

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

JUNE

15¢



Look at
COUNTRY TOWN
RADIO'S JUNE 1955
by Wednesday Evening at 10:35

COMPLETE NOVELETTE IN THIS ISSUE

THE STORY OF BESS JOHNSON—Radio's Drama of Dangerous Love
See the People of VALIANT LADY in Vivid Full Page Pictures

KEEP 'EM DANCING-WITH NAILS IN

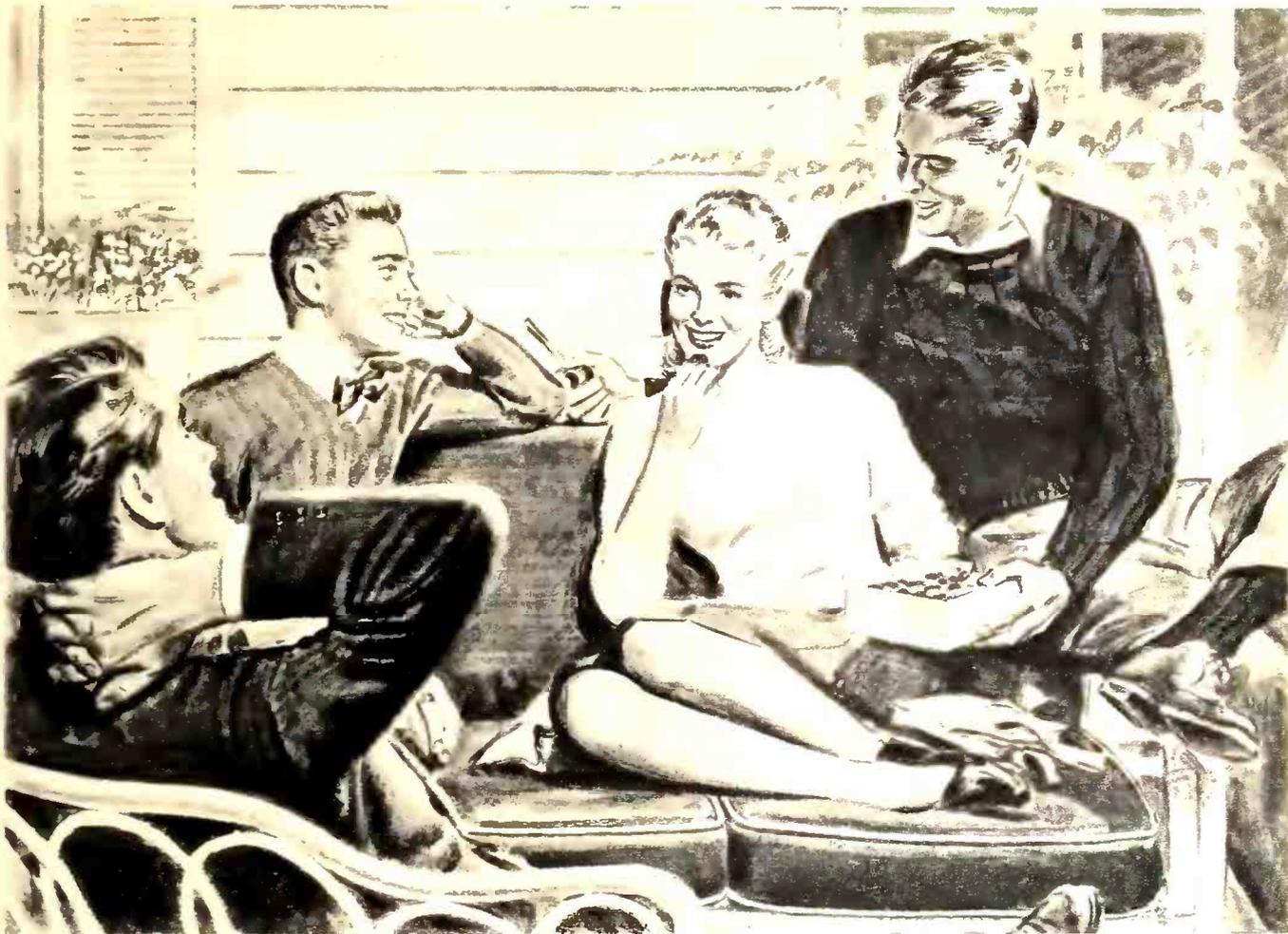
Saddle Brown and Alert

Hearts should be gay, laughter lighthearted—and you should be looking your charming best when you date with men in the Service! You will, in these spring shades by Cutex. SADDLE BROWN—gallant red-brown . . . a particular compliment to your dashing young cavalryman! ALERT—captivating, merry rose-red . . . to keep the memory of your dear hands burning bright! Wear them gaily and—keep 'em dancing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

Newest Shades by CUTEX





Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, if your smile is right. You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have magnetic appeal. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness.

**Never take chances with
"pink tooth brush"**

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist right away! He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists,

he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Coming

NEXT MONTH

COME AWAY, MY LOVE!

She felt as though she were imprisoned on that lonely farm, with her father as jailer—until the rainy night when someone knocked at the door. Here is a short story you won't forget.

In Living Portraits—

BACHELOR'S CHILDREN

Don't miss these exciting pictures of the people whose day-to-day drama you follow on one of radio's favorite serials.

Plus—

A complete program guide, a brand new song hit with words and music, Kate Smith's cooking page, and many more exciting features.

On Sale May 27

TO OUR READERS

RADIO MIRROR, like many other publications, has had to raise its price.

Many things go into the making of a magazine: paper, ink, the skilled technical knowledge of trained men, ideas. All these things cost more in war-time; and so the magazine they combine to create necessarily costs more, too.

But although we don't enjoy seeing "15c" on the cover of RADIO MIRROR any more than you do, there are some aspects of the change that we do like very much, and that we are sure you will like as well. At fifteen cents, it is possible to bring you a better, more dramatic and exciting magazine than we were ever able to publish at the old price. For instance, in this issue, for the first time you are seeing color on the pages of RADIO MIRROR, and a different kind of ink which imparts a greater richness and warmth to its pictures. In future issues we hope to introduce other new features, all designed to make up a magazine that will be more enjoyable to read and to look at than ever before, and worth every penny of the price you pay for it.

The Editors

June, 1942

ERNEST V. HEYN
Editorial Director

DAN SENSENEY
Editor

Radio
AND TELEVISION
Mirror

Vol. 18, No. 2

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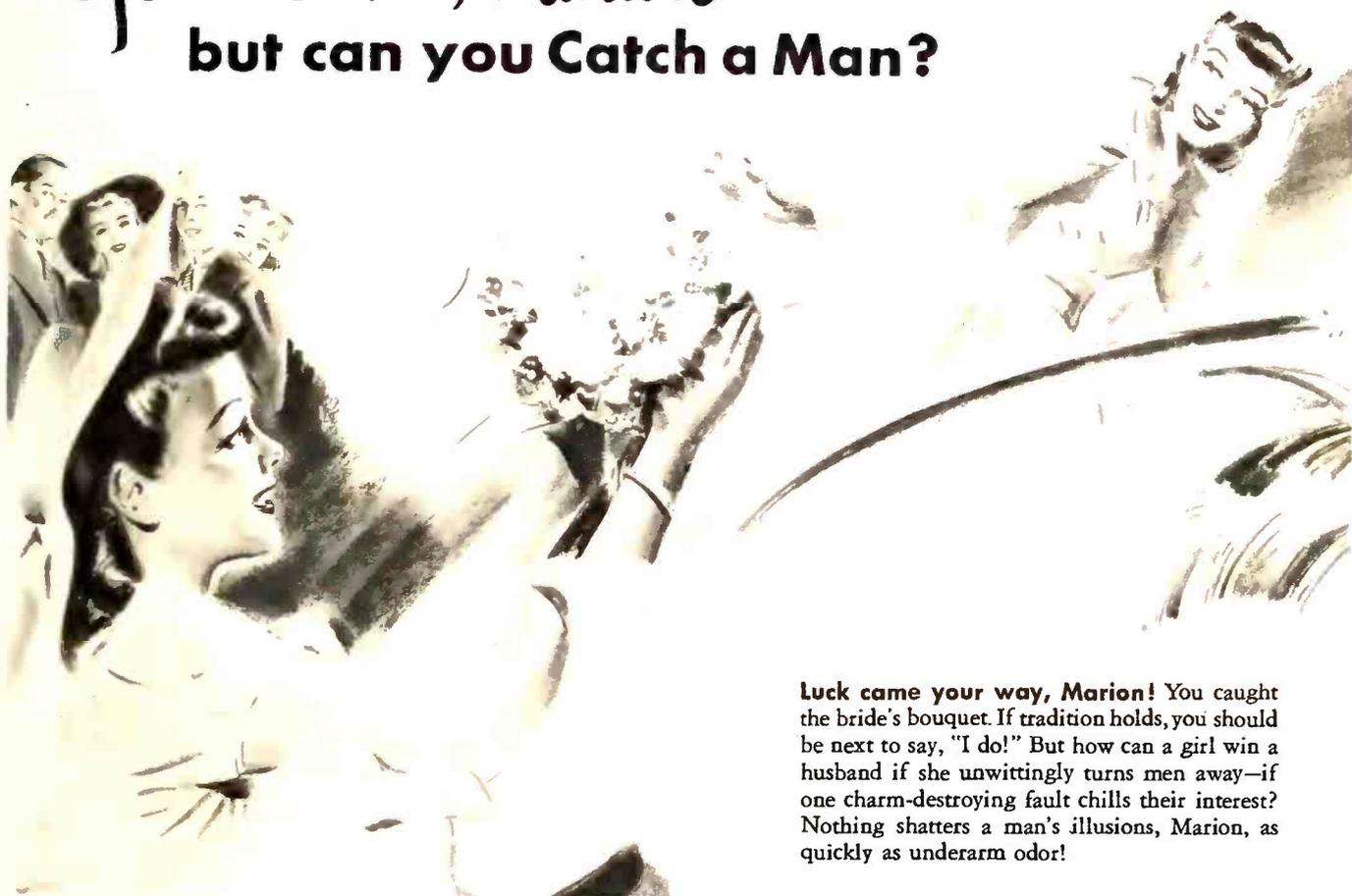
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Good Catch, Marion— but can you Catch a Man?



Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!



Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something more to prevent risk of underarm odor!



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can trust Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



The Crosbys all went to the Los Angeles Victory House to invest in Defense Bonds. On the counter are twins Dennis and Philip, almost hiding Lindsey. Standing are Gary and of course the Boss himself

Jimmie Fidler, expert on the latest Hollywood news, is on Blue Network, Monday night.



What's New from Coast to Coast

ESTHER RALSTON doesn't play Martha Jackson on the *Woman of Courage* serial any more, because she's gone to Hollywood to await the arrival of a baby, due in September. Esther's husband is Ted Lloyd, radio commentator and columnist. Alice Frost, who hasn't had a regular role on the air since she left the title part of *Big Sister*, is the new Martha Jackson.

Another expectant mother is Virginia Clark, Helen Trent of the popular CBS serial *She*, too, has left the air temporarily, and Betty Ruth Smith is reading Helen's lines.

It's *Those We Love*, the weekly dramatic serial, that will replace Eddie Cantor during the summer—very good news indeed for all of us who never could understand why some sponsor didn't take this program and keep it on the air all the time. It's to take over Eddie's time in June, and will probably have Nan Grey and Richard Cromwell in the leading roles.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Radio listeners are getting accustomed to learning that their favorite air personalities don't look like their voices sound. But Carolinians can't quite hide their amazement when they see Sandy Becker, WBT announcer.

Sandy tips *Father Time's* scales at twenty-two, but to hear his voice you'd expect the years to hang heavy on his shoulders. It is a booming, full voice that sounds as though its owner had spent years training it to perfection.



WBT listeners can't believe anyone with Sandy Becker's deep voice is only twenty-two.

It's a voice filled with expression, emotion and worldliness. Yet Sandy Becker has never traveled farther from his birthplace, New York City, than Charlotte, and his face is young and unlined.

Once, when he was announcing a

children's program, he invited listeners to send their children to the studio for an air appearance. Mothers and children alike were stunned to find that their "Uncle Sandy" had no long gray beard for them to trip over.

Sandy started his dramatic career as the builder and producer of a puppet show at the age of ten. All by himself, he did the voices of his twelve puppet characters. In college, he found radio irresistibly attractive, and left school to take a job on a small New York station. He hadn't been there long before his fine voice was brought to the attention of Charles Crutchfield, WBT program director, who invited him to join the WBT announcing staff.

Along with Sandy's regular announcing duties, he presents *Poet's Music*—a title he originated—at 11:30 every Sunday morning. With recorded classical music as a background, he reads poems that blend best with this type of accompaniment; and sometimes he reads poems of his own composition. His audience on this program is so big that sometimes letters come in from as far away as Ohio and New York. Many of the letters ask him to read certain poems, and he always complies if he can.

When Sandy isn't announcing, he is forever lobbying for his host of hobbies—the most *Continued on page 84*

By DALE BANKS



... and in a little while she'll be sitting there—ALONE

IT'S the same old story . . . men ask to meet her, then wish they hadn't. One dance, one close-up, and her glamour begins to fade. She knows it too, but she doesn't know why.

The world is full of women like that . . . women who might be more popular, happily married, but for one thing* which unfortunately they may not suspect.

*Halitosis (bad breath) is the offense unforgivable. If you ever came face to face with this condition, you can readily understand why it might be the death

warrant for Romance.

Since you, yourself, can offend without realizing it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Simply use Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases

of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation produces.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be welcome at parties, never, never omit Listerine. It's a most important part of your toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER

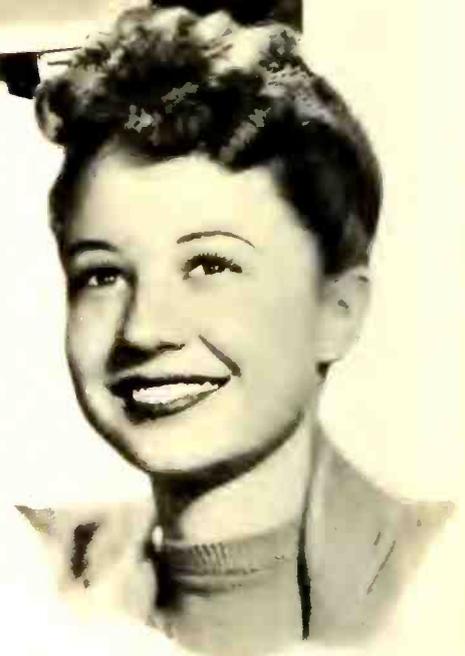


YOUR BREATH

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

Shep Fields, Evelyn, his wife, and Jo Ann, who starts piano lessons next month.



Facing the Music

As revolutionary as his old rippling rhythm is Shep Fields' new experiment in dance bands.

GLENN MILLER is the favorite bandleader of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR readers!

The bespectacled trombonist scored a smashing victory in Facing the Music's fourth annual dance band popularity poll, winning more than twice as many of our readers' votes as his nearest competitor, Sammy Kaye, last year's champion.

Miller's overwhelming lead was never seriously threatened since the ballots started rolling in, although votes were cast for thirty-eight other sweet and swing favorites.

The first ten bands in the balloting were: Glenn Miller, Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, Horace Heidt, Tommy Dorsey, Eddy Duchin, Wayne King, and Vaughn Monroe.

One new band managed to crash through to the first ten' brackets—Vaughn Monroe.

The past season has brought Glenn Miller a healthy string of achievements. His recording of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" was one of the year's top platter sellers and it is

doubtful if any other band earned more money. In addition, the band appeared in a movie, "Sun Valley Serenade," and will make some more. On the air, Glenn and his men were heard in their twice-weekly Chesterfield broadcast on CBS and also in a weekly Mutual show, Sunset Serenade, a salute to the army camps.

Artie Shaw has a new bride—Elizabeth Jane Kern, the daughter of Jerome Kern, famous composer.

The band world lost one of its greatest guitarists when twenty-six-year-old Charlie Christian died after a long illness. Christian is best remembered for his work with Benny Goodman.

The Dorsey brothers are making news. First of all the two brothers plan to make several joint appearances in the interests of army and navy charities. Tommy will be a summer replacement for Red Skelton, starting June 16, and he got quite a thrill last month when a distinguished looking gentleman with bushy hair pushed his way to the

The boys in the band call her "Pokey." Lorraine Benson is Orrin Tucker's new contralto.

Los Angeles Palladium bandstand to say, "That's a grand band you have there, Tommy." The person who paid the compliment was Leopold Stokowski.

The rumor is that M-G-M plans to invest in a new phonograph record company.

It will be Sammy Kaye and not Glenn Miller for that new Sonja Henie picture called "Iceland."

Out of retirement comes Libby Holman, deep-throated blues singing tobacco heiress. She began her comeback in a Boston night club.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Max Kaminsky, great hot trumpeter, has joined Alvino Rey's band . . . Connee Boswell (yes, that's how she spells her name now) switches from Decca to Columbia records . . . Ben Bernie is reorganizing his band and that goes ditto for Casa Loma . . . Charlie Teagarden quit Jimmy Dorsey's band to rejoin brother Jack's

By KEN ALDEN

... Although they get no disk billing, that's John Kirby's crack crew accompanying Una Mae Carlisle on Bluebird records . . . Duke Ellington's bass player, Jimmy Blanton, is resting in a California sanitarium after being stricken with a lung ailment . . . Benny Goodman is out playing an extensive theater and one-night tour. He returns to the Hotel New Yorker in the Fall. B. G.'s arranger, Eddie Sauter, has returned to the fold, following a long illness.

Something unique in the band business is the current "Battle of the Sexes" now amusing dancers across the country. Fletcher Henderson's band alternates on the bandstand with an all-girl swing outfit called "The International Sweethearts of Rhythm." For the last set, the thirty-five boys and girls merge for a torrid finale.

Mary Margaret McBride, the radio commentator, has turned songwriter, collaborating with Vic Mizzy and Irving Taylor on a tune called "America For Me."

Van Alexander, recently Les Hite's arranger, has started out with a band of his own again. Hite's new scorer is Walter Fuller.

Mark Warnow, Hit Parade conductor, has recorded eight of the most popular tunes in the history of that program and Victor will release them in an album.

Lightning Strikes Twice for Shep Fields

WHEN Shep Fields decided to scrap his commercially successful "rippling rhythm" style for a new experiment in a dance band without brass instruments, the reverberations could be heard from New York's Radio City to Chicago's Loop.

"Why throw away something profitable for a gamble?" asked one hard-headed friend of the bandleader.

"Who ever heard of a band with nine saxophones?" piped another, when Shep enthusiastically outlined his plans for a band that featured only woodwinds and reeds, without trombones and trumpets.

"Nobody will want to hear it," cautioned his agent.

But to all these pessimistic comments, Shep turned a deaf ear. Only his wife, Evelyn, agreed with him and urged her husband to take the risk.

"She was the only one to have implicit faith in my venture," Shep says. "Even I got scared when the third rehearsal of my new band seemed to fizzle. I suddenly realized I was tossing away something proved and certain for something the public might snub."

When Shep went home that night after the ragged rehearsal, his wife helped lift his spirits.

"Listen, honey," she said, "This is what you want to do. Keep it up. Don't let those Broadway wise boys scare you. If it means that we will lose all we have, we can always start all over again."

Today, Shep Fields' brass-less band is one year old and shaking off its growing pains. Its creator and conductor candidly admits that his income isn't as large as it was when he was blowing a straw into a bowl of water for a rippling rhythm

Continued on page 52

Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

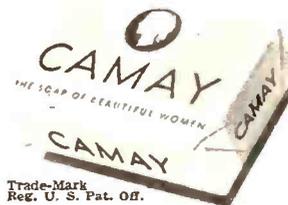


This lovely bride is Mrs. Angus G. Wynne, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, who says: "My complexion has a new lease on loveliness since I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Try this exciting beauty idea, based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SKIN radiantly fresh . . . exquisitely lovely! What man can resist it? With the help of Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet such a lovely skin may soon be yours.

Perhaps, without knowing it, you have been cleansing your skin improperly. Or have failed to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be. Then the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring thrilling new loveliness!



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

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild—it is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! . . . TONIGHT!"

Even one treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and thrillingly alive. But stay with Camay and this easy routine night and morning for at least 30 days. Within a very short, while you should see an enchanting . . . exciting new loveliness.

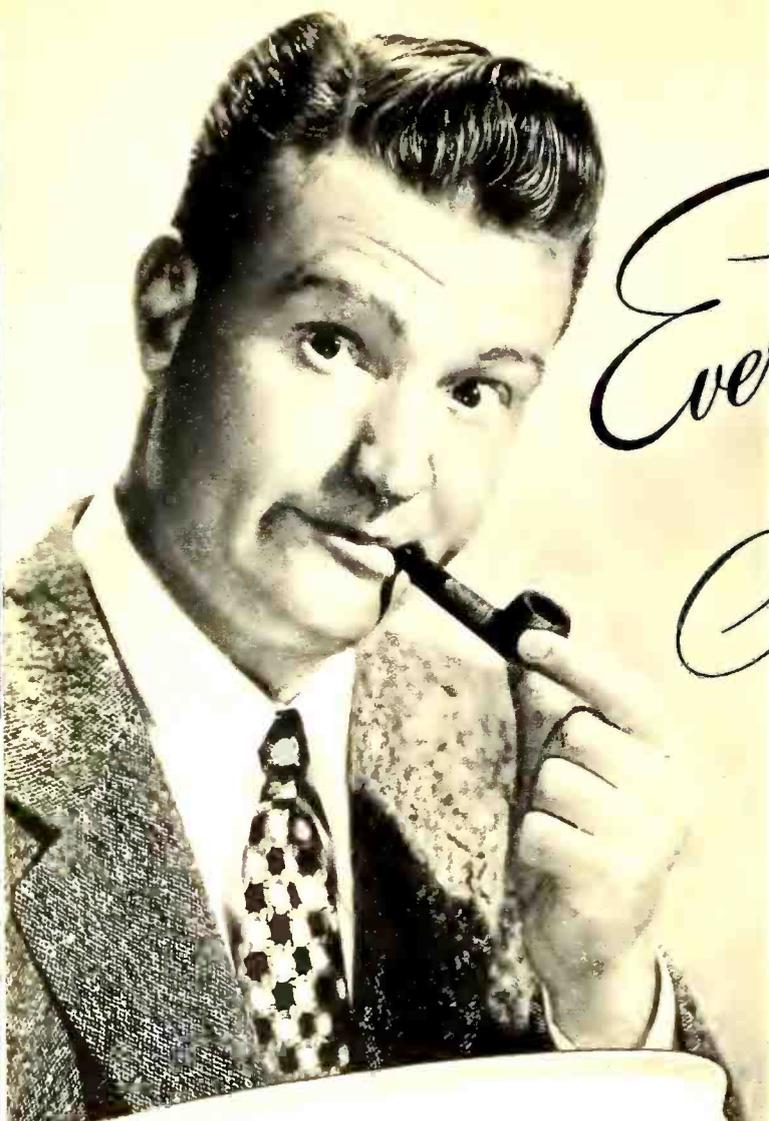
GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



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



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



Everything's Funny But Love

Their romance was touched with amiable lunacy, and the groom borrowed the license-money from the bride—but Edna knew that Red Skelton was the man for her

By JOHN R. FRANCFEY

On Tuesday nights at 10:30 EWT, over NBC, you can listen to Red Skelton, who came to stardom by dunking doughnuts. Below, with Edna who, of course, had everything to do with it.



