

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

FEBRUARY

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

"WHY I THREW
LOVE AWAY"
Carol Bruce's
Own Story

GIRL ALONE

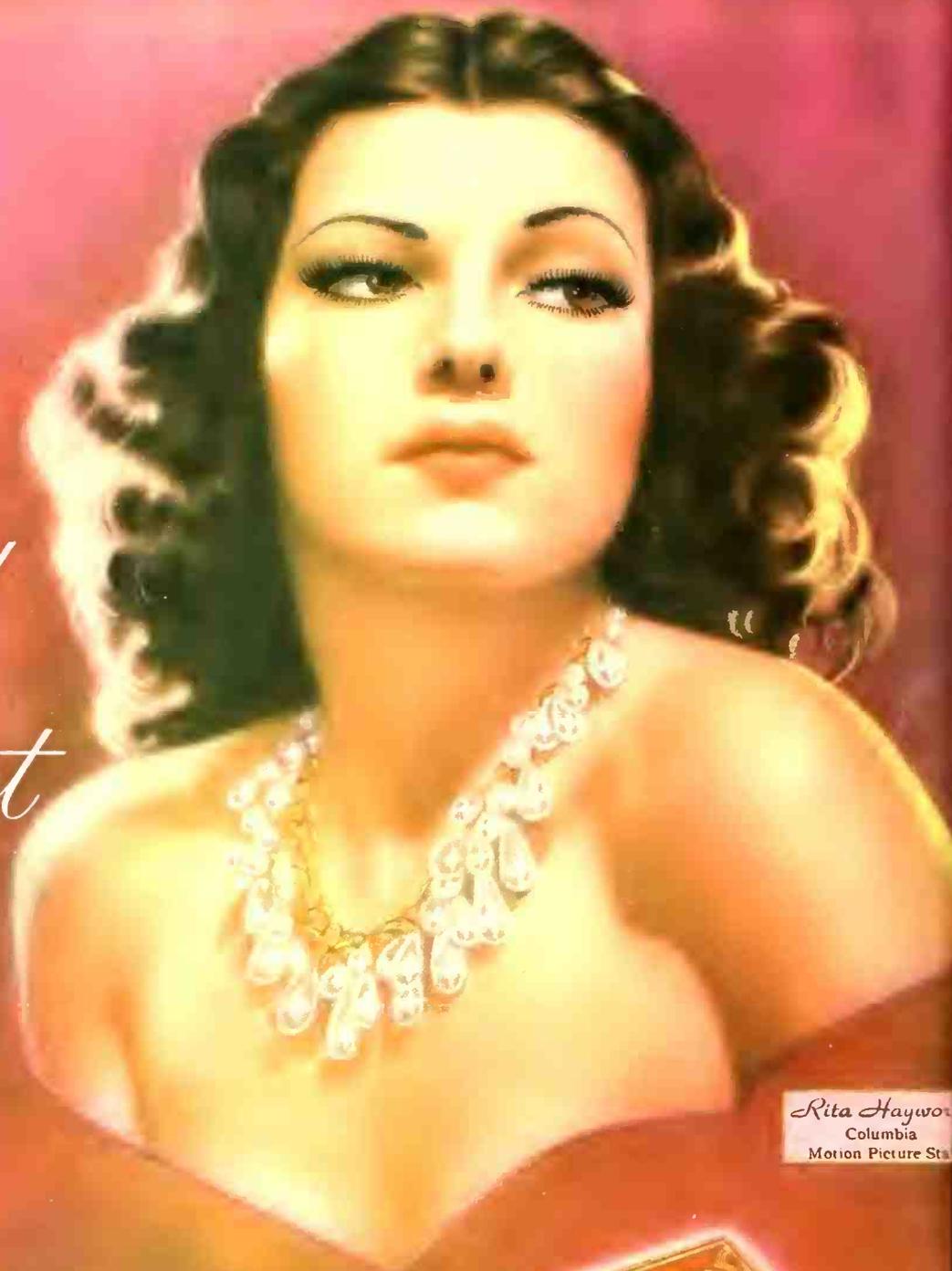
Vivid Radio Drama of a Woman's
Daring Choice Between Money and a Man

LOVE SHY — A RADIO STAR'S STRANGE FEAR

FREE! COMPLETE WORDS and MUSIC of 2 SONGS by GENE AUTRY

Eyes Glow with Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE
DARKENED TO
LONG SWEEPING
LOVELINESS



Rita Hayworth
Columbia
Motion Picture Stars

Bewitching eyes—who can resist their spell! How well Hollywood Beauties realize that eye make-up is all-important . . . that the effect must be soft and lovely . . . and that Maybelline is always flattering — never obvious!

Rita Hayworth subtly accents her exotic brunette charm. She knows that even the duskiest eyelashes fade out lighter at the ends . . . so they need Mascara that goes on divinely and *doesn't smudge off*. As she darkens her lashes to the very tips, she

sweeps them upward with the Mascara brush—to make them look longer, lovelier, more luxuriant. Her expressive brows are tapered gracefully with the famous smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Her eyelids shimmer with a touch of exquisite Eye Shadow.

You can glorify *your* eyes just as easily this very day with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—and be *sure* you get genuine MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids. At Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

Attractive Purse Sizes at All Ten Cent Counters



Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

HE THOUGHT:

“YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!”

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with “Pink Tooth Brush”—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, “Why, she’s the loveliest—the most exciting thing I’ve ever seen in my life! I must meet her at once!”

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, “You’re loveliness itself!” But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.



POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don’t YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning



of “pink tooth brush”! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE “PINK TOOTH BRUSH.” When you see “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist and see him promptly. It may not

mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today’s soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist’s advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—“the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to

aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful tang—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.



WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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ON THE COVER—Carol Bruce

Kodachrome, courtesy of National Broadcasting Company

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

INSPIRING AMERICANISM

NOW that the world is rife with bigotry and intolerance it is refreshing to hear the good AMERICAN WAY of tolerance and broad-mindedness expressed through such serials as *The Goldbergs*, *Life Can Be Beautiful* and *The Guiding Light*. In these serials people of diverse nationalities and creeds are busy living "The Good Life" together and their largeness of spirit is a rebuke to the world of reality.

Escape from reality becomes a beneficial psychological process when we escape to such fictitious yet real people as Molly Goldberg, Papa David Solomon and Dr. John Ruthledge. They inspire us with a philosophy that is as American as the Constitution and as precious as Liberty. It would indeed be a better world if we would all follow Papa David in being prejudiced only against prejudice and intolerant only of intolerance.—Virginia Ellerington, Dumbarton, Va.

SECOND PRIZE

"I'M A WAR NEWS ADDICT"

Here's one of those queer beings—a war news addict. Don't be too hard on us, ye who seek to escape realities!

I'm no ostrich. I am living every inch of this gruesome war (over my radio and in the papers), and while my heart bleeds over such useless destruction and the hatred it is all engendering, I find it a thrilling game when viewed from the diplomatic standpoint.

This is history in the making! And what history! To read of something long past and forgotten by most people, cannot compare with the surging emotions awakened by this experience—turning a page each day in a living drama—the most terrible of all time! Following with intense expectation the diplomatic maneuvering—guessing what next; viewing with amazement the versatility with which the leaders turn and twist the wheels of Fate—like spinning the

(Continued on page 67)

It's always August underneath your arms!



Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer. Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths

can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

FOR CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

FOR SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate *even after* shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

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 January 27, 1941. All submissions became the property of this magazine.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



TO HERSELF:
IT'S WARM DANCING TONIGHT!
BUT UNDERARM ODOR
CAN'T SPOIL MY FUN ...
THANKS TO MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Something to talk about

■ The career of Anne Hummert is as vivid, as dramatic and as exciting as the daily radio dramas she has created

HER hats are small, feminine, usually blue and quite charming; her office, high above Park Avenue, is the reflection of success; her name is Anne Hummert and her importance to you as a radio listener is quite incalculable.

The role she plays in your listening is more important than any actor's, than any director's, than any engineer's in the control room—for Anne Hummert is half of an amazing team that conceived and supervises the writing of over sixty broadcasts a week!

To list a dozen: The Romance of Helen Trent, Our Gal Sunday, Backstage Wife, Young Widder Brown, John's Other Wife, Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, The Album of Familiar Music, Waltz Time, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, Just Plain Bill, Second Husband, Stella Dallas.

In terms of listener surveys, this is a staggering total of somewhere near 20,000,000 radio sets, to which an average of nearly three people a set usually listen.

There is probably not one of you reading this who doesn't tune in one or more of those broadcasts every day and every week. Anne Hummert's career is a romantic success as vivid, as dramatic and as exciting as those radio dramas she has helped to create.

In the very first days of network radio Anne Ashenurst went to work for Frank Hummert and soon they were writing as a team—a team which was responsible for some of the very first radio serial dramas—Betty and Bob, Just Plain Bill, Ma Perkins. It was a team that enjoyed breathless success in an ever widening field—a team that united its personal lives in marriage.

From Sunday through to Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Hummert work in New York, supervising their programs, going to broadcasts, conferring with advertisers, checking with program directors. The last half of the week is usually spent in Connecticut where there is a real home surrounded by an oasis of green lawns in the summer time and hedges of white in the winter. Here the Hummerts guide the destinies of their radio heroes and heroines. Here Brenda Cummings of Second Husband is first fated to fall ill with a high fever that threatens her life, here Helen Trent is first scheduled for a new romance, here is plotted a

new menace to our Gal Sunday's happiness.

And always there is a dream of walking out of New York some day to begin living far from anything to do with the business of radio, in a very small and intimate house that will have been especially built. It will sit high on a blue-capped hill in Virginia, facing out over soft rolling country looking across at a real farm to distant mountains smoky in a warm haze.

Yet dreams seem to have a way of taking second place to such practical demands on the Hummerts as living dramatically as two of radio's most important personalities.

SEVERAL times lately I have seen tentative suggestions made that a general ten cent admission be charged to all radio broadcasts, with the revenue then going to the American Red Cross.

I can't think of a better, an easier, a more welcome way to raise funds for the Red Cross. Radio does so much now with its announcements several times a day urging listeners to join in sending money that the ten cent admission plan seems a logical next step.

It would be little enough to pay for the chance to watch radio's stars in their performances. I hope that the networks will join in making this plan effective soon, for there is an urgent need for relief in this world crisis.

A FEW Sundays ago, William Powell, on the Silver Theater program, gave one of the most ingratiating, amusing performances I've ever chuckled at. His warm, friendly way of clowning is, to me, superb artistry. I recommend that the producers of the Silver Theater demand a return performance.

I think it is also high time that this editorial page offer words of praise to that other CBS Sunday night show that offers such a blend of comedy and drama—Take It or Leave It. Blessed with an exciting idea on which the program is based, it is doubly fortunate that Bob Hawks is the master of ceremonies. Here is a showman for my money who always gives his broadcasts pace, zip, and suspense. Equally important, he is the contestant's friend, helping him as much as he can to answer correctly. Have you gathered that I like Take It or Leave It? I do.

FRED R. SAMMIS



■ The amazing Anne Hummert—author of more than a score of radio shows.

**Joe!...in the
HOSPITAL?...**

why, he only had
the sniffles when
we went dancing
Saturday!



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tis-

sue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!**



Offer good only
in Continental
U. S. A.

**Bargain
Offer!**

TO INTRODUCE
LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT

DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR

75¢ SIZE LISTERINE AND
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
\$1.50 VALUE

BOTH FOR

98¢

At all Drug
Counters, now!



Why I Threw



Carol Bruce, singing star of "Louisiana Purchase," and of the Ben Bernie broadcasts heard Tuesday nights over the NBC network.

Love Away

BY CAROL BRUCE

■ Beautiful, desirable, the toast of Broadway and radio, this new star who is barely twenty-one, tells in her own words, the incredible story of her life and of a love that taught her the truth about herself

SOME day, I thought while the wheels of the train clackety-clacked over the steel rails, I'll have what I've been working for ever since I first went into that little store in Brooklyn and asked for a job. Some day I'll have the music and the spotlight following me around the stage and the sharp thunder of applause coming from the auditorium. I'll have my picture in the papers, and I'll have people wanting to meet me and I'll have dates with men whose names are known around the world.

I'll have all that, I thought, and it won't mean a thing. It won't mean a thing, because to get it I've thrown away my one chance at happiness.

That was two years ago. A great many things can happen to you in two years. You can also learn a good deal, and the things that seemed important to you then don't seem as important now. All the things I predicted have come true in two years. All except one.

I'm singing on Ben Bernie's program over NBC. I'm featured in the Broadway musical hit, "Louisiana Purchase," and my dressing room in the theater is right next-door to Irene Bordoni's. (I used to save my nickels to see her in the movies!) After the evening performance of the show I could have had a job singing in New York's most ultra-ultra night club, except that I simply haven't the time. Next June I'm going to Hollywood to start a new career in the movies, with a contract that promises in black and white to pay me more money than I used to think was in existence. I've had dates with some of the movies' most famous and charming men.

But the part about all this not meaning a thing . . . that didn't

come true. It most emphatically does mean something! Two years ago, coming back to New York in the train from Chicago, I thought I was heartbroken, but time has changed that heartbreak, quite magically, into little more than a sweet memory. Perhaps it's true, as I told myself then, that I'd thrown away my chance at happiness; but there will be another chance. I know it. I can afford to wait, because next time I won't throw it away. . . .

And meanwhile, life is really pretty exciting and wonderful.

You have to know the Carol Bruce of seven years ago to understand the Carol Bruce who said "No" to the man she loved.

Things weren't very easy for me or my family in those days. Until I was twelve, Dad had been reasonably well off, financially, and we lived—Dad and Mother and my kid sister Marilyn and I—in a home of our own on Long Island. Then there was the depression, and Dad's investments were all swept away, and we gave up the house and moved to an apartment in Brooklyn. Dad hunted around for work where there wasn't any, but Mother was luckier. I guess it was luck, anyway. She got a job in a factory.

It did something to me, seeing my mother leaving home every morning to work with her hands in a factory. It hurt me, very deeply. I'd sit at my desk in school, forgetting to study, seeing nothing but Mother bent over her work table, her hands flying, her face tense. Perhaps it wasn't really as bad as I imagined it. Mother said it wasn't. Unlike Dad, who was born in the United States, she'd come here from Russia, and she said she was thankful to live in a place where she could work and earn money.

All I knew was that she came home, every night, completely worn out, and when I was thirteen, going on fourteen, I made up my mind to do something to help her.

After school one afternoon I went downtown, into the business part of Brooklyn, and looked for a job. I had only the vaguest idea of how to go about it. I was afraid of the big department stores where, I'd heard, they made you fill out big long questionnaires and wouldn't hire you unless you'd had lots of experience. And since I was going to have to lie about my age, I wanted to do my lying to someone who might not have as much experience as the personnel manager of a big store.

SO I wandered along the street, and whenever I came to a small shop I'd go in and ask if they could use a salesgirl. Luck was with me, because in about the tenth shop they said they could. I explained that I could work only after three-thirty every day except Saturdays, because I went to school, and the woman that ran the store looked at me sharply.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Seventeen," I said calmly.

It was an easier lie than it sounds, and she believed me. I really did look as if I might be seventeen. I was big for my age, as tall as I am now and I think a little heavier. Mother always let me choose my own clothes, so—as any girl would—I always selected dresses that would make me look older than I was. And besides, this afternoon I'd done some special and quite successful experimenting with powder and lipstick.

I started out at eight dollars a week, which seemed like a fortune to me. (Continued on page 68)

■ They loved each other madly, despairingly, but another love, greedy and demanding, stood between them denying them their right to each other until—

Copyright 1940, Frank and Anne Hummert

PEOPLE who know my work call me Mr. Keen, the Tracer of Lost Persons. Some of them seem to think I am a story book detective, dashing wildly after clues, always getting my man—or woman—no matter how completely he has disappeared, but this highly flattering picture is as lacking in some ways as it is exaggerated in others.

As I see it, finding a missing person is only part of my job; the rest of it is helping him to adjust himself satisfactorily later on—and if this sounds a bit on the moralizing side it's because I believe there is nothing in the world more tragic than people who have happiness at their finger tips and who because of their own blindness and lack of understanding never get it for themselves or for those they love. People, for instance, like Louella Rennselaer, her son Martin and Julie Cobb—the girl he loved.

I met Martin first. I was sitting in my study one night wondering whether to finish the detective story I was reading or go to bed when the door bell rang and a moment later James, my butler, appeared at the study door, only to be shoved aside by a young man who had followed him from the hall. The intruder was tall and dark, well-dressed, good looking even with his face twisted with suffering.

"Mr. Keen," he blurted, "you've got to help me—got to find her before it's too late!"

"Too late for what?" I asked in surprise.

"To find her alive! Mother," his voice broke then he began again. "Mother—she's gone—and if she's dead I've killed her!" He sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. "If anything has happened to her," he moaned, "I'll kill myself."

"Now pull yourself together," I advised. "I'll do everything I can to help you, of course, but I'll have



■ "What are you doing here?" cried Martin. "If you've been telling Mr. Keen anything about Mother—"

to have some facts to work with. I don't even know your name."

"I'm sorry, sir," he made an obvious effort to control himself. "My name is Rennselaer—Martin Rennselaer."

I continued questioning him then and under the strain of his emotion he answered much more frankly than people usually do, giving me a much more intimate glimpse into his life than he realized.

"Occupation?"

"I'm an artist. At least," bitterly,

"that's what Mother and I thought, though Julie seems to think I'm not good for anything but commercial art."

"Who is Julie?" I asked. "Your wife?"

"No!" vehemently. "She's not my wife. That's the trouble. I wanted her to be. I fell in love with her the first time I saw her."

"When was that?"

"About six months ago. I was visiting a friend in the hospital and she was the nurse on the case. I—

LOST—and found

MR. KEEN, RADIO'S FAMOUS TRACER OF LOST PERSONS, PREVENTS A LOVERS' TRAGEDY



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

FEBRUARY, 1941

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Copyright 1942, Frank and Anne Hammer

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FEBRUARY, 1942

well, I fell in love with her right away. She said she loved me too. It took Mother to see that she's really hard and selfish—nobody else would have seen through her. But I wouldn't listen—and now it's too late."

WHY do you keep saying it's too late?" I asked.

"Because—here," handing me a letter he had pulled from his pocket. "Read that."

I opened the letter and read:

"My own darling boy . . . My life is over when you, my only child, no longer need me . . . You mustn't blame yourself . . . You must marry Julie Cobb, since you want to . . . and I pray to heaven she will make you a good wife . . . By the time you get this I shall have found the way out . . . Not much before my time . . . Never blame yourself for this, promise me . . . I love you . . . Mother. . ."

"You see Mr. Keen? She's always been like that."

"No wonder you are so dis-

tressed," I said. "Does your father—"

"He died when I was fifteen," Martin said.

I know that sometimes a mother's reaction to a son's marriage is influenced by money so I asked, "Did you support your mother?"

His answer removed that possibility. "No. She had an income from my father. It wasn't large but she made it do—by scrimping—for both of us; denied herself so that I could be an artist—though I'm not as good as she thought I was. But Julie," he sighed, "kept at me until I got a commercial art job."

"And you and your mother quarreled about that?"

"No. She thought I was making a mistake, but we didn't quarrel—" his voice trailed off and he stared miserably into the coals in the fireplace.

"Something must have happened," I insisted, "or she wouldn't have left."

"Yes. Something did happen. Julie persuaded me that when we were married we'd move into an

apartment of our own, just the two of us. I didn't tell Mother until last night. She didn't say anything—just went off to her own room. She wasn't feeling well this morning so I didn't mention it again. And when I got home tonight from work she wasn't there—only the note."

"I still don't see why that should make her go away," I said. "After all, most sons leave home when they get married."

"But Mother didn't have very long—to live, Mr. Keen. It's her heart," he explained. "It's always been bad."

"So that's it," I said then. "I understand. Isn't it possible, though, that she's just gone to stay with some friend?"

Martin shook his head. "No. I've telephoned everywhere. I called her doctor, but he didn't even know where she was."

"Does Miss—er—," I looked at the letter I still held in my hand, "Miss Cobb know she's gone?"

"She certainly does," he answered angrily. "When I'd given up trying to find Mother I went to Julie's apartment and told her what had happened. We quarreled and I broke our engagement. I hope I never see her again!"

For a moment neither of us spoke, then I said, "It looks as though you've given me a tough job—and I'd better get at it."

Martin took the hint and stood up. "You mean—you'll find Mother—in time—" he asked with the first sign of hope he had shown.

"I'll do my best," I promised.

He seized my hand, tried to speak, then turned and rushed out of the room.

That was a sleepless night for me, and a fruitless one, for none of my efforts—checking hospitals, even morgues—revealed the slightest trace of Mrs. Rennselaer. The situation as I faced it next morning looked hopeless. More as a matter of routine than because I expected much help I decided to see Julie Cobb. I looked up her address in the nurses' registry in my office and at eight o'clock I went to her apartment, a small one inexpensively though attractively furnished, shining and clean even at that early hour.

Julie Cobb was an independent and determined young woman if I could tell anything from her firm little chin, but I could understand how Martin might overlook its significance when lost in the beauty of her soft brown eyes.

"I'm surprised that Martin sent you to me," she said when I explained my visit. "When he left last night (Continued on page 61)

■ "Wouldn't it be much nicer to knit for a baby you could see?" I suggested. "A baby who was very close to you? For Martin's baby?"





Listen to the entrancing performances of Alec Templeton, Friday nights over NBC network.

The WOMAN HE ADORES

■ Her name is Julie. The man who loves her is Alec Templeton. And he does not need to see to know her true beauty is her great understanding
By FRANCIS CHASE, JR.

WHEN I called upon the Alec Templetons shortly after their marriage, I found Alec working at the piano. His fingers, slender and sure, moved deftly up and down the keyboard. "It's a new symphony," he explained. "I'm doing so much work, now. Suddenly there are so many things to compose—fine things, serious things, beautiful things, and so little time to do them in."

There was something different about this amazing man. Alec had always been one of the miracles of radio and music to me. The first time I met him, I had the feeling that he knew what was happening in the room as well—or better—than I despite the fact that he was unable to see. But now, there was something in his face, in his whole manner that was new and puzzling.

"For the first time," he went on, "I have an inspiration that is deep and fine and real, an inspiration that makes me want to produce great music—the greatest music

that has ever been written. I have someone to share my feelings about things and to inspire me to greater things. I'm inspired by the sheer joy of living!"

Suddenly, I knew what was different about him. He was a man with a purpose, for he was a man in love!

"It's like—well, it's like suddenly being set free to have everything that you love around you. There's just nothing to worry about."

The name of the woman he loves is Julie—her name was Juliette Valiani before her marriage to Alec. She's older than Alec. Alec is thirty

and Julie is thirty-eight, and her hair is a dark and rich auburn, her eyes, clear and blue and laughing. From the moment she entered the room, Alec seemed more sure of himself. Understanding, like a live spark, leaped from one to the other and filled the bright room. Later, Julie told me that it was always like that with people who share deep experiences like music or life . . . or love.

You see, Julie has a theory about marriage which was perhaps born of experience and of the later rich companionship she and Alec have shared over the two years which preceded their marriage.

"Successful marriage—I mean happy marriage—is built on experiences shared by husband and wife," Julie said. "It's not just sharing experiences, but exchanging experiences as well. If Alec can see through my eyes, then I know that he will give back to me in beautiful melody all that I can convey to him (Continued on page 84)

Girl Alone

■ Presenting, as a vivid novel you'll long remember, the entire story of a favorite radio broadcast, with pictures of the cast you have come to love. Read the drama of lovely Pat Rogers, who dared to choose between wealth and the man she loved

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National Broadcasting Co.



■ "It's no use, Pats," he said. "I've made it impossible for you to sacrifice yourself. Stormy and I were married just an hour ago."



THE LITTLE house was very quiet; it seemed to be waiting, even as Patricia Ryan was waiting, as she stood at a window and looked out into the hot sunshine of that summer afternoon. So much depended on what would happen within the next few hours when she told Scoop—what she had to tell him. A swelling desire to escape the decision was nagging at her, tempting her to let matters drift, not to say anything. Her long, slender fingers tapped nervously against the wire of the screen, as she realized with sudden panic, that she had little or no understanding of the man she loved. She could not foresee his reactions, or judge what his decision might be.

The warm color crept into her face, and a tender smile touched her lips. Images of the two years during which she and Scoop had known each other came crowding into her mind in happy confusion; memories of these past months since they had come to Phoenix to work on the *News Gazette* when Scoop's friend, Ty DeYhoe had bought the paper—back, back to their first meeting in Chicago when she had been secretary to John Knight. Pat stopped her nervous tapping, and was very still: wherever her thoughts wandered, whatever her memories, she was brought up against the secret which she had kept hidden. But John Knight had discovered that secret, and it had spoiled what she had believed to have been their love. She knew now that what she had felt for John had been something quite different: love was the surging sweetness, the response of her whole being, the need for Scoop.

"I must go through with it," she told herself, "I can't let Scoop marry me believing I'm Patricia Ryan. He won't stop loving me because I'm Patricia Rogers with a fortune I hate; of course, he won't. He'll like me more working for my living so I could find real happiness, and not playing around with the millions Dad left me—Dad would have understood—"

Yes, Pat thought, her father had realized that the money he had piled up, and piled up had not brought him happiness, or even peace. She closed her eyes; she could see again the gardens, the sweeping lawns of the Rogers' estate on Long Island, her father in his wheel chair. He had known so well he would not be with her

much longer. He'd been so ill.

"Pat, my dear," he had said, and his eyes had held a very real trouble, "I've made so many blunders in my life. It wouldn't matter about me, but I haven't done the right thing by you. I thought money would solve all the problems in life, but it doesn't; it only shuts us away from others—we're never in touch with reality. We can't even tell whether someone loves us, or is just using us. And, that, my dear, that's bitter medicine to take. It's a terrible, corroding doubt. I wish I could spare you that."

And she had tried to comfort him, she had tried to convince him she had been happy. She could not let him know how miserable she had always been, how her money had driven other children away. "Rich-kid, rich-kid" had been flung in her face. But he had known; he had faced the same, bitter isolation. And when he had died, it had been the determination to break through the terrible barrier between her and others, which had made her turn her back on the fortune which was hers. With a letter of introduction from her guardian she had come to Chicago to work in the office of John Knight. Then her guardian had died, and had appointed Knight trustee of the estate—and she had been faced by a very angry young man.

"Oh, yes," he had exclaimed, his voice bitter, his face white, "it was only a game with you, you thought it fun to play me along. You're nothing but a spoiled brat of a rich girl who could run back into the security of her money at any time. Why didn't you tell me at once, when you first knew I loved you? That would have been the honest and decent thing to have done!"

And she had been unable to make him understand it had been fear which had kept her silent. She could not make him see how she had been waiting, longing for some one to love her for herself alone. But, and there was a warm satisfaction in this thought, her attempts had not been all futile. She had experienced the sweetness of friendship. The two girls, Virginia Hargesty and Alice Warner, who, at a different time had shared her apartment in Chicago, and who now lived with her in this little house in Phoenix, had brought her something real, true and lasting which she would never have known if she had remained Patricia Rogers. She

The novel presented here is the story of the *Girl Alone* radio serial by Fayette Krum, heard Monday through Friday at 5:00 P.M., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Quaker Oats and Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Tune in this exciting, romantic drama.

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■ Love was the surging sweetness, the response of Pat's whole being, the need for Scoop with his ready laughter.

had been able to meet them on their own ground, and in so doing had proved she could be liked because there was that in her which called forth their affection. This, in itself, had made her experiment worth while.

And Scoop with his ready laughter, his level eyes, his devil-may-care attitude would surely realize that for which she had been struggling. If only he would hurry! It was getting late, and Jack would be home from school. She smiled a little bitterly: even when she had taken in the child of a friend who had died, she had appeared in a false light. Everyone had thought she had been so brave to take on this added responsibility with her limited means. But now, at last, she would be on firm ground; be absolutely honest with the one person with whom it mattered.

Yet, as she heard quick steps on the porch, Pat felt her throat tighten, and found she could not answer as Scoop called her name.

"Hy, Pats," and he was in the room, and she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers; "what's all the mystery? What's back of that cryptic message you left at the office?"

Pat waited, resting her head against his shoulder, aware of his closeness, shutting away for the minute the fact that there was any problem. Then she drew his face down to hers, and pressed her cheek against it.

"Why so quiet, Pat?" he was asking.

She felt a sudden, urgent need to be reassured.

"You do love me, really, don't you?" she whispered, and her hand caught his tightly.

"Hey—" he began, but her expression stopped him. For a minute there was silence between them, and, then, somehow, she found the words she needed.

"I'm not—I'm not Pat Ryan," she fumbled; "I'm not a reporter." It was so much harder than it should have been. Why should it be difficult to tell someone that you were rich? "I'm—I'm an heiress, Scoop—I'm Patricia Rogers."

She hesitated, waiting—for what? An angry outburst, or sudden laughter? But Scoop was silent, and only the warm, loving sympathy in his eyes told her he was listening.

"I'm telling this stupidly, but it's the best I can do. A man loved me once, but when he found out who I was, he ran from me—just as everyone stops being natural and friendly if I let them know I have money.

"When father died, I went on my own, found real friends, tried to make good just as I was. Then I met you, fell in love with you—" She paused again, and pressed, trembling, into Scoop's arms. She was suddenly afraid: why didn't he say something? Tears were on her cheeks.

"Pats, darling," Scoop whispered, "crying won't help, and besides, what is there to cry about?"

Pat pushed herself away from him, and met his steady gaze.

"You mean—" she couldn't finish the sentence.

"I mean I'm in love with you. Even if my head is whirling. Who'd ever thought James Curtis would end up with an heiress!"

"Don't joke," she pleaded.

"What else is there to do?" Scoop asked. "One just can't take so much money seriously." He shook his head, and straightened his shoulders. "I suppose I'll believe it some day." He looked down into her flushed face, and drew her to him, smoothing her hair. "Patricia Rogers—it doesn't seem real—"

Her slender fingers stole up and pressed his lips.

"Hush, that's our secret, dear, yours and mine." She sighed. "I'm glad I told you—I'm glad it's over with."

"Don't expect me to be coherent for awhile." Scoop smiled, and rose to his feet. "I've got to get back. They yelled murder when I ran out on them at the office."

"You do love me—it doesn't make any difference?" Pat still pleaded, her hand on his arm.

Scoop bent and kissed the tip of her nose.

"Ryan or Rogers, you're still the Pats I'm going to love and honor day after tomorrow."

He stooped for a last, lingering kiss, and then was gone. Pat stood perfectly still for a minute, pressing her hands to her eyes. She was trembling; she had not known she had been so fearful of what might happen. Then she flung her arms wide with a sudden, joyful gesture. Slowly she began whirling around the room, gliding from one dance step into another; the relief she felt demanded motion, action. Just two days, and so much to do! She flung herself into a chair, her eyes bright and eager. Everything must be perfect—the wedding, the honeymoon. She laughed as she thought of the frantic pleading, the arguments they had had to use to get even four days' leave from the newspaper; all the more reason for her to arrange every detail of the precious hours when they would be together—alone. Scoop would never plan anything more than two minutes ahead; so it was up to her.

Pat caught up her hat, and started for town, her

head whirling with all the things which must be attended to—her dress—flowers for the judge's living room. She would not admit to the tiny regret she felt because Scoop had refused to be married in a church; it was such a small thing after the way he had taken the revelation of her real identity. She forced herself into a slower walk as she arranged her ideas.

"If I don't get things in order, everything will be as helter-skelter as if Scoop had done it. First I'll rent the car so we'll surely have it to take us to Denver."

But at the show window she stopped, her eyes lingering on the beautiful, new, sleek automobiles. She saw the salesman come toward her, saying, in an unconcerned manner:

"We're practically giving those away, Miss Ryan. Got orders to close out every one of them. New models in next week."

Pat caught her breath: why not—why not—yes, why not buy one as her wedding present to Scoop!

"Yes," she whispered to herself and the daring of her action seemed to break the bondage which she had imposed upon herself for so long. She felt freedom, like a wave, breaking over her.

The shops were next. Shoes which were smart but comfortable—dress, hat, purse, and then to the florist. With sudden dismay Pat remembered that this was the tourist season, and no reservations had been made for them at the hotel in Denver. She hurried across the street, and telegraphed the Ritz.

"Now," Pat thought, as she came out into the late afternoon sunshine, "I must run along home and change if I'm to be on time to meet Scoop for dinner."

But at the corner of the street she hesitated, and a tender smile curved her lips as she had a sudden vision of Scoop in his old, gray, crumpled coat and trousers.

"It'll never enter his head to buy anything new. I'll just order a suit for him, and save him the bother. It's lucky I thought of it in time. What fun this all is. I didn't know I could be so happy."

Yes, Pat thought, I'm really happy for the first time in my life. And, the next morning, as she waited impatiently on the steps of the porch for Scoop to drop by, the very sunshine seemed to reflect her joy. Her eyes were filled with anticipation as they rested on the new coupe, standing by the curb, glittering with an amazing brilliance. She watched as Scoop came down the road, stopped and looked over the car, and then turned up the path toward her. She could hardly keep quiet.

"Some car!" he exclaimed, glancing back toward it; "wonder who's the lucky owner?"

"Us!" Pat laughed the reply.

"What? Have you gone daffy?"

"For our trip—isn't it perfect?"

"It's perfect, all right. But are we supposed to pay for it with buttons?" Scoop's voice was incredulous.

Pat glanced at him quickly.

"Scoop, I—I bought it myself." This wasn't going just as she had expected. "As a wedding present for—" she caught back the word, "you", just in time.

"Oh—I forgot. Guess it hadn't sunk in, you really being the Rogers gal. But look here, Pats, I'm the one who wears the pants in this family. And when new cars are to be bought, I'm going to do the buying."

"Oh, Scoop, of course. But, just this once? It's my wedding present—don't you understand, dear? A girl has a right to make the man she loves a present,



■ "Heiress or beggar girl," he had told her, "Pat Ryan or Pat Rogers, you're still the girl I'm going to marry."

especially if it makes her so happy."

Scoop's eyes rested on Pat's flushed face, her eager eyes. His hand went out and caught hers.

"Oh, all right, Pitter-Pat, if it makes you happy."

Pat sighed, and laughed, and drew close to him as they went up the steps. The telephone started to ring as they opened the door, and Scoop caught up the receiver with a quick:

"I'll take it."

He listened, muttered something, then turned toward her with a dazed expression on his face.

"Holy smoke, Pat, did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"That was the telegraph office, with a wire from Denver. Did you reserve a suite at the Ritz?"

Pat nodded; somehow, suddenly there were no words to explain.

"My girl, we don't earn enough in a month to pay a bill there for a week—have you gone completely nutty?"

Pat stood quiet for a minute. She realized with a feeling of consternation how thoughtless she had been. Scoop was angry. She had never seen him look just like this before.

