to be going together.

It looks as if they were going to work out. The months that Alice went to nightclubs and parties and dances with Sandy Cummings notwithstanding; the rumors that she was still carrying the torch for Tony Martin, at long last a success and in the big money, notwithstanding. . . . This is a love story, of almost three years duration. And love stories that have lasted that long must win happiness.

It's in the books.

By HOWARD SHARPE

In Hollywood that old witch called Irony has a lovely time. It was Tony Martin who introduced Alice, his wife, to John Conte. John was announcing the Burns and Allen show, and Tony was on that show, and Alice came along one evening to be with Tony, and Tony—it is said by those who watched eagerly from the sidelines—said, "I'm stuck with something afterwards, Johnny. Could you take Alice to dinner, and I'll meet you wherever you go after I'm clear?"

John could and most certainly would. Aside from his perfectly respectful admiration of Alice (after all, she was someone else's wife) he was new enough to the Big Time to find a pretty big thrill in taking a famous movie star to dinner.

Alice was not only one of the top stars in Hollywood, but her entire past had been studded with glamour, with excitement, with accomplishment. It sounded like fiction.

(Continued on page 64)

THEY can forget you on Broadway in an awful hurry. It just didn't seem possible, as I sat in Al's Lunch on Eighth Avenue, eating a bowl of the special ten-cent stew, that less than a year ago I'd been making a hundred and fifty dollars a week, wearing a fur coat, and eating in places where the menus were printed in French.

But it was not only possible. It had happened.

The fur coat had been the last thing to go. I'd held on to it as long as I could, not only because it made a good impression but because I didn't want to freeze to death. It was spring now, though, and I didn't need it, so I'd sold it. I still had ten dollars left of what I'd got for it. When that ten-spot was gone, I didn't know what I'd do. Meanwhile, Al's stew was nourishing. You even found a piece of meat in it once in a while.

Not that it nourished the soul much. The worst part of being out of a job isn't the having to dine on ten cents or even the worry about how you're going to pay next week's room rent. They're bad, but what's much worse is the knowledge that here you are, with a good set of hands and arms and legs and a brain that's certainly as efficient as it ever was—and nobody wants you. Nobody can find any use for you.

Of all the lonely feelings in the

world, that's the loneliest. It's so terrible that you can't even admit to yourself that you have it.

I was half-way through with my dish of stew when out of the corner of my eye I saw someone come up to my table and stand there uncertainly. Then he said, "Mind if I sit here? All the other tables are full."

I glanced up. "Sure, help yourself. It's a free country," I said before I realized that there was something vaguely familiar about him. He was not too tall, and he had a good-natured Irish face and a light way of carrying his muscular body that told you he could move like a streak of lightning when he wanted to. His suit was a little too flashy in color and cut, but it was a good one, and although it wasn't new it was pressed and clean. It was what gave me the tip-off, and connected up with the Irish face and the graceful way of standing to tell me who he was.

"Don't I know you?" I asked as he sat down and began unloading his tray.

"Nope," he said, "and you're wasting your time."

"But aren't you 'Dapper' Danny Hunt, the fighter?"

"Nope," he said again. "I'm Danny Hunt, the ex-fighter."

"I thought so!" I said triumphantly. "Don't you remember me?"

"Should I?" He grinned, losing a little of his stand-offish manner.

"Well," I told him, "you threw a big party for me last year. I'm Bubbles Marlowe—or rather I was Bubbles Marlowe, of the Coliseum Theater. Now I'm just plain Marge Kelly."

"No kiddin'!" he said, and it was wonderful to watch his face light up. "Sure, I remember! I'd just beaten Whitey Neal, and a bunch of us went over to the Coliseum after the fight to see your act. I thought you were the greatest thing since talking pictures."

Well, I'd asked for it. But it did hurt a little to hear him say "thought." I remembered the flowers he'd sent backstage—and I remembered the way I'd looked then, and how I'd taken success and attention for granted. And now—

But he must have slipped out of the money too, I reminded myself, or he wouldn't be here in Al's—eating, I noticed, stew.

"Things are pretty tough, huh?" he said sympathetically, as if he knew what I'd been thinking.

"You said it."

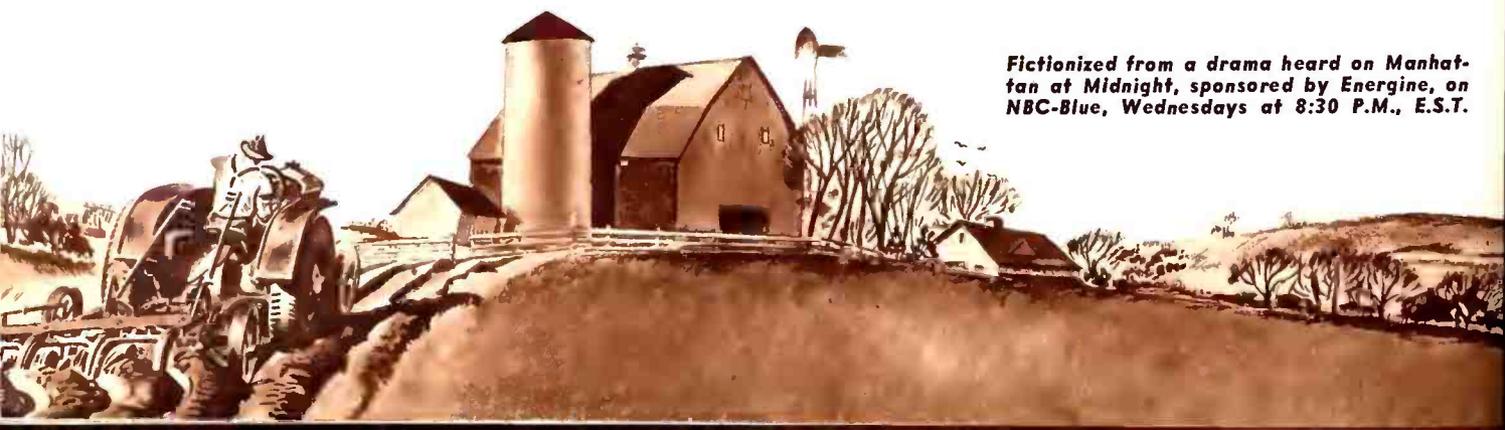
"What happened? You were sure packing them into the Coliseum with your act last year."

"Oh," I said, "I was in the hospital two months with pneumonia. I always knew that Coliseum stage was too (Continued on page 67)

Don't Leave Me Now

■ What was a career and "big money" compared to those brief moments of ecstasy they had found? Read this stirring broadcast of a bubble dancer and a prize fighter

Fictionized from a drama heard on *Manhattan at Midnight*, sponsored by *Energine*, on *NBC-Blue*, Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.



■ "Get away, you lug!" I said, not meaning it in the least. "Get away before I smear biscuit dough on your face."



They



■ Listen to Yvette singing
on Xavier Cugat's Camel pro-
gram, Thursdays on NBC-Red.

Call Me Yvette

■ I'm only eighteen, I never wanted to be a singer, I'm not French at all, and my real name is Elsa—but none of this kept me from a life I'd never even dreamed about

I PICK up the evening paper. I skim through it. I don't pretend to be just browsing. Ah, here it is—the amusement section.

My eye falls upon a picture of myself on the movie page. It is a flattering picture. But right now that doesn't matter. Above the picture is a caption that reads:

OPENS AT STRAND TOMORROW.

Below the picture there is a further explanation. *Honeymoon for Three* with George Brent and Ann Sheridan is to be the piece de resistance. Mon dieu! Did I ever even dream of this?

I glance over at the department called "Cafe Life in New York." I notice a paragraph beginning:

"Yvette, the romantic chanteuse who has been heard to such good advantage at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria these two weeks has had her engagement extended. Yvette, whose rendition of . . ."

My eyes trail off.

The radio column next claims my attention. Tonight the pilot of the column is unusually cordial. He says, graciously:

"According to the latest Crossley report, the following of that French oriole known as Yvette has doubled in the past two months, which should cause no ill feeling on the part of the sponsor of the Yvette-Cugat show . . ."

I blink.

Is this I? It can't be, can it? The same I who started out to become a great painter? What about those wonderful maxims I had written over and over again in my copy books when I was a child? Especially one that went, in French: "Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera." Or, in English: "God helps those who help themselves." Had the proverb been out-dated? Or was it that I hadn't

helped myself quite enough?

Suddenly I find myself smiling. Then chuckling. And in a trice I begin to recall the words of my grandfather, a wonderful old gentleman who walked down the street cloak slung over his shoulder, cane in hand, and a fierce, awe-inspiring solemnity, the same grandfather who wore a topper when he walked abroad as if life, itself, depended on it.

I remember hearing from him when I was eight—maybe nine—some curious wisdom, after I had shown him a sketch I had done of him on the sly and had confessed my ambition:

"Maybe it's a good thing you're going to be an artist, after all. On both sides of your family music is in the blood. Only remember this: Providence has a strange way of its own in shaping human lives." He let out a guffaw. "Look at me," he said. "I started out to become a great novelist and ended up in French opera."

It all comes back to me now.

Birmingham, Alabama is the Pittsburgh of the South, with a population of somewhere near 250,000, a sprawling, restless giant of a city whose heart beats like a trip hammer.

Do I seem to be reading from a travelogue? And are you wondering why the detour?

It's actually no detour at all.

You see, I'm not French: I'm an American. And I was born in Birmingham. On Alameda Street in the West End of town.

My name is Elsa Harris. Father was an American and so were his people. Mother is French descent, which may account for the way the twig was bent.

Robert Andre, the French opera star, was my uncle. An aunt, Jean

Alexandria, was on the French concert stage. Grandfather was in the French opera. Mother, herself, had and still has a beautiful voice.

I remember my father hardly at all. I remember only that he was a big man and a kindly man who had an automobile business. He did well, I think. We lived in a typically Southern house, large, bristling with character, and picturesque. Life here I remember as if through a gauze. It was a delicious idyll. Mornings were filled with play. The afternoons and twilights were given over to story-telling. And the evenings were drenched with music. Grandfather saw to that.

Twice a month we children would put on a concert for the immediate family and relatives. Grandfather would sit there solemn as ever, pretending to be judging us as if he had paid \$3.30 for his seat. Brother played a violin. Sister Irita performed on the harp. Jane Clare contributed her touching little interpretations of the Chopin nocturnes which Grandfather loved so much. And I, for want of instrumental talent, sang. Nothing much, mind you. Merely little French lullabies and nursery songs. At eight one doesn't have much of a repertoire.

When I was nine, the happy days at Birmingham came suddenly to an end. What money father had left was gone. Mother cheerfully elected to become the breadwinner. When an opportunity came her way to do social service work, work which appealed to her and at the same time made it possible for her to maintain her fairly sizable family, she snapped it up.

The new job took her North—to New York. I remember we all cried when she made the announcement. The children, all but me, were to go

(Continued on page 55)

Young
Widder Brown



ELLEN heard the clicks all along the party line as she lifted the receiver from her telephone. But they didn't matter, those listeners in, not at that moment, not with Ellen's heart freezing as she heard Martha's voice. She had been waiting for that call all morning, ever since Joyce Turner had suddenly collapsed and had been rushed to the Health Center.

"Martha, tell me," she began impulsively, "how is . . ."

The nurse stopped her before she could mention Joyce's name. For Martha, schooled in the knowledge of human nature, trained always to hold her own emotions in check, could not disregard those warning clicks.

"Why don't you stop in at the Center and see me this morning," she said, making her voice sound matter of fact and casual. "It's so long since we've had one of our good old gab fests. I'll have to rush now. I've got a date with a thermometer."

She hung up then before Ellen could have a chance to ask the questions which would only add fuel to the gossip that had already risen to epidemic proportions. But the gossip didn't need facts to feed on. Already the party line was ringing. Three short and two long, Maria Hawkins' number, the bell's metallic insistence somehow reminiscent of Maria's strident voice itself. Simpsonville knew where to go for its quota of scandal.

They were talking it over now, all of them, talking it over, and gloating over every detail, draining from it the drama denied to their own drab lives.

If they only knew how lucky they were not to have things happening to them, Ellen thought wearily as she walked to the window and stood looking out over the garden. How eagerly she would welcome their secure, placid lives. And Joyce, too, lying there on her hospital bed with her poor tortured brain groping towards forgetfulness, how welcome it would be to her, too.

The lilacs had burst into full bloom overnight, the thick purple clusters dragging down over the branches with their weight. Their delicate perfume was everywhere. Two robins were building a nest in the apple tree down by the gate, the same robins that came there every spring, chirping now as they picked

up the little tufts of cotton Ellen had scattered over the grass for them. They always reminded her of a particularly happy married couple, those robins, working so busily together.

Maybe Joyce and Peter could have been like that, too, happy and close, building their lives together, if it hadn't been for herself always there between them.

"But Ellie, my dear," Uncle Josh had said to her that morning when she hadn't been able to hold back her self recriminations any longer, "I'm not goin' to stand there listening to you going on as if you've been a thief taking something that belonged to Joyce. You're forgettin' she was the poacher, not you, coming between you and Peter, stooping to tricks to get him to marry her when she knew it was you he loved. Ellie, I'm an old man now, but I've never stopped marvelling at all the things human beings can find to torment themselves with. And now you're doing it, too, as smart a girl as I've ever known. Why, to hear you go on, anybody'd think you was responsible even for that poor girl's sickness."

But Uncle Josh, whose homely philosophy had so often helped her to see things the way they were, realistic and clear, couldn't help Ellen now. For somehow, it didn't help much to remember the way Joyce used to be, self-willed and scheming and predatory. She could only remember her as she was now, after the long illness that had kept her shut away those many months, shut away into the unreal private world of her hallucinations.

Ellen had loved Peter, had shared his dreams when they came to mean so much to each other, had been behind him when he fought Simpsonville and won, and the Health Center had sprung into being. Yet, when Joyce had taken Peter away, had become his wife, though it was still Ellen he loved—even then Ellen had not been angry. She had felt only a deep sadness, for she knew that these two would not be happy.

Copyright 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941,

by Frank and Anne Hummert

Ellen stepped into the garden. The drowsiness of the spring warmth stole over her. She broke off a great cluster of lilacs, filling her arms with their rich purple beauty. But her mind clung stubbornly to its train of thought, to Joyce lying now in a hospital bed, no longer the scheming self-assured woman who had won Peter, but a bewildered, groping child, pathetic in her adoration for Peter and needing him so desperately.

If Ellen could forget her sorrow and feel only pity for Joyce, couldn't Peter forget, too, that he'd been tricked into marriage—forget and forgive?

She still held the lilacs in her arms as she started toward the Center. As soon as she saw Martha sitting at the desk, she knew the older woman had been waiting for her, and her heart almost stopped beating. The news must be very bad to have Martha so intent on telling it herself.

"Steady now," Martha warned her as she laid the flowers down on the desk. "It's not going to help any if you make yourself ill, too. Joyce is suffering from a bad case of mental shock. We're doing everything we can to help her. Even Peter seems to have taken a hold on himself again. I felt like telling him if he'd been a little more thoughtful of Joyce before, this wouldn't have happened. But I couldn't. He looked so forlorn and miserable when he brought her here this morning, and it's just as if he can't do enough for her. He's here now, having a consultation with Dr. Loring about her. Oh, I forgot, you haven't heard about Dr. Loring, have you? He arrived last night to . . ."

"I know about Dr. Loring," Ellen said. It took all the courage she could summon just to repeat his name, and she flushed, remember-

■ Ellen felt Loring's fingers stiffen as he wound the bandage around her arm.

■ There was only distrust in his eyes—and she wanted his friendship more than anything else in the world. Read radio's vivid

story of a woman who demanded the right to love again

ing the way he had looked at her . . . was it only yesterday? . . . and the cool contempt in his voice when he had spoken to her.

Until Joyce had been rushed to the hospital, so dangerously ill, Ellen had thought of nothing else but that brief, shattering visit to her tea room, a visit from a man she had never before met, but who, nevertheless, thought he already knew about her—and didn't like what he knew.

NOW she regretted bitterly the letter she had written him on quick impulse, seeing his picture in the paper, seeing that he, a famous Chicago surgeon, was giving up his fashionable practice to devote himself to social medicine. Written him because Peter, unable to stand up to life and the things it had done to him, had told her he was resigning as head of their Center. And Ellen had asked this Dr. Anthony Loring, this stranger, for his advice as to what could be done to replace Peter.

Nor had she dreamt that it could be misinterpreted, this action of hers, until suddenly the afternoon before, when Loring was standing in front of her, speaking almost harshly, saying:

"If you don't mind, I'll go myself to this Health Center. It seems curious to me," and he had paused, deliberately, "that an outsider should be so interested in the affairs of a medical institution."

She tensed as the door opened and her thoughts flew back to the present. Peter and Loring were coming out. Peter looked at her for a moment, his eyes, that had always lighted so when he saw her, cold now and resentful.

"So you've decided you've a right to interfere with my life, have you, Ellen?" he asked, and then walked quickly away.

Then Loring had told him about the letter. She had known he would have to be told some time, and that when he knew what she

had done he would hate her for it. She had even thought that hatred would be better than his unbridled adoration of her. But now she felt the tears crowding against her eyelids as she turned her head away so Loring would not see them.

She had to walk past him to reach the door. Somehow, she found within herself the strength to lift her small head high, to hold back the tears.

Then his voice again, aloof as he spoke to her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown. I thought you might like to know I've had a long talk with Dr. Turner, all about his work here. He was quite taken aback to know you had written to me."

"I know it must be hard for you to understand why I wrote," Ellen said slowly. "You see, the Center is very important to me. It's been my dream, too, the way it used to be Peter's. I know I have no official connection with it any more, but you can't, at least I can't, think in a calm impersonal way about something I've helped build. This hospital, this building isn't just bricks and plaster to me. It's people, living, suffering people coming here, being helped. It's the poor people here in Simpsonville, and it's the people from Smokey Ridge, too. You can't think what it was like up in the hills before we built the Center. Epidemics, people dying just because . . ."

"Of course, it's very commendable for you to feel like that," Loring interrupted crisply. "But, I daresay there are others who look upon the Center with civic pride, yet permit its affairs to be handled by those qualified to do so."

"You don't understand at all, do you?" Ellen said. "You think I'm just one of those awful, officious women going around with an axe, smashing things, prying, snooping . . ." She stopped abruptly, appalled at the fury sweeping through her. "I don't want to quarrel with you. But can't you see I did what I thought was right for the Center and for Peter, too?"

"I'm sure you did, Mrs. Brown," Loring said, but there wasn't conviction in his voice. "It's pretty risky trying to change the course of a man's life without either his knowledge or consent."

"Let me ask you something, Dr. Loring," Ellen said, lifting her head so her eyes looked directly at him. "If a man became suddenly ill on a lonely road, and a woman did what she could to stop his suffering, would you want to prosecute that woman for practicing medicine

without a license?"

"Isn't that somewhat irrelevant, Mrs. Brown?" he asked.

"I don't think so," Ellen said quickly. "Don't you see, it isn't a question of authority, it's only a matter of doing the right thing. But you won't see, will you? You don't want to see."

"No, Mrs. Brown," Loring's voice was remote, professional. "I prefer not to go into Dr. Turner's personal life with anyone except himself or his wife."

His meaning was unmistakable. Strange how this hurt, the thought that this man so clearly disliked her.

And she didn't want him to dislike her, Ellen thought, as she left the Center. She couldn't help this unwilling respect she felt for him. Maybe it was that highhanded way of his, that sureness of his, that strength that compelled her admiration, even though she would have been happier to withhold it.

Her heart lifted as she turned into the gate and she saw Janey and Mark running down the path to meet her. Impulsively her arms went around their shoulders as they walked into the house together. Let Dr. Loring be strong, she decided suddenly. She could be strong, too. This was her strength, these children of hers, with the love that they shared holding them in a brave world of their own. Anything could be overcome, anything at all, as long as they were together, warm and close like this, just the three of them making their own fortress against the world. How often that had been her salvation, that thought of the three of them, a young widow and her two wonderful children, standing together, fearing nothing. For so long Ellen had been sure that she would never love again, and then, when Peter had found a place in her heart, she knew that every woman can love a second time. But, she thought, her hand grasping Mark's more firmly, though a woman can love a second time, can she find happiness as well?

BUT Ellen was wise enough not to answer her own unspoken question. It was enough that she and her family were together. There was her happiness. She must never forget that. She could stand up to anything, in that knowledge, she thought, beginning to prepare the dinner which was probably destined not to be eaten, since the scandal of Joyce and Peter was keeping even the regulars she had been able to count on away from her tea room. "Janey," she asked, putting the kettle on the stove, "did you remem-

Now you can read in thrilling novel form the story of the popular radio serial of the same name. Then for exciting listening, tune in Young Widder Brown every Monday through Friday, at 4:45 P. M. E.S.T., over the NBC-Red network.

ber to get the baking powder? I thought I'd make some of those biscuits you and Mark like."

"Yes, I did," Janey said, but something in the child's voice made Ellen turn to look at her. "Mother, what's a home-breaker?"

A cold fear swept through Ellen,

making even her fingers feel as if they had been turned to ice.

"That's what they said you were, Mother," Janey sounded as if she were close to tears. "Maria Hawkins and those women she was talking to in the grocery store. They stopped talking when they saw me, but I

heard what they said. They called you a husband stealer, too. It isn't true, is it?"

How impossible to tell this child what was true and what wasn't true! When she grew up she would know how values got mixed up sometimes, how life itself got mixed up. But where could anyone find the words to make a child understand that?

"Darling," Ellen said slowly, "you mustn't take other people's opinions of anybody as your own. You must decide about people the way they seem to you. Even me, darling, you must judge me that way, too."

"Oh, mummy, I love you." Janey got up impulsively and ran towards her. "You're the best, the most wonderful mother . . ."

Ellen tensed. The child running towards her had brushed against the kettle on the stove, so that it was teetering there above her.

"Janey," she called, and then she threw herself at her, so the child was pushed to safety, with her own body over her, guarding her.

It was over in a moment, the child's frightened gasp and that sudden, searing pain through her arm as the kettle clattered to the floor. There was that brief moment when Ellen saw that Janey was unharmed before the darkness closed in on her in that agony of pain.

She heard a voice, Janey's voice as she slowly groped her way back to consciousness again, only it seemed to come from a great distance. And Mark bending over her, his eyes wide with fear, looked as if he were a long distance away from her, too. Then the pain was there again as she struggled slowly to her feet.

"It'll be all right, Mother," Janey whispered through her sobs. "I called the Center. Peter will be here soon."

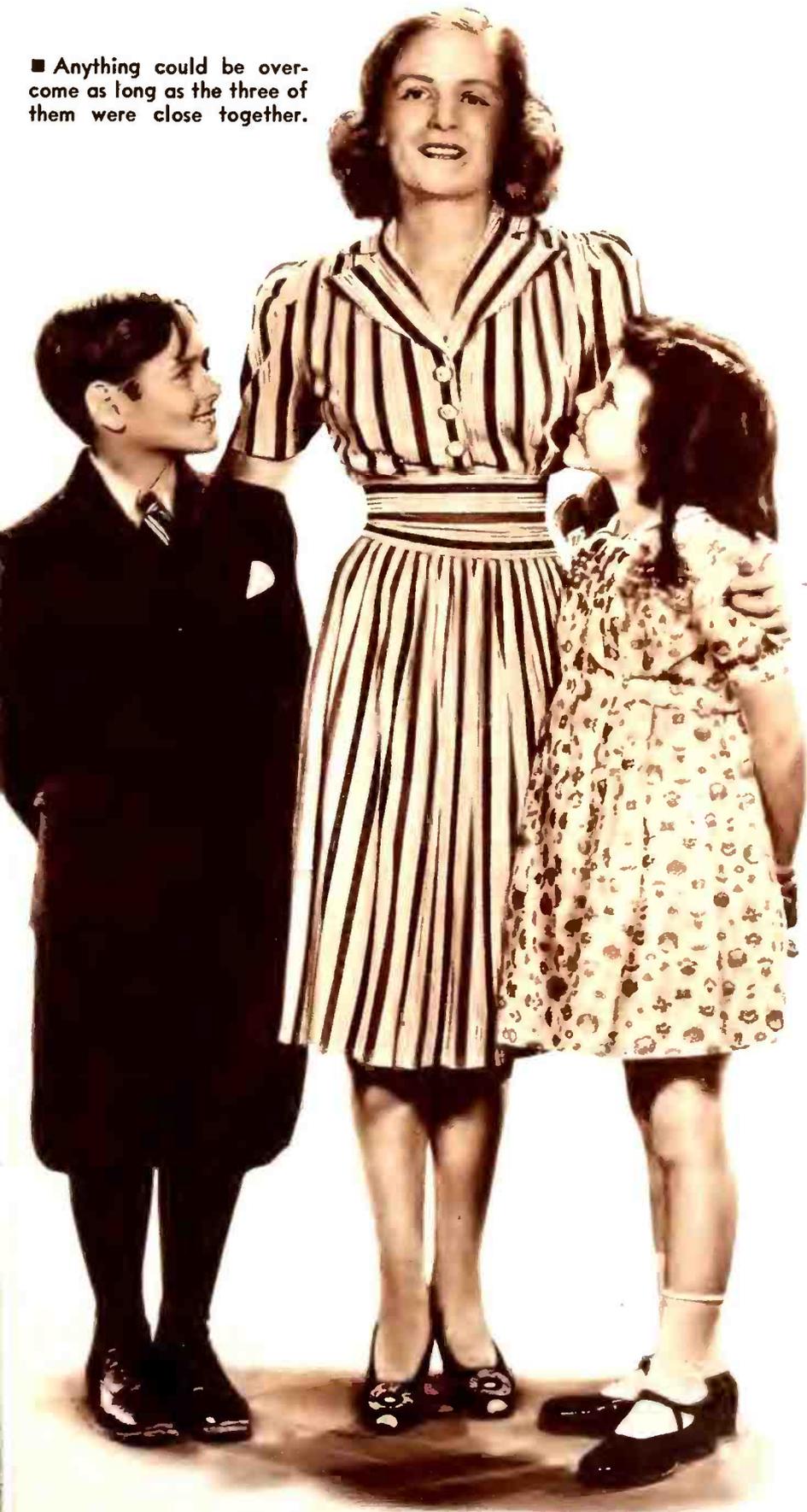
But it was Dr. Loring who came. Dr. Loring with his eyes concerned now as he looked at her. Dr. Loring cutting the sleeve away from her dress, his sure fingers working so swiftly and his voice gentle as he talked to her.

Ellen felt herself relaxing, her gratitude rushing out to him. How different he was with the coldness gone from his eyes, with the curve of sarcasm gone from his lips. Strange the way he looked, as if he were sharing her pain.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so glad you came," Janey said impulsively. "It's almost as if you were Peter."

Ellen felt Loring's fingers stiffen as he wound the bandage around her arm, and all the tenderness that had held (Continued on page 78)

■ Anything could be overcome as long as the three of them were close together.





■ Abe Lyman's Waltz Time is heard Friday nights at 9:00 E.S.T., on the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

MONTANA MOON

■ Springtime and romantic waltz music go hand in hand—so soon you'll be gliding to this new tune featured on Abe Lyman's Waltz Time show

Words and Music by
LESLIE BEACON

CHORUS

atempo *p-mf*

MON-TAN-A MOON, I'm pin - ing for my home to - night,

atempo

High up-on the moun - tain trail; MON-TAN-A MOON, keep

shin - ing let your friend - ly light, Guide me with its beam so

Copyright 1941, Beacon Music Publishing Corp. New York City

pale; My heart has no fear, while you're up a -

bove, For your gleam brings me near, the sweetheart I love; How luck - y

soon I'll be, when all my dreams come true, Thanks MON-TAN- A

MOON, to you. MON-TAN- A you.

mf *poco rall.*

RADIO MIRROR'S
PREVIEW OF A HIT

Girl Alone

■ Beauty and wealth and a man's deep and passionate love had all been hers, but never happiness, until this final lasting peace

THE letter for which Patricia waited, came, at last, one morning: a hot, sultry morning, with no breeze from the lake to relieve the oppressive atmosphere. The mere sight of John's handwriting banished the anxiety which had troubled her for days. Eagerly she tore open the envelope, glancing rapidly over the pages she held in her hand. He was well, he would be home soon—but, what did this sentence mean?

"I'm in trouble, Pats, serious trouble. That's why you haven't heard from me. I've been trying to get to the root of the matter. But don't be upset; I'm sure I can straighten things out when I reach Chicago. I hope to leave in a day or two. I'll tell you all about it when I see you—see you again, my dear—hold you in my arms, feel you close to me—Pats, my wife—"

Patricia sighed, smiled, and sighed once more. She was certain John could solve any difficulties which might have arisen; her confidence in him was unshakable, but it disturbed her, at times, this deep, passionate love which he felt for her. Could she, through the years ahead, give him the response he deserved? She walked back and forth the length of the room, wondering, probing deeply into her emotions. Then she stopped, shaking her shoulders as if to throw some weight aside. It did not do to be too introspective; she had been too much alone these last weeks.

Now that she had regained her strength, it would be more sensible to attend to all the details which had been left uncompleted at the time of her shooting. There was an apartment to be found, one into which she and John could move after their delayed honeymoon; then the removal of her furniture from the mansion in which she had lived before her marriage. Alice was there; she had insisted upon keeping Jack with her until Patricia

was finally settled. And Virginia? Was she still with Stormy? And what had she decided to do now that she had recovered from her nervous breakdown? She would like to have as much as possible accomplished before John's return. John's return—how glad she would be to see him—and her slim, young body thrilled at the remembrance of his lips on hers, the strength of his arms about her.

Patricia went to the front closet, slipped a white coat over her arm, put on a pert, tiny hat and walked out to the elevator. She would walk down to the Loop, stop in the building which housed Scoop's newspaper, see Scoop if he were there, ask him about Virginia. And about Stormy, if they had been able to adjust their relationship? Perhaps, even there, she might find some way to help.

It seemed good, being down on the street, a real part of the city's teeming crowds again—it was as though she belonged once more. And a tide of relief and happiness began to mount in her as she swung along down towards the heart of the town. But it was short lived. One look at Scoop's haggard face when she found him at the office, his hand on his telephone—one look and Pat knew that her feeling of joy would be dissipated by his first words.

"Pat, hello," he said jerkily. "Oh, Pat, Stormy—it's ghastly—Stormy's gone."

"Gone?" Patricia's hand went out to his, closed over it.

"Yes, left me—" Scoop dropped the receiver, leaned back in his chair, weariness in every line of his

For exciting listening, tune in Girl Alone, the story of Patricia Rogers, written by Fayette Krum, heard Monday to Friday at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., over the NBC-Red, sponsored by Quaker Oats.

body. "I—I wanted to tell you, but I've gone to you with so many of my troubles—"

How tired he looks, Patricia thought: defeated. Scoop should laugh, be carefree; he shouldn't be driven into corners like this. He's tried so hard to make up for his mistakes. What does it matter that he's hurt us all? He's hurt himself more than he has others. A strange new understanding and compassion swept away the last shreds of any anger and impatience she had once felt toward him.

"Tell me," she said, and came over and took a chair beside him, "tell me what happened."

"How do I know?" he looked at her out of red, circled eyes. "I've been hunting all night. She was gone when I got home from work last evening."

"But wasn't Virginia with her? Doesn't she know anything?"

"Virginia? Didn't you know? She's with Alice; they're looking for an apartment. She said she was coming to see you."

"Oh, Scoop, good!" Pat said quickly. "I was going over to the house this morning to see her. But Stormy—didn't she ever talk to Virginia about—"

"No. Not a word." Scoop sprang to his feet. "I can't sit here talking and Stormy wandering around blind. She hadn't any money—maybe a few dollars. I can't stand it, Pats—I can't stand it—"

Patricia rose and placed a hand on his arm.