SOMETIMES Red Skelton gets to thinking about how close he came to losing Edna Stillwell and he gets cold chills.

Without Edna Stillwell, he has admitted on a dozen occasions, he would never have become Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's inimitable funny man and radio's outstanding new star, the only performer to receive six major radio awards in the year 1941. Not that it would have mattered. Nothing much would have mattered—without Edna.

The first time he saw Edna came near to being the last. She could spot his type a mile away—breezy, full of tired jokes, a little on the familiar side, and very sure of himself; the type, she had discovered after a mere three months of being a vaudeville theater usherette, that seemed to come and go in an almost uninterrupted procession.

So, when Red strolled up to her, without an introduction, just before going on that very first day and said, "Now I know why my hand trembled when I was signing for my appearance here," she came back quick as rain, with the sally: "Maybe your conscience was bothering you."

He stared, then regained his composure. "Conscience bothering me—honey, you're terrific! Why Red Skelton at seventy-five a week is grand larceny—even in Kansas City!"

"You could have hollered for help," she reminded him just before she walked away, leaving him standing there, completely flabbergasted, in the center aisle of the Pantages Theater of Kansas City, precisely twenty-five minutes before the first matinee.

For a comedian, he was quickly and easily squelched, Edna concluded at the end of the third day. He did his stint on the stage—mostly not-very-new jokes which for some reason the customers found outrageously funny—and departed by the stage entrance. He didn't tell her good-bye when he left, as most of the per-

formers did, but maybe it was all for the best. She had a few remarks ready for him that would have completed the squelching process. It was a good thing—for him—he didn't show up.

It must have been a month later, just about the time she had put him out of her mind for good, when lo and behold! he was back to do a return engagement at the Pantages.

He didn't come around the front of the house, and naturally she didn't go back stage looking for him. She did, however, pay a little more attention to his act. It wasn't bad, she decided. Still, it wasn't good, either. She had just about decided that he had forgotten the incident—all men are the same—when he showed up after the Thursday matinee, somewhat subdued, apologized for being an oaf, made a few jokes, and wound up asking if he could take her home that night.

EDNA was just a wee bit snippy about the whole affair. She told him she thought she could find her way home by herself that night, but tomorrow would be all right if it would make him feel any happier. Well, he took her home the next night on a trolley car that bounced them around like a milk shake. At the door she said good night, and he tipped his hat and walked away with the same feeling that General Lee must have had in his heart the day he walked away from the historic scene at Appomattox Courthouse. She hadn't given him a tumble.

The way Edna felt about it is best surmised by this: when Red finished his last performance on the following night she hung around the theater for fifteen minutes pulling up seats and looking for a lady's purse which had never been lost. Red never showed up. And it was her turn to be disappointed.

She had graduated from usherette to cashier at a local sports palace and was enjoying her work no end, when something quite unexpected happened. She was breaking open a roll of nickels, fresh from the bank, when, for no reason at all, she happened to look up just in time to see this Skelton fellow heading—or so it seemed—for the cashier's window. But, to her amazement he by-passed the cashier's cage and walked right into the sports palace just as if he owned the place.

"Who would that be?" she asked the ticket-taker.

"That's Red Skelton. He's going to emcee the walkathon next week. Funny fellow, this Skelton."

"Very funny," Edna said, "extremely funny—he thinks."

If this romance hadn't been engineered in heaven, heaven knows it would never have blossomed into a five-alarm courtship. Certainly neither one of them made any overture toward the other. Although, in a way, you might say Edna did. Actually all she did was to get mad, enter the walkathon, and win it. At which point a messenger of heaven appeared on the scene in the person of a photographer who thought it would be a swell idea if the contest-winner would kiss the master of ceremonies, who had just handed her a cup and a fair-sized check.

That's all, brother.

Two weeks later they were married, after Red, seventeen, had hiked his age up to nineteen and Edna had obtained her mother's rather reluctant

Continued on page 46



HOW MANY KISSES IN A CAKE OF SOAP?

THAT DEPENDS, little lady, on whether you've discovered this amazing secret—that there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against offending . . . and that it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! "Double-protection" may mean double the number of kisses . . .



UMMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS... HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY... YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super-sensitive*, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfume soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today!*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Design

YOUR LIPS FOR BEAUTY



Perfect lips are part of a lovely face. It's a sure guess that beautiful Ann Eden, heard on Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS, gives extra time and attention to the shape of her lips.



WHEN you put on your make-up, you are actually creating a portrait. With the right cosmetics skillfully applied, you can bring out your face as it ought to be, as you wish it were. A fine art, surely, worth learning and practicing!

Of all features, the mouth most lends itself to this art of make-up. And of all make-up faults, a bad mouth is most disastrous to your appearance and to the impression you create.

Next to the eyes, the mouth is the most expressive feature, the most revealing of personality and mood. But whenever the mouth distracts attention from the eyes, whether because the make-up is too startling, or unnatural, or badly applied, the result is bad. Perfect lips, whether smiling or in repose, must be part of a lovely face, not give the impression of an ornament applied at random.

Lipstick is now so universally accepted and used that a woman without it, instead of looking natural, looks rather sickly. But it must be the right lipstick, artistically applied.

With so many shades of lipstick available, and the great beauty houses continually coming out with new ones, it is not difficult to find the right one for you. There are some which are becoming to almost everyone, such as the clear true reds, not too light. But the decided blonde or decided brunette may do well to experiment with some of the other shades and tints.

Another factor in determining the right lipstick is the color scheme of your costume. Obviously your lipstick is not going to look the same under a bright red hat as it does under a dark blue or a pastel hat. The lipstick need not match any red you may be wearing, unless you choose. But there must be harmony. It is really necessary to keep several lipsticks on hand for various occasions and various costumes.

There are three cardinal sins in mouth make-up: smearing, caking, and faulty outlining. Smearing and caking are usually the result of a hasty application of lipstick. Dry your lips thoroughly by pressing a bit of tissue between them. Then apply the lipstick to the upper lip evenly and symmetrically, but not quite to the outer line. Work the lips back and forth over each

other, being sure to go far enough back. Also, be careful not to smear the outline. Then with the little finger or a brush develop the outline of your mouth just as you wish it. Finally, blot off any excess lipstick by again pressing a bit of tissue between the lips. Powder lightly over all.

Sometimes the very girl who put on her lipstick with the most artistic care in the morning will spoil it all by a nervous habit of hastily dabbing on a bit more at odd times during the day. Too often she does it in public, which is always poor taste, and quite unnecessary. A good lipstick will stay on all day. Of course, after a meal it is a good idea to steal a glance at your mirror, unobtrusively. Then if you see your mouth make-up needs repair, take the first moment of privacy and repair it, just as carefully as you put it on.

You may improve the shape and size of your mouth, within limits. Do not try to go too far outside or inside the actual lip line, or you will have an artificial effect.

ONE of the great Hollywood make-up directors says that the test of whether your mouth is too wide or too narrow is this: Look straight into your mirror and smile broadly. The corners of your mouth when smiling should be in a direct line with the centers of the pupils of your eyes. Try this. If your mouth is too wide for your face, make it up full in the center and taper off gradually before the lipstick reaches the corners. If your mouth is too small, use lipstick to the fullest extent of the corners. But be careful never to make your mouth too thin. And never, never give it an exaggerated cupid's bow.

One more reminder. It is not enough that your mouth should be beautiful in repose. Your smile must show healthy, perfectly cleansed teeth.

Now here's a point of etiquette. If you're dining at a friend's home, and your hostess is using her prettiest damask or embroidered napkins in your honor, try not to touch your napkin to your lips. Use your own handkerchief if you must, or a bit of tissue from your handbag.

Finally, keep on smiling! In times of weariness or discouragement never let your mouth droop at the corners, or the expression will grow there, traced in ugly downward lines. When things are worst, find something to smile about, keep your chin up, and smile.

New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Glamour for Gala Nights . . . Enchanting new hair-do! Front hair parted in the center, then swept up and forward into two smooth, sleek rolls. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.

Thrilling new improvement in Special Drene!
Hair conditioner now in it makes amazing difference
. . . leaves hair lovelier, easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be so delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene

removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something for your hair no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or

ask for a professional Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop!



Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!**



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!



Special DRENE Shampoo
with **HAIR CONDITIONER** added



Shelter

I REMEMBER, when I was a little girl, listening for hour after hour to a phonograph record we owned. It was a record of Paderewski, playing the Moonlight Sonata, and it seemed to me the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. I could not listen to it enough. It made me think of a garden, flooded with silvery light, where the flowers grew so big, and had such a heavenly perfume, that your heart was close to bursting when you saw them.

Then—it must have been when I was about twelve years old—Paderewski came to our city, and my Aunt Jane took me to hear him, buying the cheapest seats, up under the roof of the old Opera House. He played the Moonlight Sonata. And when I went home I put my record on the phonograph again. But this time the music was flat and scratchy. I had heard the real thing, and it had spoiled the imitation.

Something like that childhood tragedy happened to me years later, after I had grown up and was engaged to be married. Only this time it was not a tragedy—though it came very near to being . . .

Another girl might have known. But I was very young when I met Ward Mitchell: young in years and even younger in knowledge of the world. My parents both died in an automobile accident when I was a child, and I grew up with my Aunt Jane. Dear Aunt Jane, who was so kind but so impractical, so oblivious of everything except the music which she loved and which she taught to others to earn the little income which supported us both! I

must have caught some of her innocence, just as I caught her passion for music, because when I left high school and went to work as a stenographer—in a big echoing room where thirty girls did nothing all day but pound on typewriters—I really knew very little that you couldn't learn from books.

Ward Mitchell was the brother of the girl who worked at the desk next to mine. I met him one night at her house. Not that he lived there himself—he had an apartment of his own. It seems incredible that that didn't strike me as being strange, and that I didn't wonder why, when Ward drove a suavely purring car and wore expensive suits, his parents' home was so shabby and his sister drudged over a typewriter for sixteen dollars a week.

It was enough for me that he was tall, with dark brown hair that waved the least little bit, and that he looked at me as though he was seeing someone beautiful and exciting, and not just Carol Brewster who had been kissed, once and very awkwardly, by the boy who took her to the Senior Ball—and, incidentally, never took her out again.

When Ward asked me out to dinner, and as a matter of course led me to the most expensive restaurant in town, I was impressed and a little awed and very flattered. When he told me about himself and about his job as assistant production manager of the flour mill, our city's biggest industry, I marveled that anyone so young should have been so successful. He talked about himself a great deal, but to me it seemed perfectly

natural and proper that he should. And if he treated me a little cavalierly—a little as if he were the young prince and I the commoner—well, that was not so very different from the way I felt myself.

I couldn't believe, then or for months afterward, that anyone so handsome, so popular and successful, was interested in me. Even when he spoke of marriage—no, he didn't ask me to marry him—even then, it all seemed like a dream.

The girls in the office were frankly surprised and envious when the engagement was announced. They crowded around me, admiring the big diamond Ward had bought, and in their eyes I could read the thought, "How did a quiet little thing like you ever make such a wonderful catch?"

Only Alice, Ward's sister, was reserved in her congratulations.

"If I didn't like you so well," she remarked, "I'd feel better about seeing you marry Ward." Then, seeing the amazement in my face, she added hurriedly, "Oh, I don't mean there's anything *wrong* with him—he's just not the easiest person in the world to get along with. But I suppose if you love him—you *do* love him?"

"Why—of course . . ."

"Umm—it doesn't seem possible, but after all, I'm his sister, and I guess it's hard for a sister to feel romantic about her brother. Anyway, honey, I hope you're very happy. You deserve to be." She said this so sincerely I knew she meant it.

I tried to ask Ward, one night,

in the Sky

Carol was sure she loved Ward—he was her fiancé. Why then did she imagine his voice was louder than usual, his smile more persistent, his air more proprietary?

*For only one moment
his arm was around me.
But in that moment—*



Shelter in the Sky



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Carol was sure she loved Ward—he was her fiancé. Why then did she imagine his voice was louder than usual, his smile more persistent, his air more proprietary?

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Adapted by Judy Aikley from a radio drama by Ann Barley, first broadcast on the sponsored by the Armitage Cook Company and heard Saturdays at 12 noon, EWT.

Theater of Today, every the CBS network.

why he wanted to marry me. "Happy?" he'd asked. It was a winter night, and we were sitting in his car, out in front of my house, snug and warm with the windows all up against the cold.

"Of course," I said, snuggling down closer into the curve of his arm. "Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Only it doesn't seem quite real. That you and I are going to be married, I mean."

He laughed indulgently. "Well, we are."

WARD, I said hesitatingly, "do you know—you've never said you loved me?"

"Haven't I? Then I'll say it now. I love you . . . Does that make it seem more real?"

"Yes. Some. Maybe, if you told me *why* you loved me—"

Again Ward laughed. "Because you're a funny little thing. Because your nose turns up at the end, and has freckles on it, and because you come up to my shoulder, and because—" his voice lost its tone of bantering raillery, and became more serious—"because you're not so very clever, and you know it, and you'll never try to boss me. Because you don't smoke or drink, like all the debs up on the hill."

I had asked for reasons, and I got them. Perhaps more than I really wanted, in my heart.

It was to be a big wedding. Ward had a great many friends, and wanted them all to be present, first in the church and later at a reception that would be held at the Plaza Hotel. I worried a little about the

expense, but Ward laughed and said to leave all that to him—it would cost a lot, but it would be a good investment.

Of course I quit my job as soon as we were engaged—Ward wanted me to—but there was so much to do, and so many new people to meet, that I seemed to be busier than I ever had been when I was working. I lost weight, and felt tired most of the time, and in March I caught a cold that kept me in bed two whole weeks.

Ward sent flowers every day, and came to see me whenever he could. But I couldn't help seeing that he was vexed because I was ill. Not at me—just at circumstances.

"But no more of this running around all day and half the night," the doctor said severely on the day I finally got out of bed. "You were overdoing things—that's why you caught the cold in the first place."

"I'll be careful," I promised.

"Hmm—well," he said dubiously, and glanced at Aunt Jane, who was in the room with us. "See that she does." But I suppose even he realized the impossibility of Aunt Jane, in her vague way, trying to control anyone else, because he added, "The best thing, really, would be for Carol to get out of the city for a couple of weeks—go where she could have plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Could that be arranged?"

Aunt Jane considered a moment—and then said surprisingly, "I don't see why not. I have a little money saved up that I was going to buy you a wedding present with, Carol. But I don't see what better present I could give you than a rest that would make you well and strong again . . . And I wouldn't mind having a little vacation myself."

And that was how, late in March, Aunt Jane and I happened to go to Watch Hill Manor, up in the northern part of the state. The choice of the place to go was Ward's; and after all, the Manor wasn't so very expensive, because it was between seasons—too late for the winter sports enthusiasts, much too early for the summer vacationists.

But this was in the spring. There was still snow on the slopes of Watch Hill—good snow for skiing. Strange, to think that if it had been an early spring, if the snow had already been gone when I came there, I might never have learned the difference between the true and the false.

There weren't many people at the Manor, although the weather was perfect—clear and cold, like mid-winter. The first couple of days I was content to do very little but take short walks or sit with Aunt

Jane listening to the magnificent phonograph and large stock of records they had in the library. Then, as I grew stronger, I felt lonely. I wished Ward could be here with me, enjoying the loveliness of the countryside—bare and ready for the first touch of spring down in the valley where the Inn was, still held tight by winter up on the mountains.

I felt adventurous, too. I wished I could ski, but I'd never learned. There were skis leaning against the wall of a glassed-in porch at the end of the hotel, and one morning I inspected them, tempted to try a pair on and see what happened. I jumped when a voice behind me said:

"Those aren't very good. They've been used by everyone, all winter long. I have an extra pair you are welcome to try."

Embarrassed, I fell back a step. A blond young man was standing in the entrance to the porch. I had seen him a few times before, always dressed in ski clothes, going in and out of the hotel. This was the first time I had heard him speak, and I noticed that his voice had a slight foreign accent.

"No, thanks," I said. "I was just looking at them—I don't ski."

"Would you like to learn? I would be most happy to teach you."

"Oh, no," I protested. "I wouldn't think of asking you—it would be so much trouble—"

SUDDENLY he smiled. He wasn't handsome, like Ward, but he had a nice face—strongly modelled, with high cheek-bones and deep-set blue eyes. "It would be no trouble," he said. "It is my job to teach people to ski—that is what the hotel pays me for. My name is Erik Bergen . . . We could go out this afternoon."

"I'd be so awkward," I demurred.

"How do you know until you try? And it would be a real kindness to me—there are so few people here now I do not have a chance to earn my salary."

"All right," I said, laughing. "Right after lunch."

He met me on the veranda, carrying two pairs of skis and some poles. I was glad that I'd brought a snow-suit with me. It was an old one, left over from my high school days when I had done some tobogganing, but it would do.

The hotel had a station-wagon to carry people up the back road to the side of Watch Hill, and this afternoon we were its only passengers. Erik Bergen drove, not saying much as we wound along between the dark trees, and finally stopped the car at the foot of a long, smooth stretch of snow. "This is a good place to start," *Continued on page 58*



Junior Miss Temple

This is your formal introduction to a young lady with a charm all her own—and with only a dimple as a reminder of the baby she used to be

By SARA HAMILTON

ON HER last year's birthday, Shirley Temple had something happen to her that would have delighted the heart of any young person the world has ever seen.

Shirley hadn't known it, and the millions of people who loved her when they saw her on the screen hadn't known it, but for years her motion-picture bosses, for publicity purposes, had decreed that she be kept a year younger than her actual age. And that's why, when Shirley's mother kissed her that birthday morning, she said:

"I have something to tell you, dear. You're not twelve today, as you thought. You're really thirteen."

Thirteen. A teener! All at once, she was not one, but two, full years older than she had been when she went to bed the night before.

It was an Event.

It was more than that. It was a formal declaration that a veteran actress had ceased being a child and had entered the ranks of the "junior misses." Nothing could have been more fitting than the fact that a few months later Miss Temple became the star of a radio series called simply, Junior Miss.

Today Shirley is almost fourteen (bona fide count this time), weighs 101 pounds, stands five feet and one inch tall, has permitted her hair to return to its natural dark brown color, and has retained the fascinating dimple that flashes with devastating charm from the corner of her mouth. A young lady, she is, and a lovely one.

You can see, too, what sort of a woman she is going to become. She will be intelligent, with a sense of



Shirley Temple stars as Junior Miss, Wednesdays on CBS. Above, she stops on her way to school to pet her little Peke, Ching Ching.

humor. She will always be doing several things simultaneously and well—thinking, creating, and awing male admirers with her beauty and her brains. Men adore her. Director Ed Marin, who is putting her through her paces for her next picture, "Miss Annie Rooney," grows

eloquent in his praise of her.

Shirley took to the air with all the aplomb of an expert. Before Junior Miss had its first broadcast, her microphone experiences had been limited to a few "one-shots," mostly for charity, and four consecutive weekly *Continued on page 65*

Bess laughed, "Homer can do more—he can take the money and credit it on my rent bill."



RADIO'S POPULAR DRAMA

NOW TOLD AS

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

THE STORY OF

Bess Johnson

Once she had been so sure of the difference between right and wrong! But that was before she had fallen under the spell of Vince Kennedy's disarming smile

AS she stood in the doorway, looking out over the crowded room, Bess Johnson felt curiously alone—and very much out of place. These people, the guests of Councilman Wilson Sloan, were not her sort. Their voices were too loud, their clothes too flashy, and the way they stared at her was, to say the least, disconcerting. More than ever, Bess realized that she was a stranger in a strange land—that she had cut the last tie which held her to the past—that she was entirely on her own.

It was only a week or so ago (but it seemed much longer) when—on impulse and with practically no backlog of money—Bess had left a town that was warm and friendly.

As dean of a school for girls she had been an important member of the community—a personage. She had expected to find the same warmth and friendship waiting for her in the city—she'd expected to get a job for the asking. But the city, large, impersonal, had ignored her, and there were no jobs to be had. Since her arrival she had lost cash, confidence and illusions—and the last was probably the most grievous loss of all.

She sighed involuntarily and the girl who stood beside her in the doorway asked a question. "Something wrong, Bess?"

Bess, turning, glanced into the face of the little model who roomed across the hall from her—Marie

Agnes Franklin, seventeen, pretty, ultra-sophisticated despite her youth. Marie Agnes had welcomed Bess to the dingy and rather sordid confines of the Romando Hotel. She and the desk clerk, Homer, had tried from the very first to make things easier. It was because of Marie Agnes that Bess had come to this party, which was being held in what the Romando grandiloquently and optimistically called its ball room.