"Scoop, I'm sorry—I should have known—"

"Yes, you should," he turned away with a gesture of annoyance. "And all this has got to stop. Enough is enough. It mayn't seem much to you, but it means

a lot to me. I'm not the kind of a guy whose wife runs around paying the bills—"

"My dear," Pat cried in a desperate, little voice; she just couldn't let him go on using that tone toward her: "I was silly. I didn't think—"

"But, you've got to think, Pats. How else will we get along?"

"I know—I won't do it again. Oh, please, Scoop, try and understand," she pleaded. "I'm awfully sorry." She put her hand on his arm. "We mustn't quarrel—now. Please forgive me. It won't happen again."

"But I meant what I said." He hesitated, then kissed her. But the old happy intimacy had not been restored. "I'll see you later," he said, and turned abruptly, and was out of the house before she could say anything more.

Pat sank into a chair. She longed to put her head down on her arms and cry. There was no way to recapture the wonder she had felt, the joy which had passed so quickly. But she shook herself out of the feeling of depression, and turned to her packing, determined not to think about it. And a night's rest helped her to forget. Her spirits soared again as she responded to the

gay chatter of Alice and Virginia as they insisted upon cooking her breakfast and serving it in state this last morning in her little home.

Her bags were packed. Alice stood behind her where she sat at her dressing table, with hat poised over her dark hair, and Virginia was suggesting a bit more lipstick, when the door bell rang sharply. Jack came running up the stairs.

"From the office, Pat," he cried; "from Scoop."

From Scoop! Pat tore the envelope open with eager fingers, then read, and read again, the one line written there.

"Sorry, Pat, it just wouldn't work. Scoop."

The paper crumpled in her fingers.

"Scoop!" Pat was down the stairs, out of the house, and running along the street toward Scoop's room, before Alice or Virginia could question her. "Oh, Scoop," she cried to herself, as she ran, her breath coming in painful, jagged sobs, "why? What did I do?" And then, as she stopped running for a moment and her sobs softened to tears, she was sure she knew. The suit! The suit she had ordered for Scoop so unwittingly two days ago, so that he would look nice at his own wedding! It had seemed so right then,

■ In that quiet room, Pat cried, "Scoop, I've lost you! Why did you misunderstand me so?"

but now—after Scoop's anger yesterday?

Pat began to run again. If that was it, she would make him understand. Why hadn't she realized? She should have known, should have called the store and stopped them from sending the suit out.

The door of his room was unlocked, and she pushed it open. There was no one there, but across the bed lay the suit she had ordered to be sent to him. Standing in that silent room, Pat realized with sudden clarity how this last thoughtless act must have struck him. With a low cry she sank on the bed.

"I've lost him—he's gone. Oh, my dear, why did you misunderstand? I only wanted you to look nice on your wedding day. I'd have done it whether I was Patricia Rogers, or Pat Ryan. Scoop, you crazy, stubborn fool—"

And she sank forward as the hot tears forced themselves under her closed eyelids.

At last, Pat raised her head; her eyes were swollen, her head ached, she was weary, exhausted. She understood, only too well. The car, the hotel, and then, the suit—now, when it was too late she realized how they had brought home to Scoop the fact that he was marrying a girl with millions; a girl who hadn't stopped to think. She saw so clearly how her thoughtless happiness had made her insensitive to his possible reactions.

Slowly she dragged herself to her feet; she must find him somehow. He was the only real love she would ever know in this world, and her money and her work and everything else were but dust in her eyes without him.

Though Pat often lost courage in the days that followed, she clung doggedly to her faith that somehow, somewhere she would meet Scoop. She asked for no sympathy, she refused to talk. Let others think what they will, she said to herself, lying restless on her lonely bed through the hot nights, I was to blame. Scoop will surely go to some newspaper, and I will hear of it, he will not drop out entirely from the life of all his friends. I will wait. I will find him, and I will tell him why I acted as I did, he will understand.

And, then, one hot summer morning, as Pat forced herself to her work in her cubby hole of an office at the *News Gazette*, she heard a sound, and saw a girl standing at her door: a slim, vibrant girl, dressed in slacks and a pull over sweater. She came forward, smiling, and Pat noticed how she moved with a swift coordinated ease.

"Miss (Continued on page 79)



Yes, Please, Mr. Benny

■ An intimate glimpse into the life of Dennis Day, the charming young man whose beautiful voice entrances you every Sunday evening

By CHARLES PALMER

THREE thousand miles away the McNultys were entertaining in their home in the Bronx. Proud they were, and you'd expect it. His mother was crying, with no shame, and you could tell his father's heart was pretty full. Dennis was pretty full-up himself when he came out of that telephone booth.

You'd like Dennis Day as much as his parents do. The boy's of average height, five feet nine, and slight. No doubt of his race, with his black hair, bushy black brows, clear skin, strong nose, black eyes, and that long upper lip of the Irish. He has good teeth, which you see a lot, because he grins quickly and often. He's eager, enthusiastic, curious about everything and friendly as a pup. His pet expletive is "Gee," and he always calls Jack Benny "Misther Benny," with just the faintest touch of the brogue.

You like his singing already. Well into his second year on the Jack Benny program as its singing star and naive object of the cast's jokes, Dennis is pretty much a favorite these Sunday nights in American homes.

Dennis Day is a nice kid.

Naturally enough, for the McNultys to whom he was born in the Bronx twenty-two years ago gave him, along with his sister and four brothers, a good old-fashioned bringing up. Strict, but jolly too. I asked him about his father, and the words tumbled over each other.

"Oh, Dad's a swell guy. We



■ Dennis Day, whose greatest love is Mother McNulty, has seen his dreams come true on the Jack Benny program, on NBC-Red.

have a lot of fun together." Ask him about his Mother, and he just beams and gropes around for words.

Though New York is a big city, the McNultys lived a neighborhood life, finding their pleasure and their friends among their neighbors in the parish. Mrs. McNulty plays an accordion and knows all the tunes. Dennis and his sister used to dance the reels and jigs, and sometimes even did them in costume around at the parish affairs.

He was a boy soprano, and was a soloist in the choir at St. Patrick's Cathedral. After his voice began to change he did no singing until he was sixteen, and then began to sing again at parish entertainments.

It was planned that Dennis was to become a criminal lawyer. He went through parochial school and Cathedral High, and graduated from Manhattan College two years ago. If you spent your Saturdays or Sundays (*Continued on page 78*)



■ Horrified, I scarcely had time to take in the meaning of Tom's announcement before he was leading me onto the stage.

I SAT alone in the little ante-room that opened off Mrs. Bridger's "main studio." Through the half-opened door I could hear Mona Reese singing, not very well, the "Caro Nome." She finished, and there was the well-bred patter of gloved hands before she started her next number.

I put my own two hands together, to stop their trembling. They were hot and damp. My

throat felt as if someone had put a string around it and were slowly pulling it tight. I didn't have to look at the printed program on the table to know who was to sing the next numbers after Mona. Ardith Mason. That was I, Ardith Mason, contralto. And I knew I couldn't do it.

It wasn't that I hadn't tried. This was Mrs. Bridger's annual recital, and I'd sworn that this time I

wouldn't fail my teacher. I'd told myself there was nothing, absolutely nothing at all, to be afraid of. Those people in the audience were all kind—they must be, or they wouldn't clap so nicely for poor Mona. They wouldn't eat me; they wouldn't throw things, or boo or hiss. On the contrary, if I could only sing for them as I sang for Mrs. Bridger in the privacy of her practice room, they'd applaud and

Love Shy

■ All her life she had lived in a world of unreasoning fear. Then one night love and terror were blended in a startling solution of her obsession



thing, out on that platform; confronted by that sea of faces—white, expressionless, many-eyed, many-eared. I might scream, or faint, or forget every note of my song, or my knees might give way under me and bring me sobbing to the floor. Or—perhaps worst of all—I might only stand there, rooted, immobile, like an animal hypnotized by the glittering stare of a snake.

I stood up. The white, frothy skirts of my gown swirled about my legs as I ran to the far door of the room—the door away from that leading into the studio. Poor Mother—she had worked so hard to make that lovely dress, and she was out there now, waiting to hear me. She would be so bitterly disappointed. So would Mrs. Bridger. But it was no use. I couldn't face it.

As I ran out into the hall, down the stairs to the street, I began to cry. They were the tears of my own disappointment, of anger, of humiliation.

It was no new thing. All my life I had loved to sing; making music had been part of me. But also, all my life, I had had an unreasoning, instinctive terror of people. I even hated to meet them for the first time. It was torture for me; I blushed, and stammered, and felt awkward and inept. I could barely get through the ordeal. Each time it left me exhausted, almost ill.

Meeting people individually was bad enough. Meeting them in crowds was unthinkable. I, a singer, had never sung in public. That was the simple truth. I had never dared.

I could not understand it myself. If I had been homely, there might have been a logical explanation, but I was not. I had studied myself in the mirror often enough to know that, if I wasn't beautiful, I was at least pretty. My eyes, dark brown,

contrasted startlingly with my pale gold hair. I knew how to dress, how to use cosmetics; I'd taught myself that, hoping thus to bolster my own self-assurance. It hadn't worked.

I shut myself up in my room before Mother returned, and cried myself to sleep, that night of Mrs. Bridger's recital. The next morning I crept into the living room of our apartment, hating to face my mother. I might have known she'd understand. She kissed me, and said Mrs. Bridger had announced I was ill.

"I was so frightened, Mother," I said. "I couldn't have sung."

She tried to be cheerful as she put my orange juice and toast and coffee on the table. But she didn't quite succeed, and I felt terribly ashamed of myself. I knew well enough how great a sacrifice it had been for her to pay for my vocal lessons out of the little bit of money Father left when he died. And now, if those lessons weren't to lead to anything . . .

Seeing Mrs. Bridger, later that morning, was even worse. She was a big, imposing woman with a forbidding manner and a kind heart, and she frankly said she thought I was a silly girl.

"Every artist has a little bit of the exhibitionist in him," she said. "If you haven't that, Ardith, you aren't an artist, in spite of your voice. Which, incidentally, is one of the best I've ever heard."

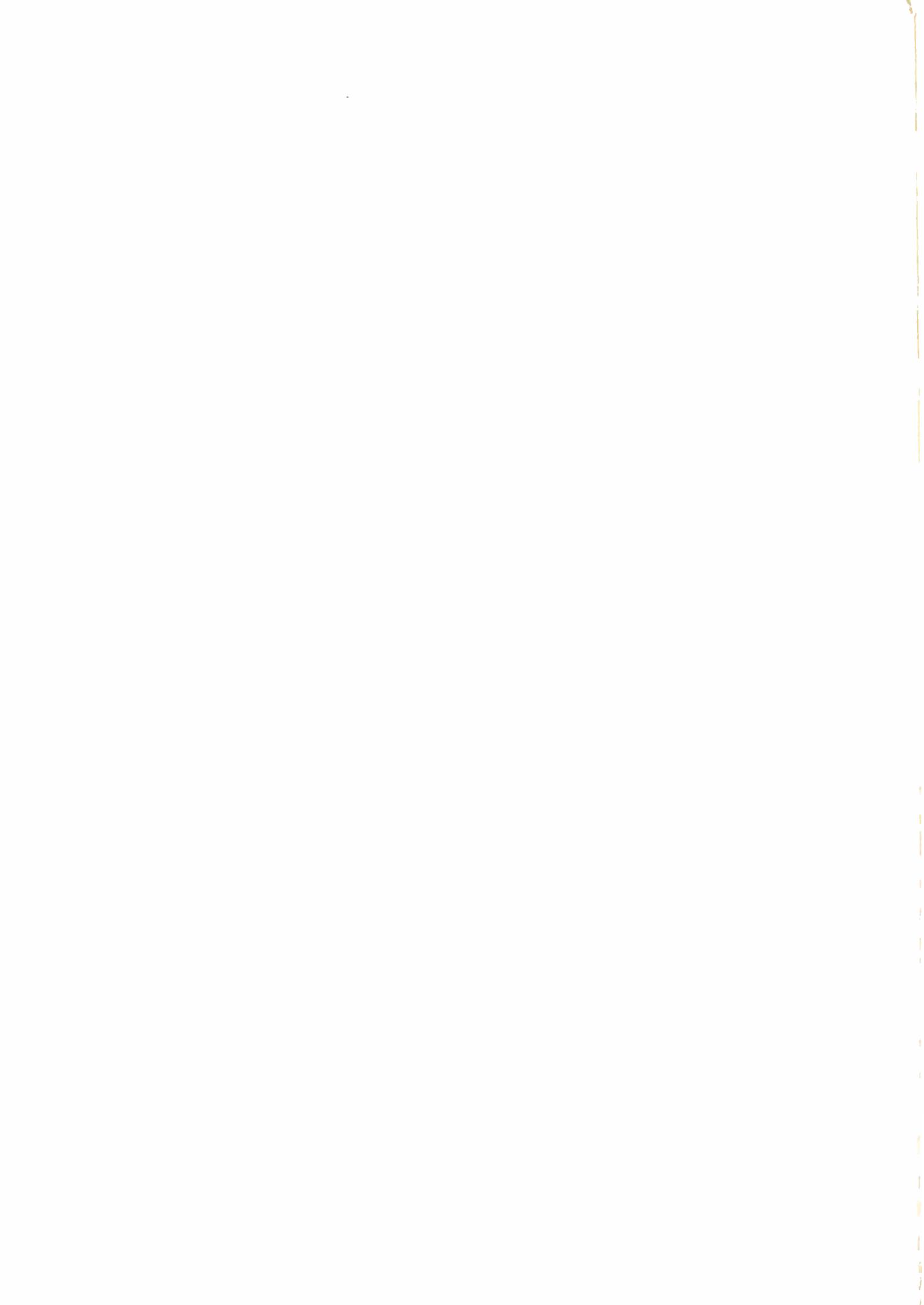
I suppose praise like that was intended to help me. Instead, it only embarrassed me. I blushed, and said nothing, and we began the lesson.

It went well, as most of my lessons did, and at the end of the half-hour, Mrs. Bridger nodded approvingly.

"Very good," she said. Then, raising her voice: "Mr. Arnell!"

applaud. But still—all the arguing in the world wouldn't change matters. *I just could not face them!*

I wasn't unsure of my ability as a singer. I knew I was Mrs. Bridger's best pupil; I knew my voice was clear and true and rich. But the thought of all those people watching me, their attention pressing close upon me like something physical, brought me a terror that was sheerest agony. I might do any-





■ Horrified, I scarcely had time to take in the meaning of Tom's announcement before he was leading me onto the stage.

Love Sky

■ All her life she had lived in a world of unreasoning fear. Then one night love and terror were blended in a startling solution of her obsession

thing, out on that platform, confronted by that sea of faces—white, expressionless, many-eyed, many-eared. I might scream, or faint, or forget every note of my song, or my knees might give way under me and bring me sobbing to the floor. Or—perhaps worst of all—I might only stand there, rooted, immobile, like an animal hypnotized by the glittering stare of a snake.

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SAT alone in the little anteroom that opened off Mrs. Bridger's "main studio." Through the half-opened door I could hear Mona Reese singing, not very well, the "Caro Nome." She finished, and there was the well-bred patter of gloved hands before she started her next number.

I put my own two hands together, to stop their trembling. They were hot and damp. My

throat felt as if someone had put a string around it and were slowly pulling it tight. I didn't have to look at the printed program on the table to know who was to sing the next numbers after Mona. Ardith Mason. That was I, Ardith Mason, contralto. And I knew I couldn't do it.

It wasn't that I hadn't tried. This was Mrs. Bridger's annual recital, and I'd sworn that this time I

wouldn't fail my teacher. I'd told myself there was nothing, absolutely nothing at all, to be afraid of. Those people in the audience were all kind—they must be, or they wouldn't clap so nicely for poor Mona. They wouldn't eat me; they wouldn't throw things, or boo or hiss. On the contrary, if I could only sing for them as I sang for Mrs. Bridger in the privacy of her practice room, they'd applaud and

A middle-aged man with a red face and bushy white hair came out of the room next to the practice-room. He rushed over to me and took both my hands in his.

"Beautiful, Miss Mason," he said. "Beautiful! You have the voice! It is exquisite!"

I shrank away, my old fear gripping me horribly. I could scarcely acknowledge Mrs. Bridger's introduction. But slowly, as they talked and I listened, I began to understand.

Mr. Arnell was the musical di-

rector of a coast-to-coast radio program. He was an old friend of Mrs. Bridger's, and he was looking for a singer to star on a new program he was arranging. In me, he thought he had found that singer.

"I understand your—your shyness," he told me. "It is temperament—the mark of the artist. Very well. Good. In radio, it does not matter. There will be no audience, only a little, innocent black microphone. You will sing for it, and for me, and you will not be frightened!"

And then, as he went on, carrying

"You don't understand!" I cried. I couldn't bear to have him think his touch was repellent to me—

me away on the tide of his enthusiasm, I began to hope. This *was* the answer to everything. In radio, I could be a success. I could make music for others without ever coming into contact with them. And I *would not be afraid!* Strangely, even the thought of the microphone did not terrify me. It was too impersonal, and although it was the symbol of millions of listening ears, they were all too far away. They would not bother me, I knew.

Of course, in the days that followed, there were difficult, agonizing moments. Mr. Arnell spared me as much as he could, but there were a few people I absolutely had to meet—the sponsor, some men from the advertising agency, the musical arranger. I felt at times as if I were the center of a whirlpool of people, being spun in a dizzy circle by their intrusive thoughts and desires. Yet I know now that my introduction to radio was accomplished much more quietly than that of most singers. I met the sponsor, but only socially and after I had sung for him, in a little studio with the orchestra, into a microphone that carried my voice to him in another part of the building.

Mr. Arnell, with true showman's instinct, even made an asset of my greatest liability. After the contracts had been signed, while we were preparing for our first program, I discovered that he was sending out publicity about me, telling everyone how shy I was, how I hated to meet people, how I refused to have an audience in the studio.

I remonstrated, weakly. "I hate being like I am," I said. "I wish we didn't have to tell other people about it."

He beamed and patted me on the shoulder. "Good publicity, my dear. When you've been in the entertainment business as long as I have you'll know how valuable anything is that sets you apart from others in the public's mind."

With that I had to be satisfied—and truthfully, it didn't matter very much to me, as long as I was protected from all the many contacts radio performers must usually make.

Once the program started, and I read the favorable comments about myself the critics made, I was happier than I had ever been. I was doing what I loved to do most—singing. And I was moving in a little, compact world of few people. That was all I asked of life.

It was Tom Foran who swept me out of that little world.

He joined my program about three months after the first broad-



cast. The sponsor hadn't been very well satisfied with our announcer, and finally he was dismissed and Tom was hired to take his place. The sponsor was evidently taking no chances this time, because Tom was the most popular and highest-priced announcer in radio.

HE was so sure of himself! We didn't meet until after the first broadcast, but before that I watched him at the microphone and around the studio—smiling, moving with self-confident grace, always ready with a remark that brought quick grins to the faces of the men in the orchestra. He was handsome, in a dark, Irish way, but you knew at once that his good looks had nothing to do with his poise, because that poise came from within—from some innate assurance that all the world was his friend.

The way he came over to me after the broadcast, blandly ignoring the studio rule that I was not to be approached by anyone except Mr. Arnell, was typical.

"Miss Mason," he said, "I just wanted to tell you how beautiful you sang. As beautifully as you looked, and that's saying a great deal."

I managed to murmur my thanks, and he smiled quickly and left me. I scarcely had time to be afraid of him.

The following week, at rehearsal, I was conscious of his eyes, admiring and friendly, watching me as I sang, and afterwards he made it a point to see me and say a few casual words. So it went on for several weeks, until I was no longer conscious of any strangeness with him. He had become one of the few people I accepted as a friend—but he had done so without putting me through my usual agony of getting acquainted.

Then he asked me to go with him to dinner and a theater. Old habit made me say, I suppose a little primly:

"Thank you—but I never go out. I—I'm awfully sorry."

"I've heard that you didn't," he said with an unabashed smile, "but won't you make an exception, if I really beg you to? We needn't go to the theater, if you'd rather stay away from crowds."

"No, I—" And there I stopped, because I suddenly realized I'd been speaking without thinking. I really did want to go out with him. I really did want to know him better.

"All right," I said. "I'd love to. And I think maybe I would like it better if we didn't go to the theater."

He didn't show any surprise at my abrupt change of mind. "That'll be grand. I know a nice quiet place, with wonderful food. Tomorrow night—around seven?"

After he'd left me I felt a wild elation, mixed with terror. And still—it was a pleasurable sort of terror. I *did* like him, I admitted to myself. His mere presence touched something in me that I had always thought did not exist. I had never been drawn to a man before. I had never even wanted to go out with one. Now I wanted to—and feared to, at the same time.

This mixture of delight and apprehension lasted all the rest of that day, and all the next, until the moment when Tom called at the apartment. I chose dresses and discarded them and chose them all over again, and finally settled on the one I had selected first—a simple gray crepe that I had worn at my first broadcast. I think Mother was exhausted, helping me, by the time the doorbell rang.

And then, as Tom and I rode downtown in a cab, suddenly I was not nervous any more. He was so natural, so quick to put me at ease, that I began to look forward to our evening together with real pleasure. At the restaurant, a quiet one on a side street, he ordered expertly for us both, and then I found myself laughing and talking naturally about things that had happened at the studio.

Only one thing occurred while we were at the restaurant to remind me that all this was a new, daring experience for me. Without warning, a man and a girl stopped at our table. As Tom introduced them to me I recognized the girl as a famous Hollywood star.

"Oh, you're Ardith Mason!" she said in genuine pleasure. "I'm so glad to meet you. I've wanted to tell you how much I admire your singing."

All my shyness returned in a tormenting flood. I felt my cheeks burning as the blood rushed into them. I couldn't meet the star's eyes, and my mumbled thanks sounded stilted and ungracious. It was a relief almost like the relief from pain when they left.

Tom's glance was half puzzled, half amused, but he made no comment. For me, the evening was spoiled. I felt terribly ashamed of acting so stupidly in front of him, an uncomfortable restraint, which he tried in vain to break, fell between us.

It was still early when we finished our dinner and left the restaurant, and Tom said cheerfully, "Well—where shall we go now? Somewhere



to dance? A movie?"

"I—I think maybe you'd better take me home," I said. Surely he'd leap at the chance to get rid of me, I thought. He must be so bored with a girl who was such a complete coward!

But he shook his head decidedly. "Not a chance. You're not going to get away from me as early as this. If you won't do anything else, we'll get into a cab and drive around the Park."

"You don't have to. I mean—it's all right if we go home now," I replied.

He simply looked at me in amazement, and raised his hand for a passing cab.

It was better, somehow, in the cab. There were things to watch, and the radio was turned on so there was a soft fabric of music about us as we drove. It was a warm spring evening, and the scent of the growing things in the Park came through the open windows, oddly mingled with the acrid smell of exhaust—to remind us, Tom said, that we were still in the city.

I wanted to apologize to him for acting the way I had in the restaurant, but the words would not pass my lips. I hated to confess my silly, terrible fear to him—and anyway, I reminded myself, he must know of it already and understand. I was grateful to him for that.

The minutes sped by—and then I saw the taxi-meter and said in horror, "Tom, you really must take me home. Look at that meter—this is costing you a fortune!"

He laughed and told me not to worry over that, and then he leaned forward and gave the driver my address. I expected him to say good-night at my door, but when we stopped he (Continued on page 57)



'Neath The Blue Montana Sky

■ A Radio Mirror twin hit for all music lovers! Two lilting Western melodies by America's popular singing cowboy, Gene Autry

By GENE AUTRY, FRED ROSE & JOHNNY MARVIN

Moderato

CHORUS

Let my jour - ney end where the wil - lows bend 'Neath the blue Mon -

tan - la sky On a high plat - eau By a camp - fire's

glow Let me watch the world go by As I jog a -

long down an old wind - ing trail Na - ture sings a lil - la -

by Let me build a nest in the co - pen West 'neath the

blue Mon - tan - a sky. sky.

From Republic Production "BLUE MONTANA SKIES"

Copyright 1940 by West'rn Music Publishing Co. 6305 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif.



Rhythm Of The Hoofbeats

■ Play and sing these haunting roundup tunes, then hear them on the Melody Ranch programs, Sunday nights, over CBS, sponsored by Doublemint Chewing Gum

By GENE AUTRY, FRED ROSE & JOHNNY MARVIN

Slow

Hoofbeats pounding on the prai - rie Make a might-y pleasing sound

Listen to the Rhy - thm of the Hoof - beats Thumping on the dust - y ground

Long horns lop - ing on the prai - rie Cow - hands chas - ing them a - round

Yell - ing to the Rhy - thm of the Hoof - beats Bed them lit - tle dog - ies down

If they start stam - ped - ing, When the light - nin' comes Rope that steer that's lead - ing

Stop those prai - rie drums Hoofbeats pounding on the prai - rie Make a mighty pleasing sound

Lis - ten to the Rhy - thm of the Hoofbeats Thumping on the dust - y ground



Stepmother

Fictionized from the popular serial heard over CBS, daily at 10:30 A.M., sponsored by Colgate Toothpowder.

"I THINK that's just right, now," Kay said to the painter.

He pushed his little, color-splotched cap to the back of his head and looked dubious. Kay was amused. She could almost hear him thinking that this Mrs. Fairchild sure had funny taste.

Kay was pleased, however. It was a good color for the walls of a dress shop. No matter what color the dresses were, they would show up well against this warm, neutral gray. As for the painter's criticism that—"It's kinda dull, ain't it?", the rest of the decorations she and Gen had chosen would furnish enough contrast and excitement.

As she went into the back room of the shop to check over the first shipment of dresses, Kay hummed softly to herself. She was very happy. There was something good about working again. It was a fine feeling to know that she was being useful and creative.

Now, while she carefully folded the dresses back into their boxes, Kay found she could bear to think of that afternoon when John had come home from the bank and announced that he had resigned. Sitting there in the sunny workroom of the shop, she could look back on that afternoon and the weeks that followed it, without pain, as if they were something in a dream, something not quite real. Yet they had been real, terribly real.

That afternoon was graven on her mind for all time. Every detail of it was clear and sharp. The way John had looked, dazed and broken, and how he had held on to her as though she were the only thing he had left in the world. And the sound of his voice, distant and torn, telling her he had been forced to resign because Clark wanted his job for Jim Shannon.

She could still remember the shock of that. Only that morning, she had felt so confident and relieved because Jim Shannon had

removed himself from their lives by eloping with Eleanor Clark. She had even told herself that although Peg was miserable at the moment, in the long run she had saved the girl a lot of unhappiness.

And standing there, staring numbly at John, she had been overwhelmed by a feeling of guilt. It was all her fault. She had made an enemy of Jim Shannon by humiliating him and dismissing him like a schoolboy. She had been stupid and short sighted.

"It's all my mistake," she had said to John.

John had patted her head gently and tried to reassure her.

"No, darling," he had said in that far away voice that made it seem as though he weren't talking to her, at all, "this was bound to happen sooner or later. Clark's been finding fault with me for months. This was just a handy excuse."

"But why?" Kay had asked. "Why?"

"I don't know why," John had answered. And, as if that were answer enough, he had slumped in his chair and stared blankly before him, his head sunk down on his chest, deep, gray lines drawing down the corners of his mouth and making his eyes look hollow. He had looked old, suddenly, and as though something had died within him.

Seeing him like that had shocked her more deeply than hearing that he had lost his job. She had always thought of him as being solid and dependable, a man whose maturity equipped him to face any problem with intelligence and courage. And, while she had realized at once that John had probably never thought of being without his job—any more than such a possibility had ever occurred to her—she couldn't understand his giving way to despair and hopelessness like that.

Presently, John had moved and, drawing a rasping breath that was



"Darling," she said softly, as she pressed her slender fingers against his cheek to make him aware of her. "You're only tired and surprised. It'll be all right."



■ "She opened her eyes. Then she realized what had happened and she began desperately to cry. Would John ever understand?" Read radio's drama of a woman whose love swept her into a marriage she feared

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"Darling," she had said softly, touching his face with her fingertips to make him aware of her again. "You mustn't take it so hard. You're tired and surprised—that's why it all looks so black now. It will be all right."

Her voice reached him, or perhaps it was the gentle touch on his face, for he straightened up and focussed his eyes on her.

Seeing she had caught his attention, she hurried on. "You're bound to get another job soon," she said brightly. "Why, everyone in town knows and respects you."

"Thanks," John said, squaring his shoulders with an effort. "I was being a bit of a fool, wasn't I?" And he smiled sadly at her.

"I know it's an awful blow," Kay had said then. "Especially after all the years you've worked there—"

"That's just it," John had said. "And now that I'm too old to start on a new career—"

"You're not old!" Kay had found herself crying. "A man of forty-nine isn't old. He's at his prime. And there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't get a fresh start. You've got experience and knowledge that should be an asset in any kind of business. And don't think that people won't realize that!"

John had smiled then, and the effort it took was less noticeable. "You're right, darling," he said, hugging her close. Then, as though he were taking courage from her, "You're right. I've got to show them there's plenty of fight left in me. And you can help me do it." And before he left the room, he patted her shoulder and said, "And thanks for not breaking down the

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Peg Fairchild, nineteen, beautiful and gay, but Kay's problem.

way any other woman would."

But as he went, there had been something about the way he held his shoulders, the way he carried his head high, that stirred a vague dissatisfaction in Kay. On the surface, he had recovered his poise and assurance. But underneath, there was something missing, something very wrong.

And Kay had wondered about that. What had happened? she had asked herself. Where was the John she had fallen in love with, the John whose first attraction for her had been his maturity and his good sense?

Suddenly, she had seen with startling clarity the whole pattern of her life with John Fairchild, how she had left Chicago and her life as a newspaperwoman to come here to Walnut Grove, as John's wife—second wife, actually, for John had been married once before until one stormy summer night eight years ago when his first wife had gone out on the lake in their boat and never come back.

She saw herself as the young wife of an older man, as the stepmother to John's children—to Bud, adorable, loving Bud, just entering his teens, and to Peg, sweet, stubborn, foolish nineteen year old Peg who had been so reluctant to give her new mother any love or trust. She remembered herself as she was when she met John—frightened, so badly frightened that she was running away from herself. That was while she was trying desperately to kill her love for David Houseman by telling herself she was running away from him because she didn't love him.

And Kay had sat there that afternoon, examining her soul with the impersonality of a stranger. At last, she had been brought to a complete realization of how her

subconscious struggle for survival had betrayed her. She had found herself forced to admit, in the end, just what she had been running away from—not David or his love, but his youth and the tragic consequences their love might have had.

Meeting John, when she did, had been like walking out of turmoil into a quiet, peaceful garden. John had soothed her and his quiet assurance had dispelled her confusion. She had listened to him, clung to his solidity and wisdom and in her heart she had had the feeling that with such a man a woman would always be safe. She had even welcomed his restraint, for somehow it had seemed more real to her, more like what love should be, than David's wild passion.

But, when she had reached the end of her self-analysis that day, one thing stood out clear and strong



Fourteen-year-old Bud Fairchild, loving his stepmother wholeheartedly.

in her mind—her feeling for John. It burned in her like a steady flame. She loved him.

The days that followed were not easy. It seemed to Kay that everyone in Walnut Grove was suddenly taking an interest in John and his affairs. The telephone and front door bell seemed to ring incessantly. People were interested and sympathetic, curious and wise-eyed. "Darling, how terrible," or, "Kay, is it really true?" or, "I just can't understand—why John was so successful." They gave advice. They cornered Kay or Peg and asked questions that were hard to answer in the face of what had happened. Kay found herself increasingly proud of the way Peg bore up under the onslaught of gossip, but bearing up was no solution to their problem.

Days passed and grew into weeks and still John did not get a job.

Their savings were dwindling at an alarming rate, yet John was angry at Kay's suggestion that they economize. "We must keep up our front," he told her. "No one wants a man who's licked and admits it!"

But that became more and more difficult. For slowly, John was exhausting all the possibilities of employment in Walnut Grove. And everywhere he turned, he came up against the same thing. Aside from the bank, there was no place for a man of his capabilities and experience. With slight variations, all his friends said the same thing.

"I'd like to help you, John," they would say, "but I just haven't got a suitable opening. The only job that's open is the shipping clerk's (or the office boy's, or the porter's, as the case might be). And you can't do anything like that."

And, as the days went by, John grew more and more reluctant about approaching people for work. He stayed home more, keeping to his study, avoiding Kay and the children. At meals, he was silent and abstracted and if Kay or Peg tried to cheer him up, he would leave the table without a word. And he grew thinner and more and more removed from them.

Strangely enough, his unhappiness seemed to fan his ardour. He made love to Kay, violently, intensely, as though he were trying to compensate for his other failures. There was a madness in his caresses, a groping, furious madness that frightened Kay because, even while his kisses burned on her lips, she had a horrible feeling that she was alone, that he was far away from her.

Then, toward the end of September, the change came. There was nothing unusual about the beginning of that day, except for John's receiving a letter from his mother



Mother Fairchild, who left Walnut Grove the day Kay arrived.

and his strange reticence about it.

When Kay brought in the morning mail, she had noticed the lettered postmarked in California. So, at the breakfast table, she asked casually whether it was from his mother.

"Yes," John said, a slow flush creeping into his face.

"What does she say?" Kay asked.

"Oh nothing much," John said, folding the letter and slipping it into his pocket.

KAY was mildly surprised, until she remembered there was nothing unusual about John's not telling her what was in his mother's letter. He never had told her. Only it had never struck her as strange before. Most of the time, Kay barely remembered that John had a mother.

She didn't know Mother Fairchild. She had only met her once, on the day she and John were married. Immediately after the ceremony, Mother Fairchild had given her a formal peck on the cheek, pressed the keys of the house into her hand, said "Congratulations my dear," and left Walnut Grove.

At the time, Kay had worried because it seemed as though she had driven the older woman away. But John had laughed at her fears. "Kay! Don't be silly. She loves you as much as she does me." And Kay accepted John's explanation

because she wanted to be happy. If John said his mother had always wanted to travel, but had never been able to do so because she had to take care of his house and children after his wife's death, then it must be so.

But, now, in the face of John's strange behavior, all the old questions which Kay had pushed out of her mind came popping up again. Why hadn't Mother Fairchild traveled while John's first wife was still alive? And why had she never written to Kay? Did she disapprove of John's second marriage?

The arrival of Gen Porter in Walnut Grove had driven all these speculations from her mind. In the first place, Gen didn't warn her of her coming and that in itself was a surprise. Kay and Gen had shared an apartment in Chicago and Kay had missed her friend sorely since her marriage. But the thing that surprised her most and gave her the greatest pleasure was that Gen was going to settle down in Walnut Grove.

Gen had married since Kay had been away from Chicago. And, while her marriage was a happy one, Fred Porter's job as a traveling salesman left her alone a lot and Gen had decided she must do something to fill in the empty days. Wanting to be near Kay and having a remarkable talent for dress design, Gen had the brilliant idea of

opening a dress shop in Walnut Grove.

Kay was a little chary of the idea, in the beginning. Such an idea would be practically revolutionary in Walnut Grove.