"Scoop—"

"She left a note"—he hadn't heard her—"to say she wanted me to be free. She didn't believe I loved her. I tried—I did try—but she wouldn't believe me."

"Stop, Scoop. What have you done?"

"Done?" He stared at her. "Oh, all the usual things—hospitals, police, the morgue—"

Patricia felt suddenly cold, even

■ In the silent church, tears touched Patricia's cheeks, but she did not brush them aside; they were not bitter.

on that hot day. So that was what Scoop feared—an accident, a stumble of the blind girl before a car, or even the greater terror of a body washed up on the lake shore. Patricia shook herself out of the encircling horror; they need not torture themselves with that image. Stormy was not that kind, she saw things through and did not jibe at her own pain. Patricia had sensed that quality in her from the first time she had met her; it had been a challenge to her own courage which she had, in the past, resented. Today, as she realized it in all its fineness, she desired fervently to possess it fully herself.

"No," she said, speaking out of her certainty, "Stormy would never do that. You ought to know that better than I. She's not dead, Scoop. I know what you're thinking. I'll go with you and see what we can do."

But neither Scoop nor Patricia could discover any trace of the blind girl. It was amazing how completely she had disappeared. And though, as the days dragged along, they followed up any clue or hint they might receive, their efforts proved futile. Scoop grew haggard and thin. And Patricia, tired from the heat and drain upon her recently regained strength in her attempt to keep Scoop from despair, found herself longing desperately for John's return. Not only would it be such a comfort to have him, but he might think of something they had overlooked. She said so to Scoop, one afternoon, as they returned to her apartment with hopes again dashed. The girl whom they had been called to see at the City Hospital had not been Stormy.

"Maybe," he answered without conviction as he walked out onto the terrace. Patricia followed him. He turned and smiled at her, a queer, twisted smile. "Remember, Pats, what you once said to me about (Continued on page 72)





If You Were Mrs.

By PAULINE SWANSON



■ Gene Autry's most prized possession is this miniature hand-carved rodeo. Below, Gene and Mrs. Autry, before the oak-pannelled living room fireplace, examining gold and silver pistols.

AMAZEMENT, pure amazement, was my only reaction from the moment we parked our car in front of Gene Autry's house on Bluffside Avenue in North Hollywood until fifteen minutes later when Gene's young, athletic looking wife took me into a corner in Gene's den and dissolved the question mark.

Surely this wasn't the right sort of home for America's favorite cowboy star! It just didn't fit in with the Gene Autry of the movies or of his Sunday-night programs on CBS. I'd expected it to be miles out on a country road, to begin with. I'd foreseen a rambling ranch house with, behind it, a big corral where Gene would keep his horses. And, of course, a special stall for Champ, the beloved horse he uses in the movies.

But this house was certainly not out in the wilderness. It was a scant five minutes from Hollywood and Vine, as a matter of fact, and not two blocks from a seething business section. And, from first glance, it was entirely too citified to have a (Continued on page 52)



■ Gene waves from the doorway of his unusual stucco and brick home in Hollywood. Right, the "second house" contains the rumpus room, dressing rooms for pool and Gene's business office.



Gene Autry

■ You would be mistress of a beautiful and exciting home built for a man whose tastes aren't what you might expect



■ The rooms aren't large, but they're colorful and were decorated by Mrs. Autry. The upholstered, flowered chintz sofa in the living room (above) gives a view onto the patio. Below, the chintz-covered bed is right up against the corner windows.



Photos specially taken by Hymie Fink

■ This is a corner of the charming living room. Note the flowered wallpaper, the curved shelves and glass brick wall.





■ Gene waves from the doorway of his unusual stucco and brick home in Hollywood. Right, the "second house" contains the rumpus room, dressing rooms for pool and Gene's business office.



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AMAZEMENT, pure amazement, was my only reaction from the moment we parked our car in front of Gene Autry's house on Bluffs Avenue in North Hollywood until fifteen minutes later when Gene's young, athletic-looking wife took me into a corner in Gene's den and dissolved the question mark.

Surely this wasn't the right sort of home for America's favorite cowboy star! It just didn't fit in with the Gene Autry of the movies or of his Sunday-night programs on CBS. I'd expected it to be miles out on a country road, to begin with. I'd foreseen a rambling ranch house with, behind it, a big corral where Gene would keep his horses. And, of course, a special stall for Champ, the beloved horse he uses in the movies.

But this house was certainly not out in the wilderness. It was a scant five minutes from Hollywood and Vine, as a matter of fact, and not two blocks from a seething business section. And, from first glance, it was entirely too cuffed to have a (Continued on page 53)

Gene Autry

■ You would be mistress of a beautiful and exciting home built for a man whose tastes aren't what you might expect

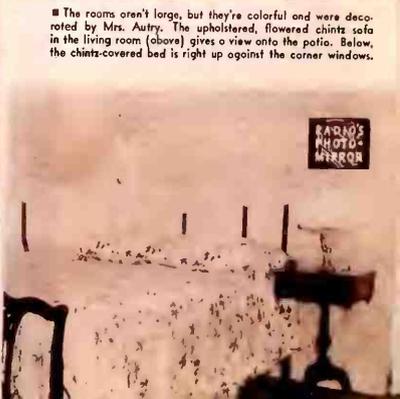


Photos specially taken by Hymie Fink

■ This is a corner of the charming living room. Note the flowered wallpaper, the curved shelves and gloss brick wall.



■ The rooms aren't large, but they're colorful and were decorated by Mrs. Autry. The upholstered, flowered chintz sofa in the living room (above) gives a view onto the patio. Below, the chintz-covered bed is right up against the corner windows.



RADIO'S PHOTO-INTERIOR

Nurses's Folly

LOTS of people think nurses are hardboiled; that they see so much of life that is bitter and cruel that they lose sight of what it should be. Perhaps that is true, perhaps it isn't. At any rate it's true that lots of girls I know who have had their eyes opened early to life in the raw take the line of least resistance, determined to get all the fun they can while they can still enjoy it.

My sister Karen and I decided that we would be different. When we were still in high school we made up our minds to be trained nurses, but we vowed that no matter what happened we would never become—well, casual, to put it politely; would never lose sight of the ideals our parents had taught us. Maybe that sounds smug, but I don't think we were because it really wasn't difficult for us to keep our pledge during those first few years.

Although Karen is two years younger than I, we had always been closer to each other than most sisters. For one thing we were in the same grade in school due to the fact that illness kept me at home for a year and that Karen became so interested in the lessons Mother gave me that when I was ready to return to school she was able to go into the same class with me. Then when Mother and Dad died of flu just after we'd finished training, we were more dependent than ever on each other and with such sympathy and understanding between us it wasn't difficult, as I say, to hold on to our determination not to become case hardened.

Some of the older more sophisticated nurses used to tease us and tell us that we were missing a lot of fun, but so far as we could see we weren't missing a thing. We'd taken a small apartment after our home was broken up and we got a terrific kick out of keeping house. We had plenty of beaux but none of them was very serious, I guess. At least we didn't seem to have any trouble enjoying ourselves and at the same time keep out of all romantic and emotional jams.

I don't remember when we first got so interested in Rex Burton, but it got to be a habit with us whenever we were at home or on night duty where we could turn on a radio to tune in on his milkman's matinee. It was the usual run of those



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late night programs—Rex would talk about odd things that had happened during the day, read late news bulletins, give commercials and play records—but there was something so infectious about him that the first thing we knew we were Burton fans, staying up later than we should every night to listen to him.

Karen had only one criticism of his program. He didn't play enough Mal Graham records to suit her. "Doesn't he realize," she grumbled one night as we were getting ready for bed, "that Mal Graham's orchestra is the most popular one in the country?"

"Stop grouching and come to bed," I yawned. "We have early calls tomorrow and we'll look like hags. Besides, if you're so worked up about records, write to Mr. Burton and ask him to play some of them."

"I couldn't, Terry," Karen protested. "You know I write the dumbest letters in the world. You could, though. Why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?" I was half asleep.

"Write to Rex Burton," came Karen's voice from her bed. "I dare you."

I should have known better. All my life when Karen wanted me to do something I didn't want to do or shouldn't do she has said, "I dare you," and I've plunged right in. Then if things turned out badly there was little Karen innocent as a lamb, while I got all the blame. So I should have known better than to say, "All right. I'll write to him tomorrow." But I did say it and in the darkness I could hear Karen chuckle.

By morning, of course, my better judgment prevailed and I realized that writing to Rex Burton was out of the question. But Karen, when I told her I had changed my mind, refused to let me off. "You took a dare," she insisted stubbornly, "and that's just the same as making a promise. You can't back out now."

Back and forth we argued and at last I gave in, but by that time I was too confused to compose a sensible letter. In desperation I dashed off a flippant little note which Karen, remarking that she didn't trust me to mail it, took charge of and thrust into a mail box as soon as we left the apartment.

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"He does mean it," Karen retorted confidently. "I know he does. Why, it's the most romantic thing that ever happened. You've got to go, Terry. What harm could there be in that? You wouldn't even have to talk to him. He wouldn't have any way of knowing who you are, and if he did speak to you you could pretend to be waiting for someone. Go on, Terry. I dare you."

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"Thanks, Mike," Rex answered, but he wasn't paying much attention. He was too busy looking around the room, and I took advantage of his preoccupation to study him. He was tall and broad shouldered and while he wasn't the handsomest man I'd ever seen he looked so nice somehow, so friendly, that I could feel

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"I'm twenty-two and I'm a nurse," I began, "and—well—that's all."

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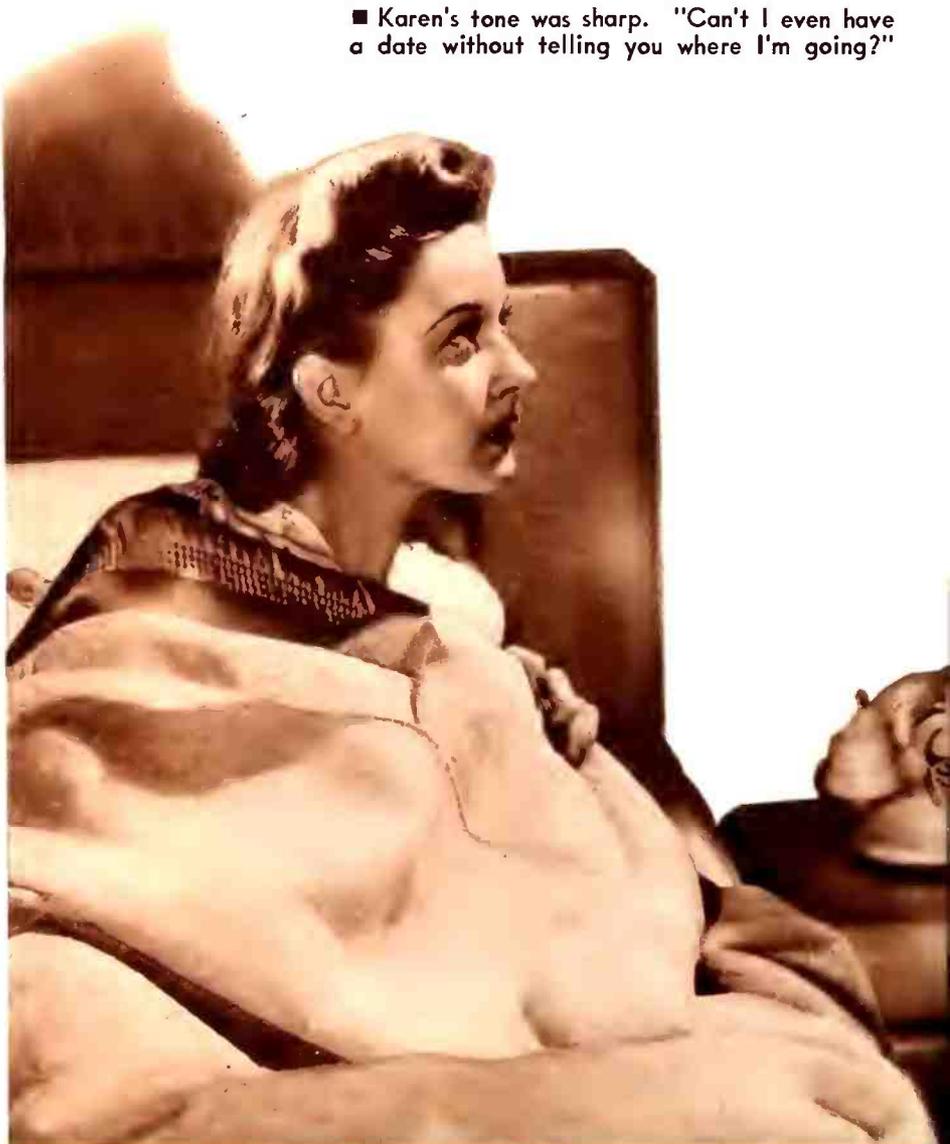
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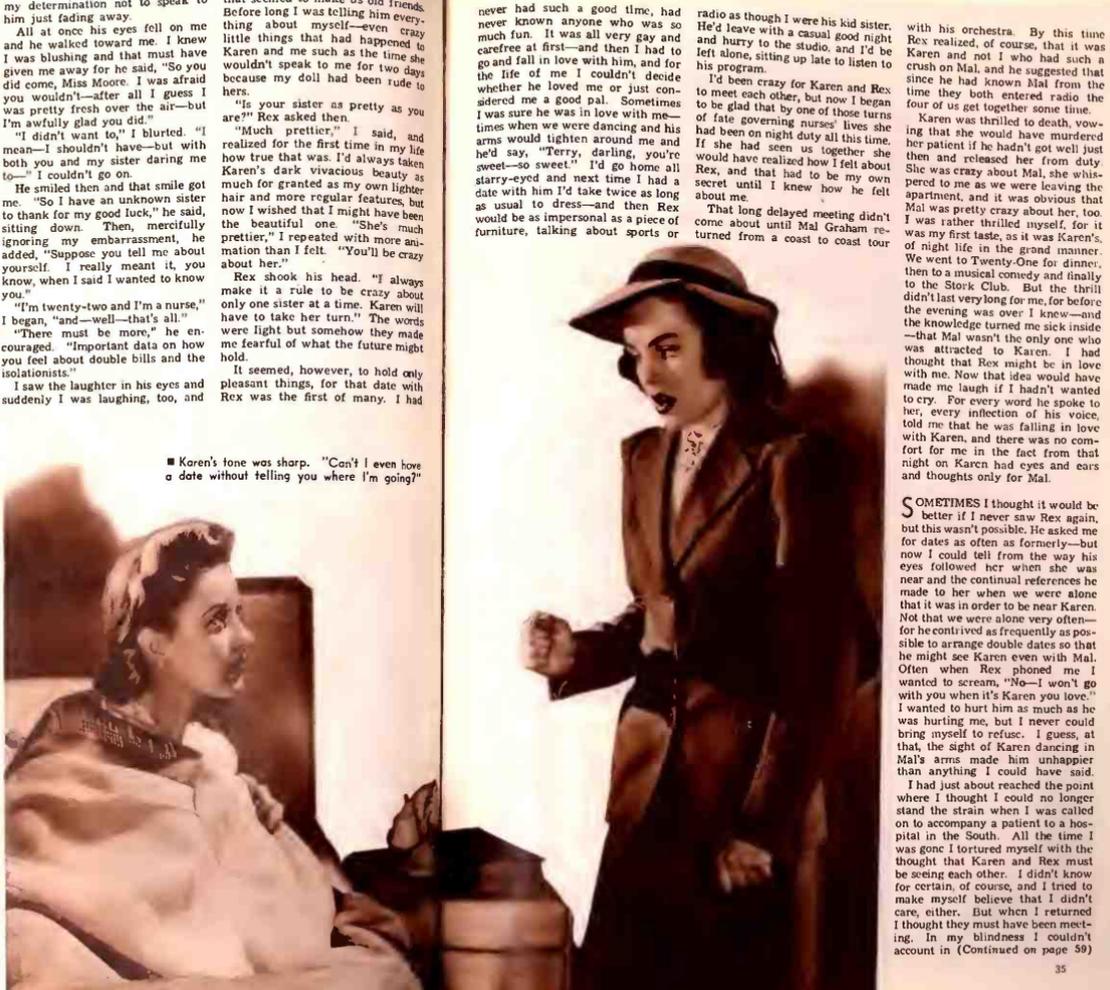
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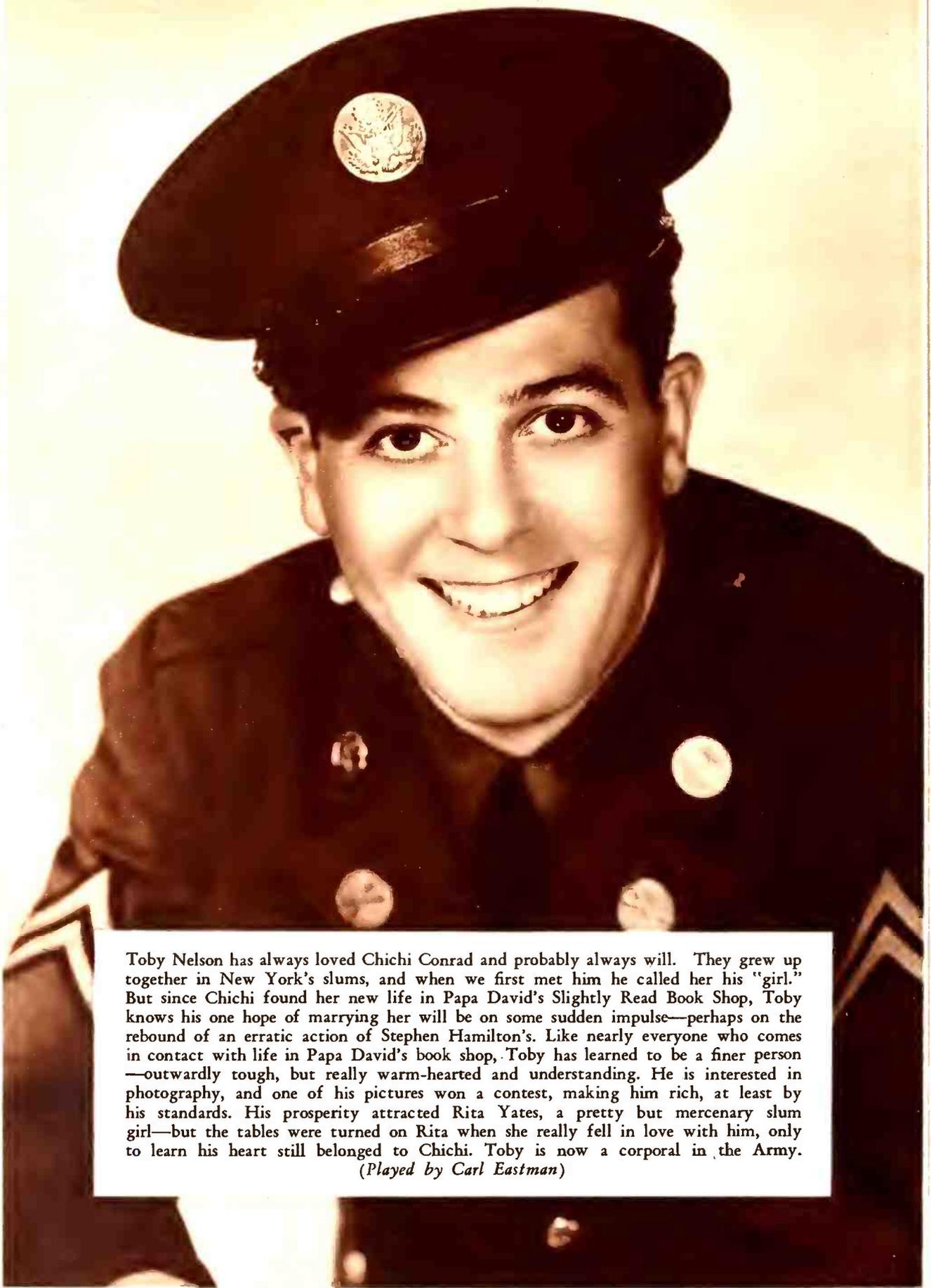
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Toby Nelson has always loved Chichi Conrad and probably always will. They grew up together in New York's slums, and when we first met him he called her his "girl." But since Chichi found her new life in Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop, Toby knows his one hope of marrying her will be on some sudden impulse—perhaps on the rebound of an erratic action of Stephen Hamilton's. Like nearly everyone who comes in contact with life in Papa David's book shop, Toby has learned to be a finer person—outwardly tough, but really warm-hearted and understanding. He is interested in photography, and one of his pictures won a contest, making him rich, at least by his standards. His prosperity attracted Rita Yates, a pretty but mercenary slum girl—but the tables were turned on Rita when she really fell in love with him, only to learn his heart still belonged to Chichi. Toby is now a corporal in the Army.

(Played by Carl Eastman)

Life Can Be Beautiful

■ Radio Mirror is happy to offer something entirely new—a unique series of portraits and character studies of people you have grown to love as you have listened to one of radio's most popular serial dramas, an inspiring message of faith written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker. On these and the following pages you will see and read about lovable Chichi Conrad, Stephen Hamilton, Toby Nelson and Dr. Markham, and thus add greatly to your enjoyment of a powerful broadcast drama

Dr. Bertram Markham is the famous surgeon who once cured Stephen Hamilton, but saw his work undone by an accident. He is the father of Barry Markham. Aristocratic, deeply devoted to his profession, Dr. Markham seems gruff and forbidding at first. At heart, he is a great deal more human. He started out by disliking Chichi, but time taught him she was not the "gold-digger" he had accused her of being. He has much for which to thank Chichi, for she promoted the romance which led to his marriage to Louise Kimball, the devoted nurse who had for years patiently tolerated his temperamental tantrums. The marriage is ideally happy—although Barry, his son, opposed it as bitterly as the doctor opposed Barry's romance with Chichi. Dr. Markham does not appear as frequently in the story of "Life Can Be Beautiful" as some of the other characters. But his presence has been responsible for many events which affect the lives of Chichi and the others.

(Played by Charles Webster)

Tune in Life Can Be Beautiful Mondays through Fridays at 1:00 P.M., E.S.T., over CBS and 5:45 P.M., E.S.T., over NBC-Red, sponsored by Ivory.

PRESENTING
*Living
Portraits*





Chichi Conrad—irrepressible, irresistible—is one of the most appealing heroines of all radio drama. Until she stumbled into Papa David's book shop it was hard for her to believe that "Life Can Be Beautiful." She had experienced nothing but hardship. Of her parentage she knew almost nothing, and the woman she thought her mother was a selfish creature who had left her to run away with a man. Sanctuary with Papa David taught her many things. Most of all, she learned to love. Between her and Stephen Hamilton there is a romance that has never been fully acknowledged. For her part, Chichi cannot quite believe that Stephen could really love the child of the streets she knows herself to be. The mystery of her parentage, too, bars her from real happiness, for she thinks she is the daughter of unmarried parents. Chichi may make many mistakes in her life, but they will all be the mistakes of an impulsively sweet spirit.

(Played by Alice Reinheart)



Stephen Hamilton used to be what Chichi called him—a “sourpuss.” Unable to walk, he had lived in his own embittered world, refusing to leave it. Papa David, pitying him, had given him a position in the book shop. With the arrival of Chichi, Stephen began to fall unwillingly in love. Through her efforts, he was operated upon by Dr. Markham, and for a time it seemed he might walk again. He allowed himself to hope he could declare his love for Chichi and find a new meaning in life. Ironically, it was through her that this hope was destroyed—in saving her life in an accident he injured himself again, and has not walked since. He has taken up his old profession of the law, however, using the book shop as an office. Struggling to find peace and contentment, forced to be satisfied with a love that has no expression or promise of fulfillment, Stephen is a constant challenge to David’s firm and unshakable belief that “Life Can Be Beautiful.”

(Played by John Holbrook)

Springtime Food



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

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

THE old saying that in the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love is probably quite true. But I believe it is equally true that in the spring we homemakers turn our thoughts to the markets, seeking new things with which to dress up our menus.

Springtime markets offer a variety of color—the scarlet of baby beets and radishes, sunny carrots, rosy skinned new potatoes and rhubarb and the green of garden asparagus, tiny peas and watercress—which would delight an artist and in our way we can be artists and use these colorful commodities to make our meals more attractive and consequently more appetizing and nourishing from soup to dessert.

A springtime soup, for instance, is made of watercress and once you have tried it I am sure it will go on your list of favorite recipes.

Watercress Soup

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1 lb. watercress | |
| 5 tbs. butter | 2 tbs. flour |
| 5 cups white stock or chicken broth | |
| 2 tps. salt | 5 peppercorns |

Wash watercress carefully and cook in boiling water for ten minutes, using only enough water to keep watercress from burning. Add 3 tablespoons butter and simmer slowly for 15 minutes longer. In another pan, melt 2 tablespoons butter, blend in flour, add salt and peppercorns and add stock slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and thick (about 5 minutes) then add to cooked watercress and cook all together for 2 or 3 minutes or until well blended. Puree mixture through a fine strainer, then return to pan and reheat. As pictured here, the soup is served from the heat resistant glass saucepan in which it was made, garnished liberally with watercress springs.

Perhaps I've mentioned in these pages before my favorite springtime combination of new potatoes and dill, but it is so delicious that I want to remind you of it again so you will be sure to try it. Simply boil a stalk of dill, root and all, with the potatoes, allowing one large stalk or two small ones for four servings of potatoes. The tiny dill leaves and stalks may be minced and poured, with melted butter, over the potatoes just before serving, just as you serve new potatoes with minced parsley or chives.

Asparagus, one of our most popular spring vegetables and deservedly so, unfortunately is sometimes rather costly at the beginning of the season. To get around this difficulty and to make one bunch of asparagus do the work of two, dress it up with a sauce which is rich but which will blend with the asparagus flavor, not overshadow it. Delicious sauce to serve with boiled or steamed asparagus is made by browning slightly 2 tablespoons of melted butter and adding half the juice of a lemon, but these ingredients can be used as the basis for a richer dish which is made by adding 2 tablespoons of chopped salted almonds or a diced hard cooked egg before pouring the sauce over the asparagus.

Mushrooms and asparagus seem to have a natural affinity for each other, and asparagus with mushroom cream sauce as served in the



WHETHER your tea party is of the small, intimate variety with only one or two guests or a large entertainment, the essentials for good tea remain the same. Follow these rules if you want to serve a delightfully refreshing cup of tea.

1. Use fresh boiling water.
2. Use one teaspoon of tea for each cup and one for the pot.
3. Let the mixture steep for three to five minutes, depending upon the strength desired.

A wicker basket with a quilted chintz tea cosy and rainbow colored

pottery is perfect for the small party. Simple sugar cookies, some plain and some frosted, and cinnamon toast sticks are a perfect tea accompaniment since they are easy to serve and their flavor does not drown the delicate aroma of the beverage itself. For tasty cinnamon sticks, add a little almond flavoring to the butter before spreading on the toast.

Don't think the stuffed green olives got onto our tea tray by mistake. Their sharp tangy flavor is a delicious contrast with the sweetness of the other ingredients.

Fancies

Schraff's restaurants in New York is a springtime flavor treat. To make it, add half a cupful of sliced fresh mushrooms which have been sauteed lightly in butter to each cup of white sauce.

Springtime is salad time, of course, and the salad pictured here is sure to win instant and unanimous applause whether it makes its appearance at dinnertime or as the main dish for luncheon.

Springtime Salad

1 bunch chickory
1 cup sliced strawberries
1 small can diced pineapple
2 cups cottage cheese

Drain and chill the pineapple and chill all other ingredients. Line salad bowl with chickory and add the strawberries and pineapple. Top with balls of cottage cheese which have been dusted lightly with paprika. Garnish with watercress and serve with tart French dressing.

Molded desserts are always a treat and two new ones which are sure to win the family's approval are pineapple pudding and rhubarb and strawberry cream.

Pineapple Pudding

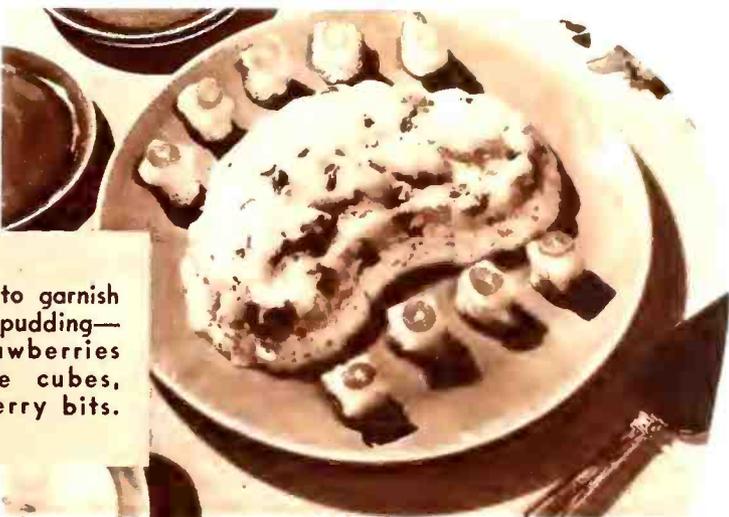
2 tbs. lemon flavored gelatin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
2 cups scalded milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. mace
5 eggs, beaten separately
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raisins $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. macaroons, finely chopped
1 cup canned diced pineapple

Soften gelatin in cold water and add to scalded milk. Add sugar and mace and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Pour slowly onto beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Beat until cool, then add raisins, almonds, pineapple (which has been well drained) and macaroons. Mix thoroughly, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in mold which has been rinsed in cold water and set in refrigerator for five hours.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
3 cups diced fresh rhubarb
1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup sweetened crushed fresh strawberries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt

Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar is dissolved. Add rhubarb and cook until tender. Measure and add sufficient water to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Dissolve gelatin in hot rhubarb mixture. Chill. When slightly thickened fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Serves 8.



■ Here's how to garnish the pineapple pudding—top large strawberries with pineapple cubes, then with cherry bits.



■ Once you've tried this watercress soup, it will become your favorite recipe—and it only takes thirty minutes to make.



■ Canned or fresh, the most popular spring vegetable is asparagus. Try serving it with a cream sauce and mushrooms.



■ No Spring menu's complete without a springtime salad. Served in an attractive dish, it can comprise the main course.



A word portrait of radio's favorite parents, heads of a family that, like your own, knows heartaches and joy

MOTHER and FATHER BARBOUR

One Man's Family

HALF A CENTURY after the discovery of gold in California, San Francisco had become the queen city of the Far West. Men of vision—the builders—had arrived. They vastly outnumbered the renegades of the Barbary Coast.

San Francisco in the 90's had levelled off from the staggering boom days. Families arriving from the East were no longer following the dip of a rainbow, but were in search of homes and security.

Such families were the Martins from New England, the Barbours

from the Iowa corn belt; Glenn Hunter's family and the parents of the Thompson boy. All had reached this frontier in the 1870's.

These families and hundreds of others like them had been the builders of San Francisco's schools and churches and government. This was their home. The children of the Martins, the Barbours, the Hunters and the Thompsons had gone to these schools and churches.

When the jolt of the panic of 1893 began wearing away, the daughter of the Downeasters, Fannie Martin, was eighteen, and of

marriageable age. She was piquant, blue-eyed, ambitious and about as temperamental as the custom of that day allowed.

It was known about the neighborhood that three young men, ever willing to obey her slightest wish, had proposed marriage. Glenn Hunter, Fred Thompson and Henry Barbour were waiting, indeed patiently, for Fannie to choose her husband.