"It's time you were meeting some folks," the model had said—adding, with the candor of the very young—"You're swell, Bess, but sometimes I think you walk around in a daze, like you lived in a little world of your own. You've got to circu-



late—to meet people in this town! And besides, no matter what else you say about him, Wilson Sloan isn't afraid to spend money. There'll be plenty of beer and swell eats!"

Plenty of beer and swell eats! Bess felt a sudden reticence—a wild desire to turn and go back upstairs to her own room. But an uneasy thought that Marie Agnes' careless criticism might be just, made her stay where she was.

IT was odd that Marie Agnes should have put into words, so lightly, a thought that had been teasing Bess herself these last weeks, whenever she would let it. Could it be that years of holding positions of authority—of administering first an orphanage, then a school—had robbed her of something that could only be called, for want of a better name, the common touch? "You walk around like you lived in a world of your own," Marie Agnes had said. Well, perhaps . . . And just now, here in the doorway, she had told herself that these people were "not her sort." That was bad. That was *very* bad.

"Come on," Marie Agnes said, breaking into her reverie—"Come and meet Councilman Sloan. That's him, standing by the punch bowl."

Bess, glancing in the direction indicated, saw a middle-aged man—stout, curiously slimy, badly groomed. "He—he doesn't look like a politician," she faltered.

Marie Agnes laughed. "I guess you haven't had much experience," she said. "He looks like every politician I've ever met—only more so. C'mon, honey—let's get cutting."

Reluctantly Bess stepped across the threshold in the model's wake. Homer, the clerk of the Romando Hotel, saw them and came bustling forward. "Hello, you two," he said. "About time you got here. All prettied up like crazy, aren't you?"

"You don't look so bad yourself," Marie Agnes told him. "New shoes and a haircut—you went the whole way, didn't you, Homer? Say, let's take Bess over and give her a knockdown to the main guy."

Bess felt less lonely now. With Marie Agnes on one side of her, with Homer on the other, she was fortified. She shook hands with the Councilman, who eyed her speculatively—she ignored his heavy compliments and withdrew her hand, as swiftly as possible, from his moist fat clasp. And then Marie Agnes and Homer were dragging her over to the refreshment table. "There's turkey sandwiches," Marie Agnes whispered, "and I didn't have any dinner. This stuff looks like



Read the exciting story of Bess Johnson as a complete novelette by Margaret E. Sangster—the popular radio serial heard Monday through Friday, at 10 A.M., EWT, over the NBC network, sponsored by Super Suds. Illustrations specially posed by Bess Johnson, and by Billy Lee as Homer.

money from home."

As she nibbled a sandwich Bess felt her mind wandering again. She was still solitary—still an alien. Almost without money—with no job in sight—wondering what would happen next week—day after tomorrow—the sight of all this food and drink nauseated her. She thought of the poor people in the city who were going hungry while a politician wine and dined his guests. It was the poor people that she'd expected to help—surely, she had told herself, she would find a job in social service, the field she

loved best. But her frankness, her outspoken horror at private welfare conditions, had put her in the wrong.

Marie Agnes was speaking again, practically reading her mind. "Any luck today, Bess?" she asked in a voice that was blurred with turkey and rye bread. "Are you on the track of anything?"

Bess shook her head sadly. "No," she said. "I'm afraid I've been blackballed. For talking out of turn. For telling the truth."

Homer, the clerk, was drifting away to greet some other acquaint-



It was only when a voice said, "Stick 'em up!" that she turned sharply—to see a man outside her window.

ance—the two girls were momentarily alone. Marie Agnes said sympathetically, "Gosh, Bess, I'm sorry! I wonder if—" Her voice changed suddenly, hardened. "Hello, Vince," she said.

The young man who had joined them was good looking, Bess thought. He was not only good looking, he had something the others lacked—a certain—the word refinement flashed into her mind. His tone, when he addressed Marie Agnes, was mocking and flattering at the same time. "You're looking especially radiant tonight," he said. "That's a gorgeous gown."

"I borrowed it from the shop where I work," Marie Agnes told him. "I didn't mention it to the boss, so don't spill anything on me!"

"I'll handle you with kid gloves," the young man told her. "Anything I can do for you, Marie Agnes? Beer? Another sandwich?"

"Not a thing," the model told him. "Run along, Vince, and sell your papers."

But the young man didn't obey. "Now, now, my pet," he said, "don't try to put me in my place! Incidentally, there's something you can do for me." His eyes smiled into the eyes of Bess Johnson.

Marie Agnes bowed to the inevi-

table. "Okay — okay," she said. "Miss Johnson, meet Vincent Kennedy."

Bess said, "How do you do—" but the simple words stuck in her throat, she didn't know why.

Vincent Kennedy murmured, "You're very beautiful, Miss Johnson . . . Marie Agnes, how's it if you run along and sell your papers?"

Marie Agnes made a little exclamation under her breath. She said aloud, "Watch your step, Bess—he's an old smoothie—" and then she was mingling with the crowd and Bess and the young man were facing each other, studying each other almost guardedly.

"Yes, you are beautiful, Miss Johnson," Vince said finally, repeating himself. "And you," Bess told him "are rather abrupt."

"I always speak my mind," Vince said. "I've been watching you ever since you came in, Miss Johnson. . . . Are you a visitor in our"—he chuckled—"fair city?"

Bess told him, "I'm not a visitor—I'm hoping to stay here. But I haven't found it a very fair city."

Vince asked her, "Why?" and before she knew it Bess was telling him her problem. "If I don't get work soon," she said, "I'll—I'll starve to death."

"A natural blonde—starving to death?" Vince laughed. "It would be a wicked waste . . . Listen. I'll make an appointment for you with Sloan—he'll put the bee on somebody. Or maybe he can fit you into his social service department."

"Social service—why, that's my specialty," exclaimed Bess. "What—what is it, Marie Agnes?" For the model, with a large, awkward man in tow, was back again. "Bess," she said, "I want you to meet Billy Joyce. He's a dick."

Bess felt her hand engulfed in a great strong paw. She found herself comparing the firm grasp to the limp flabbiness of the Councilman. "A dick?" she murmured.

The large man chuckled. "I'm plainclothes," he told Bess. "A detective."

Bess murmured, "Oh, I never met a detective before." She added quickly, "Mr. Joyce, do you know Mr. Kennedy?"

Vince said quickly, "We know each other," and the plainclothes man grunted, "Yeah, we do." Bess thought it was odd that they didn't shake hands.

WHEN Bess went to bed that night she was seething with mixed emotions. From the moment of meeting Vince things had happened so quickly, so one on top of the other, so pell-mell! She had met dozens of people, men and women—she had been complimented, praised, made much of. And last but not least, Councilman Sloan, of his own accord, had given her an appointment for the next day. "Vince's friends are my friends," he told her. "Drop in at the office, my dear, and I'm sure we'll make some sort of an arrangement." But when Bess, thrilled with her good fortune, talked it over with Marie Agnes and Homer, their combined attitude was like a dash of cold water.

"You'd better take Vince with a pinch of Salt," Marie Agnes had sniffed. "I've been wise to him for years—he's a chiseler if ever there was one!"

Homer, less vehement, had said doubtfully, "Perhaps he means well, Miss Johnson, but I'd go easy if I was you. Vince usually knows which side his bread's buttered on!"

Billy Joyce, the detective? He had made no comment either for or against Vince, but Bess couldn't help noticing that the two men were seldom in the same part of the room at the same time.

And yet, she told herself as she drifted to sleep, there couldn't be anything wrong with Vincent Kennedy.

Continued on page 70

late—to meet people in this town! And besides, no matter what else you say about him, Wilson Sloan isn't afraid to spend money. There'll be plenty of beer and swell coats! Plenty of beer and swell eats! Bess felt a sudden reticence—a wild desire to turn and go back upstairs to her own room. But an uneasy thought that Marie Agnes' careless criticism might be just made her stay where she was.

IT was odd that Marie Agnes should have put into words, so lightly, a thought that had been teasing Bess herself these last weeks, whenever she would let it. Could it be that years of holding positions of authority—of administering first an orphanage, then a school—had robbed her of something that could only be called, for want of a better name, the common touch? "You walk around like you lived in a world of your own," Marie Agnes had said. Well, perhaps . . . And just now, here in the doorway, she had told herself that these people were "not her sort." That was bad. That was very bad.

"Come on, Marie Agnes said, breaking into her reverse—"Come and meet Councilman Sloan. That's him, standing by the punch bowl."

Bess, glancing in the direction indicated, saw a middle-aged man—stout, curiously slimy, badly groomed. "He—he doesn't look like a politician," she faltered.

Marie Agnes laughed. "I guess you haven't had much experience," she said. "He looks like every politician I've ever met—only twice so. C'mon, honey—let's get cutting."

Reluctantly Bess stepped across the threshold in the model's wake. Honey, the clerk at the Rembrandt Hotel, saw them and came bustling forward. "Hello, you two," he said. "About time you got here. All prettied up like crazy, aren't you?" "You don't look so bad yourself," Marie Agnes told him. "New shoes and a haircut—you went the whole way, didn't you, honam? Say, let's take Bess over and give her a knockdown to the main guy."

Bess felt less lonely now. With Marie Agnes on one side of her, with Homer on the other, she was fortified. She shook hands with the Councilman, who eyed her speculatively—she ignored his heavy compliments and withdrew her hand, as swiftly as possible, from his moist fat clasp. And then Marie Agnes and Homer were dragging her over to the refreshment table. "There's turkey sandwiches," Marie Agnes whispered, "and I didn't have any dinner. This stuff looks like



Read the exciting story of Bess Johnson on a complete novelette by Margaret E. Sangster—the popular radio serial heard Monday through Friday, at 10 A.M., EWT, over the NBC network, sponsored by Super Suds. Illustrations specially posed by Bess Johnson, and by Billy Lee on Homer.

money from home." As she nibbled a sandwich Bess felt her mind wandering again. She was still solitary—still an alien. Almost without money—with no job in sight—wondering what would happen next week—day after day and drink nauseated her. She thought of the poor people in the city who were going hungry while a politician wined and dined his guests. It was the poor people that she'd expected to help—surely, she had told herself, she would find a job in social service, the field she

loved best. But her frankness, her outspoken horror at private welfare conditions, had put her in the wrong.

Marie Agnes was speaking again, practically reading her mind. "Any luck today, Bess?" she asked in a voice that was blurred with turkey and rye bread. "Are you on the track of anything?"

Bess shook her head sadly. "No," she said. "I'm afraid I've been blackballed. For talking out of turn. For telling the truth."

Homer, the clerk, was drifting away to greet some other acquaint-



It was only when a voice said, "Stick 'em up!" that she turned sharply—to see a man outside her window.

ance—the two girls were momentarily alone. Marie Agnes said sympathetically, "Gosh, Bess, I'm sorry! I wonder if—" Her voice changed suddenly, hardened. "Hello, Vince," she said.

The young man who had joined them was good looking, Bess thought. He was not only good looking, he had something the others lacked—a certain—the word refinement flashed into her mind. His tone, when he addressed Marie Agnes, was mocking and flattering at the same time. "You're looking especially radiant tonight," he said. "That's a gorgeous gown."

"I borrowed it from the shop where I work," Marie Agnes told him. "I didn't mention it to the boss, so don't spill anything on me!" "I'll handle you with kid gloves," the young man told her. "Anything I can do for you, Marie Agnes? Beer? Another sandwich?"

"Not a thing," the model told him. "Run along, Vince, and sell your papers."

But the young man didn't obey. "Now, now, my pet," he said, "don't try to put me in my place! Incidentally, there's something you can do for me." His eyes smiled into the eyes of Bess Johnson.

Marie Agnes bowed to the inevi-

table. "Okay—okay," she said. "Miss Johnson, meet Vincent Kennedy."

Bess said, "How do you do—" but the simple words stuck in her throat, she didn't know why.

Vincent Kennedy murmured, "You're very beautiful, Miss Johnson . . . Marie Agnes, how's it if you run along and sell your papers?" Marie Agnes made a little exclamation under her breath. She said aloud, "Watch your step, Bess—he's an old smoothie—" and then she was mingling with the crowd and Bess and the young man were facing each other, studying each other almost guardedly.

"Yes, you are beautiful, Miss Johnson," Vince said finally, repeating himself. "And you," Bess told him "are rather abrupt."

"I always speak my mind," Vince said. "I've been watching you ever since you came in, Miss Johnson. . . . Are you a visitor in our?" he chuckled—"fair city?"

Bess told him, "I'm not a visitor—I'm hoping to stay here. But I haven't found it a very fair city."

Vincent asked her, "Why?" and before she knew it Bess was telling him her problem. "If I don't get work soon," she said, "I'll—I'll starve to death."

"A natural blonde—starving to death?" Vince laughed. "It would be a wicked waste . . . Listen, I'll make an appointment for you with Sloan—he'll put the bee on somebody. Or maybe he can fit you into his social service department."

"Social service—why, that's my specialty," exclaimed Bess. "What—what is it, Marie Agnes?" For the model, with a large, awkward man in tow, was back again. "Bess," she said, "I want you to meet Billy Joyce. He's a dick."

Bess felt her hand engulfed in a great strong paw. She found herself comparing the firm grasp to the limp flabbiness of the Councilman. "A dick?" she murmured.

The large man chuckled. "I'm plainclothes," he told Bess. "A detective."

Bess murmured, "Oh, I never met a detective before." She added quickly, "Mr. Joyce, do you know Mr. Kennedy?"

Vincent said quickly, "We know each other," and the plainclothes man grunted, "Yeah, we do." Bess thought it was odd that they didn't shake hands.

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As she opened the door, that spring afternoon, how could Joan guess that she was admitting heartache to her honeymoon house? For it was her best friend who was standing outside, waiting . . .

THE small upstairs room was very still. Winter sunshine crept over the floor toward the west window and, through the curtains, the sky was lightening before it deepened. Joan lay in the middle of the big bed and listened to the stillness.

Even the pain was quiet. She had the feeling if she stayed motionless she would keep it so, and her body would belong to her again instead of to the tortured misery that had possessed it for days. She raised a hand tentatively and pushed back the short tangled curls into the pillow. Yes, it was hers—and it was thrilling to own your body, to control it even for this brief moment, instead of giving it over to pain and fear and tormented darkness.

She sighed contentedly and listened to the hushed movements from the rest of the house. She could identify each one. The nurse, Miss Lewis, was giving the baby his late-afternoon feeding in the room across the hall. A distant clatter from the kitchen told her Lily was preparing one of her delicious concoctions for "Miz Davis, honey, lyin' so sick." Muted chimes from the clock in the hall meant Harry would be home soon.

In a little while this blessed stillness would be broken. Harry would be masking his anxiety for her under gay and tender raillery. Miss Lewis would be in with the baby for her to look at—not to hold, for she was too weak for that. And Dr. Wiggan would come with his cheerful "How are we today—h'm?" and questions would be asked and gentle hands laid on her, and the pain would start again. For each she must pretend she didn't know they were hiding their fears for her.

She had been desperately ill when the baby came. Death had come very close. She wasn't free of it yet. Now, in this respite, she could face that calmly and without panic, just

knowing it and accepting it as a fact.

It was strange how much you knew when you were ill. Things you'd been too hurried to see before. This was like being in the balcony of a darkened theater, looking down on a lighted stage. She could see herself and Harry, Phil and Eve and her mother, like actors going through their parts of the last two years. She saw herself clearest of all.

"If I ever get well," she murmured, "if I ever get well, I'll never be like that again."

The chimes from the hall struck again. Joan shifted, and then lay still. She must see everything whole and see it clearly, now, while she had time. She must look down on the stage from her balcony seat and try to examine the chain of circumstances that led to *here* and *now*, the way each link led inevitably to the next. Letting her mind drift back, she knew that all that had happened since need not have happened. If, for instance, she had just not answered the front doorbell when it rang long ago on a spring afternoon . . .

SHE and Harry had been married five months then. They were still in the honeymoon stage of locking the door against the world, bounding their horizons only with each other.

The cottage in Fox Meadow Lane shone with newness and excitement. New furniture, new curtains, and a glossy kitchen that housed the wonderful adventure of fixing meals to be shared by the two of them. Money was scarce, but what of that? Market lists, carefully selected for bargains, were far more thrilling than any dance program had ever been in the old days. Making out a budget held more tingling anticipation than drawing up the blueprints for a mansion could ever hold.

"Sure you're not sorry you married a poor man?" Harry asked, half teasing, half serious.

Joan flung herself on him. "Oh, darling, you're all I want for ever and ever." And then, fearful that

Joan threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling, it's my fault. We were nearly quarrelling and I can't stand it!"

Girl Marries

the gossamer moment might break under too much feeling, she added, "Except of course extra shelves in the kitchen. I'll be miserable till I get those!"

And Harry struggled to put them up. He upset the box of nails, he lost the ruler, he hammered his finger. When the shelves were done, one side was half an inch lower than the other so that the kitchen clock slid slowly off into the wastebasket. They laughed until they were weak, holding onto each other for support, as they put it back and watched it

slowly slide off again.

Those were the singing, halcyon days when God was in His heaven and all was right with their world. Her mother's complaints that she was shutting herself away from old friends on the Ridge by living "over there in that tacky new development where nobody ever lived, my dear," that she would ruin her hands with housework and her looks with making ends meet—they were ridiculously unimportant. So were her memories of the big Field house on the Ridge, playing golf, going to

Country Club dances, seeing her name on the society pages as "one of Stanwood's most popular debs." That old life was paltry and empty.

Naturally her mother couldn't see it that way. To Mrs. Field, material possessions and social prestige were the only considerations to any girl in her right mind. Joan just wasn't in her right mind. "Who is Harry Davis?" Mrs. Field had demanded. "A nobody. A poor young lawyer with his way to make. A stranger in town, besides. And as for throwing over Phil Stanley, to marry him—"



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But from the day she laid eyes on Harry, Joan was no longer engaged to Phil. With the burgeoning of love, she knew what she felt for Phil was only fondness. It hadn't been easy to face his hurt disbelief that she wouldn't marry him; it hadn't been easy, or flattering, or any of those things, to hear him plead that he would always love her. She'd married Harry anyway. She'd followed her heart.

Almost immediately Phil had married Eve Topping in a dizzying elopement, and Joan thought the old chapter closed forever. Eve was her "best friend," which in a town like Stanwood meant the girl whose family had always known yours, the girl you spent the night with after dances. Because they were best friends, Joan knew Eve loved Phil as passionately and tempestuously as she did everything in her impulsive life. There were no half measures in anything for Eve.

The elopement hadn't gone down well with Phil's family, and Eve and Phil moved to their own little house in Bailey's Gardens while Phil started, for the first time in his life, to look for a job.

Joan and Harry hadn't seen them since they'd been back from the honeymoon. With a vague prodding of her conscience, Joan knew she should. But to share her precious moments with Harry among outsiders was too much of a wrench.

"Not yet," she told herself. "Tomorrow, maybe, I'll call Eve. But today—just Harry and me."

And she sang as she washed the gay new crockery and made the beds and rearranged for the third time the eight pairs of pewter candlesticks they'd received among the wedding presents.

She was singing the day the bell rang and Fate led her down the narrow, brightly papered hall through the first invisible link in the chain of circumstances, to throw open the front door and come face to

face with Eve Topping Stanley.

They embraced, laughing excitedly, and Joan led her into the sunlit living room. It was as if they were little girls again, "playing house"—only this time it was real. And different.

Eve's dark gypsy beauty seemed dimmed. Heavy shadows lay under her brown eyes, and there was a strained tightness around the full, wilful mouth. She moved as if too tight a rein had been laid on her, and Joan wondered suddenly what was wrong.

"I don't want to interrupt the honeymoon," Eve laughed. "But we want you and Harry to have dinner with us one night next week. We haven't laid eyes on each other since—since we were all married."

Joan felt the hesitant embarrassment, covered up with laughter. Naturally this was hard for Eve whose husband, after all, had been engaged to Joan until right up before the wedding.

SO she answered quickly. "We'd love it. Harry's so busy now with a new case—" and for the life of her, she couldn't keep the pride out of her voice—"that we haven't seen anybody or been anywhere. He's trying to get a child out of the custody of a perfectly horrible old woman named Mrs. Ashbey, and he's awfully wrapped up in it. But I'm sure Wednesday would be all right. How's Phil?"

Eve dropped her eyes. The strain around her mouth deepened. "Pretty well. He hasn't a job yet and we're living off the allowance his mother makes him. I didn't want to take it, but Phil's never worked in his life and we had to have *something* to live on."

"He'll find a job soon," Joan comforted. "Phil's played a lot, like we all did, but he's smart. Have you seen any of the old gang?"

"I saw Bertha Catlett yesterday. You going to her wedding?"

"Bertha's? Why, I didn't even know she was getting married."

"Oh, yes, to a perfectly darling young officer stationed at Fort Brander. A wartime wedding with all the trimmings. I thought surely you'd be going."

"Well—Harry doesn't know Bertha of course. And I haven't seen her for ages—not since my wedding. What else do you know?"

She listened eagerly while Eve ran through the old names: Jim Fawcett was in the Air Corps, and the Higginses were having a baby, and Don King had a new job at the defense plant, and the youngest Crowley boy had been dropped from the Country Club for insulting the

president's brother. From then on, it was a fine visit.

She told Harry about it at supper. He was properly and flatteringly reluctant to accept the dinner invitation. "It's the entering wedge," he said. "It's been perfect with just you and me. If we go to the Stanleys', we'll have to open the door and let the world in."

Joan looked radiantly at him across the table. "You darling! I feel that way, too. But we have to open the door sometime. We have to see our old friends eventually."

"Yes," he said slowly, "I guess we do. I guess you've been pretty lonely these last months."