"You see, Gen," she said, "For years, the women here have gone to Chicago to do their shopping and they love it. It makes each new dress an event and they all look forward to their two or three trips a year. They'd expect something very special and exciting to make up for the loss of their shopping excursions."

But Gen soon set Kay's mind at ease on that score. "We'd really have something to offer," she answered. "I've already contracted with a dress concern to create twelve designs a season for them, six of which are to be made up exclusively for our shop. This way, we can offer the women of Walnut Grove exclusive gowns at much less than they'd have to pay in Chicago, to say nothing of the fact that they can't buy dresses like ours anywhere else."

As Gen outlined her plan in more detail, Kay lost all her misgivings. And, as her doubts disappeared, Kay realized that by investing in the shop her personal savings, which John had consistently refused to touch, she would be able to earn some money and thus alleviate (Continued on page 50)

"But, Andy," Kay said. "I'm worried—I can't let anything like this happen to John now."



PENNY FOR YOUR (about

By GWENN WALTERS

■ Clothes need resolutions too, so start your New Year styles right by resolving to follow these wise tips from radio's lovely Penny Singleton

Photos by Ted Allen

YOU'LL have a world more fun in this New Year if you dress the part for every occasion," says Penny Singleton who entertains and amuses you as "Blondie" on these favorite broadcasts Monday nights at 7:30 over CBS. Penny chooses six costumes that fill the bill for a well-rounded business and social life. She puts glamour and sparkle into "date" costumes, color and dash into those for sport, and stresses tailored simplicity "on the job." Select your new clothes on Penny's plan—you'll never again have to refuse an invitation because "you haven't the right thing to wear."



■ For ice-skating—a short, dark green skirt with blouse and white crocheted sweater, trimmed with colored flowers, with cap to match.



■ For business—a tailored suit in two shades of gray. The skirt is gored; accessories are black.

28



■ For spectator sports—suede wrap-around coat and slouch hat of rust; gloves and bag of gold.



John Reed

■ For street wear—Penny chooses a blue, collarless coat with a Dutch hat of the same material.

THOUGHTS
(your wardrobe)



■ For dinner and cocktails—a tiny black velvet beanie sets off a simple black V-neck frock.



■ For dancing—a taffeta shirt-maker frock; pale blue blouse with gold dots and black skirt.

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John Reed

PAGE HAZELTYNE, for all her youth and fresh beauty, still found the warmth and thrill of romance only in the pages of books. And the deadly routine of her daily work slowly was stifling her hopes and even her dreams.

When the offer came from a strange young lawyer named Barnes Bishop for a job that held mysterious overtones of danger she stopped only to think how wonderful to throw overboard her whole present dreary life. So she had gone to Mystery House.

The mystery of Mystery House seemed comparatively simple to Page, and the only complications were those her heart was suddenly making. Mystery House was an old, much gossiped about, mansion down the Pacific Coast from San Francisco. It sat perched high on a cliff overlooking the fog shrouded waters of the ocean, out of reach of the every day world, protected by miles of fenced in land which no one with

a respect for his health dared trespass.

The occupants of Mystery House were four when Page arrived. Ruling with an iron hand was a gray haired old woman whom Page had been hired to help as a nurse—Mrs. Prendergast, possessor of a vast fortune and a priceless diamond called the Ked Anna. Constantly at her side was Flora Mockbee, a colorless, efficient, sometimes spiteful woman nearing a spinsterish, bitter forty. Flora, Page learned, was the daughter of the faithful old housekeeper who had attended Mrs. Prendergast years and years, until she had died the previous autumn.

Then there was Doctor Rand Harward, dark, taciturn from his years in China, with black eyes that seemed to dwell more and more on Page. Rand, whose attentions first made Page restless, excited, and then unhappy when she accidentally overheard him talking one night to Flora. For they were engaged—

Rand and Flora! Though it was obvious that only Flora was in love. Rand couldn't love such plainness.

Then Lynn—with his tall, slim body, and blond hair falling before incredibly blue eyes that clouded over so often with confusion and bewilderment. "Get to know Lynn," they had told Page. "Try to help him." If only she could! For Lynn wasn't stupid, or out of his mind. There were times, when she was alone with him, that he talked lucidly. But the other times, when nothing he said made sense!

Then one day, when they had sailed out to the Rock—a tiny speck of an island where Lynn spent long hours away from everyone—Lynn had opened his hand and Page had seen the glittering breath-taking Ked Anna diamond! "They want to get it away from me," he told her, "but they can't have it until they promise not to do anything to me."

When Page told Rand, he

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■ Page cried out his name and was on her knees beside him. "Lynn," she whispered, "Lynn darling, you're hurt."



whistled and said, "Do you think he would give it to you?" Page said, "I think so," and she had asked Lynn. "But you'd give it to them!" he'd protested and then they'd hurt me—send me to an institution!" "Oh no," Page protested. "They wouldn't do that!" But Lynn had refused to give her the diamond until Page promised to hold it for three days.

He'd handed it to her and then he'd said, haltingly, "You're so good to me, Page. I—I love you!"

It was as though his words had been a sharp knife pressing against her heart. Lynn, bewildered, confused, loving her! Yet it wasn't as ridiculous to Page as it should have been.

She told Rand about getting the diamond. "So in three days I'll give it to Mrs. Prendergast," Page said.

"That gives us three days in which to pack up and leave," Rand said, more to himself, and then he explained to Page that Mrs. Prender-

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

gast had been wanting to go east to Connecticut for a long time but not until she had her diamond back.

"You'll come too?" he asked Page, and there was urgency in his voice. "You must come. I love you. We'll start out together. We'll go East, or wherever you want."

So Page, who had never been loved, now had her second proposal.

She and Rand were to leave Mystery House on Friday, the two women on Saturday. Rand was going to drop Page off in San Francisco, then drive back to get Flora and Mrs. Prendergast. He would call Page that night, assure her

that Lynn was well and cared for, then she would tell Rand where the diamond was hidden.

Friday dawned cold, drear, with the quiet menace of a storm far out to sea that soon would be lashing Mystery House with a furious wind and rain. Page wanted to see Lynn, to tell him she was leaving and to have him go into town with her if he wanted, if he was afraid to stay behind without her. But Lynn was gone! And as the storm increased in intensity, she searched everywhere for him. Though his boat was tied up at the dock, the little cottage near the shore where he often stayed, was empty. She called his name but there was no answer.

THE burning sting of rain driven by a relentless wind drove Page back towards Mystery House, looming up ahead of her, heavy and foreboding. She let herself in a side door and, shedding the jacket

Mystery House

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

■ Begin this thrilling story of lovely Page Hazeltyne who finds an unexpected and dangerous love—a famous writer's best novel of romantic adventure, told so that you can start it now though you may have missed the opening pages



Illustrations by
Seymour Thompson

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she had thrown over her shoulders for protection, went up to the sitting room where she knew Mrs. Prendergast would be waiting. Light streamed under the door but Page would have preferred the darkness of the hallway this afternoon. There was, she thought, danger in Mystery House—for her, for Lynn, for Rand.

Hurriedly she opened the door. The Duchess sat with a magazine in her lap. Flora and Rand were beside her.

"Ah, there she is!" Rand exclaimed. "Not much of a day to get anywhere. We'll have to wait until tomorrow, Page, to leave. This storm has washed out the road."

Page walked toward them. Quite without warning she was frightened, terribly frightened. She fought it down—everything was as usual—Rand, Flora, the old woman in her big chair, the sea pounding and rushing far down on the shore. But she was frightened just the same.

Lynn did not come to dinner, and the kitchen Chinese, anxiously interrogated afterward by Page and Rand, reported that he had not come to them for any food. At Page's suggestion Rand telephoned the Japanese at the farm almost five miles away; they had not seen Lynn.

"Where could he go, Rand? His boat is at the dock!"

"You never can tell, with him." Rand's voice was troubled and puzzled. He and Page were going upstairs together, and now she caught at his hand in the half-gloom of the hallway.

"Rand, could they have done anything to him? While you were working this afternoon, and I was asleep?"

"Well, I hardly see how they could. Lynn'll turn up. He's able to take care of himself. He may be sheltering in some cave or tree. He'll show up!" Rand smiled comfortingly.

At intervals all evening, and afterward, Page tried to shake the

terrifying fear of Lynn's disappearance from her mind. Yet thought of him kept re-occurring, forcing its way through the desultory conversation she was keeping up with the old lady. Flora seemed even more preoccupied than usual and Rand left early in the evening. "Some last minute cleaning up," he said, with a smile.

Page was glad when the Duchess finally announced that she would go to bed. "The storm's made me sleepy," she said.

Page was at her dresser, brushing her hair the hundred routine strokes before climbing into her own bed, when there was a knock on her door from Flora's room.

"Come in!" Page called. The door opened, and Rand entered.

Page, clad in her warmest pajamas, reached instinctively for her kimono; its padded dark blue folds were about her as she turned with a flush and a smile.

"Rand! I thought of course it was Flora!"

"She's in with the Duchess. I had to speak to you," he said.

RAND sat close beside her on the bed and drew her to him. The girl felt her shoulders stiffen and her whole body instinctively draw away; her heart beat fast; there was something frightening in Rand's manner and his voice.

"Page," he said quickly, "you've got to promise to marry me. I've not much to offer you—but I'm going to get out—I'm going away, and before I go I want to know that you'll not marry anyone else."

Page pushed against him with all the might of her strong young arms. "Please! Don't be so crazy, Rand! You're all I have to depend on; don't fail me now!"

"I'm not failing you," he said. "Let's go away tomorrow and never come back!"

Page, panting, wrenched herself free now; breathless and shaken, she walked away, looking back at him over her shoulder.

"I think you are losing your mind!" she said. At Flora's closed door she paused, her back to Rand. After a while she heard him move; he came close to her but did not attempt to touch her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But there are things in all this—things about Lynn and the diamond and Trudy Mockbee's death—that you don't understand. And I can't tell you about them! But it's not too late. You and I could go away! It would be beginning over again, Page, and this time I'd make good."

Page neither turned nor spoke. Her senses were in complete confusion.

Gradually the tumult in heart and brain subsided. The room was very still. This man who was pleading with her, the girl thought, was her only possible protector; she must not lose him.

"Rand," she said, turning. But the room was empty. Slowly Page went to the hall door; silently slipped the lock. Slowly she came back to the bed. But Page could not sleep. The storm was over, and dawn was painting the bedroom walls with faint pearly notes after she finally lost consciousness, and when she awakened at nine, the world was bathed in sunshine. Page arose refreshed, somehow feeling the entire situation brighter and more normal. The terrible night was over.

Mrs. Prendergast was asleep when Page looked in at her. Flora was alone at breakfast. Again hot coffee and twinkling glass and silver, pink crisp curls of bacon and golden waffles did their share to make Mystery House seem like any other comfortable country mansion, and as she fell upon her food Page was in high spirits.

Presently she went out to the sun-washed terrace, and looked along the cliffs and down at the sea, hoping that Lynn's tall loose-built figure might be in sight somewhere; she looked toward his cabin, but the door was closed and the place (Continued on page 71)



SUPERMAN

in Radio

■ Read the amazing adventures of Superman, unconquerable hero from another world—an exclusive Radio Mirror feature. Then tune in your local station for his thrilling daily broadcasts



■ He lifted his fist and, effortlessly, smashed a hole in the steel plates. Like lightning, he rushed through and—

SUPERMAN! Mighty visitor from the planet Krypton who is faster than an airplane—more powerful than a locomotive—invincible to all danger! Disguised as Clark Kent, mild spectacled reporter of the "Daily Planet," he has arrived on Earth to champion the weak and oppressed.

When we last saw Superman, he had rescued an unconscious girl from the blazing inferno of the North Star Mining Company. As she was carried off to the ambulance, his super-sensitive ears heard her murmur: "Catch them . . . Catch them! . . . STOP THEM!"

SUPERMAN, disguised again as Clark Kent, leaned over the hospital bed of June Anderson, the girl he had saved from flaming death. But much had happened since he had safely lifted her from the burning building. She strug-

gled to speak, and said brokenly: "Mr. Kent—when I woke up here in the hospital, after the fire—the first thing I saw—the very first thing—were those two faces bending over my bed—Bartley Pemberton and Joseph Dineen!"

"The heads of the North Star Company!"

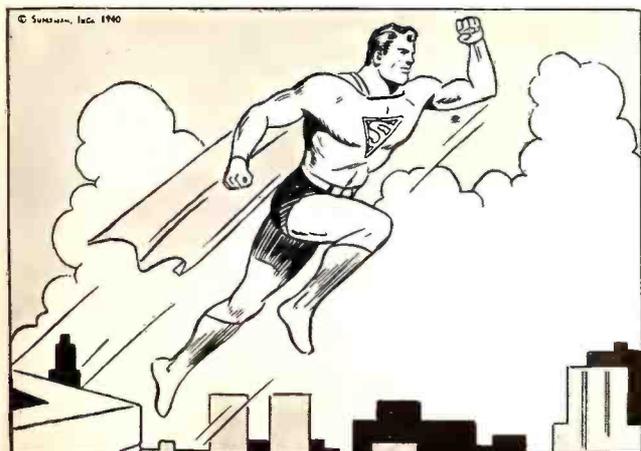
"Yes—and they came here to try again to kill me— They failed once when I was saved from the trap they had set— And now this time they ran away when they heard you coming down the hall.

"But they won't stop!—I was their office secretary—and then I found out what they were doing. They weren't honest—they were swindlers! They sold poor people stock in a worthless mine out West! But now I'm afraid for more than myself."

Sobbing, she buried her face in her hands. And Clark, sworn never to reveal his true identity as Superman, could only try to comfort her. In a few minutes, she was able to tell him the rest of the story that was tormenting her.

Risking her life, she had obtained documents and evidence which definitely proved the guilt of the swindling pair. For safe-keeping, she placed them in a sealed package which she gave to her brother, Captain of the steamer "City of Madison." She had told no one—except the detectives who had come to question her in the hospital. They had just left when Pemberton and Dineen climbed into her room from the fire-escape directly beneath her window. They had heard every word she said!

They had (Continued on page 76)



■ Clark Kent stood poised on the skyscraper ledge for a split second—then up, up and away went Superman!



■ Superman, disguised as Clark Kent, listened to the girl whisper the names of her attempted murderers.



Budget Meals

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 E.S.T., on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

YESTERDAY I took advantage of the weather, a perfect blue-skied winter day, and drove to Connecticut. By the time I'd reached my destination, an old farmhouse in the Berkshire foothills, the tangy air had whipped up such an appetite that I more than did justice to my dinner and when dessert appeared, apricot upside down cake with pistachio sauce, I thought I wouldn't be able to eat another bite—but I did, down to the last crumb.

When I complimented my hostess on the cake she smiled and said, "It should be good—the recipe is out of your own cook book!" Of course the other guests began to tease me about praising my own recipe, whereupon my hostess came to my rescue by saying that it was one of her family's favorite desserts.

"The point is," she said, "that it can be made in no time at all with staples I always have on hand. If you will see to it that your supply of dried fruits such as prunes—you'd never believe the pounds and pounds of those we eat during the year—apricots and dried raisins never gets low, you'll always be sure of meals that hit the spot and are nourishing and economical to prepare."

While she was talking I had an idea. "If dried fruits are so popular with this family," I said to myself, "I'll bet recipes based on them which were sent in to our recent Favorite Recipes Contest will appeal to everyone." So, back in town this morning, I've selected from those prize winners just such recipes.

The first is a prune cake, handed



■ The favorite dessert of an Editor is this economical and nutritious Prune Whip—Miss Smith tells exactly how to make it.

down to Mrs. J. J. Carroll from her grandmother.

Prune Cake

Mrs. J. J. Carroll, Overland, Mo.

- ½ cup butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 eggs
- 2½ cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. Cinnamon

- 1 tsp. allspice
 - 1 tsp. baking soda
 - 1 cup cooked prune pulp
- Cream butter, add sugar and cream together. Beat eggs, combine with sour milk and add to creamed mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture, then stir in prune pulp. Bake, either as a layer or a loaf cake, in moderate oven. Mrs. Carroll suggests caramel icing for the cake.

Of course, the wife of RADIO

HOSTESS HINT

HERE'S a refreshment trick for your next bridge or tea party—doughnut eclairs—more delicious than any eclairs you've ever eaten and loads easier to prepare because the basic ingredient is the popular sugared doughnut.

Split the doughnut in half, spread the lower half with chocolate cream filling, place two halves together again and fill the hole with the same filling. Result—the luscious doughnut eclairs pictured here.

Chocolate Cream Filling:

- ¾ cup sugar
 - ½ cup flour
 - ⅛ tsp. salt
 - 2 eggs
 - 2 cups scalded milk
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
 - 1½ squares chocolate, shaved thin
- Mix dry ingredients, add slightly beaten egg and gradually pour in



■ A brand new idea for your next party—luscious Doughnut Eclairs.

scalded milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened (10 to 15 minutes). Remove from heat, add vanilla and chocolate and stir until chocolate is melted.

that show Good Taste



■ Mrs. Marie Hall's favorite Raisin Sour Cream Pie will make everyone clamour for a second portion.



■ Take that box of dried Apricots off the shelf and try Mrs. Thomas Powell's Apricot Cream Pie.

MIRROR'S editor was not permitted under our contest rules to submit an entry, but had she been eligible I'm sure her recipe for the prune whip which is her husband's favorite dessert would have won an award by the unanimous decision of the judges.

Prune Whip

- ½ lb. prunes
- ¼ pt. whipping cream
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- Sugar to taste

Cook prunes until tender and reduce to pulp. Whip cream, add vanilla and sweeten to taste. Reserve sufficient whipped cream to decorate each serving, fold remainder into prune pulp and serve in sherbet glasses.

Raisin sour cream pie is sure to have the family sitting up and asking for more if you will follow this prize winning recipe.

Raisin Sour Cream Pie

Mrs. Marie Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ tbl. vinegar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped raisins

Dash each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg

Plain pastry

Beat egg yolks, add remaining ingredients in order and mix well. Line a pie plate with plain pastry, pour in mixture and bake until firm (25 to 30 minutes). "This may be

used as a two-crust pie," says Mrs. Hall, "or a one-crust pie using whipped cream or meringue for topping. Delightful and economical."

The favorite and prize winning pie for Mrs. Thomas Powell is made of apricots which combine deliciously with graham cracker crust.

Apricot Cream Pie with Graham Cracker Crust

Mrs. Thomas Powell, Meadowlands, Pa.

Apricot Cream Filling:

- 1 tbl. butter
- 8 tbs. flour
- ⅔ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups cooked sweetened apricots
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 2 tbs. confectioners' sugar

Melt butter. Add flour, sugar, salt, beaten egg yolks and milk and cook in top of double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add vanilla and pour into graham cracker crust. Top with apricots, then with meringue made of egg whites and confectioners' sugar and brown in moderate oven.

Graham Cracker Crust:

- 16 graham crackers, rolled fine
- 2 tbs. sugar
- 2 tbs. flour
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ cup melted butter

Combine ingredients, mix well and line a pie plate.

For a real he-man dinner there's nothing to beat spare ribs, but you've never eaten them at their best unless you've tried them with this fruit dressing.

Spare Ribs with Fruit Dressing

Mrs. Cecil Gray, Jefferson City, Mo.

- 3 lbs. spare ribs
- 2 tsps. salt
- 2 cups raisins
- 6 medium apples
- 1½ cups sugar

Place spare ribs in kettle, add salt, cover with boiling water and simmer covered until tender, about half an hour. Cook raisins and apples separately until tender, mix them together and add sugar. Place spare ribs in roaster, cover with fruit dressing and cook, covered, in moderate oven for half an hour.

The pistachio sauce which my Connecticut hostess served with apricot upside down cake is made as follows:

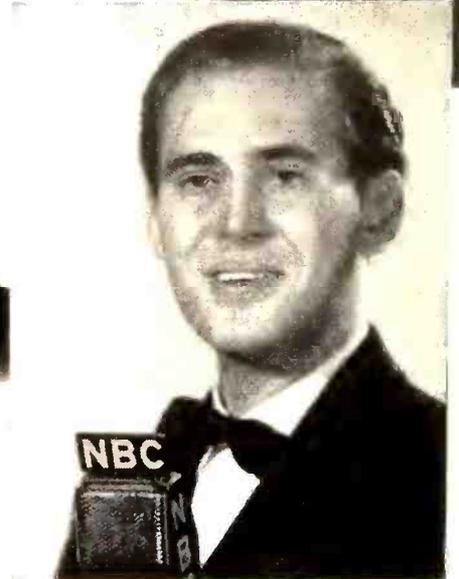
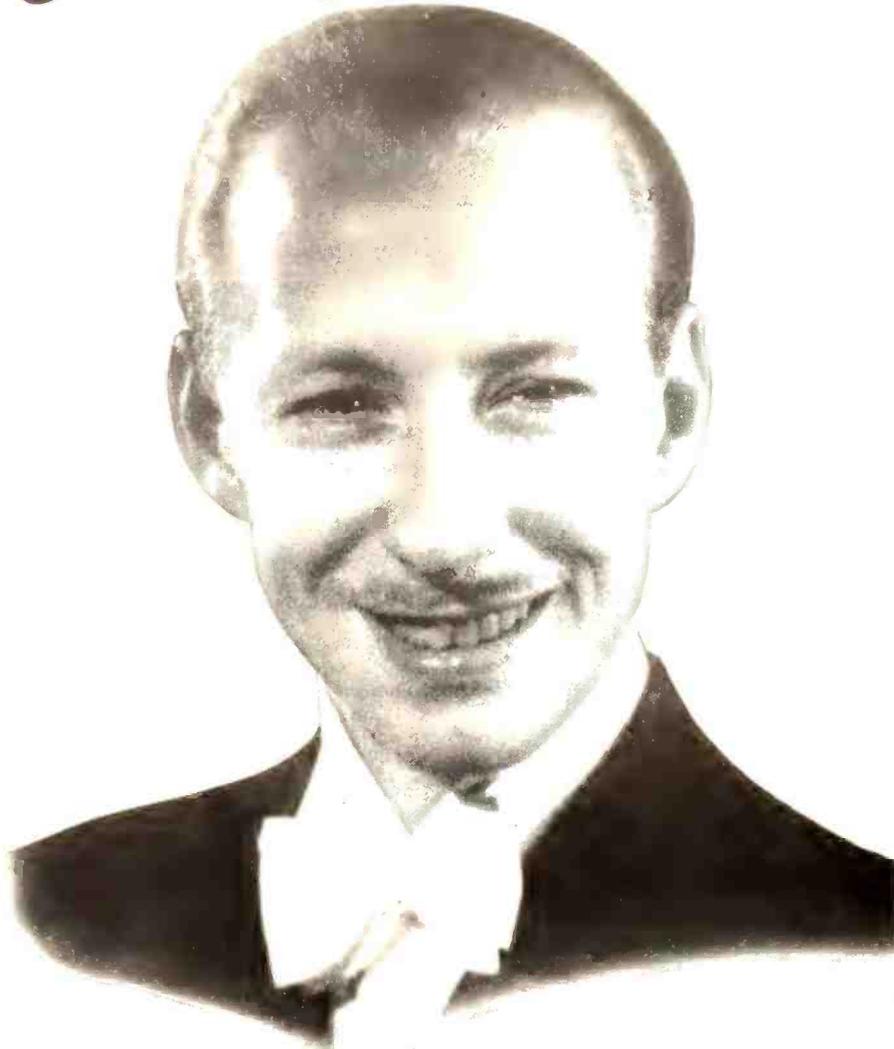
Pistachio Sauce

- 1 tbl. flour
- Pinch salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tbl. butter
- 1 tsp. almond flavoring
- ⅓ cup chopped pistachio nuts

Combine dry ingredients, add boiling water and rub to smooth paste. Boil until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add butter, flavoring and pistachio nuts. Tint with green fruit coloring.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



■ Dancers who pack Chicago's Palmer House and listeners who tune in the Alec Templeton show on NBC when Ray Noble leads his band, know little of the worries that beset this Englishman. Right, Larry Stewart, the young and handsome vocalist with the orchestra.

COUNT BASIE, noted colored swing pianist, is threatening to break up his band and join Benny Goodman. The Count is dissatisfied with his booking arrangements. However, insiders insist the Count will never throw in the baton.

* * *

Jimmy Dorsey has long deserved a commercial. Word comes now that a cigarette company will sponsor the great saxophonist on NBC in January.

Johnny Green may be off the air but he still is a very busy lad. He has just turned out the musical score for a musical comedy called "Hi 'Ya Gentlemen" which will star fighter Max Baer. Incidentally Johnny's band singer, Carol Horton, has teamed up with Charlie Spivak's orchestra.

* * *

The radio-music war was far from a peaceful settlement as this magazine went to press. It has the bandleaders worried stiff. Facing a probable music blockade, many

of them have resorted to swing version of classics which are copyright clear. Kay Kyser pulled a sneak preview to show his sponsor a new version of the College of Musical Knowledge that could operate in the event of the ASCAP ban. Reports were favorable.

* * *

Woody Herman's orchestra, a cooperative group, is taking no chances. They have insured their leader's life for \$150,000.

* * *

Columbia records have had a



■ Judy Garland, out with her very best beau, maestro Dave Rose, greets bandleader Tommy Dorsey at the Hollywood Palladium.

minor housecleaning and dropped a number of bands off their list.

Al Donahue tried to be funny during a vaudeville engagement, helping the acrobats execute some flip flops. Result: a bruised back for Al.

Keep your eyes and ears out for James Roosevelt's new coin machine gadget called "soundies." I saw it at a mammoth preview for bandleaders, screen stars and newspaper people. For a dime you not only hear a swell arrangement of a popular tune, but see a well-produced movie short. Running time is about two minutes. However only one of the big name bands is featured at the present time, due to other commitments. This may be a drawback. Most of the "soundies" I saw were conducted by Victor Young.

No ballroom ever got the celebrity turnout afforded Hollywood's new Palladium Ballroom. This was

due largely to the popularity of Tommy Dorsey who opened the place. My west coast agents reported Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Rosalind Russell, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, Wayne Morris, Tony Martin, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Astor, Brian Donlevy, and Franchot Tone were present. How would you like to rub elbows with these stars in your local dance emporium?

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Bon Bon Jan Savitt's former chocolate coated crooner is now leading his own band. It was assembled by Eddie Dunham, ex-Casa Loma arranger. . . . Emil Coleman shifts to Hollywood's Ciro on Jan. 8. . . . Joe Reichman is now playing in New York's Essex House. . . . Up-and-coming Vaughn Monroe is set for Boston's Brunswick Hotel in January. . . . Hal Kemp's pretty vocalist, Janet Blair, may get a movie offer. . . . Sonny Burke's new band gets both MBS and CBS wires from Brooklyn Roseland in January. Benny Goodman is reported to have helped finance this new unit. . . . Bob Carroll is Charlie Barnet's new singer.

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NOBLE IS THE WORD FOR HIM

RAY NOBLE has made a secret, solemn pledge with himself not to take his worries to the bandstand or microphone. There are many times when the tall, thin Englishman has a difficult job in keeping his eyes and ears on the music. But to the dancers who pack Chicago's Palmer House where his newly-organized band is playing, and the listeners who hear him with Alec Templeton on NBC, he carefully conveys the impression that there's nothing much on his mind but some well groomed blonde hairs.

And that is just the way Ray has wanted it since the Battle of Britain started, even though his mother and two brothers are staunchly facing the endless Nazi air attacks.

"These people who come to dance to my music are not interested in that," he explains reticently. "After all I am being paid to entertain them. They come here to forget

their own worries and it is my job to help them."

Ray has used every sort of pressure to bring his family to this country. Dozens of letters have been exchanged. Countless propositions have been offered. But the answer from London is always the same: "We're here for the duration."

"They say it would be like tearing up the roots," the bandleader added.

One of his brothers is a doctor and England needs many men of medicine these days. The other has a government post.

But Ray, his wife, Gladys, and Bill Harty, the band's manager and drummer, haven't given up in their efforts, and they might have persuaded the family to come here by the time you read this.

To keep his mind completely occupied, the soft-spoken composer of such hits as "Goodnight Sweetheart," "Love Is The Sweetest Thing," (Continued on page 55)



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RADIO AND TELEVISION



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PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	9:00	9:00 CBS: News of Europe
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Four Showmen Quartet
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Melodic Moods
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30 CBS: N. Y. A. Symphony
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Southernaires
11:35	10:05	11:05 CBS: News and Rhythm
8:05	10:05	11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Music and American Youth
11:45	11:45	11:45 NBC-Blue: Ahead of the Headlines
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.
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: Wings Over America
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Sunday Down South
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Vass Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: March of Games
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: On Your Job
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.
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Great Plays
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Washington Calling
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker Dog Chats
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Yvette
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-Red: Pageant of Art
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Design for Happiness
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Met. Opera Auditions
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Col. Steopnagle
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
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 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
3:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: Show of The Week
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Beat the Band
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: News of the World
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Pearson and Allen
8:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: News from Europe
	6:30	7:30 CBS: Screen Actors Guild
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Speak Up America
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: This Curious World
5:03	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
9:10	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Sherlock Holmes
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
9:01	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
8:00	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:01	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
9:00	9:30	NBC-Red: Serenade to Loveliness
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra

Sunday's Highlights



■ Ian Keith leads a letter-writer to the Wishing Well.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 29, January 5, 12 and 19!

December 29: The Mutual network celebrates its fourth birthday today with a special broadcast. . . . Albert Spalding, the violinist, is guest star on CBS' Philharmonic broadcast this afternoon—and then scurries over to another studio in time for the Pause That Refreshes show at 4:30, on which Helen Jepson is the guest star.

January 5: Today's guest stars: Dalies Frantz, pianist, on the CBS Philharmonic concert, and Vransky and Babin, duo pianists, on the Fard Hour. . . . Ted Malone's American Pilgrimage, NBC-Blue at 2:00, travels to the home of Harataria Alger in New York.

January 12: Flute-voiced Lily Pans is the Fard Hour's guest star tonight—CBS at 9:00. . . . To catch up an tamaraw's news, listen to Pearson and Allen on NBC-Blue at 7:00.

January 19: You can hear one of the world's greatest comedies today on NBC-Blue at 3:00—"The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. . . . Ted Malone's American Pilgrimage visits the home of Edgar Allen Poe in Richmond, Va.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Your Dream Has Come True, an NBC's Red network at 5:30 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by the Quaker Oats Company.

Besides providing you with news, music, drama, stock-market reports, recipes and household hints, improving your vocabulary and diction, solving your domestic problems, and locating you if you are a missing heir, radio now is attempting, in this program, to be an old-fashioned fairy godmother and grant your dearest wish.

In an average week, about five people who have written sincere letters to the sponsor of Your Dream Has Come True, telling what they want and why they haven't yet been able to receive it, are brought to the NBC studios in Chicago and given their heart's desire. Maybe one dreamer is a six-year-old whose dog died under the wheels of a car and who wants another one. Dreamer No. 2 may be a girl who wants a chance to be a professional photographic model—or an old lady who needs an apparatus to help her hear better.

Here's a typical case: Mildred Dennison, once at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, wanted to be an actress. A few years ago she appeared in her last high-school play, and left the stage crying because it didn't seem likely she'd ever get a chance to act again.

Mildred saved her pennies and finally

got to Chicago, where she found a job in a department-store tea room and studied what she could of music and drama on the side. Then she happened to see an ad in the paper, advising readers that if they'd write letters about their secret desires they might find those desires coming true. What Mildred didn't know was that the ad was inserted by the people who were about to launch Your Dream Has Come True on the NBC network. She wrote the letter, and the board of judges, led by Dr. Samuel Stevens, president of Grinnell College, decided her ambition was worth helping.

The result was that Mildred appeared on the program, where her wish was dramatized, and then was given a complete traveling outfit, expenses, and a ticket to Hollywood, where the Paramount people promised to give her a screen test.

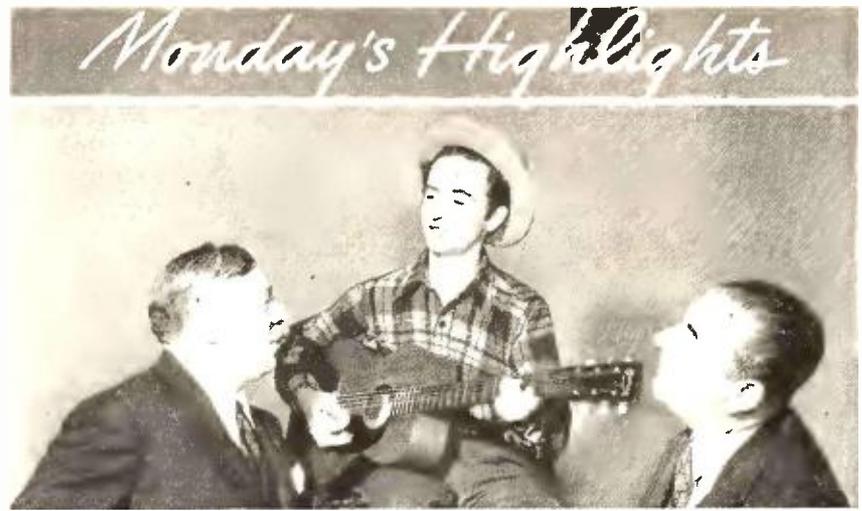
Being in the studio audience at a broadcast of Your Dream Has Come True is a lot of fun. Shawmanship runs riot. There's a well, labelled the Wishing Well, set up on the stage, with Ian Keith, famous movie and stage star, playing its voice. The lights in the studio go out when the wisher approaches the well, which is eerily illuminated, and Glenn Welty directs the orchestra with a luminous baton. You'd almost expect Walt Disney to bring Mickey Mouse onto the stage at any moment.



Say Hello To-

ALBERT SPALDING—the internationally famous violinist who is master of ceremonies and soloist on the Pause That Refreshes program tonight on CBS. He was born in Chicago to a wealthy family, but studied and practiced until he became one of the greatest living musicians. In the first World War he enlisted in the Signal Service of the U. S. Aviation Corps, serving with distinction.

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS-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: Vallant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Jan Pearce
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS: A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45 CBS: Lecture Hall
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: 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
3:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lonc Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Ba nes
5:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
8:55	10:00	6:00 CBS News, Bob Trout
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: BLONDIE
8:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Those We Love
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: I Love a Mystery
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Pipe Smoking Time
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Boake Carter
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: True or False
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-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
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Contented Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Radio Forum



■ Arthur Fields, Woody Guthrie and Fred Holl of Pipe Smoking Time.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 30, January 6, 13 and 20!

December 30: If you're not already a Girl Alone fan, now's the time to start. Begin the story on page 12 of this issue, and tune in the program at 5:00 this afternoon on NBC-Red.

January 6: You can find out all about nuts and the business of growing them by tuning in the CBS American School of the Air this morning.

January 13: Raymond Gram Swing returns to his program on MBS tonight at 10:00 offer a brief vocation—so tune him in and get his excellent interpretation of the news. . . A fast-moving and exciting adventure story is I Love a Mystery, on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

January 20: Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra opens tonight of the Pennsylvania Hotel's Cofe Rouge, in New York, broodcasting over NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Pipe Smoking Time, on CBS at 8:30, E.S.T., rebroadcast to the West at 8:30, P.S.T., sponsored by Model Smoking Tobacco.