The neighborhood first whispered and then, as the weeks went by, allowed itself to speculate openly. Fred (*Continued on page 50*)



■ Violinist Albert Spalding (left) and Maestro Andre Kastelanetz go over same musical scores together before broadcasting *The Pause that Refreshes* on the Air.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

The *Pause that Refreshes* on the Air, starring Andre Kastelanetz, Albert Spalding, and a guest artist, a CBS at 4:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Caca-Cala.

In the few weeks since this program first went on the air so many people have complained that it made a half-hour seem too short, that the sponsors have relented and an April 6 will add another fifteen minutes to the original thirty every Sunday. And that's good news, because Andre Kostelanetz polished and professional music, plus Albert Spalding's singing violin, plus Spalding's fresh and informal manner as master of ceremonies, all make up a show that is hard to beat for relaxing listening—even if there weren't an exciting guest artist on each show.

Albert Spalding is as pleasant a fellow as he sounds on the air. And when you came to think of it, he deserves a lot of credit for making himself into a great violinist. At the time Albert started his career, Americans didn't think much of American musicians. A violinist or singer or pianist was listened to only if he came from Europe. It was a form of snobbishness that wasn't very pretty. Albert was as American as ice cream, and to make things worse, he wasn't even poor. His father was A. J. Spalding, the wealthy sporting goods manufacturer.

But Albert studied and studied, and practiced and practiced, and when he was ready went on a concert tour which took in small towns as well as large cities. On this trip he played for whatever fees he could get. Some-

times he was paid as little as \$25 for a full evening of playing.

Since then he has played in practically every civilized country on the globe, taking time out only to serve with distinction in the first World War, in which he started as a private and worked up to be a commissioned officer of the aviation corps. In Italy, where he stayed during most of the war, he was decorated with the Cross of the Crown of Italy, the highest honor that can be bestowed on a foreigner.

He's completely without artistic affectations, and has a fine time rehearsing for his CBS program. This is the first time he's ever branched out as a master of ceremonies, and an early program of the series he nearly came to grief. Somehow or other, he got his script mixed up and began announcing the last number on the show when he should have been announcing the next-to-last. At first, only the men in the control-room realized his mistake. Then Andre Kastelanetz, who is a sufficiently experienced radio performer to know that you always have to keep an eye on the script, came to the rescue by leaving his conductor's stand and taking his own script over to Spalding, who quickly switched in mid-sentence and read the correct announcement. The change didn't make much sense to listeners, but at least disaster was averted—although the director of the show, who had been making frantic signals from the control-room, went home that night with six new gray hairs.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

March 30: Orson Welles in "One Step Ahead" on the Silver Theater, CBS . . . William Pawell in "Lucky Partners" on the Screen Guild Theater. . . "Robert E. Lee" is today's Great Play on NBC-Blue.

April 6: Helen Traubel, soprano, sings on the Ford Hour, CBS . . . Clark Gable is scheduled to star in a play for the Silver Theater . . . NBC's Great Plays series presents "Beggar on Horseback," by Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman.

April 13: It's Easter Sunday, and there will be lots of swell music on the air . . . Ted Malone, an American Pilgrim, NBC-Blue at 2:00, goes to Concord, Mass., to honor Henry Thoreau . . . Dorothy Maynor, soprano, sings on tonight's Ford Hour . . . "The Servant in the House" is NBC's Great Play.

April 20: Don't miss tonight's Ford Hour—it has Nelson Eddy as guest star . . . Mutual's program, *The Americas Speak*, at 3:00, comes from Caracas, Venezuela, today.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | EASTERN STANDARD TIME |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|---|
| | | 8:00 CBS: News |
| | | 8:00 NBC-Blue: News |
| | | 8:00 NBC-Red: Organ Recital |
| | | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures |
| | | 8:30 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: News of Europe |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: News from Europe |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: Deep River Boys |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: Wings Over Jordan |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch. |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: Church of the Air |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: Symphony Orchestra |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: Southernaires |
| 10:35 | 10:05 | 11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: Luther-Layman Singers |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Emma Otero |
| 10:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 NBC-Blue: I'm An American |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Red: Pageant of Art |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: March of Games |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC-Red: On Your Job |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: THE FREE COMPANY |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Blue: American Pilgrimage |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Red: NBC String Symphony |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn. |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: World of Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicale |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 MBS: The Americas Speak |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kallenborn |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Red: Muriel Angelus |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: Pause That Refreshes |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Red: Joe and Mabel |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Red: Met. Opera Auditions |
| | | 5:15 NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: The Shadow |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Your Dream Has Come True |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 MBS: Double or Nothing |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC-Red: Catholic Hour |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 MBS: Show of The Week |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC-Red: What's Your Idea |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Blue: News from Europe |
| 4:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Headlines and Bylines |
| 6:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Screen Guild Theater |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Blue: News for Americas |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 MBS: Wythe Williams |
| 7:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: HELEN HAYES |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: Star Spangled Theater |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY |
| 8:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: FORD HOUR |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Old Fashioned Revival |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 NBC-Blue: The Parker Family |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm |
| 5:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Deadline Dramas |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra |

Monday



■ Franca White, red-headed songstress of The Telephone Hour.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

The Telephone Hour, starring James Melton and Franca White, on NBC-Red at 8:00 P. M., E.S.T.

The music war which has kept so many well-known songs off the air since the first of the year also has done some very strange and unexpected things. For instance, it turned Franca White into a song-writer, and she certainly never expected that, although she's been singing songs written by other people since she was in her teens.

The vivacious, red-headed Miss White collaborates with her singing partner, James Melton, in selecting the musical numbers that are done on the program, and when ASCAP songs were barred from the air she discovered that many beautiful tunes could be used if they were provided with new and original lyrics. In other words, the tunes belonged to anyone that wanted to use them; only the lyrics were by members of ASCAP. So ever since making this discovery Franca has been spending much of her time chewing a pencil and gazing off into space, trying to think of a rhyme for "June" that isn't "moon."

Franca, who is as friendly as your oldest school chum, lives alone—she isn't married, and some man is going to be lucky someday—in an apartment on the East River in New York, and has a lot of fun watching Dead End kids defy the cops and go swimming in the summer. She likes the neighborhood, which is typically New York because it consists of expensive apartment houses next door to poor sections, because everyone in it is so infamously and neighborly. But she won't sign a long-term lease on her apartment because she's superstitious and doesn't want to tie herself down anywhere.

Next fall you may get a chance to see Franca and Melton in person, because they're planning an extensive joint concert tour. Meanwhile, their songs on the Telephone Hour make up about as pleasant a musical program as you can find anywhere.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

March 31: Gasoline Alley, on NBC-Red at 6:45, is just as entertaining as the air as it is in the funnies.

April 7: On the Lux Theater tonight, CBS at 9: Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in on air version of their movie hit, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

April 14: Mutual presents its annual "Play Ball!" show which travels to all the cities having major league teams to interview players and managers.

April 21: Dick Jurgens' bond goes into the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, broadcasting on NBC and CBS.

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|---------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins |
| | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB |
| 2:00 | 12:30 | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh |
| 8:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:45 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Stepmother |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Treat Time |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Blue: The Munro's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married |
| 12:00 | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Martha Webster |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Woman in White |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 MBS: Government Girl |
| 12:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Road of Life |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way |
| 3:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches |
| 3:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Blue: Rochester Orchestra |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Home of the Brave |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Frank Parker |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Lecture Hall |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade |
| 9:15 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine |
| 3:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife |
| 4:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: Hilltop House |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins |
| 3:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown |
| 8:30 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone |
| 4:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: The O'Neills |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines |
| 5:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines |
| 5:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix |
| 4:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 8:55 | 10:00 | 6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout |
| 5:05 | 6:05 | 7:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper |
| 10:00 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Gasoline Alley |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Red: European News |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: BLONDIE |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Blue: This Is the Show |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Those We Love |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 MBS: Adventure in Manhattan |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: You're in the Army Now |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q. |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Red: Show Boat |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 NBC-Blue: Basin Street Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: Contented Hour |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Girl About Town |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum |

Tuesday



■ Allen Prescott, The Wife Saver, gives you some household hints.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

The Wife Saver, on NBC-Blue at 11:30 A.M., E.S.T.

Allen Prescott, who calls himself The Wife Saver, is a husky, handsome chap who doesn't fit in at all with one's mental picture of a man who presents household hints on the air. He's a graduate of the New York Military Academy and of the University of Pennsylvania, in both of which institutions he played soccer and squash and starred on the track teams. But even if he doesn't look or act the part, he does offer you some interesting and very unusual tips on cooking and home-making on every program.

A great many of his wife-saving hints come to him in the mail, from interested women listeners. He gets about 500 letters a week, and most of them contain something he can use on the air. Others he gets by talking to home economics experts, reading books on cooking and home making, and even experimenting in his own home, which is a pent house on top of a New York office building. He lives there with a Scottie dog and an aquarium full of tropical fish.

Allen was born in 1904 in St. Louis, and wanted to become an actor, but his parents objected—as parents often do—and instead, when he got out of college he worked as an advertising salesman and newspaper reporter for a while before finally achieving his dramatic ambition by joining a theatrical stock company.

He first went on the air in 1929 with Walter Winchell and Mork Hellinger over a local station, then started a radio career by commenting on the news. When news items gave out he filled in the gaps with household hints, and gradually people began to show more interest in the latter than in the news—so he became The Wife Saver. He has written two books, and their titles are "The Wife Saver's Candy Recipes" and "Aunt Harriet's Household Hints." He has never said who Aunt Harriet is.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

April 1: On NBC, 10:00 P.M., listen to the National A.A.U. Boxing Championships from Boston . . . Caunt Basie and his band open in Bastan too—at the Tunetown Ballroom, broadcasting over CBS.

April 8: For delightful mid-afternoon music: Frank Parker on CBS at 3:15.

April 15: If the newscasters insist on giving you too much gloomy news tonight, switch to Fibber McGee and Mally on NBC-Red at 9:30—they'll cheer you up.

April 22: For a quick bird's-eye view of America, listen to We, the People, on CBS at 9:00.

Wednesday



■ The Martins Quartet provides music for Fred Allen's shaws.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

The Martins, featured on Fred Allen's show tonight an CBS at 9:00, E.S.T., rebroadcast at 9:00, P.S.T., and sponsored by Texaco.

One thing Fred Allen always has an his radio program is a vocal harmony group. He had one when he started broadcasting nine years ago, and he has one now, even though it's not the same one. The current group is called The Martins, a quartet consisting of two boys and two girls.

"The Martins" is just a name, though. In reality, they are Phyllis and Jo-Jean Rogers, a pair of sisters from Oklahoma; Ralph Blane, who has his own Saturday morning sustaining program an NBC; and Hugh Martin, who does the musical arranging and lends his name as a title for the whole group.

Though they've been together only a year and seven months, the Martins consider themselves veterans, for Fred Allen's is their second commercial series an the air. Late in 1939, soon after they organized and without ever appearing an a sustaining program, they were hired for Walter O'Keefe's show, and made a hit an it. Then they signed a contract to sing in the Broadway musical comedy, "Louisiana Purchase"—the same show that catapulted Ben Bernie's Carol Bruce to stardom.

Phyllis and Jo-Jean are two girls from Frederick, Oklahoma, who had almost no professional experience before they teamed up with Ralph and Hugh. They are cousins of the beloved Will Rogers, so the ability to entertain in public must run in their veins. One sister is dark and one is light—and both are so photogenic that it's no surprise to learn they and the boys may appear in a movie this summer.

Fred likes a quartet or other vocal combination an his programs because he thinks they lend just that touch of novelty and pace that a comedy show needs—provided they always have clever and unusual arrangements like those the Martins will show up with tonight.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

March 26: Two sports events: the New York vs. Chicago round of the Golden Gloves tournament, an NBC-Red tonight . . . On NBC-Blue at 10:00, Buddy Baer vs. Tony Galento.

April 2: Exciting melodrama: Big Town, with Edward G. Robinson, an CBS at 8:00.

April 9: Matty Malneck and his famous Hollywood orchestra open at the Rainbow Room in New York—listen an NBC.

April 16: Wednesday night's lacking in music—sa Tony Martin's fifteen minutes an NBC-Red at 8:00 are daubly welcome.

April 23: Why not farm the habit of listening to Easy Aces an NBC-Blue at 7:00? You couldn't have a better one.

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|---|
| | | 8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| 2:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB |
| | 12:30 | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh |
| 8:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:45 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Stepmother |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light |
| 10:45 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Blue: The Munro's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married |
| 12:00 | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Martha Webster |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Woman in White |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 MBS: Government Girl |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Road of Life |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way |
| 3:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches |
| 3:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 MBS: George Fisher |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Home of the Brave |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Frank Parker |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade |
| 9:15 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife |
| 4:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: We, the Abbotts |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: Hilltop House |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown |
| 8:30 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone |
| 4:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: The O'Neills |
| 2:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 7:55 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: News |
| 5:05 | 6:05 | 6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 10:00 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Gasoline Alley |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy |
| 9:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross |
| 9:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Red: European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: Helen Menken |
| 6:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs |
| 7:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 MBS: Wythe Williams |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: We, the People |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: Grand Central Station |
| 9:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Professor Quiz |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: Bob Hope |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Edward Weeks |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: News of the World |

| P.S.T. | C.S.T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|--------|--------|---------------------------------------|
| | | 8:15 NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| | | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins |
| 2:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB |
| | 12:30 | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh |
| 8:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Blue: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:45 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Stepmother |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Treat Time |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Blue: The Munro's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married |
| 12:00 | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Martha Webster |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Woman in White |
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| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone |
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| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 MBS: Government Girl |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Road of Life |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way |
| 3:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker |
| 3:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Home of the Brave |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride |
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| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Frank Parker |
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| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed |
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| 9:15 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life |
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| 4:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: We, the Abbotts |
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| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: Hilltop House |
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| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown |
| 8:30 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs |
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| 4:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: The O'Neills |
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| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 8:55 | 10:00 | 6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout |
| 5:05 | 6:05 | 6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper |
| 10:00 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas |
| 6:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Gasoline Alley |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy |
| 9:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY ACES |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross |
| 9:45 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Red: European News |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger |
| 6:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America |
| 6:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Big Town |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: Quiz Kids |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: Tony Martin |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 NBC-Red: How Did You Meet |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 MBS: Boake Carter |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Manhattan at Midnight |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: GABRIEL HEATER |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 9:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 NBC-Blue: Spin and Win |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Girl About Town |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: News of the World |

Thursday



■ Dignified, sweet-faced Katharine Raht is Mrs. Aldrich.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

The Aldrich Family, on NBC-Red at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T. and 9:00 P.M., P.S.T., sponsored by Jell-O.

Henry Aldrich is such an energetic kid that the other members of his family don't get their full share of attention. That's why we're printing the picture above of Katharine Raht, who plays Henry's mother in this popular series. Katharine was a school teacher, and a good one, until 1931, when as a hobby she began acting in summer theater productions. By 1936 she'd grown so fond of acting that she quit her teaching job and came to New York to go on the stage. A blank year of pounding on producers' doors followed before she began to gain recognition, and was cast in "Our Town" and other plays. The role of Mrs. Aldrich was her first chance in radio, although now you hear her on other shows occasionally as well.

If you saw the play or the movie of "What a Life," the play which originated the Aldrich Family, you'll remember that in it Henry's mother was a different sort of person from the wise, kindly woman she is now on the air. In it she was flighty and interested in nothing much but society. Clifford Goldsmith, the author of both the play and the radio series, says that's because in writing so many scripts he's come to understand his characters much better.

Goldsmith frequently shivers when he thinks how near he came to missing out on the play which eventually brought him so much fame and success. When "What a Life" was trying out in Philadelphia before its Broadway run, Goldsmith lost his overcoat and didn't have enough money to buy a new one. The proprietor of the clothing store where he went offered to buy a half-interest in "What a Life" for a thousand dollars—and so discouraged and broke was the author that he nearly agreed to the sale. If he had, that clothing merchant would have been a rich man now.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

- March 27: Some entertaining plays are presented on the Listener's Playhouse, tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Red.
- April 3: Jan Savitt and his orchestra open tonight at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, broadcasting over CBS.
- April 10: Professor Quiz has changed his time to tonight at 10:15, E.S.T., over CBS.
- April 17: Don't miss listening to our cover girl, Yvette, on Xavier Cugat's program over NBC-Red at 7:30.
- April 24: Nomination for the man who can get the last drop of drama out of the day's news: Gabriel Heatter on MBS at 9:00.

| | | Eastern Standard Time | |
|-------|-------|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | NBC-Red | Gene and Glenn |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue | BREAKFAST CLUB |
| 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red | Happy Jack |
| 2:00 | 12:30 | CBS | School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh |
| 8:45 | 9:00 | CBS | By Kathleen Norris |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: This Small Town |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: Myrt and Marge |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:45 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: Stepmother |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: Woman of Courage |
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| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
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| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: When a Girl Marries |
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| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
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| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: Right to Happiness |
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| 3:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
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| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: Home of the Brave |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: Light of the World |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | CBS: Mary Margaret McBride |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: Frank Parker |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: Ma Perkins |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 | CBS: A Friend in Deed |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife |
| 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: Adventures in Science |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: Vic and Sade |
| 9:15 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: Portia Faces Life |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: Backstage Wife |
| 4:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | CBS: We, The Abbotts |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: Club Matinee |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: Hilltop House |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: Kate Hopkins |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown |
| 8:30 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: The Goldbergs |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Blue: Children's Hour |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: Girl Alone |
| 4:15 | 5:15 | 5:15 | CBS: The O'Neills |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: Lone Journey |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: Scattergood Baines |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: Tom Mix |
| 4:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful |
| 7:55 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: News |
| 5:05 | 6:05 | 6:05 | CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: Bob Edge |
| 10:00 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: Paul Sullivan |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas |
| | 6:45 | 6:45 | NBC-Red: Gasoline Alley |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: Amos 'n' Andy |
| 9:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: Easy Aces |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: Lanny Ross |
| 9:45 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Red: European News |
| 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | CBS: Vox Pop |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: Xavier Cugat |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC-Blue: Met. Opera Guild |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: Ask It Basket |
| 7:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | MBS: Wytte Williams |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: Pot o' Gold |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: Fannie Brice, Frank Morgan |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: City Desk |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: Fame and Fortune |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: ALDRICH FAMILY |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: MAJOR BOWES |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 | NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: Glenn Miller |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: Listener's Playhouse |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: News of the World |

Friday



■ Singing star on five different shows every week: Buddy Clark

ON THE AIR TODAY:

Treat-time, starring Buddy Clark, on CBS today, Monday and Wednesday at 11:00 A.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the makers of Treet.

One of the busiest young fellows in Chicago must be Buddy Clark. Not only does he star on this program three times a week, but he sings with Wayne King's band on the Waltz King's Saturday-night show, also on CBS, and on Sunday's Show of the Week over Mutual. One result of his activity is that although he has a home, complete with wife and children, in New York, he has to live in Chicago, where all his broadcasts originate. Last year, when he was on the air with both Wayne King and Ben Bernie, he commuted by air between the two cities—but he can hardly do that five times a week.

Doing so much singing on the air is fun for Buddy, because he sings all the time anyway, even when there's no microphone around. He isn't practicing—he saves all that for the rehearsal room. It's just singing for the fun of it, and often he warbles classical numbers instead of the popular songs you hear him doing on the air. Anything in Lawrence Tibbett's repertoire is usually in Buddy's, too, because he's a great admirer of the famous opera star.

Buddy graduated from college as a law student, and he's always kept up his legal studies so that recently he was able to pass bar examinations. Just in case his voice ever goes back on him, he will be all set to put out his shingle as a lawyer.

He's a collector of china, but he never felt any great interest in china until some time after he started collecting it. He happened to drop in on an auction a year or so ago, and while he was watching the proceedings he scratched his ear. As any old auction-goer knows, this is a signal. A few minutes later Buddy found himself the proud, if startled, owner of a set of Wedgwood cups and saucers. They began what is now a large and valuable collection.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

- March 28: Arch Oboler has scheduled Miriam Hopkins as his guest star tonight on Everyman's Theater, NBC-Red at 9:30.
- April 4: Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour guest-star on Kate Smith's show, CBS at 8:00, in "The Road to Zanzibar" . . . Lou Nova vs. Max Baer in Madison Square Garden—NBC-Blue at 10:00, Bill Stern and Sam Taub announcing.
- April 11: Ray Milland, Brian Donlevy and Constance Moore star in "I Wanted Wings" on the Kate Smith program.
- April 18: Just as bright and amusing as ever is Information Please, on NBC-Red at 8:30.

| P. S. L. | C. S. T. | Eastern Standard Time |
|----------|----------|---------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB |
| 2:00 | 12:30 | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh |
| 8:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children |
| 1:45 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Stepmother |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Treat Time |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Blue: The Munro's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married |
| 12:00 | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Martha Webster |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Blue: Thunder Over Paradise |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Woman in White |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 MBS: Government Girl |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Road of Life |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way |
| 3:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker |
| 3:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Girl Interne |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 MBS: Philadelphia Orchestra |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Home of the Brave |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Frank Parker |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Blue: Moneymoon Hill |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Exploring Space |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade |
| 9:15 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife |
| 4:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: Hilltop House |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones |
| 12:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown |
| 8:30 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 CBS: The O'Neills |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey |
| 2:15 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Blue: Drama Behind Headlines |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: Scattered Baines |
| 5:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix |
| 4:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful |
| 8:55 | 10:00 | 6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout |
| | 5:05 | 6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | 7:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas |
| | 6:45 | 7:45 NBC-Red: Gasoline Alley |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Red: European News |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: Al Pearce |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Red: Alec Templeton |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: Army Show |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 8:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: Gangbusters |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: Waitz Time |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Campbell Playhouse |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 MBS: I Want a Divorce |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 NBC-Blue: Your Happy Birthday |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Girl About Town |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: News of the World |



■ Jerry Lester, m.-c. of Your Hit Parade's army comp show.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

Your Hit Parade, on CBS at 9:00, E.S.T., and 9:30, P.S.T., sponsored by Lucky Strike, and including precisely seven minutes of a show being put on of an army comp.

There's more to this than meets the ear—about one hour and fifty-three minutes more, in fact. For all the time Mark Wornow and the Hit Parade orchestra are entertaining you on the air, another band, Jerry Lester, and a troupe of vaudevillians are entertaining soldiers of a private two-hour show of which you hear only a small part.

Lucky Strike has a regular gong of entertainers who travel each week to a different army comp and put on a Saturday-night program with the aid of some well-known band which is playing in the vicinity of the comp. Of the whole troupe, you hear only Jerry Lester, the master of ceremonies, and the guest band of the week. The others do their acts before or after the seven minutes that are broadcast.

Jerry Lester doesn't have much opportunity in those seven minutes to be a comedian, which is a pity, because he proved he was a good one last summer when he pinch-hit for Bob Hope. He was a night-club and vaudeville dancer and comedian before he came to radio—although his father, former music critic for a Chicago paper, had visions of seeing his son on the operatic stage and still hasn't quite reconciled himself to hearing him crack jokes instead.

In his late twenties, Jerry has never stayed in one place long enough to have a home. Now he's living in the Hotel Astor, right in the middle of Times Square. He leaves every Friday for whatever comp he is to play Saturday, and returns on Sunday. He has a grand time in the comps, where the soldiers call him Elsie Jonis II.

TUNE-IN BULLETINS

March 29: President Roosevelt talks to the nation today from the Jackson Day dinner—on all networks, of course . . . A new addition to network drama hours is the Guy Hedlund Players, on CBS-Red this afternoon at 3:30 . . . And this is the day when many U. S. radio stations must change their wave-lengths. You'll have to experiment when you dial your favorite program. April 5: Taddy's Guy Hedlund play: "Moonlight Sanato," in which Beethoven's music plays a prominent part. April 12: NBC has the Poumonok Handicap from the Jamaica track. April 19: The Excelsior Handicap race is being run at the Jamaica track—on NBC.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | Eastern Standard Time |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|--|
| | 8:00 | CBS: News of Europe |
| | 8:00 | NBC-Red: News |
| | 8:15 | NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra |
| | 8:15 | NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn |
| | 8:30 | CBS: Hillbilly Champions |
| | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert |
| | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell |
| | 8:45 | NBC-Red: Deep River Boys |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: Press News |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: News |
| 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: Happy Jack |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: Burl Ives |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: Market Basket |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: Honest Abe |
| 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: Four Showmen |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway |
| 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: Richard Kent |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: Old Dirt Dobber |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: Orchestra |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: Betty Moore |
| 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Symphony Concert |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Club |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 11:30 NBC-Red: Gallicchio's Orch. |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Country Journal |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Blue: American Education Forum |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Highways to Health |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Jobs for National Defense |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Let's Pretend |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 MBS: We Are Always Young |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 MBS: Edith Adams' Future |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: No Politics |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 MBS: Government Girl |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC-Red: Music for Everyone |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 MBS: I'll Find My Way |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Of Men and Books |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Budapest Quartet |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC-Red: Dance Music |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC-Red: Guy Hedlund Players |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC-Red: Campus Capers |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC-Red: A Boy, a Girl, and a Band |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: News of the Americas |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC-Red: The World is Yours |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC-Red: Curtis Institute |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Report to the Nation |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC-Red: Charlie Spivak Orch. |
| 3:05 | 5:05 | 6:05 NBC-Blue: Dance Music |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Elmer Davis |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC-Blue: Vass Family |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC-Red: Religion in the News |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Blue: Edward Tomlinson |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC-Red: Orchestra |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: People's Platform |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: Muriel Angelus |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 NBC-Red: European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 CBS: Wayne King |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC-Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Your Marriage Club |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: Orchestra |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: Knickerbocker Playhouse |
| 5:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 NBC-Blue: Man and the World |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Duffy's Tavern |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 MBS: Boake Carter |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Blue: Bishop and the Gargoyle |
| 8:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: GABRIEL HEATTER |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: National Barn Dance |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 MBS: Contact |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy |
| 6:35 | 8:35 | 9:35 NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 MBS: Chicago Theater |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Public Affairs |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: News of the World |

Page of Poetry



■ **Gale Page, radio's lovely and busy dramatic star, discovers an intimate and exciting way to personal happiness that anyone might find within himself**

By **MARIAN RHEA**

WITH some it is the fascination of collecting miniatures, or gardening, or Chinese art . . .

Lovely Gale Page, who has starred in so many radio and movie dramas and lately in the Woodbury Playhouse series, opposite both Charles Boyer and Jim Ameche, has discovered a new and intimate way to happiness that anyone might have within himself.

She began just recently and for no reason that she knows of, but now it is a passion that provides her pleasure and a rare kind of excitement that nothing else she has done ever quite managed to give her.

Sometimes it is in the middle of a rehearsal of a program, sometimes she wakes up with words on the tip of her pencil in the middle of the night. The results are this "Page of Poetry" and the touching, gay, and romantic verses RADIO MIRROR's editors publish herewith.



Summer Night

Sky, hazy,
Moon, lazy—
Drives me
Crazy . . .

Gaiety comes from sterner stuff
Than just what meets the eye—
A lilting song, a dancing walk,
A smile, a happy cry . . .
It must be born from deep within
A heart that once was sad,
Else, how would it forever know
Its reason to be glad?

I got shoes, you got shoes,
Our feet is warm—
What c'n we lose?



When I'm awake,
The sun shines down,
'Tis then I feel I'm happy;

But when I dream
In the moonlight's beam—
Happy? No, I'm sappy!

Waiting at WHAT Church?

He put a ring upon my finger,
Other than that, he did not linger.

I want to sing a song so sweet
For you, my love, for you—
A gem, a jewel, and not repeat:
For you, my love, for you.
Help me find another way,
For you, my love, for you.
To sing the thoughts I cannot say
For you, my love, for you.



Outlook

A sense of values
With a dash of courage
Is all it takes
To go riding steerage.

Reflection

Alone tonight,
But it's not right
To talk to empty space,
When everywhere,
All nature fair,
Shows me your funny face.

My Prayer

To tell him in a way that's new,
Again repeat, as from the start,
When first I whispered, "I love you;"
The beginning, beating of my heart.
To show him with a look, perhaps,
A touch, or just a smile,
That always, ever constant, dear,
He's with me all the while,
To give to him just one more proof—
This grace I beg of Thee!
For through my prayers my heart
can speak
To him, through Thee, from me.

Peace of Mind

What do I live for?
She answered gaily:
To seek perfection
And eat thrice daily.



Decree

You may forsake me for another
In some distant clime,
But, by gad, you'll not forget me
Until the end of time!

Enough

A frame you want to give to me,
A setting, oh, so rare,
Nothing short of diamonds
To sparkle in my hair!
Ah, my darling, don't you know
That there's no need to start
To think of presents practical,
When I possess your heart?

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN

How to Become Some Man's Dream Girl—for KEEPS

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—



WRONG

to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



RIGHT

to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.



WRONG

to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



RIGHT

to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. 1. Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. 2. Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. Then wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!



WRONG

to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



RIGHT

a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*



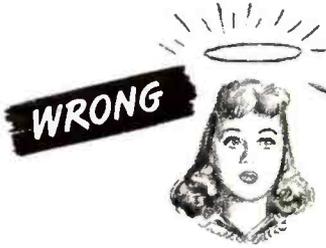
WRONG

Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



RIGHT

to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can trust to hold powder right through the crisis!



WRONG

being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.



WRITE

Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVE, Clinton, Conn. I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



Name
Address

This offer good in U. S. only.



Boake Carter's guest is his sister, Sheelah Carter. Sheelah is carving out a career as radio commentator for herself. Officially she's Boake's secretary, but she did so well on several guest appearances with him on his MBS program that when Boake went to fill a lecture date recently he turned over the whole show to her for one broadcast. Now a couple of sponsors are more than a little interested in hiring her for a regular series. She has an English-Irish accent that's even more fascinating than her famous brother's.

One Man's Family

(Continued from page 42)

Thompson and Glenn Hunter were well in the lead. No one considered Henry Barbour in the running.

Glenn Hunter was a bright young lawyer of considerable promise. Already, the rough floors of his office were being tracked by muddy boots of clients.

Fred Thompson was a young doctor, whose horse and buggy were almost paid for.

Henry Barbour was a stockbroker's clerk. When he had finished what would today be the equivalent of two years of college, he drifted into the first job that came his way; a grocery clerk. A banker offered him a slight increase in pay to keep his books and Henry called himself an accountant. A few months later he went to work for a stockbroker.

HENRY'S income in 1896 was on a par with Dr. Thompson's and Glenn Hunter's, but Glenn and Fred were living through the starvation period to which all professional men are subjected. They would go far, and unless Henry changed his pace he would always be a stockbroker's clerk.

Friends on every side asked Fannie, "Who will it be—Dr. Thompson or Glenn Hunter?"

She answered them within the year. She married Henry Barbour in an intimate ceremony at her home in the winter of that year.

A year and a half later Paul was born. Henry Barbour, still a stockbroker's clerk, managed by the greatest of privations to pay Dr. Thompson, who wouldn't have wanted a fee at all had not Henry demanded a bill. Honor was at stake here. Henry would not be indebted to a man Fannie might have married.

After the turn of the century, Henry remained the hireling of a fierce paymaster, and Fannie was expecting her second child.

Fannie and Henry lived a hand-to-

mouth existence, struggling to keep away from debt. Surely, the neighborhood gossiped, Fannie would now admit her mistake, and friends watched for signs of weakening. She gave them no encouragement.