She jumped up and ran around the table to him in quick denial. "Oh, no, Harry. I couldn't be lonely with you and our house and—and—why, I'm so busy I haven't time to be lonely."

"That's just it, honey. I've been pretty selfish, keeping you cooped up over here away from all the people you used to know."

"I'm not cooped up! I've loved it,



In thrilling fiction form by Helen Irwin Dowdey, begin Elaine Carrington's popular radio serial, heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EWT., sponsored by General Foods Corp. Illustrations posed by the cast—Mary Jane Higby as Joan, John Raby as Harry, Michael Fitzmaurice as Phil.

Eve's eyes were hard as flint as her gaze swept their startled faces.



with only the two of us. But I want to show you off to people. I want them to see what a wonderful man I married and how proud I am of you and—oh, everything.”

He laughed and pulled her down in his lap. “Flatterer. Well, we’ll go to the Stanleys as long as you’ve said we would.”

“You’ll like Phil, when you know him better,” she said happily. “He’s more fun than anybody. And Eve

is a peach—really she is, darling.”

But Harry was quietly thoughtful the rest of the evening and Joan knew he didn’t want to go. Once she almost weakened, almost said they’d call the whole thing off. Then she decided against it. She remembered Eve’s hesitant embarrassment when she came. No, they’d have to go.

They went. And from the moment they set foot inside the Stanleys’ door, the evening went wretchedly,

horribly. Everything was wrong.

In the first place, it was only Eve who greeted them. Joan saw traces of tears under careful make-up, and her manner was strained to the point of feverishness.

“Phil’s delayed,” she said nervously. “I thought we’d just start without him.”

They tried, all three of them, to make it natural that the host shouldn’t be there. They talked and laughed and covered up the awkwardness. The table was set with the best linen, the flowers were beautiful, and Eve must have spent most of her day in the kitchen preparing the dinner. Joan’s heart ached for her.

Afterward in the living room, Harry tried to distract Eve by recounting the amusing incidents that sometimes happened in court. He got her interested in the Ashbey case. “. . . and *Continued on page 48*

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They tried, all three of them, to make it natural that the host shouldn't be there. They talked and laughed and covered up the awkwardness. The table was set with the best linen, the flowers were beautiful, and Eve must have spent most of her day in the kitchen preparing the dinner. Joan's heart ached for her.

Afterward in the living room, Harry tried to distract Eve by recounting the amusing incidents that sometimes happened in court. He got her interested in the Ashbey case

is a peach—really she is, darling." But Harry was quietly thoughtful the rest of the evening and Joan knew he didn't want to go. Once she almost weakened, almost said they'd call the whole thing off. Then she decided against it. She remembered Eve's hesitant embarrassment when she came. No, they'd have to go.

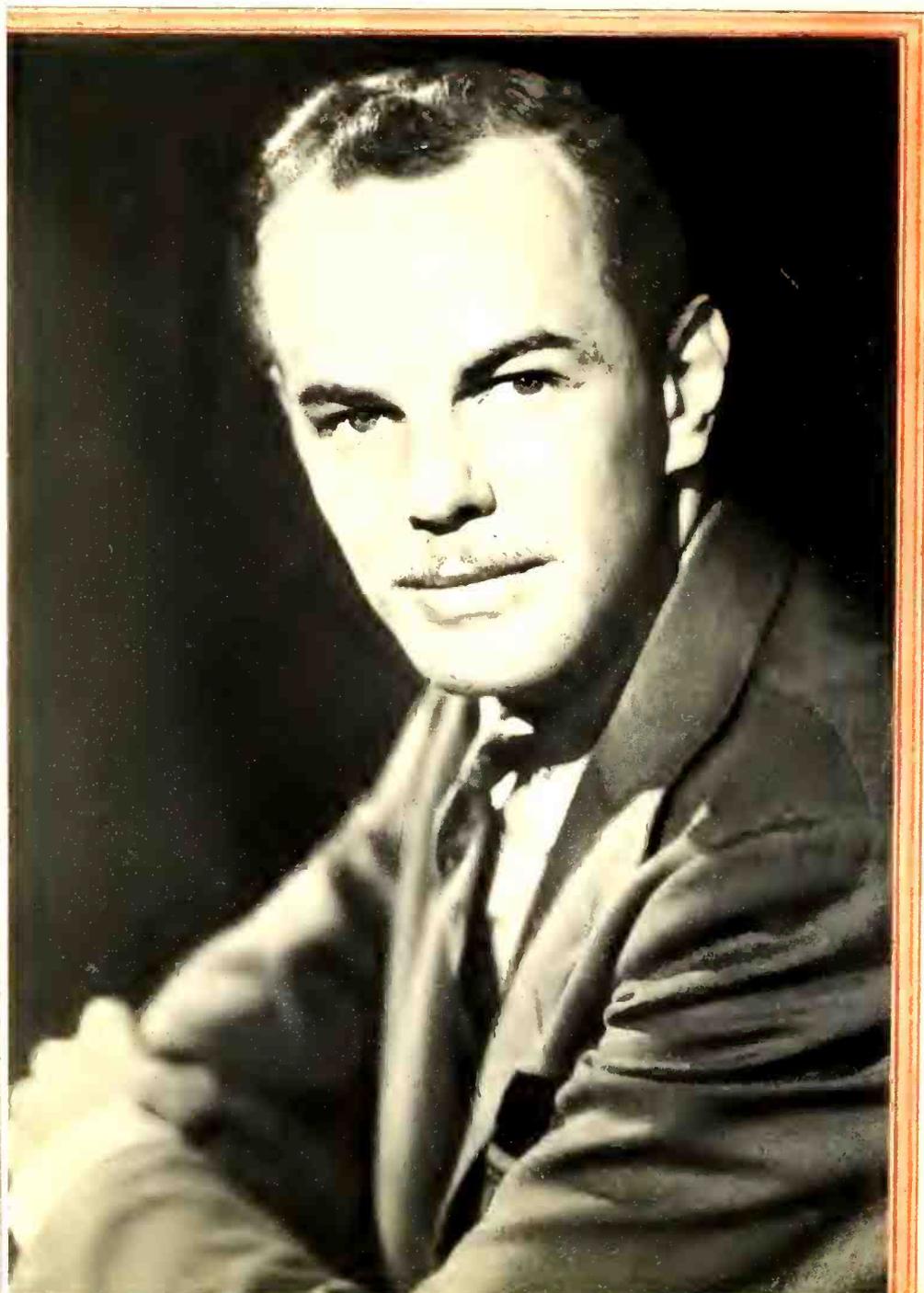
They went. And from the moment they set foot inside the Stanleys' door, the evening went wretchedly,

and continued on page 48

Valiant Lady

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

You know and love their voices—now you can see how they look. Here are the people you hear on CBS daily, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EWT, in the popular daytime serial starring Joan Blaine as Joan Scott, sponsored by makers of Bisquick



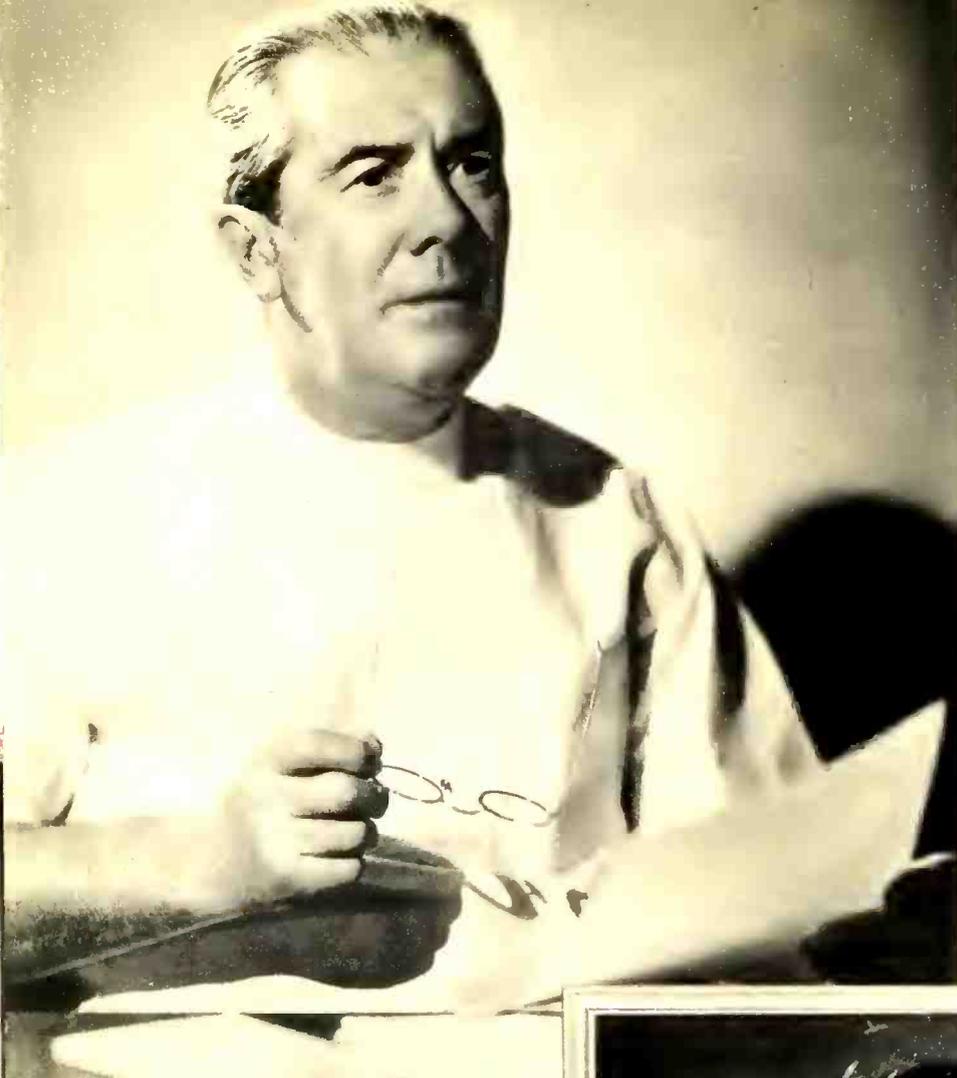
JOAN SCOTT (right) is a lovely self-sacrificing young woman whose life has been dedicated to helping others. She was born in a small town in upstate New York and grew up there, befriending many who came to her for help. Among them was a young doctor, Truman Scott, who had been a childhood sweetheart of hers, and whom she later married. Since their marriage they have both known hardship and trouble, but Joan has always stood loyally by her husband's side. When he was accused of malpractice, Joan searched her heart but found only one answer—to go into hiding with him until he could be cleared.

(Played by Joan Blaine)

DR. TRUMAN SCOTT (left) has done everything in his power to keep his wife, Joan, out of his present trouble. Some time ago, he unknowingly operated on the face of an insurance swindler named Max Carsten, completely changing the man's face and enabling him to escape detection. Scott was then accused of malpractice and, although Joan tried to persuade him to stay and face the charges, he chose to hide out, because he thought the framed evidence against him was too strong to combat. It did not take long for Scott to realize that his wife was right. He loves Joan and will do anything to save her from disgrace.

(Played by Bartlett Robinson)





DR. ABENDROTH (left) is Myra Gordon's father, a doctor of the old school, stern, dictatorial and utterly conservative. He is the head of a large city hospital and frequently has been harsh with the younger doctors under him. Myra has often felt the heavy-handed, stern methods of her father when he has interfered in her life. Abendroth has never been particularly friendly toward Dr. Scott and has been convinced that Scott is guilty of the crime of which he has been accused. Dr. Abendroth is not a cruel man, but his old fashioned, strait-laced attitude has caused both Joan and her husband much suffering. He is an excellent doctor, one who has earned a great many honors, and he could, if he wanted to, do a great deal toward helping Dr. Scott out of his present difficulties. His son-in-law, Dr. Alec Gordon, is doing his best to convince the old doctor that Scott has been unjustly accused of the crime.

(Played by William Shelley)

MYRA GORDON (right) is a strikingly beautiful young woman with soft dark eyes and jet black hair, a young woman who in the past has led an exciting and not altogether wholesome life. Myra once tried to take Joan's husband away from her and almost succeeded in wrecking Joan's marriage. Joan has forgiven her for this and has befriended her on more than one occasion. Myra herself is married to Dr. Alec Gordon. Several years ago, her face was badly scarred in an automobile accident. It was Dr. Scott who attended her and his skill as a surgeon saved her from tragic disfigurement. Married life has never been happy for Myra and Alec. Only through Joan's help and her husband's patience has she been able to overcome her vanity and selfishness and gradually turn into a gracious person. She is no longer infatuated with Dr. Scott and is now doing her best to help him clear his name.

(Played by Irene Winston)





DR. ALEC GORDON is Joan and Truman Scott's best friend. He and Scott attended medical school together and after their graduation they helped each other over the rough road which all young and ambitious doctors travel. Alec is very proud of Scott's genius as a surgeon and, in his own right, is a fine brain specialist. At one time, when his wife, Myra, was unfaithful to him, Gordon almost committed suicide. It was Joan who saved him and straightened out their marriage by sending them on a second honeymoon. Alec hasn't forgotten the debt he owes to Joan and is now making superhuman efforts to help the Scotts out of their present trouble. Alec is an invaluable friend of Joan and Truman because he is on most occasions calm and practical and acts as a checkmate to Truman's impetuous nature. Neither he nor Myra will rest until Scott has been cleared of the charges against him and can resume his practice.

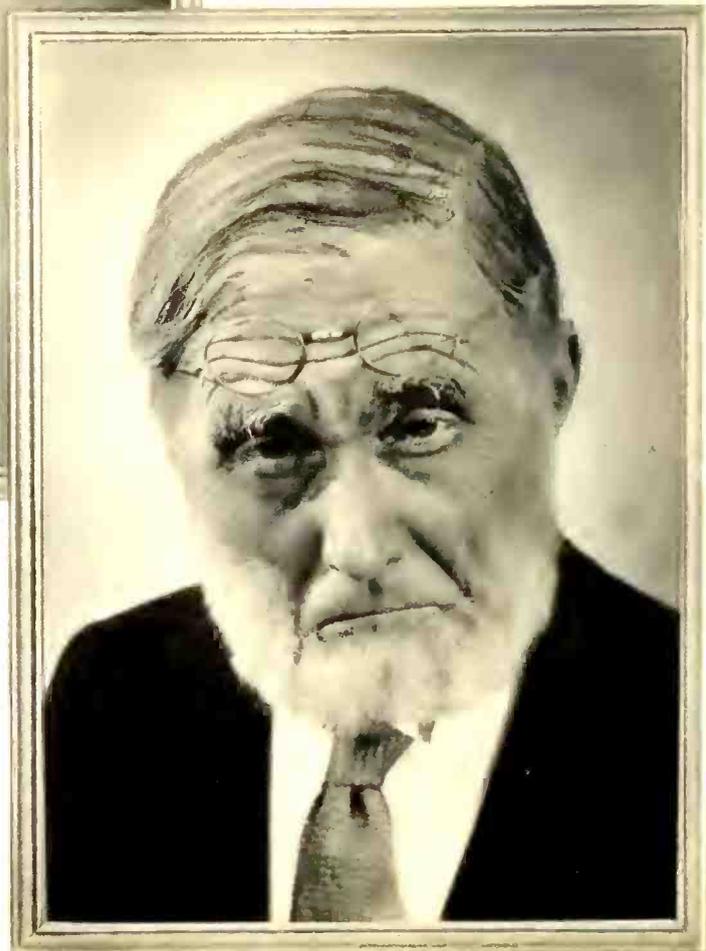
(Played by Eric Dressler)



JOLLY ROGERS (left) is employed by an insurance protective association to hunt down Dr. Truman Scott, whom he believes guilty of aiding the swindler, Max Carsten. Rogers is a large, corpulent man with a ready smile and an easy-going appearance. But his looks are deceiving, because actually he is a crafty, relentless sleuth who will employ any method to capture the man he seeks. Most of Joan's and her husband's friends are under the constant scrutiny of Rogers and he is also seeking Joan, because he believes her to be an accomplice in her husband's suspected crime. Mike Hagen, an old friend of Joan's, is always placing obstacles in Rogers' path and the detective is trying to cast a shadow of guilt on this kindly old night watchman. If Rogers ever catches up with Joan and her husband his way of dealing with them will undoubtedly be swift and cruel, but the Scotts' many friends are still thwarting every move of the wily detective. (Played by Craig MacDonnell)

MIKE HAGEN is Joan's oldest friend, a sweet kindly old philosopher who has known Joan since she was a little girl. Mike is employed as a night watchman, and although this job has never paid him a large salary, he has often helped Joan through many a trying financial difficulty. But even more invaluable than this has been the wise advice which Mike has been able to give to Joan and her husband. It was Mike who helped them escape from their hotel right under the eyes of Jolly Rogers. His only fault is a tendency to be long-winded, but those who love him and have been aided by his wisdom don't mind this.

(Played by Parker Fennelly)



It was hard to get my breath,
even when I kept my eyes away
from Marnie Moore's red mouth.



I Found My Love

I WONDER if any of you listeners remember a certain broadcast of a program which I shall call "Brother Bob's Answers," though that is not quite its name. It ended with one of the messages which Bob quoted to answer questions written in to him:

"... to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false
to any man."

Do you remember the curious gulp with which my husband said those words, before the announcer ended the broadcast? If you noticed that, then you know the exact moment that our marriage smashed on the rocks after a long stretch of stormy sailing.

That broadcast was my last des-

*Her life with Bob was over,
but still she humbled herself
for the sake of a boy who
must not know the truth
about the man he idolized*

perate attempt to save our happiness. I had prepared the message, just as I had prepared all Bob's scripts, since the first program we put on for the little 100-watt station in South City three years before. And I chose those words because they went back to our first

program, because I thought some magic in them would take Bob back to those days, remind him of the night we sat on my dad's front porch with moonlight shining through the five-fingered-ivy vine, when he said: "Why, Prue, if anyone really believed those words, they'd find the answer to everything."

Bob had believed, then. It was his lovely, shining young belief, his deep sweet wish to help people who were puzzled and perplexed, that made our program instantly successful, made it possible for us to marry, and made us perfectly content with life.

At least, Bob was content. He was like that, straight and clear and uncomplicated in his desires and dreams. He could lie on our little



I bustled around as if it hadn't been a year since I had cooked Bob's dinner.

sleeping porch with me in his arms and listen to the midnight express shriek through the valley without caring whether we ever rode away on it.

When we got our chance, he just read the letter from the Continental Broadcasting Company and laughed. "Imagine. All that money for doing what you want to do. Like getting paid for kissing you—" And he kissed me.

Then he added, "No. Not quite." I think he had forgotten all about the offer, by that time. And so had I, for Bob's kisses could make me forget anything.

But the difference between us was that I remembered it later. And

suddenly I was seeing everything that money could buy: a hotel suite looking out over spangles of city lights; shop windows full of frothy lingerie and hand-made shoes and misty-colored tweeds and fine leather luggage; perfumes and furs; modern interiors done by decorators and photographed for the magazines; hairdos and make-up and costumes that would make me look—well, the way I looked now, one year later.

And so I said, "Bob, think how many more people you could help if you went on a network. You could be Big Brother to millions instead of just a few thousand." I said, "Bob, it's your duty."

OH, I convinced myself that what I said was true. Give me credit, I worked just as hard as ever when we came to the city; even after Bob had stopped believing in our program and believed instead in what the wise guys told him—that he was pretty clever to work out such a racket for the suckers.

You see, he wasn't the type to be a celebrity. The city and its materialism were bad for him. He hadn't the hardness to stand out against the boys who seemed so friendly—and the girls. There was no guile in him, and he didn't recognize it in other people. He thought you really had to keep late hours, and drink a little too much, and believe in practically nothing except what you could see and feel and spend.

How does a marriage, once so closely-knit and firm, begin to fray around the edges and then, swiftly and more dizzily, unravel until it is nothing but a tangled snarl? I didn't know, even though for a year I'd watched our marriage go through that process. A cynical remark, like a knife between us—a quarrel over some trivial thing—a word spoken in anger and never retracted—a gradual tearing-apart. Whose fault, his or mine? Well, I wouldn't know that. And anyway, it didn't matter. What mattered was that our marriage was no longer the living thing it had been back in South City. He had his dates. I had mine.

I had made my last effort to turn the clock back, by including in his broadcast the line about "to thine own self be true." I might have spared myself the trouble, because Bob read that last line with a gulp as if he'd already grabbed the drink that was always waiting for him these days after broadcasts. And he plunged out of the studio and never came home at all that night. I knew, because I still had hopes that kept

me lying tense and aching, listening for a key to click into a lock.

So now, having made my last effort, I was through. I had tried, and I had failed. I was free to admit my marriage was finished, and to go my own way: a quiet, ordered way, with no more of the painful hopes and doubts and heartaches of this nightmare year.

I walked into the little office in the broadcasting building a few minutes before Bob was due to go on the air. He was there, and as I opened the door I heard him saying into the telephone, "Tonight!"

I wanted to turn and run, but I just stood still, rigid with the stubborn pride that kept me there. Bob looked up from the phone and flushed red. Then he said smoothly, "Any special reason, Prue, why I shouldn't accept a dinner invitation for tonight?"

I took a long breath and closed my lips against the crazy thing that was trying to be said: "Oh, no, Bob. No special reason except that while you're eating I'll be telling Brinsley Mackall that I am ready to get my divorce and marry him."

But I had never gone hysterical on Bob once in all this year, never made a single scene. I could keep my record clean and have that to remember, if I hung on a few minutes more. And so I said, "Why, no, Bob. I—I have a date myself."

For a minute I had the queer feeling that all my self-control was wasted; that I hadn't made the right answer. For Bob's brown eyes looked questioning, almost panicky, the way they used to look when he reached for my hand just before he went on the air.

But that was an optical illusion. He turned to the phone and said, "Right, Marnie. Club Cuban at eight."

He sighed, then. He was tired, of course. And why not? A man can't live without sleep and not be tired sometimes.