In spite of its title, Pipe Smoking Time is just as entertaining for women as it is for men, so don't be scored away, ladies. Late in November this program, which has been on the air for several years, was given a thorough overhauling and a new cost was installed. Now it's a show unlike any other you can hear on any network.

Arthur Fields and Fred Holl contribute their own songs and homely humor; Edward Roecker, baritone, sings old-time songs and new ones, too; and Woody Guthrie, Dust-Bowl refugee, strums what he calls his "git-tor" and sings ballads which he and others like him have made up. In short—a colorful assortment of entertainers.

Fields and Holl have been in radio since 1925. Before that, Fields was with the famous vaudeville act, the Avon Comedy Four. He left it in 1910 to make phonograph records (the old-fashioned cylinder type) for Thomas A. Edison. In his long career he estimates that he's made more than a thousand different recordings, reaching his greatest popularity in that field during the first World War—in which, incidentally, he was a buck private. On Pipe Smoking Time, Fields does most of the singing for the team; Holl plays the piano and recites the songs without both-

ering much about keeping on the melody. Edward Roecker was on Pipe Smoking Time before, in the season of 1937-38, when Pick and Pot were the comedy stars of the show.

As for Woody Guthrie—well, Woodie is a hobo. He was dusted out of the Oklahomo Dust Bowl in 1936, taking with him only his guitar and some tunes that he carried in his head. He went to California, but he didn't look for work there because he soon found that a couple of songs were usually good for a meal. He's been touring around the country, by foot and boxcar, ever since. John Steinbeck met him in California and arranged for him to sing a song in the movie version of "The Grapes of Wrath." Woody's voice, Steinbeck says, sounds exactly like a tire iron hitting a rusty rim, and perfectly expresses the Okie spirit.

This is Woody's first commercial program, but he has recorded a number of Dust Bowl ballads, and a permanent record of his songs has been filed in the Library of Congress at Washington. Some of his songs go on for hours, because they have more than a hundred stanzas each. Woody himself doesn't know how many different ballads he knows by heart, but he figures he could probably sing and play for two or three days straight and never repeat himself. He's never tried it. Twenty-four hours is about as long as he's ever been able to hold up in a song fest.



Say Hello To-

PERCY FAITH—Canadian-born maestro of the Carnation Contented program tonight on NBC. Percy began his career at the age of 11, playing the piano in a Toronto movie theater. In 1933 he joined the musical staff of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and last Fall he became permanent conductor of the Carnation show. He's married and has two children, Marilyn, 8, and Peter David, 3.

Complete Programs from December 27 to January 23

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
2:00	2:30	9:15 CBS School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00	10:00 CBS By Kathleen Norris
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30	10:30 CBS Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45	10:45 CBS Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	4:30	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS Martha Webster
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS When a Girl Marries
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Tony Wons
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS Right to Happiness
	12:45	1:45 CBS Road of Life
3:00	1:00	2:00 CBS Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:07	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-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS My Son and I
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Light of the World
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 Jan Pearce
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30 CBS A Friend in Deed
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS Portia Faces Life
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: We, The Abbotts
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
8:30	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Children's Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: The O'Neills
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Lone Journey
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattered Bains
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
7:55	5:00	6:00 CBS: News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	5:05	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: EASY AGES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
9:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
7:30	7:00	8:00 MBS: Wythe Williams
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: La Rosa Concerts
7:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
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
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
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Invitation to Learning
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



■ We, The People's director Joe Hill confers with his assistant, David Levy.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 31, January 7, 14 and 21!

December 31: The year comes to an end, and the networks will tell you about the carnival as midnight sweeps across the continent. . . CBS presents its annual review of 1940's historic news stories, called "Twelve Crowded Months"—something no one should miss.

January 7: Uncle Jim's Question Bee is on NBC-Blue now, tonight at 8:30. . . followed by Grand Central Station on the same network at 9:00. . . And at 8:00, you'll enjoy Ben Bernie, the Ol' Maestro, also on NBC-Blue.

January 14: A one-man show that has a lot of people listening in is Meet Edward Meeks on NBC-Blue tonight at 10:30.

January 21: Tommy Dorsey's orchestra opens tonight at the Meadowbrook Inn, broadcasting over NBC. Listen in for some Sentimental Swing.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: We, the People, heard on CBS at 9:00, E.S.T., and rebroadcast to the West Coast at 9:00, P.S.T., sponsored by the makers of Sanka Coffee. Offhand, it's pretty safe to say that radio doesn't offer any more nerveracking job than that of putting We, the People on the air every week. You probably hadn't thought of it, but it's not simple to find enough people with interesting stories to fill half an hour of air time, and then get them all together and shepherd them to a microphone.

Joe Hill, the boss of the program, doesn't seem to let it worry him. He's a tall (six feet two inches), lanky, good-natured chap who takes things in his very long stride. The picture above shows him wearing a moustache, but he shaved it off a month or so ago. He cultivated it in the first place to make him look more dignified and mature, but he says that now he has enough gray hairs on his head so he doesn't need any on his face.

Joe, with ten assistants, combs the newspapers for stories of interesting people. Then he calls them up on the telephone, no matter where they are, and invites them to appear on the program. If they accept—and usually they do—they arrive in New York on Sunday morning. From talking to them on the telephone, writers for the program have already gained enough material to prepare rough scripts. A short rehearsal is held Sunday afternoon, then the scripts are revised, if necessary, to fit the people's personality more exactly, and

there are more rehearsals.

Almost anything can happen, though, to upset the carefully prepared radio program. Sometimes a guest's voice just isn't good for broadcasting, and he has to be coached. Sometimes a guest appears all right for the first broadcast, but forgets that he has to show up for the second, which goes to the West Coast. Then there's a frantic man-hunt, and if it's unsuccessful someone else has to be hastily summoned to read the script in place of the missing guest. Once a colored taxi driver didn't arrive for the broadcast. It's presumed that he picked up a fare and couldn't get to the playhouse in time. Joe's first assistant, Dave Levy, rushed out into Times Square, grabbed the first taxi-driver he could find, who happened to be white, and the script was hurriedly revised to fit.

Joe has been in radio so long he's learned not to let things like that get on his nerves. He was born in West Virginia and studied to be a violinist and pianist, majoring in music at Dartmouth College. He fell in love and was married before he graduated, though, and the problem of making a living switched him into being a newspaper music critic. From there he went to straight reporting, and then into publicity in the early 1930's, when radio was just beginning to be important. The advertising agency where he worked set him to writing radio scripts in between publicity releases, and before he knew it he was knee-deep in radio, where he has remained.

Say Hello To—

ELMIRA ROESSLER—who is Jennifer Davis in Backstage Wife, on NBC-Red this afternoon. Elmira was born in St. Louis, Mo., 22 years ago, and studied to be a dancer before she changed her mind and decided to go in for acting. Betty Grable was a classmate at dancing school. She did her first radio work while she was still going to school, and first went on CBS late in 1939. Once she broadcast a complete fifteen-minute program while a mouse played around her feet on the studio floor—an experience that would have unnerved most women but didn't bother Elmira a bit. She's a blonde, green-eyed, and weighs just 108 pounds.



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

Wednesday's Highlights



■ Claudia Morgan and Lester Damon, stars of Lane Journey.

Tune-In Bulletin for January 1, 8, 15 and 22!

January 1: Happy New Year to everybody, from Radio Mirror! . . . And the networks wish you Happy New Year, too, with a parade of special features. NBC broadcasts both the Sugar Bowl football game in New Orleans and the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena. . . . While CBS offers the Orange Bowl game in Miami. . . . And Mutual has the East-West game, in which Tammy Harmon of Michigan is playing. . . . Mutual also presents "1940 in Review," with Raymond Gram Swing as the commentator. . . . The Cavalcade of America, on NBC-Red at 7:30, has a specially written play called "Western Star," by the famous dramatist, Maxwell Anderson, with music by Kurt Weill.

January 8: A complicated kind of quiz show, with all sorts of money prizes, is on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:35, just after the news. It's called Spin and Win with Jimmy Flynn.

January 15: Far good acting and an exciting story, listen to Big Town, starring Edward G. Robinson and Ona Munson, on CBS at 8:00 tonight.

January 22: Wednesday is drama night on the air: Meet Mr. Meek—Cavalcade of America—Big Town—Hollywood Playhouse—Dr. Christian—Manhattan at Midnight—Mr. District Attorney. You can't hear them all on the same night, but whichever you pick you'll hear some good entertainment.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Lone Journey, on NBC-Red at 5:15, E.S.T., sponsored by the makers of Dreft.

You won't hear much melodrama if you listen to Lone Journey, but you will hear the story of some real, human people, well written and well acted. The author of Lone Journey is this year's radio sensation, Sandra Michael, who also writes another NBC serial, Against the Storm.

Lane Journey is about a man who is an idealist and a woman who isn't, and the conflict that comes when they fall in love and marry.

Claudia Morgan, one of the New York stage's loveliest stars, plays the leading feminine role, that of Nita Bennett. She's the daughter of Ralph Morgan and his niece of Frank, of the movies, but although she's acted in a few films most of her fame has been won on the stage.

Wolfe Bennett, the hero, is played by Lester Damon, another of radio's recruits from the stage. He's thirty-two years old, and began his career fourteen years ago playing in stock in his native town of Providence, R.I. Later he was in Shakespearean plays in England, then returned to New York and was in the original stage production of "Dead End." You've heard

him on the air since 1938.

Two of the best characters in Lone Journey are Henry Newman and Mrs. King, played by Cliff Soubier and Grace Valentine. Cliff is a veteran of the air, and used to live in Chicago, appearing in several radio programs every day. Lane Journey at first originated in Chicago, but recently moved to New York, and Cliff moved with it. He's stocky, jovial, and very versatile. He claims he learned versatility as a boy when he played with medicine shows and carnivals, doing just about everything there was to be done in each. In one traveling company he was an acrobat in part of the show, and used to fall "dead" on the stage with his legs and body in full view of the audience and his head in the wings—so he could play his own dirge on a cornet.

Grace Valentine (Mrs. King, the salty Western character) was in the movies in the days when Hollywood was just a sand lot. After talkies came in she made some more pictures, but then returned to New York.

Lone Journey is directed by John Gibbs, a tall, handsome man who is not only Sandra Michael's business manager but her husband as well.

Say Hello To—



SEYMOUR YOUNG—who at sixteen is one of radio's veterans. He had his first audition in 1933, when he was nine, and NBC talent pickers described him then as "flat and colorless." Later in the same year he tried again and got a job. Now you hear him as Jacob Kransky in The Guiding Light. He can also sing, dance, play the piano, and do dialect impersonations. His hobby is drawing pencil portraits and sketches, which he gives to the members of the casts of radio shows he works on. Some day, if radio doesn't turn into a life work for him, he'd like to be a cartoonist. His recreation is horseback riding.

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



■ Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell are together professionally again.

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

January 2: After all these years, Major Bowes and his amateurs are still on the air—CBS at 9:00 tonight—and what's even more surprising, after all these years they still provide a mighty entertaining show.

January 9: Don't forget America's Tawn Meeting an NBC-Blue at 9:35 tonight. In these days of war and unrest, the Tawn Meeting's discussions are more than ever important to hear.

January 16: The American School of the Air an CBS presents the story of Meggy MacIntosh on its Tales From Far and Near this morning.

January 23: Some of the most remarkable true stories you ever heard will be on Strange As It Seems, over CBS at 8:30 tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Kraft Music Hall, with Bing Crosby and Connie Baswell, Bob Burns, and John Scott Trotter's orchestra, heard on NBC-blue at 9:00, E.S.T., and sponsored by Kraft Products.

If you thought the Kraft Music Hall was pretty good last year, you'll call it practically perfect now, for in addition to Bing it now has Connie Baswell as a regular member of the cast.

The addition of Connie is particularly important because she and Bing are old friends. They've known each other since the days when both were struggling young singers trying to get along. In fact, the Boswell Sisters—Martha, Connie and Vet—came to Hollywood back in the late 1920's, when the Rhythm Boys (one of them was Bing) were knocking around from one night-club engagement to another. Connie and her two sisters went on the air in their first commercial program the same week Bing got his first commercial. Back in New York, they appeared together in "George White's Scandals," and made their first phanograph record together, Connie on one side of the record, Bing on the other. And their movie debuts were in the same picture, Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1932." Now they're together again, and having a fine time.

Frail, slender little Connie is 105 pounds of courage. She was born in New Orleans, and at the age of four she fell from a coaster wagon, suffering injuries that almost completely paralyzed her. Through the years she recovered from the effects of her fall, and she and Martha and Vet

went on the vaudeville stage as an instrumental trio. Interpalated songs seemed to please audiences better than their instrumental efforts, so eventually they gave the latter up and went on to fame as singers.

Several years ago, Connie fell again, and since then she has been confined to a wheel chair, unable to walk. That didn't daunt her spirit, and neither did the marriages of Martha and Vet, which put her up against the problem of retiring or continuing as a soloist. She chose the latter course.

She's married to Harry Leedy, her manager, and gets around seated on a little wheeled stool which looks as little as possible like a wheel chair. She makes all her own vocal arrangements, and plays the cello, piano, trumpet and saxophone; writes plays and poetry when she can't go to sleep at night, and frequently takes time out from all these pursuits to paint pictures.

Connie and Bing have a language of their own which nobody else in the world understands. Whenever they meet, he says, "I need a haircut," which sends her off into gales of laughter. Nobody knows what he means except Connie and Bing, and they won't tell.

Before Bing came from his vacation in mid-November, there were widespread rumors that he'd leave the Kraft Music Hall. They seem to have been just rumors, and that's a good thing. He and Connie make a singing and wise-cracking team that should be kept on the air by force, if necessary.

Say Hello To—



DOROTHY GREGORY—who in a few months after her graduation from high school is already playing the important role of Geraldine Quinton in Scattergood Baines. Dorothy studied dramatics and dancing while she was going to school, and when she graduated set out to break into radio. One day, sitting in a studio reception room, she realized auditions were being held in the studio next door. She picked up a script another actress had left behind, and at the first opportunity rushed into the studio and up to the mike. Her name wasn't on the list of auditioners, but officials listened—and gave her the job.

P. S. T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
2:00	8:05 2:30	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB CBS: School of the Air
	8:45 9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:45	9:00 10:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris NBC-Red: This Small Town
1:15	9:15 10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:45	9:30 10:30 9:30 10:30	CBS: Stepmother NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
	9:45 10:45 4:30 10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	10:00 11:00 10:00 11:00	CBS: Short Short Story NBC-Blue: I Love Linda Dale NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:00	10:15 11:15	CBS: Martha Webster NBC-Red: Against the Storm
11:00	10:30 11:30 10:30 11:30	CBS: Big Sister NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver NBC-Red: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15 12:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45	CBS: Our Gai Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
10:15	12:15 1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
	12:45 1:45	CBS: Road of Life
3:00	1:00 2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
3:30	1:15 2:15	CBS: Girl Interne NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45 2:45	CBS: My Son and I NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: Jan Peerce MBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
	2:30 3:30	CBS: A Friend in Deed NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45	CBS: Exploring Space NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:00	3:00 4:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life NBC-Blue: Mother of Mine NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
4:15	3:15 4:15	CBS: We, The Abbotts NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30	CBS: Hilltop House NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
12:30	3:45 4:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins NBC-Red: Young Wilder Brown
8:30	4:00 5:00	CBS: The Goldbergs NBC-Blue: Children's Hour NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:15	4:15 5:15	CBS: The O'Neills NBC-Red: Lone Journey
2:45	4:45 5:45	CBS: Scattering Baines NBC-Blue: Tom Mix NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
8:55	10:00 5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout NBC-Red: Lil Abner
3:15	5:15 6:15	CBS: Edwin C. Hill NBC: Hedda Hopper
10:00	5:30 6:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan NBC-Blue: The World Today NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:30	6:30 7:30	CBS: Al Pearce MBS: The Lone Ranger NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
9:00	7:00 8:00	CBS: KATE SMITH NBC-Blue: Singin' and Swingin' NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
8:30	7:30 8:30	NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE
8:30	8:00 9:00	CBS: Johnny Presents NBC-Blue: Gangbusters NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30 9:30	CBS: Campbell Playhouse MBS: I Want a Divorce NBC-Blue: John B. Kennedy NBC-Red: ARCH OBOLER'S PLAYS
6:35	8:35 9:35	NBC-Blue: Your Happy Birthday MBS: Raymond Gram Swing NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World



■ In Wings of Destiny—Betty Arnold, Corlton Kodeil, Willo:d Farnum, Henry Hunter.

Tune-in Bulletin for December 27, January 3, 10 and 17!

December 27: The movies' best octress and radio's best writer join forces tonight when Everymon's Theater, on NBC-Red at 9:30, presents Bette Davis in "The Mirror," by Arch Oboler. . . Alec Templeton presents one of his delightful musical sotires on NBC-Red at 7:30.

January 3: Your Hoppy Birthday, on NBC-Blue at 9:35, starts its sponsored career tonight, after having been on for a few weeks sustaining. If today is your birthday, you may win some money out of the program. . . On NBC, Kanzas City sends a solute to the U. S. Antorctic Expedition.

January 10: If Western stories ore your dish, don't miss Death Volley Doys, on NBC tonight of 8:30. . . Joon Blondell does some good octing on "I Want a Divorce," MBS of 9:30.

January 17: The biggest stars of Hollywood ore appearing in the Compbell Ployhouse programs, over CBS of 8:30 tonight. Too bod they hove to compete with I Want a Divorce on MBS and Arch Oboler's plays on NBC of the same time.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Wings of Destiny, on NBC-Red at 10:00, E.S.T., sponsored by Wings Cigarettes.

This is the first radio program ever to give away an airplane on each broadcast. Not only that, but if you win a plane the sponsors orrange for you to learn how to fly it.

The first port of this thirty-minute program is dromo—on oviation mystery story revolving about the adventures of a transport pilot, a doredevil girl photographer and the pilot's "greose-monkey" or mechonic. Steve Benton, the pilot, is ployed by John Hodiok (you hear him also in the title role of Li'l Abner); Peggy Bonning, the girl, by Betty Arnold; and Brooklyn, the mechonic, by Henry Hunter.

After the dromatic portion of the program, the nome of the week's airplane-winner is announced. The winner is the person who has most successfully completed an odvertising slogon in 25 words or less, and a different slogon is announced every week.

Del King, the Wings of Destiny on-nouncer, puts in a long-distance coll direct from the studio to the person whose slogon hos won for that week. While he is waiting for the coll to be completed, a second studio onnouncer is talking on another telephone to Art Peirce, former World Wor oce, who is of the Chicago Municipal Airport, waiting to fly the prize plane to the

fortunate contest-winner of the week.

The plones ore o! Piper Cubs, volued at \$1,750, and ore flown by Peirce stroight from Chicago to t're winners, no matter where they live. Since the plones must be delivered on the Sunday afternoon following the Friday night broodcast, Peirce frequently hos to hustle. Several times he hos been grounded by bod weather, but he's always managed to arrive in the tiny Piper Cub in time for the scheduled presentation.

Peirce's proudest ochievement come when he delivered a plane to the first winner, Thomos Gollogher, a resident of Cincinnoti. Just before reaching the Cincinnoti airport, he was flying stroight into a 110-mile headwind. The maximum speed of the plone was 90 miles on hour. Peirce soys he is the first mon who ever flew three miles over the city of Cincinnoti backwards. He doesn't say how he managed to get there, though. You'll hove to figure that out yourself.

If, when you listen in to Wings of Destiny, you ore unhoppy because you con hear only the onnouncer's holf of the telephone conversation in which the winner is told of his good luck, don't blome the program. For some reason, it's ogoinst the low to broodcast both ends of a telephone conversation. Horoce Heidt's Pot O' Gold show runs into the some restrictions.

Say Hello To-



MARY PATTON—the glamorous young woman who plays Marie Martel in Arnold Grimm's Daughter. Mary was born with an exhibition complex, she says, and never intended to be anything but an actress. Before she achieved her ambition, though, she did some singing, modelling, secretarial work, and even selling in a department store. She got her first acting job as an understudy in the New York company of "You Can't Take It With You," then went on tour playing one of the leads in the show, and began working in radio upon her return to New York. She likes the theater, sports of all kinds, dogs and horses, and loves to cook.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
	8:00	CBS: News of Europe	
	8:00	NBC-Red: News	
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orchestra	
	8:15	NBC-Red: Crackerjack Quartet	
	8:25	CBS: Odd Side of the News	
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert	
	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
	8:45	NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell	
	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: Texas Jim Robertson	
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Hillbilly Champions	
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Watch Your Step	
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Honest Abe	
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Wise Man	
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Musical Tote-a-tete	
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee	
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Sid Walton	
10:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway	
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Richard Kent	
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Old Dirt Dobber	
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Gallicchio's Orch.	
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club	
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Symphony Concert	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Deep River Boys	
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Song Folks	
	8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
	8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Dorian String Quartet
	8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
	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: Milestones in Music
	9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Highways to Health
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
	10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Music from WTIC
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Dance Music
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: This Is My Land
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Bull Session
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	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: El Chico Orchestra
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: Listeners' Playhouse
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-Red: Paul Douglas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Gay Nineties Revue
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Orchestra
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Your Marriage Club
5:00	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
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Wayne King Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Boake Carter
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Little Of Hollywood
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Song of Your Life
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Chicago Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Public Affairs
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: News of the World



■ Tiny Welcome Lewis thinks up new and crazy ideas for her Singing Bee.

Tune-In Bulletin for December 28, January 4, 11 and 18!

December 28: Tonight's your last chance to hear Toscanini conduct the NBC Symphony until he returns in February. . . . On Mutual at 10:00, Marian Claire and Jan Peerce sing the leading roles in the operetta, "The Fortune Teller."

January 4: Wander what the CBS Hit Parade program will be broadcasting tonight? Chances are the nation's most popular tunes are no longer allowed on the air, due to the argument between the networks and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. . . . Alfred Wallenstein leads the NBC symphony on NBC-Blue at 10:00.

January 11: There's a sports event for you today on NBC—the track meet sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Bastan. . . . The MBS Theater of the Air presents Marian Claire in "Naughty Marietta."

January 18: There's a real musical novelty on the Mutual Theater of the Air—an operetta version of "Cyra de Bergerac," with Marian Claire and Richard Bonelli.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee, on CBS at 10:00 A.M., E.S.T.

This is a crazy program, but it's fun. It is really a musical quiz show, with the contestants trying to identify songs described in charades which are sent in by the listening audience; but Welcome Lewis has dressed it all up with so many wild ideas that nobody really cares whether the songs are identified or not.

To begin with, members of the studio audiences are all "Guppies," and belong to "The Glub Glub Club." You automatically become a Guppy if you attend one of the broadcasts, and your slagan and password are both "Glub." Your club song is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." What does it all mean? Dunno.

Before the broadcast starts Welcome Lewis passes out bananas, grapefruit, doughnuts, candy, peanuts and other edibles to the people in the audience. Everyone is encouraged to chew away while Welcome selects the candidates for the quiz.

Cash prizes are won by the successful contestants on the quiz, but the most unsuccessful one gets a baaby prize. Same weird and wonderful baaby prizes have been awarded by the elfin Miss Lewis: an old gray beard, red flannel underwear, a plug of chewing tabacca, anything that seems like a good idea at the time. One woman got a live lobster, but she was game. She took it home and cooked it.

Guppies play a special radio version of the old game, "Past Office," too. It has practically nothing to do with the game as you used to play it when you were a kid, except that the laser has to kiss a little china pig.

When the half-hour program has finished its broadcast, the excitement isn't over by any means. After-show auditions select some contestants for the following week. Welcome invites would-be contestants to step up on the stage and sing their favorite songs. Some rather remarkable vocal efforts are heard in these sessions, and perhaps it's just as well they aren't broadcast, or a lot of people would think something was wrong with their radios.

Welcome Lewis, though you might not suspect it from listening to her as she engineers this program, is really a very sane and intelligent young woman. She comes from a family of musicians; she herself plays the violin and her singing ability was discovered when she was a small child. When she was eleven she made her professional debut on the stage of the Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles, and went on from there to lead her own orchestra and later became one of radio's first big stars. By "big" we don't mean physically, though. Welcome is less than four feet ten inches tall, but a terrific amount of musical ability and energy are packed into that tiny frame.

Say Hello To—



SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF—who talks tonight between the two halves of the NBC Symphony concert. He was born in Russia but came to the United States as a boy, and studied to be a concert pianist. After attending Columbia University he became an accompanist, and toured with artists like Alma Gluck, Efrem Zimbalist and Jascha Heifetz, whose sister Pauline he married. In 1925 he left the concert stage for the post of music critic on the New York World, and now he is critic on the New York Post. He's a close friend of Arturo Toscanini, and was the man who first invited the maestro to lead NBC's orchestra.



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



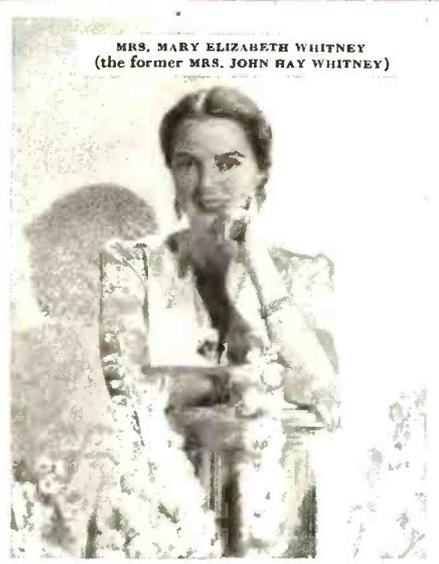
MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.
(FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



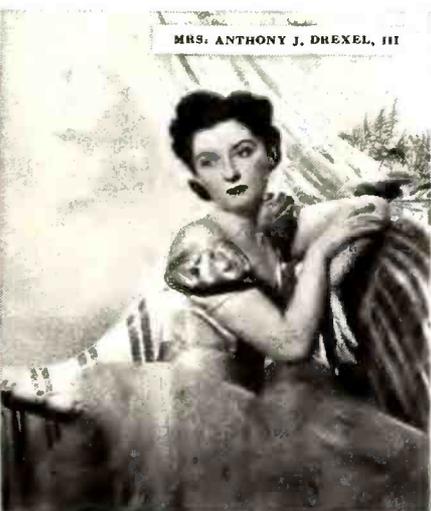
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE (the former MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE)



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(the former MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*-clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippery cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings

enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CVB, Clinton, Conn.

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. . .
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE . . .
MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY . . . MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III
names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual



■ Portrait of a happy pair—Frances Langford and Jon Hall celebrate a record-breaking vaudeville tour with a dinner at Ciro's.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

A STORK race is going on in Col. Stoopnagle's CBS Quixie-Doodle program. The wives of program director Sam Baker, announcer Alan Reed and script writer Al Garry are all expecting babies the last week in February. Everyone connected with the program has entered a pool, making a guess on which baby will be born first and when, and the winning mother will get a bassinet as a present from the show.

TIP: Beg, borrow or steal a copy of Arch Oboler's "Fourteen Radio Plays," published in book form by Random House. It contains the regular acting scripts of some of his most exciting radio dramas, and it's swell.

A wartime romance worthy of a novelist's pen came to a happy ending when Edwin Hartrich, Jr., CBS European correspondent, returned recently to the United States. In the fall of 1939 Hartrich was stationed by

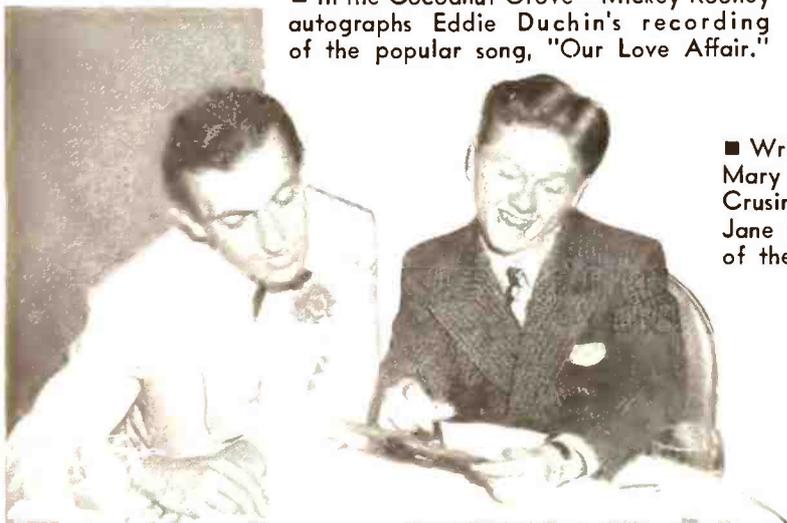
CBS in Paris, where he met Eileen O'Connor, a lovely young American girl who was a professional dancer at the Bal Tabarin night club. They were planning to be married, but CBS sent the groom-to-be to Finland to cover the Russian invasion. By the time he returned to Paris for the invasion of France, Eileen had gone to Ireland. Then the war called Hartrich to Berlin and Eileen came home to America. Finally, a month or so ago, Hartrich was given permission to leave Berlin for the United States. All the boats and planes were booked solid for months, but he stowed away on a liner, and when it docked in Jersey City Eileen was on the pier, waiting for him. They were married a few days later.

About the time you're reading this—on January 1, in fact—you may be conscious that your pet popular music is missing from the network programs. Even more upsetting, several

favorite musical programs may disappear from the air entirely then. If either of those things happens, you can blame the quarrel between the networks and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, which controls the performing rights on most of America's popular music. As this issue of RADIO MIRROR goes to press, the fight has been going on for several months, and there is still no sign of weakening on either side. Here's a way for you to know, the night of January 1, if the quarrel has been settled peaceably or if the ASCAP music has been barred from the air: Listen to Amos 'n' Andy. If their program is introduced by the theme song which has become familiar over a decade of broadcasting, you needn't worry—your programs will continue without noticeable change. But if Amos 'n' Andy have a new theme song, expect plenty of musical shows to turn dramatic.

(Continued on page 48)

■ In the Coconut Grove—Mickey Rooney autographs Eddie Duchin's recording of the popular song, "Our Love Affair."



■ Writer's daughter joins Mary Marlin cast—Pat Crusinberry, daughter of Jane Crusinberry, author of the daily NBC serial.



Can your Beauty really be Re-Born?

“Yes!” says *Lady Esther*

“In your **NEW-BORN-SKIN!**”



Just under your present surface skin... a New-Born Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother, lovelier... so your New-Born Skin may make you younger looking when it comes to view.

WOMEN eagerly ask... “Is it true?... Will I have a New-Born Skin?” Yes... sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For underneath this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is growing to life, and preparing to replace your older and worn-out skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin flatter you... will it be lovelier... will it make you look younger?

Your New-Born Skin can bring a revelation of beauty to your face, if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature gently remove the flakes of old skin... soothingly to clear and cleanse away surface impurities. Only then can your New-Born Skin emerge in all its beauty and all its glory!

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth. They can and do make you look older.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin. Dirt and impurities are loosened so they can be gently whisked away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your accent on youth!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

See if he doesn't agree that only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! See if he doesn't tell you that *every word* Lady Esther says is true... that her cream removes the dirt, the impurities and drab, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my Cream *at my expense*. Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

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



SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (64)
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.)



■ Southern gentlewoman and popular WBT star is Mary Davant.

(Continued from page 46)

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Telling about the Woman's World over station WBT every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8:15 is Mary Davant, a little, dark-haired Southern woman with amazing vitality. She's been on the WBT staff for a year, and has built up a tremendous popularity, due partly to her charming voice and partly to the unending stream of new features which she is forever adding to her programs.

Mary has been interested in the theater ever since she was a school girl in Tennessee. After college she took an active part in the Memphis Little Theater, of which she was president for a number of years. In 1929 she was chosen to represent her city in the Belasco Tournament of Little Theaters in New York City, and won an award in the leading role of a one-act play.

Mary didn't want to be a professional actress, though. She is the wife of Allison Davant, prominent Southern cotton broker, and her most important job was creating a home for him and their son. After the Davants moved to Charlotte, however, she continued her Little Theater work as a hobby, directing and acting in various plays. This was work that eventually led her to radio.

Mary is one of Charlotte's most smartly-dressed women, and you'd never guess from her appearance that she is the mother of a nineteen-year-old son.

She is also mistress of ceremonies on another WBT program, Young America. On this show she gives talented young people of North and South Carolina a chance to perform—acting, singing, or playing a musical instrument—on the air. Her interest in them doesn't stop there, either. She says, "Words of encouragement and confidence from others do wonders in bolstering the courage of ambitious young students. I know—I was one."

She also spends a great deal of her time in seeking out Carolina women who have accomplished worthwhile things against heavy odds. Then she tells of their achievements on her program, believing that thus she is encouraging them to continue and at the same time inspiring others.

PITTSBURGH—Radio has many programs conducted for the special benefit and interest of shut-ins—but KQV, Pittsburgh, has one that is conducted by a shut-in as well.

Frank Stilley, heard every Sunday morning at 10 over KQV, is twenty-six years old. He weighs only sixty-four pounds. He can't walk, or move his hands, or turn his head. He is almost completely helpless, a victim of the disease called arthritis. And yet, known to thousands of listeners as "Cheerie Chatter," he brings comfort to those who are much more fortunate than he.

Frank Stilley's story, and the story of the radio program that he has built out of a wheel-chair, is another chapter to add to the amazing saga of what courage and the will to live can create out of physical pain.

One morning, when he was twelve, Frank woke up to find that he was unable to get out of bed. Long months of hospital treatment followed, and gradually he improved to the point where he could drive his own car with the aid of braces and walk with crutches. But when he was seventeen the stiffness and pain returned, this time for good. Doctors told him frankly there was nothing they could do to help him.

But nothing could stop Frank Stilley from helping himself—and helping others to help themselves. Four years ago he broached the idea of a radio program for shut-ins by a shut-in to KQV, and the station gave him fifteen minutes a week to work with. His cheerful philosophy soon made him a favorite.

On his programs Frank reads poetry and campaigns vigorously against people who stare at the handicapped and refuse to give them a chance to live normal lives. A number of celebrities have been his guests at the microphone, and he receives bags full of mail.

Frank refuses to be a real shut-in himself, and broadcasts his program from the KQV studios, not his home. He travels to and from the studios in a wheel chair of his own invention. It is a card table chair with two wagon wheels in the front and two casters in the back, and in it he covers lots of territory.

* * *

A dramatic actor of distinction is Stinky, Del Sharbutt's dog. He proved this one day when Del took him to a broadcast of the CBS Martha Webster program, for which Del is the announcer. At one point in the script actor Ray Collins was supposed to walk away from a table, calling his dog. No actual dog-bark was needed, but just before the broadcast they decided to use Stinky, just for fun. If he didn't bark when Ray called—well, no harm was done. Stinky, a bright-eyed Scotty, watched Ray at the microphone, perked up his ears when Ray called "Here, Fido!"—and barked, precisely on cue. Not only that, but he repeated his flawless performance later in the day, on the rebroadcast to the West.