At every opportunity, she inquired discreetly into the manner in which stockbrokers became stockbrokers. All of them, she learned, had started with a small office and forged ahead step by step until they commanded a profitable business.

Meanwhile, Hazel was born, bringing an additional financial strain.

It was quite clear to Fannie that Henry's income would not permit a third child. "And," she told Henry, "I want more children. Eventually, four or five or six."

This would take money, Henry observed.

"Yes," said Fannie, "a lot of money—and we will have to find a way to get it. They must have a home and they must go to school, and if any of them are ever ill I want them to have the best care money will buy."

If Henry wanted to escape the clutches of a penurious paymaster, he and Fannie agreed, he must become his own paymaster. It was a gamble, and a gamble difficult to invite—cutting himself loose from the salary which fed and clothed the four Barbours, to open the Barbour Stock and Bond Co., which was not assured of the patronage of a single customer.

The early stages of his venture were discouraging, for his door on a muddy back street knew the tread of few customers.

Dr. Thompson and Glenn Hunter, who had remained staunch friends of Fannie and Henry Barbour, pondered ways of prevailing upon Henry to accept a loan from them. Henry scorned every gesture, as his would-be saviours feared he would.

Somewhere on this scene of disillusionment intruded the great San

Francisco earthquake and fire, which devastated the city, and, in addition to killing hundreds of its inhabitants, wrecked the financial structure of many well-established business houses.

Just how the Barbours lived through the poverty-ridden months that followed is not quite clear, and they have added little to the story, although the memory is undoubtedly vivid. They prefer not to recall it.

Somehow, Henry's determination to become the master of a financial house survived the catastrophe, and by 1912, the year of the birth of the twins, Clifford and Claudia, their days of privation had ended. San Francisco had shaken off the ashes and debris of 1906, and as it rebuilt itself into one of the world's most beautiful cities the Barbour Stock and Bond Co. kept the pace.

The Barbour home at Sea Cliff, still the scene of the family get-togethers, was built in 1916. The following year Jack was born and Paul went away to war.

FATHER BARBOUR is now 65. Fannie is 62. They have five children and seven grandchildren, including Teddy, adopted daughter of Paul. As much as possible, they keep their family around them.

As it has turned out, any of the three young men who wanted to marry Fannie in 1896 would have been a wise choice. Frequent visitors at Sea Cliff are Dr. Thompson, who delivered all of the Barbour children and grandchildren, and Federal Judge Glenn Hunter.

All of the Barbours run to the judge when there is a threat of trouble, and no doctor other than Fred Thompson has set foot inside their home.

Since their marriage, the Barbours have considered their first duty to their home. Father Barbour's discipline has been stern. Almost invariably, Fannie has been on the side of the children when trouble arose. She likes to explain away their shortcomings, and fight their battles with their father.

Henry is a man of high standards and ethics. There was a time, however, when Paul contended his father was not as quick to see the other man's side of a question in business matters as in personal or family matters, but in recent years this accusation, never severe, has ceased.

As he grows older, Father Barbour spends more time in his garden, which is his favorite diversion. He is an expert amateur gardener, whose greatest delight is his flowers.

It is only since the children have grown up that Fannie Barbour got around to explaining how she happened to marry a stockbroker's clerk, when she had her choice between a handsome young lawyer and a promising doctor. Henry was selected, she said, by the process of elimination. Judge Hunter, she said, seemed to have too many feminine admirers, and likewise too many girls.

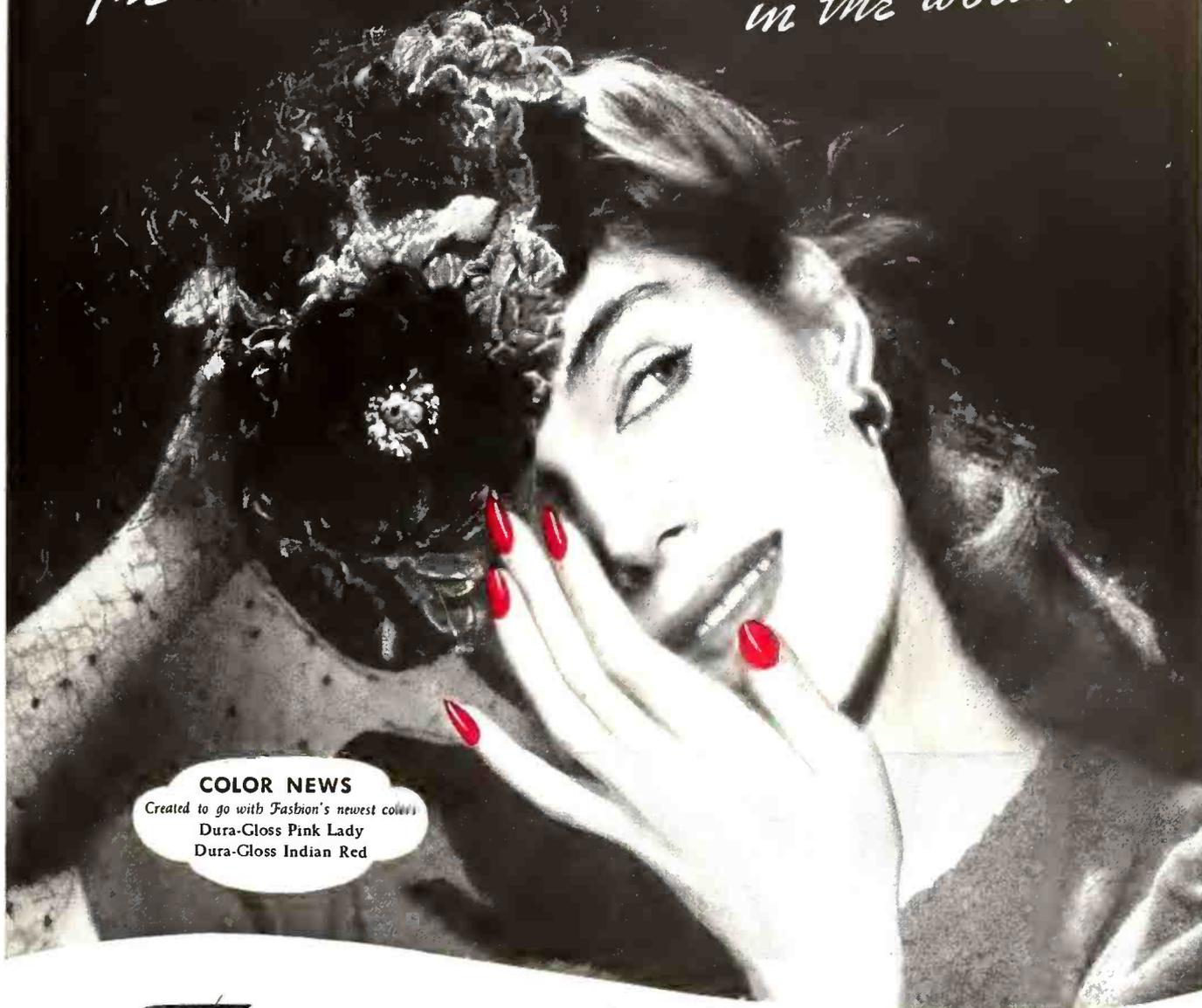
And Dr. Thompson, she said, always smelled of antiseptic.

Recently, Fannie asked Dr. Thompson and Judge Hunter where they disappeared to when she announced she would marry Henry Barbour.

"As I recall it," answered the white-haired judge, "we went out and got tight."

Listen to *One Man's Family* every Sunday night at 8:30 EST over the NBC-Red network.

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



COLOR NEWS
Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Pink Lady
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*The continuous use of Dura Gloss
will make your fingernails more beautiful!*



Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy Dura-Gloss today!

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It's good for Your Nails **10¢**

**THE DIFFERENCE
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Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance — a LIFE and LUSTER — that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' new nail polish formula. Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. Use it. It makes your nails more beautiful!



A hearty "Welcome home!" to Conrad Thibault and Lucy Monroe, who have returned to the air as the regular singing stars of Sunday night's Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, NBC-Red at 9, E.S.T.

If You Were Mrs. Gene Autry

(Continued from page 30)

lot of horses tramping through the living room.

This was no ranch house. Charming, certainly, with its pinky beige stucco walls and washed brick chimney, its criss-cross casement windows and brown shingled roof. Charming, and welcoming. But no ranch house.

"We thought you'd live out in the country," I apologized to Gene, who came bouncing out, all smiles, to greet us. We were a little early, which in Hollywood is a sin among sins.

"THIS was the country," said Gene, "when we built it."

Of course. That was it. Ten years ago all this section had been a barley field, but while Gene was climbing inch by inch into the Big Ten and carving a niche for himself on the radio, Los Angeles and its suburbs had grown up—or out, thanks to an earthquake-inspired twelve story building limit—had grown out and engulfed him.

It was an old house, of course. (Understand, please, that a house fifteen years old in California is considered decrepit, and so dangerous that all your neighbors think you should raze it.) You could tell by the row of giant eucalyptus trees at the back of the house that it wasn't a new house. Those eucalyptus trees, granted they grow four feet a year, had been planted a long spell back.

So Gene's house had been in the country when he built it. Gene is a solid fellow with roots in the ground and he doesn't move every six months like the rest of us.

"But where," I asked, as he ushered us into the living room, "are the elk horns and the Indian blankets?"

Gene grinned.

"I'll admit that's a good fireplace, as fireplaces go," I kidded, "but it's just plain sissy compared to the twelve-footer I'd expected you to have."

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Autry, whom we'd just met, moved in and erased the question mark. I imagine she's always taking her husband off uncomfortable spots.

"The stone fireplace is at the ranch," she explained. "You know Gene has a hundred acres near San Fernando. It's in a canyon, a million miles from nowhere. All the horses are there, and we've just bought a hundred head of cattle. We'll be real ranchers before you know it."

"I suppose the elk horns are there, too," I said, apologetically.

"All Gene's souvenirs are there—the things people have given him, his saddles and tack, most of his guns—everything he likes most. We live there, you know, whenever Gene isn't working."

"The only trouble is," Gene said ruefully, "I'm working too often."

But I'll bet he's comfortable in his town house, even if it is just a spare.

The rooms aren't large, but they're colorful and have an inviting lived-in look. Some of the furniture in the living room is very old—Mrs. Autry explains that it was brought out from the old Autry place in Oklahoma—but the pieces that you sit on are soft and comfortable, with no hard edges sticking out. Upholstered flowered chintz, for the most part, in shades of rose and green, with an occasional plain colored chair for contrast.

The house is decorated in exquisite taste, but you know at once that no decorator turned it out. Mrs. Autry

was the decorator, and she's very good. She knows how to make a room appealing, as Gene would say, "without putting on the dog."

The fireplace, like the ceiling, is panelled oak, and sofas are drawn up to it, as well as to the great wall of window at the back of the house which looks out over the magnificent gardens. Those have been ten or fifteen years growing, and they are beautiful. You look out the window across a flagstone terrace, through the eucalyptus trees and great oak branches, down a gentle slope to the Los Angeles river.

The city has grown up almost to the Autrys' very door but no one could tell it from that view. All you can see are the trees and green grass, a long way down the slope the green flash of the swimming pool, and in the distance, the purple mountains cupping snow in their jagged tops.

The living room gives you the feeling that you are living in the whole outdoors—great vistas of space in which to relax. The dining room, just a step away, is just the opposite—and properly so. It is small and intimate, gay. Brightly flowered wall paper, and ruffled pink and white curtains. Pink and white dishes for the sheraton mahogany table, with its chintz bottomed chairs.

All of Gene's personal possessions which have not found their way, as yet, to the ranch, he hoards in his own study where he showed us blue ribbons from a recent horse show, gold and silver pistols with hand-carved ivory handles, along with a couple of sawed-off iron shotguns used against the redcoats in the American revolution.

HE also dug out of its wrappings, with loving hands, the two dozen figures of his miniature rodeo—a collection of cowboys and Indians, and broom-tailed nags, carved in wood and painted for Gene by his friend, a real 49'er, Andy Anderson. The rodeo will go up in state in a glass case when it arrives at the ranch in the canyon.

The house is always quiet and peaceful, for Gene and his wife have relegated all of the more hectic phases of Gene's town-life to another building far down at the end of the garden where a staff of secretaries help to run the Autry commercial enterprises. The rumpus room is in the "second house," too, and often it reverberates with oldtime songs and "gee-tar" music with which Gene and his cowboy friends like to pass a sociable evening. They feel pent up in the house, so Gene lets them roam around in the grounds—play the piano in the rumpus room and cook their own steaks, miner-style, over the outdoor charcoal grill. Those are the evenings Gene loves.

"I wouldn't be caught dead in Ciro's," he explains, honestly. Maybe he feels pent-up in a night club, just as his friends feel pent up in a flossy, city house.

Gene's house is a wonderful house. An easterner is bound to look at it and pop for homesickness over the real grandfather's clock, and the real ballustrade, the "secretary" which is a hundred years old and has come to California from Oklahoma, and before that from Boston.

It's a wonderful house, and a home in a sense that few Hollywood houses are homes. But, knowing Gene, I still want to visit that ranch some day.

“With the Magic of all things new!” says *Lady Esther*

“A BRAND-NEW SKIN is arriving to thrill you with its Loveliness!”

You are going to get a Brand-New Skin—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.

WILL it have the magic beauty of all things new? Will it emerge younger-looking, fresher-looking—with an opalescent clarity?

Yes, says Lady Esther, it can bring you a promise of new loveliness if—if—if—if only you will take the proper care!

For, right now, as your New-Born Skin is unfolding, your older skin, your present skin is flaking away in tiny invisible particles.

The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of tiny rough spots.

“My Four-Purpose Face Cream,” says Lady Esther, “gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly.”

Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes, the surface impurities, and the grime and the dust. It helps Nature to refine your pores, to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther,



that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he’ll put the seal of approval on every word Lady Esther says.

So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. *Use no other cream for one whole month.* Use it at least twice daily. Leave it on as long as you can, while you sleep, while you do your household tasks!

And note, too, how much better your powder goes on with Lady Esther 4-Pur-

pose Cream. Use it particularly before you powder and you will end, for all time, the need of a powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your accent on youth.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (67)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

Lady Esther
FACE CREAM

SUPERMAN in RADIO



■ Jimmy Olsen burst into Clark Kent's office. "Lois Lane hasn't showed up this morning," he said.

MR. KENT, Mr. Kent! Quick, I—"
Jimmy Olsen, the Planet's red-headed, 15-year-old copy boy, burst breathlessly into Clark Kent's office.

"Whoa now, Jimmy, wait a minute. Take it easy."

"But Mr. Kent, this is awful! Do you remember that racketeer Gyp Dinelli I told Miss Lane and you about yesterday? The guy who's tryin' to make my mother and all the other store-keepers along Spruce Street pay him protection money? Well, Miss Lane went home with me last night—she said she wanted to talk to Dinelli's collector. And then I was supposed to meet her here early this morning—but she hasn't showed up! And nobody's heard from her. Something's wrong—I know it is!"

The last words had barely left Jimmy's mouth when Kent's phone rang. He answered and listened for a moment, then turned and whispered to Jimmy:

"Get the operator to trace this call—it's Dinelli—I'll keep him on—"



■ Spike leveled his revolver and fired! But Superman only smiled when the bullets bounced off.

Jimmy nodded, left, and the reporter talked:

"Yes, Dinelli—we know you have Lois Lane, and we won't print a thing about you and your rackets if you'll send her back."

But the gangster didn't fall into the trap.

"Listen, sucker, I ain't sendin' nobody back until I'm sure the cops ain't wised up. If you want this Lane dame, try to find her!"

He hung up. In a minute, Jimmy was back with the report that Dinelli was calling from Little Falls, a town 50 miles away. Instantly, Kent, with Jimmy and Editor Perry White, sped northward in the direction of the gang's hideout. They stopped at a gas station just outside Little Falls. The attendant recognized the description of Dinelli and directed Kent and his companions up a winding country road to a cabin hidden in the woods.

But long before they could reach the racketeers' shack, Lois had wriggled loose from her bonds, picked up a package of Dinelli's papers and fled into the deep woods with the new evidence of the gangster's guilt. Yet she had escaped one danger only to meet a far greater one. Wild with rage at her escape, Dinelli and his henchman, Spike, ran after her. As they rushed from the cabin, Spike knocked over a kerosene



■ Ow—put me down—what are you doin'? He's takin' me up in the air! He ain't human!" Spike cried.

stove. At once the flimsy wooden shack was a mass of fire.

Dinelli and Spike raced for their car. Deliberately, they left Lois, sure that she would be burned to death in the dry woods where tongues of flame were already licking hungrily up the tree trunks. As their black sedan roared down the dirt road, they passed Kent's car. Dinelli's sharp eyes recognized the reporter and his companions. He jammed on his brakes.

"Come on, Spike—leave the car here. We're gonna follow those guys. They're liable to find that dame and those papers and then where would we be? This is a good chance to knock 'em all off at once—who'd be left to tell about the racket then?"

Long minutes later, following on foot, the gangsters neared the parked car of the newspapermen. As they heard the voices of Kent and his editor, they scurried into the dark shelter of a near-by ditch. Unseen, they learned that Jimmy, left alone for a few minutes, had disappeared into the (Continued on page 86)

(Continued from page 21)

with mother. I, the youngest, was to be packed off to a convent.

At nine, then, I arrived, convoyed by my grandfather, at the Sacred Heart of Mary Convent at New Orleans. Grandfather had known the Mother Superior for many years.

I remember my years at Sacre Coeur with delight. Here I learned much, thanks to the patience and encouragement of the nuns who taught us. They spoke to us mostly in French. We sophisticates-in-pigtails used to laugh at the way they spoke English. In a very short while we were speaking English in the identical fashion. I still do, although I'm making progress, I hope.

At the convent we were taught manners, humility, and respect for others. We learned to curtsy, to appear well-bred, and to deport ourselves as little ladies always.

What I remember most about the place was the peaceful regularity, so violently in contrast to my life today.

There was this precious peace. And there was an equally-soothing period of music. We were taught not only the sacred music of the Church, but little folk songs and roundelays—fanciful things that seem so out of joint in the chaotic world of today. Occasionally I sing one of these simple songs on my programs.

I WAS going on thirteen when I left New Orleans. Mother had moved to Virginia Beach. The other children had grown up. Jane Clare was enrolled at Pratt Institute and studying art. Brother was working.

Life in Virginia was very wonderful. We had a little sailboat and we'd take long trips. We were as brave as Sinbad the Sailor. And maybe almost as wicked. Now and then Jane Clare and I would sail way out and plunge into the ocean without any clothes. That is what the joy of living will do to you at thirteen.

Virginia has an important part in this brief history. I don't know how the word got around. Maybe some of the guests at parties where I had sung for the fun of it passed the news around. Anyhow at thirteen I was invited to appear at the Cavalier Beach Club. I was paid—handsomely (the grand sum of \$5.00). I was even written up in the papers. It was all very lovely. But back in my brain was the burning desire to become an artist.

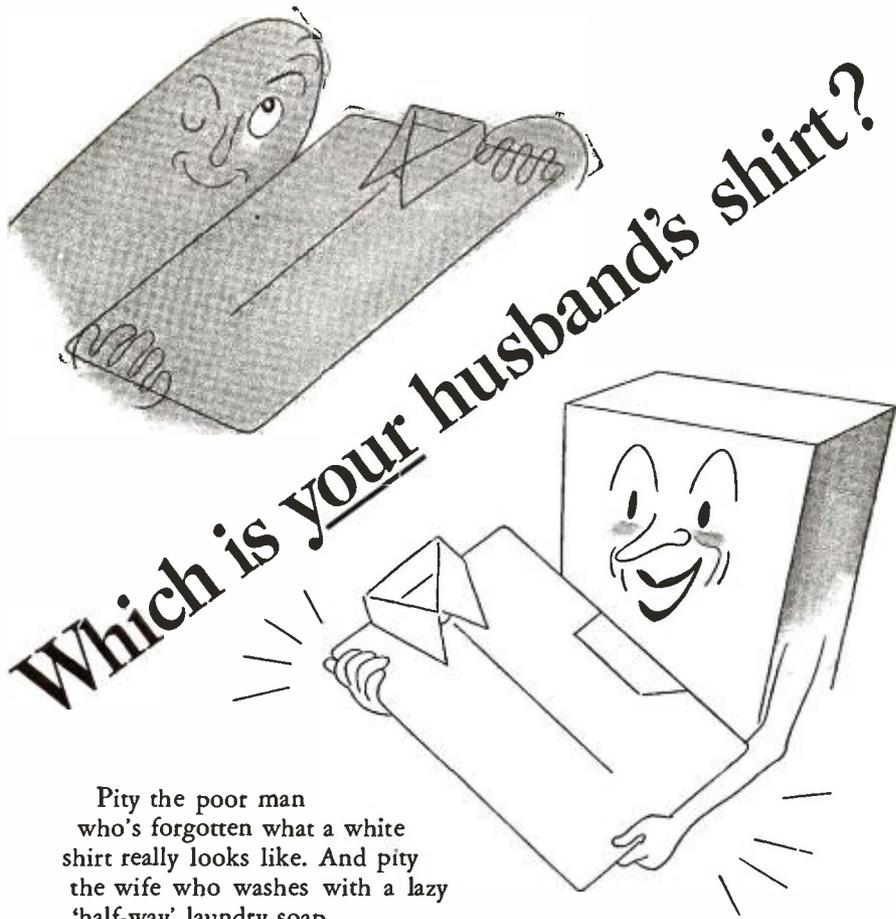
The next year I departed for New York and enrolled at the Washington Irving High School which is long on art studies.

I wish I could say that I was a terrible student. Actually I wasn't bad at all. My teachers were unanimous on the point: I ought to go on with my studies.

Which brings us to Christmas time, 1939.

I would have been graduated from the Washington Irving High School last June and just about finishing up my first year at Pratt Institute were it not for something very unexpected that happened at a Christmas Eve party.

The party was held in a Riverside Drive apartment, filled with people I didn't know—I'd gone at the invitation of my sister Jane Clare. I was standing at the window looking out



Pity the poor man
who's forgotten what a white
shirt really looks like. And pity
the wife who washes with a lazy
'half-way' laundry soap.

What a difference Fels-Naptha's *two*
thorough cleaners make in homes like this!

No grease or grime can be ground in too deep
for gentle naptha and *golden* soap to reach and
loosen. No garments need be ruined by rubbing
when this 'team' is there to whisk the dirt away.

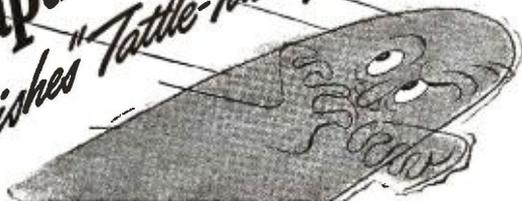
If you've been struggling through wash-
day with weak, 'half-way' soap, it's high time
you changed to *golden* Fels-Naptha. Then you'll
see clothes completely clean and sweet. Shirts
and linens gloriously white. No more aching
arms and back and, if you use husky
Fels-Naptha Chips, no sneezing—*positively!*

—Next washday
do your wash
the Fels-Naptha way.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Jolene takes you round the clock with Joan Blondell.

JOAN BLONDELL
Co-Starring with Dick Powell in "MODEL WIFE" A Universal Picture

8 A.M. Off to an early call at the studio!

1 P.M. Lunch at the studio commissary!

9 P.M. Off to the supper show to see the new pictures!

JOLENE shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

3 to 4
Jolene Mantraette Slightly Higher

Be a Star in Your Own Right! . . . Wear Jolene Shoes—"Styled in Hollywood". They are so freshly glamorous . . . So exquisitely designed . . . So thoroughbred in quality . . . Yes, so modestly priced! Be sure to select yours today!

RUN STOP HOSIERY KIT
To order, fill out the coupon at your nearest Jolene dealer with 50 cents in Hollywood Blvd., No. 3, 6714 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

TOBER-SAIER SHOE COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS

over the Hudson where a man-of-war rode at anchor when someone piped up:

"And now we will hear a song by Miss Elsa Harris who . . ."

"Oh," I thought, swinging around, "one of those parties, eh! The sing-for-your-supper kind!" Oh well, if they were foolish enough to ask, I might as well be agreeable.

I sang three songs and was followed by a tap dancer. I was moving back toward the window and the fascinating man-of-war when a friend of Jane's asked if I'd like to sing for a man named Arthur Michard, who, it seemed, managed dance bands, Sammy Kaye, Buddy Rogers and others.

All right, I said, why not?

I gave an audition before Lenny Hayton.

Mr. Hayton's diagnosis was very brief.

"I don't think you'll be good with a band. But on the radio you ought to go over big."

WHAT else Mr. Hayton did was to send me to Billy Hillpot of NBC who let me sing for him. I sang an all-French program. I wanted to get away from straight tempo, to try a little interpretation.

When I had finished, a man introduced himself to me. He was John Royal, vice-president of NBC. He asked me to come back.

I sang French and English this time. Mr. Royal was amazed. He had thought all along that I was as French as the Eiffel Tower. Which accounts for the later transformation of Elsa Harris into Yvette. The French style was what he liked, he told me. Meanwhile, wouldn't I go on home and wait until I heard from him? It might not be for three or four weeks, he said.

On the way home I stopped off at an artist's supply store to buy some canvas and paints. Jane and I were planning to do some snow scenes out at New Canaan, Connecticut, just as soon as the weather cleared. By the time I had eaten dinner, my brief assault on radio was obliterated from memory.

Or rather it would have been except for a call that came the next day. Mr. Royal telephoned and asked me to come right over. I did.

Mr. Royal does not waste words. He operates as if they cost \$1.00 apiece. He pushed a piece of paper in front of me.

"It's a contract offering you \$50.00

a week to start—with options, of course. Will you sign?"

I signed.

The program was not very ambitious to start with. It was on sustaining and was called, "Have You Met Yvette?"

Ben Grauer, the inimitable, would lead off with the question-title and I would say "How do you do?" in a cuddling French way.

After that we were on our own. In between songs Ben and I had a script to follow. But mostly we used to toss it away and just ad lib.

I don't think anyone expected much of the program. Certainly I didn't. Yet here were letters coming in from all over the country, sonnets from college boys, proposals from geologists in the Texas panhandle, and warm notes of thanks from undesigning shut-ins. More surprising still were offers to do personal appearances. La Martinique in New York, Piping Rock at Saratoga and finally even the Drake Hotel in Chicago. I accepted, of course. And NBC, ever helpful, picked up my program from whatever place that harbored me at broadcast time.

It was during my engagement at the Drake Hotel that the telegram reached me:

HAVE JUST SIGNED YOU TO SHARE CAMEL PROGRAM WITH XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

It was signed John Royal. I was on the verge of telephoning NBC to make a cautious inquiry. Surely it was a gag. Before I could follow through I received a long distance call from NBC. Certainly, I had been signed for the Camel program, Mr. Royal told me nonchalantly. When could they expect me for rehearsals?

"Monday—early," I said, in a daze. "You can count on it."

AN eighteen-year-old who is a singer in spite of herself has a right, I think, to be bewildered. In the Horatio Alger stories the boy was always poor and had his heart set on licking the big city. In time he turned the world upside down, abetted often by a New York financier whose daughter he had managed to save from a runaway horse.

What I am trying to say is that a chance happening changed a would-be artist into a singer. I made no great sacrifice. Neither did my mother. I did not spend countless hours study-

Say Hello To-



LOUISE KING—the Lullaby Lady on the Carnation Contented Hour, Mondays at 10:00, E.S.T., on NBC-Red. Although her duty on the show is to sing lullabies exclusively, Louise loves all kinds of music, from swing to symphony, and not long ago appeared as soloist on Canada's first swing concert, on which Oscar Levant was another guest star. She was born in Chicago, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, and has light golden hair and brown eyes. Her likes and dislikes are very definite—far instance, she hates dawdling window shoppers and spaghetti, and loves to fish, knit, read, and eat sea food. Incidentally, she's no relation to the Louise King who used to be one of the King Sisters with Harace Heidt.

ing. In fact, I never even had a voice teacher.

Maybe the moral is to sit tight and not be consumed by ambition: do what you can and be ready for any eventuality. I know a girl who used to write fragile little sonnets. She planned to become a poet, to dislodge Edna St. Vincent Millay. Today she is a can-can dancer.

I have set down how it came about that I am holding down three jobs with a movie contract looming on the horizon. It all sounds glamorous and in a way it is. But it's work, too, hard work. And long hours.

First off, I live with mother in a comfortable apartment of four rooms. There is no butler, no chauffeur. When we're in a hurry, we use taxis. Otherwise, it's the bus. Mother understands Life for the jade it is.

"A toboggan makes marvelous time going downhill," she says, in true philosophic vein.

My main problem is this: how to get by on twenty-four hours a day.

I get up at nine. I eat breakfast and start out. There are agents to see, conferences with the studio, talks with the publicity department, mail to be answered.

Lunch is a brief item. There are a dozen song pluggers to hear. I don't mean to leave the impression that song pluggers are a bother and a bore. We need one another. I spend twenty hours a week listening to new songs, momentary waifs for which these high-pressure boys are trying to find a sponsor.

Then there are the rehearsals for the air show, recordings over at the Bluebird studios, and, at this writing, a matinee at the Strand.

For dinner I get reckless. I toss time to the winds and give myself forty-five minutes. Often I eat alone.

After dinner there's the business of dressing. Broadcasts, more personal appearances at the Strand, and the after-theatre show at the Waldorf-Astoria come in swift succession. I leave the Waldorf anywhere from 1:30 to 2 a.m. Mother is waiting for me in the lobby. We climb into a taxicab, head for our favorite after-midnight haunt and linger over a snack.

Mother tells an amusing story, reads from a cute fan letter from one of our young draftees. Generally it's three o'clock by the time we get home and climb into bed.

BUT what about romance? You may be asking,

It just isn't.

And it's not my choosing, either. There just isn't time for it somehow.

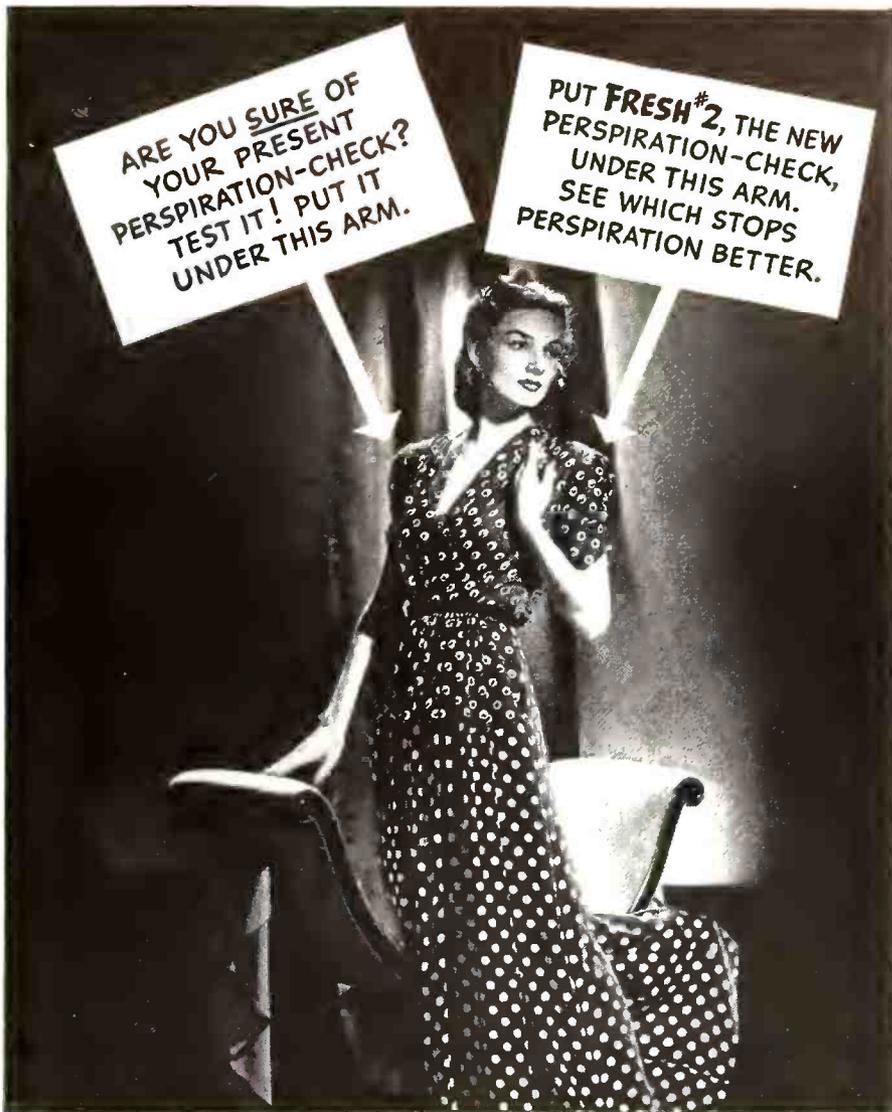
Not that I don't have my dreams. Hating anything that's halfway as I do, I am content to wait. Meanwhile, the picture of the prince charming takes shape in my brain.