"Here's your script," I said.

He reached to take it and I looked away. I didn't want to see that hand tremble. I'd had feelings about that hand. Big, clean, with brown skin firm over long strong fingers; a hand to count on, I used to think.

Before he had finished reading over the script, the director popped in his head: "Ready to go on the air, Bob?"

Bob went to the door, and I couldn't help watching. He didn't stagger. Any day he would, for sooner or later they always do, once they start on the way down. Then they're through. But I wouldn't be here to see it. I couldn't bear to be.

It seemed I couldn't even bear to think about it, for the door had hardly closed before my head went down on that desk at which I would not sit any more.

Correspondence should be kept dry, so I lifted my head and wiped my eyes, but it was too late to save the top letter.

I didn't mean to read it, even when I reached for the blotter. I was through with the pain of reading words from people who did not know that Bob now called their tragic problems "fan mail," meant only for counting into weekly totals.

At least I thought I did not want to read that letter. I thought I had enough trouble on my hands. But maybe something down deep in me was looking for just what I got in that letter from Angus Cameron.

Carefully I dried the blur of ink and tears and saw what had been written to Bob:

"I don't guess anybody ever needs a big brother like they do at 14 years of age . . ."

I read that much and I knew I must go on. My eyes continued to scan the uneven, scrawled lines.

". . . especially if you never had any father or mother, but only the Supt. of the Home, and not even him now on account of being sent to this farm. Gee, I sure was sunk until I heard one of your broadcasts. Now I listen every Wednesday night. I get through my chores just in time. Last week I almost missed what you said. Gosh, you made it sound as though you were talking just about me."

For a second I couldn't read the words very well because I was seeing them through a mist of tears. The laborious writing marched on across the cheap notebook paper:

"So I decided I just had to see you in person. You're the only one who can tell me what to do and I've just

got to decide. So by the time you read this, I'll be on the train that gets to your depot at 6:10—"

In panic I looked over at the calendar, then to the clock up on the wall. Today . . . in less than half an hour. But someone in the broadcasting studio must have seen this letter. They would have somebody there at the train to meet this frightened, hopeful boy, somebody who would take him gently by the hand and put him on the next train going back, without his ever having seen Bob, having a chance to ask him for advice on his great problem, whatever it was.

So that was that. It was out of my hands. I could step into a taxi for the hairdresser's, get a stunning new coiffure so that tonight, when Brinsley Mackall proposed, he could look at me and feel that he was acquiring the right wife. I would sit back in the taxi's leather seat and relax. Now I could think about the Coach Inn and what would happen there. Brinsley Mackall might like the Cuban Room for a less serious evening but when he had a

proposal to bestow, he would arrange a pastoral background, complete with brook, and probably even a full moon for the lighting effects.

The cab whirled down the avenue but I saw nothing that I stared at through the window. We should be at the beauty salon by now. I broke my reverie and looked at the street corner ahead and gasped, "Driver, I thought I told you to take me to Salon—"

"You said the depot, miss," the cab driver said, opening the door.

I got out and looked up at the low, squat depot made the color of slate from the countless clouds of smoke from locomotives chugging in and out in endless procession. A clock said 6:05. The train would just be getting in. I knew I had already made up my mind. I would see the boy myself, try to explain



Bob grinned and said, "I think we can find a way, but it won't be by running off from your job."

to him, send him back with some good reason why he couldn't see Bob . . . but not the real reason—that Bob wouldn't waste his time on anyone so unimportant.

I made it. I had time to send away the representative the broadcasting studio had sent to meet the train before it pulled into the station. And I knew Angus Cameron right away.

ONLY a kid looking for a big brother would swing down the steps with that false assurance stiffening the legs too long for his adolescent body. Only the writer of that letter would look around so anxiously from serious big gray eyes above a freckled nose and sternly tight, sweet mouth.

"Angus?"

His eyes leaped to mine, beautifully alight. But they didn't stop. They were looking over my shoulder. They were looking for a big brother.

"I—I'm Bob's wife, Angus." I had to give him that much, and it was still true, after all. "Won't I do?"

His smile tried to say I would, and it was terribly sweet, but it didn't quite succeed. It was still a big brother he wanted.

"Look, Angus," I said quickly. "Let's go over to the network. See the whole works, where he broadcasts from—"

"Will he be there?" That was all that counted.

"Well, maybe not right now. But I could get you into one of the control rooms, introduce you to sound engineers and big shot announcers."

That was guaranteed to fill the mind of any fourteen-year-old. But not Angus Cameron's. His thin hand tightened on the strap of the book bag he was carrying. "If it's all right with you, Mam," he said with painful politeness, "I'd rather see him at home. Where we could talk. I—I just got to ask him this question—"

Home . . . Bob wouldn't be there, if you could call that huge, empty place a home. However, that was where I had to be, and quick, to get ready for my date with Brinsley Mackall.

In the cab I told him, "This is Central Avenue, Angus." He looked out the window but he didn't see the sights. All he saw was the big question mark inside him. He had come to find an answer, and nothing else existed for him until he found it.

Until he found it. What was I thinking of? Panic seized me.

I had to get this boy off my hands. Why had I sent the man from the network away? This was a job for him, not me.

I turned to see his gray eyes looking into mine, full of new fear.

"Here's where we live," I told him as the taxi stopped. Walking up the rubber carpet under the marquee, I put a hand on his shoulder. But if I thought the haughty figure of Felix the doorman would embarrass him, I had him wrong. He didn't see Felix or his gold braid. And his breath was coming in quick sharp gasps.

There wasn't a sign of Bob, of course. He was neat around the house—the perfect husband, I'd called him long ago. Only I could see that his best dinner jacket was gone.

"He'll be coming home to supper, won't he?" The voice cracked a little. "He's sure to, isn't he?"

"Angus, why don't you tell me what's on your mind?" I answered quickly. "Then we could get a start on it before he comes—" I still had half an hour. Maybe I could get this settled and start him home somehow.

He shook his head. "Not that I don't appreciate you helping me, Mam," he said. "But it's just that I—well, I've heard his voice, and I—well, I know him."

Oh, Angus! So did I, or thought I did. But we were wrong.

I wanted to grab this thin kid up against me and moan and weep. Oh, Angus, so wrong!

But I drew a deep breath. "Listen, Angus. Radio's a funny queer business. The people in it keep queer hours." That was true, all right! "Sometimes we can't be just sure when we'll be seeing Bob—" Oh, Angus, if you knew—

He was waiting there, clutching the cardboard suitcase and the book-bag. "So, look, Angus. I'll go in there and wash my face and fix my hair and powder my nose, while you eat the swell beef stew I'll have sent up—and pie a la mode—"

I stopped, shocked to think I had dreamed that thoughts of food could lighten the stark shadow that had darkened those gray eyes.

"He— Why, Mam, I've got to see him!"

"But tomorrow, Angus!" I told him desperately. "You tuck up and go to sleep here and see him in the morning—"

And what a sight that would be—if he got here. But the minutes were ticking away toward the moment I had to be ready for Brinsley Mackall.

Angus was shaking his head, death in his eyes. "It would be too late—"

His voice cracked again, into a heartrending falsetto. Angus, no! Not a big fourteen-year-old boy, don't dare—

But, of course, he wouldn't cry. Not Angus. His voice just flattened out and he said quietly, "You see, I'll take that nine-thirty train back, like I planned unless he told me it was okay not to." He straightened suddenly, and said, "I guess I was just plain crazy, thinking I could walk right in and find him waiting for me all set to straighten everything out." He even smiled, apologetically, the whitest, saddest smile I ever saw. "I'm sorry to give you all this trouble, Mam, but it's like I said. I was just crazy, trying to figure things out—"

Suddenly I couldn't bear it. For the first time I thought, maybe it's important for Angus to find his Answer. Maybe it's more important than the one I found.

I looked at the clock. Seven already. I rushed to the swanky soundproof phone booth in the hall. "I—I can't make it," I told Brinsley Mackall. And with absurd hopefulness. "Not tonight, that is—"

There was a silence on the wire. Brinsley Mackall was good at silences, the kind that could reprove and punish.

"Something has come up," I stammered. "An emergency, sort of—"

"I see," Brinsley Mackall said. "I understand. Your husband again, I suppose?"

"No. Or not exactly. That is, I have to see him—"

"I think you know my position," Brinsley Mackall said. I did. He had stated it, often. "You must make your choice," he had said. And with impatience, lately. He had laid down an *Continued on page 67*

BANDLEADER of the YEAR

The ballots have all been counted, and the winner of Facing the Music's fourth annual dance band popularity poll is Glenn Miller. In tribute to your favorite trombonist, Radio Mirror presents this autographed portrait. You don't really have to be reminded that you can hear him and his band on their three-times-a-week Chesterfield program on CBS, and on the weekly Mutual broadcast to the Army camps, *Sunset Serenade*.



Bob Dill

You're The Someone I've Been Waiting For

An accompanist becomes a composer—Ted Straeter, Kate Smith's pianist on her Friday night CBS program, contributes this captivating hit song

REFRAIN

Words and Music by TED STRAETER

I looked at you I felt a thrill You smiled at me my heart stood still The

moment I looked in your eyes something deep in-side Said you're the someone I've been waiting for It

was - nt long I held your hand I seemed to know you'd un - der-stand My

dar-ling when I look at you I want-ed to con-fide That you're the someone I've been waiting



for Thru all the years I hoped to find some - bo - dy just like you But



now I have no peace of mind You haunt me all day thru my dream come true my



one i - deal I'm so a - fraid you won't be real At last I've found the someone I can



worship and a dore Cause you're the some - one I've been wait - ing for —

RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

Two in the Storm

KAREN hummed softly to herself, as she washed the breakfast dishes. Every once in awhile, she would glance out through the window above the tiny sink and watch the turbulent waves break on the sandy beach.

Karen loved the sea in all its moods, but best of all in this one, with a Nor'easter blowing up and the water choppy and gray and glittering like steel when the early morning sun momentarily broke through the wind-scudded clouds.

Then, her eyes wandering far out to where the murky sky and the restless water lost themselves in one another, Karen's face hardened. Out there, lurking unseen and striking without warning, was an enemy far more implacable than any storm of the sea, far more terrible, because it followed no law of man or nature.

Unconsciously, Karen straightened her shoulders and threw up her head, so that, in spite of her slight frame and the delicacy of her features, there was something of great strength and courage and determination about her. Standing there like that, she looked like a Viking Princess out of some ancient Norse legend.

A gust of wind swirled down over the trailer and whistled against the high, earthen embankment. Karen shivered. She was glad she and her father had found this sheltering cliff of earth under which to camp. They had been lucky to find it in the dark the night before. Here, if a storm did come up, they would be protected from the worst fury of the gale.

It was warm inside the trailer, everything was comfortable and shipshape. Only the dishes remained to be done. Karen set to work again.

"Hey, there!"

Karen raised her head to listen. It was a man's voice. A moment later, there was a knocking on the door of the trailer. Karen wiped her hands quickly and opened the door.

It was a young man. "Hello," he said briskly.

He was very tall and his dark, shaggy hair was blowing in the wind. His eyes were surprisingly blue.

"I wonder—" he began and then stopped. "Well—hello—" he stammered. He looked at Karen with an almost unbelieving stare. Then he grinned and there was pleasure and surprise and admiration in his eyes.

Karen smiled back at him. "Hello," she said. "Did you want something?"

He frowned slightly. "I—" he began and looked embarrassed. "Say—" he hedged, "could I come inside? It's cold out here—that wind—"

"Of course," Karen said cordially and stepped aside to let him in.

He was so tall he had to stoop a little and he looked awkward, standing there like that, in the narrow space between the two bunks. He bit his lip and smiled feebly at her.

"Yes?" Karen asked.

"Uh—well—you see," he said, "my family owns that house up there—" he bent low and pointed land toward the south. Karen looked through the window over her father's bunk. She saw the roof of a large, rambling house, just visible over the top of the embankment. She saw four chimneys, smoke feathering from all four of them and getting lost in the rough wind.

"It looks like a very nice house," Karen smiled. "You're very lucky."

His face grew red. "I—yes," he mumbled. Then he said quickly, a little uncomfortably, "This is pri-

vate property—this strip of beach, too."

"Oh," Karen said softly. "I'm sorry. We didn't see any 'No Trespassing' signs. It was too dark, I guess."

"There aren't any signs," the young man laughed unconvincingly. "You see—well—everyone knows—this is a very exclusive summer colony."

"Everyone knows?" Karen asked with a smile. "We didn't."

He tried to answer her smile, not too successfully. "Well," he said with a shrug, "it's just a mistake. I guess your camping here one night won't matter much—"

"One night?" Karen said. "But we'll be here longer than that. We'll have to be." The young man stared at her. "You see," Karen felt she should explain, "we came up here to get work at the Drake Speedboat Company's shipyards."

That seemed to embarrass him even more. He looked around the trailer. "We?" he asked.

"My father's a shipbuilder," Karen said. Secretly, she was a





And then she was in Rand's arms, clinging to him.

little amused, even a little flattered, by his question.

"Oh—I see," he said. "Then—uh—wouldn't it be more practical for you to camp nearer the boatyard? I mean, after all, it's over half a mile down the beach and I'm sure you'd be much happier down—"

"Have you been down there?" Karen asked.

"No—no, not since last summer," he admitted. "We—the family just got up here last night."

"Well, we have been down there," Karen said. She was beginning to be annoyed, not only because she was beginning to understand the purpose of this visit, but because it was obvious that the young man was trying to convince himself that

Because he symbolized the injustice she hated, she hardened her heart against him, forgetting they were allies in a common cause

Adapted by Madeline Thompson, from the radio play, "Builders of the Bulwark," heard on the First Nighter broadcast sponsored by Campana's Italian Balm over CBS Friday nights.

he had some justification in asking them to move. It occurred to her that he might not understand. "We have been down there," she repeated. "First, we tried to find a house, or apartment, in town. Then we went down to the boatyard. But there's no room. The beach is so crowded with trailers and tents, you can hardly walk around."

"Oh," he said. "But still—there must be some other—"

"No, there isn't any other place," Karen said. "We looked. We just can't camp on the exposed beach."

"I see your point," he said. "But, after all, this is private property and—"

Suddenly, Karen's annoyance turned to anger. She thought of that big house on the knoll. She thought of the warmth and coziness that the four smoking chimneys implied. She thought of this young man, so sleek and neat in his fine clothes and his sense of security, returning to that warmth and comfort after he had sent her father and her packing like so much riff-raff. She was suddenly cold with fury.

"I'm very sorry," she said bitingly, "that our trailer is disgracing your lovely, private beach. But I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it. You might be interested to know that we came up here because the government sent out a call for experienced shipyard workers. But we didn't come just for a job. We came because we love this country and we want to do everything we can to help defend it—now—when it needs us. My father didn't come up here to enjoy the advantages of your precious summer colony. He came to do his share to save America from the fate of his country. He doesn't want what happened to Norway to *Continued on page 53*

Two in the Storm

KAREN hummed softly to herself, as she washed the breakfast dishes. Every once in awhile, she would glance out through the window above the tiny sink and watch the turbulent waves break on the sandy beach.

Karen loved the sea in all its moods, but best of all in this one, with a Nor'easter blowing up and the water choppy and gray and glittering like steel when the early morning sun momentarily broke through the wind-scudded clouds. Then, her eyes wandering far out to where the murky sky and the restless water lost themselves in one another, Karen's face hardened. Out there, lurking unseen and striking without implacable than any storm of the sea, far more terrible, because it followed no law of man or nature.

Unconsciously, Karen straightened her shoulders and threw up her head, so that, in spite of her slight frame and the delicacy of her features, there was something of great strength and courage and determination about her. Standing there like that, she looked like a Viking Princess out of some ancient Norse legend.

A gust of wind swirled down over the trailer and whistled against the high, earthen embankment. Karen shivered. She was glad she and her father had found this sheltering cliff of earth under which to camp. They had been lucky to find it in the dark the night before. Here, if a storm did come up, they would be protected from the worst fury of the gale.

It was warm inside the trailer, everything was comfortable and shipshape. Only the dishes remained to be done. Karen set to work again.

"Hey, there!"

Karen raised her head to listen. It was a man's voice. A moment later, there was a knocking on the door of the trailer. Karen wiped her hands quickly and opened the door.

It was a young man. "Hello," he said briskly.

He was very tall and his dark, shaggy hair was blowing in the wind. His eyes were surprisingly blue.

"I wonder—" he began and then stopped. "Well—hello—" he stammered. He looked at Karen with an almost unbelieving stare. Then he grinned and there was pleasure and surprise and admiration in his eyes. Karen smiled back at him. "Hello," she said. "Did you want something?"

He frowned slightly. "I—" he began and looked embarrassed. "Say—" he hedged, "could I come inside? It's cold out here—that wind—"

"Of course," Karen said cordially and stepped aside to let him in.

He was so tall he had to stoop a little and he looked awkward, standing there like that, in the narrow space between the two bunks. He bit his lip and smiled feebly at her.

"Yes?" Karen asked. "Uh—well—you see," he said, "my family owns that house up there—" he bent low and pointed land toward the south. Karen looked through the window over her father's bunk. She saw the roof of a large, rambling house, just visible above the top of the embankment. She saw four chimneys, smoke feathering from all four of them and getting lost in the rough wind.

"It looks like a very nice house," Karen smiled. "You're very lucky."

His face grew red. "I—yes," he mumbled. Then he said quickly, a little uncomfortably, "This is private property—this strip of beach, too."

"Oh," Karen said softly. "I'm sorry. We didn't see any 'No Trespassing' signs. It was too dark, I guess."

"There aren't any signs," the young man laughed unconvincedly. "You see—well—everyone knows—this is a very exclusive summer colony."

"Everyone knows?" Karen asked with a smile. "We didn't."

He tried to answer her smile, not too successfully. "Well," he said with a shrug, "it's just a mistake. I guess your camping here one night won't matter much—"

"One night?" Karen said. "But we'll be here longer than that. We'll have to be." The young man stared at her. "You see," Karen felt she should explain, "we came up here to get work at the Drake Speedboat Company's shipyards."

That seemed to embarrass him even more. He looked around the trailer. "We?" he asked.

"My father's a shipbuilder," Karen said. Secretly, "This is a



And then she was in Karen's arms, clinging to him.

little amused, even a little flattered, by his question.

"Oh—I see," he said. "Then—uh—wouldn't it be more practical for you to camp nearer the boatyard? I mean, after all, it's over half a mile down the beach and I'm sure you'd be much happier down there?"

"Have you been down there?" Karen asked.

"No—no, not since last summer," he admitted. "We—the family just got up here last night."

"Well, we have been down there," Karen said. She was beginning to be annoyed, not only because she was beginning to understand the purpose of this visit, but because it was obvious that the young man was trying to convince himself that

Because he symbolized the injustice she hated, she hardened her heart against him, forgetting they were allies in a common cause

Adapted by Madeline Thompson, from the radio play, "Builders of the Bulwark," based on the First Nighter broadcast sponsored by Campbell's Nelson Balm over CBS Friday night.

he had some justification in asking them to move. It occurred to her that he might not understand. "We have been down there," she repeated. "First, we tried to find a house, or apartment, in town. Then we went down to the boatyard. But there's no room. The beach is so crowded with trailers and tents, you can hardly walk around."

"Oh," he said. "But still—there must be some other—" "No, there isn't any other place," Karen said. "We looked. We just can't camp on the exposed beach."

"I see your point," he said. "But, after all, this is private property and—"

Suddenly, Karen's annoyance turned to anger. She thought of that big house on the knoll. She thought of the warmth and coziness that the four smoking chimneys implied. She thought of this young man, so sleek and neat in his fine clothes and his sense of security, returning to that warmth and comfort after he had sent her father and her packing like so much riff-raff. She was suddenly cold with fury.

"I'm very sorry," she said bitterly. "That our trailer is disgracing your lovely, private beach. But I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it. You might be interested to know that we came up here because the government sent out a call for experienced shipyard workers. But we didn't come just for a job. We came because we love this country and we want to do everything we can to help defend it—now—when it needs us. My father didn't come up here to enjoy the advantages of your precious summer colony. He came to do his share to save America from the fate of his country. He doesn't want what happened to Norway to Continued on page 53

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THE STORY OF

Mary Marlin

Unseen, the listener heard the woman he loved give her heart to another man—and knew that at last she had found the happiness he had failed to bring her



THE house on Princess Street was gray, with green shutters. It was not a tall house; in its Georgian architecture it was perfectly proportioned, and as graceful as the rhododendron and wistaria and mimosa trees of its garden. A low wrought-iron fence surrounded the house and separated it from the cobbled street and narrow sidewalk. Within the garden was a fountain, a little Cupid with stiff marble curls, always smiling.

The rooms were large, low-ceilinged, and all done in neutral, pale colors which took the light streaming in the windows and gave it back again as something softer and more gentle.

This, Mary had thought when Arnold, her butler, first showed it to her—it was Arnold who had selected it—was a place to live.

It was in Alexandria, not so very far from Washington in point of distance, but very far in point of atmosphere. The throbbing tempo of the nation's capital slowed down here, to no more than a soft, distant pulse-beat. Davey could play in this garden as quietly as if he were in Cedar Springs; and at night, with the drawing of the curtains, all of the day's business was effectively shut out.

Joe Marlin would not have chosen this house. It would have been too modest for him. But Joe—and Mary, in one of those moments of abstraction which came to her now and then, stood by a gleaming mahogany table, staring unseeingly out of

the window at a garden which just now was blanketed in snow—Joe did not live here. Not now, and probably not ever.

At first she had not been able to believe that he was gone. She still could not believe it, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. But it had been three years since the airplane which was carrying him had crashed in flames on the Siberian steppe, and in all that time no trace of him had ever been found. The detectives Eve Underwood had insisted upon sending to Russia had returned empty-handed after a search that had circled the globe. It could not be that he was still alive.

Three years . . .