* * *

You can really win money now by submitting questions to the Information Please quiz program. Questions used on the show bring \$10 apiece, instead of the former \$5; and questions that stump the experts are worth an additional \$25, instead of \$10, to those who sent them in.



■ T. Charles Cafferty campaigns for symphonic music on KDYL.

SALT LAKE CITY—Because he was convinced that many people would welcome an hour of serious music late in the evening, instead of an unbroken succession of dance bands, Thomas Charles Cafferty has become one of station KDYL's most important personalities.

T. Charles, as he prefers to be called, is a Westerner, having been born in Anaconda, Montana, nearly twenty-six years ago. When he was six his family moved to Butte, and there Tom grew up. He'd hardly started going to school when he discovered that he loved music and wanted to be a violinist—and not the hill-billy kind, either. For twelve years, he took his lessons seriously, and emerged at seventeen as the president of the Montana Music Association.

About this time in his career Mr. Cafferty—he'd recently acquired the "Mr." to go with his new dinner jacket and his six feet two inches of height—decided to continue his education out West. He went to Los Angeles Junior College, and one of his extra-curricular activities there was to manage a ping-pong center where one of the regular customers was Bing Crosby.

Maybe it was Bing who first put the idea of radio into his head. Anyway, when he returned to Butte after receiving his diploma from the Junior College, he tried to sell insurance but his heart wasn't in it. For four months he spent most of his time haunting the premises of station KFBB at Great Falls. Every day they shooed him away, but he persisted, and at last one of the regular announcers had to go to a hospital with sinus trouble, and the station gave Tom his chance. Occasional additional assignments followed, and finally he was put on the KFBB staff. A year there, a year at KFBK, Sacramento, and another year at KOH, Reno, brought him to KDYL, where he proudly bears the title of Musical Commentator.

Early in 1940 Tom conceived the idea of displacing some of KDYL's late-at-night popular music with the classics. Symphonic Serenade, of which he is the master of ceremonies,

(Continued on page 81)

IT'S BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT THE LATHER IN...

RINSE WITH WARM WATER THEN A DASH OF COOL

PAT THE FACE LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW IT FEELS **SMOOTHER** SOFTER!

LOVELY SKIN'S IMPORTANT TO **ROMANCE**. YOU'LL FIND THIS LUX SOAP CARE REALLY **WORKS!**

Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give your skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—help you keep skin *smooth!*

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness



The son of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle meets the radio counterparts of the famous Sherlock Holmes characters his father created—left to right, Doyle, Nigel Bruce, Mrs. Doyle, Basil Rathbone.

Stepmother

(Continued from page 27)

some of John's burden. So, before Gen left to look for an apartment in town, Kay had virtually become a partner in the venture.

And Kay found herself being happy for the first time in weeks. Hope was in her heart. She could see the future a little more clearly.

She was so excited and elated, that she was totally unprepared for John's opposition. "Kay, I can't have you working, supporting me! I can't!" She tried very hard to see it from his point of view, but somehow, practical considerations got in the way of her sympathy. She was willing to admit that her working might be a blow to his vanity and that, perhaps, people might be given the impression that they were worse off than they really were. However, it made her a little impatient to see the way John's mind was working. It seemed to her that they were in no position for false pride.

So, she and Gen had gone ahead with the shop. And already, whether it proved to be a success or not, its effect on all their lives was wonderful. She was feeling like a new person. And gradually, John's opposition had died down. Sometimes, he would even forget that he was supposed not to approve and he would get as enthusiastic as she was.

Kay smiled as she thought of his excitement when Gen had brought the first batch of sketches for his approval. It had amused Kay to watch Gen win him over. "After all," Gen had said, "all sensible women dress for men. Seems to me a man should be consulted about what he likes to see on a woman."

KAY stood up and went back into the shop to see how the painter was doing. He had finished one wall and was busy on the second. Kay leaned against the door frame, watching him. The paint brush made a pleasant, swishing sound and the smell of turpentine and paint was pungent and heady.

Suddenly, as she watched, the painter seemed to break up into little ripples before her eyes. Then, he disappeared entirely. The soft sound of his paint brush was magnified into a hammering on her ear drums.

I'm going to faint, she thought with amazing clarity. She clutched at the door and with a tremendous effort kept herself from falling.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Fairchild?"

She struggled toward the sound and in a moment she could make out the painter's face.

"I—I don't know," she murmured. "It must be the paint."

"Yeah," the man said cheerfully. "It's pretty strong. Some people can't stand it. Now, take my wife, for instance. She can't bear the smell of paint. It ain't so bad most of the time, but when she's having a baby—one whiff and she keels right over."

This time, Kay let the surging, ringing blackness close down over her.

WHEN she awoke, she was in her own bed and Gen was bending over her.

"Oh, Kay," Gen was saying. "Darling. What happened?"

Kay turned her face away. "How did I get here?" she asked.

"I brought you," Gen said. "The painter carried you to the car and up here. How do you feel now? Shall I call the doctor?"

"No!" Kay cried frantically. "No! No! I'm all right, really. It must have been the smell of paint."

Gen lowered the blinds and tiptoed out of the room. Left alone, Kay faced the situation dismally. There was little doubt now about it. She was going to have a baby.

"I don't want it! I don't want it!" she cried, beating her clenched fists on the bed.

This was the fear that had driven her away from David. This was the fear that had made her promise herself never to marry. It was this terror that John's calm sensibility and strength had lulled to rest, until she had forgotten it completely.

Now she remembered her father. And her brother. Her child would be like that. She would watch it grow up. And all the while, she would be waiting for it to happen, for the fits of depression, the dark, heavy gloom to settle over her child's mind. She would see her bright, clever child, turning morose and despondent and she would be powerless to help it.

And she would lie awake nights, wondering whether her child would go the way her father did, trying to beat the oppressive weight on his mind by drowning it in drink, or whether it would be like her brother, slowly escaping further and further from living until he found the final escape in death.

No! She couldn't bear it. She would kill herself. That would be better. Anything would be better than bringing a child with such an inheritance into the world.

The downstairs door slammed. "Darling," John called from the foot of the stairs. "What's wrong? Mattie says you're ill."

"No," Kay called back. "I'm all right. I'll be down in a minute."

She washed her face with cold water, meanwhile gathering her scattered wits. She realized suddenly that she would have to tell John about the baby, but how was she to find a way to explain the fear that was in her heart?

John ran to meet her and caught her hands in his. "You're so pale, darling. Are you sure you're all right?"

Kay smiled and nodded. "I just got a little dizzy from the paint at the shop, that's all. I'm better now."

"Well," John said, beaming at her. "That's one thing you won't have to worry about any more—working. You can take it easy from now on."

"John! You've got a job!"

YES—I mean, no—I mean, not exactly," John stammered. Then he laughed at himself. "Listen to me—" "But, John, if it's not a job—what is it?"

"Well," John said seriously, "the members of the Reform Committee have asked me to be their candidate for Mayor. What do you think? Should I accept?"

"Oh, John! Should you accept!" Kay thought her heart would burst from its beating. "It's wonderful! Sit down and tell me all about it."

John held her hand fast, while he talked. And there was such strength, such hope behind his words. He spoke with pride, but it was the pride of a man who has been given something important to do and knows he can handle it. She could almost feel his confidence like a tangible thing about him. And she forgot in this moment of pleasure that there was fear in her.

He told her that he had been chosen by this newly formed Reform Committee because of his reputation for integrity and honesty. The Committee was planning a wide-sweeping clean-up of Walnut Grove. Somehow, that amused Kay a little. After her experiences in Chicago, she couldn't imagine what there could be in a quiet, little town like this that needed cleaning up.

John told her who the Committee members were and Kay wondered idly why all Reform movements always seemed to attract the same sort of people. They were mostly small businessmen, with a sprinkling of the usual teachers and ministers and a few zealous spinsters.

"You'll have to help me write my speeches," John said. "I want them to be good. And I'm not much of a politician."

"That's probably why you'll be elected," Kay said.

"The first thing we're going after is the gangster element over on the East Side," John said. "I'll get all the data on that—"

"Oh, John," Kay laughed. "Gangsters. They're nothing but petty thieves and bad boys. Besides, I think you're going about that the wrong way. After all, it's not those bad, little boys that are important. It's the conditions that make them that way, that you should go after. The slums, the poor factory conditions, the unemployment."

"Maybe you're right," John said thoughtfully. "I'll talk it over with the Committee tomorrow."

Kay felt a vague sense of irritation. Why did Reform Committees always behave the same? She had never heard of one that had ever attacked a problem at its real source. They always made a lot of noise and fuss about surface things and let the real issues be handled by someone else. Well, if she had anything to do with John's campaign—and she made up her mind that she would—he, at least, would not waste his time ineffectually.

That same evening, John accepted the candidacy and by the next morning, everyone in town had heard or read about it. Andy Clayton printed the news, of course, right on the front page of the *Journal*. As she read it, Kay had a feeling that something was wrong. Andy seemed very noncommittal about the whole thing. It was the straightest piece of reporting Kay had ever seen. Just the information that a Committee, made up of—and a list of names—had been formed and had nominated for Mayor, John Fairchild.

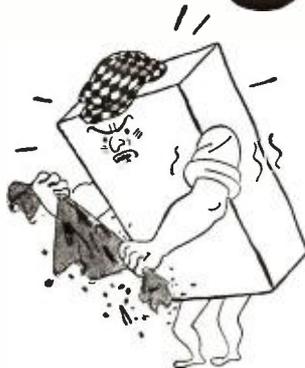
BUT when she turned to the editorial page, Kay had a jolt. Reading Andy's editorial, she remembered her own irritation of the evening before. Only Andy wasn't irritated. He was downright suspicious and he said so. He asked a lot of questions in that short editorial. He wanted to know why it had suddenly become necessary to have a Reform Committee in Walnut Grove. He pointed out that over a period of five years there had been no noticeable rise in crime or vice. And why, if they were a Reform Committee with any sincerity of purpose, did they start out by attacking the petty gangster element on the East Side? Why didn't they get at the real civic problems, which were responsible? The slums, the factories, the unemployment? Andy wrote that he hated to think this, but he couldn't help remembering that flashy gestures like this were the sort of tactics generally used by politicians to get votes and cover up their real activities.

Suddenly, Kay was worried. She didn't like the implications of that editorial. She had no doubts of John's integrity, for he was no politician, much less a crooked one. But she saw very clearly what a perfect front he would make for unscrupulous men. His very reputation would be their best weapon. And what would happen to John, if Andy carried his curiosity too far and exposed the Reform Committee as a fraud?

So, instead of going to the dress shop, as usual, Kay drove down to the *Journal* office. She considered Andy Clayton one of her best friends and she had always thought he was fond of John. What she intended to do, she didn't quite know. But she was determined to stop Andy's newspaper criticism, if she could.

"You're just the person I want to see," Andy said as soon as he caught sight of her. "What is going on up

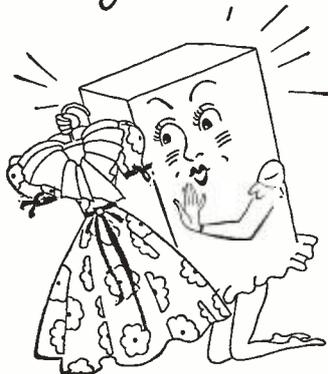
Tough with Dirt...



Golden Bar or Golden Chips,

Fels-Naptha Soap goes after dirt in a determined way that no pale, weak-kneed soap can hope to equal. For reaching under-the-surface dirt, for loosening ground-in grime, there's nothing like golden soap *plus* naptha, the thorough, persistent, gentle cleaner. GOLDEN soap *plus* naptha—Fels-Naptha!!

Gentle with Clothes



Fels-Naptha Soap is more than just an able dirt remover. This richer, *golden* soap literally 'floats away' the clinging dirt particles that only soap and naptha working together can really loosen. So it's plain common sense to wash your sheerest washable things the Fels-Naptha way. The *strenuous* rubbing that ruins delicate fabrics is unnecessary when Golden Soap and Gentle Naptha go to work. And Fels-Naptha is specially kind to hands, too.

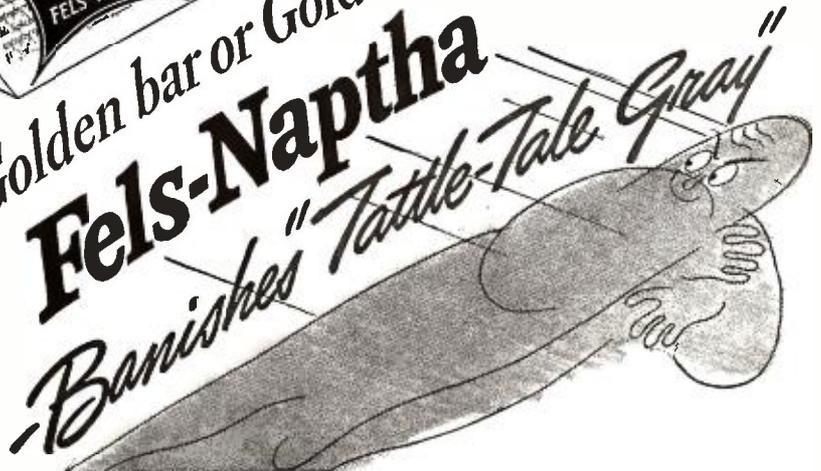
It's worth knowing that Fels-Naptha

Soap works well in any kind of water, hot or cool, hard or soft—that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are actually 'non-sneeze'. They were the very first to eliminate powdery dust that irritates your nose. Whether you're buying bar-soap or box-soap, tell your grocer you want FELS-NAPTHA. For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 9-B, Phila., Pa.



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Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha



"—just to touch
your dear soft HANDS"



Why Most Girls' Hand Skin Needs Special Care

NATURE scamped a bit on your hand skin—made it less oily; easily cheated of its natural softening moisture.

All the more reason to use Jergens Lotion regularly! It's the easy way to furnish your skin with new skin-softening moisture.

Two ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help dry, rough skin to adorable smoothness. No stickiness! More girls use Jergens now than any other Lotion. Such a simple way to cultivate heart-winning soft hands! Regular use helps *prevent* mortifying roughness and chapping. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.



**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3520 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have
lovable, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, *free*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

at your house? Who's responsible for this Reform Committee? Whose idea was it? John's?"

"No, of course not," Kay answered. "That's the funny thing about it," Andy Clayton said. "I've had my best reporters out on the story and nobody seems to know who thought up this brilliant idea of a Reform Committee all of a sudden. Not even the Committee members know—or they're not telling. But I'll find out, believe you me."

"But, Andy," Kay said, "I'm worried—I mean about John. He's so happy about this thing, he believes in it so much—if anything should go wrong, I don't know what he'd do."

Andy patted her shoulder and smiled gently. "Leave it to me," he said. "I've known John all his life and I wouldn't do anything to hurt him. You know that. But, if there is something phoney about this set-up, he'd best know it now, right away, before he gets in too deep to back out. Now, you be a good girl and run along and let me do my detective work. Of course, if you can find out anything from John—you know, who puts up the money for the campaign and such things—I'd appreciate it."

Andy's attitude upset her. It re-awakened the vague uneasiness she had felt when John first announced his nomination, but it did nothing to clarify matters. Andy's suspicions apparently had the same amorphous foundation as her own distrust had had and the only reason she could see for not dismissing the whole thing as foolish was the fact that they both had the feeling that something was wrong. But no matter how she searched for a clue, she could find nothing.

TO get away from her strange sense of impending danger to John, she buried herself in the last minute preparations for the opening of the shop. She kept herself as busy as possible, even insisting that Gen go to Chicago to pick up the exclusive models that had been made for them, while she stayed behind and arranged the fashion show they had planned for their opening.

She wrote invitations to the right women. She planned refreshments and ordered them. She rehearsed Peg and two of her young friends, who were to act as mannequins. She wrote advertisements and a special feature story on fashions for the *Journal*. She worked feverishly, driving herself to exhaustion, so that she could be sure of sleeping when she finally went home at night. She didn't want to think—about anything, about John and the Reform Committee, or about the baby, whose existence was now beginning to make her more and more uncomfortable. She felt she mustn't brood on these things, that did no good. She must wait until she knew what had to be done and then do it.

At last, the shop was opened. Thanks to Gen's genius as a designer, it caught on immediately. Practically every woman Kay had invited to the opening ordered something. And it wasn't just a momentary, opening-day success, either. For, as the days went by, their business kept increasing. Even at the end of the first week, they showed a margin of profit.

It was about a week after this that Andy Clayton's investigations began to bear fruit. He called Kay and told her what he had discovered. It was pitifully little, but it was enough to

prove that there were some grounds for their suspicions, even though they still didn't know what.

"I don't know how it fits in," Andy said over the phone, "but there's been a lot of extra money circulating around over on the East Side. I've checked on reported robberies and asked a few questions from people I know at the bank, but I can't find out where those thugs got all that money. See if you can find out from John what the Reform Committee's doing with the campaign funds."

It was all very well for Andy to give her this assignment, but Kay had no idea of how to go about questioning John. If she still had been a newspaper woman and not his wife, she would simply have gone to John and asked him point blank. Reporters were known for their impudence, and frequently, they got their best results through just such surprise tactics. But she was no longer a reporter. And John was her husband and she was trying to help him without his knowledge.

But, think as she would, she couldn't find any tactful way to broach the subject. So, finally, she did just ask John point blank whether he had any idea of how much money the Reform Committee was spending on the campaign and how it was spending it.

"But why do you want to know this, Kay?" John asked.

And she was forced to explain. She had to tell him how worried she had been, and how curious Andy Clayton was.

"OH, so that's it!" John said. "Andy Clayton, eh? The Walnut Grove Crusader. I'm certainly surprised to hear that you've been working behind my back with him in this mud-slinging campaign of his. I thought you had better sense. Don't you realize that Andy Clayton's just trying to build up circulation by whatever means falls into his hands? And there's nothing like a political campaign to revive the circulation of a paper. But just to set your mind at rest, I'll show you what we've been doing with the campaign funds. It so happens that I have all the figures here."

And he had shown her. Everything was accounted for, down to the very stamps used for the business of the Reform Committee. Nevertheless, Kay's mind was not set at ease. Nor did Andy Clayton believe that he had been wrong in his original suspicions. But they both realized that they could do nothing for John, that he would never believe them, until they had full and conclusive evidence to put before him—before it was too late.

The time was growing short, now. Kay and Andy spent long hours pouring over the fragmentary reports brought in by Andy's reporters. They speculated, followed leads down blind alleys, they matched stories, trying to untangle the truth from the mass of gossip and electioneering slander. And slowly, very slowly, they began to make some sense out of it all.

One thing began to stand out more and more clearly. Everything could be traced back to Matthew Clark or his son-in-law, Jim Shannon. It was Clark's money that was circulating on the East Side. And it was Clark who was pulling all the strings.

But why? They had to find out why. And they had to find out fast. Andy set his best reporter on Clark's

"one kiss on your satin-smooth FACE"



New "ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment soon helps your Complexion to Inviting Smoothness, helps against dull, Dry Skin

CLEAR, fine skin, smooth as satin! So easy for you to cultivate now, with this new Jergens Face Cream!

All-purpose cream—so "right" for every type of skin, it's endorsed by Alix, famous creator of lovely fashions.

Use this one new Jergens Face Cream every day: (1) for expert cleansing; (2) to help soften your skin; (3) for a smooth finish for powder; and (4) as a lovely Smooth-Skin night cream to help against dry skin. You know, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early and so look old too soon.

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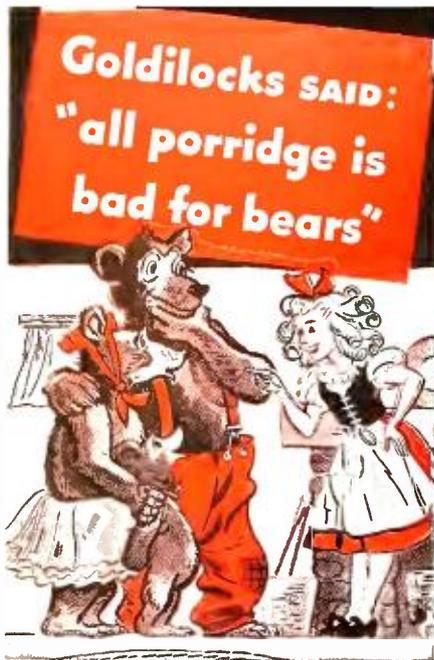


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Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.



But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.



"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

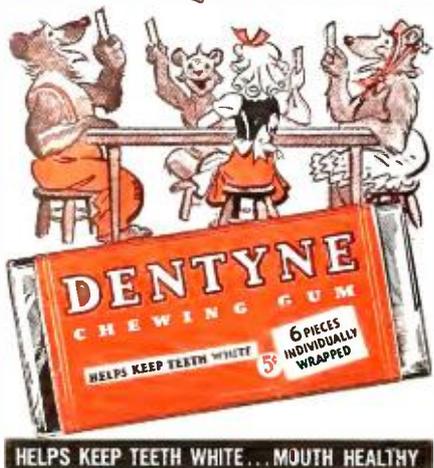
"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."



Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a favorite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

trail. And gradually, all too slowly for Kay's impatience, the truth began to take shape.

They found out that Clark had been the moving light behind the creation of the Reform Committee. He had kept carefully in the background, but it had been his suggestion that John be nominated. They had no legal proof of any of this. They pieced it together painfully from a hint dropped here and a word dropped there. They discovered that Clark's plan was to strike a last-minute blow at John, by discrediting his ability, perhaps even charging him with irregularities at the bank. Clark thought he had a perfect weapon there. John had played right into his hands by hiding the real reason for his resignation.

As election day drew nearer, the opposition began to open its attack on John. Every day, sly hints of startling disclosures to come were dropped. John's character was attacked. His having been without a job for so long was being mentioned more and more often.

AND the Reform Committee suddenly dropped into the background. There were no more speakers making speeches glorifying John. There were no more brass bands and street corner rallies. No one spoke in his defense. He was isolated, left alone, to defend himself as best he could.

Kay wanted desperately to reassure

The people clamored for vengeance. And the indignant citizens marched on Matthew Clark's house.

Kay was frightened by this upheaval. She had expected a violent reaction, but not anything like this. Frantically, she phoned Andy Clayton.

"Andy, can't you stop them? You must!" she cried.

Mrs. Clark had stopped the crowd. She had come to the door and stood there before them and something about the dry-eyed sorrow in her face had quieted them down as no Militia could have done.

"You can go away now," she had said. "He's not here. He'll never be here—or anywhere—again. He's paid for his crimes. Let him rest in peace."

Somehow, Clark's suicide threw a pall over the city. The people were no longer angry. They were just stunned. Jim Shannon left town and no one saw him go.

Elections were held, but they were the quietest elections the city had ever seen. John was elected unanimously.

John was very humble. His victory seemed to mean less to him than the discovery of all Kay had done for him. He knew now that without her help, he could never have won. He would have been made the laughing stock of the city.

Somehow, he wasn't capable of putting any of this into words. But Kay understood. She could see it in his

The CAST of STEPMOTHER

Kay Fairchild... JANET LOGAN
John Fairchild... CHARLES PENMAN
Peg Fairchild... BARBARA FULLER

Mother Fairchild... BESS McCAMMON
Bud Fairchild... CORNELIUS PEEPLES
Andy Clayton... DON GALLAGHER

The characters and situations in this work are wholly fictional and imaginary, and do not portray and are not intended to portray any actual persons, living or dead.

(Illustrations posed by members of the cast)

John, but she didn't dare. She was afraid that in his righteous indignation, John might go to the Reform Committee and denounce them publicly. If he did that, she and Andy would never have a chance to get the real proof they needed.

Then, only three days before election, the whole thing broke. Andy Clayton got all the evidence he needed. He turned the entire issue of the *Journal* over to an expose of the crooked politics that had been bleeding the people of Walnut Grove for years.

It was all there. Clark's connection with the administration and the party machine, which over the years had built up such a complicated system of graft and cover-up, that it would take months for auditors to straighten out the city's affairs. Clark's manipulations of government relief funds, his misuse of the money in his bank—and his having forced John to resign so that John would not come across his embezzlements—his misdirection of State appropriations and taxes. And finally, his double dealing in having John nominated so that he could ensure the re-election of his own candidate and thus make sure that his speculations would not be uncovered.

Walnut Grove went mad. Townspeople stood about on the streets in excited groups, waving their newspapers and shouting for justice. The Mayor sent for the Militia and under its protection escaped from the city.

eyes, feel it in the way he held on to her.

She held fast to him. She wanted to show him she understood, that he didn't have to tell her. She wanted to show him how happy she was to have him again, fully and completely hers. She wanted to give him something, something great enough to show her gratitude for his gift of himself.

"John," she whispered softly, carefully, not to break the warm bond between them. "I—I can tell you now—I'm going to have a baby."

His face glowed as though there were a light behind his eyes. He didn't speak. He just touched her face, gently and with wonder. The last barrier between them vanished and they were one.

ONLY later did Kay realize the magnitude of what she had done. In her unthinking gesture of giving herself completely, of binding John to her with knowledge of the child she was bearing him, she had forever closed off any chance of ever telling him the whole truth.

Not tell him? How could she let him go on living in this blissful expectancy, knowing the horrible reality he would have to face one day?

How can Kay tell John of her secret fear—her dread that having a baby would be a tragedy? Don't miss the next instalment of this moving drama of a second wife and the problems she faces—in the March RADIO MIRROR.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

and "The Very Thought of You," has set up a rigid schedule of work. His band plays nightly in Chicago and by the first of the year will probably shift to New York and the Waldorf Astoria. There are records to be made for Columbia, and the Friday night sponsored stints. Whenever he has a chance, Ray is performing some benefit affair for his former country.

MOST people have always labored under the false impression that Ray Noble was England's best known dance band leader. Ray came here in 1934 but before that time his London records had blazed a trail for him.

"As a matter of fact," states Ray, "In those days most English dancers hardly ever heard of me. Jack Hylton, Ambrose, and Carroll Gibbons were the popular chaps."

Actually Ray's job was a thankless one. He was popular music director for His Master's Voice, a recording company. He directed the standard studio band and played, as he says, "all the tunes Hylton and Ambrose turned down."

But record collectors in New York soon smoked him out and found a few of his platters that were imported covered with dust in small, swank phonograph stores. Word got around. Pretty soon the Victor Company re-issued some of Noble's efforts.

Two of these were "Japanese Sandman" and Noel Coward's "Mad About the Boy." Record experts still insist newer discs hardly top these 1934 relics. Both records still sell if be-lated enthusiasts can find them.

Several U. S. booking agencies made inquiries about this mysterious English jazzist. Would he cross the seas and bring his band?

But Noble, under a long term contract to the London record company, turned these offers down, until one of the record officials spoke to him:

"Ray, we believe you should accept one of these offers. Take a three months leave of absence. Hang the contract. If you stay in the States five months, you'll stay forever. If you fail, you still have a job here."

Noble hasn't forgotten those words. He tries to apply the same philosophy to the people who work for him.

When the American agents first learned that Noble never had a band of his own they were disappointed.

"Then I explained to them that it was better this way. It would have been tough bringing a band over due to union restrictions. So when I came to New York all I had with me were a baggage load of arrangements, my wife, singer Al Bowly, and Bill Harty."

The next few weeks all Ray saw of New York were musicians' hideaways on Broadway and in Harlem, smoke-filled rehearsal halls, and breathless tipsters who showered praises on some unknown trombonist or trumpet virtuoso yet unrecognized. Invariably these undiscovered musical gold mines would be playing in Staten Island, Newark or Brooklyn and Ray would scurry around New York and Jersey only to meet up with some hopeless amateur.

Then a quiet, bespectacled young musician came to the rescue. Rated around radio row as a musician's musician, Glenn Miller had a knack

BLONDES! these 3 questions settle a vital problem



MRS. HUNTINGTON ASTOR, the former Mrs. Vincent Astor, who devotes much time to the cause of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, is a lovely ash blonde. She chooses Pond's Light Natural because it matches her complexion perfectly.



When trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.

1. Shall I make my skin fairer?
2. Shall I keep it the same shade?
3. Shall I deepen its color?

The matter comes down to this:

Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?

Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

A delicate pink shade—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of

ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

A light powder, but creamier, with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blondeskin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

A warm sunny shade with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. And Brunettes will find their 4 brunette shades.



Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PB, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

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BISSELL SWEEPERS
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for organizing good, solid bands. Quickly but carefully Miller, with the aid of several other American bandsmen canvassed Tin Pan Alley, gave the harried Englishman a top-notch crew. Miller stayed on as key arranger and assistant conductor.

Ray's first assignment was to open the lofty Rainbow Room in Radio City. This was followed by a string of commercials, recordings. But American efficiency and high pressure wore the Britisher to a frazzle. After two and a half years he was ready to throw in the sponge.

Then early this year Ray was ready to try again. He had become used to hustle and bustle, subways and tough cabbies, 3-minute breakfasts, and 5-minute lunches. He began to like hot dogs instead of Yorkshire pudding. He became an American citizen and went the whole hog.

A new band was organized, launched, on the west coast, and in a few months was among the country's favorite bands.

The Nobles live comfortably in one of Chicago's swank North Side apartments. Theirs was a childhood romance. Ray was born and lived in a rambling English house in Brighton, near London. Gladys was the dark-haired little girl who lived next door. They played together, went to school together, and twelve years ago were married. It's been a happy marriage, too. Typically, their only domestic trouble in Chicago has been in getting the landlord to put up with their three Scotch terriers.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

You'll Find Out: That's the name of Kay Kyser's new picture and all the big bands have rushed to record the many fine Johnny Mercer-Jimmy McHugh tunes. Tommy Dorsey (Victor 26770) and brother Jimmy (Decca 3435) thump out "You Got Me This Way," my favorite, while Kay himself does a rollicking version of "The Bad Humor Man" for Columbia. Swingiest of the lot is Bob Crosby's "Got a One Track Mind" (3434).

Down Argentine Way; You're Nearer (Victor 26765) Leo Reisman. Give this bushy-haired maestro better than average tunes and he's unbeatable.

Yesteryoungs; Handful of Stars (Bluebird 10893) Glenn Miller. Another Victor Herbert melody revived. Last year it was "Indian Summer." Kenny Baker also gives it a try (Victor 26768).

Our Love Affair; We Three (Decca 3416) Casa Loma. The correct way to play a couple of good tunes. Kenny Sargent sings flawlessly.

Some Like It Swing:

Java Jive; Do I Worry? (Decca 3432) Ink Spots. Close harmony tribute to coffee. Don't think the Sanka people will approve but Ink Spot fans will. One of the best.

House of Morgan; Lost Without You (Victor 26751) Lionel Hampton. Hampton forsakes drums and piano and concentrates on the vibraharp.

Special Delivery Stomp; Keepin' Myself For You (Victor 26762) Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five. Fast, unusual quintet that should give Shaw new fans. Relax with Vincent Youman's lovely almost forgotten tune on the reverse.

Rhumbogie; Million Dreams Ago (Decca 3396) Woody Herman. Harlem collated with Havana with good results.

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—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—hints on how to wake up a lazy skin—how to accent your personality by make-up—how to use rouge and powder properly—how to choose colors best for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outlines—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

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Love Shy

(Continued from page 21)

paid the driver and came up in the elevator with me, and since I knew Mother would be in bed, I asked him to come in.

In the kitchen we put the coffee-pot on the stove, and I found some crackers and cheese. I looked up smiling from arranging them on a plate and met his eyes. There was a questioning, longing look in them. And suddenly his arms were around me, his lips seeking mine.

In the burning warmth of that first kiss, I thought I had lost all other sense and for one beautiful, intoxicating moment there was no fear, to overcome my happiness. But then reason returned and I was powerless to check the sheer fright which made me stiffen, turn my head away from his.

He released me at once. "I'm sorry," he said curtly, and I knew from his tone that he was hurt, that he hadn't expected me to show such a complete and violent revulsion.

"YOU don't understand!" I cried. I couldn't bear to have him think his touch was repellent to me—for it wasn't. That moment in his arms had been almost unbearably sweet. I had wanted to respond to him—had responded to him; but my unconquerable instinctive reserve then had made me turn away. Even now I was longing to go back into his arms, to press close to him. I could scarcely explain to myself—how could I ever explain to him?

I tried. I said, "Please don't think I didn't want you to touch me—to kiss me. It's only that—only that all my life I've been afraid of people. Of their touch, of their—their attention. I've always wanted not to be noticed. Or—no, that's not right—I haven't wanted not to be noticed, but something inside me has always made me shrink away—"

He interrupted. "Yes, I know. I've read your publicity, Ardith. The shyest girl in radio. It's not bad, either. Garbo's made a good thing of it for years. And you do it beautifully. You were wonderful in the restaurant, with Bert and Claire. But you can drop it with me."

"It's true, though!" I burst out. "You don't think I'd act like that if I didn't have to, do you? It's torture to me not to be able to look people

in the eyes, talk to them naturally!"

"But you're being ridiculous!" he said. He was beginning to believe me, and the necessity for believing me made him angry. "Oh, of course all of us have a little bit of that—of self-consciousness, lack of poise, whatever you want to call it. But we conquer it. We don't let it ruin our lives."

"I've tried to conquer it," I said, fighting to keep back the tears. "I hoped that when I was a success on the air it might go away. But it didn't. And I hoped when we—you and I—got to be such good friends I'd learn from you how to be more . . . more sure of myself. . . ."

"You poor kid." I heard him murmur after a moment. Then, again, I was in his arms, but this time there was no passion in his embrace, nothing but comfort.

Comfort, yes. But he left a few moments later, and it seemed to me that he was not the same. He was too healthily normal to understand my obsession. He would comfort me as he might have comforted a child, but by needing that comfort I had lost him.

Numbly, I crept to bed, and lay awake for hours, knowing that love had come to me and that I had lost it. He could have loved me, I said to myself, over and over. He could have loved me, but now he can't, because he thinks of me as strange, mentally unhealthy, a freak. A girl who is afraid of people! No wonder he had left as soon as he could!

The rest of the week dragged by. I didn't see Tom, nor hear from him. And on the day of the rehearsal, only a wave and a smile from across the room, and later a few moments of casual, unimportant talk.

I could expect nothing else. I knew that. Still, I couldn't suppress a feeling of desolation. That brief period of knowing Tom and being his friend had opened a door into a vista of happiness I had never known before. It was hard to find the door shut in my face, and try to return to my old drab life.

Tom Foran was full of surprises, though. The following week, after the broadcast, he asked me:

"Could you possibly make it for dinner with me tomorrow night? I've been so busy—but the show I was going to announce tomorrow has



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Do not hesitate to enter because you have never tried to write for publication. Already Macfadden Publications, Inc., has paid out over \$650,000 in prizes for true stories, largely to persons who never before had tried to set a story down on paper. What they did you too should be able to do.