He will have a sense of humor. He will enjoy a funny situation. He will love beautiful things and not be afraid to say so. If the sunset stirs him, he'll tell me about it without worrying whether he'll be thought a sissy. He'll be tall. Age won't matter especially. He will look strong, will resemble no-wise the rhumba-dancing night-clubber. He will dominate a conversation by his personality, not the volume of his voice. Above all else he will be tolerant and a foe of smugness.

Will he ever turn up?

Of course, he will. I will recognize him immediately.

And I'll do something about it, too.



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What do you want to know?



■ Bell-hop, red-cap, clerk, then a Major Bowes' Amateur audition, was only the beginning for Clyde Barrie, baritone, heard Sunday mornings on CBS.

A YOUNG wife, bent closely to the radio, proudly listened as a rich, mellow voice sang the lyrics of "Deep River." She knew then, as she had always known, that the years of struggle had not been in vain—Clyde Barrie was a success!

The story of this quiet, unassuming young Negro baritone, heard Sunday mornings over the Columbia network, began in Brooklyn, New York, thirty-six years ago.

His childhood ambition was to be a doctor, but he soon discovered that singing meant more to him than anything else in the world. He embarked on a musical career against the advice of most of his friends and family and with few financial resources.

While pursuing his vocal studies at odd hours, Barrie worked as elevator boy, a bell-hop and red-cap. He turned messenger and file clerk for a life insurance company; ran errands for a drug store for five dollars a week; and finally secured a more substantial position on New York City's Board of Education for the Gibson Committee Relief Work. And then—after years of gruelling routine—his luck turned. He won an award on Major Bowes' radio amateur hour, attracted the attention of several music lovers, and soon found himself on the threshold of a professional career.

This young artist, who is being called the greatest Negro singing discovery since Roland Hayes, has an excellent sense of humor and one of his amusements is to believe in all the usual superstitions "in reverse." He considers thirteen his lucky number; he encourages black cats to cross his path; walks under every stepladder he can, and even opens umbrellas in the house when he feels unusually lucky. His cherished possessions include a collection of coins found at crucial moments in life. He never has mike fright, but he is sure he would if he should ever discover his lucky coins gone.

On the serious side, however, Bar-

rie is a singer with many interests. He is an excellent bridge player and belongs to a bridge club composed of the finest players of his race. He has composed a number of songs and is hard at work studying composition along with his vocal engagements.

Asked whether he believes in "breaks," his answer was, "I do and I don't. I believe that you must be prepared when your chance comes, not knowing when or where that chance will come."

His favorite quotation is: Greatness lies in greatness of appreciation. And that, we think, gives you the key to the fine artist that is Clyde Barrie.

Miss C. Anner, St. Louis, Mo.—The cast of Young Doctor Malone is as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Dr. Jerry Malone | Alan Bence |
| Ann Malone | Elizabeth Reller |
| Alice Hughes | Nancy Coleman |
| Robert Hughes | Richard Coogan |
| Mrs. Jessie Hughes | Isabel Elson |
| Bun Dawson | Tommy Hughes |
| Mrs. Dawson | Fran Hale |
| Bun's friend | Frank Bealin |
| Dr. Copp | Ray Appleby |
| Mira Dunham | Jean Colbert |
| Dr. Dunham | James Van Dyke |
| Veronica Ferral | Helen Dumas |
| Mr. Wright | M. MacAllister |
| Eddie Blomfield | Bernard Zanville |
| Doc Harrison | Richard Barrows |

Mrs. E. J. Braun, Albany, New York—Kathy Reimer in *Against the Storm* is played by Charlotte Holland.

FAN CLUB SECTION

All those interested in joining a fan club for Jack Leonard are invited to get in touch with Betty Vasseur, 177 Evans Avenue, Freeport, Long Island, New York.

The Pepper Young Family Fan Club is celebrating its first year and would like to hear from new members. Please write to Edythe Katherine Robinson, 68 East Street, Oneonta, New York.

Nurse's Folly

(Continued from page 35)

any other way for Karen's changed attitude toward me—an attitude which was half defiance, half embarrassment, in startling contrast to her accustomed good humor and frankness. But even if I could have brought myself to question her there was no time, for as I entered the apartment she was nearly ready to leave. She was late for a date with Mal, she explained, and he would be furious if she kept him waiting. For a moment I didn't believe her; I was sure that she was meeting Rex, not Mal. Then I told myself that that was unfair. For Karen would never lie; even when a lie would save a situation and the truth wreck it, Karen with stubborn determination would tell the truth.

When she had gone, I tumbled into bed, planning to read myself to sleep. I read and read, and got wider awake with each page I turned. One o'clock came, then two. I began to listen then for Karen, thinking each time a taxi slowed down in the street below that I would hear her key in the lock. But three o'clock came and still there was no sign of her. I was annoyed; she'd never stayed out so late before unless we were together. By four o'clock I began to be alarmed. Something terrible must have happened. I'd have to find her—have to phone hospitals to inquire about accident cases, even phone the police. I'd give her until five o'clock, then if he hadn't returned I'd begin phoning. Four-thirty. Four-forty-five. But before the clock reached five I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

SUNLIGHT slanting across my eyes wakened me. I opened my eyes and the first thing I saw was Karen, still in her hat and coat, tiptoeing across the room. All the horror of the long night rushed back in to my mind, but in my relief at seeing her I could only say, "Karen, darling. Thank heaven you're all right. I've been nearly crazy."

"I told you I had a date with Mal," Karen said, impatiently.

"Yes, but you didn't say where you were going." Karen didn't reply. "What happened?" I persisted. "Where were you?"

"Oh, drop it, Terry," her tone was sharp. "Can't I even have a date without telling you where I'm going?"

"Of course, pet," I tried to sound reasonable. "But you can't blame me for worrying when you stay out all night. What made you do it?"

"I told you to drop it, Terry," Karen said reluctantly, "but since you must know the truth—I was with Mal."

For a moment her words didn't make sense, then they became too horribly clear. "Karen!" I cried.

"No dramatics, Terry," she ordered. "After all, it's my business, not yours."

"You don't know what you're saying," I told her.

"Oh, but I do," she was quite assured. "We've been fools, Terry, you and I, with all our talk about our ideals—our pride—our old-fashioned ideas about men. And what has it got us? A two by four apartment. Dates with boys who haven't a dime and never will have. We might as well be dead. But I'm through with all that. I'm going to live, Terry, before I die."

"But why—" I began, then stopped.

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—by an airline hostess

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I couldn't ask the question that was in my mind, but Karen knew what I meant.

"Why don't I marry Mal?" she asked. "He thinks marriage would ruin his career—that he'd lose half his fans if he married. So—" she smiled, but it was a twisted little smile and I saw the tears in her eyes.

The rest of that day was a nightmare. In spite of all my pleas Karen moved out bag and baggage and into the small apartment Mal had leased for her. It was the first time we'd ever been separated except for nursing duty since we were children and it nearly killed me. We cried in each other's arms and Karen tried to make me promise to come to see her, but I couldn't do that. Nothing on earth would have persuaded me to go near the place where I might run into Mal, for it was Mal, of course, and not Karen that I blamed for everything.

I'd just finished my lonely dinner when Rex appeared. At first I hardly recognized him. He looked as if he had been ill, and his face was drawn and worried. For a moment I hated Karen for the suffering she had brought him.

I COULDN'T bring myself to tell him about her, but I knew that he'd have to find out sometime that she had gone, so I said at last, "Karen isn't here just now."

"I know," he said. "I know all about it. About the apartment—everything. I ran into Karen after she left here and she told me she was moving."

"But she wouldn't—she couldn't—tell you—everything."

"You missed quite a lot by being out of town, Terry," Rex informed me. "I heard some gossip about Karen and Mal while you were gone. I came down here hoping to talk to her. Mal was here. I told him what I'd heard and we got into a row."

"Rex! How terrible!"

"Do you want to hear the rest?" he asked me. I nodded. "Well, we got into a row, as I said, and I hit Mal on the jaw. Then Karen rushed in. I'd never seen her mad before but she was furious. She told me to get out and mind my own business—said she was of age and would do as she pleased and that nobody could stop her—and that I hadn't any right to interfere. And I guess I haven't any right now, have I, Terry?"

"I'm sorry, Rex," was all I could answer.

"I thought you'd say that," he said heavily. "I'm the one that's responsible," he burst out then. "I never should have introduced Graham to Karen. When I realize how stupid I was, realize that I've stood by and let the one girl in the world I really care about—but I guess you don't want to hear about that, Terry. It's too late now, isn't it?"

I didn't look at him as I listened to his words. I was conscious of nothing but the misery in his voice and I kept my head bowed so that I would not see it mirrored on his face. And at last he got up and walked slowly out of the apartment.

I didn't see him for weeks. Didn't see Karen, either. But one evening when I got home Rex was waiting for me in the hall. He rushed toward me as eagerly as he had in the old days and for a moment I thought—hoped—that he was going to take me in his arms. Then he stepped back and with only a lifeless, "Hello, Terry," he fol-

lowed me up to the apartment.

"Have you heard from Karen?" he asked when I'd closed the door.

"No, Rex. Why?"

"Mal Graham," his voice was grim, "was married today."

"What?" I cried. "But, Rex, he told Karen that marriage—"

"He must have changed his mind," Rex said. "Maybe the fact that the girl is in the Social Register and has plenty of money had something to do with it."

"I can't believe it," I said. Then I thought of Karen and rushed to the phone. Frantically I dialled her apartment, but I couldn't see the numbers on the phone through my tears. I was making a new attempt when there was the rattle of a key in the door and Karen walked into the room.

"Hello, everybody." She was close to hysteria, I knew, but she was keeping herself under control. She closed the door, then leaned against it as though unwilling to come closer to us. "I suppose," she added, "you've heard the news?" She must have known from our faces that we had, for without waiting for us to answer she said, "It's rather a good joke on little Karen, isn't it?"

"Oh, Karen, darling," I finally found my voice, "don't be bitter. You must not be bitter. You're unhappy now, but you'll get over it. You'll forget all about it." I tried to put my arms around her but she pushed me away. "Forgetting won't be quite so easy," she said. "You see, I'm going to have a baby." Rex and I only stared at her, and she went on, "Well, why don't you begin the lecture? Tell me what a fool I've been?"

"We wouldn't do that, Karen," I said gently.

YOU should," she retorted. "Because I have been a fool. I thought," her voice was low, "that that was the way to hold Mal, as they say in the novels. I know it sounds like old-fashioned melodrama, Terry, but I honestly believed that if I had his child he would realize that he loved me—would want to marry me. But it didn't work out the way it does in the novels and the melodramas." She looked at us defiantly for a moment, then, "Oh, Terry, what shall I do?" she cried and hurled herself into my arms.

Rex and I managed to quiet her after a while, then I got her to bed. I must have looked as haggard as I felt when I returned to the living room, for without a word Rex led me to the couch in front of the fireplace and made me comfortable with lots of pillows. He was so gentle, so tender that I longed to put my head on his shoulder and cry until there were no more tears left. But I couldn't do that. I could only say, "Thanks, Rex. You're being pretty swell."

"Poor kid," he said sympathetically. "Yes, poor kid," I repeated. "What can I do for her?"

He didn't answer right away, then he said, "Karen means everything to you doesn't she, Terry? You'd do anything to get her out of trouble—even to sacrificing your own happiness?"

"Why, of course I would," I answered.

"A long time ago," he said slowly, "I told you I felt responsible for everything. I still feel responsible—and I guess it's about time I started assuming that responsibility."

"You mean—marry Karen?"

He grinned wryly. "That would be

the perfect solution, wouldn't it?"

Perfect! Perfect for Rex—he would be marrying the girl he loved and he would soon forget the heartaches she had caused him. Perfect for Karen, too—for I felt in my soul that once she knew Rex as I knew him, saw him as he really was instead of overshadowed by the Mal Graham glamour, she would fall in love with him. She couldn't help it. As for me—I would be the older sister as I had always been. For a moment it seemed more than I could face. It seemed so hideously unfair that Karen, who had ridden roughshod over everything we had believed in, should have this final happiness. But I couldn't think of myself now. These two, Karen and Rex, were the only people in the world who mattered to me, and I couldn't let any consideration for my own happiness stand in the way of theirs.

"Yes, Rex," I said then. "I believe it would be the perfect solution."

The door behind us opened and Karen, bundled in a woolly robe, came into the room. "I couldn't go to sleep," she explained, "and I couldn't stay there by myself in the dark."

She looked so helpless, so frightened, that all my love for her came back in a rush. "Of course you couldn't, pet," I said and pulled her down beside me.

WE tried hard, all of us, to make conversation, but it was a difficult job. Everything seemed to bring us right back to Karen and the problem we were all facing. We were all tens and nervous and suddenly my professional training told me that we were in need of food.

"Good heavens," I exclaimed. "We've been sitting here all this time without any dinner. I'll go fix something for us to eat."

"Not for me, Terry," Rex said. "It's late and I've got to get along to the studio. I'll pick up something on the way."

There was a questioning, almost a pleading look in his eyes and instantly I was conscience stricken. He must be longing for a moment alone with Karen, and here I hadn't left them together for a single instant. "It won't take me a minute," I blurted, then I dashed into the kitchen, banging the door behind me and making a terrible din with defenseless pots and pans.

After a while Karen poked her head through the door. "Tell Rex everything is ready," I said as matter of factly as I could.

"He's gone, Terry," Karen said. "He couldn't wait any longer. You must be slipping," she smiled and seemed more like herself. "I've never known you to take so long to throw a meal together."

"I'm sorry," I began inanelly, but Karen wasn't listening. We ate our scrambled eggs and toast and drank our tea in utter silence and it wasn't until we were in bed that Karen spoke, as if she had waited for darkness to give her courage.

"Rex asked me to marry him, Terry," she said, and even though I was braced for her words they hurt.

I made myself say, "I'm glad of that, Karen. I hope you will be very happy."

"Happy!" Her voice was shrill and I could sense the effort she was making for control. "It's sweet and generous of him," she said slowly, "but—I don't know, Terry. I've never thought of Rex as a husband. I've

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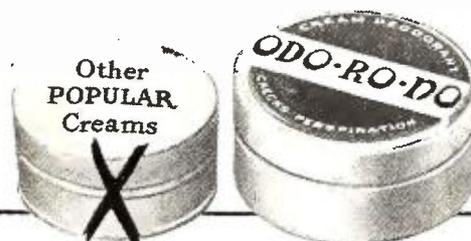
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never thought of him at all really except as the man you'd probably marry." I didn't say anything and Karen asked, "What happened to you two, Terry? Is everything over between you now?"

"Yes, Karen," I pushed the words past the lump in my throat. "Everything is over now."

"You're sure," she demanded insistently.

"Quite sure," I said steadily.

"Well, then," I could hear a sigh of relief, "I guess it will be all right. I told him I'd talk to you and phone him in the morning. I don't know why he should want to marry me," she said shakily, "but—oh, Terry, I don't know what else to do. I'm so miserable and so scared!"

Karen phoned Rex next morning and a little later he called for her and they went downtown to get their marriage license. An interval of five days was necessary before they could be married and Karen and I spent the time shopping. With characteristic stubbornness Karen refused to go back to the little uptown apartment for the clothes she had left there.

"I'm starting out all over," she told me, "and I don't want even a dress—even a powder puff—to remind me of the past."

ALMOST I was tempted to say, "The baby will be reminder enough," but I choked the words back.

The night before the wedding we completed our purchases. Worn with fatigue, we stumbled out of the last store to find the streets drenched with a sudden, driving rain. I hailed a taxi.

"This will be cheaper than pressing bills for the two of us," I justified my extravagance, and Karen agreed listlessly.

We sped across town, then turned down Third Avenue, swaying between El posts and sliding on the wet car tracks beneath us. We reached a cross street just as the traffic light changed to red. Our driver put on a burst of speed to beat the light, then slammed on his brakes as a truck rushed out of the side street. For a moment I felt as though everything in the world had halted, that we were in a little pocket of time and space which the next second, the next move would destroy. I could feel the skid which swung us directly into the truck's path; could see it coming straight through the window at me. Then I knew nothing.

When I regained consciousness I was in bed. The white efficiency of the hospital room was as strange to me as though I had never before seen one, and my first thought was that the room was an expensive one and that I couldn't possibly afford it. Then my mind bridged the gap be-

tween that rushing truck and the present. A nurse was standing by my side, her fingers on my pulse and I grabbed her excitedly. "Karen!" I cried. "How—where—" I couldn't go on.

"There, there," the nurse said soothingly. "Your sister is all right. She's in a room right down the hall. You're the one we've been worrying about," she added. "It's a miracle that you weren't ground to pieces."

She turned away then and I could hear her say to someone at the door, "Only a few minutes—and don't excite her."

A moment later Rex was in the room, kneeling beside me, his arms around me as I had always wanted them to be.

"Terry! Terry darling," he cried over and over. For a moment I felt his lips on mine and for that moment I was happier than I had ever been in my life. Then I pulled myself away.

"We seem to be getting mixed up, Rex," I said faintly.

"I know," Rex said wearily. "But it's you I love, Terry," he burst out. "I tried to stop loving you when I saw how hopeless it was—but I couldn't."

"But you were in love with Karen," I protested. "When she went away you told me you had lost the only girl you had ever loved."

"But I meant you—not Karen," Rex said. "I was infatuated with her at first—I'll admit that. But when she went to Mal—when I saw what a mess she was making of your life as well as her own—I knew then that I didn't love her—that I'd never stopped loving you. But it was too late then. I couldn't expect you to take me back after I'd been such a fool."

"Rex!" I cried. "Oh, Rex." I could not go on, could not tell him what was in my heart. Couldn't say, though I longed to, "Oh, my darling, why didn't you tell me? How gladly I would have taken you back!"

BUT even though I didn't say the words aloud, Rex must have sensed the emotion within me. "I could make you so happy," he urged. "I know it. Just as I know now that you love me. I thought it was too late—but it isn't." His arms reached for me then and it took every ounce of courage I had to push them away.

"You asked Karen to marry you," I said dully.

"What else could I do?" he demanded. "Your entire happiness depended on Karen—you told me so. Good heavens," he burst out, "you weren't little idiot enough not to know that I was doing it for you—not Karen? Well," when I nodded, "you know better now. It's you—you forever, Terry."

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I shook my head. "There's still Karen," I said. "Finding this out—now—doesn't change her position any. We can't hurt her any more than she has been hurt already."

"Terry," Rex was pleading, "don't you see that you're all wrong? Karen can't expect us to give each other up now. She'll be unhappy whether she marries me or not. There's no sense in wrecking our lives when it won't help her."

"But it *can* help her," I said. "Rex—you can't expect her to face the future—alone."

The light went out of his eyes then and his shoulders sagged in defeat. "I guess that's that, then," he said resignedly. "Goodbye, Terry."

When he had gone I turned my face into my pillow and sobbed as I hadn't sobbed since I was a child, and as a result of my hysteria I was denied all visitors for several days. Then one morning the nurse told me she had a surprise for me and a few minutes later she wheeled Karen into the room.

We made a great pretense of chatting while the nurse was with us, but as soon as she left we fell silent and I sensed a feeling of restraint between us which had never existed before.

At last I said, idiotically, "It's too bad this had to happen and delay your wedding."

THERE isn't going to be any wedding," she said quietly and for some reason her very calmness frightened me.

"What do you mean?" I whispered.

"Just that. There isn't going to be any wedding. Oh, you had me fooled for a while, you and Rex. You made me believe that you didn't love each other. But I know better now. And if you think I'd marry Rex now—well, I just wouldn't."

"We're not really in love, Karen," I cried then. "You're just—imagining things."

"I wasn't imagining things the night we were brought here after the accident," Karen retorted. "I saw Rex that night. He'd got word of the accident—even our names and the hospital—over the news ticker at the studio, and he rushed over here like a wild man. You were in a coma, but they let him talk to me. He was frantic, Terry, but it was you he was worried about, not me. I saw everything then, saw what a ghastly mistake we were making, all of us."

"It isn't a mistake, Karen," I was able to talk coherently again. "It's the only thing to be done. You've got to think of yourself."

"That's all I've done for months," Karen said firmly, "and this is the result."

"Then you've got to think of—your baby," I urged.

Karen shook her head slowly. "I don't even have to think of him any more," she returned. "God—and a skidding taxi—" her voice trailed off. And I was surprised to see tears in her eyes. Why, she had really wanted the baby; wanted it, I realized, because she was still in love with Mal—would always be in love with him, no matter what he was, what he had done.

"I'm sorry, Karen," I told her and stretched my hand toward her.

Her fingers clutched mine jerkily. "You shouldn't be," she said. "I suppose I shouldn't be, either. This is probably the best thing that could

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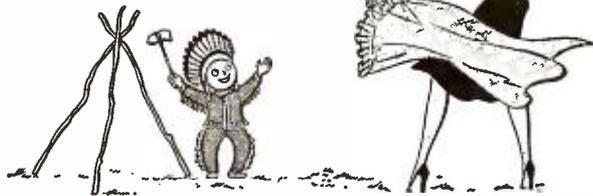
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have happened. For I don't believe that otherwise I would have had the courage to release Rex from his crazy gallant offer." She smiled then and looked at her watch. "Time for me to be wheeled out," she said briskly. "There's another caller waiting to see you."

"Not Rex?" I said in alarm. I longed to see him, but somehow I couldn't quite nerve myself to tell him the things Karen had told me. With her old understanding she sensed what was in my mind. "He knows everything, Terry," she assured me. "We had a long session before I came in here to see you."

"I can't see him now," I repeated senselessly.

"Of course you can." The nurse was wheeling her out now and she called over her shoulder, "I dare you to, Terry."

But there was no time for me to reply. As soon as Karen and the nurse were out of the door, Rex rushed in and this time I didn't push his arms away.

Alice Faye's Secret Radio Romance

(Continued from page 17)

John himself was old in experience for his years—which numbered only twenty-three. Ever since graduating from high school he had been working and struggling to find his way into the Hollywood spotlight. He'd sold newspapers on the streets, and taken orders in a restaurant. He'd worked as an office boy in the daytimes and on the stage of the Pasadena Community Playhouse at night. He'd taken an announcing job on a small Los Angeles station for exactly nothing a week, and done so well at it that he was ready to apply for and get a paying position on a bigger station. And, finally, he had joined the staff at KHJ and won the coveted post of announcer and stooge on the Burns and Allen program.

After that things had been easier for John. Besides his duties at KHJ, where he became chief announcer, he was heard on the Silver Theater, Screen Guild, and Big Town programs.

He understood worldly Hollywood and Hollywood people even better than most stars do, because one of his jobs at KHJ was to announce for George Fisher, the Hollywood Whispers air columnist. Day after day, John sat in the studio and listened while George read inside news and gossip about the movie people—often, for that matter, about Mr. and Mrs. Tony Martin.

After the show, Fisher sometimes would tell the curious John where he had unearthed the stories, and some of the truth behind them that was often too lurid or too intimate to break on the air.

So John was no babe in the Hollywoods when he met Alice. He knew the score. And he knew the truth about her marriage, and the story of her life; and in his heart he felt sorry for her, even while he saw and envied the great success she has made, the fabulous salary and the fame she had.

But he must have felt, those first evenings, rather like a court herald dining with a princess, even if the princess did like Irish stew and hot

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ogs, even if she did put him at his ease.

Love came to them unasked, certainly unwanted—and perhaps unrecognized too. For Alice was still determined, then, to make her marriage to Tony last, if she could possibly do it. Aside from the fact that she was a good Catholic, marriage meant all that was important in her life. At least, if it were the right sort of marriage. More desperately than career or money, Alice wanted companionship and security and protection and a home. She had never had these things.

EVEN as a child, home to Alice had been an apartment in Hell's Kitchen, New York's colorfully dismal slum; an apartment full of relatives and children and the smell of cabbage cooking. When she was older, home was as much the tawdry dressing rooms for the chorus of some current Broadway show as it was the cheap room she rented. And after that—after Rudy Vallee hired her to sing with his orchestra, it was hotels and Pullman compartments and little apartments for transient periods.

She didn't even own a coat-hanger she could call her own.

Hollywood gave her money enough to rent a mansion, but the sweet-voiced little Hell's Kitchen refugee was never at home in it. Symbolically speaking, there isn't very much heart-warming gossip done over a marble back fence.

When she married Tony, against her better judgment and with the adrenalin shooting up and down her spine from their latest quarrel, she thought she would tame the wild spirit of the boy; battle off the malicious interference of Hollywood; reconcile their differences in religion; ignore the fact that she was a rising star and he a falling planet professionally speaking—and get, at long last, the things she wanted from life.

She had a kind of desperate, mad courage about it. Love had never worked for her before. She had fallen in love—perhaps it was mostly gratitude, but she wouldn't have known the difference then—with Rudy Vallee. And then, just as she was getting her first Hollywood breaks, Rudy's wife, Fay Webb, had filed suit for divorce and named Alice. Rudy eventually won his counter-suit, thus clearing Alice's name. But their brief, unhappy romance was over.

She was lonely, then, for Rudy. After awhile, as would be inevitable, she stopped being lonely for the man and yearned simply for love.

So she went out with Lyle Talbot, and Tyrone Power, and Billy Seymour, a playboy whose millionaire father objected to Alice. That helped, too. And after that she went dancing with Michael Whalen, and Johnny McQuire and Dick Powell, before Dick married Joan Blondell.

But she didn't fall in love until she met Tony Martin, on the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing."

You know the story of their romance, punctuated as it was with fights; and of their marriage, which was no better. The fates seemed to be against it. But, she thought, at least she could have a home, even if it wasn't the happiest one in the world. Hopefully she and Tony built a cottage out in the valley, simple and cozy, with no marble back fence. Here, Alice believed, she could find a measure of that security and devotion

she had longed for all her life—perhaps it might even serve to bring her marriage together, consolidate it. . . .

Before they could move into their new home, the cottage burned down.

Knowing these things about her history, about the girl herself, John must have felt a deep wonder that she was willing to chance falling in love with him. Perhaps, too, he felt as deep a sense of responsibility, since she was placing not only her heart but her dreams and the disillusioned hopes of a lifetime into his hands.

If he had not known that her marriage was unhappy and destined to ultimate failure, he might not have dared love her as much as he did. But there isn't much you can do when you look at a girl and that piano wire of emotion snaps resoundingly inside you. That happened to Alice, too, but I know she fought against it.

You see, Tony had been the first man she had ever really loved, in that definable way a woman loves a man she wants as her husband; and to such first loves women would hold with stubborn strength. Alice is, and ever was, an honest girl, in actions as well as in words. Perhaps she didn't need to explain to John that until the decision about divorce was made there could be nothing more between them than friendship.

When at last, in the spring of 1940, she threw up her hands in despair, called her attorneys and told them to file suit, she had at least played more than fair with Tony. She was divorcing him after he had been hired at a big salary for pictures, and made an extraordinary success in radio.

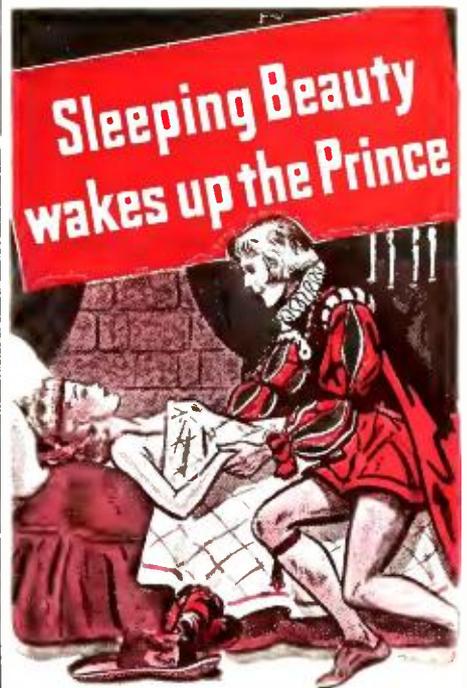
IT was not long before John was forced to leave Hollywood and spend nine months in New York. They were not disheartened. It had the enormous disadvantage of taking them away from each other for the greater part of a year, but it had these virtues: it made it impossible for them to be indiscreet during the probationary year California law requires before a decree is final—and it gave them a chance to learn if a separation of considerable duration could have any effect on their love for each other.

After all, separation (Alice thought) had been one of the major factors in the disgruntlement that had arisen between her and Tony. If survival of marriage depended on constant association. . . .

Well, the months went by with snail's pace. In the smart clubs of Hollywood Alice Faye appeared for dinner, or for dancing and conversation, with a boy named Sandy Cummings.

The daily gossip columns worked everything they could out of the pair. They wrote of romance, and of possible marriage, and of love. But only Alice knew, as she smiled at the cameras and shook her head, still smiling, at interviewers who questioned her, that her heart was securely kept in New York with a tall, handsome lad who one day might take Tony's place in her heart.

In the week that John Conte returned, Alice said goodbye to Sandy. You know the story, now. Think what you like. Make whatever opinions you care to. This is a case of love and if you read, as you may be right now, that Alice is being seen with prominent Charles Wrightsman, that can be true too, but it won't alter the fact that in John Conte, Alice found second love.



The old witch put the beautiful princess to sleep before she had time to open her new package of Dentyne (that chewing gum with the truly royal flavor).

Along came the prince and woke her up. Then he spotted Dentyne and cried, "Say, what's this?"

"Have you too been asleep?" laughed the princess. "Dentyne helps keep teeth white and sparkling. But I chew it mostly because it is so spicy and very delicious. Try some."

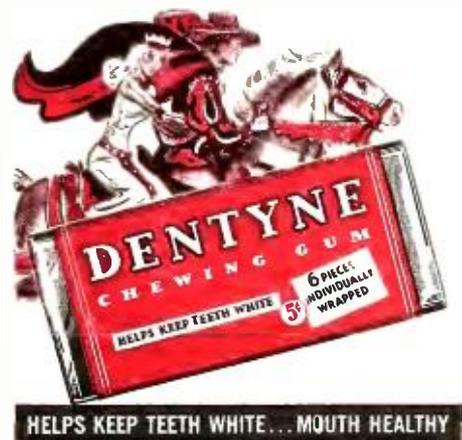
"Mm—say, it's good!" said the prince, "extra chewy, too."