Davey had been a baby when his father went on the mission to Russia from which he was never to return; now he was a little boy, as active in body as he was in mind. And she herself had changed, Mary knew. The Governor's action in appointing her to fill out Joe's unexpired term in the United States Senate had plunged her headlong into a world of which she had known only the fringes. She herself, more than anyone else, had been surprised to discover that she had an aptitude for politics and legislation, she had learned to make speeches, and to talk to reporters so they would print

what she wanted them to print about her and her work; she had faced blame and praise with equal calmness.

They had been full years, busy years, and that was well, because activity had helped to ease the ache left by Joe's loss. It was strange how that ache had persisted, even though when he went away their love had already become something shallow and unsatisfying. Habit, perhaps—

Mary sighed, turning away from the window as if she could thus turn away from her thoughts. But you couldn't do that: your thoughts were always with you, and your memories.

It was a few days before Christmas; tonight they were going to board the train, she and Davey, and return to Cedar Springs for the holidays. And it was not Cedar Springs she looked forward to seeing again, so much as it was David Post.

Her heart warmed at the thought of him, and she offered up silent thanks for one friend so true, so loyal and unswerving in affection. There had been so many times that she could not count them when she would have been lost without David's advice and help and confidence. He understood her, she sometimes believed, better than she understood herself—certainly much better than she understood him. Of all men, David was the one who should have had a home, a wife and family, yet he had never married. He was waiting, he said, for the Lady of his Dreams—and there was a touch of fantasy in that remark which did not go with David's common sense, his firm grasp of the



Read the thrilling story of Mary Marlin fictionized by Norton Russell, then tune in this popular radio serial by Jane Crusinberry daily on NBC at 10:45 A.M., EWT, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Illustration posed by Anne Seymour as Mary and Carleton Brickert as David.



"I think I've loved you all my life, David." Mary's voice was low. "I just—wasn't sure until tonight."

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"But who is she—this Lady?" Mary had asked him.

"Everything that a woman should or ever could be," David had said gravely. "All beauty, and all tenderness, and all loyalty."

Mary had smiled ruefully. "I wonder if such a woman exists, David."

"She exists," he had said, looking at Mary steadily. "I know she exists."

Even then, she had had an inkling of this Lady's real name, but she had thrust the suspicion aside. It could not be, after all these years of friendship! And yet, David was

the sort who would keep a secret locked in his heart until he was sure it would not be dishonorable to reveal it. Even then, his innate modesty and reticence would let him speak of it only in hints and veiled references.

But no matter what unexpressed thoughts lay behind David's calm manner, it would be so good to see him tomorrow, waiting at the Cedar Springs station when she stepped off the train!

And it *was* inexpressibly good to feel the firm strength of his hand-clasp, to watch Davey greet him with childish enthusiasm, to ride with him through snow-muffled

streets and, arriving at the old-fashioned house on Main Street, to admire the big Christmas tree he had thoughtfully ordered beforehand. Best of all, though, was the hour that night, after Davey had been put to bed, when she could talk, without reservation, of Washington and her life there.

"It's been such a relief, David, to have the Presidential campaign over and done with! I'm glad I didn't have to run for election—it was bad enough to know Frazer Mitchell and Rufus Kane both so well, and wish that each of them could have what he wanted so badly." *Continued on page 78*

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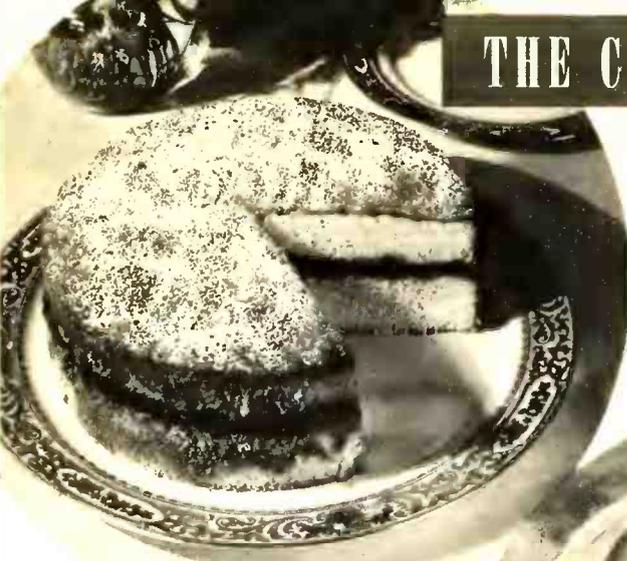
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THE COOKING CORNER SAYS:

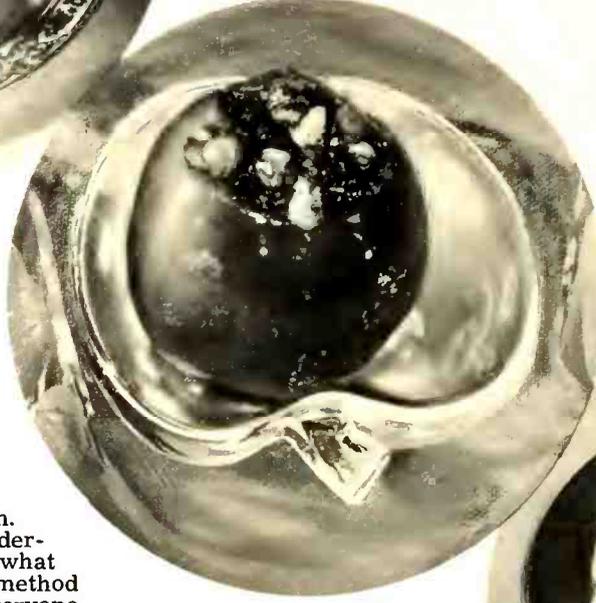
You needn't use SUGAR



No sugar at all in this layer cake—and only a light dusting on top, which can be omitted.

EARLY in May sugar-rationing becomes a fact for everyone in the nation. I know my readers will understand and accept rationing for what it is—simply an emergency method of making quite sure that everyone gets all the sugar he needs and that no one gets more than he really needs. And I know, too, that you won't want to use your portion of sugar wastefully. You'll be on the lookout for recipes which will help you to conserve the precious sweet stuff. That's why I'm devoting this issue of the Cooking Corner to bringing you new and delicious recipes which utilize other sweetening agents.

There are a number of these, you know. Corn syrup is one—and an excellent one since it is rich in energy-building dextrose. Prepared pudding mixtures, which need only the addition of milk, also are made of dextrose. Molasses is another sweetener and honey is still another—and all of them may be used in a variety of ways, thus



Nothing's any sweeter than honey—for a new dessert, try this Baked Stuffed Orange.

enabling you to conserve your sugar supply.

Sugarless Layer Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup light corn syrup
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 tsp. vanilla

½ cup milk
¼ tsp. almond extract

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift together 3 times. Cream shortening, add syrup gradually, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ the quantity of flour and beat smooth. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually add remaining flour, alternately with milk, beating after each addition (for best results beat hard at each stage of mixing), add flavoring and bake in greased layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about 30 minutes.

Dark Molasses Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
¾ tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. soda
½ cup butter or other shortening
½ tsp. ginger
¼ cup brown sugar, tight packed
2 eggs
½ tsp. vanilla

1 tsp. cinnamon
¾ tsp. salt
¾ cup molasses
5 tbs. milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and spices. Cream shortening,



Discouraged by the lack of sugar? Not after you taste this dark molasses cake! Make the filling from a package of chocolate pudding.

add salt and sugar and cream together, then add eggs and cream until light and fluffy. Gradually add flour, alternately with liquid, to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition.

An easy, delicious—also sugarless—filling for either cake is made by using a package of chocolate pudding mixture. Prepare as directed on the package, reducing milk by ¼ the quantity called for, since the filling must be stiffer than a pudding. Add ¾ cup chopped nut meats or chopped raisins or currants and cover top with nuts or chopped fruit to make a more elaborate cake, or dust lightly with confectioner's sugar. Chocolate soufflé, another luscious dessert—and one many of us usually consider difficult to make—may be prepared from chocolate pudding mixture.

Continued on page 64



By Kate Smith

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

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

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 Blue: News
		8:00 NBC: Organ Recital
	8:30	Blue: Tone Pictures
8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today
8:00	9:00	Blue: World News
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC: Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
9:00	10:00	NBC: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS: News
10:00	11:00	Blue: News
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Recital Period
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Revue in Miniature
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Eric Sevareid
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Sunday Down South
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Upton Close
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Silver Strings
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: What's New at the Zoo
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Josef Marais
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Blue Theater
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Columbia Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Wake Up America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Bob Becker
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Behind the Mike
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
	5:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
	5:15	Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Plays for Americans
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Double or Nothing
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: News from Europe
4:30	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Public Affairs
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Nobody's Children
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Daughters of Uncle Sam
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: World News
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Tommy Dorsey
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: CHARLIE McCARTHY
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: The Parker Family
	8:30	9:30 Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: 3 Sheets to the Wind



NEW DAYTIME HEROINE...

There's a new daytime serial on the air, and a new actress playing the leading role in it. The serial is *We Love and Learn*, on CBS at 2:30 P.M., EWT, and the actress is Betty Worth, portraying the part of Andrea Reynolds.

Strictly speaking, of course, neither play nor actress is precisely new—just new to the network. *We Love and Learn* was broadcast until recently by means of recordings and under the title of *As the Twig is Bent*. Betty had the lead in it, too, and has done a good deal of radio work the last few years in supporting parts.

Betty started her adult life as a stenographer—a very bad one, she says. She typed and took dictation until, one morning, she rebelled and walked out. This turned her family against her, because they couldn't see why a girl should throw up a good job to be an actress. After a few months of wandering up and down Broadway, living on a few cents a day, Betty had a hard time understanding it herself.

She finally got a part in a play, and when it closed, a part in another. She says, "I was in a succession of turkeys the like of which the drama has never seen, before or since." Translated out of theatrical jargon, that means the plays were all very bad and closed almost as soon as they opened. In one of them, when Betty made her entrance the audience hissed her. Or she thought it was the audience—it turned out to be only the steam pipes of the heating system, but the experience was so unnerving it's a wonder she ever ventured back on a stage.

After a season in a revue—"I was in a couple of sketches," she says; "but really if you blinked you missed seeing me" Betty got a chance to be in a few March of Time broadcasts, and what she saw in the radio studios convinced her that acting for the microphone had it all over acting on the stage. "You get paid in radio," is the way she expresses the difference, concisely. Having made this decision she lost no time in finding a job on a local station where she spent eighteen months learning all there was to learn about microphone technique before venturing into the fierce competition of the networks.

Betty's married to Michael Davidson, the nephew of Jo Davidson, the famous sculptor. They met at a party given by Bennett Kilpack, radio's Mr. Keen—and two weeks later they were married. That was five years ago. Michael is a radio script writer and press agent. They've recently bought a farm in Pennsylvania where they'll spend the summer.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: News
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Southernaires
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Spotlight on Asia
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattered Good Banes
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
	6:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
7:30	9:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	6:00	7:00 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: I Love a Mystery
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
	7:30	8:30 Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: For America We Sing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Freddy Martin
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Merry-Go-Round
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



CLOSE-UP OF A TORNADO

There are a few people in the world who aren't happy unless they're in the exact center of constant activity. Charles Martin, who writes and directs the plays on Tallulah Bankhead's show Tuesday nights (NBC, 8:00 EWT) and on the Philip Morris Playhouse Friday nights (CBS, 9:00 EWT), is one of those people. All day long, except on Tuesdays and Fridays when he's rehearsing a broadcast, he sits in a tiny office at an advertising agency, while telephone bells ring, buzzers buzz, and people rush in and out. He loves it.

At the end of the day he goes home to a big apartment where he lives all by himself, and there he writes the scripts you hear on the air. When he gets stuck for a word or a phrase he stops and plays his piano or violin for a while. This alternate writing and playing goes on sometimes late into the night. He says that altogether he works about eighteen hours a day, and there's no reason to doubt him, when you realize that writing and directing even one program is a full-time job.

Most of the people who come to see him at the office are radio actresses and actors, anxious to get parts in his plays. He is amiably brusque with actors, hasn't any patience at all with them if they're inefficient, but uses them again and again if they're good.

Charlie Martin got his start as a radio director and writer at a local New York station, moved on to doing network programs, and was the director of the programs on which Orson Welles first acted on the air. Orson was a struggling, unknown young actor then. Martin did such good work in radio that he went out to Hollywood on a contract which called for his services as both writer and director. After a couple of years out there he came back to New York because his movie bosses wouldn't let him write, and the only pictures they gave him to direct were the type known as "B's".

He isn't married and never has been, although when he was in Hollywood he and Joan Crawford were seen around together so much that gossip mistakenly had them engaged. He eventually wants to write for the stage as well as for radio, and has one unproduced play in his files now, while he's working on another. He doesn't explain just where he finds the time.

His success in persuading the mike-shy Tallulah Bankhead to sign up for a regular series is an example of his ability to do the impossible.

Charlie is still young enough to be called radio's boy genius—about thirty. At the start of a busy day he is neat and dapper, but by the end of it his curly hair is disordered, his tie has been wrenched loose and his shirt collar unbuttoned, and he has acquired a harassed look. These are all signs of what is, for Charles Martin, a wonderfully good time.

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
10:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
12:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: News
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
3:00	4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
6:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Burns and Allen
6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Heir
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
10:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Cugat Rhumba Revue
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Presents
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bob Burns
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Three Ring Time
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
10:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
12:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: News
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
3:00	4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
9:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Old Gold Show
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Quiz Kids
7:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Uncle Walter's Dog House
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: JUNIOR MISS
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: American Melody Hour
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Ransom Sherman
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Quizicale
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hillman and Clapper
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00 9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:45 9:45	CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00 10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00 10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15 10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15 10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30 10:30	CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45	NBC: Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00 11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	11:00	Blue: Orphans of Divorce
8:00	10:00 11:00	NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15 11:15	Blue: Moonbeam Hill
10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30 11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
10:30	11:30	NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45 11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
5:15	11:15 12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15 1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:15	12:15	NBC: Pin Money Party
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00 2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00 2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15 2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15 2:15	NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30 2:30	Blue: News
11:30	1:30 2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45 2:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45 2:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45 2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00 3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30	Blue: News
12:30	2:30 3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
3:00	4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00 4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15	CBS: Highways to Health
1:15	3:15 4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30	CBS: News
1:30	3:30 4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15 5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30 5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:45	4:45 5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45 5:45	Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00 6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15 6:15	CBS: Dorothy Killgallen
7:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:30	5:30 6:30	NBC: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45 6:45	CBS: The World Today
6:45	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00	Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00 7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
3:15	6:15 7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15 7:15	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15 7:15	NBC: European News
9:30	6:30 7:30	CBS: Maudie's Diary
4:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:00	6:30 7:30	NBC: Al Pearce
6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00 8:00	CBS: Death Valley Days
8:30	7:00 8:00	NBC: Maxwell House Show
5:30	7:30 8:30	CBS: People's Platform
9:00	7:30 8:30	NBC: THE ALDRICH FAMILY
5:45	7:45 8:45	Blue: Dorothy Thompson
5:55	7:55 8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00 9:00	CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00 9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00 9:00	Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30 9:30	CBS: Big Town
6:30	8:30 9:30	MES: Spotlight Bands
7:00	9:00 10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00 10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swina
7:00	9:00 10:00	NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:15	9:15 10:15	CBS: The First Line
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World



STRICTLY AMERICAN

Something a little bit out of the ordinary in the newscaster line is Frazier Hunt, whom you hear on CBS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:00 P.M., EWT (rebroadcast at 7:45 PWT for the West Coast). To begin with, when he talks about the things that are happening in the Far East he's talking about places that he has visited himself, not once but many times. In the last thirty years, Frazier Hunt has traveled some 250,000 miles in search of news. South America is the only part of the world he has never visited.

Everyone calls him "Spike" because he is so tall—six feet four inches. He got the nickname on his first day as a freshman at the University of Illinois, thirty-eight years ago, and it fits him much better than the rather flossy-sounding Frazier. He's the sort of man who can talk as easily to a multimillionaire or a President as to a cab driver, and he has friends all over the world. One of the best of these friends is General Douglas MacArthur.

Spike takes his fifteen-minute, three-times-a-week program very seriously. He tries to make it completely American, and to stress on it the importance of everything that's American. That's why, when he describes a munitions plant or a plane factory, he always visits the factory himself for first-hand information instead of depending on an assistant. You'll never find him around New York on days when he isn't broadcasting—he's always traveling somewhere to get material.

He has a home, a farm in Pennsylvania, but seldom gets a chance to visit it. His wife spends part of her time on the farm and part with Spike, either on his travels or at his New York hotel.

Spike is an entertaining broadcaster to watch. He always wears a hat at the microphone—not because he's bald, which he isn't at all, but because he wears spectacles and without the hat the light hits them and creates a glare which makes it hard for him to read his script. Or anyway, as he explains, that probably wouldn't happen at all but he thinks it would, which is just as bad. In every script he manages to find one word or phrase which is, for him, a tongue-twister, and before he goes on the air he repeats this tongue-twister again and again, in an agony of apprehension lest he mispronounce it. But he hardly ever does.

When he talks about the war, away from the mike, Spike always gets excited. You can see him working himself up into a state of irritation. First he takes a handful of coins from his pocket and jingles them from one hand to another. Pretty soon this isn't enough to express his feelings, so he jumps to his feet and begins pacing around the room, talking faster and louder all the time. Any Jap or German enemy who wandered into the room just then wouldn't get much mercy from the enraged Spike.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00 9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15 9:15	NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45 9:45	CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00 10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00 10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15 10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15 10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30 10:30	CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45	NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00 11:00	CBS: Victory Begins at Home
8:00	10:00 11:00	Blue: Orphans of Divorce
8:00	10:00 11:00	NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15 11:15	Blue: Moonbeam Hill
10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30 11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
10:30	11:30	NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45 11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15 12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15 1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00 2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00 2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15 2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15 2:15	NBC: Arnold's Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30 2:30	Blue: News
11:30	1:30 2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45 2:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45 2:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45 2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00 3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30	Blue: News
12:30	2:30 3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
3:00	4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00 4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15	CBS: Highways to Health
1:15	3:15 4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30	CBS: News
1:30	3:30 4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15 5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30 5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:45	4:45 5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45 5:45	Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00 6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15 6:15	CBS: Dorothy Killgallen
7:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:30	5:30 6:30	NBC: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45 6:45	CBS: The World Today
6:45	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00	Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00 7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
3:15	6:15 7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15 7:15	NBC: European News
9:30	6:30 7:30	CBS: How 'm I Doin'?
4:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:30	6:30 7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30 7:30	NBC: Grand Central Station
9:00	7:00 8:00	CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
9:15	7:00 8:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
7:00	8:00	NBC: Cities Service Concert
5:30	7:30 8:30	Blue: Meet Your Navy
7:30	8:30	NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55 8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00 9:00	CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
6:00	8:00 9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30 9:30	CBS: First Nighter
6:30	8:30 9:30	Blue: Dinah Shore
6:30	8:30 9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30 9:30	NBC: Plantation Party
6:55	8:55 9:55	CBS: Ginny Simms
7:00	9:00 10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00 10:00	Blue: Elsa Maxwell
7:15	9:15 10:15	CBS: Wherever You Are
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00 CBS: The World Today	8:00 NBC: News
	8:15 NBC: Eton Boys	
	8:30 NBC: Dick Leibert	
	8:45 CBS: Adelaide Hawley	8:45 Blue: String Ensemble
	8:45 NBC: News	
8:00	9:00 CBS: Press News	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00 NBC: Happy Jack	
8:15	9:15 CBS: Kenneth Spencer	9:15 NBC: Market Basket
8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate	9:30 NBC: Hank Lawson
9:00	10:00 Blue: Musical Millwheel	10:00 NBC: Reflections in Rhythm
9:30	10:30 CBS: Jones and I	10:30 NBC: The Wife Saver
9:45	10:45 NBC: Betty Moore	
10:00	10:00 NBC: Lincoln Highway	
8:15	10:15 11:15 CBS: God's Country	
8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend	10:30 11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30 11:30 NBC: America the Free	
10:45	11:45 CBS: Hillbilly Champions	
9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today	11:00 12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time	
10:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: Ilka Chase	
10:00	12:00 1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez	12:00 1:00 NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science	12:30 1:30 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: Juan Arvizu	
11:00	1:00 2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books	1:00 2:00 Blue: Paul Laval Orch.
11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC: U. S. Marine Band	
11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies	1:30 2:30 Blue: Elwood Gary
12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: County Journal	2:00 3:00 NBC: Patti Chapin
12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: On the Home Front	
12:30	2:30 3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit	2:30 3:30 NBC: Music For Everyone
1:00	3:00 4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook	3:00 4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC: Weekend Whimsy	
1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC: Air Youth of America	
2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC: Doctors at Work	
2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC: In a Sentimental Mood	
7:45	5:00 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt	5:00 6:00 Blue: Dance Music
3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America	
3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News	
3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today	5:45 6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC: Three Suns Trio	
9:45	6:00 7:00 All Networks: THIS IS WAR	
4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Kay Thompson & Co.	6:30 7:30 Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30 7:30 NBC: Ellyery Queen	
8:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo	7:00 8:00 Blue: The Green Hornet
8:30	7:00 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose	
8:30	7:30 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby	7:30 8:30 Blue: Swap Night
8:00	7:30 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences	
9:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE	8:00 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30 9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands	8:30 9:30 Blue: Rochester Orchestra
6:45	8:45 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade	
7:00	9:00 10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing	9:00 10:00 Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Review	
7:15	9:15 10:15 CBS: Public Affairs	
7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC: Hot Copy	
7:45	9:45 10:45 CBS: News of the World	

If you ever meet Fibber McGee's persistent heckler, Mrs. Uppington, this is the way she'll look at you.



Not so Fashionable

AS any listener to Fibber McGee and Molly knows, there is one mystery that fitfully agitates the entire population of Wistful Vista, but which probably never will be solved. It is the puzzle of Who Threw the Rock Through Mrs. Uppington's Window?