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No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love disdained, if it contains the gripping interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be. Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of \$1,000, to the two second best

the two big \$750 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize-winning quality, if we can use it we will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 2c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

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First Prize.....	\$1,000
Second Prize—2 at \$750.....	1,500
Third Prize—5 at \$500.....	2,500
8 Prizes.....	\$5,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin issue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. **BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL.** If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manuscript, a report or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

-----COUPON-----

R. M. 241

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been cancelled, and except for about fifteen minutes later in the evening I'll be free. How about it?"

I hesitated, and he smiled a little tightly. "And I swear," he said, "I'm not asking you out because I think I ought to. I'm asking you because I'd like to spend an evening with you."

He had read my thoughts exactly, and I flushed. "All right, Tom," I said quietly.

This time I didn't prepare for the evening with such excitement. In spite of what he'd said, I didn't see any particular significance in the date. It couldn't be that he felt any interest in me—not now, not after what had happened. He'd suddenly found himself with some unexpected time, and out of an impulse of kindness had asked me to go out with him. That was all.

At dinner he said seriously, "I've thought a lot about what you told me, last time we were out together. I think I understand, Ardith. But it's something you ought to cure—for your own happiness."

"I've tried," I said. I told him about the old days at Mrs. Bridger's, when I would summon every ounce of courage I possessed to face an audience—only to fail. I told him other things—of how when I was a little girl I'd walk extra blocks home from school to avoid a gang of boys that teased me by running after me and trying to catch me. And of how, once when I was a child, I'd sung in a Sunday-school entertainment, and had heard some older women, acquaintances of my mother's, talking:

"Little Ardith loves to show off," one of them had said, angrily amused.

TOM nodded slowly. "I'm no psychologist," he said, "but that was probably what started it all. Things that happen to us when we're kids can do something to the rest of our lives. . . ."

He seemed thoughtful as we left the restaurant. I supposed he was thinking about me, but somehow it didn't help to know that. I didn't want the man I loved to be thinking of me as a psychological problem.

"Look," he said, "I've got to run over to the Civic Auditorium. I'm on the bill."

I marvelled at his careless way of speaking. The charity benefit show at the Civic Auditorium was one of the city's biggest theatrical events, with society out in all its jewels and ermine. The audience was one that would test any performer—and yet Tom had eaten a hearty dinner and had only just now mentioned the fact that he was to appear there.

He made another off-hand suggestion:

"It won't take me long. Why don't you come with me—you can watch from the wings—and then we'll go somewhere else if you feel like it?"

I agreed. Mother had gone to visit some friends, and wouldn't be back until late. In my present mood I didn't want to return to a deserted apartment. Besides—though I would hardly admit it even to myself—that world of footlights, of performers who appeared before their audiences in the flesh and not as disembodied voices coming over the air, was fascinating to me. Like a child who can't help watching from across the street a party to which she wasn't invited, I couldn't help accepting Tom's invitation.

Everything was turmoil, backstage at the Auditorium, but Tom led me to a fairly quiet spot in the wings and left me there, with instructions not to move. "I'll be going on soon," he said. "My act's a monologue, very short, and as soon as it's over we'll get out of here."

Then he was gone. An orchestra, unseen from where I stood, was playing lively music, and a dozen girls in spangled costumes were performing an intricate dance on the stage. Beside me, a famous opera star was talking to an equally famous violinist. They were both laughing at some joke I couldn't understand. Stagehands rushed to and fro, and two men stood beside a huge switchboard, their hands on the levers ready to manipulate the lights.

The atmosphere was vital, electric, and I felt my heart beat faster in response to it. Everyone seemed to be busy except me. Everyone belonged here except me. I was the only one who was no part of this spotlighted world of make-believe. My voice was heard and loved by millions—but because I was afraid, I was still only a voice, not a person.

Standing there, I had the strangest feeling—as if I really were invisible. I almost expected someone to come along and walk right through me.

THE dancing act came to an end, and after the girls had bowed to the applause, Tom strolled out on the stage. I edged a little closer to listen—it was hard, in the wings, to hear what he was saying.

Snatches came to me. It didn't seem to be a monologue, but an announcement of some kind.

"... been persuaded, for the sake of this wonderful cause, to break a long-standing rule . . . star you've all heard on the air . . . beautiful young lady . . . tonight makes her very first appearance on a stage . . . Ladies and gentlemen—Miss Ardith Mason!"

Stunned, frozen in amazement and horror, I had scarcely taken in the meaning of Tom's announcement before he was leading me onto the stage. I saw a vast space of murmurous darkness, a fringe of brilliant lights at my feet. Applause beat against my ear-drums. The grip of Tom's hand on mine was so strong it numbed my whole arm—until I turned and saw that he was gone and I was alone on that great stage.

Simultaneously my eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness beyond the footlights, and my breath caught in my throat. The theater seemed to be one huge, living wall of faces, rising tier on tier above me to an immeasurable distance. And all that wall was swaying giddily. . . .

With a terrific effort of will I gained control of myself and the swaying auditorium steadied. I must have been on the stage only a few seconds, because the applause was just beginning to die out, but it seemed like years. I wanted to turn and run, but my legs would not move.

Then I saw the orchestra leader, in the pit, raise his baton and look at me questioningly. I could do nothing in response, and evidently he took it for granted I was ready to sing, because he brought the stick down and the orchestra played the opening bars of a song I had sung on the previous evening's broadcast. I recognized it, but my throat was dry; I couldn't begin to sing where I was supposed

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to, and the leader began the introduction again.

I looked in desperation into the wings—and that was what saved me. I saw Tom, and as he met my glance he smiled and raised his two hands into a soundless gesture of applause. His bravado suddenly infuriated me, bringing the realization that he had tricked me into this nightmare situation—and the fury closed in upon my fear and smothered it. I forgot those people out there; I remembered only Tom's laughing, triumphant face. And I began to sing.

I SANG the piece through, and the applause was greater than it had been when Tom brought me on the stage. But I bowed, and ran off—and then kept on running, out of the theater, down the stagedoor alley and into one of the waiting cabs lined up on the street.

I sank back on the cushions, almost fainting, and when the cab drew up in front of my apartment house I was still trembling so violently I could hardly get the money to pay the man out of my bag. My heart was hammering crazily and I was almost ill.

In the apartment, without turning on the lights, I threw myself down on my bed.

It must have been no more than ten minutes later that the house telephone buzzed. I dragged myself off the bed and went into the kitchen to answer it.

"Mr. Foran to see you, Miss Mason." "I can't see him!" I cried. "Tell him I'm not at home."

I went back into the living room and turned on the lights. I never wanted to see Tom again. Dragging me onto that stage had been too deliberately cruel, no matter what he hoped to accomplish. It was the trick of a small boy who delights in torturing helpless animals. It was—

He was pounding on the apartment door—pounding steadily, thunderously; shouting, "Ardith! Let me in or I'll break this down!"

I stepped to the door and flung it open. Tom rushed in.

"Ardith, you were magnificent!" he

shouted. He'd forgotten his hat and coat, his tie was crooked, his eyes were sparkling. "They're still applauding. Your name will be in every paper in the city tomorrow!"

"I don't care what they're doing!" I snapped. "You had no right to do that to me—knowing how desperately afraid I'd be—"

He waved me aside. "Nonsense! You weren't afraid. You didn't have time to be. And now you'll never be afraid again."

"I—" The hot words died on my tongue. It was true. Not only that I hadn't been afraid—for I hadn't been, not very—but more important, that I would never be afraid again. My mind went racing back to the dark cavern of the auditorium, the blazing footlights at its lower rim, the sense of people, hundreds of people. . . . The thought brought with it no sensation of cold dread. I could face that audience again—now—any time.

I wouldn't let myself believe. "But suppose I had fainted—or run off the stage, or done something else terrible?"

He grew suddenly quiet. "You couldn't," he said slowly. "You couldn't—because I love you too much."

My anger, as I stood there before him, slowly ebbed away, leaving me weak and deflated.

"I had to do it," he went on. "Don't you see, Ardith? I couldn't leave you in that miserable state you were in. You wouldn't ever have believed I loved you, if you'd gone on feeling self-conscious and afraid. You had to prove yourself, to yourself, before you'd ever believed enough in your own strength to credit my love. I had to take the chance of letting you fail—even," he smiled crookedly, "even though I knew if you did you'd never speak to me again."

"I—see," I said. "Yes—you had to do it. Thank you, Tom."

He held out his arms, and this time I went into them of my own free will, bravely, gratefully—unafraid of anything or everything, as long as Tom was there holding me.

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

Are You One of These Contest Winners?

Well, the judges have finished the exhausting and difficult job of deciding the winners in RADIO MIRROR'S photo contest, "Your Child and You," as announced in the October and November issues, and which closed on November 12. Here is the complete list of prizes. Our hearty congratulations go to—

FIRST PRIZE—\$50.00

Mrs. W. O. Buehler, Hamilton, Ohio

TWO SECOND PRIZES—\$25.00

Howard Banks, West Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Keith M. Grimm, Detroit, Michigan

FIVE THIRD PRIZES—\$10.00

Mrs. H. G. Sanders, Central City, Ky.

Mrs. Gardan Leisenring, Denver, Cal.

Mrs. Robert Durant, Las Angeles, Cal.

Rev. Willis J. Laar, Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. G. Lachtman, San Francisco, Cal.

TWENTY \$5.00 PRIZES

Mrs. A. E. Willms, Hasbrauck Heights, N. J.

Mrs. Martha Ferry, Newark, Ohio

Ray Jahns, Portland, Oregon

Mrs. Wm. Michaels, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Paul Kelly, Raleigh, N. C.

Katherine Edelbrack, Las Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Raymond Sweeney, Arlington, Mass.

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Mrs. Richard Senneff, Mason City, Iowa

Mrs. H. Wenner, East Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. A. M. Taylor, W. Samerville, Mass.

Harry Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Dan Akard, Houston, Texas

Mrs. H. L. Hewitt, Charleston, S. C.

Mrs. Merrill R. Munaz, Glendale, Cal.

Mrs. Ruth Martin, Braaklyn, New York

Mrs. Edw. Kaza, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Mrs. A. K. Herring, Baltimore, Md.

Lost—and Found

(Continued from page 10)

I thought he wasn't likely ever to mention my name again."

"He didn't send me," I said. "He doesn't even know I'm here."

"I'd be only too glad to help you if I could," she said readily, "but I haven't any idea where Mrs. Rennselaer might be."

"Try to think of something, Miss Cobb," I urged. "We have to work fast if we're going to find Mrs. Rennselaer before she—takes her own life."

"Take her own life!" Julie was scornful. "Not that one! I know that's what Martin's afraid of—he accused me last night of driving her to suicide—but you'll live a long time before you'll hear that Louella Rennselaer has killed herself!"

Her frankness shocked me. No wonder Mrs. Rennselaer didn't want Martin to marry this girl, I thought, but to the girl herself I only said, "In her state of health—subject to heart attacks—"

"Heart attacks!" Julie interrupted. "Her heart is as strong as yours—or mine."

"She had a heart attack when Martin told her you and he were going to live alone after your marriage," I reminded her.

JUST as she had one when he took a job," Julie countered. "Just as she has had a heart attack every time he has shown a sign of wanting to live his own life. She's used her heart—her poor, weak, naughty heart as she calls it—to keep Martin under her thumb, dependent on her, dancing attendance on her instead of standing on his own feet. She stages these heart attacks to scare him into doing anything she wants him to do. Don't tell me anything about Mrs. Rennselaer's heart," she concluded furiously, "I've got my own heart to think of. It's been broken, too, you know," she added with a crooked little smile.

But if she was asking for sympathy she didn't get it. "I read the note she left," I said. "It was full of her love for him—her fear that—"

"That I was mercenary and selfish, would ruin him," Julie broke in. "That's what you were going to say, isn't it? And now that you've seen me, you believe it?"

"I believe if you love Martin you should help me find his mother, not ridicule her love for him," I said impatiently.

"I'm not ridiculing her love for Martin, Mr. Keen," Julie said wearily. "I can understand her feeling that he is her whole world because he's been my whole world ever since I met him—and still is. I'm just trying to make you see how things are—see that Martin is entitled to a life of his own, not just little bits of it that his mother has selected and wrapped up and handed to him. I'm trying to save him. That's why I want you to find her just as much as Martin does."

"It sounds more as though you're trying to save your own pride," I told her. "You're pretty sure he'll come back to you if his mother is found, aren't you?"

"I don't want him back," she snapped. "I want her back, though—so he'll know what a fraud she is, know that she'd never have the cour-

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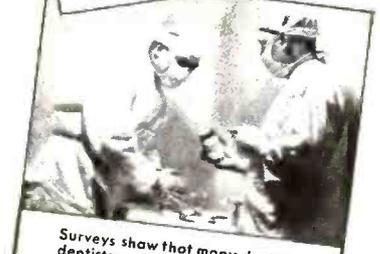
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Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

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age to kill herself, that she was only scaring him so he'd break with me and be mother's little boy again. And it isn't right, Mr. Keen," she said. "I can give Martin up—give up my own happiness—but I can't bear to have Martin give up his chance at life." She was sobbing now, curled up in a large armchair with her face hidden against its worn back, and in spite of myself I began to feel sorry for her.

"Mothers aren't like that, Miss Cobb," I said.

She sat up, fished a handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped her eyes. "No, mothers aren't like that, thank heaven," she agreed. "No one knows better than I do what mothers are like," she went on softly. "My own mother worked her fingers to the bone to educate us children—died before her time, worn out with trying to give us the opportunities she had missed. And in the hospital I've seen mothers—dozens, hundreds of them—so kind, so unselfish, so brave that it's torn me to pieces inside. That's what mothers are like, Mr. Keen, but Martin's mother is the exception that proves the rule. She's so afraid of losing him that she's deluded him—and probably herself as well—into believing that his only chance of happiness lies in sticking close to her and doing just as she tells him. Now do you see what I mean when I tell you I'm trying to save him?"

MAYBE I'm beginning to," I hesitated, "but all this makes it just that much more important to find Mrs. Rennselaer and bring her back."

"You might try her doctor," Julie suggested half-heartedly, "Dr. Carrick Trevelyan. She'd be more likely to get in touch with him than anyone else. See him, Mr. Keen. And when you find Mrs. Rennselaer tell her my engagement to Martin is broken. She'll come back fast enough then."

After talking to Julie I wanted very much to see Dr. Trevelyan so I went directly to his office and after I'd waited a few minutes in the reception room his receptionist showed me into his private office. But with all my questions I was unable to get from him the slightest clue as to Mrs. Rennselaer's hiding place. He hadn't heard from her and had no idea where she might be. He admitted, however, when I asked him about her health that her heart trouble was largely imaginary.

"You will understand from your own experience," he said, "that occasionally in the medical profession we come across a case in which psychology is just as important as medicine. In Mrs. Rennselaer's case, accepting her belief that she must take good care of her heart has proved more helpful to her peace of mind and general well being than the efforts I made, when she first became my patient, to convince her that no such ailment exists."

I assured the doctor that I did understand and that I would hold his information in confidence. After thanking him for giving me so much of his time I was standing near the door starting to put on my overcoat, when his telephone rang. The voice of the office nurse, from the reception room, reached me clearly through the connecting door:

"Long distance, Dr. Trevelyan."

Standing there, hat in hand, I couldn't help hearing the doctor's part of the disjointed conversation that

followed. "Yes . . . No . . . I haven't heard from him today . . . I can't," he glanced at me nervously, "can't answer that just now."

At first I paid little attention, then as the doctor's nervousness increased I was suddenly struck with the possible significance of that call. If Julie was right and Mrs. Rennselaer should get in touch with Dr. Trevelyan—if she was actually talking to him now! There was no reason, of course, to believe that I could have such luck, no reason except the doctor's obvious reluctance to answer the questions which were being put to him. But when at last he said with relief, "Yes, that's right, there is somebody in the office with me," my hunch became stronger and as soon as he hung up the receiver I completed my good-bye and started back to my office.

If only I could find out where that call came from! The telephone company couldn't trace it for me—the law is very strict on that point—but I have some good friends in the police department and by pleading with them I finally got their promise to check it. A little later I was informed that it had come from a small inn in the Pocono Mountains. It was only a slim chance, I knew, that it had been made by Mrs. Rennselaer, but sometimes hunches are stronger than reason, and this was one of the times, so I told Mike Clancy, my assistant, to bring the car around and we started off on what I had to admit might be only a wild goose chase.

I kept urging Mike to drive faster, for although by now I was beginning to take Mrs. Rennselaer's threat of suicide less seriously, the success of the plan I was thinking of depended on my talking to her before news that Martin had broken his engagement reached her and sent her hurrying home to him. And this was inevitable, if she were really the woman at the inn, because as soon as Martin informed Dr. Trevelyan of that fact, as I knew he must do, the doctor would relay the message. I could only hope, and urge, "Faster, Mike; faster."

THERE was only one guest at the inn who fitted the description Martin had given me of his mother, a white-haired, slender woman who smiled pleasantly but hesitantly when I introduced myself. At first she denied her identity, but when I told her that Martin had asked me to help him find her, she melted.

"The darling," she said tenderly. "My darling boy is worried about me."

Here was no domineering woman, scheming against her son's happiness. Here, every word and inflection told me, was a mother consumed with love for her only child, so blinded by devotion that she could not see that that very devotion was a silken cord, strangling him.

Has he been very miserable, Mr. Keen?" she asked anxiously.

"Why did you go away?" I asked. "I thought Martin didn't need me any more—love me any more."

"What made you think that?"

"He forgot how much I loved him," she replied. Tears gathered in her eyes and she lowered her voice as though talking to herself. "He forgot that I've lived for nothing except him ever since he was born. He wouldn't listen to me—wasn't my little boy any longer.

"But that's all over now." Her voice brightened and she smiled delight-

edly. "I've just learned that he's broken off his engagement with that—that girl. I was just starting for home when you arrived," she went on. "I'll comfort the hurts and Martin and I will forget all this and be happy again."

I didn't say anything and after a moment she asked worriedly, "That's what Martin wants, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Yes, Martin wants you back, Mrs. Rennselaer."

"I knew it," she sighed ecstatically. "Even to breaking his engagement."

I don't often find it necessary or advisable to tell a falsehood, but if I could just keep mother and son apart a little longer I believed I could help them work things out, so I said deliberately, "Even to letting you think he has broken that engagement."

For a moment the significance of my words didn't register, then it hit her full force. "You mean," she gasped, putting her hand to her heart in a gesture which was perfect through long practice, "that Martin is trying to trick me into coming home and that afterwards he'll go back to Julie?" I nodded. "But why?" she asked piteously. "Why?"

"Haven't you ever threatened to punish Martin, Mrs. Rennselaer, and then when the time came, relented and failed to make your threat good?"

"Yes, I have," she answered slowly, "often. I couldn't bear to hurt him."

AND that's what he's counting on now," I said. "He knows you can't bear to hurt him and he thinks you'll relent now, as you have before."

This was the critical moment and I watched her nervously. Would she believe me—or would she see through my story and insist on going home immediately? Apparently, I had been more convincing than I realized, for at last she said, "So that's it," in a hopeless voice. Then, "What can I do?" she cried frantically. "What can I do?"

She was so desperate that I almost confessed my deception, but I didn't want to give up now so I said, casually, "Perhaps if you don't relent this time—stay away—"

She grasped at the suggestion eagerly. "You mean—if I don't go back—if Martin doesn't know where to find me—everything will come out all right?"

I sighed with relief. "I can't promise," I said, "but isn't it worth trying?"

"Yes," she agreed falteringly, "anything is worth trying that will make Martin need me again. I just can't go on living—with no one to—need me."

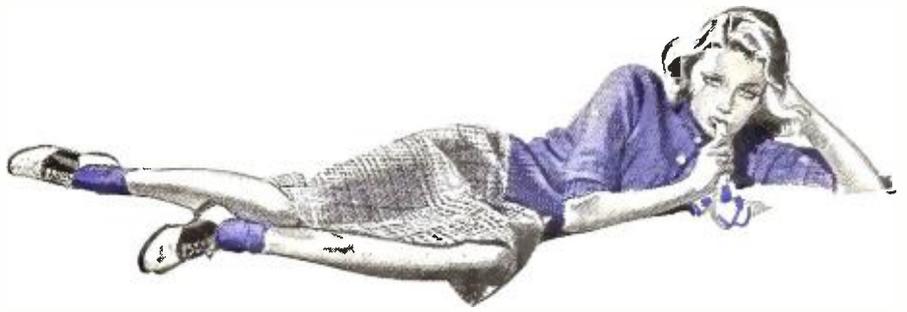
"You mustn't talk like that," I reproved her. "Somebody does need you. You are a mother and the world needs mothers today more than ever before. Think of what is going on in Europe—hundreds of children, orphaned, homeless."

"Oh, the poor babies," her sympathy was instant. "But they're so far away—"

"But there are lots of ways you can help anyhow," I said. "You might make clothes for them. The Red Cross would take anything you sent, and see that it was delivered to children who are most in need of it."

"I used to knit," she said doubtfully. "When Martin was little I made him the dearest little sweaters and mittens and caps. He looked too sweet in them," she smiled fondly.

"Fine," I said. "And since this place



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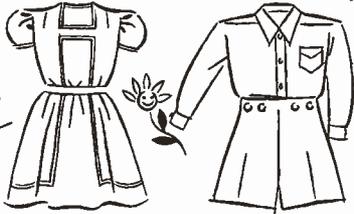
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is a little off the beaten path suppose I stop in every few days to see how you are getting on. I could bring you wool and needles—and news about Martin," I added.

"Why, I believe that would be a good idea," she said thoughtfully. "A wonderful idea. But," in alarm, "you'll promise not to tell him where I am?"

"I won't tell him until you are ready for me to tell him," I answered.

BACK in my office late that afternoon I found Julie Cobb waiting for me.

"I hope I'm not bothering you," she apologized, "but I had to know if you'd found Mrs. Rennselaer. I haven't seen Martin, of course, but I know he's nearly crazy with worry and it's killing me."

When I explained that I'd just come from seeing Mrs. Rennselaer, she asked, "Why in the world didn't you bring her back with you?"

"Because I have a better plan than that," I said.

"Well, I want her to come back," she insisted, "so Martin will know what a fraud she is."

"If she comes back now he'll never know she's a fraud," I said. "She'll cry over him, then he'll be more under her thumb than ever and you'll never get him back."

"I don't want him back!" she flared. "I don't believe you mean that,

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," I answered slowly, "she believes you haven't really broken your engagement with Julie—that it's just a trick to get her back."

Martin wheeled on Julie. "If this is some stunt of yours!" he blazed, but her face must have convinced him of her innocence for he turned to me again. "Why should she think I'd pull a trick like that?" he asked. "It doesn't make sense."

"Martin," I said seriously, "I've got something to tell you and it's going to hurt. But I'm going to tell you anyhow because I think it's best for all of you. Can you take it?"

Bewildered, he didn't answer for a moment, then, "Why, yes sir, I think I can."

"Then sit quietly and listen," I ordered and, when he'd found a chair, "First, your mother could easily suspect you of tricking her—because all her life she's tricked you!"

"Mr. Keen," he was up again, pounding on my desk, "you can't say that about Mother!"

"I told you it would hurt," I reminded him.

He sank back into his chair, mumbling, "She wouldn't. She couldn't have tricked me even if she'd wanted to. Her heart—"

"Yes, her heart," I said. "That's how she tricked you. Her own doctor admits that her heart is strong. All her heart attacks were staged to

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A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE—COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE

Julie. I think you do want him back."

I was interrupted by word from my secretary, in the outer office, that Martin Rennselaer was there, asking to see me. "Send him in," I said, and a moment later he flung the door open—to pause in consternation as he recognized the girl seated at my desk.

"Julie!" he said and held out his arms. Then he dropped them, stepped back. "What are you doing here?" he exploded. "If you've been telling Mr. Keen anything about Mother—"

"I haven't told Mr. Keen anything about your mother that isn't the truth," Julie broke in spiritedly.

"I know your ideas about the truth," Martin retorted. They looked at each other hungrily, and I decided to take a hand.

"Martin, isn't it about time for you to stop quarreling with Julie and make up with her?"

For a moment I thought he would do just that; a long moment when I could feel his love for Julie struggling against his love for his mother, then he shook his head slowly and asked in a tired voice, "Have you heard anything about Mother, Mr. Keen?"

I nodded. "How is—is she," tensely, "all right?"

I nodded again. "Thank God," he said in relief. "But where is she? Did you bring her home?"

"She isn't coming home just yet," I said. "She even made me promise not to tell you where she is."

frighten you into giving her her own way."

"No!" Martin was appalled.

"Yes," I said. "Did you ever know her to have a heart attack when she wasn't trying to make you do something she wanted you to do—or give up something you wanted to do? Think, Martin."

"Yes, Martin, think hard," Julie had slipped out of her chair and, kneeling at his side, was stroking his bowed head, and instinctively Martin reached up and caught her hand in his own.

"It was only that she was excited then," he explained finally. "I really brought on the attacks. They were my fault."

"They were not your fault," I said. "And Julie, as a trained nurse, knew they weren't."

JULIE! he looked at her questioningly and she nodded. "I don't see what you're getting at," he said then confusedly. "You seem to think Mother doesn't love me."

"Oh, Martin, we don't think anything of the sort!" Julie protested. "We know she loves you—more than is good for you, or for her either. That's why we're trying to help, isn't it Mr. Keen?"

"Yes. You see Martin," I went on slowly, "mother love can be too strong sometimes. Your mother loves you so much she doesn't realize that you must grow up, work, be independent. Your mother married your father, Martin, so why shouldn't you marry Julie? She loves you—and

you love her, don't you?"

"I—I—" he began hesitantly, then, "Julie—sweet—I do love you," he cried, drawing her toward him.

"But Mother," he said a moment later, "if she died—"

"She won't die for a long time," I said, "and you can't expect Julie to wait for you forever. Go back to Julie, Martin—and leave your mother to me. I have a plan—but you'll have to trust me, help me. Will you?"

"Yes," Julie broke in, "we will. Say you will, Martin," she implored. "Please, darling."

"I—I don't know," he began doubtfully, then he gave in. "Anything you say, sir," he ended.

True to my promise I visited Mrs. Rennselaer at the inn every few days, finding her more contented than I'd dared hope for, busily making sweaters and other small knitted garments. She delighted in the work, for beneath her pathetic little pretensions at being the perfect mother she was at heart a real mother. She talked unceasingly about Martin— anecdotes of his childhood and school-days, the good times they had had together, the hopes she had for his career. Sometimes she laughed over the stories, sometimes she cried—but never could I escape seeing that he was the very center of her being. Of Martin's future, however, at least the part that Julie might play in it, she wouldn't say a word, and I didn't press her.

Gradually, though, I began to hope that I could eventually break down her opposition to the girl, and at last the day came when I took Julie and Martin to the inn with me.

WHEN we arrived the youngsters asked me to see Mrs. Rennselaer first—they were naturally rather doubtful about how she would receive them—so I went to look for her and found her in a bright corner of the sunporch, knitting busily and watching a Ping-pong game at the other end of the room.

"They're very selfish," she laughed, indicating the players. "That other couple has been waiting for an hour and they won't give up the table."

For a few minutes we talked about impersonal things, then she asked, "How's Martin?"

"Fine," I said, "though of course he's very anxious to see you."

"I suppose he's still seeing—Julie?" I nodded. "Are they—married?" she asked fearfully.

"No. But they're very much in love and they want to marry—if you will come to the wedding."

She shook her head slowly and I could see that although she was turning the idea over in her mind, she hadn't yet reached the point where she could give him up. "I don't want to go to their wedding," she said. "It's sweet of Martin to insist on my being there though, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very considerate," I answered. "It's Julie who's insisting on waiting," I added. "Martin would marry her tomorrow, but Julie thinks their marriage wouldn't be a success unless you had some share in their happiness."

I could see that she was touched, but she said doubtfully, "That's strange. I thought she hated me."

"She couldn't hate you, loving Martin as she does," I said.

"You think she really loves him?"

"I'm sure of it. And that he loves her." She didn't say anything, just

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sat there thinking; occasionally she smiled to herself, occasionally her eyes filled with tears, and once she pressed her lips together, shaking her head as though in pain. At last I asked, "What have you against Julie, Mrs. Rennselaer?"

"Why, nothing at all," she answered in surprise. "She's really a very nice girl—attractive—well mannered."

"Then you'd agree to Martin's marrying her?" I asked.

"No," she cried, "I couldn't. I just couldn't. He's all I have in the world," she sobbed, "and I can't give him up!"

"Then what have you against marriage?" I asked. "Wasn't your own marriage happy?"

"Oh, yes—no one has ever been so happy," she answered softly. "It was all my dreams come true!" She was lost in her memories for a moment, then she sighed, "But that was different, of course."

"Was it?" I asked. "You were in love—and so are Martin and Julie. Isn't it their turn now?"

"Their turn? What do you mean?"

A MINUTE ago you mentioned the Ping-pong players, talked about the couple that would not give up the table so the others could have their turn. Isn't that true of life? Doesn't each generation, after it's loved and married and had children, pass on to those children the right to lead their own lives in turn?"

"Why—I don't know," she replied slowly. "Nobody has ever put it to me that way before."

"Aren't you afraid you'd be denying the happiness you and your husband had if you denied that same happiness to Martin—and Julie?" She didn't reply and I tried a new tack. "Mrs. Rennselaer, you like children, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I adore them. I sit here and wish I could see the babies who are going to wear these sweaters I'm knitting."

"Wouldn't it be much nicer to knit for a baby you could see?" I suggested. "A baby who was very close to you? For Martin's baby?"

"Martin's baby," she said tenderly. "Martin's baby!" But, in horror, "that would mean being a grandmother! I'd feel so old!"

I looked at the carefully waved hair, the cheeks, still firm, though flushed now. "You'd be the youngest grandmother I know," I said. She smiled then and that encouraged me to say, "You've had a full, happy life—love and marriage and a son who is devoted to you. Don't you want him to have them too? You've made him happy so far. But when you're gone—you don't want him to be lonely then—with no one to care for him?"

"Loneliness," she said softly. "That's what I've always been afraid of—being lonely and not needed. I couldn't face that myself," she added. "And I couldn't bear to have Martin face it."

"He'll have to face it if you keep standing in his way," I said.

"Standing in his way!" she cried, pulling back as though I had struck her. "Oh, Mr. Keen, how can you say that! Why, I'd do anything for Martin! Give him anything—everything he wanted! The tears were running down her cheeks, but she made no attempt to stop them. "But I'd never stand in his way. Not for the world!"

"You wouldn't mean to," I said gently, "but without meaning to—

without realizing that you were—"

"I think I see what you mean," she said slowly then. "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps Martin and Julie—but," she began to sob again, "I can't give him up!"

"There's no reason why you should," I said. "They'll be close by—you won't be losing him."

"And they'd let me come to see them?"

"Of course."

"They wouldn't," she faltered, then went on, "wouldn't—hate me for what I've tried to do?"

"Certainly they wouldn't. They'll love you."

She bowed her head for a moment and her shoulders shook, then she looked up at me with eyes which were brave and serene behind their tears.

"You're right," Mr. Keen," she said then, "and if it hadn't been for you I'd have gone on—never realizing—" she stopped, then said decisively, "I want to see Martin. Take me to him, please! Take me to him—and Julie!"

"That won't be necessary," I said, "they're right here—waiting." I stepped to the door and called, "Martin—Julie."

They rushed in, hand in hand, stopping in the doorway as if in apprehension. Their mood affected Mrs. Rennselaer. "I'm afraid," she whispered. "Suppose they won't forgive me!"

"They've already forgiven you," I said.

She stood up, her face working, but not until Martin had bounded across the room and caught her in his arms did she say a word.

"My son, my son," she cried then and, when he had released her, "my daughter, too," she added, holding out her hand timidly to Julie.

"It was only that I thought you no longer needed me," Mrs. Rennselaer said when they had recovered from the emotionalism of their meeting.

OF course we need you," Martin responded.

"I even more than Martin," Julie put in. "My own mother died before she could teach me any of the things I'll need to know about a home—and I hope you'll help me," she added shyly, "tell me how to cook the things Martin likes—why, I don't know anything!"

"We'll learn together," Mrs. Rennselaer promised. "I've learned a lot of things lately, Mr. Keen," she added, turning to me, "things I'll never be able to thank you for!"

I pointed over her shoulder. "That's all the thanks I need, Mrs. Rennselaer."

She spun around again in time to see Martin and Julie, their arms locked around each other, their lips tight together in a long kiss.

"I'm so happy!" she whispered. And in those words she told me that my hopes for these three people would be fulfilled, for the silken cord which had bound Martin too closely to his mother had been severed and the ties of love and understanding which now held them together with Julie could never be broken.

"Lost and Found" is the second in a series of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, stories, produced on the air by Frank and Anne Hummert. Others will appear in future issues of RADIO MIRROR.

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

FOURTH PRIZE

A RADIO FAUX PAS

Why must we of the radio audience be forever forced to entertain unknown guests in our homes? If the announcer before presenting a serial would name two of the actors or actresses appearing, we would soon feel a keener interest in the people to whom we are listening. I think we should give a big hand to Old Dutch for telling us when one of their cast cannot appear and also for naming the substitute.

A stranger entering our home is either introduced by a mutual friend or introduces himself. That is considered common courtesy. Why cannot the radio sponsors be equally as courteous?—Miss Maretta Terrill, Ridgeway, Ohio.

FIFTH PRIZE

CHARLIE McCARTHY NEEDS A SPANKING

I know that every American home does not boast a junior, aged six, but I still think we are an average family who allow the children to listen to Charlie McCarthy before bedtime, come Sunday night. Charlie's to be spanked this time, not the children.

On October sixth, Charlie made the cute remark, "Oh, nuts to you," and Monday my ears rang with Junior's brilliant adaption of this humorous bit of horse play.

Honestly, Mr. Bergen, being a parent is a real job. We need all the

help we can get from radio, not humor that needs to be washed out of the mouths of babes with soap and water.—Mrs. G. E. Neitz, Chico, Calif.

SIXTH PRIZE

SHE KNOWS HER CHICKENS!

Here's the last laugh on Hope, I hope!

Recently on his Tuesday night show, Bob Hope was remarking about the California weather. Then came the joke. "Why it was so cold out here the other day, a chicken laid its egg standing up." Everyone laughed. It was supposed to be a good joke, but it wasn't. It was the truth. Chickens do lay their eggs standing up—always.—Miss De Murmie Scott, Fairplay, Md.

SEVENTH PRIZE

MY MATINEE IDOL

Have you heard George Hicks?

There's a young man of remarkable ability and versatility, charm, intelligence and accuracy of interpretation. How naturally he talks with the Old Ranger about Death Valley Days. How naturally he breezes down Fifth Avenue, describing the Easter Fashion parade. How realistic are his descriptions of a championship boxing match at Madison Square Garden, as he brings all the color, excitement and thrills into our own homes.