"Especially made that way," the princess explained, "to give your mouth the exercise it needs, and to help keep teeth free from tartar and decay. Your dentist will tell you so."

"Smart girl," cried the prince. "Will you be my queen?"

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT ROMANCES

BY ROBERT RIPLEY

The Only Girl

DR. J. THOMAS CLACK, Wadley, Ala., was in his twenties when he met "the only girl." Nearly every chap thinks the gal he marries is "the only girl" but few are as right about it as Dr. Clack was. Mrs. Clack was so keenly interested in her husband's work that she studied all his medical books. This information came to be more useful than she had imagined. Just 26 years ago, Dr. Clack was stricken blind. But his wife's studies had been so thorough, she was able to step in and act as his eyes and they've had a thriving practise ever since. Medical authorities say that only one woman in a billion would come through so well under similar circumstances. Dr. Clack really married "the only girl," believe it or not.

The Sultan Marries a Waitress

Jennie Burleigh, a Glasgow waitress, was engaged to marry Sandy McSelf, a soldier in the 93rd Highlanders. She was shocked to learn on the day before Easter that her younger sister, Betty, also a waitress, was in love with Sandy and vice versa. Not only that, but Betty wanted Jennie to work in her place on Sunday so Betty could have a date with Jennie's fiance! After a tear or two, Jennie agreed. And working in her sister's place on that Sunday she met the Sultan of Morocco (a customer) who married her and took her to rule over his kingly household. The current ruling Sultan is the son of that Scottish waitress, believe it or not.

Just in Time

Capt. Jim Teague, a Naval officer, loved one Nancy Evans but she married another. However, a vision of Nancy appeared on Teague's ship with the message, "steer to the south." Teague, not sure whether or not he was having hallucinations, steered south and came upon the rival's ship. Nancy had been beaten nearly to death by her husband. When Capt. Jim arrived a leak had sprung in his rival's ship and it was sinking rapidly. Jim rescued Nancy but the ship went down, carrying her husband to his doom. Jim and Nancy then were married and lived happily for 60 years—thanks to a vision—believe it or not!

In Memory of a Kiss

Lily Isabelle Dixon had Donald St.

John arrested and sent to jail for kissing her in his shop in Melbourne, Australia. But later, her anger having abated and only the sweet memory of that kiss remaining, she relented. And when she died she left \$100,000 to St. John—in memory of one kiss for which the kisser had been sent to jail, believe it or not!

Her Last Song

Captain Heinz Forster of Vienna fell in love with Metha Schneider, lovely prima donna. A message of love sent by him to her was mislaid and he, receiving no answer, decided his love was unrequited and he went away, first vowing that her last song would be engraved on his heart. His disappearance broke her heart and she retired from the stage, never able to sing again. Thirty years later, during the World War, she was nursing a soldier, suffering from a chest wound. On removing his shirt, she found her last song tattooed on his chest. Thus the reunion of Heinz and Metha who were married by the emperor Franz Josef.

The Sea Plays Postman

Love letters of Ellen Hervey and Claude duMaurier to each other were intercepted by Royal command and this kept the two young people apart, each thinking the other didn't care enough to write. Twenty years later the letters were thrown into the sea with other undelivered mail. Washed up on a beach they finally made their way into the hands of Ellen and Claude. Even the salt water had not dampened their passionate messages and the missive led to their reunion and marriage, believe it or else.

He Won the Girl by Nine Homers

Calvin Dow, Olympia, Wash., set a world's baseball record because he was in love, believe it or not. Dow, recent guest on Ripley's program, explained that just before a baseball game he asked his girl friend to marry him. She wouldn't give him a definite answer—hadn't made up her mind between him and his rival. Dow vowed, then and there, that every time at bat that day he'd hit a home run just to prove he was the better man, and sure enough he did—nine times at bat, nine homers. P. S.—The gal became Mrs. Dow and they have now been happily wed more than 30 years.

FACTS ABOUT BOB RIPLEY, the man who made a business of his hobby—collecting oddities through the world and prying their authenticity. His first job was drawing designs for tombstones . . . today his cartoons appear in 324 newspapers in 26 languages in 16 countries . . . He draws his cartoons upside down . . . on the air, he presents unusual persons whose stories he dramatizes . . . he wears bow ties exclusively . . . was born on Christmas Day, 1893, in Santa Rosa, California, and his first name is Le Roy—not Robert . . . he owns a beautiful estate in Westchester, New York, and his 22-room house is filled with magnificent furnishings and curios collected from all over the world . . . romantically speaking, he's still a bachelor.



Don't Leave Me Now

(Continued from page 18)

drafty for my kind of act. You need more clothes than I used to wear to stand those Arctic breezes that whistle around backstage."

"Yeah . . . Then what?"

"That's about all." I shrugged. "When I got out I was fifteen pounds underweight, and broke. Sid Sloman at the Coliseum wouldn't book me in again. He said the customers wanted curves for their fifty-cent pieces."

"And you haven't worked since?"

"I worked in a ten-cent store for a while, but I had to quit. My feet gave out on me. And I don't have the training for any kind of office work. So I've spent the last few months visiting booking agents that don't want to see me."

Danny lifted a spoonful of stew to his lips, swallowed it, and said gravely, "I guess we're in the same boat."

It was a relief to listen to somebody else's troubles. Even if Danny's story was an old one. It was all his own fault. He admitted that. He'd always been a boxer, not a slugger. He was fast in the ring, light on his feet, smart and clever. But the money came easy to him, and it went the same way. He'd like his liquor too well—I remembered how, at the party he gave for me, he'd passed out cold at two in the morning.

"And one day I got in the ring," he said, "and I couldn't fight any more. I tried, but my arms and legs just wouldn't co-operate."

"That's better," I said, "than ending up slap-happy like a lot of the boys

do."

"The silver lining, huh?" he said with a low chuckle, but not as if he thought it was very funny.

"That's right," I said stubbornly. I wasn't going to have him feeling sorry for himself. I'd tried that line of thought, and it didn't do any good.

We sat there and talked for quite a while, and when we left I know we both felt better. It couldn't have been the stew, either.

HE walked with me over to the brownstone house on the West Side where I had a room, and when we said good night we arranged to meet the next day at Al's for dinner. Anyway, we called it "dinner."

It went along like that for a week or so. We'd spend the days apart, looking for jobs, and meet at night. It was as if we were all alone in the world, just the two of us. Everybody else had jobs, and money, and homes, but we had none of them. Of course, that wasn't true—lots of other people were as badly off as we were, but they weren't the ones we thought about. We had nothing and nobody to depend on except each other.

I suppose I knew I was in love with him. I tried not to be, because he never said anything that would make me think he loved me. But unless I watched myself, I'd find that I was thinking how wonderful it would be to kiss him, or have his arms around me, holding me tight against that quick, strong body of his. And I used

to look at every clock along Broadway in the afternoons, counting up how long it would be before I could stop visiting booking-agents' offices and meet him at Al's.

The ten dollars didn't last very long. One hot day in May there was only ninety cents left. And there wasn't a chance, I knew, to get any more—from anywhere. Even if anybody had wanted to give me a job, they couldn't have, because half of the theaters along Forty-second Street were closing for the summer. That didn't really matter, though. Looking at myself in the mirror, seeing the way my collar-bones showed, and the hollows in my cheeks, I knew it was hopeless. Nobody wants to see a bubble-dancer that looks more like a scarecrow.

So that night when I met Danny something snapped inside me and I started to cry—right there in Al's Lunch, with a plate of stew in front of me and people at other tables looking at Danny and me with that blank stare city people turn on anything out of the ordinary.

"Aw—Marge!" Danny said, and he reached out to cover my hand with his. "Gosh, I wish there was some way I could help you!"

I gulped a little, ashamed of breaking down that way. It certainly wasn't any tougher for me than it was for Danny, and you didn't see him bawling. "I'm sorry," I said. "I just got to wondering what happens to people like us."



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

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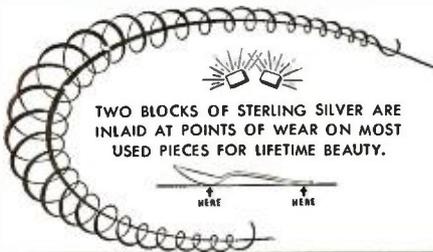
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"They go home to their folks, I guess," Danny said with a crooked smile. "Only I haven't got any."

"Neither have I." Very briskly, Danny unfolded his newspaper. "Let's see what choice morsels the want ads have for us tonight," he suggested. Between mouthfuls of stew, he read aloud. It was pretty discouraging—barber, carpenter, chocolate dipper, waitress . . . "state experience and qualifications."

Then Danny's voice took on a note of interest. "Listen to this. 'Help wanted. Couple to operate small dairy and truck farm. Neat, industrious. Apply C. Lindstrom, R. F. D. 19, Lynville.'"

"That sounds nice," I said wistfully. "I was raised on a farm."

"You were?" Danny said. He was staring at me across the table, leaning forward, his brow wrinkled.

"Yes. Out in Wisconsin. I can cook, milk cows, raise chickens. Sure," I said, "I'm just a farm girl at heart."

"Gee!" Danny breathed. "Marge—I—well, look, it's asking a lot, but—well, we've got to find work."

I COULDN'T answer right away. I couldn't believe he knew exactly what he was saying. Finally I managed to whisper, "You mean us? Together?"

"Uh-huh. Sure." "Oh, Danny," I said, trying to laugh and making an awful botch of it, "you wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"Not for anything," he said very softly. "Marge—I couldn't tell you before how much I loved you because—well, because it didn't seem like there was much point in it. But now—together—we could really get someplace, maybe. Anyway, we could try. I don't know anything about farming, but I can learn. I'd work hard, Marge."

When you've been knocking around Broadway as long as I have, you don't hang on to many illusions. He hadn't said anything about getting married, but what of that? The important thing was that he loved me. That was all I wanted—so much more than I had ever hoped for, because it meant the end of loneliness.

I was so happy for a minute I couldn't speak, and he didn't understand the real reason for my hesitation.

"Gee!" he said, his face suddenly getting very red. "I'm mixing this proposal all up. What I'm really trying to ask you, Marge, is—won't you marry me?"

And this time—can you believe it?—I started in to cry again, so that there was a whole precious thirty seconds before I could say "Yes."

That same night we wrote to Mr. Lindstrom, and the next day, while we waited for his answer, we went down to City Hall and applied for our license. I don't know just how we got through the next few days, but at last we were married and had a letter saying that the job wasn't filled yet but Mr. Lindstrom wouldn't hire us until he'd talked to us.

We had to hitch-hike to Lynville, because when all the wedding expenses were paid we only had ninety cents between us. I suppose we should have been scared—starting married life with less than a dollar and taking for a honeymoon, a trip on foot to a farm where we didn't even know whether or not we'd be wanted. It certainly wasn't anything like the pretty dreams I'd had when I was a girl. But when you've experienced that loneliness of being out of a job and all by yourself, you don't look for flaws in anything that replaces it.

Luckily, Lynville was only a couple of hundred miles out of New York. Danny happened to know the place, too, because once he'd trained at a camp near there.

It was sundown of the second day after we left New York when we pushed open the gate at Mr. Lindstrom's farm and walked up a short lane to his house. It was built of stone, and the afterglow made it look all pinky-gray and restful. Chickens clucked sleepily when we passed the henhouse, and out back a cow mooed softly. It carried me back, in a second, to the time when I was a kid on my father's farm. Oh, God, I prayed, let Mr. Lindstrom hire us, so we can stay!

AT the old-fashioned door, Danny grinned and held up two crossed fingers for me to see, then knocked. We waited, hearts pounding, until the door swung open and Chris Lindstrom looked down at us. He was awfully tall and thin, gray-haired, with a kind, lined face.

"I'm Danny Hunt," Danny said, "and this is my wife. Remember—we wrote you the other day?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Lindstrom said. "Yes. You folks done much farming?" He talked very slowly, as if he measured his words and measured their effect on us, too.

"I was raised on a farm in Wisconsin," I said quickly.

"Hmm. Don't look much like farmers. But I reckon farm clothes and a couple o' weeks o' good eating'd fix that."

"Well, you see, we've—we've been living in the city," I stammered.



Say Hello To—

MARVIN MUELLER—the youthful octar who plays the role of tough Top-Sergeant Monihan on Dear Mom, heard Sunday evenings at 6:55, E.S.T., over CBS. Morvin isn't as tough as he sounds, but he's used to partraying characters that have nothing to do with him as he really is. Once he broadcast as a 65-year-old man, and curtains had to be pulled around him so studia audiences wauldn't hove their illusions spailed. He was born in St. Louis and storted his radio wark there nine years ago when he gat irritated at the woy camman words were mispronounced on the air and asked far on onnouncer's job sa he could da better. He's married, and writes poetry in his spare time. Many of his verses hove been published.

"Uh huh. Well, the work here is mighty hard. Keeps you busy doing something most all the time."

He was so busy running down his job I got afraid he didn't like us. Maybe I was a little too eager when I said, "We wouldn't mind that. We love to work."

"And I can't afford to pay you much."

"That's all right," Danny said. "We don't want much."

Lindstrom stood there scratching his chin reflectively. Then he said, "What's your name—Hunt?"

"Yes."

USED to be a prizefighter by that name did his training over at the old Adams place. Any relation?"

"That's me," Danny said. "I'm the fellow."

"Is that so?" He seemed to be pleased, and in a minute I found out why. "I remember I won ten dollars betting on you. . . . Well, I reckon I can give you a try. Come on in, both of you."

We walked into that house feeling on top of the world. But there was one awful moment still to come. Mr. Lindstrom told me to start supper while he and Danny milked the cows—and Danny had to admit he didn't know how to milk a cow. "But I'll practice, Mr. Lindstrom," he begged. "I'll go out at night, on my own time, and practice!"

Mr. Lindstrom looked surprised, and then he began to chuckle. "Guess we don't need to be that hard on the cows. . . . Young fellow, if you're willing to practice milking, you must want to stay pretty bad."

"We sure do," Danny said earnestly.

"Well. . . . I took a chance betting on you once before, and I won. I reckon I can take another one."

Mr. Lindstrom was always like that. He never had much to say, and what he did say was gruff and short, but he had the kindest, gentlest heart in the world.

And I didn't know it was possible to be as happy as Danny and I were in the weeks that followed. Being together was the best thing, of course—loving each other and not having to hide that love, as we'd hidden it in New York, because there was no hope for the future. But even the long days of hard work were good. It was fine to watch things grow, and to clean and freshen up the house that had been neglected since Mrs. Lindstrom's death a few months before.

Danny liked it, too. He was as pleased as a kid at the way the corn would be a little taller every morning when we went out to look at it before breakfast. He spent so much time outdoors that his skin turned a wonderful reddish brown, and his body filled out and grew strong and muscular again after all the weeks of poor food and not enough exercise.

Only once, when we'd been there four weeks and Chris was beginning to talk about leaving us to run the place alone while he visited his daughter in California, did I get scared. Danny had come in, just before supper, and sneaked up behind me while I was making biscuits in the kitchen. I didn't even hear him until he had his arms around me and was kissing me.

"Get away, you crazy lug!" I said, not meaning it in the least. "Get away before I smear biscuit dough on

your face."

He laughed and stretched. "Gee, I feel wonderful!" he said. "It's a good thing for some of those light-heavies I'm not in the ring now. I bet I could have the title in six months if I went after it!"

There was a note of exultation in his voice that made me go cold all over. "Danny—I thought you'd forgotten all about fighting," I said.

"Well—" and from the way he said it I knew it wasn't something he'd just thought of, but had been turning over longingly in his mind for some time—"well, there's this to it, Marge. In six months or a year I could pick up enough so we'd be sitting pretty the rest of our lives."

"Yes," I said. "And maybe it'd be just like before—you made plenty and where did you end up? Eating dime steaks at Al's."

"But I've learned a lot since then."

NOT enough to know when you're well off," I told him. Oh, I didn't want to be tough about it. I understood how he felt—yearning after the bright lights again, and the excitement of being a success. But he was crazy—he *did* like living on the farm. Why did he want to talk about throwing away all the good things we'd found? It scared me, so I couldn't sound as sympathetic as I felt.

He set his jaw stubbornly. "Just the same, I got a feeling I ought to get back in the fight business. I don't want you to be a farmer's wife all your life."

"How about Chris?" I said. "The only reason he hired us was so he could get away for his trip. And now that he's all ready to go, you want

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to throw him down."

"He won't be gone forever, will he?" I said, as quietly as I could, "Maybe not. But if you go back to the city, Danny, you go without me."

For what seemed like ages, but was probably only a few seconds, he looked into my eyes—and he saw that I meant it. "You're right, honey," he said. "I guess I'm just a sap. Forgive me."

It was our first quarrel, and we forgot it as soon as we could. But I had to remember it a few weeks later, when Chris announced that instead of just visiting his daughter in California, he thought he'd go there to live, leaving us to take care of the farm. "And," he ended up, "I went into town to fix up a will today. I'm going to leave this place to you folks—provided you both live on it until I die."

I COULDN'T thank him properly, I was so grateful and happy. Danny said he thought it was wonderful, too—but there was something not quite right about his enthusiasm. I suppose he'd been thinking, in the back of his mind, that being on the farm was only temporary, and some day he'd be back in the prize-ring. Now even that little half-hope was gone, and he wasn't sure whether he liked it or not.

He didn't say anything, though, and I didn't dare let him know I'd guessed how he felt. I could only wait, and hope that he'd learn to realize how much being on the farm meant to him.

Chris left for California, and we went through the long summer together. Gradually, I forgot my fears. Danny really loved the farm—I'd been sure of that all along—and now he couldn't doubt it himself. Just to see him bringing in the corn crop that fall, gloating over every separate ear, was enough to show how much pride he took in his work. And we talked about buying a tractor as if it had been a custom-built car.

So, when all the crops were in and sold, and Danny suggested that we go in to New York for a couple of days' vacation, my fears were lulled and I consented at once. There were some things I had to buy, and Danny wanted to pay back twenty dollars someone had loaned him. "It was the same day I met you," he said tenderly, "so I know it brought me luck. It'd be unlucky not to pay it back."

It was fun to close up the house, and get Joe Higgins down the road to promise to milk the cows and keep an eye on things, and then get on the train for New York. Fun... like a honeymoon. And in New York it was good to see the hurrying crowds, and know that now we had money in our pockets and needn't be ashamed to walk up and down the streets and

look in shop windows—because now we were as useful and important as anybody else.

Joe took a bus uptown to pay back his debt, and I strolled along Forty-Second Street, thinking how pleasant New York was if you didn't have to fight it. I didn't have any desire to come back there for good. None at all. Even when I reached the Coliseum and saw the billboards and pictures outside, and some other girl's name up in lights, my pulse didn't skip a beat. I simply stood there, looking at the photograph of a fan-dancer and thinking, "Girlie, some day you'll wish you had a farm to live on!"

I was turning away when I almost ran into Sid Sloman—pint-sized Sid, the Coliseum's producer and boss. He stared at me and then exclaimed, around the corner of his cigar:

"Bubbles Marlowe! Where'd you drop from?"

"Hello, Sid," I said. "How's business?"

"Terrible," he moaned. "It's 'art' they want now in burlesque. I should live so long!"

I laughed. Sid was always complaining, so I didn't take him too seriously.

"I feel great," I told him. "I'm a farmer's wife now."

"Farmer's wife?" he asked, like he'd never heard of one.

"You know—my husband's a fellow that raises cows, chickens, corn. Fresh air and sunshine."

Sid made a face. "Ugh. Stop. What a horrible life for a girl like you. But you certainly are looking great."

"I know. You told me that already."

He got that cautious expression he always gets when he's about to spend some money. "How'd you like to come back to work for me?"

"Sorry," I said. "I'm retired—permanently."

"I could give you seventy-five a week."

"Nope."

"Well—a hundred. That's positively all I can afford."

The best part of it was that he didn't even make a dent on my good intentions. "Not a chance, Sid. I've got a contract to cook three meals a day, and I can't break it."

He thought I was crazy. You could see it in his face. But he only shrugged and added, as we said goodbye: "If you change your mind, Bubbles, drop around and see me."

I hadn't thought it was possible for me to feel any happier than I did already, but that conversation with Sid turned the trick. After the weeks I'd spent trying to get a job at the Coliseum or somewhere else, it was pure triumph to be begged to take



Say Hello To-

TINY RUFFNER—whose real first name, never used by anyone, is Edmund, and who is master of ceremonies on Your Hoppy Birthday, on NBC-Blue at 9:35, E.S.T., Friday nights. Measuring six feet and seven inches in his stocking feet, Tiny is just about the tallest man in radio. He began his career as a singer in the early days of broadcasting, and has been on the air ever since except for a pair of musical comedy engagements. Nowadays he confines his activities mostly to announcing. Tiny looks upon his work as both recreation and labor, but he says there are a number of things he'd like to do if he ever had the leisure—travel extensively, write for radio, go in for aviation, and spend more time playing golf.

one, and then turn it down.

I've noticed that just when you feel best is when you're most likely to be handed a slap in the face. I've noticed it, but I never seem to learn.

Danny and I had arranged to meet at Al's Lunch about six o'clock. I was there first, sitting at the table where we'd first met, when Danny came in. "Mind if I sit here?" he asked. "All the other tables are full."

"Help yourself," I said, very haughty and offhand. "It's a free country."

"Thanks," he said, and sat down.

"Say," I went on with the routine, "don't I know you?"

"Hey! That doesn't come until after I ask you for the salt."

"Oh," I said, and waited until he'd solemnly asked for and received the salt. Then I repeated the question.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Danny said very softly. "I think you're my wife!"

Silly, wasn't it? Silly that I should feel tears in my eyes when he said "wife!"

It was right after that when Danny dropped his depth-bomb. Too eagerly, he said, "Honey, I've got some wonderful news. Hanley's getting me a fight next Saturday."

"A—fight!" This couldn't be happening to me.

"Marge, I'd be a dope not to go back in the ring. I went over to the gym this afternoon, just to look around, and I put on the gloves with one of the fellows. Hanley said I looked better than I ever did. And I was better! I know it!" He was pleading with me, fighting as hard as he'd ever fought in the ring. "Hanley's going to build me up big and try to match me with the champ."

BUT Danny," I said, my voice sounding thin and weak even to myself, "you—you can't!"

"Look, honey, we wouldn't have to give up the farm. I can use it as a training camp, and we'll hire someone to run it."

At first I'd been shocked and hurt. But now I began to get mad. "Danny, you fool!" I said. "Aren't you happy now—the way things are?"

"No." And his jaw set in that stubborn way I'd grown to fear. "I'm not a farmer. I want to get into the big money again—that's where I belong."

"But you are a farmer—a good one! And you like it. You know you do!"

"It's no use arguing, Marge," Danny said abruptly, as if he'd decided I was just a silly woman who didn't know what was best—as if he had to be the man of the family and quit humoring me and take charge of things. "I've made up my mind. It's the best thing for both of us."

I can be stubborn, too. And I can lose my temper. "All right, then," I snapped. "If you want to be a big shot, I'll play, too. I'll go back to work for Sid Sloman—he offered me a job today."

"Sid Sloman?" Danny said dazedly. "You're crazy."

"I'm not any crazier than you are. I can make a hundred a week at the Coliseum right now. In a few months I'll be back in the big money. On easy street. And when I've made my pile I'll quit."

"You're not funny."

"You don't have to be very funny at the Coliseum Theater," I said.

"Listen here, you don't really think I'd let you go back there, do you?" We were both shouting now, and people

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were watching us, but neither of us cared.

"I don't know what you can do about it," I said.

Danny stood up, his chair scraping viciously against the floor. "Well, I do. I'm leaving. When you come to your senses you can find me at Hanley's office."

"Go on, go on!" I said. "Come around and show me your clippings some time—and I'll give you a dime for a cup of coffee!"

He slammed out of the lunchroom, and I was left with the satisfaction of knowing I'd had the last word. A big satisfaction. Oh, a very big one!

HAVE you ever had the feeling that every minute of the day was just something to be endured? That's how I felt as I went back to Sid Sloman and accepted his offer, then got on the train and rode to Lynville. I went at night, so I'd arrive in the morning, because I didn't want to have to sleep there, in the house where we'd been so happy. I'd have to tell Joe Higgins we were leaving, and pack a few things in a suitcase, and then I could close the door and lock it and put all that part of my life behind me.

The house was terribly silent. The leaves were coming down from the trees, and just in the little time we'd been away some of them had collected in little heaps in the corners of the porch, so it looked as if the place was deserted already. I dragged our suitcases out of the attic and into our bedroom. One of them for my things . . . one for Danny's. I'd send it to him at Hanley's. His other suit, remnant of the days when he'd been "Dapper" Danny—his shirts and underwear—a pair of shoes—socks—Then my hands touched his overalls and blue work shirt, all faded from the summer sun. No, he wouldn't need them, ever again. I could throw them away—

burn them in the stove.

I don't know how long I sat on the floor running my hands over the rough goods of his farm clothes as if they'd been silk or satin. I simply couldn't throw them away. They were all I had left of the Danny I loved.

I raised my head. The air in the room was throbbing with a deep, rhythmical hum. It seemed to come from outside. I got up on my knees and looked out of the window.

Danny!

Danny, sitting at the wheel of a tractor in the front yard, looking up at the house with an expression that was half scared, half delighted!

I jumped up and ran, tripping over the discarded farm clothes—ran straight out of the room and down the stairs and out of the door and into his arms where he stood beside the tractor.

For a minute we didn't say anything. When your lips are busy kissing, you can't use them for talking. But finally Danny let me go—not very far—and said, "I couldn't stay away, Marge. I thought I could, but—well—when Hanley wanted to send me to Lynville to train for my first fight it was just too much. In the city I could have stood not being with you—maybe. But up here—everything I saw would have reminded me of you."

I buried my face against his shoulder. "Oh, Danny, darling—darling," I murmured. "And darling Hanley, whoever he is, for being stupid enough to want to send you up here!"

He lifted my face with his hand under my chin, and turned it toward the tractor.

"How do you like our new gas buggy? I guess we got something out of our shopping trip after all, didn't we?"

"Oh, it's lovely!" I said. "Beautiful! But Danny—let's never leave home again. The next time we go shopping, we can use a mail-order catalogue!"

Girl Alone

(Continued from page 29)

love—about there being different kinds? I understand now. I didn't at the time. I know why you married John, how you feel toward him. I guess that's the way I feel toward Stormy. She's so fine; I want to help her—and, oh my God, how I miss her! Queer, isn't it, I had to lose her before I knew I loved her—"

Patricia nodded, her eyes looking out over the city, unreal under the haze of heat. The sun was a sullen red in the west. The butler came out from the apartment with a tray. She motioned him to put it on a table. She took up a glass and handed it to Scoop, the ice clinking coolly against its sides. Everything was remote, withdrawn. Scoop's love for Stormy, her love for John; both beautiful, tender, but not the complete passion of mind, body and soul which John gave to her. If she could rise equal to her husband's love, what a wonderful, completed experience their life together might be. Her lips parted in a low, tremulous sigh: that, she knew, could never be. Few found such completion. When they did it made a singing glory for the world to see. But the relationship she had with John was well worth while, compensating for much; her body's response to his passion, her need of him, their

companionship. Patricia roused herself. Even this had been taken from Scoop. She looked at him with an increased resolve.

"We'll find Stormy," she said. "We'll never give up until we do."

BUT, what else can we do, Patricia asked herself the next morning? The police of other cities have been notified, we've gone to flying fields in the hope that Stormy might look up some of her old acquaintances—flying fields. Wait! she checked herself. Didn't I see some sort of announcement in yesterday's paper? What was it? I intended to read it more carefully, and I was called away. Perhaps, it will be in again today. Her eyes swept quickly over the printed matter, and found what she wanted. She hurried to the telephone, and called Scoop.

"I've found something," she exclaimed. She was excited, she felt she was on the right track. "An announcement about a flyer who's to go up at ten today to test out a new device—"

"Well, what of it?" Scoop's voice was hopeless.

"Because, oh, because—it's a mechanical arrangement for flying blind. Do you suppose it means literally

blind? If it does, then it must be Stormy—Scoop, I feel it's Stormy—"

"It would be like her—"

"We must stop her, if it is. Oh, hurry, Scoop. I'll have the car ready. Come as-fast as you can, or we'll be too late. It's almost ten now."

Shall we be too late? Patricia asked herself again and again, as she guided her car through the city traffic, and then let it out on the highway. They reached the flying field, and Scoop was out and hurrying away before the car stopped. Patricia glanced around with anxious eyes; the field was deserted. What had happened? She slipped out from under the wheel, and as she entered the administration building, a man spoke to her.

"Looking for Miss Wilson? They took her in there." He motioned toward a door at the end of the hall. "Crazy stunt to try. She flew all right—but, good heavens, no blind person can land—"

Patricia found herself running; she pushed open the door of the room. She saw Stormy stretched on a couch, her eyes closed, her face drained of color. Scoop came toward her quickly.

THANK God, it's not serious," he exclaimed. "No serious injuries, just a crack on her head that isn't dangerous."

"Scoop, I'm so glad," Pat whispered. "She'll be out of it soon," Scoop went on. "Oh, Pat," he cried, his voice vibrant with happiness, "I've found her again. You know what it means to me to have Stormy back. If—if I can only make her believe I love her—that I want her with me—"

They swung around as they heard a startled cry. Stormy was half raised on her elbow, her eyes staring, her face rigid with amazement.

"Scoop—Scoop—I can see! I can see!" her words rang through the room, and he sprang toward her.

"I can't believe—it is true—I—I—" she clung to him. "I was lying here quiet—I was wondering what to do now you'd found me—I heard what you said—Scoop, do you mean it? And—I opened my eyes—" her voice dropped in awe, "and I saw you!"

He drew her closely to him. "You must believe me, Stormy—you must."

Patricia saw Stormy's shoulders quiver as long, dry sobs shook her body. It was their hour, and she was no longer needed. She very quietly slipped away. It was like a miracle, she thought as she started the car for home. Now they would be happy; she was humming to herself as she entered the apartment and went into the living room—John! Then she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers, hungry, possessive, yearning.

She drew away, a trifle breathless, and her nerves jumped at the sight of his face; it was drawn, unnaturally thin.

"What's happened, dear?" she cried. "Have you been sick?"

"Sick with worry," he answered. "I'm in a mess, Pats." He flung out his hands with a desperate gesture. "I must get along to the office, but I had to see you first. I've wanted so

much to—to see you."

She drew him over to a chair and perched on the arm of it, threw one arm around his shoulders, so that his head rested against her.

"Tell me about it."

"I've been double-crossed." His voice was tired, worried. "I'm hoping to find out at the office just how it was managed. Fifty thousand dollars was sent down to me—or was supposed to have been sent—in currency, to buy that land. I never received it. But when I wired back, I was told it had been sent and that they had a receipt for it, signed by me—"

"But, John, that's impossible."

"I know it is. And it's my job to find out how it was done. I'm sure the new manager is at the bottom of it. I never trusted him, or, for that matter, our agent in South America. You see it wouldn't be difficult for the agent to forge my signature on an Express receipt; the paper's flimsy, and I was back in the interior of the country for a while. It was worked then, I'm sure." He jumped to his feet. "But proof—proof—that's what I have to find." He pulled Patricia up beside him. "I hate leaving you, my dear—it's been so long—and now this muddle—"

He held her face in his hands and looked into her eyes.

"I'll be home as soon as I can." He sighed as he turned away.