The center of the controversy, of course, is Mrs. Uppington herself—Wistful Vista's self-appointed dictator on etiquette, social position, fashions, and anything else she happens to think about. Mrs. Uppington isn't the nicest woman who ever lived, and so it's only fair to point out that Isabel Randolph, who originated the character on the air and still plays it, is friendly, clever, and not at all super-fashionable.

Isabel—or "Uppy," as Fibber always calls her both on and off the air—is a born and bred actress. Her first appearance on the stage wasn't even a "walk-on"—it was a "carry-on" at the age of six months. Her mother did the carrying while she and Isabel's father were acting in a Chicago theater. As a child actress she was already playing roles that sometimes called for gray wigs, and as a young woman she acted with such stars as Blanche Ring, Richard Bennett, Walter Connolly, and Lenore Ulric.

Then she married J. C. Ryan, a Chicago newspaperman, and retired from the stage to become the mother of two daughters. After she saw the children through the baby stages she went back to acting on a part-time basis, mostly for amusement. The hobby turned into a real profession, though, when her husband died and

she shouldered the task of supporting herself and the two little girls. That was when she entered radio, in Chicago.

Isabel didn't realize the importance of the day in 1937 when she first played Mrs. Uppington on the McGee and Molly program, which was then broadcasting from Chicago. But it was the popularity of Uppy that kept her on the show and eventually brought about her departure to Hollywood, where she not only kept right on broadcasting but began appearing in movies too. You've seen her in the McGees' picture, "Look Who's Laughing," as well as in "Take a Letter, Darling," "My Favorite Blonde," and "Ride 'Em Cowboy."

Her two daughters are grown up now. Lenore, the elder, works in a motion picture studio, but not as an actress. Isabel, Jr., besides bearing her mother's name, is trying to follow in her footsteps, and has acted in several Max Reinhardt productions.

Isabel is an animal fancier. She has a jet black alley cat, Sir Peter, who has made three transcontinental trips, and a pedigreed white Persian, called Puddin', who has won her weight in blue ribbons. Patty, a cocker spaniel, is queen of the household. Maybe you've noticed that the names of all her pets begin with P. That's on purpose, and when a new addition, another cocker, joined the family, Isabel considered Patience and Penny, among other names. But the course of events in the world changed her mind—and the new cocker was christened Victory.

SHE'S Engaged

(below) **SALLIE HAMILTON** and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.

HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.



When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

SHE'S Lovely!

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm not going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a *twice-over* creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big jars*.



SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

She uses Pond's!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream



Everything's Funny But Love

Continued from page 9

permission. And after Red, come to think of it, had borrowed three dollars from Edna to pay for the license.

That loan to the average woman would have been the fatal hint, the stitch in time. But not to Edna. True, Red was broke, he worked irregularly, and he was underpaid. But it was equally true—at least to Edna—that he had great things in him. They needed only to be brought out.

THE Skelton symphony had been written almost exclusively in a minor key, Edna Stillwell discovered in due time. Born in Vincennes, Indiana, shortly after the death of his father, a former circus clown, he was the youngest of a brood of four for whom the widow Skelton wrested a living by serving as laundress, elevator operator and even scrub-woman. At eight, he was selling newspapers. At ten, he was doing impromptu entertaining in Vincennes pool halls. At eleven, he was working in a department store after school and putting on a one-man variety show after supper wherever he could draw a crowd. And at twelve, he had left Vincennes in the care and custody of one Dr. Lewis, proprietor of a medicine show.

Comedian on a medicine show at twelve, a minstrel performer at fourteen, and burlesque buffoon at sixteen! He was doing a trick at a Kansas City burlesque palace as a full-fledged funny man, no less, when the manager of the Pantages saw his show, was delighted with the Skelton repertoire and nimble mind, and signed him up for a week at the Pantages. He was so fired with joy at reaching the turning point in his career—"going legit," they call it in the parlance of the trade—that the ink on the contract was hardly dry before he was traipsing over to the Pantages to inspect its sacred realms. He was standing there in the middle aisle, feasting his eyes on the huge house where he was about to make his debut, when he caught sight of her coming up the aisle. There was something about her at once pert yet challenging, soft yet spirited, efficient yet feminine. He strolled up to her, smiled, and said: "Now I know why my hand trembled when I was signing to play the Pantages." You know what Edna told him.

These things about Red, Edna discovered one by one as the marriage progressed. What she also discovered was the fact that while Red was a magnificent entertainer, he was a poor salesman. She didn't tell him about her discovery. Instead, she waited until he got his next nibble from a prospective employer and called on the p. e., herself—solo. And without so much as a "Would you mind, Red?" "I don't get it," the cigar-smoking

impresario protested. "Everyone knows Red's price is \$75 a week. Where do you get this \$100 stuff?"

"That's the new price," she said, matter-of-factly.

He mumbled something, chewed hard on his cheroot, and nodded. It was a deal.

Was Red happy to learn that his wife had gotten him up into the three-figure class? He was not.

"Any day now and you'll be doing my routines," he said frostily.

"You never can tell," Edna said.

It wasn't smooth sailing, mind you, even with Edna at the tiller. By degrees she waltzed him out of the walkathons and into the nightclubs where he got \$300 a week. And even \$400. But only when he worked, of course. The trouble was that the lay-off periods were so long that they consumed what capital they managed to lay by, what with traveling expenses, living at the right hotel, and all that. There were times when Edna Skelton wondered if she hadn't aimed her sights a little too high,

leaned over. "The man on your left," she whispered, "the man with the lavender tie."

Red looked and blinked. A Casper Milquetoast of a man was dunking his doughnut, dunking it furtively.

"I don't see it," Red said as they were going up the elevator.

"I'll put it in writing," Edna said.

The rest is history. Edna wrote a little skit about a coffee-dunking little man. The skit got Red into Loew's State, at a fabulous figure. From then on Edna never stopped writing. True, she was stymied a bit when Red was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where they have a few pretty good writers on salary and all of them rugged individualists who don't especially welcome collaboration from the outside. But when he landed that Tuesday night radio program, she came out of her momentary retirement with a bonanza of gags, jests, and quips to stuff into the program like plums in a pudding.

"She hatches 'em, I tell 'em," Red says admiringly.



Say Hello To -

VERA BARTON—discovered by CBS and featured on her own sustaining shows on that network. A few months ago Vera was just a nineteen-year-old Brooklyn girl with ambitions to be a singer and nothing much else. Then CBS heard a test record she'd made and signed her up almost before she knew what was happening. Originally Vera was a dancer, the daughter of a Brooklyn accordion manufacturer. Her only previous singing experience was a few months' work with small local bands. She's still pretty bewildered by her sudden success, but that doesn't mean she isn't enjoying it. Her best friend is her sister Virginia, who plays the piano when Vera sings. You'll be hearing her voice on records.

times when they went hungry. But somehow she'd always manage to rustle up a little money, mostly through her mother whom she had talked into liking Red, so much, as a matter of fact, that once when Red was in straits, Mrs. Stillwell pawned a pair of gold teeth—right out of her mouth. Everything else—just about—was already in hock.

"The break will come, Red," Edna used to tell her disconsolate funny man when things looked hopeless.

THE break was bound to come and it did come. Of course, Edna had a hand in it, but then . . .

It happened in Montreal. Red had just done six weeks at the Club Lido and was buying the tickets back to New York when he ran into a vaudeville producer named Harry Angers. Mr. Angers was in a hurry but he did stop long enough to tell Red that he thought his Club Lido stuff was swell.

"Dream up a new routine and I'll bill you as headliner at Loew's State," Mr. Angers said.

A new routine? The man must be out of his mind. Routines take time to whip up. Also, the classy ones—the kind that rate Loew's—cost big dough.

"I've got an idea, Red," Edna said, as they sat there eating their farewell breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. She

eat carrots and his colored man Friday is eternally pestering Red to teach him to be a camera-man.

Redna Rancho, as they call it, has about it a delightfully insane quality. The master has a telephone phobia and never picks one up so that the mistress can be calling from downtown for a solid hour and get no answer, unless Lottie May is about. There is a tiny theater on the place and thither repair Red's guests, mostly vaudevillians, to sing or dance for their supper. Schedules are frowned about as if they were a device of the devil. Business callers, and even studio executives, tell of visiting Redna Rancho and discovering the master engrossed with electric trains which chug over a maze of track spread out over the living room.

It's a wonderful household and a wonderful marriage. Red is forever talking about Edna. When he isn't talking about her or just sitting with her nights in the Skelton living room, he is dining with her at Romanoff's or dancing with her at the Mocambo.

Every now and then when he picks up the check (colossal) and automatically does a double-take, he thinks back over the years and remembers when the two went hungry, and asks:

"Could we be in the wrong pew by any chance?"

*"Want to be Attractive?
Then make Daintiness
SURE"*



IDA LUPINO



THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

"A daily Lux Soap beauty bath," she says, "makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

You'll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You'll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

When a Girl Marries

Continued from page 23

this old Mrs. Ashbey practically stole the child's inheritance. That's why I'm trying to get Lola away from her, into a decent home. When I prove . . ." His words trailed off as all three heard the front door flung open. In the silence, Phil strode into the room.

His thin, handsome face was flushed, and under the dark, pointed brows, his eyes looked bitter. He made his apologies—if such they could be called—very brief.

"Sorry to be late," he said to Joan and Harry. "Got held up on business." He pointedly ignored Eve.

He had gotten held up, Joan thought, on the business of a cocktail or two. He was, obviously, intoxicated and she knew with sudden insight that it wasn't for the first time, in the last few weeks.

They tried to greet him naturally, to draw him into the conversation. But he refused to be drawn. He sat beside Joan on the couch, his arm lying possessively on the cushions at her back, and monopolized her. He was unnaturally gay, and it was "Joanie, remember this," and "remember that," as he called up old days on the Ridge. Joan struggled manfully for a while to make the talk include the others but he would have none of it. Finally she sent a pleading glance across to Harry.

Phil caught the look. "She's still making eyes at you, Harry, after six months of marriage. Lucky, lucky fellow."

"I guess we're both lucky," Harry said quietly. "You've got Eve, and I've got Joan, and neither of 'em have kicked us out yet."

"Yeah. I've got Eve and you've got—Joan." The flat, bitter irony lay so heavily in his voice none of them could miss it. There was a painful pause. Then Phil went on, "What do you think, Joanie? Think you and Eve are lucky, too? Have things turned out like you—expected?"

SUDDENLY she remembered a night months ago, a night when Phil had pleaded desperately, violently, that she marry him instead of Harry. She had argued with him, urging him to forget her. Now her words came back, ringing in her ears. Go out with other girls, Phil. Go out with Eve Topping, for instance. She's the sort of girl who could make you happy. Phil had looked at her queerly, and then, shortly after, had come their unexpected elopement. Was he trying to remind her of those words now, with that horrible bitterness in his voice?

Unsteadily she got to her feet. "I know we're lucky," she answered him. "And I know, too, we must be going. Ready, Harry?"

Somehow they managed to get into hats and coats, to make polite good-byes to Eve. She held her head high, but her cheeks were like ice when Joan kissed her, and the shadows under her eyes lay like smudged soot.

Out in the friendly darkness, Joan clung to Harry's arm. "Wasn't it awful?" she moaned. "Poor Eve. What in the world got into Phil?"

"I don't know," Harry said gloomily, "but I wish I'd socked him. Practically insulting his own wife and fawning over mine—"

"He was tight. He didn't know what he was doing. He really loves

Eve—I'm sure he does."

"I'm not."

"Oh, Harry, he must love her. She loves him desperately and—"

"That doesn't prove anything. If you want to know what I think, it's that he married Eve on the rebound. And furthermore," he went on, his voice rising, "I think he's still in love with you."

She stopped stockstill and faced him. "Oh, no!" she cried. "He can't be."

"Why not? He was, eight months ago. Just because he married Eve in the meantime doesn't mean his feelings have changed for you."

"But he only *thought* he was in love



Overheard

EDDIE CANTOR on Time to Smile, NBC:

Here's a formula for your domestic life—

If you recognize the symptoms of a hoppy mon ond wife.

If he embroces

An ongel in loecs

When it's just o colico dress,

If oll of his kisses

Are soved for the missus,

THAT'S MY PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS!

When times ore slock

And things look block,

And trouble seems to mount,

A gentle touch

Con meon so much,

It's the little things that count!

It's not eesy pickin's,

We work like the dickens,

For eoch little glimpse of success.

Whot do we fight for?

And slove doy ond night for?

Thot certoin someone's coress!

THAT'S MY PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS.



with me. I told you that long ago, when we were married." She was almost pleading, as if, by words, she could thrust out the thought that upset their serenity.

"Then he still thinks so." He began to walk on. "But as long as he does, we just can't see them any more. What Phil feels and what he does about it, is his own business. By being mixed up in it, we would only make it worse—for everybody. Surely you can see that."

"Yes," she murmured. "I see that. I guess we can't—see them any more."

But the cozy warmth of their own little cottage seemed different that night. It was no longer a bastion behind which each was sufficient to the other. Something from the outer world had broken through, something alien and disturbing. All that night, snatches of the evening kept recurring as Joan tried to sleep—Eve's strained face, Phil's bitterness. And she knew, from the muffled movements in the bed next to hers, that Harry was restless too. . . .

It was in her mind all morning as she went about her dusting and polishing and cooking. When Phil appeared at noon, sheepishly contrite and bearing a large bunch of flowers, he was like a thought materialized.

"I came to apologize for last night," he said soberly. "I guess I was pretty bad. I—well, I just didn't know what I was doing."

"We realized that, Phil. It's all right."

"That's what Harry said when I went by his office this morning. He's a swell guy, Joan. Say, this is cozy back here in the kitchen. How's for letting me sit awhile?"

She gave him a sandwich and a glass of milk, and they ate lunch at each end of the kitchen table. They laughed, remembering the times when they were children that they'd driven poor Annie out of her wits, making messes in the big Field kitchen.

"How is Eve?" Joan asked finally.

The change in his face was so abrupt she was startled. He looked worried, suddenly, and unhappy. "All right, I guess." He leaned forward and began tracing a pattern on the tablecloth with the salt shaker. "Gosh, Joan, I don't know what's the matter. Eve's a swell girl and all that, but I'm not good for her, or something. We fight all the time."

"Oh, Phil! Not serious fighting?"

He grinned ruefully. "It seems serious when we're at it. Over anything and everything—money, or my father's attitude toward her, or just because I'm late for dinner or whether to go to a movie or not. Sometimes I think we can't go on being married."

"But you must go on! Eve loves you terribly. And she can make you happy if you would only—"

"If I would only let her?" he asked wryly. "Yes. I know it's mainly my fault. But it looks as if I keep thinking of something else—comparing what I've got with what I might have had—with you, Joan."

"Please don't say that. You know it isn't true. You're just hanging on to a feeling that doesn't exist any more. You don't really love me, Phil. And you know I love Harry."

"Yes. I know."

"Then go back to Eve and really work at making your marriage a success. I know it can be if you'll just give her a fair chance."

"Maybe you're right," he said slowly. "You always are. Well—" He broke off. From the front hall someone was calling, "Yoo-hoo—anybody home?"

"It's Eve," he whispered.

A quick tap of high heels and then Eve was in the doorway. "I was just—" She stopped as if a rough hand had suddenly throttled her. Her gaze swept their startled faces, the empty plates, the whole scene of guilty, secret intimacy that confronted her. "Oh," she said.

The eyes she turned on Joan were hard as flint. "I thought you might want to go to market with me. But I see you've got company . . ." She said it flippantly, carelessly, like a challenge.

"We were just—" They began simultaneously, and stopped. Then Joan picked it up. "Phil dropped in a minute to talk about last night. He

Continued on page 50



WANTED— A HUNGRY NATION!

It's healthy to be hungry at mealtime—to have an appetite. And one of America's greatest blessings is that it has the variety and quality of foods with which to satisfy the hunger of good health.

We want a strong nation—sturdy—active. This is why appetizing foods, temptingly served, make so great a contribution to our health.

VOLUMES have been written about the all-important vitamins and minerals and other factors which are distributed by nature through our food supply. Much more *should* be said about these essentials.

But let's not forget that the best fuel won't run your car without a spark to ignite it. Perhaps not enough has been said about the appealing color of certain foods, about the

crunchy, satisfying flavor of other dishes, about the mouth-watering goodness of still other things to eat.

And so those foods which appeal to our senses and which we eat with relish and gusto also do their part in mealtime morale building, in satisfying that very human thing called the appetite!

Many a wholesome food is offered to you with no greater claim to fame than that it looks or tastes good. And, in fact, the foods that are good for you do taste good. Don't neglect these foods nor the merchants who offer them to you. They contribute to our government's program for a strong nation.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio & Television Mirror.

THE MAGIC FOODS

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



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

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



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

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



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

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

Food will build a NEW America

was just getting ready to leave."

It sounded wrong and awkward. It sounded too explanatory.

"You mean you were about to send him running home to mother? I'm sure," she said with deadly sweetness, "he'd always do what you told him to, Joanie. Well, don't bother. I've got some errands to do."

And she was gone, the high heels tapping hard against the floor.

"Wait!" Joan called. "Eve—wait!"

"Let her go," Phil said. "You can't explain anything now."

"But she thinks—heaven knows what she thinks. I've got to make her understand."

"She will, in time. You'll only make things worse running after her now." He shrugged into his coat. "Well, thanks for the lunch and the good advice. I'll go along now and—take my medicine."

And so the second link was forged in that invisible chain of circumstances, binding them all, irrevocably, to the future. . . .

JOAN told Harry what had happened, that evening. He listened thoughtfully, pacing up and down, until she was through.

"I wish it hadn't happened," he said slowly. "Not that Eve won't understand when she's calmer. But I wish he hadn't come here alone like that, when I wasn't home."

The days that followed weren't pleasant ones. A pall had fallen over the little house, and the sense of the alien presence Joan had felt the night of the Stanleys' dinner seemed to increase. Harry was busy with the Ashbey case day and night and, for the first time, Joan felt alone too much with her thoughts.

Mrs. Field came several times, bringing her usual air of disapproval with her. "How you can stand it living way over here, never seeing anybody, is more than I can see," she said. "You'll regret it, Joan, eventually. Harry has no right to keep you shut off from your friends like this and you shouldn't let him get away with it."

Before, Joan had been able to shrug off her mother's complaints. Now they only made her unhappy. Maybe she was alone too much—not for the reasons her mother suggested but because—well, because the shadow of Phil and Eve seemed to color all her thoughts these days. She hadn't seen them since the day of Phil's visit, and

she couldn't help wondering whether or not things had been patched up between them.

She thought a little wistfully of all the names Eve had mentioned on her first visit. All old friends, and she didn't know anything about any of them now. And least of all about Eve and Phil.

On an impulse she called Julia King. It was fun to hear her excited comments, to be welcomed "back from the dead" as Julia put it, and to congratulate her on Don's big new job at the defense plant. And when Julia asked, "And when are we going to meet your Harry?" Joan said,

"You and Don have dinner with us at the Tavern Friday night." Just like that.

She hung up the phone, her heart beating fast. It would be fun to go to the Tavern again where all the gang used to hang out, to dine and dance and talk.

But Harry wasn't the least bit excited when she told him of the date. He looked up from the law book where he was studying some obscure precedent, and frowned.

"Honey, I wish you hadn't. We can't afford to run with people like the Kings."

"Oh, pooh, what difference does it make if they have more money than we do? They don't care—they're not that kind of people. We'll just be seeing old friends of mine that I know you'll like. I want to show you off, anyway."

He ran his hands through his hair. "I know they're nice and I'd like to meet them, but they don't live our kind of life. You put their kind behind you when we married. You knew you were going to be tied down to a poor man—"

"Don't talk that way. I'm not tied down. I love the way we live. I just want to—see somebody again."

"I know you're lonely, Joan. And I've often wished you could see some of your friends in the afternoons, when I'm at the office. But right now, with this case coming up—"

"That case is all you think about!" she burst out. "You're at it all day, and then every night when you come home. I never even see you any more."

"This case, Joan, is the biggest I've ever had. Our whole future might depend on my winning it. If you'd only understand—"

"It's you who won't understand."

They faced each other suddenly like two strangers. Each was alone with his own hurt, his own feeling of separateness. For a tense moment they stood like that, angry, hostile. Then Joan whirled away from him and flung herself toward the couch. She lay there, sobbing, her face buried in the pillows.

HARRY followed, slowly. He stood looking down at the tangle of blonde curls that was all he could see as she burrowed deeper, like a kitten. Then he stooped and fumbled for her shoulders.

"Don't, honey. Don't cry. I'm sorry I was cross."

She sat up and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling, it's my fault. We were nearly quarrelling and I can't stand it! Don't let's ever again. I'll call the Kings and tell them not to come."

He pulled her closer. "No. As long as you've asked them, we'll go through with it. I've been selfish, I guess, and—once won't hurt."

And the sharp edges of the disagreement were smoothed over with kisses and words and promises. But the pleasure of looking forward to Friday night was gone, and Joan had almost a sense of foreboding as she dressed for the date.

It was heightened when Harry called to say he would be late. "Something's come up," he said. "You go on and meet the Kings and I'll join you just as soon as I possibly can. I'm sorry, honey, but it can't be helped."

She didn't like going alone, but there was nothing else to do. The Kings greeted her with shouts of joy. It was wonderful to see her, they said, and have her back in the fold. Joan explained about Harry, and they took a table to wait. The Kings told her all the gossip about everything—about everybody except the Stanleys, and Joan couldn't bring herself to mention them. She couldn't do it casually enough, she decided. If she waited long enough, the Kings would mention them.

Harry was nearly an hour late, and when he arrived he looked dog-tired. His shirt was rumpled, and lines of fatigue etched deeply around his eyes.

They ordered dinner, and then Don said jovially, "You work too hard, fella. Why don't you join the Club and get in some golf occasionally? Nothing like a good game and a shower to relax you."