I vote for George Hicks!—Edith L. Koerner, Patchogue, New York.

roulette—to decide the final gesture! To those who do not care to hear it, I say, let them gently turn the dial.—Miss Myrtle V. Stevenson, Chattanooga, Tenn.

THIRD PRIZE

A PLEA FOR BOYS TOWN

What I would like to put into mere words for Father Flanagan, would be utterly impossible. Here is a man for whom no shrine could be built. His generosity in helping others knows no bonds and his magnificent wonders at Boys Town, the place he made famous, are indescribable!

Now, all these things (and more) can really be told on a thirty minute radio program, and my one regret is, that I am not among the fortunate who are lucky enough to tune in. This program, quite unlike others of its kind, is truly original, and, from what I hear, promises to be absolutely the best on the air!

Its talents are all unknown—boys who may have been your boys, contribute the fundamentals—and my reason for writing Radio Mirror is to inspire some big-time sponsor to broadcast it at its regular hour on a coast-to-coast network.

To Father Flanagan, meanwhile, may your joy and happiness multiply in the years to come, and because of your untiring willingness to assist the Youth of Tomorrow, goes our heartfelt appreciation.—Mary Miller, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

ON THE SET, THEY'RE SET ON

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Why I Threw Love Away

(Continued from page 7)

Mother cried when I told her what I'd done, and then hugged me to her and kissed me. She would have liked to tell me not to take the job, but there was no getting around it—eight dollars a week would come in very handy.

I worked at that store until after I had graduated from high school, and by the time I quit I was making fifteen dollars a week.

I won't pretend I liked it, after the first thrill of getting a weekly pay envelope had passed. Standing behind a counter and selling things—that wasn't at all what I wanted out of life. But I did have sense enough to know that until I was older it was all I was going to get.

Even then, I wanted to go on the stage. I wanted to be an actress. Most girls do, of course, at that age. But I think with me it was something more than merely being stage-struck. I was determined to be an actress, even though I knew very well what a long and difficult road I was mapping out for myself. I didn't kid myself, you see. I knew I was pretty, and that being pretty was just about my only asset. I didn't have any dramatic training except what I got in the school plays, and after I started working I couldn't give as much time even to them as I'd have liked.

I DIDN'T want to quit school and try to get a job on the stage because I knew school was the best preparation there was for getting ahead in the world. I didn't want to be a child on the stage, anyway. When I finally started in the theater I wanted to be a woman, playing a woman's parts. So I waited. I waited until school was over and I was really ready to start out.

Even then, I didn't try to crash Broadway. There must be a big streak of caution in me. I took stock of my assets and decided they still weren't enough to impress casting agents. They still consisted of just a pretty face and figure.

Where, I wondered, would those assets be enough to help me get a job—a job that was a step along the road I'd planned for myself?

There was only one answer.

I'd be a model. A mannequin, a clothes mannequin.

I looked in the classified advertisements of the newspapers, and found several ads for models. And bright and early the next morning I was on my way.

Of course, I was terrible at the first place I went to. I took my ideas of how to walk from the fashion sections of the movie news reels I'd seen. I walked toward the man who was interviewing me, instead of across the room in front of him, and I guess I waved my arms and carried my body in an affected way that was horrible to see. It shouldn't be any surprise when I tell you I didn't get the job.

I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what, so I waited until all the hiring was over and then made friends with a girl who had been hired. She showed me how to walk, and where to walk, and I started out to the second address on my list, where I was more successful. They put me on the payroll at twenty dollars a week.

Now I had a job at good pay in a business that was at least a second cousin to the theater. That, I thought, was something. I took another mental inventory of my assets, and decided I could safely add one more to the list—at least on a gambling chance. I had a voice, and I thought then that I could sing, although I know very well now that I couldn't—not really.

With some pieces of music tucked under my arm, I began to spend my lunch hours calling on theatrical agents and managers. I got exactly nowhere. Most of them wouldn't even listen to me, and those who did soon discovered I had nothing to offer them.

It was my first taste of real discouragement. I felt trapped, helpless. New York was full of girls who wanted to go on the stage, and all of them were better trained and equipped than I. I didn't know what to do next.

Dad came to my rescue. He belongs to so many lodges and societies I could never keep track of them all, and one of his lodge brothers was Nat Brusiloff, the orchestra leader. He asked Nat, as a favor, to hear me sing, and Nat—dear, kind Nat, one of the sweetest and most generous men on Broadway—consented, although he must have been weary of listening to the hopeful daughters of lodge brothers and casual acquaintances.

I went to his studio, and after I'd sung for him he sent me into the seventh heaven of delight by asking me to come back the next day, because there was another man he wanted to have hear me.

That was how I met Mike, who became—and still is—my business advisor. He was the man Nat had wanted to hear me, and we liked each other on sight. After he'd listened to me sing a few songs, and asked me some questions about myself—how old I was, why I wanted to be a singer, and so on—and then offered to help me with the business side of my career. I accepted, and that's one decision I've never regretted.

THE necessity of having someone like Mike—a combined business manager and friend—had never occurred to me, but I see now that it would have taken me many years to reach my present success without him. You certainly need someone, in this business, who has your own best interests at heart and—even more important—knows how to go about securing them.

Mike sent me to a voice teacher who showed me in a couple of weeks how to get the best out of my voice, and then—again aided by Mike—I got my first theatrical job, as vocalist with a band that was going to fill an engagement at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal. That was in June, and I stayed in Montreal all summer.

I'll tell you about Bob (which isn't his real name), although, looking back, he doesn't seem so terribly important to me any more. He was a boy I met in Montreal, the son of a fairly wealthy Canadian family. He was twenty-seven. I was seventeen. And I fell in love with him.

All that enchanted Canadian summer we had fun together. Taking a carriage in the afternoon to the top of Mt. Royal. Coming back down to

have dinner in one of the bright, happy little French restaurants on a side street. Meeting again after my evening's work, for supper somewhere, or a ride in Bob's car.

But I didn't understand. I didn't realize that to Bob I was only a child—somebody he liked to be with but couldn't by any stretch of the imagination take seriously. He didn't love me. He was very fond of me—and still is; I see him every time he comes to New York and we still have good times together—but the thought of love wasn't in his mind at all.

I found all that out when the time came to leave Montreal, and Bob was sorry to see me go—but not broken hearted, as I was. Pride made me hide what I was feeling. But I was miserable for some time after I got back to New York.

Mike knew something was wrong, and he guessed what it was. He did the best thing in the world for me—put me to work taking singing lessons until he'd lined up another job.

I thought Bob had taught me a lesson, the lesson being simply not to fall in love, but I was wrong.

As I learned to be a better singer, I got more jobs, each one a little more important than the last, and finally I signed up to sing at a night club in Chicago. And in Chicago, when I was nineteen, I met Bill.

BILL! I never thought I'd be able to think of him without feeling a pain in my heart. He was so tall and straight, so full of the joy of life. I can remember every turn of his head, every gesture of his hands, every inflection of his voice. I can remember Sunday afternoons on the beach of Lake Michigan, when the sun seemed to sink right into our hearts, and evenings at the club when we would sit at a table between my numbers and talk, talk, talk.

He was a reporter on a Chicago paper, and most of the time he was laughing, but once in a while his quick temper would flare up and then subside, just as quickly. He loved to stay up all night and go to work after a shower and shave the next morning, and he loved to get a story before the other reporters did, and he loved to dance, and he loved—yes, I know he did—me.

There was no question of its being a boy-and-girl love affair this time. Neither of us was happy when we were out of each other's sight. It must have bothered Bill to take anything as seriously as he took me. We didn't talk much about marriage, because I suppose we both knew that it would be our stumbling-block, and the minutes were too precious, too full of laughter, to waste in a discussion that would make us unhappy.

At last, though, we had to face it. Bill was the kind of man who would have to be the boss in his family. He earned fifty dollars a week and probably never would earn much more. To me, that didn't matter. I'd have been perfectly happy to go on working, pooling my earnings with Bill's and never even thinking about money. That was out, as far as Bill was concerned.

He didn't much like the kind of work I did, either. It made too many demands on me and on my time; and he was impatient and out of sympathy with anything that took me away from him. He tried to hide it, but I knew.

For instance, there were times

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when I couldn't join him at his table in the night club. Another reporter for a rival newspaper might be there to interview me, or a producer from New York might drop in and want to meet me. Then I would have to give all my attention to these visitors—my job, my whole future, demanded it—and Bill couldn't understand, although he did try very hard.

I looked ahead, and I knew I couldn't see a marriage in which I'd have to divide my time between Bill and my job. It simply wasn't conceivable. Eventually Bill would grow tired of being kind and understanding, and there would be quarrels. Knowing him, I was sure there would be. And even if there weren't, if by some miracle he kept his temper in check, he would be unhappy and hurt, and where there was no happiness for him there would be none for me.

I thought of giving up my career. But I knew that wouldn't solve the problem either. Bill was proud, but he was also sensitive. He always knew what I was thinking as well as I knew it myself. If I gave up my work for his sake he would feel a sharp sense of guilt. He would never have believed my assurances that the career didn't matter, that I was glad to give it up. He'd have seen right past them to the real sorrow in my heart, and our marriage would always have that secret wound in it.

There were other reasons, too, why I couldn't stop working—sound, practical ones. For the first time in my life, I was able to help Mother and Dad, give them the little comforts and luxuries they deserved. And—there was Mike. Most of all, there was Mike. I was under a deep obligation to him. He'd had faith in me when no one else had, and he'd backed that faith with money and kindness and help that I couldn't even begin to count. Now, when he was beginning to realize on his investment of all those things, I couldn't call all bets off. I couldn't do that to Mike, and expect to go on living with myself.

It was a battle I had to fight out for myself. No one could help me. Not even Bill. Because of course he wasn't willing to admit many of the things I knew instinctively. He believed, or said he did, that I could go on working for a while longer, and then soon I'd be tired of it and we could be married and he'd take care of me for the rest of my life. I knew very well I'd never be tired of working. I think he wilfully blinded himself to the truth, and so I had to see it for both of us.

Marriage, for Bill and me, just wasn't in the cards.

So that was why I sat in the east-bound train at the end of my Chicago engagement, listening to the clickety-clack of the wheels and trying not to cry. I'd made my decision, and it was dust and ashes in my mouth.

And, as I said, it all came true—everything, exactly as I predicted—except one thing. I gave up Bill, but life didn't stay dreary and bleak. Life, after two years in which to think things over and learn a great deal, is still very good indeed.

I've been able to tuck the memory of Bill into a special corner of my heart where it can't hurt me. I haven't forgotten him, and if things were right for us both I believe I could fall in love all over with him. But meanwhile, there are many other things to think of. I'm busy at work I love to do, and I know I give pleasure to other people in doing it. There's a solid satisfaction in that nothing can take away.

So don't think of me as a girl with a broken heart. It was broken for a while, but it's mended now. I'm only human, and I love being a success. I love being able to buy pretty dresses, and having to run from one appointment to another, and the applause that comes when I finish a song in the radio studio or the theater. I love going out to night clubs with men like Franchot Tone or Tony Martin. What girl wouldn't?

THERE'S a long way for me to go still. I haven't forgotten my old resolve to be an actress. From the counter in the shop where I first worked to the wholesale dress firm where I modelled clothes, from there to dance-band singing and on to night clubs, it's always been with me. It was with me after my return from Chicago when Mike and I turned down night club offer after night club offer because I wanted to stay in New York and be available when a chance came along to be in a musical comedy. I might have weakened, by myself, but Mike wouldn't let me take just any old job. He said the musical comedy chance would come along, and he was right.

At last I was cast in "Louisiana Purchase," and the critics and audiences liked me and I was a Broadway success and Universal Pictures came around to offer me a movie contract and I accepted it.

That was almost the final step. In Hollywood they'll put me in musical pictures at first, of course, but I want them to give me a chance to act too. And if they will I'll work so hard that—some day—I'll be what I always wanted to be. An actress.

No, I don't even regret Bill. I'm glad he came into my life, and I'm glad I had strength enough to send him out of it. I know that some day I'll fall in love again, but not blindly, this time. The next time I love, it will be a man who is more important in his field of work—whether it's stage, movies, radio, business, politics, no matter what—than I am in mine.

He'll know about all the demands of my profession, and he'll respect them. But also, because he's more important in his sphere than I am in mine, I'll still be able to play second-fiddle to him, as a wife should always do if she expects to make her husband happy and be happy herself. There will be no Mr. Carol Bruce in my marriage. But there will be a Carol Bruce outside of the marriage.

Does it seem like too big an order? I don't think so. After all, being an actress seemed like a pretty big order when I was fourteen.

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Mystery House

(Continued from page 32)

gave no sign of being occupied. Stifling a new fear, she turned and went back into the house. They would all be leaving now in less than an hour, would say farewell probably forever to Mystery House—Page, Rand, old Mrs. Prendergast and Flora. Page ran up the winding staircase into the large front bedroom. There the conversation had in it the flavor of a last time. Rand, with his suitcase, coat and gloves, came in to say goodbyes.

"Ready, young woman?" he called to Page as he entered.

"All packed!" Page replied. "I'll go down to the door with you," Flora remarked, for Page and Rand were to drive ahead in Rand's small coupé, while the two women followed in the limousine.

They threaded the endless corridors together, Page, Rand and Flora, and came out upon the sunny terrace below. Tai Fat was putting Page's big bags into the car when the chugging of another motor sounded on the drive, and to every one's amazement a second car came briskly into view between the laurels and the evergreens. A visitor at Mystery House!

THE car stopped and a young man jumped out and ran up the terrace steps. Page gave an exclamation of amazement. It was Barnes Bishop.

"Hello!" he said. "Going places?" Page, in a sort of dream, performed introductions. Rand was the first to speak.

"How'd you get through?" he asked. "Usually the Japs give us some warning. We might have missed you."

"Oh, there were a lot of county cars—workmen and repairmen—out there!" the young lawyer answered easily. "They were testing the bridge when I came along and I followed them right on through." He paused for breath and looked expectantly at Page. "Some storm last night!" he added.

Why had Barnes come so unexpectedly? Somehow he must have learned of danger, Page thought.

"You were lucky to catch us," Rand said. "We were just starting for San Francisco."

"Would it be all right if I hold you up a few minutes?" Barnes said. "I'd like to talk to Miss Hazeltynne a moment and then we can all start back."

As soon as they were out of earshot, he stopped and stared at Page.

"I came to get you!" he said.

"But why—how?" Page began. "I tried to call you last night. The operator said all the lines were down. I thought it might have been a stall, to give them time to get away."

"Get away?" Page repeated, puzzled. Barnes nodded vigorously. Then, with a jerk of his head toward the old mansion, "What do you know about this outfit anyway?"

"Why—why what am I supposed to know?" Page asked.

Barnes' serious face grew grimmer. "The reason I tried to call you last night was to tell you that the authorities opened Trudy Mockbee's grave a few days ago and it was empty!"

Page looked at him, her eyes dilated. "But what does it mean?"

"That's what worried me—why I called last night," he said quickly. He looked back over his shoulder. "Let me get this across before they come

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out again. You're going home with me. This isn't any place for a girl. I got you into this and I'm going to get you out. That's flat!"

"But I was just on my way to the city now with Doctor Harwood," Page said. "I wasn't in any danger." Nor did it seem now as though she were, with the sunshine streaming down, and Barnes standing beside her.

"But the grave—," she added, her breath catching a little. "Isn't it a crime to steal people out of their graves?"

"Of course," Barnes said impatiently. "Now one more thing, quick. This—this half wit, Lynn—where is he? I'd like to get a look at him."

"He's not a half-wit at all!" Page said heatedly. Then, her anxiety getting the better of her, she said, "That's just it! He hasn't come home since yesterday morning."

"But he has the Prendergast diamond!" Barnes protested.

"Oh no," Page said quickly. "He gave it to me, and I'm to give it to Mrs. Prendergast today."

BARNES drew the breath in through his teeth in a sort of slow, astonished whistle. Then he held her in a stare that was almost rude.

"You haven't the diamond with you now? You know how dangerous that would be?"

"Oh no," Page answered quickly, "It's hidden."

"I'd like to talk to Doctor Harwood for a minute," Barnes said abruptly, almost ignoring Page's last sentence.

"Rand!" Page called, as he reappeared in the doorway. He came across the terrace and joined them.

"There was something I wanted to ask you, Doctor," Barnes said, and all the social lightness had gone out of the tone of his voice. "Would that boy—that Lynn—know anything about the fact that Trudy Mockbee's body was dug up from its grave a few days ago?"

There was a silence. Rand looked from Page to Barnes Bishop.

"Good heavens, no!" Rand said slowly, "Lynn wouldn't know about—such a thing. You don't mean that there has been any question of Trudy Mockbee's grave being robbed?"

"I do mean it," Barnes said seriously. "This was before you got here last fall. Ullmeyer, the Belmont doctor who attended them here usually, was away at the time of Mrs. Mockbee's last illness, and sent a Doctor Moore to her. Both doctors were dissatisfied with the diagnosis, and after all sorts of delays they finally got permission to open the grave. The body was gone."

Rand glanced at Page. "Did you know that?"

"Not until today. Mr. Bishop told me a few moments ago."

"I think Flora should know this, Page, and if it upsets her too terribly you and I may have to put off our trip to town."

"Oh, but Rand, of course!" the girl said eagerly. "If you think anything is accomplished by telling her," she added doubtfully.

"I think," Rand said, "I'll tell Flora. She has a right to know."

He went into the house again, and Page looked inquiringly at Barnes. "What do you think the significance of the grave business is?" she asked.

"Well, it has none until we can find out who did it. Who would do it? Who would have any object in sneaking

over there to Halfmoon Bay to destroy evidence of that sort?"

Flora and Rand came out on the terrace. Rand was carrying a little suitcase.

"I was going to come back tonight, but now we're so late I think I'll have to stay in town," he said. "Are you going with me or with Mr. Bishop?"

"I hope she'll go with me," Barnes said.

"Suppose you do then, Page," Rand agreed with surprising quickness. "For I ought to get started."

He went down to his car. Flora looked after him, as indeed they all did, but with an absorption so deep that Page had to speak to her more than once to rouse her.

"You'll stay to lunch?" Flora said then, in the furtive, hurried fashion that represented her at her worst.

"Oh, we can't. We ought to be going right away. But Flora," Page said. "You will have Rand telephone me the minute Lynn comes back? I feel as if I were throwing him down, somehow—"

"I'm horribly afraid he's out on the Rock," Flora said suddenly, walking to the edge of the terrace and looking out toward the sea.

"Out on the Rock? But the boat's in!" Page exclaimed.

"I know. But one of the Chinese boys came to me a few minutes ago and said he saw something white waving out there—in some way he might have got—"

"In all that storm yesterday!"

"Before that, perhaps. He was down with the boat just before the rain began—"

"I remember he was! But does he swim well enough to make it?" Page asked, turning a little pale. "Or could the boat have drifted in?"

"That's what I'm afraid happened. I'm afraid Chang or Tai Fat tied it up without ever thinking how it got loose. It's certainly tied now."

PAGE glanced at the man. "Are you any good on a boat?"

"I sure am," Barnes said.

"Then I think we ought to go right out there, don't you?" the girl said anxiously, urgently. "He's been there twenty-four hours without any food!"

They all ran down the brick steps together to the pier.

The catboat was at her mooring; Flora handled the ropes adeptly as they all got in; the canvas rattled up in a fresh winter breeze, the sail filled and the little craft wheeled and dipped as it carried them across the heavy rollers that were still coming in from the storm.

Page was the first one out of the boat when it beached on the island's small strip of shingle, and was off like an arrow on the narrow shelflike path that led up and about the rock to the entrance of Lynn's little cave. The sunshine was so bright on the sea now that she was almost blinded as she reached the narrow slit in the black face of the rock. Page's heart stood still as she entered, stumbling on loose stones and pushing away the brush that guarded the entrance, for at the back of the little place, in the dimness, something was stirring; something gave a long groan that made her whole being sick with terror.

It was Lynn, writhing on the rough ground like a hurt animal, his right hand clutching the bloody mass of torn shirt and cut raw flesh that was his left shoulder.

Page cried out his name and was on her knees beside him before she knew what she did; almost before she could sense the fear and pity in her heart she slipped an arm under his neck.

"Lynn!" she whispered. "Oh, he's ill—he's hurt! He's hurt his shoulder—oh, what have you done to yourself; did you fall? How did you do it, and why didn't you let us know!"

His eyes, sunken into his head, looked into hers dazedly. His thin cheeks were flushed and hot.

"He's hurt, Barnes!" Page exclaimed, as Barnes came stumbling in to the darkness of the little cave. "He must have fallen and smashed his shoulder. We'll have to get him back to the shore and into a hospital, right away! It hurts you, doesn't it, my darling?" she said to him. "But we'll have to move you; we'll have to get you back right away."

Lynn's hands clung tight to her hand; he never moved his eyes from hers.

"Maybe I'm dreaming this," Lynn muttered. "All night long I thought you would come, I kept thinking you had come. But this—this hurt so!" he finished, tugging again at his shoulder.

"I KNOW, darling. I know!" Page said, soothingly. "But we'll have it fixed in no time now, and they'll give you something to make you sleep, and get you all comfortable. We'll get you away from Mystery House once and for all." Page said, kissing the limp hand she held in her own. She looked up at Barnes and saw him looking at her, and smiled with her eyes full of tears. "I love him!" she said simply. "I didn't know it until just now. That's been it, all along. We can get him down to the boat between us, can't we? You can walk, can't you, Lynn?"

"I think I twisted my foot when I fell," he said. "But don't leave me, will you, Page?"

"Leave you! No; we'll all go together. And they'll have you fixed up in no time. But you're starving, aren't you?" Page demanded, in a fresh burst of pity and concern.

Barnes was supporting Lynn on the other side.

"Steady him there!" Page said to him hurriedly. "We'll have to get him down somehow. There's a blanket here—have Flora fix it in the boat so we can lay him on it!"

"Where's Flora?" Lynn whispered. He had managed to rise to his feet.

"She's down at the landing; she's fixing the boat. How did you get here, Lynn?" Page demanded, as they slowly moved out into the light.

"Rand and I came in the boat."

"You and Rand! When?"

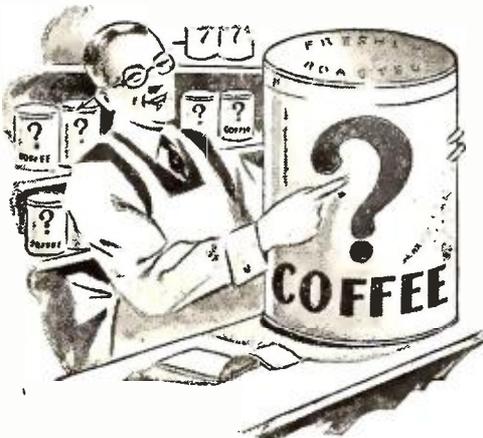
"That long time ago—whenever it was! I was just putting off—after you'd said that you were going into town with him, Page, you remember?—and he came down and said he wanted to get out to the island. So we came along together. We climbed up the Rock, and we were looking off to see if the storm was coming, you know, and he slipped and stumbled against me, and I fell."

"But he helped you up?"

"No; I fell straight to the water, and struck my shoulder on the rocks. I must have fainted, because when I woke up the tide was washing over me, and the boat was gone."

Page glanced at Barnes, looked back at Lynn with a frown.

"Oh, but he would have told us, I'm



GIVE THIS COFFEE AN APPEALING NAME

**\$250 in Cash
For Best 24 Names**

\$50.00 Check Each Month for Six Months Extra Promptness Prize

Here is an amazing offer—one that should tax the imagination of every individual. You have the unusual opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a \$50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941. We want an easy-to-remember name; therefore, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to submit a new name for coffee and win a cash prize for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now such as Morning Glory, Sunshine, Eight O'Clock, Red Wing, and many others. We want a new name for coffee. For the 24 names selected by the judges, we will award \$250.00 in cash prizes plus a \$50.00 check each month for the first six months of 1941 as an extra cash prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

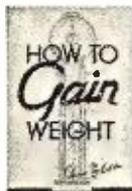
Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the

24 Cash Prizes Totaling \$250.00

Write your coffee name on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Sign your own name and address. Mail within three days from the day you read this advertisement—it always pays to be prompt. Your name for coffee must be mailed before April 15, 1941. 24 cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected by the judges as the first prize winner, you will receive \$100.00 in cash, and as an extra promptness prize a \$50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941; second prize will be \$25.00; third prize, \$15.00; fourth prize, \$10.00; and 20 additional prizes of \$5.00 each. The 24 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50.00 a month for the first six months of 1941 which will be awarded to the first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. A victory list will be published as soon as the judges have selected the prize winning names. Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—a name that will win first prize. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to mail in. Send only one coffee name—your favorite—to

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THE KRISTEE PRODUCTS CO., 435 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO

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sure he would!"
"Not if he thought Lynn had been killed," Barnes offered.
"And you were out here all night in the storm, with that wound burning and blazing!"
"You see I'd stopped taking the tonic, Page," Lynn said, with an earnest puzzled look. His face worked with pain; he dragged against her, panting. "And that was what made everything suddenly seem to come clear," he went on. "Trudy Mockbee, you know—"
Progressing by inches, with many a halt, they had emerged from the cave. Page released her hold of Lynn's elbow to let him rest on a stiff clump of sea shrubs; she was out of breath.

SHE looked down at him fearfully; his face looked drawn and weary. But she knew now—she knew now what the real miracle and secret of her love for Mystery House and the shore and the sea were, and she could have sung for sheer joy. Lynn was hers—battered and bewildered and sick and penniless—there was no other man in the world for Page Hazelyne!

She was entirely unconscious of Barnes Bishop's presence. Absent-mindedly she told him what to do. With an entire lack of self-consciousness she murmured to Lynn in little phrases of concern and love.

"Darling," she whispered, "just try to be patient a few hours more!"
"You're being so wonderful to me," Lynn said. "I've stopped the tonic, Page, and it's all so much clearer!"

"Hello!" Barnes interrupted their conversation sharply. They had come out on the east face of the Rock now. "Where's the boat?" Page strained her eyes through the thickening mist that almost blotted out the water.
"That's just it," Barnes said blankly. "It's gone. The woman's gone."

They eased Lynn to a sitting position, and looked at the strand again, and at each other.

"I think she's taken the boat and made for the shore," Barnes said.
"She wouldn't leave us here on this rock—she wouldn't dare! Not with Lynn hurt—not in this weather, without food or blankets! What—what would she gain by it?" Page stammered.

"We couldn't be witnesses against her," Barnes suggested.
"But you don't mean—you can't mean—leave us here!" the girl gasped.
"They left me," Lynn said, suddenly intelligent and quiet.

"You think Rand knew that you hadn't been killed?" It was a cry rather than a question. In Page's frightened heart she knew the answer.
"I shouted at him. It wasn't storming then; it was deadly still before the storm," he said.

"He couldn't—" Page's throat was dry; her words would not come. "But—but it was Flora who told us to come out here, who said she saw you signaling!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't signal; I didn't wave. I couldn't move by myself. I was afraid of falling on that ledge. I only managed to drag myself up to the cave when the rain began to come down so

heavy and the waves got so high."
In the dead silence once again their glances crossed, and they looked down at the pier that was so rapidly being smothered in mist, and at the sullenly rushing water that was gathering.
"You knew it was Trudy Mockbee—that's why they did all this," Lynn presently said. "I was all mixed up; I couldn't explain before. But as soon as I stopped the tonic, then it all began to come clear. I talked to Rand about it, and he knew then that I knew—and I think that's why—all this. He knows all about Chinese drugs, Harwood does," he added. "He was in China for years. It was the stuff in the tonic and in the sleeping medicine he gave me. The minute I stopped it, I knew. And I told him I knew!"

Page exchanged a swift glance with Barnes that said that Lynn was not quite responsible for what he was saying. Barnes nodded almost imperceptibly, but Lynn caught the gesture and began again urgently, in infinite distress between pain and weakness and mounting fever, but with a definiteness and clearness that she had never heard in his speech and manner before.

"They've left us here, Page, don't you understand? They've gone off and left us. They'll turn the boat loose and let her capsize, and tell everyone—if there's ever an investigation—that they left us here and we were to go sailing. There never could be proof that I didn't fall accidentally, no matter what anyone suspects."

"It was that medicine all the time that was making me feel so queer, Page," Lynn continued.

"You think it did really keep your head fuzzy? Perhaps it did. But maybe—maybe," Page said earnestly, "Rand was really trying to help you! I can't believe—I don't believe that he'd do anything so horrible as drugging you. They'll send out after us, I'm sure of it, and I'll hand them over the diamond, and we'll go straight into the city and never think of Mystery House again. People don't do things like this! They wouldn't dare! Rand may need money—he does—he admits it—and Flora may be queer, but they aren't murderers. Why should he give you dope to keep you dazed? He was always talking of your not forgetting your tonic, and remembering your sleeping pills!"

BECAUSE he knew I knew, Page," Lynn said, in the fretful tone of a man in monotonous pain.

"About the diamond—I know. But wasn't the simplest way to get the diamond to get you cured? You couldn't have stopped them starting east, diamond and all; you couldn't have kept her from giving it away if she wanted to—they knew that."

They had been guiding him, with many stops and changes of position, from that bit of the path they had reached on their slow progress toward the beach, back to the cave.

Page looked about. There was a little grill built in here out of the wind; there was a can standing on it with some grease, yellow and solid inside it; there was another small can

ON THE MARCH COVER—Watch for the beautiful color portrait of Janet Logan, who plays the part of Kay Fairchild in the popular radio serial STEPMOTHER

with matches. Under the grill the ground was blackened with wood ashes; the damp of the fog had reached them, and they sent a faint acrid odor into the air; the sound of water was washing all about through the mist; the cry of gulls came piping through it. There were no other sounds; no heartening human sounds. Page and the two men might have been shut away on a star.

"I wasn't talking of the diamond," Lynn said in a whisper. "Rand was to have that. Trudy Mockbee promised it to him. 'You see, they're after my grandmother's money. It was all planned when I got here, and then the only thing to do was to get me out of the way; they had to, they were in so deep. But they found that I had the diamond, do you see?—and Rand wanted that. That was to be his share. She knew she never could sell it, and it was no good to Flora. But he was going back to China, and he could have sold it there. He could have cut it, you know, and he would have been rich for life.

"Lynn, stop thinking of the diamond! What do we care about it? The thing is to get you to land, and have that shoulder fixed. It's Mrs. Prendergast's; let her have it and give it to Flora or Rand or anyone else she likes!"

"MY grandmother gave the diamond to me," Lynn went on. "She was ill, you know, the day I got here, and I was ill too, with that horrible buzzing in my head, but I didn't know how sick I was. I'd had to get here from Rio, and my money was stolen. I went in to see her. She'd quarrelled with my father; he was her son. They didn't see each other for years. But when he knew he was dying he told me to come to her, and bring her a letter, and I gave her the letter, and she cried—she was sick, and the tears kept running down her face. And she told me where the diamond was and how to get it. It was in her knitting bag—you know the red silk bag that hangs on the back of the chair? She said I'd find it wedged into a card of black cotton, and I did. And then I was horribly ill, and Rand was there, and he told me to give it to him, but I wouldn't, because she'd given it to me! She made me kiss her, and she said I was Ned's boy." Lynn was silent for a moment, his lips trembling with weakness and pain, before he continued. "And she said I was to come in and see her in the morning, and Trudy said she would call me. But then I was sick, and afterward Rand was there, and Flora, and they told me she was dead."

"Trudy was dead?"
 "No; my grandmother! It was my grandmother who died, Page," Lynn said patiently. "Didn't I tell you that? It was my grandmother who died! It's Trudy who's pretending to be my grandmother, don't you see?—to get the money, and then to go away."

Page, in the beginning, had stared at him in a complete incredulity that gradually gave way to stupefaction. Her face, in the foggy shadows of the cave, was white. When Lynn stopped speaking, and twisted his body about to grasp his shoulder again, she moved her tranced eyes from his face to Barnes's and back again.

"You mean that Mrs. Prendergast is—?" she began. The whisper faded into silence.

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And so, after the family was abed Jan put on her sister's newest evening dress, climbed furtively from her window and down the rose trellis, ghosted out of the back gate and down the dark street where Gregg's car was waiting in the shadows to—

But *TRUE STORY* believes you would much rather learn from Jan's own words the bizarre story of that Spring night's strange adventures and the jeopardy in which a human life was placed. Her revelations speak for themselves with a drama and intensity such as you will rarely read. Only Jan, of all the world, could tell you so vividly and unforgettably just what happened. Every girl should read her story. Every mother of a headstrong girl should make its message hers. The title, *Not Her Kind*. The page, 32. The magazine, February *TRUE STORY*. At all news stands, now!



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"Mrs. Prendergast was my grandmother. She's dead. I knew it all along, but I was sick,"

"That's why they got at the grave,"

Barnes said, under his breath.

"Barnes, it's true," Page said.

"Of course it's true! This woman and her daughter saw that the old woman was dying, perhaps helped her die, and believed that they could get away with it! And I tried to work this up into a case!" Barnes said. "It's a case, all right! We can follow it up as clear as a bell—once we get off this rock."

Lynn had subsided to troubled muttering, his cheeks sunken and his eyes unnaturally bright. Fog pressed at the door of the cave. There was no food, no ship, no ocean, no world in sight.

PAGE was stretched on the warm western front of the Rock, half sitting, half reclining, her eyes fixed on the subdued afternoon glitter of the western sea. Beneath her the eternal sea moved majestically against the sheer wall of the island's steep side, split into foam and rushed on toward the shore. Clouds moved across the sky, fog came and went.

Fog was the tragedy; so much fog! Fog smothered the island from dawn until almost noon, and at three o'clock the stealthy advances of it put out the sun and crept over the face of the sea, and once again the three castaways were shut into a world of mist.

They were all weak with hunger, but there was a dreadful pallor about Lynn's weakness, a dreadful languor that told Barnes and herself that he could not long survive. The great gash and the smashed bone on his shoulder was infected; except for the first hour that Barnes and Page had been on the island he had been unconscious and muttering in fever. They had been prisoners here since Saturday. This was Monday.

Sunrises and sunsets told them of the calendar. Otherwise Page would have thought the time much longer. There was fresh rain water in the hollows of the higher rocks, but there was no food anywhere after the few spoonfuls of old rancid bacon fat had been divided. Barnes and Page had talked at first of gulls' eggs, of shrimp and crab and possibly fish, but they had secured none of them. Rough water was eternally bursting against the face of the Rock. It was too deep and too rough for either fish or crab.

Sometimes when the fog lifted a little a steamer or two could be seen moving up or down the coast. Barnes's shirt had been fixed to a stick; he and Page had waved it madly whenever there was the faintest hope of being seen. But for most of the time fog had closed that getaway, and had almost

obliterated all sight of land from the eastern side of the Rock.

For hours the man and the girl had patrolled that side of their prison. They had shouted, knowing even while they shouted that no human voice could hope to carry above the noise of the waters and the crying of the sea birds.