Patricia flamed into sudden, furious anger. John to be accused of embezzling funds; John, who was so honorable, so honest! How dared anyone do this to him! It would mean disgrace, ruin for him, unless he could find proof of his innocence. He must be cleared of this charge. She was obsessed with this one purpose as day followed day, and John seemed no nearer to a solution than at the time of his return. It was only when they were alone that his face relaxed its grim tension, and the brooding anger left his eyes. Patricia was thankful that she could, at least, bring him a few hours of forgetfulness and peace. She dared not ask him what would happen if he could not find the needed evidence.

It was one evening about a week later that the telephone rang persistently, steadily. John answered it. Patricia could hear the rising excitement in his voice, and she came and stood at his side, her heart beating eagerly. When he put down the receiver, his eyes were bright.

"I've got them now," he exclaimed. "That was Miss Archer, former secretary to the manager. She's either doing this out of spite because she was dismissed—or, maybe, she was promised a cut, and didn't get it. From the tone of her voice, I'd say she's not prompted by any desire for justice. But, that's not my affair." He laughed, and it was the first time Patricia had seen joy in him since his return. "She has the proof I need, and I'm going over to her apartment for it."

"John!" Patricia caught his arm as he turned to leave. "John, I'm going with you. I don't like this. Some-



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thing's wrong."

"That's silly, Pat." He touched her cheek gently with his fingers. "What could happen? Here's the address if you're worried. I'll telephone if I'm delayed."

He kissed her, patted her shoulder, and was gone before she could further remonstrate. Patricia tried to overcome the nervousness which sent her wandering restlessly around the room. She kept glancing at the clock; how slowly the minutes crept by. She attempted to read, and flung aside the book; she turned on the radio, and switched it off at once. She sought the terrace for a breath of cool air. It would be wonderful if this Miss Archer did have the facts so urgently needed by John.

The telephone was ringing, and Patricia hurried to it. Choked, broken words came to her.

"Pats—shot—call police—darling—" there was a gasp, the clatter of the falling receiver—silence.

SHOT! John! Patricia steadied herself, holding herself erect by one hand as with the other she dialed. Then she spoke clearly, distinctly, reading the address John had given her. Someone not herself, seemed to be using her voice, her fingers, her body, compelling them to the necessary actions. Suddenly with a moan, she ran from the room, out of the apartment, signalled a taxi, and knew herself being carried across the city. Her hands were tight in her lap; she fought away weakness. Through a thick mist she saw police cars, heard voices; she was running, running, and then she saw John and the crimson stain spreading around him. She had his hands in hers, she was bending above him, pressing her lips to his. There was a sigh, and his dark eyes opened.

"Pats," he whispered. "Pats—you came—" The eyes flickered, widened, closed.

"John—John—" she pressed his hands to her breast. Someone touched her shoulder, and she glanced up. "Do something—why don't you do something—"

"There's nothing—"

"You mean—he's—" Her lips could not form the word. She saw red staining her pale evening dress—John's blood—she looked at the white face below her. And strong arms caught and held her as the room grew black, and, like the sound of great waves roaring, engulfed her.

Patricia opened her eyes on a world denuded, stripped, empty. She could feel the cool sheets over her, she could see the furniture of her room, and her maid moving quietly about it. She pushed herself up in bed.

"I'm dressing, Jean," she said. "Oh, but, Madame, the doctor's orders—"

Patricia brushed the words aside; there was one vital thing which must be attended to without delay; after that was accomplished, she could let her grief, her desolation take possession of her. Now she must act.

"Please telephone Mr. Curtis and ask him to come at once."

"He's here, Madame. As soon as he heard at the newspaper office of what—had happened—"

"Then help me, quickly—quickly—" Scoop was frightened at Patricia's unnatural calm as she came into the living room.

"Listen, Scoop," she said, not even

hearing his quick protest, "there's something you must do for me. You can handle it. I know why John was murdered. I'll tell you the whole story—no, don't interrupt." Her low voice went on, evenly, without a break, until Scoop had grasped all the facts. "And," she added, "the manager must have found out somehow and shot—John." Only the slow opening and closing of her fingers betrayed the tension of her nerves.

"The girl's dead, too."
"That means I'm right." She came closer to him. "John's name must be cleared. Do it, Scoop—somehow—"

He took her cold hands in his. "I will," he said, quietly. He looked at her for a long, long minute. "Pats—" He shook his head; what could he say?

There was a cloudiness as of tears in Patricia's eyes.

"Please—don't—I must go through this—alone—"

Nightmare days, and nightmare nights. The heavy scent of flowers filling the apartment; the long, last look at the calm face of the man who had been her husband; the hot sun beating on upturned earth—the majesty of words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord;"—the rattle of dust falling from the minister's hand—through all the intolerable hours, Patricia remained quiet, scarcely speaking, moving like one in a dream.

It had been arranged that Patricia return with Alice and Virginia to her former home. And as she neared the house memories haunted her like uneasy ghosts; it was up those stairs she had stumbled the night Stormy had crashed and she had lost Scoop; it was in that living room John had first kissed her—it was from that door she had run, John holding her hand, to their elopement. Strange—strange—and she was coming home again—alone. And, it was only when, in her familiar bedroom, with the door locked against the world, and those friends who might try to help and who could not help, that Patricia flung herself across her bed. Choking sobs came, beating over her with their full tide of grief, yet bringing relief in their abandon.

AT last she slept, worn out, exhausted. When she opened her eyes, another day had come, another day when she must dress, eat, go about her affairs.

And Patricia found, almost at once, that there were other matters which needed her immediate attention. Her estate was in poor shape, and demanded careful management. There was Jack's future to think of; her money must be conserved. She turned more and more to the companionship of Alice and Virginia; they resumed, naturally and easily, the routine of their former life together; their friendship upon a firmer basis because of all they had experienced.

The wind was clear and sharp from the lake, as one afternoon Patricia turned from Michigan Boulevard toward her home. That very morning the papers had carried the facts which cleared John's name. The manager had been arrested, though, as yet, he had not been charged with murder. But Patricia cared little for revenge; it would not bring her husband back to her. What she had so ardently desired had been accomplished. Scoop had been tireless until he had un-

earthed every necessary detail. That was what John would have wished, and she was content.

She passed a church and she slipped inside, and finding a seat, looked around the dim, quiet aisles, up to the altar and the vaulted roof above. In some new way, life seemed a completed whole at last. She no longer fought against pain; like the shadows thrown by sunlight, it was here, and if one did not struggle, it lost its terror. How far distant seemed the young girl who had adventured in the search for happiness—Pat Ryan—and the laughter of Scoop. There had been loss, rebellion; but there had been fulfillment with John; nothing had tarnished their short time to-

gether. Tears touched Patricia's cheeks, but she did not brush them aside; they were not bitter; she knew, at last, she had found within her, the deep place where strength is born. There was Jack; she would be a good mother to him. There was her money; she would use it wisely and well to help others, no longer aloof from men and women, for she, also, knew what it meant to suffer, to struggle, and to find the courage—even the peace—to go on bravely, serenely.

Patricia rose to her feet, and as she pushed open the door, the afternoon sunlight lay like a path before her feet. She stepped forward into it, facing her future with a quiet resolution.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

to hear his name announced, there are those winners in forty-seven other states who will be heard from as well!—Mrs. Ulysses A. Stone, Bklyn, N. Y.

Third Prize . . .

SHOULD THE QUIZ KIDS STAY HOME?

Why did they have to allow the Quiz Kids to go on a personal appearance tour? Why can't they allow these intelligent youngsters to be as nearly normal as possible? Certainly we are anxious to see the brilliant youngsters but they shouldn't be forced to be show people. An exceptionally brilliant youngster is always a problem. A youngster on a personal appearance tour is a problem. It is not fair to these young people nor to their parents to send them traveling around the country, to have them flattered and pampered by an adoring public, and to cause them to miss school.—Grace Paul, Los Angeles, Calif.

Fourth Prize . . .

IT'S NERVE-RACKING—BUT IT'S NICE!

I have just finished reading the Crossley reports on radio programs for 1940, and I was pleased to note that the Aldrich Family had for the first time crashed the big ten.

Henry, of the cracked, adolescent voice, is one of my prime favorites. I agonize with him and his patient mother, and long suffering father through all his nerve-racking tribulations. In fact, I usually get into such a nervous state over his wacky doings that I go to bed with a headache. My one consolation usually is that we have nothing like that in our family.—Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

Fifth Prize . . .

"LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL"

I'm really sincere when I say that my day is not complete unless I hear the program Life Can Be Beautiful every Monday through Friday. This program comes on every day in my city about dusk, and I always stop what I'm doing and sit down to hear the words of advice that the announcer gives preceding the program. Then with those words very clear in my mind, Chichi and Papa David speak and give me more sound advice. Thanks to the one who writes the script and all who take part in the program and I'll keep remembering that "Life Can Be Beautiful."—Miss Edith Bennett, Durham, N. C.

Sixth Prize . . .

TRIBUTE TO HAL KEMP

Our home town boy, Hal Kemp, came back home today for the last time—back to the sunny Carolina he loved—accompanied by dignitaries of the musical world, to pay their last tribute to one of radio's greatest personalities. It was fitting that we lay him away amid banks of beautiful flowers—in the glory of the holiday season—he who had added so much beauty and joy to the world in his short span of life.

We are stunned by the swift snuffing out of this promising young life but we will be everlastingly proud of having made such a great contribution as Hal Kemp to the musical world.—Minnette Miller, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Seventh Prize . . .

IS SHE RIGHT OR WRONG, READERS?

Your magazine has gone the way of all magazines lately. By that I mean those stories that have "continued next month" at the end.

What the public, your readers, want is more stories about radio personalities and things that help toward making radio such a popular form of entertainment.—Virginia Wade, Freehold, N. J.

SPECIAL NOTE

In answer to Mrs. Margaret Donovan's letter, which won Sixth Prize in our March letter contest, the Advertising Company for the program, Wings of Destiny, writes to the editor: "I have a clip in front of me that was taken out of the New York RADIO MIRROR of March issue entitled, "Sixth Prize—What, No Telephone?" This clipping is a letter which was no doubt written to your magazine by a Mrs. Margaret Donovan, bringing out the fact that it is necessary for winners on the Wings of Destiny program to have a telephone in order to win.

"This is not correct and I feel sure that you will want to know the true story as to what we say on the air regarding having a telephone. Here is an excerpt taken from our script dated February 7th—'You positively do not have to have a telephone and you do not have to be listed in any directory to win. It's our job to get in touch with the winner—and we'll do it!' This, I believe, should clarify Mrs. Donovan's thinking."

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

The two doctors went into the parlor. In a half hour the country physician returned alone. He spoke softly to the boy's parents. "Curt and Connie Long, you've known me a long time. If you really have faith in me, I'm willing to try this myself. Maybe an amputation won't be necessary."

The lights burned through the night in the little house just outside Charlotte. But when dawn flickered over the North Carolina hills, the drawn faces of the people brightened. The tired doctor put on his coat and spoke. "If you can get that music teacher to make Johnny into a left handed fiddler, you've nothing to worry about. But never let him feed peanuts to your hogs again. Those animals can't tell a goober from a finger."

Although the seven-year-old boy's two fingers healed rapidly, they became permanently stiffened. They could never be flexible enough to finger a violin.

The boy's music teacher, Nan Gordon Hood, wasn't easily discouraged. "No ordinary hog is going to rob me of my best pupil," she said. "Johnny, we'll just have to start over again. Only this time you're going to bow with your left hand and finger with your right. Might look funny to some folks but it'll sound just as good."

That strange accident occurred about nineteen years ago. Johnny Long is that rare oddity—a left-handed violinist. But he isn't too sure that his music teacher is happy that her experiment worked.

The tall, thin bandleader is a bit apologetic. "Miss Hood wanted me to be a serious concert artist. That's why she was so patient with me. But here I am—a southpaw fiddler with a dance band."

Johnny's band can be heard over NBC from New York's mammoth Roseland ballroom and on Decca records. They have built solidly over the last five years and the year 1941 should find them in their stride. The band was formed on the campus of

Duke University and his classmates have no trouble recognizing it. Eleven of the original school crew are still with him.

After the accident the boy was so grateful for his recovery that he sold flowers on the streets of Charlotte to help pay for his music lessons. In high school he studied so hard that he won a tuition scholarship to Duke. His plan at the time was to major in English, attend the Juilliard School of Music and become a music teacher.

The scholarship helped but sandy-haired Johnny had to evolve some plan to defray other educational expenses. Although his father had a good job with the state highway department, the boy had two other brothers and a sister. This strained the family bank account.

So in his freshman year Johnny organized a band. They played various fraternity and sorority dances, tooted away in the school dining hall in exchange for three square meals a day. Johnny's "Duke Collegians" didn't have the field to themselves. Les Brown, another well known bandleader, was also at Duke, and he had similar ideas for his "Blue Devils."

Johnny idolized Hal Kemp, another Charlotte lad who made good, and constantly sought out his advice. Johnny and his followers would listen to every Kemp record pressed and they sounded like a reasonable campus facsimile.

"In those days the southern schools weren't hiring professional bands to play at their hops. They used undergraduate bands instead," Johnny points out. "So we got plenty of work and made about \$30 a week per man. This prosperity made me swerve from my original plans."

When Hal Kemp invited the boys to New York when they graduated in 1935, Johnny's intentions of following a serious music career vanished quicker than a Duke man can down a coke.

The band auditioned for the Music

Globe Productions brings to the screen radio's Pot O' Gold, in the form of a Cinderella story, starring Paulette Goddard, Jimmie Stewart and bandleader Horace Heidt



Corporation of America and were soon playing one nighters as full-fledged professionals. Once the rough spots were ironed out, the band got hotel offers and theater engagements. In New England they hired their two vocalists, tiny Helen Young, a Boston radio singer, and Don Houston. A novel interpretation of two old favorites, "Shanty in Old Shanty Town," and "When I Grow Too Old To Dream," put them over in the juke box field.

Johnny believes the Roseland engagement has helped immeasurably. "Roseland dancers are the best in the world. They can do anything from the shag to the beguine. And if they don't like you they let you know it."

When I saw Johnny in the ballroom, the crowd was in a tango mood. Johnny played a few and then went into a conga. This started a temporary strike until the band made a hasty rearrangement of its music books and dug out some tangos.

Johnny insists his dance band work prevents him from studying seriously again. He has some spare time, but a lovely brunette actress named Patricia Waters occupies most of it. His one room at the Hotel Victoria is plastered with her pictures.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Larry Clinton: "Moonlight and Tears" and "You Forgot About Me" (Bluebird 10984). A fascinating arrangement that takes Clinton out of his slump. Vocalizing of Peggy Mann and Terry Allen well above average.

Bing Crosby: "Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" and "Lone Star Trail" (Decca 3584). London and lassoes smoothly paired.

Hal Kemp: "It All Comes Back to Me Now" and "Talkin' to My Heart" (Victor 27255). Posthumous recording proves how much we will all miss Kemp.

Raymond Scott: "All Around the Xmas Tree" and "Happy Birthday" (Columbia 35864). A different kind of Scott record. The tune slinger in your ears.

Barry Wood: "America, I Love You" and "Dear Old Pal" (Victor 27260). Four-star flag waving.

Eddy Duchin: "No. 10 Lullaby Lane" and "I Close My Eyes" (Columbia 35917). Easy-to-dance-to tempos with plenty of piano flourishes.

Some Like It Swing:

Gene Krupa: "Sergeant Was Shy" and "He's Gone" (Okeh 5985). The drummer man beats out solidly with Duke Ellington's military swing.

Charlie Barnet: "Scrub Me Mama, With a Boogie Beat" and "I Can't Remember" (Bluebird 10975). Excellent boogie woogie that would even get Harlem approval.

Glenn Miller: "Blue Heaven" and "Frenesi" (Bluebird 10994). Fast flying on an old favorite. "Frenesi" has gotten tiresome even if played by Miller.

Benny Goodman: "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and "These Things You Left Me" (Columbia 35910). Clever challenges between Helen Forrest and the trumpeter that packs solid dance enjoyment by a master.

Vaughn Monroe: "Last Roundup" and "Accidentally on Purpose" (Bluebird 10997). Another promising band with a pleasant lilt.

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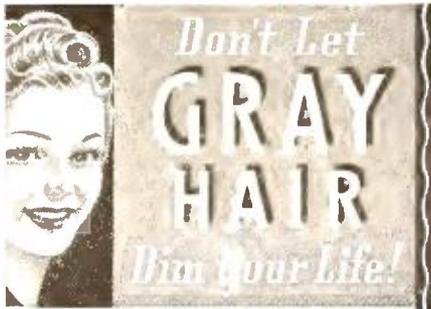
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Young Widder Brown

(Continued from page 25)

him was gone.
"It's only that the children are so used to Peter, Dr. Loring," she explained.

"Of course," he said brusquely. "I quite understand." He was aloof again, unbending behind his professional reserve. "I'd like to have you come to the Center tomorrow, Mrs. Brown, so I can dress your arm again."

"Certainly," Ellen said quickly. She knew, none better, that it was the routine of the Center to require patients to visit the Center itself whenever it was possible thus to save a doctor's precious time. But she also knew, from Loring's tone, that he had meant this injunction as a reproof—or if not that, at least as a reminder that she must not consider herself privileged in any way, that to him she was a patient, no more. It had been so unnecessary for him to deliver that thrust, she thought wryly—he had already made the point abundantly clear!

With a curt, unsmiling nod, he picked up his bag and left the tea room. Afterwards, the pain in her arm that had first settled down to a dull, steady throb, again became acute as she went on with dinner preparations. When Hilda came she took one look at Ellen and begged her to go to bed. But Ellen wouldn't give in. Loring's casual attitude about the injury had become a challenge to her. Her pride wouldn't allow her to give in now.

Even bed that night was no comfort. Sleep was an aeon of time away. Her arm felt as if it were on fire, and her thoughts seemed to be on fire, too. Joyce and Peter and Loring . . . pictures of them ran through her brain like the shattered, dissolving patterns in a kaleidoscope, accentuated that other physical agony.

SHE saw the darkness go and dawn come, but still there were those weary hours to drag through before the visiting hours at the Center. Once she almost gave in when the pain became so intense that she felt herself slipping into forgetfulness again, so that the kitchen and Hilda's worried face and the children's troubled eyes became only a blur, but she forced herself back to reality again, her pride sustaining her, spurring her on.

And the pride was still there, in her eyes and in the proud tilt of her chin and in her walk when she went to the Center at last.

It was Martha's concern that made her falter. She had been able to hold on to herself through Loring's scorn, but she couldn't fight against the other woman's sympathy and understanding.

"Ellen, you shouldn't have come. You have a fever," Martha protested, and her quick fingers began to examine the bandages.

Through a daze Ellen heard Martha's voice talking to someone, and then she felt as if she were back in that monstrous nightmare of the day before. Martha's voice swelling now, becoming louder and louder, so that the room and the pain and that throbbing in her head were all caught up in it.

"Calling Dr. Loring. Emergency! Calling Dr. Loring. Emergency!"

It was the amplifier that had been

installed only a few months ago, but Ellen didn't realize that. Then, after a moment even the voice was gone, and she felt herself being carried through a dream.

She woke to dark eyes bending over her, kind eyes from which all antagonism had gone. Awoke to that voice which was so almost tender now.

"Ellen. . . ." Had he really spoken only her first name? "Mrs. Brown—"

"Yes?" And Ellen smiled faintly at Loring, so intent above her.
"I—I'm sorry, I should never have made you come here this morning."

"No," Ellen interrupted him. "You were right. There are so many others who need attention."
"I should have realized," Loring was saying stubbornly and Ellen was too tired to protest further against the truth. For it was the truth—he had been wrong and now he had the courage to say to her, "Forgive me."

Ellen smiled, unable to trust herself to speak. Incredible that she should feel such a lifting of her heart at the promise of friendship from a man she scarcely knew, a man who only the day before had been her implacable enemy.

BUT Loring didn't leave Simpsonville. For it was Loring who insisted on the X-rays they took of Joyce which proved there was a physical cause for her illness as well as a mental one, and indicated an operation that might cure her. At least it offered a hope for her, a chance of becoming like other women, self-reliant and able to cope with life as it really was.

It would mean all of life or none of it, that operation. But Joyce, who had slipped so deeply into the morass of hopelessness and despair she had created out of her fears, could not be aroused out of her apathy. She had clung to dreams all her life, and now she wanted only the deepest dream of all, the unending, final dream of oblivion. Even that one chance was worthless when she felt like this. So big a part of any operation's success is the patient's own will to live, and Joyce had lost that desire.

It was Ellen who aroused her finally, the morning of the operation, Ellen talking to her, her candid eyes pleading with her, her voice reassuring her, combatting the fears one by one. And when she saw her logic had reached the girl at last, she brought Peter into the room. Such a changed Peter, looking at this girl he had thought he hated, remembering now only the little things he had disregarded before, the way she had clung to him, the way she needed him. There was more than one love in a man's life. He knew that now, looking down at this girl he had married. One was the ecstasy and the wild adoration he had felt for Ellen. A love like that only came once, and it could never come to him again. But this other emotion, this quiet tenderness born from his regrets and pity was the love a father would give a child. And it was enduring, that love, Peter knew that as he knelt beside Joyce's bed lifting her pale hand to his cheek and holding it there.

And strange the way Ellen felt, too, looking at them, feeling as if the love that had tied her to Peter so relentlessly was broken now at last, here in



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this quiet room. Strange the way there was no heartbreak in that knowledge, no regrets, only this new, calm happiness.

How strong it was, that happiness. It carried her through the hours of waiting, and it carried Peter through it, too, her faith and her courage sustaining both of them until the operation was over at last and they knew Joyce would live.

Only now when it was over, really over, Ellen knew what a prison her love for Peter had been. She was free now to find happiness in all the little things that had been obscured for her when her emotion for Peter had been an obsession, crowding out every other thought. Her eyes could see again clouds drifting across the sky, the flowers crowding her small garden, sunrise and sunset, the common things. She had forgotten how beautiful life was.

But it hadn't been wasted, that love, unhappy as it was. Out of it had come this new Peter who had looked into his own soul and found the strength there he had lacked before. And out of it, too, had come the new happiness that had brought Joyce and Peter together.

THEY were so grateful for that happiness. That was the real reason they decided to join the ambulance unit that was leaving for war-torn Europe. For they had to pay for happiness such as this, they felt, pay for it with sacrifice and that new courage that had come to sustain them.

Ellen was so proud of them, both of them, as she worked with the Red Cross unit she organized to supply them with some of the things they needed. It helped to keep busy this way. If she worked hard enough, if she got exhausted enough, it would keep her from thinking. And Ellen knew she was running away from her thoughts these days. For they all led to that same lonely place in her heart, the dread of what Simpsonville would be like when Loring left.

Strange how she had grown to rely on his friendship. This feeling she had for Loring was so different from any emotion she had ever known. It was as if at last she had found the comrade she had always missed, a man who talked to her as if she were another man. She dreaded the train that must eventually take him back to Chicago.

But dreading could not put off the evil day. It came at last, the evening on which he was to leave—a June evening, charged with the first heat of summer, less bearable because there had been no preparation for it. Fretful thunder rolled uneasily in the distance. Ellen stopped a moment, now that the last of the diners were no longer lingering over their iced tea. Business had been hectic since Joyce's

The photographic illustrations for "Young Widder Brown" were specially posed by Florence Freeman and Ned Wever, who play the roles of Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring on the air.

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recovery had brought Simpsonville back to Ellen, anxious to forget its unthinking gossip, its foolish boycott.

The screen door slammed and Loring was standing in the room. Martha stood beside him, a bag in each hand, and she was in uniform. There was about both of them an air of urgency, of worry, of the need for decision and speed. It was Loring who spoke first.

"Typhoid . . ." Medicine's dread word. But his voice did not waste time over the melodrama. "Up on Smokey Ridge. Martha thought . . ." He stopped as though he were aware for the first time of what he was about to ask.

"We need your help," Martha said quickly, "if you can come."

"I'm going up there, of course," Loring said, so quietly that Ellen did not realize all that it meant. Nor, the chances are, did he just then. "I'm taking one interne and all the nurses we can spare. But we need someone to help direct those nurses. Martha says I couldn't ask for a better captain than you."

THERE was no note of pleading in his voice. Ellen knew that she could refuse without losing his respect.

"I'll get Uncle Josh to take care of Mark and Janey," Ellen said, picking up the telephone.

"Oh, Ellen, you'll go!" Martha exclaimed, and there was in Loring's eyes more than he could have expressed in words.

"I was so sure I even packed some uniforms for you," Martha smiled.

There were moments the next twenty-four hours when Ellen wondered where any of them could find new strength, new energy to complete their task. So many sick to care for, so many others to be inoculated, so many homes to be cleansed—

It wasn't until the next evening when Ellen was standing beside Loring in the makeshift hospital, her hands trembling with weariness as she pressed out the last of the compresses from the bowl of ice water, that she realized.

"You've missed your train, Doctor," she said, as she glanced at her wrist watch. "It left exactly eight hours ago."

"That's the first train I ever missed in my life," Loring said quietly. And there was in his voice something that made Ellen look up, quickly. He hesitated a moment and then he said:

"Thanks nurse, for some wonderful help. I think we're going to have this epidemic under control." He smiled again. "Want to know something?" he asked.

Ellen nodded.

"That was the most fortunate train I ever missed. It gave me time to realize that I never meant to take it!"

Ellen's heart caught at his words. What was he saying? "I understand how you feel about the Center, how vital it is, what it is accomplishing, because I feel that way, too. It's my dream now. I'm going to stay."

His arm was around her, holding her in the crisp white uniform that accentuated the soft lines of her slim figure, brought out the blue of her eyes under the white cap tilted on her fair hair and the color that was coming and going in her cheeks.

"Are you glad I'm staying, Ellen?" he whispered, and he spoke to a new Ellen, a woman who had worked with sure, deft fingers because he had been beside her, who had not tired even through a night and day of horror because she had borrowed from his courage, who brought solace with her smile because she had sensed what was happening to her.

His lips were on hers, so sweetly, so tenderly that Ellen cried at the sudden joy of her knowledge.

"Anthony," she whispered and she was holding him with the surety that they belonged to each other. Then she broke away and said primly:

"Where do you want these compresses, Doctor?"

He laughed, for he, too, was full of their knowledge. Then they went out together to tend the last of their patients.

It had been a dream, the remaining days they worked up there on the hill. Ellen toiled steadily, efficiently, answering the questions of patients, caring for their needs, and yet never was she truly aware of anything but Loring. She knew without turning when he entered a room, and when he had left the warmth of his presence was gone again from her. The afternoon Loring sent his telegram, Ellen stood holding his hand, holding her breath that it should be happening. A single sheet of yellow paper to announce that Doctor Anthony Loring was taking his new position as head of Simpsonville's Health Center!

Then the day when they had turned to go back, secure in the certainty that the typhoid had totally disappeared, turning back to begin a new and wonderful life, Ellen thought, waiting for Anthony to come to the car.

"Mind if I stop at the Center to look at the mail?" he asked when he'd come. "It'll only take a minute."

"I'll give you exactly two minutes," Ellen laughed, "if I may come with you. I've got to get back to my family. Janey will be wearing her hair up and Mark will be going to



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college if I'm not back soon. I feel as if I'd been away ten years!"

"More like ten seconds," Anthony said, and they were still laughing when they went into the hospital.

The woman rose from her chair as she saw them, the woman with the carefully waved hair under the smart hat, the woman with her gay voice and her brittle laugh.

"Anthony!" she said and then she looked at Ellen as if she were sharing a secret joke with her, a joke only another woman would understand. "Of course, it's a woman who kept you here. I knew it the moment I got your telegram. Anthony, another one! And so pretty, too. My dear!" she held out her hand with a casual gaiety, "come here and let me look at you. Oh, I've a right to," she smiled, seeing Ellen's question form, "after all, a sister must look out for such an impulsive brother."

In the pause that followed, Ellen thought, this woman is my enemy. I don't know why, yet, but she is.

"Don't deny it," Anthony's sister continued, "either one of you. I can see it in your faces."

"Victoria!" It was more a protest than a denial that sprang from Loring's lips.

"Aren't you going to ask me what I'm doing here?" she went on

"No." Loring shook his head. "I know, but it won't do any good. I'm staying here. And now," he continued, "you must meet Mrs. Brown." Ellen saw the first incredulous, resentful expression in the eyes of Victoria and again she sensed that implacable opposition.

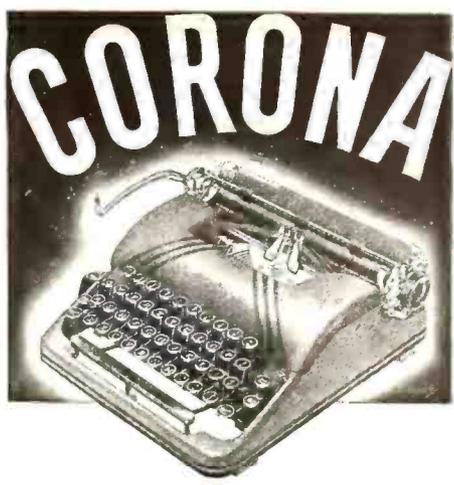
HERE was a woman who would fight and fight bitterly to keep anything she felt belonged to her. And she felt Anthony belonged to her. Ellen could see that in the possessive way she held on to her brother's arm. The fact that she was clever only made her so much more dangerous. She wouldn't fight openly, or lay her cards on the table. She'd fight with that bright, sophisticated tongue of hers, with ridicule rather than criticism, making her laughter a rapier striking at anything that stood in her way.

And she was beginning to succeed already. Anthony looked embarrassed standing there with the color flooding his face, and for a moment Ellen, too, felt herself inadequate of coping with her mockery.

But only for a moment. Ellen saw Victoria looking at her, her eyes disparaging her. Oh, she was so sure of herself, Victoria, so secure in her knowledge of the world, so sure of her own superiority to this young woman from . . . "the back of beyond." It quickened Ellen's pride, that look, and determined her not to give in to Victoria without a battle. Ellen would fight, too, even though she had lost that first skirmish.

And she had lost it, Ellen knew that, feeling the sickening pang that had come with Victoria's allusion to her as just another woman in Loring's life. It had hurt to have Victoria speak of Anthony like that, as if he were nothing but a philanderer.

That was why Ellen had lost, because for even that moment she had believed it. But now already the pang was going. Hadn't she told Janey to judge people as she found them, not to take other people's values as her own? And she hadn't found Loring cheap or flirtatious, or any of



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those other things Victoria had implied. She had found him strong, and gentle, too, for all that strength, and fine and honest. Suddenly Ellen found herself trembling before the new knowledge that swept through her. She hadn't known until the moment the true depth of her feeling for Anthony.

And so in the end she saw it wasn't she who had lost, after all, but Victoria! Victoria who had so unwittingly pointed out to her what was in her heart for Anthony. Ellen would do anything now, knowing that, anything at all. And she had weapons, too.

Hadn't Anthony told her that a long time ago? Courage and stamina and spirit . . . that's what he had called her weapons, and she would use them now, every one of them if she had to. She lifted her head, and Victoria recognized the challenge in her smile.

Within a few moments of their meeting, the battle lines are drawn between Ellen and Anthony's sister. How will Ellen combat the clever, worldly Victoria? Be sure to reserve your copy of the June RADIO MIRROR now, for the next chapter of this exciting radio drama.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

mechanical engineer. But he discovered his mistake in time, and now he's chief announcer for Pittsburgh's station KQV and a confirmed believer in the theory that radio's the best kind of work in the world.

It was back in 1924 when Herb, who was working in a small Chicago station, told his boss he was quitting because radio would never amount to much. With that, he took a job as engineer with a Chicago firm. Along came 1929 and the depression, and Herb went to Pittsburgh, tired, worked-out, broke. Instead of looking for another engineering job, he went into the studios of KQV and asked for work—any kind of work—simply because he'd come to realize that radio was going to be big and he wanted to be part of it.

At KQV they hired him as one of the KQV Players, an outstanding dramatic organization of the time. There he took all kinds of roles, everything from an Irish cop to a mad scientist. Six months after joining the Players he was added to the station's announcing staff. But his biggest chance came in 1936 when the Sons of the Pioneers began a recorded series on KQV. Announcing the show was a character known as the Sheriff—and the Sheriff's slow drawl belonged to Herb Angell. The series was such a success that it's still on KQV, sponsored by the Palace Credit Clothing Company, and Herb is still the Sheriff. He's made such a hit in the role that he's been formally named Honorary Sheriff of Allegheny County.

Herb is 42 years old, is happily married, and the father of five children. His hobby is radio, because he thinks it's a much more important thing than he thought it was seventeen years ago.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—John Woolf, crack announcer for Salt Lake's station KDYL, is proud of his pioneer ancestry—naturally proud, because it cropped out again in John himself. His forebears were among the hardy souls who first settled Salt Lake City. He was born there himself, but his parents moved to New York when he was six. John grew up in New York, and started to attend Columbia University. As a freshman, he applied for and secured a job as page-boy in the CBS studios, thus getting his first taste of radio.

But after one year at Columbia, John took a trip west to look over other colleges. Stopping off at his birthplace, he liked Salt Lake so well that he registered at the University of Utah—thereby changing his whole future. For there he met a co-ed named Alice Bartlett, who is now Mrs. John Woolf, and he also got a new start in radio when he heard of a station in nearby Ogden that needed an announcer, borrowed return bus fare, and landed the job. For almost a year, until he was hired by KDYL, John commuted between Salt Lake and Ogden, attending classes in the day and announcing at night.

John is an enthusiastic worker for real informality on the air, and puts (Continued on page 85)



■ While George Burns looks on, Gracie Allen adds the Navy to her conquest. Her jaunty sailor hat and star pin were presents from the "Boys in Blue".

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Everyone who wants to make the most of her possibilities should read Betty Grable's advice. Not everyone can be selected as owner of the most perfect figure in Hollywood—but everyone CAN follow the regimen charted by lovely Betty and achieve remarkable improvement. Until you have tried it you have not given yourself the advantage that can be yours so easily. Why not get Photoplay-Movie Mirror for May right now—at the nearest news stand. It offers so much—for so little!

Also In This Great Issue

Robert Ripley—Believe It Or Not—delves into recent pictures and gives amusing facts on people and places that the movies missed. Don't miss this. The title is "What Hollywood Doesn't Know—Or Does It?"

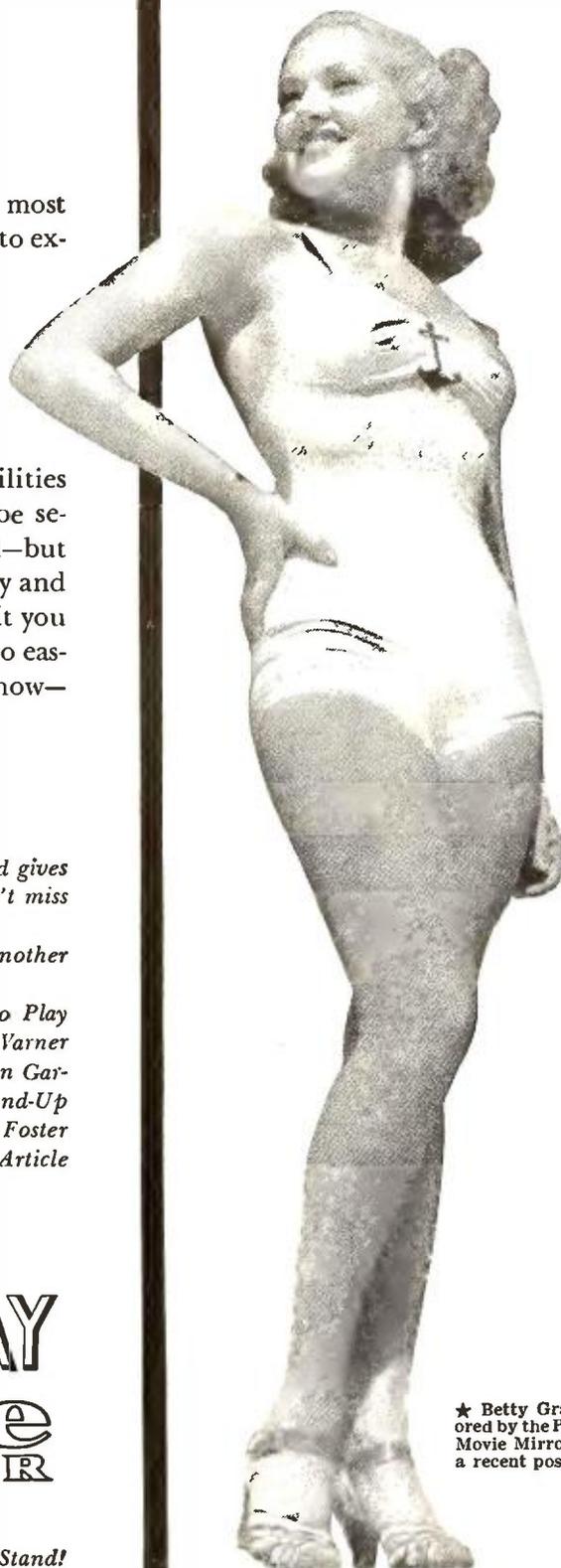
How Alice Faye Lives, by Adele Whiteley Fletcher, presents another in the Hollywood homes series that will interest everyone.

Also there's Judy Garland's Marriage Problem—You Have to Play Ball, a Robert Taylor story—The Sea Wolf, fiction version of Warner Brothers' picture with Edward G. Robinson, Ida Lupino and John Garfield—Hollywood's Maddest Moments, by Hedda Hopper—Round-Up of Pace Setters—"What Do You Mean—Sweet Sixteen," by Susanna Foster—Learn to Waltz—Many Four Color Portraits—Another Smash Article by "Fearless."



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Continuous Performance

BY BERTON BRALEY

The Radio's "Typical Familiee"

Apparently lives in the kind of home meant
For melodrama and tragedy

With never a dull or a humdrum moment,
But it must be sort of a strain to be
Part of a radio familiee.

For Radio's "Typical Familiee"

(The kind you meet in your daily "serial")
Goes through one crisis or two or three
In every fifteen minutes' material,
And things move swiftly, you must agree,
For the folks of a radio familiee.

Dad goes to work—and he disappears
In a car that's loaded with racketeers;
Mother goes down to the corner store
And doesn't come back for a month or more;
Brother is always accused of crimes,
Sister has perfectly dreadful times;

For when she meets with a nice young feller
He opens a bank and he bumps the teller;
And the Children never can venture far
Until they're hit by a motor car,
There's never a minute that's worry-free
For the folks in a radio familiee.

Whenever the 'phone or the door-bell rings
It means that something is wrong with things,
A strange voice grating demands for loot,
Or the doorway filled by a hulking brute,
Or a tommy gunner about to shoot:
And, just as sure as the postman's stoppin'
The mail announces that hellzapoppin';

If one of the familiee takes a train
A boat, a bus or an aeroplane,
It always smashes,
It always crashes,
Or sinks, turns turtle or climbs a tree
With part of the radio familiee.

Oh there are plenty of times, we know,
When Regular Families' lives are slow,
But—never the ones on the radio;

There's trouble present, or trouble brewing,
Always something desperate doing,
Which is exciting, beyond a doubt,
But you can kindly "include me out"
For life is pitched in too high a key
For anybody with "nerves" to be
Part of the Radio Familiee!



Descended from pioneers, announcer John Woolf of KDYL pioneered his way west to both a job and a wife.

(Continued from page 82)
all his theories into practice on his morning matinee with By Woodbury's orchestra, called Here We Go Round. Besides announcing this show he also produces and writes it.

John and Alice are still chuckling over something that happened last summer. Alice had taken their little two-year-old daughter to New York to visit John's parents. While in Manhattan she attended the Take It or Leave It program and was called to the stage as one of the contestants—and won the show's biggest prize, \$64. John says this is the nearest he's ever

come to national fame—but if he keeps up his good work at KDYL it very likely isn't the nearest he will ever come to it.

* * *

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Young men can still make important places for themselves in the world—and Gordon Brown, who owns Rochester's station WSAY, proves it. He's 36 years old, and is probably one of the youngest owners and operators of a radio station in the country.

Ever since he was ten years old, Gordon has been enthusiastic about radio. He was born in Rochester, and as a boy he had his own broadcasting station. Of course it wasn't much of a station—he built all his own equipment, and in those days you couldn't broadcast voices anyway, just signals. But Gordon was in on the ground floor of the radio business at the age of ten.

He left high school just before graduation time to take a job in a factory, designing and building radio sets. Four years later he went to work for Rochester's first broadcasting station, WHEC, and after two years there left to build and operate his own station, which he called WNBQ. He still has the equipment for this, although it has been off the air for many years. In its palmy days WNBQ had a power of 15 watts, which isn't much. It was located in the garage back of Gordon's home, and it had a soundproof studio—the body of an old sedan automobile, specially padded inside to keep noises out.

After WNBQ went off the air, Gordon went into business as a radio repair and service man, and saved his money so that in 1936 he could build station WSAY. He designed the studio himself—not only the technical equip-



Take it from Gordon Brown, young owner of Rochester's station WSAY, radio's the best hobby in the world.

ment but even the modernistic rooms and accessories—and it went on the air with a license that allowed it to broadcast daytimes with a power of 100 watts. Since then it has gradually increased its power and has become an affiliate of the Mutual network.

Gordon is looking forward to the day now when he can have as much fun experimenting with television as he has always had with sound radio. As far as that goes, he's already dabbled in television to some extent, and built the first set that was ever in Rochester, away back in 1927 when most people didn't know there was such a thing.

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Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 54)

woods to hunt for Lois. Even as they listened an odor came stealing on the night air and a hot wind brought warning of disaster.

And then came a gust of smoke! At once Clark realized that not only were Lois and Jimmy lost in the pine forest—but they were trapped in an inferno which had already begun to blaze! Now was the time, if ever, for Clark Kent to become—Superman. But he couldn't leave Perry White. The editor was much too clever not to suspect something. Superman, only in a last emergency, could reveal his true identity. So, waiting his opportunity to slip off, Kent led the way into the center of the woods.

The smoke grew thicker at every step. Occasionally, sparks drifted by on the wind. As soon as the men had vanished into the forest, Dinelli and Spike set a back-fire which, when it met the other blaze, would close a trap from whose flaming teeth there would be no escape.

Thicker and thicker smoke—more and more fiery sparks. Then, suddenly, a sheet of flame lighted up the woods as the back-fire set by the racketeers bore down on White and Kent. Superman could wait no longer. Finding a still open path he insisted that his editor take it. Before White could protest, his companion had gone. He didn't hear him say:

"If anybody's going to get out of this place alive—including Jimmy and Lois Lane—Superman has to take a hand. Up . . . UP . . ."

SOARING high above the flames, red cloak streaming back from the broad blue-clad shoulders, Superman's telescopic eyes pierced the smoke. Then—"I've got to get down there where the fire's hottest and beat it out. After that, maybe I can find Lois and Jimmy—but it has to be fast—those flames are gaining every minute—closing in—there—that looks like a good place—if I can break through there—down—down!"

Lightly he landed, untouched by the leaping, licking flames—"Now then—right in the middle of it—good thing I don't mind heat. If I can just snatch up a pine tree and use it like a broom."

With one hand, Superman grasped the trunk of a tree. A single steady pull and he yanked its roots from the earth. Lifting it high above his head, he beat at the blaze. The two fires had met—if he could extinguish the

wide burning crimson path, he would have won. But even for Superman, the task was difficult. Time after time, he had to brush off the flaming branches that fell on him. Then, at last, he cleared a way. It was now only a matter of minutes before he reached Lois and Jimmy. Temporarily blinded, they couldn't see him. Unbelieving, they felt someone pick them up. Their senses told them they were flying—but that wasn't possible! Yet, in a few seconds, they were safe with Mr. White on the edge of the forest. While they were still rubbing their eyes, Superman, in a flash, resumed his disguise as Kent and joined them.

Cursing, Dinelli saw his victims escape. He saw, too, the tell-tale brief-case with its evidence tucked under Lois' arm. Running fast, he and Spike found their car and headed down the main road. Two miles away, the gangster halted. Gingerly, he lifted a small box from the back seat. Spike was curious:

"What's that, boss?"
"Just a little box, Spike. I'm gonna plant a little box under this culvert, see? An' lead a fuse off in the field behind the fence. Then when that bunch of wise guys comes along in their car! This stuff is twenty times as strong as a dynamite! I'm gonna be out in that field so's I can duck in an' grab that brief-case when it comes down—an' before it burns up with them. And you're gonna go back up that road and be sure they come down. If they don't, let me know—quick! If you see that guy Kent, don't waste no time—bump him off."

Meanwhile, Lois, Jimmy and Perry White had already started to drive down the road. Clark had insisted on remaining behind—there were a few loose ends he wanted to clean up, he said. He quickly became, once again, Superman!

"Yes—one or two loose ends is just exactly right. And I think Superman can do it better by himself than with three other people around. . . . Now, then, first of all, I want to know who that was sneaking around in the woods a minute ago. . . . Hey—there!"

Spike, thinking that the figure he saw from a distance was Clark Kent, leveled his revolver and fired! But Superman only smiled—"Those last two were bull's eyes. Lucky for me those bullets bounce off my skin—and there's something else that'll bounce, too!"

In a split second he reached the
(Continued on page 89)

Say Hello To—

ED GARDNER—the writer-director-actor who is "Archie" on Duffy's Tavern, Saturday nights on CBS. Ed created "Archie" two years ago when he was producing This is New York for CBS. The show needed a comedian, and Ed auditioned actors all day without success. At last he decided to fill in himself for one broadcast, and did so well that "Archie" remained until This is New York ended its run. When Duffy's Tavern came on the air, Archie was brought back for it. Ed was born on Long Island 35 years ago, and has spent most of his adult life in show business of one kind or another. He is married to Shirley Booth, who plays Miss Duffy on the Tavern series. He smokes constantly, stays up late, and has inexhaustible energy.



Panama "Come On" Girl

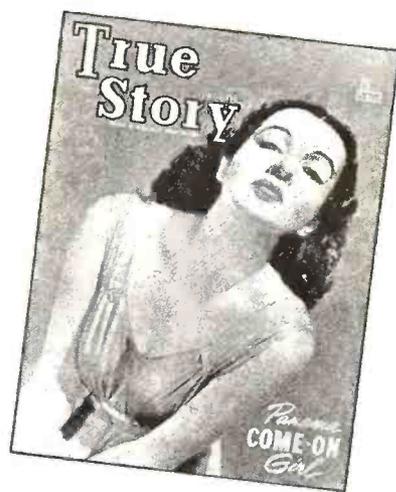
The Exciting Story of a Beautiful Spy Who Found That Her Heart Was Stronger Than Her Fear of Hitler's Threats!

Life at the Isthmus was seething with intrigue. Shopkeepers, waiters and musicians in the shabby cabarets, even the tattered beggars in the streets might be, like herself, in some power's pay. Espionage was the greatest industry. The Gestapo had warned Mona Kessler of her peril. Yet she did not hesitate. Hers was a labor of love—devotion for the Fatherland—until she met George Brown.

The Gestapo saw, and quickly reminded her. She must complete her job. She must get his secrets—

somehow. And so, without saying goodbye, she went to the airport. De Amuno's plane headed Southward—toward a destination it never reached—because—

But True Story's editors want you to get the same absorbing thrills that this amazing manuscript gave them. Excitement, heroism, mystery, romance, sacrifice, triumph, melted in the crucible of a world at war are the true story of Mona Kessler—Panama "Come On" Girl. Begin it today in May True Story Magazine. Your copy waits at the nearest news stand.



MAY True Story

WITH the first balmy days, when buds are swelling and green things sprouting, something stirs in us too. We want to stop doing whatever it is we are doing, and wander out after adventure. Spring fever! Well, why not give in to it? Everything in nature seems to be making itself over these April days. We can do the same. A complete beauty checking-up is adventure enough for anybody.

Ona Munson, of Hollywood and New York, the stage, the silver screen and radio, has very definite ideas of the importance of beauty check-ups. She says Hollywood gives a new star a very thorough one, beginning with diet. Come to think of it, that is not a bad place to begin, because correct eating affects figure, complexion, hair, and just about everything else.

Ona is a slender, graceful blonde with expressive violet eyes. Altho she made her first stage appearance at the age of four, she is as natural as she is distinctive. Her shining hair is in a long bob, loosely waved. Her make-up is so skilfully used that she seems to have none at all, except the lipstick which accentuates her well-

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

shaped mouth with its friendly smile.

The part of Lorelei in *Big Town* was won by Miss Munson in a competition with seventy-five other top-flight stars, all of them identified only by numbered record. Ona Munson's record won, and she has been heard in the part for two years now with Edward G. Robinson, Wednesday nights at 8 P. M., E. S. T. over CBS.

Begin your beauty check-up by starting a regime of proper eating, as Miss Munson advises. Then regard yourself thoughtfully in clear daylight with a mirror that shows all sides of you. How is your hair in the back? Is your posture gracefully erect, or slouching? And so on through all the list of usual failings.

When you can give yourself a hundred percent on good grooming, health, and posture, then the real adventure begins. Try new effects.

What about a new hair-do to go with the new hats? If you are on the plump side and have a short neck, and round face, you have no business whatever with any kind of a long bob that brings the fullness at the

neck. You need upward lines. The new fashions are especially designed for you. Either do the hair up in a smart arrangement of curls or rolls, or let it grow. One of the newest and smartest coiffures is a very long bob, well below the shoulders. It is waved or curled only at the ends, which come about to the shoulder blades. The front and sides are carried to the top of the head in an arrangement of curls.

The company of hair specialists which invented the permanent waves, and later perfected it in the pre-heating method, has a personalized hair chart which is designed to help you find your type in the new styles. The makers of a famous shampoo issued a set of paper cut-outs which you can fit to your face and get a preview. After you have studied various modes, experiment with them. A new hair-do is as much of a spring tonic as a dozen new hats.

What about your make-up? Several of the great cosmetic houses put out charts to help you develop a better technique. One suggests a sort of elimination contest wherein you try one side of your face with one set of harmonized cosmetics, and the other with another, deciding which is best. Whatever method you use for the check-up, now is a good time for it.

It is a good idea to go to a really first-rate beauty parlor once in a while for a lesson. Watch carefully what the operator who is a trained make-up artist does, and remember. Notice how carefully she blends the rouge with the powder base, and powders over. If you have been dabbing on a spot of rouge as a sort of after-thought, go to the foot of the class! Rouge is to be taken seriously. It can apparently remould the contours of your face. Use just the right color, in just the right place, blend with artistry, and powder over all. If the effect is too pale, rouge again, this time allowing for the effect of the final coating of powder.

SPEAKING of powder, are you using the right shade? Too dark a powder or too light a powder makes your face look unnatural.

Spring hats are colorful, spring sunshine is bright. You cannot use the same makeup that was so becoming in the dark and rainy days. Anyhow, at least half the women one sees use either too much or too little cosmetics. All things considered, try yourself made up more than usual, and see if your friends look thrilled or startled. Then try less than usual, and see if they register approval.

One adventure that is literally always at hand is a new tint or shade of nail enamel. There's novelty every day, it seems. I just saw an iridescent one which made the nails seem more jewel-like than ever. And there are some new pastel tints to go with the flower-like coloring of Spring clothes.

What about a new hair-do? What about a change in make-up? Ona Munson, who plays Lorelei on *Big Town*, Wednesday nights on CBS, believes it's every woman's duty to give herself a complete spring beauty check-up.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

IT'S
Tone-up
TIME



Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 86)

terror-stricken Spike.

"Where's Dinelli?"

"I dunno—"

"All right—then you'll take a ride—up in the air—up—up—"

Gasping for breath, Spike yelled:

"Ow—put me down—what are you doin'?' He's takin' me up in the air! He ain't human! . . ."

SUPERMAN threatened to drop him if he didn't talk. When Spike refused to reveal Dinelli's plan, his captor released his grip. The mobster hurtled hundreds of feet through space before Superman swooped below and scooped him up. Paralyzed with fright now, Spike held nothing back. Then he fainted as Superman whirled in mid-air and headed for the culvert.

The avenging figure in blue costume reached the small bridge just in time to hear Perry White, seated behind the wheel, turn to Lois and say, "Here's where I let her out a bit!" His foot pressed hard on the accelerator—another few feet and the hidden bomb would blow them to eternity! But then, there was the violent screech of wheels stopped dead and

Jimmy's young voice rose above the noise:

"Gee, Mr. White—what's the matter—
—you sure put on the brakes—"

"But I didn't, Jimmy. We just stopped—as though somebody grabbed the car from behind!"

None of them knew, of course, that it was the untold strength of Superman which had effortlessly halted the speeding car in its tracks. Even before it quivered to its final stop, they felt themselves being pulled backward. Faster and faster! Then, a blinding white, ear-shattering crash! The road seemed to open before their front wheels. If that unseen hand had not stopped them, each occupant of that car would have, mercilessly, been blown to bits. Once again Superman and his great powers had defeated evil.

But the smashing of the Dinelli gang is only another exciting incident in the life of Superman. In the June issue you'll find the next episode in which radio's popular hero again utilizes his super-natural powers in an effort to blot out crime.

When My Fiancé Was Drafted

(Continued from page 15)

assigned guard duty—and Ted covered for him by taking over—that was the night Ron took me in his arms, suddenly, roughly, and kissed me, holding me close to him, and I went limp against his body. It was sweet, sweet to come alive in every tingling nerve, to feel my blood mount, responsive to his lips. Then, like a cold wind, came the thought of Ted; his steady, blue eyes seemed to be actually looking at me. I pulled, and pushed myself away from Ron's arms.

He caught my shoulders, but I put my hands against his chest, shaking my head.

"It's Ted," I choked a little, "he—we—" yet somehow I could not force myself to say we were engaged. Ron was smiling; his fingers slipped down my arms until they closed over mine. The feel of their passing left me quivering. "Don't worry about him. Time he looked out for himself. He's had his chance all these years. Lord, Bets, if I'd been in his place, I'd never let you get away from me—" He was putting into words the doubts which filled my mind. "You're too sweet to take a chance with—"

BUT I would not let Ron kiss me again. I made him go; my urgency must have shown my doubt of myself. I had to get matters straight. But I could not get them straight. All night I tossed and turned. And when the next day I learned that Ted had covered for Ron I simply did not know where I or he—or we were at.

"Ted," I asked, "why? I don't understand. Why did you do it?" I was over at Camp, and he and I were walking toward the parade ground, away from the lines of tents. It was warm that day; I remember it so well, warm enough for us to sit down on the grass. We had about half an hour before afternoon inspection. I

kept looking at him, trying to read his thoughts, trying to break through to the old understanding and companionship we had always known. I remembered, apparently for no reason, the day I had fallen when we had been skating over on the Old Pond near Oakhurst, and had cut open my knee, and how Ted had tied it up, and then carried me home. I had been a thin slip of a girl, but he had been strong. Strong? Was this quietness and control strength or lack of deep emotion? I was suddenly angry at him; I wanted something from him which he had never given me, something, perhaps, which he could never give, but which Ron Evans' kisses had made a necessity.

"Ron was with you?" it was hardly a question but I nodded. "I thought so. I didn't want you talked about. You must be more careful, Betty."

"Careful—careful—" I tugged fiercely at a dried clump of grass.

"Can't you ever let yourself go?" "Betty—" there was a new tone in Ted's voice. "I thought I was doing the right thing when I took my chance with the draft—but—oh—I'm not sure of it now—"

I looked at him, his eyes were clouded with worry. He jumped to his feet, and stood, staring at me.

"Jealous?" I couldn't help asking with a smile. Serve you right if you are, I thought, but, no, I did not want to hurt him—not Ted—no—

"Maybe I am." He had stretched his hands toward me just as a bugle sounded. "Darn, I'll have to cut and run." He pulled me to my feet. "This fool army!" he exclaimed as he swung around, and I watched him as he ran across the field, but I knew I had found no answer to the conflict within me.

Yet that evening as I stood before the microphone, and the swing of Ron's band beat up around me, I

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|---|---------------------------------|--|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/> | BLONDE |
| Pale <input type="checkbox"/> | Gray <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Greeny <input type="checkbox"/> | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/> | Peach <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Reddy <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | LASHES <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | If Hair is Gray, Dark Lip above and lower |
| Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | ROSE | |

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

threw up my head with a quick certainty; I was singing to him and for him, and our eyes meeting, bridged the space between us. And when he came to me after the performance I was breathless. Then my heart sank at his first words.

"Bets, I'm being transferred."
"Transferred? Where to? When?"

TO another State—then, maybe, on to California. I'm not quite sure about it. Let's get out of here so we can talk."

We stepped out the side door of the building into the night, mild and clear. He pulled my hand under his arm, and we walked on, slowly.

"If I could only ask you to marry me," he was saying, "and take you with me." His voice was rough edged, urgent. "If we'd met only sooner, I'd never enlisted." He pressed closer to me. "I leave Monday."

"Monday—"

"I've leave for this week end." His voice was low, holding a desperate

soon be gone, and that what I planned to do meant goodbye to Ted as well. Yet all the time I seemed to be waiting, waiting for something to happen, and I was not surprised when on Saturday morning there was a knock on my door, and I heard Ted's voice. I hurriedly pushed my suitcase under the bed, and called: "Come in."

Startled, I stared at him; his face was drawn. He looked as if he had not slept all night.

"What is it, Ted?" I exclaimed.

He stood by the door, just looking at me. Then he crossed the room. Still he did not touch me. "What an idiot I've been. I've just gone on thinking you'd always be here. You were right. We should have married. I might have known some one else would come along and grab you."

"What do you mean?"

"You love Ron Evans, don't you? I've let you slip away from me—"

"Why didn't you do something about it, then?" I cried, my taut nerves finding relief in anger. "You've been pretty disinterested for a man in

his arms, swinging me up from the chair. "I'll say you're lovely—ready?"

I struggled away from him as he stared in surprise.

"No, no, Ron, listen—I'm not going. I can't—it's wrong—"

"What's wrong—" his mouth set; his face changed. I did not like the look on it. Then he smiled. "You don't mean you're afraid?"

I backed farther away from him. "I am not going with you, Ron. I was crazy to say yes. I just can't do it. I'm sorry if you're disappointed—"

"Disappointed!" He repeated the word as if he didn't quite know what it meant. For a moment we faced each other. A tiny, puzzled frown creased his forehead; his eyes grew calculating, and his lips smiled briefly. Then he said easily:

"I don't get it, Bets. . . ."

He took a step forward. "Go away, please!" I begged. "I meant what I said, Ron. It's all my fault—I let you think I'd go with you—I know I was to blame. I'm sorry."

I had no chance to say any more. Laughing, he had rounded the chair and was catching me roughly to him. His lips were hot on my neck, his hands held me powerless. Those kisses burned; they were nauseating. As we struggled I could feel that he had grown really angry. He had hoped that I was only leading him on. Now that hope was gone completely. He thought I was a cheat, and he was furious.

THIS is a fine way to treat me," he muttered, "just when I'm leaving—"

"Leaving for ten days." It was Ted's voice, and I turned with a cry. He came into the room, closing the door behind him. I was conscious of my tumbled hair, my rumpled dress, but I did not care. I was willing that Ted should know the truth. He must know the truth, and then—if he still loved me. . . .

"He told me," I said, and to my surprise I found I spoke calmly, "that he was going to California."

"He lied to you. He's been sent to Camp Dixon for a few days."

"And what business is it of yours, anyway?" Ron's face was ugly. Ted did not answer. He was looking at me. "I came back to tell you, Betty. When you know the truth maybe you'll—"

"Ted—I held out my hands, and he came to me. 'I'm so ashamed. I was a silly, little fool.' Then I faced Ron. 'I don't love you, I never did—oh,' I began to cry and buried my face against Ted's shoulder. I heard him say: 'Get out.' There was the slam of a door, and then Ted picked me up in his arms and carried me over to the couch in the corner, and sat down beside me.

"Don't, dear, don't," he kept saying over and over. "It's all my fault. I wasn't much of a lover was I? But you'll not get away from me again." And his kisses were promises of what the future would hold.

At last I sat up, and we smiled at each other. This was the Ted I had known as a child, who had been my high school friend, and whom I had loved, but he was also a strange, new, exciting Ted, the man I now loved. Our happiness had been saved by such a small margin. But it had been saved; the future was still ours, Ted's and mine, a future in which our love would be very precious to us because once we had all but lost it.



Say Hello To—

JOAN EDWARDS—singing star and pianist, who has her own CBS program, *Girl About Town*, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of 10:30, E.S.T. Joan was born in New York and intended to be a professional pianist. But there weren't many openings for classical pianists, particularly girls, so one of her teachers suggested that she try singing to her own accompaniment. Joan started to study voice, and soon found a job on a Brooklyn station which was the springboard to national success. Besides her CBS series, she is now appearing at one of Broadway's top night clubs, but she still finds time for more music study and for her favorite hobby, writing songs. Joan's dork-haired, brown-eyed, very well dressed.

intensity. "Let's spend it together—just you and I." We were by then in the shadow of the building. He was holding me against him, looking down into my eyes, one hand touching my hair. "Will you, Bets? If war comes, life may be very short for some of us. I love you."

Ron was leaving. He might never come back—if there was a war—But—what was he suggesting? Yet, why should our happiness be taken from us because the world had gone mad? He could not mean that we should—he could not mean that—And with the strange faculty he seemed to possess of reading my thoughts, Ron spoke.

"Don't be frightened, dear. It'll all be just as you say. It's just that nothing should separate us this last weekend—" And when I still hesitated, he said, "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

Afraid? How could I be afraid of Ron? I closed my eyes. Together—alone together—Of course, I trusted him. I let myself sink forward against him, let his arms close around me, and lifted my face for his kisses, as I said: "Yes."

And when I had said, yes, I made myself stop thinking. But a hopeless muddle of emotions pulled me this way and that. It was easy enough for me to leave. I did not have to sing either this Saturday or Sunday, and I told Mrs. Davidson I was to visit friends over the week end. And as a refrain to all I said and did was the aching knowledge that Ron would

love—"

"I know—don't rub it in. I didn't—Lord, what should I have done? I want you to be happy. Betty!" His hands were suddenly hard on my shoulders, his voice was harsh. "Is it too late?" He was kissing me as he had never kissed me before. I backed away, staring at him as if he had been a stranger.

"Ron's leaving," I said in a low voice, "transferred—"

"He told you that?" There was a queer note in Ted's voice.

"Yes." Then I cried: "Go, please go, Ted. I must think—I must." I brushed the hair out of my eyes. What was this emotion within me, fighting on Ted's side? "Ted, please—I must be alone. Come back later."

He moved slowly toward the door. "But, Betty—"

"You only make it harder if you stay. I tell you I've got to be alone." I watched as he went out into the hall, then sank into a chair and buried my face in my hands. And, slowly, something deep within me took control. In spite of the desire for Ron Evans, in spite of the emotions he had called into being, I knew I could not go with him. Perhaps, I had always known it. Love is a strange, deep thing, and the tie between Ted and myself could not be broken. It had needed this shock to bring realization to us. I shivered as I thought of Ron, and wondered just how I could tell him, when the door swung open, and Ron was in the room.

"Hullo, sweetheart." He had me in

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