Mercifully, the full horror of their position on the rock had not come to Page at first. For the first few hours she had been concerned only with thoughts of Lynn. Lynn must be moved to safety. Lynn must see a doctor. After that she had been puzzled, and then hungry. On the first night on the Rock, she and Barnes had refrained from talking of food; they had disposed themselves as best they could in the little cave, had slept fitfully and coldly.

In the morning hope had arisen. They would catch a fish; they would somehow manage to exist here until the inevitable search was set in motion. Sooner or later Barnes' mother would wonder at his silence. Sooner or later some one would come down to Mystery House, perhaps to find it empty and to wonder, perhaps to look out at the Rock.

Meanwhile she and Barnes hoped and planned, when the fog cleared they might light a signal fire that would be seen far out at sea. When the heavy seas lessened they would try to reach the shore with logs for rafts.

"Not now, not while the seas are bursting that way on the rocks—we'd have no chance at all," he said. "But just as soon as they quiet down, we'll get as much start as we can, and push toward the shore."

Page would look thoughtfully down at the water when he said this.

SHE must hope and plan, and hope and plan she did, even while her head ached dully from hunger, and every hope in her young body felt racked and sore from the long chilled strain of the nights. When a dull light behind the fog announced dawn she went down to the shore and splashed her face with water and ran her fingers through her roughened hair. Two or three times a day she bathed Lynn's hot face. She and Barnes fished patiently with a bent sharpened unbaited bit of wire. But they caught nothing.

Marooned on a lonely tip of rock, surrounded by tossing waves, without food or water—how can Page, Lynn and Barnes escape from this horrible predicament? Did Flora and Rand deliberately send them to their doom? You'll find the answers, and the solution of the riddle of Mystery House, in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 33)

failed again to kill her—but now they knew that Captain Anderson had the incriminating package. They would stop at nothing to get it!

Clark waited only to hear that the "Madison" was steaming off the Atlantic Coast on its way to Charleston. He sped down the corridor, up the stairs, out to the roof. The crooks had a full day's start. There was not a second to waste! Clark Kent stood poised on the skyscraper ledge for a split second—then up, up and away

went Superman, red cloak streaming behind him as he cut the air like a bullet!

Winging his way down the Coast his keen telescopic eyes pierced the fog and darkness ahead and searched for the first glimpse of the freighter. But Pemberton and Dineen, in their powerboat, had caught up with the "Madison" even before Superman left the hospital.

Violating every law of the sea, they sent up red rocket distress signals



Song Hits

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Newest song hits from the latest movies and Broadway revues—lyrics everybody's singing—published in the new February issue of Song Hits. This issue is just chockablock with the very latest hits, lyrics from **TIN PAN ALLEY, ROAD SHOW, HIT PARADE OF 1942, LITTLE NELLIE KELLY, and LET'S MAKE MUSIC**; complete story with lyrics of "You're The One" starring Orrin Tucker, Bonnie Baker, Lillian Cornell and Jerry Colonna; a musical quiz from Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge; true story of the song that changed the life of Al Shayne, as told on the "Song of Your Life" radio program; news notes and pictures of the latest beauty aids and fashion tips. Go to your nearest newsstand or 5c and 10c kiosk—buy the February Song Hits Magazine, but be sure you get the red, white and black cover with the picture of Bety Grable. Tear off bottom line on page 9, print your name and address below and mail to publisher and you will receive by mail—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**—your copy of "400 Songs to Remember" (per No. 5) containing over 400 famous songs. If your dealer is out of stock, send 10c (U. S. Currency) to East 42nd Street, New York, for the February issue and your free copy of "400 Songs to Remember."

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(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

The towering bulk of the freighter lay motionless in the black water, waiting for the smaller boat to come alongside. Captain Anderson ordered the men shown to his cabin immediately. He was furious.

"Do you know you've stopped a vessel on government service—a vessel transporting important munitions?"

The Captain refused to turn over his sister's package to the swindlers. Immediately, they forced him down into the hold, tied him up and broke open a case of explosives. They were determined to remove every trace of him and his ship! They crept back on deck, leaped off and swam to their cruiser. In a minute, there was a flickering glow in the darkness of the hold—a thin spiral of smoke, creeping up the companionway and curling out above the hatch-covers on deck. Then—sudden alarm—shouting, confusion. Boats went over the side, pulled frantically for safety. But Captain Anderson was trapped, unconscious. The inevitable explosion would destroy him and the evidence!

BUT meanwhile—high up in the night sky—Superman saw a glow on the sea. Swiftly, he headed downward. His rapid glance searched the boats—Captain Anderson was not there; In a second, Superman clung to the steep, slippery side of the "Madison," listening. His super hearing picked up sounds inside the hull. He lifted his fist and, effortlessly, smashed a hole in the steel plates. Like lightning, he reached the after-hold and broke down the locked door. The Captain, seeing him dimly, gasped:

"Fire—TNT aboard—get out—GET OUT!"

Superman only smiled as he lifted the Captain to his shoulder. He carried him out through the jagged hole in the steamer's side, wrapped him in a life preserver, dropped him in the sea near the lifeboats and streaked again for the doomed ship.

"Touch and go now—that stuff'll explode any second. But I have to find the safe and get those papers. There's the bridge—down—down—"

One crack of his hand smashed the captain's safe. He had June Anderson's package! Not waiting for the stairs, he crashed out through the wall, up to the deck and off. As he disappeared into the far horizon, the "Madison" exploded with a shattering roar that filled the sky with screaming shells and scattered flaring embers on the face of the sea! But Captain Anderson was safe. Superman had conquered again!

The incriminating evidence he had snatched from destruction was enough to put Pemberton and Dineen behind bars for life. As soon as he reached land, he called the Police. Mystified, they listened to Superman's deep voice tell them where to find the swindlers. Then, one last stop, as he mailed the package of evidence to June Anderson. Proud, he knew he had closed another case.

That morning, Clark Kent was back in the Daily Planet office, ready for another assignment.

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Yes, Please, Mr. Benny

(Continued from page 17)

at Bronx Beach Pool back then you may have done business with Dennis, for his summer job was renting beach umbrellas to the visitors.

Dennis went on the air for the first time the night of April 16, 1938. A short two years and a bit ago, which goes to show what can happen when you have what it takes.

With his diplomas packed away in his trunk, Dennis became the general office boy in the city owned radio station WNYC picking up a lot of radio background which comes in mighty handy to him today. In September, that job was over and he prepared to enter law school, only to undergo an operation which postponed law school for what he thought was a year, but looks now like a lifetime. To fill in the time, he looked for a job.

EARLY in June he was put on a CBS sustainer, Ray Block's weekly Varieties. Dennis was paid \$21 a week. Not bad—six dollars better than the clerk's job he'd been hoping to land, and work he enjoyed into the bargain.

Then came that unbelievable part of his story. One night, as he was singing, Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife, just happened to be in New York and just happened to be in a hotel room with a radio and just happened to switch on the set and hear Dennis. Somehow Mary knew, listening to him, that he was the one they'd all been looking for to replace Kenny Baker who had left them for another program.

And that is exactly what happened. Somehow, Dennis outsang all his rivals and landed in Hollywood for final auditions. Those were successful, then came the night of the real broadcast, with everyone in the studio, Jack and Mary included, in a nervous glow. Time came for Dennis to sing, he did, he was sensational, the applause filled the studio, and it was all over.

Or almost. For Dennis first had to hear from his Mother, and his Dad, and his sister and brothers. And so

he rushed out after the program down the hall, to a telephone and, calling from California, got connected with the Bronx.

After that phone call, Dennis settled down to try and get accustomed to being a new star and having money, and having mail addressed to him, and sent to Hollywood. He stood living in hotel rooms as long as he could, and then, as soon as his first option was picked up, he rented himself a house.

It's a small house, like thousands of others out here; white stucco with a red tiled roof, two bedrooms and one bath, on a quiet street of other small houses on the south slope of the hills which frame the San Fernando Valley. He tried a colored boy for a while, but lately has been taking care of the place himself. The dining room table is piled high with mail, and the living room has a small upright piano with next week's song. On the wash-bowl in the bathroom is a wet wash-cloth, with a shoe-shining set on the cabinet by the tub.

I was over a few mornings ago, and we were talking at the kitchen table over a breakfast of soft-boiled eggs, toast and coffee which Dennis had just made.

THE doorbell rang, and Dennis ushered in a pleasant-faced middle-aged woman who had been sent up by the agency to talk about a job as housekeeper. Dennis knew that some business-like questions were expected of him, but he was out of his depth. He looked over at me, a married man of several years' standing, with a desperate appeal for help in his eyes. But I hardened my heart, though I have my normal share of humanitarian instincts.

They eventually reached the kitchen, and there was one of those uncomfortable silences while Dennis tried to think of the business-like thing to say. He looked around for inspiration, gulped, and then came out with it.

Pointing his finger dramatically, he said:



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"That—that's the stove!" His mother was out here last spring and stayed a month. It was just after he'd moved into his new house, and she came out to help him get settled. He was waiting at the station two hours before her train came in, and showed her everything in California. They had a grand time one night, over at Gail Patrick's house. (Gee, she's beautiful, says Dennis.) Fibber McGee and Molly were there, and so was Bill Frawley and a lot of others. Everybody did their act, and there was an accordion there which Mrs. McNulty played and Dennis did a jig. Mrs. McNulty has a grand sense of humor, and gets a big kick out of hearing "Mrs. Day" push Dennis around on the air. In fact some of the gags which began to appear in the script after her visit sound suspiciously familiar to Dennis, and he's pretty sure that she gave away some family secrets to the writers.

To see Dennis now, you wouldn't think he's lonely. He isn't, on the whole, because he knows everybody in town, and what is more important, they know him back. But nevertheless there's a big empty space to be filled. Dennis is a family man by nature. That's what he's been brought up to be. He has his house, true enough, but it isn't a home yet. And it won't be until he has found the right girl to share it.

Who it will be he hasn't the faintest idea. But he realizes that she's going to be hard to find. She's got to be nice, that goes without saying. More than that, she's got to be smart, for Dennis has ambitions. More than anything else, she's got to be understanding, because it's a bad business Dennis is in for the home; up half the nights, rising late, never knowing whether he'll be home for dinner. To say nothing of publicity pictures with girls whose business it is to be beautiful.

But sooner or later he'll find her. And sooner than later there'll be about five kids around the house, because that's Dennis' idea of the way he wants to live. And they'll be nice kids, too.

Girl Alone

(Continued from page 16)

Ryan?" They told me out there to come and see you. I'm Stormy Wilson, and I've come from Scoop—Scoop Curtis—"

Pat was on her feet. "He sent you—has anything happened?"

Stormy stepped to the desk, and their eyes met in a long, level gaze which seemed to judge and measure the other.

"I'll tell you. Scoop doesn't know I came. But I thought his friends ought to know. He's in a hospital in Irwin—"

"Hospital—Scoop!" Pat's fingers closed over the edge of her desk.

"Just listen, it'll be quicker that way. I'm a stunt flyer and driver. I, and my brother, and three other kids travel around the country doing—oh, all kinds of things. Well, we came across Scoop, hitch-hiking west. He sort of joined up with us. He's a great guy," her face softened. "He didn't say much about himself though

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he did tell me he was a reporter, had worked in Chicago and here in Phoenix. But I guessed something was wrong. He put on a good show, but he wasn't happy all the same."

"But—what—what happened—"
"I'm telling you. We were all broke, and he got a chance to ride in an amateur race. He tried for the purse to help us out. And he went off a curve—and crashed. He's paralyzed, Miss Ryan."

"No!" Pat cried; "no—no—not Scoop."

"I felt responsible. If Scoop hadn't done this for us he wouldn't be—I just figured if you—" she stopped abruptly. "I know I'd want to stick if anyone I cared about was helpless and broke. He'd spoken of you, once or twice—not much—but I took a chance—"

"Will you drive me to join him—now—" Pat's voice broke on a dry, choking sob.

LONG, never ending roads stretching before her, clouds of dust, hot air beating against her eyes: a nightmare of motion in which Pat vaguely realized she was sitting beside Stormy Wilson, while her heart and thoughts strained to reach and find Scoop. But, at last, she stood in his room, and had dropped to her knees beside the wheel chair in which he sat. She flung her arms around him.

"Pats—Pats!" Scoop cried. "How did you find me?"

"Darling!" Pat sobbed. Her face against his.

"P a t s!" he moved his shoulders as if in pain: "get up. You are not staying. Walk out of this room. I'm a cripple. I left you, and that's final."

"But, Scoop, I want to take care of you. I have—"

His eyes blazed in his white face. "Don't say you've enough money to take care of me, don't say it, Pats." She struggled to her feet, and looked at him, one hand at her quivering lips.

"I love you. You love me. Nothing else matters."

"A lot of things matter," he answered through set lips, "a hell of a lot of things."

"You're wrong. Oh, Scoop, I've been so lonely, so unhappy. I'm never going to leave you again. I'll go now because I'm going to find a minister. We'll be married right here—today." She placed her hand on his.

"You make it hard for me, Pitter-Pat. If you think I'll let you sacrifice yourself—"

Pat's lips on his stopped his words. Then she moved toward the door.

"Wait, wait," Scoop's voice rang with a desperate urgency. "Give me time to think. Come back at five this afternoon. Do this for me, Pats."

The quick color stained Pat's face. "Yes," said Pat thoughtfully, "I was stupid before. I'll be wise and patient this time—and always."

Scoop's eyes followed her with stark longing as she closed the door behind her.

At five Pat stood in the entrance of Scoop's room, her arms full of flow-

ers; her face tender and gentle. There was a new dignity about her. And as Scoop looked at her, he settled himself more firmly in his chair, while Stormy Wilson, standing beside him, placed one hand upon his shoulder.

"It's no use, Pats," he said. "I've made it impossible for you to sacrifice yourself. I'll not live on your money. Stormy and I were married an hour ago."

The flowers dropped from Pat's hands, spilling their crimson color across the floor like blood. Her lips opened, but no sound came. Her eyes turned from Scoop to Stormy in a wide, unbelieving stare. Scoop's hands closed on the arms of his chair as if to hold himself still.

"I said," he repeated, "I married Stormy."

Then Pat sobbed, a bitter cry escaped her lips; her face was stark in its pallor. She stepped toward him.

"Scoop, you couldn't have done this to us—not if you loved me. Scoop—"

her voice trailed off into silence.

"Miss Ryan," Stormy began, but Scoop stopped her with a gesture.

"Let me tell her," he said. "Pats—Pats—it's because I loved you that I—that we did this, that Stormy was willing to help."

"To help!" Pat cried. "You never loved me, Scoop Curtis. You left me on my wedding day—that's not love. And—I followed you here—I tried to marry you—"

Her hands twisted and turned, beating against each other. "Maybe, it's best if you think that, Pats," Scoop answered, his face hard; "you'll get over it sooner."

Pat steadied herself with one hand on the back of a chair.

"I've finished with dreams. I'm going to Chicago—I'll use my money—I'll never go without a thing I want. I'll take what I can, and others can pay. Watch the papers, Scoop. You'll read things there—things about Patricia Rogers, one of the richest girls in America—and what she's doing. You've taught me one thing. Love doesn't exist."

"Doesn't it? You're wrong, Pats, you're wrong." But she could not hear his low voice.

SHE put her hand to her lips; she could feel the hot tears rising, the sobs choking in her throat. She must not let Scoop, she must not let Stormy, see those tears or hear those sobs. She turned quickly, and passed through the door into the bleak loneliness of the hospital hall. She did not see the pity in Stormy's eyes, standing motionless, watching Scoop, as he listened with straining ears to her footsteps growing fainter and fainter, fading in the distance.

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(Illustrations posed by members of the cast)

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**What's New from Coast
to Coast**

(Continued from page 48)

was the result, and it was a big success from the start. Now Tom's program has the support of the newly enlarged Utah State Symphony Orchestra and its conductor, Hans Heniot.

Tom isn't married, but he soon will be, to a charming Salt Lake brunette. They've already announced their engagement.

* * *

Margaret MacDonald's job of playing the title role in the Kate Hopkins, Angel of Mercy serial keeps her in New York, but all her spare time is spent in building a home in Hollywood. It's easier than it sounds. Margaret checks blueprints in New York and corresponds with her father in Hollywood, and he executes all her instructions and reports back, in detail, on building developments.

* * *

There's a new actress in radio, and if heredity means anything she's going places. Her name is Pat Crusberry, and she's the seventeen-year-old daughter of Jane Crusberry, author of The Story of Mary Marlin. Appropriately, Pat made her big-time radio debut in her mother's drama, playing the role of Priscilla Babcock.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—After originating Help Thy Neighbor, which in three and a half years has found jobs for 25,000 people, Hal Styles is on the air with a new program, called Hearts Re-Paired. The new one is designed to give either partner of a warring married couple an opportunity to voice his or her grievances over the air before any action is taken for divorce. Hal believes that people who do this are automatically less likely to take the ultimate, tragic step of appealing to the courts.

Hal invites unhappily married people to write him a letter, and then chooses the ones who wrote the most interesting and universally appealing letters to appear on Stage 3 of station KFWB for the broadcast. On the air, he listens to each story and then sums up his advice in the form of a recommendation. A jury of twelve "neighbors," picked by lot before the broadcast, occupy a box in the corner of the stage and are called on to affirm or deny Hal's recommendations. No one who isn't, or hasn't been, married can serve as a juror. In addition, members of the listening audience telephone in their opinions of each case under discussion. In this way, impartial, friendly opinion tells each unhappy appellant who is at fault, the appellant or the marriage partner.

Hal believes that divorce is America's greatest social problem, and this program is his method of combating it. He reasons that if men and women have an opportunity to air their grievances in public before applying for divorce, the mere act of "blowing off steam" may solve a problem the law can't; and also that letting the radio audience hear various marital problems will create a more understanding and helpful attitude toward the divorce evil.

*Why I switched
to Meds*



by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

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START THE NEW YEAR BRIGHT



Take your bath leisurely and add to your beauty—says Marjorie Anderson, heroine of *The Shadow*, heard Sundays on Mutual.

THERE are all sorts of practical reasons for the daily bath—health, personal daintiness, skin stimulus, and so on. But for beauty and for luxury a goodly proportion of our baths should be affairs of leisure, devoted to the enjoyment of the ever increasing list of special bath aids.

Marjorie Anderson thinks so. She and I had quite a chat about bubble baths, foam baths, bath salts and whatnot. I came away convinced that here is a girl who knows how to make a fine art of life.

As everyone knows, Marjorie Anderson is Margot Lane, the heroine of *The Shadow*, that fascinating mystery story heard over Mutual at 5:30 E.S.T. Sundays.

Although Marjorie has the three-fold beauty of exquisitely modeled features, golden blonde coloring and faultless grooming, that is not the important thing. One remembers rather what a grand person she is, her keen intelligence, and how she twinkles when she smiles.

Hers has been a varied career. Born in Spokane, Washington, she was educated in New York. She specialized in dramatics at Miss Finch's school in New York City, which has a complete theatre, but in spite of her success there, she turned from theatrical work to charity. She managed a day nursery in Hell's Kitchen, and later worked in the children's ward of the Tonsil Hospital. Still she seemed to have no idea what she was intended to do. She traveled all over Europe, and then decided to go into business. She got as far as managing a dress shop, and then went into stock with Chamberlain Brown. Some discerning friend persuaded her to apply for a radio audition. That was in

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

1932, and she's been on the air since.

It is pleasant to know that somewhere in this scrambled career Marjorie Anderson achieved a happy marriage. She has a two-year-old daughter, whom she has already entered for the class of 1960 at Bryn Mawr.

Bathing has become an art—and there is no art more indispensable to beauty. First, choose your soap carefully, one with no free alkali (the tongue tip test settles that) and suited to your skin. A good water softener and a bath brush, plenty of face cloths, towels for a brisk rub down; that used to be enough. But nowadays we need the relaxation of the luxury bath, the fragrant, soothing tub in which we love to linger. Our minds—and our faces—seem to smooth out as we lazily splash and stretch in the warm, scented tub. Marjorie says if she must choose between a luxury bath and a nap to refresh her, she'll take the bath every time.

Bubble baths are among the latest. The running water whips the bath into a mass of fragrant bubbles. The water is softened. You hardly want to get out but when you do your skin feels like velvet. Then there are foam baths made from sea moss. Both kinds come in the most fascinating assortment of odors. You will want to try all of them. But remember the men of the family like bath luxuries too, and pine is usually their favorite;

so add that to your assortment.

Don't forget the refined starch for the bath. It is marvelously soothing to the skin. And there is a powder which you shake into the water—just a dash—for a lovely fragrance. Bath salts, too, are excellent to soften and perfume the tub.

Wind up with a brisk toweling and an alcohol rubdown for skin toning, and a liberal patting with a fragrant dusting powder. There you are, a new woman! You feel serene, relaxed, beautiful from top to toe.

FRAGRANT TRICKS

AFTER all the delightful fragrances of the modern beauty bath one is inspired to follow up with a skillful use of perfumes and toilet water. Toilet water is just like perfume, only lighter, more informal. Spray a little on your undies with a fine atomizer. Use it on the handkerchief, on the part of your hair, and so on. Perfume must be applied more carefully. A touch on the wrists, behind the ears, on the upper lip. A little perfume on a bit of cotton tucked inside your hat band. Almost anywhere else you think of.

Many women have the ensemble idea and try to apply it to their fragrances. The answer is, don't! It is a simple psychological fact that we get used to any odor and become unaware of it. So do your friends. By using a variety in bath fragrances, in sachets, in perfumes and so on, we develop a more acute appreciation of them all.

Another little trick for subtle fragrance is to burn a cone of incense in an incense burner on the floor of your closet. It gives a faintly oriental scent to your outer garments.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



Listen to Betty Lou Gerson in The Story of Mary Marlin, the popular serial, at 10:30 A.M., E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue.

What do you want to know?

MOST girls would be only too happy to lead a life of leisure and just settle down to a round of social functions. But not Betty Lou Gerson, attractive star of the Story of Mary Marlin, heard daily at 10:30 A.M. E.S.T., over NBC-Blue. She wanted to be an actress, not "just a society girl."

While at school Betty Lou became interested in dramatics, taking an active part in the class plays. Her studies over, she returned home to Birmingham, Alabama, and decided to join the Little Theater movement there. Later she left for Chicago where she joined the Goodman Theater.

A friend who had written a radio drama to be broadcast over a Chicago station asked Betty if she would like to play the leading part. She accepted and, not without fear, faced the microphone for the first time in her life. But her interpretation of the role was excellent and her success led her to apply for an audition at the NBC studios.

That ended her career as a teacher. Soon she was playing small parts in dramatic broadcasts. From then on her rise was rapid. In a few months she was leading lady opposite Don Ameche in his radio broadcasts. When the show was transferred to the West Coast Betty went along. There she decided the glamour boys of the movies were all right in Hollywood, but Radio Director Joe Ainley more closely resembled her ideal. Soon after the program was transferred to Chicago, she and Ainley were married.

And now here are some personal

items about Miss Gerson. She is 26, five feet six inches tall, weighs 106 pounds and has dark brown eyes and black hair. All of which adds up to a very charming person.

Miss Rose Ann Pantalone, Ansonia, Conn: The cast of "Amanda of Honey-moon Hill" is as follows:
Charity Amanda Dyke

Joy Hathaway
Joseph Dyke..... John MacBryde
Edward Leighton... Boyd Crawford
Colonel Leighton... John Connery
Sylvia..... Helen Shields
Susan..... Irene Hubbard
Aunt Maizie..... Florence Edney
Charlie Harris..... Roger DeKoven
Jim Tolliver..... Jackie Kelk
Job..... Juan Hernandez
Roger..... John James

Catherine Noughton, Chicago, Ill: Rosemary Garbell plays "Tootie" in The Story of Mary Marlin. With the exception of the principal characters, the cast of "I Love a Mystery" changes with each broadcast, so we have no record of who played "Patricia."

FAN CLUB SECTION

A Pat Friday fan club has just been formed. Those interested are invited to write to Isabel Lee, President, 958 Silvercrest Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

Dorothy Dalton, General Delivery, Winneconne, Wisconsin has just formed the official Joe "Curley" Bradley Fan Club. For all those who listen regularly to "Club Matinee" and the "Ranch Boys" this should be news.



LOVELY LASHES IN 60 SECONDS

Make your eyes whisper
"ROMANCE"



Here's how to make your eyes flash with appeal.

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The Woman He Adores

(Continued from page 11)

of an experience he can never have except through me. Alec, on the other hand, will give to the world a music that I could never give it. We're like a team, each with our parts to play."

"The first time I heard Alec play over the radio," Julie said, "I knew that somehow, somewhere, some way, our paths would cross. It was an odd feeling, a feeling utterly without reason. You can put it down to woman's intuition or whatever you want. It's entirely unexplainable." That was four years ago. Julie, then a concert singer, was living in her native Kansas City and Alec was broadcasting from Chicago. The meeting didn't occur until two years later and then Julie was completely surprised when she stood, at last, face to face with Alec.

SHE was in Los Angeles for a concert and a vacation, and one day Mrs. Modini Wood, the mother of Mrs. Richard Bonelli and a close friend of Julie's, invited her to a party. That was the summer that Alec was appearing on a radio program with Bonelli. The evening was probably half over when Bonelli introduced Alec and Julie. The talk turned, quite naturally, to music. They talked of Bach and Beethoven and Alec told her about a recent trip to Germany when he had played upon the same spinet that Beethoven had used as a child. She had liked the boyish enthusiasm of his description of that notable event and then, suddenly, he was talking of a number that Hoagy Carmichael had just published.

Almost before they knew it, they had made the unbelievable and almost ridiculous jump from Beethoven to boogie woogie. Also, almost before they knew it, the evening had gone and the guests were departing. The next day, Alec called Julie at her hotel and they took up their discussion of boogie woogie from where they had left off the night before with the more tangible result that, that same night, he took her off to a small cabaret in downtown Los Angeles where they could hear some real boogie woogie at first hand. For the first time, Alec had found a companion who could enjoy music—real music, he calls it—whether it is made in Carnegie Hall by a hundred-piece symphony orchestra or by a bass fiddle, a drum and a hot trumpet in some little-known dive where the music has to be good or else. During the next two years, Alec and Julie could be found, often, in the Hollywood night clubs and at the more serious music-fests held in the Hollywood Bowl or the Hollywood Grove, for which Alec is doing the music this year.

It was about this time, too, that the Mookels, of Yipsey Ditch, made their appearance on the scene. The Mookels were born to the Templetons during the early months of their courtship. Alec, like many a great creative genius, was perfectly willing to forego all physical exercise despite the fact that he needed exercise to keep him in shape for his strenuous broadcasting and concert season. When Julie would try to get him out for a walk, he was ready to go home at the end of fifteen minutes.

That's when Julie thought of the Mookels. She knew that Alec, whose whole life is governed and timed by radio, was a great lover of the daytime serial programs, so she thought up a serial of their own involving a family, the Mookels, who lived in Yipsey Ditch. Everything that ever happened to a family and to a town in a radio serial happened double to the Mookels and to Yipsey Ditch. Alec played all the male characters, Julie the female characters. They acted out their running serial story on their walks about Hollywood. Then, suddenly, Alec was spending an hour, two hours, walking. Before he knew it, he was hating to come home because so many interesting things happened to the Mookels and he hated to leave them hanging out on a limb until next day.

To understand the Templeton's and



At the anniversary luncheon celebrating Norman Brokenshire's 18th year in radio, Graham McNamee (right) presented him with a bronze bust.

how their romance grew and blossomed into the happy marriage it has, one must understand the Mookels. Their appreciation of music—which brought them together and welded them into a happy, single entity—is supplemented by a joint, quick humor and understanding which is evidenced nowhere as strongly as in this running adventure of a very ordinary family which undergoes the most extraordinary happenings. The conversations of the Mookels is wholly extemporaneous, witty and sometimes fairly bubbling with a sparkling wit. At other times, it may be dull and stodgy, but still it's all right because it's their own conversation and the Mookels love to listen to each other and share their ideas and thoughts and experiences.

But there is a deeper significance that the Mookels hold for the Templetons. The very origin of the Mookels—to induce Alec to take his much-needed exercise—is a better insight

into the character of Julie Templeton than any other. It is a clever and enthralling medium a warmhearted and loving wife has devised to circumvent her husband's habit of not taking care of himself. It is one of the ways in which Julie is caring for Alec . . . and somehow, a very typical Alec Templeton stunt, entirely in character.

I asked Julie if she intended to go on with her music now that she was married.

"In a way, yes. I'll always sing around the house and for friends. And I hope to be able to help Alec with his composition after we're settled a bit. You know, writing down notes for him and that sort of thing. As far as the concert stage is concerned, the answer is no. I'm going to spend my time looking after Alec."

And look after Alec, she does. They live in a seven-room apartment in a downtown apartment hotel in Chicago, where Alec's broadcasts originate. His parents and his secretary, Bob North, live with them, but more and more, Julie is taking over many of the little tasks they used to perform for Alec, and Alec, in his turn, is coming to depend more and more upon Julie for the performance of those little things he is unable to do for himself.

For example, as an insight into how Julie cares for him, Alec likes to rise early regardless of whether he got to bed at ten o'clock the night before or two o'clock the same morning. His only ways of telling time are by a clock which chimes, or by radio. Quite often Julie manages to silence the chime of the clock with a handkerchief if Alec has been up late the night before and she feels that he needs rest.

WHEN Alec and Julie decided to get married last August, it is interesting to note that they were wed in a beautiful garden ceremony at the Hollywood home of Mrs. Modini Wood, where they first met, almost two years before to the month. Richard Bonelli gave away the bride and Mrs. Bonelli acted as matron of honor. Alec was attended by his father.

Among the seventy odd guests were some of radio's great musicians as well as some yet-unknown exponents of swing from cabarets where the couple had gone to hear boogie woogie during their two-year courtship. Stars of the screen were also among the guests.

When the ceremony was over, the Templetons boarded a plane for Chicago where the pianist-composer was booked to play a radio engagement the following Saturday and prepare his own fall program series. The newspapers commented that the Templetons hadn't time for a honeymoon.

The newspapers were wrong. Visit the Templetons in their home or walk with them along the beach of Lake Michigan or study their faces as they sit, enthralled by the hot music of the Hotel Sherman's Panther Room, where radio celebrities play when their work is done, or at a Negro revival meeting in some ramshackle church in Chicago's Harlem, and you'll begin to understand that for both Alec and Julie, the honeymoon will never be over.

The flower of
sweetest smell is shy"
...WORDSWORTH



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Karo

presents Marie
the
Quaint, Wistful
Quint

MARIE'S first portrait from real life reflects the shy, sweet reticence of the most demure of the Dionne Quintuplets. This charming character study is *third* in Karo's series, "The Quints as Individuals", painted by Willy Pogany, famous American artist. Yvonne was first, then came Annette. Now you see Marie. Watch for Emilie and Cecile. They're enchanting!

Marie isn't talkative, but she is a flattering listener. She takes a thoughtful, serious interest in all that is said, repeats conversations precisely. Her memory is remarkable. Marie's school marks equal her sisters', but her deportment record often heads the honor list. She is fond of animals, but prefers them yellow in color.

Tiniest of the Quints at birth, Marie has caught up to Yvonne, the biggest Quint at birth, in height and weight. The carefully supervised diet of Marie and the other Quints is in a large measure responsible for their amazing good health and vibrant energy.

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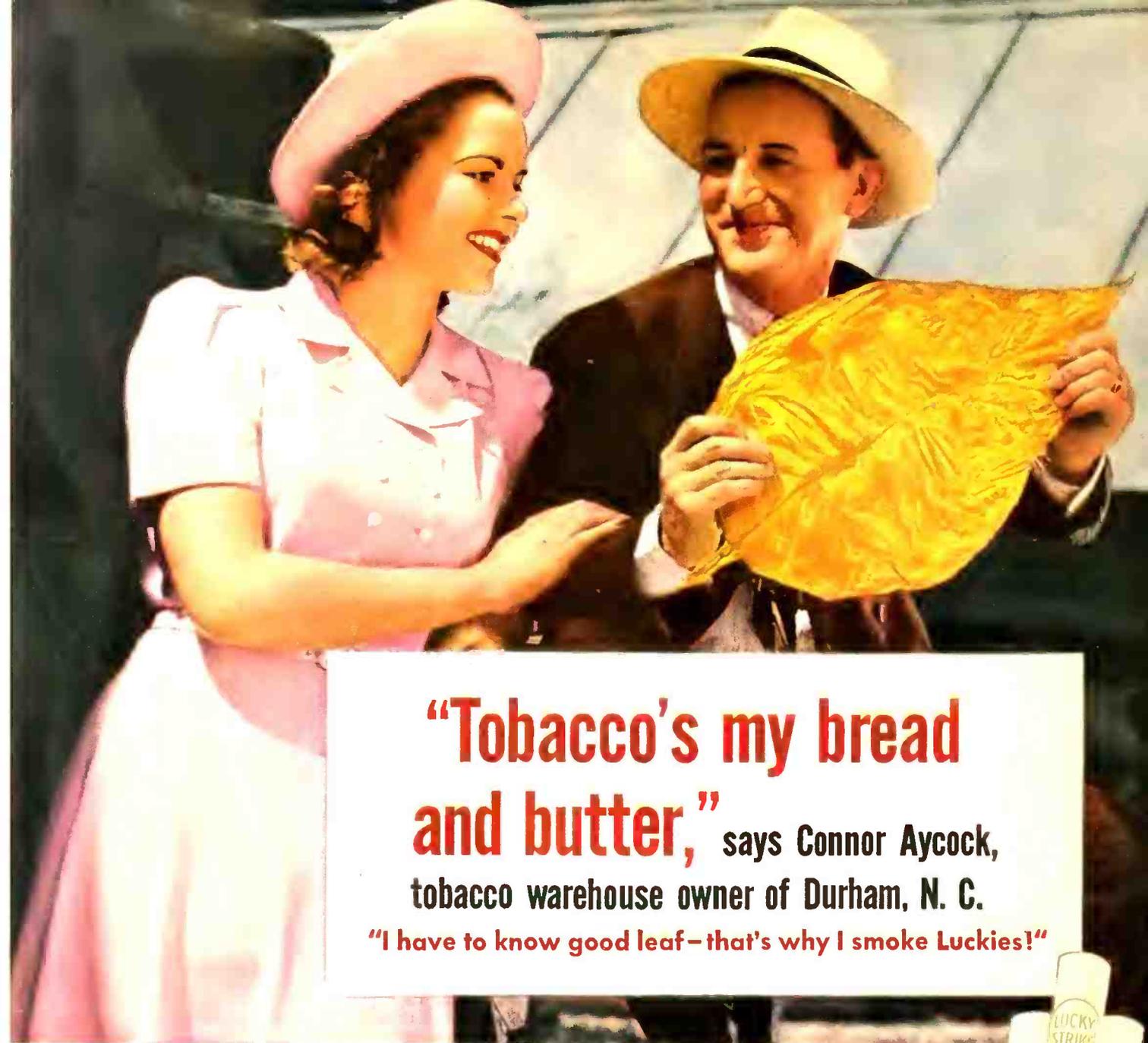
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