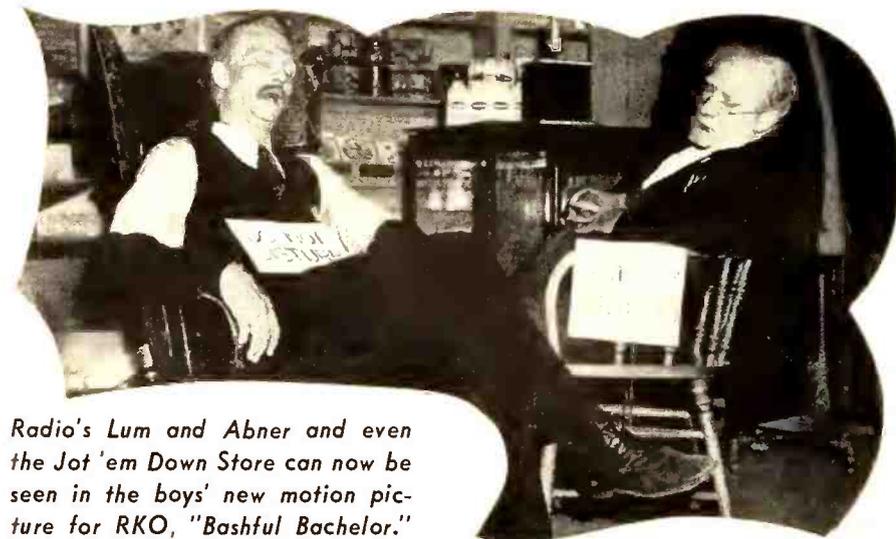
"Sorry," Harry said pleasantly. "We can't afford a membership. I'll have to relax some other way."

"Oh, yes, everybody's cutting down these days," Julia put in hurriedly. "We've let the maid go, and the cook and I are dividing her work between us. I must say I don't mind doing housework at all. I feel it's my patriotic duty. Don't you, Joan?"

Joan laughed. "I do all my own work. I love it."

"You do! Don, listen. Joan does all her own work. Isn't that cute?"

Joan stole a glance at Harry. He looked a little grim. She changed the subject quickly and then, before she knew it, they were talking about people again—people Harry didn't know. He interjected a polite "Yes?" or "Is that so?" but in spite of all she could do, he was outside. And he felt it. She knew his weariness made him sensitive and he sensed, as plainly as



Radio's Lum and Abner and even the Jot 'em Down Store can now be seen in the boys' new motion picture for RKO, "Bashful Bachelor."

she, that he was the foreigner in this tight little world that was reaching out to claim her again.

A little later, Julia said, "Have you heard about the Stanleys? My dear, they just don't get on at all. I heard that Phil is spending half his time at his mother's house now, where Eve is definitely not welcome."

"Phil's probably still brooding about not getting Joan," Don said. "I swear I never saw a fellow so crazy about a girl as he was about you, Joan. Of course, we are all pretty sore at you for getting married and going out of circulation so we never see you any more."

IT WAS heavy-handed and without malice, but Harry stiffened. "I wasn't aware," he said crisply, "that Joan's marriage was such a catastrophe to the community."

"Oh, now, look here," Don King was instantly contrite. "I didn't mean it that way at all. I just meant that—well, we've missed seeing her and—er—"

"Because I've kept her hidden over on the other side of town?"

Julia tried to come to the rescue. "I'm dying to see your little house, Joan," she said brightly. "I've never seen Fox Meadow Lane. It must be darling—so quaint, and all."

"Yes, you must come," Harry said politely. "Slumming is so good for the soul, don't you think?"

That pretty well ended the evening. Joan sat miserably as she watched it peter out. It might have been her fault in the first place, she thought, but Harry need not have acted so—so defensive. After the stiff goodnights were said, she told him so on their way home.

"How do you expect me to act? All I heard all evening was how I'd taken you away from them, the good times you were missing out on, and a lot of nonsense about people I never heard of. Along with implications about how dreadful it was for you to be poor. How could I just sit there and take it?"

She had never heard his voice so bitter. She had never felt so shut off from him.

"I knew it wouldn't work," he continued, "and it didn't. I don't belong with those people. And as for their cracks about Phil Stanley—"

He left the sentence hanging, and she didn't take it up. Silently they put the car in the garage and walked around the house in the darkness, not touching. Once inside, maybe she could make him see her side of it, could reach him again. Once inside—

A dark form rose from the front steps as they came up. In the starlight, they could see Phil's taut, strained face. He spoke before they could say a word.

"Joan, I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you!" He sounded desperate.

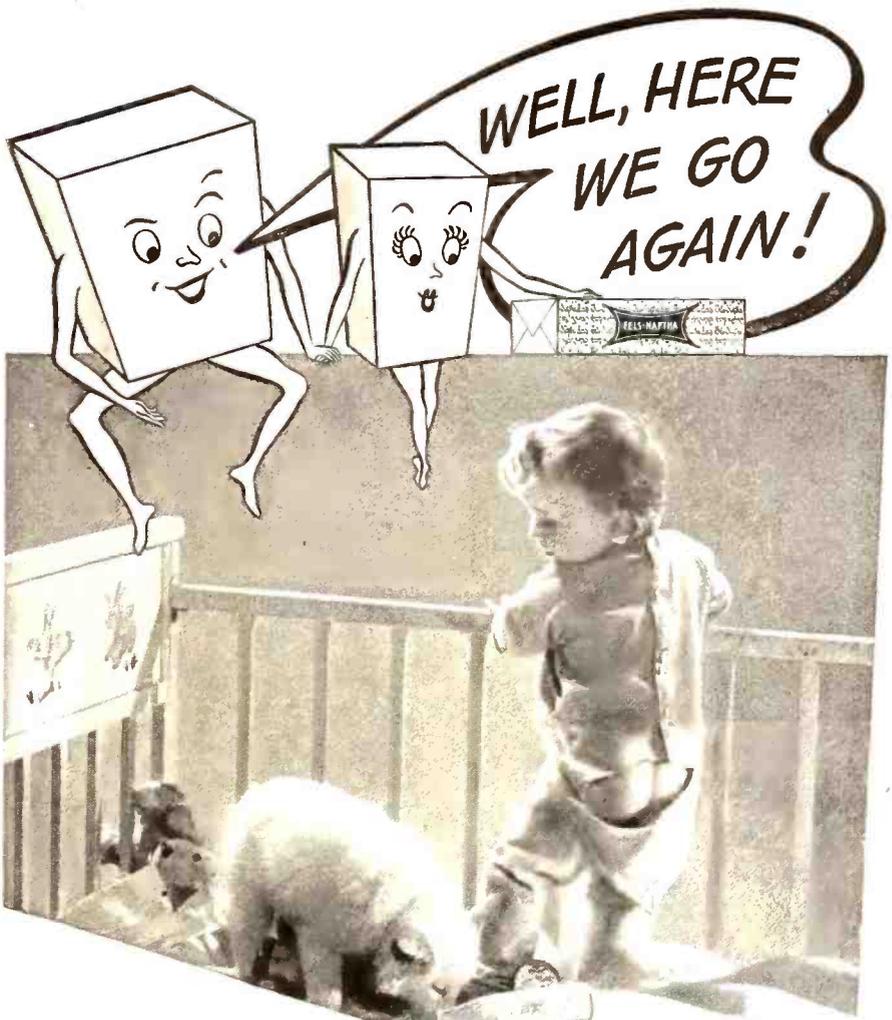
"But what's wrong, Phil?"

"Everything's wrong. Maybe you weren't so smart getting me to marry Eve—"

She felt Harry start. He turned to her. "What's he talking about—your getting him to marry Eve?"

"I—I don't know," she whispered above the pounding of her heart.

Slowly the outer world is encroaching on the happiness Joan and Harry thought was so secure. What has brought Phil on this midnight errand—and what will his visit mean to Joan? Don't miss next month's instalment of "When a Girl Marries."



It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day.

And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, *no one* gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naphtha and richer *golden* soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Isn't it time to get curious?



HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you? Not even wondering if another, newer kind of napkin might be softer? Well—wait till you hear what happened when 12,000 women made an astonishing test—then see what happens to your habit. Just prick up your ears to this...



12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT of buying a certain kind of napkin. But then they compared their usual napkin with Modess.* And guess what! 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that Modess was actually *softer*! Now doesn't that start you wondering? Let go your old habit—and catch on to a new kind of comfort! So...



GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! Try Modess! If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever tried, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price. The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted
Modess
softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—
Take your pick when you buy Modess!

Facing the Music

Continued from page 7

OFF THE RECORD

Tommy Dorsey (Victor 27782) "What Is This Thing Called Love"—"Love Sends A Little Gift of Roses." Superior in performance and styling to any of the month's record crop. Connie Haines handles the Cole Porter lyrics.

Claude Thornhill (Columbia 36527) "Lamp of Memory"—"Memory Lane." A haunting tune that cropped up in Latin America and will find no trouble in winning many listeners here. Thornhill's piano playing is still a joy.

Bing Crosby (Decca 4184) "Moonlight Cocktail"—"I Don't Want to Walk Without You." A catchy little number right down the master's alley. The reverse is already too familiar.

Hal McIntyre (Victor 27803) "When the Roses Bloom Again"—"Tangerine." A new band that insists on getting on the recommended lists despite tough competition. Intelligent phrasing and interesting arrangements.

Woody Herman (Decca 4176) "String of Pearls"—"Las Chiapanecas." Best

effect, but results are starting to materialize. The band is currently playing in New York's Hotel Edison with a plentiful assortment of those valuable Mutual and CBS wires, cutting a number of Bluebird records, and lining up a nice summer of one-nighters and theater dates.

The band is attracting listeners and dancers because of its novelty—nine saxophonists, who double on clarinets and flutes, and blend harmoniously with the orthodox rhythm combination of piano, drums, bass, and guitar. No one seems to miss the trumpets and trombones.

Shep had this idea more than five years ago, but he couldn't formulate it because his other novelty—rippling rhythm—was sweeping the country and sweeping in the shekels for Shep.

"I always believed that woodwinds and reeds had never been properly used," explains Shep. "I think brass is necessary to certain stylized bands, but I had this basic theory that as long as the rhythm is there, people will dance."

Shep is now thirty-one. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., he was given a saxophone for his thirteenth birthday. His college course was cut short when his father died and Shep had to help contribute to the family income. He did it by organizing a dance band among his friends. As they gained experience they found no trouble in getting engagements and soon settled into the groove as a competent society band. But even then, Shep was style-conscious.

He knew he had to develop some kind of style to click. But his band was five years old before he concocted rippling rhythm. He and his wife hit upon the idea quite accidentally when they were in a Chicago ice cream parlor. The rest is dance band history.

Shep could have recouped some of his loss when he changed styles by selling his copyrighted rippling rhythm. But for sentimental reasons, he never gave it up.

"I still feel soft about it every time I drink a soda," he says.

The new band has a boy singer—Ken Curtis—but Shep has had some difficulty in acquiring a girl vocalist. He wants one with both a good voice and good looks, but so far hasn't found her.

Shep and his wife have been married eight years. They live on Central Park West in Manhattan with their two and a half year old baby daughter, Jo Ann. Shep met his wife at a summer resort when he had his first band. He consults her on almost every one of his business ventures and she usually has the right answers.

Bespectacled and nervous, Shep has two more ideas up his sleeve. He plans to make his young daughter a musician and next month she gets her first piano lesson.

The other idea even frightens his wife.

"I want to play a concert in Carnegie Hall with one hundred reed and woodwind instruments playing everything from Bach to Berlin."

Lightning has already struck twice for Mr. Fields so by now he's pretty confident about it all.

THE MINUTE MAN



SAYS...

Our goal for 1942 is 60,000 fighting planes, 45,000 roaring tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns, 8,000,000 tons of shipping. You can help to speed up the day that we arrive at our goal, and VICTORY! Act now—Invest in Victory every pay day—Buy Defense Bonds, regularly, out of salary.

of the swing numbers. The B side is a Mexican mimicry of "Deep in the Heart of Texas." Handclapping and all.

Benny Goodman (Okeh 6606) "My Little Cousin"—"Zoot Suit." A bargain disk of two new tunes that will get a big play on the airwaves. Topside has a familiar Jewish strain. The other is a jitterbug's vocabulary gone romantic.

Horace Heidt (Columbia 36526) "Deep in the Heart of Texas"—"Loretta." I think this is the best version of the applause anthem to the Lone Star state.

Freddy Martin (Bluebird 11453) "How Do I Know It's Real"—"If You Build a Better Mousetrap." Ably executed platter featuring Eddie Stone's ingratiating vocalizing.

Harry James (Columbia 36518) "I Remember You"—"Last Night I Said A Prayer." Highly-stylized trumpeting on a pair of popular tunes.

Maxine Sullivan (Decca 4154) "Blue Heaven"—"St. Louis Blues." Absent from the platters, her welcome return reveals a soft, soothing delivery on two oldies.

(Recommended Album: Decca's surprising Irene Dunne—Jerome Kern package. The screen star's voice never sounded better and the tunes make a perfect fit.)

Two in the Storm

Continued from page 37

happen here. He came to help build a—build a bulwark against the enemies of freedom! And you—you—dare come in here and tell my father to move along, as if he were a bum!"

"I—I didn't mean—I'm sorry," he stammered.

"You're sorry!" Karen flared out. "I'm sorry," she said sarcastically. "that we don't belong to the social register, so we could be eligible to camp on your wonderful beach! Exclusive summer colony, indeed! Why, your whole fancy colony isn't worth one of the mosquito boats my father can help to build. Boat! It isn't worth one mosquito!"

"All right, all right," the young man said placatingly. He grinned ingratiatingly. "You get mad awfully fast."

"It would be a good idea, if more people got mad faster," Karen said. "And don't try to change the subject!"

"Karen!" her father's voice called from outside.

The next moment, the door was thrown open and her father stepped in, bringing with him a gust of cold wind.

"Karen—down at the camp—" he stopped, seeing the stranger. "What's the matter, Karen?"

Karen's eyes flashed. "It seems we're camping on sacred ground, here," she said. She nodded toward the young man. "He says we'll have to move our trailer."

Her father's gray eyes clouded over. He frowned questioningly at the young man. "I am Lars Pedersen," he said. "What is the matter?"

"How do you do?" the young man said. "My name's Drake."

"Drake?" Lars repeated. "Not one—of—the—"

The young man nodded. "Yes. I'm Rand Drake. My father owns the Drake Speedboat Company."

KAREN could feel a hot flush creeping up her face. She turned away and pretended to be busy with her dishes. It wasn't that she hadn't meant all the things she'd said. She had, but now she was afraid that perhaps young Drake might spoil her father's chances to get a job.

"What have we done, Mr. Drake?" Lars asked.

"Well—uh—nothing, really," Rand Drake said. "I—that is, my mother thought," and he stressed the word mother, "that it would be more comfortable for you down near the boatyard. I understand it's pretty crowded, but—"

"It's more than crowded, Mr. Drake," Lars said quietly. "I've just come from there. There are several cases of pneumonia in camp and one case of typhoid—"

"Typhoid!" Karen almost dropped a glass. "I'd better go down there. Right away."

"Yes," her father said. "I came back to get you."

"But—but—" Rand Drake said. "Isn't that dangerous?"

Karen looked at him scornfully. "I'm a nurse," she said. She took her warm coat from its hook and pulled it on quickly. From a shelf over her bunk, she got her kit and turned toward the door.

"I—I guess I'd better go with you,"



Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

Use **FRESH #2** and stay fresher!

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

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think **FRESH #2** will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find **FRESH #2** will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* **FRESH #2** is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* **FRESH #2** is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use **FRESH #2**, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that **FRESH #2** is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. **FRESH**, Louisville, Ky.



Companion of **FRESH #2** is **FRESH #1**. **FRESH #1** deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.



GET YOUNG IDEAS —use Tampax



YOUTH sets the fashion in the world of today. The younger set does not hold back from trying new ideas and new ways. All through the country's famous colleges for young women, Tampax is especially in favor.

And why not? Progressive women know that Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally! No bulging "line" is possible and chafing is eliminated. Made of pure surgical cotton, it absorbs gently and naturally—permits no odor to form. Each Tampax comes sealed in one-time-use applicator, for quick and dainty insertion. Really you do not feel Tampax while wearing it, and disposal furnishes no problem at all.

Now 3 sizes of Tampax: Regular, Super, Junior. They meet every individual need. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N. J.

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Rand Drake said. "Something must be done about this."

The wind was strong and biting and Karen had to lean against it. She stopped for a moment and turned on Rand Drake. "By all means, come along, Mr. Drake," she said. "I'm sure if you tell those nasty germs what an exclusive colony this is, they'll all go away!"

She didn't wait to see what effect that would have on him. She turned into the wind and hurried as fast as she could over the shifting sand after her father. Hurrying like that, it didn't take them long to reach the camp.

It had seemed dreary enough the night before. Now, with the cold, gray light on it, it looked makeshift and inadequate. The skimpy, patched tents pulled at their moorings and made a wild, flapping noise as the wind beat against them. The trailers were sunk to their hubs in the sand and thin wisps of smoke struggled fitfully upward from an occasional campfire.

Karen was still seething with anger. What right had anyone to ask decent, honest, hardworking people to live like this? Suddenly, she found herself hating Rand Drake and everything he represented and hating herself even more, because she had allowed herself for just one moment to think he was nice and might be fun to know better.

"Last time I saw him, the doctor was in that third trailer," her father said.

Then, Karen forgot about Rand Drake. She forgot about everything but her work. All morning long, she and the doctor worked together, going from trailer to trailer, from tent to tent, striving feverishly to take care of everyone who needed attention, doing what they could to stave off an epidemic.

At one o'clock, the doctor said, "You'd better get something to eat and rest for a couple of hours."

Karen insisted she wasn't tired, but the doctor smiled sadly and advised her to rest while she had the chance. Karen's heart contracted with fear. She knew what he meant, although she had been trying to hide the truth from herself. Everything was against them. No matter how hard they worked, under these conditions, disease was going to run wild. They couldn't stop it.

A STORM was brewing and it wouldn't be many hours before it broke, Karen realized as she stepped out of the trailer. She shuddered with the thought of what that meant

to all those people in their flimsy tents, to the people, sick and healthy, huddled together in the stuffy trailers.

She didn't feel up to the half-mile walk on the exposed beach, so she made her way to the concrete road that ran along the shore. She had just stopped to catch her breath in the lee of one of the buildings belonging to the Drake Speedboat Company, when a door in the next building up the road opened and two men stepped out, Rand Drake and an older man.

"There!" the older man said, pointing across the road to where some men were unloading cement from trucks. "Work on the housing project will begin at once. The first unit will be ready in six weeks."

"But, Dad!" Rand Drake said, his voice almost as furious as the wind which bore it so clearly to Karen's ears. "Six weeks! The worst of the weather will be over by then. It will be summer. It's the next few weeks of rain and cold nights and storms that will be bad. It's awful down there. You have no idea what it's like. It's worse than a concentration camp!"

"I can't help it," his father said. "A beach resort like this has no facilities for such an increase in population."

"But someone's got to help those people," Rand Drake said.

"Look, son," the elder Drake said impatiently. "I have enough on my mind trying to get this plant open and working on those defense orders, without dabbling in social welfare."

"All right! I'll do something, then!" Rand Drake shouted. But his anger was lost on the air, for his father had already gone back inside to his office. Rand Drake stood there a moment and then hurried to a long, low car and got into it, banging the door savagely.

Suddenly, Karen realized she was smiling. She watched the car disappear down the road and for some strange reason a warming wave of happiness surged through her. As she trudged along the road, it occurred to her that she was certainly very inordinately happy, simply because she had discovered that she'd made a mistake about Rand Drake. What if he wasn't the snob she had thought him, she asked herself, what did that have to do with her? And then she realized that, in those first few minutes they had been together that morning, before she had found out what he wanted, something had happened to her.

"But that's stupid," she said aloud to the air. Her own voice, talking to



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no one, startled her. Then, she felt herself flushing with the knowledge that even if it was stupid, it was true. She tried to shake off this revelation, but she had little success.

She hurried along, telling herself it was ridiculous. She tried to be practical and sensible, but that only made her want to cry. She scolded herself. "You would be that kind of a fool," she muttered to herself, "falling in love with a millionaire's son." And, having admitted that, she saw the futility of it. The whole thing was impossible. There was nothing to do but forget about the whole thing. With which practical thought, she let herself into the trailer and threw herself on her bunk and cried.

AFTER awhile, her tears subsided and she lay there, wide eyed, and wondered at herself. She had never acted this way before. She would have to snap out of it. She had work to do and there was no time for this kind of nonsense. They had not come up here for a summer vacation. They had come to do a job of work, an important job, a job necessary for the safety of the country. And nothing must interfere with their doing it. Nothing.

That's what she had needed, she told herself. She had to have something real to hang on to. Now she felt better, she decided, and got up. She washed her face and changed into a warmer dress and started back toward the camp.

She was very sure she had it all straightened out in her mind. Yet, she couldn't stop the violent leaping of her heart, when she heard Rand Drake's voice calling to her as she passed the big house on the road.

"Miss Pedersen! Karen," he said, a little breathlessly, as he ran after her.

"Yes, Mr. Drake?" she said.

"I—" he smiled. "Look, call me Rand, will you? Just to distinguish between my father and me, hmm?"

Karen nodded, careful to keep her eyes from his.

"Karen," Rand said, "would you come inside for a minute, please?"

"Into your home?" Karen asked.

"What for?"
But he didn't wait for an answer. He took her hand and led her into the house. They walked through a wide, panelled hall and into a large, beautiful room.

"Mother," Rand said to a woman seated before the fireplace, "I'd like to introduce Miss Pedersen—Karen—"

"How do you do?" Mrs. Drake said. Karen said, "How do you do, Mrs. Drake?" and wondered what else was expected of her.

"You see, Mother?" Rand said. "She looks perfectly all right, doesn't she? A nice, pretty, young lady."

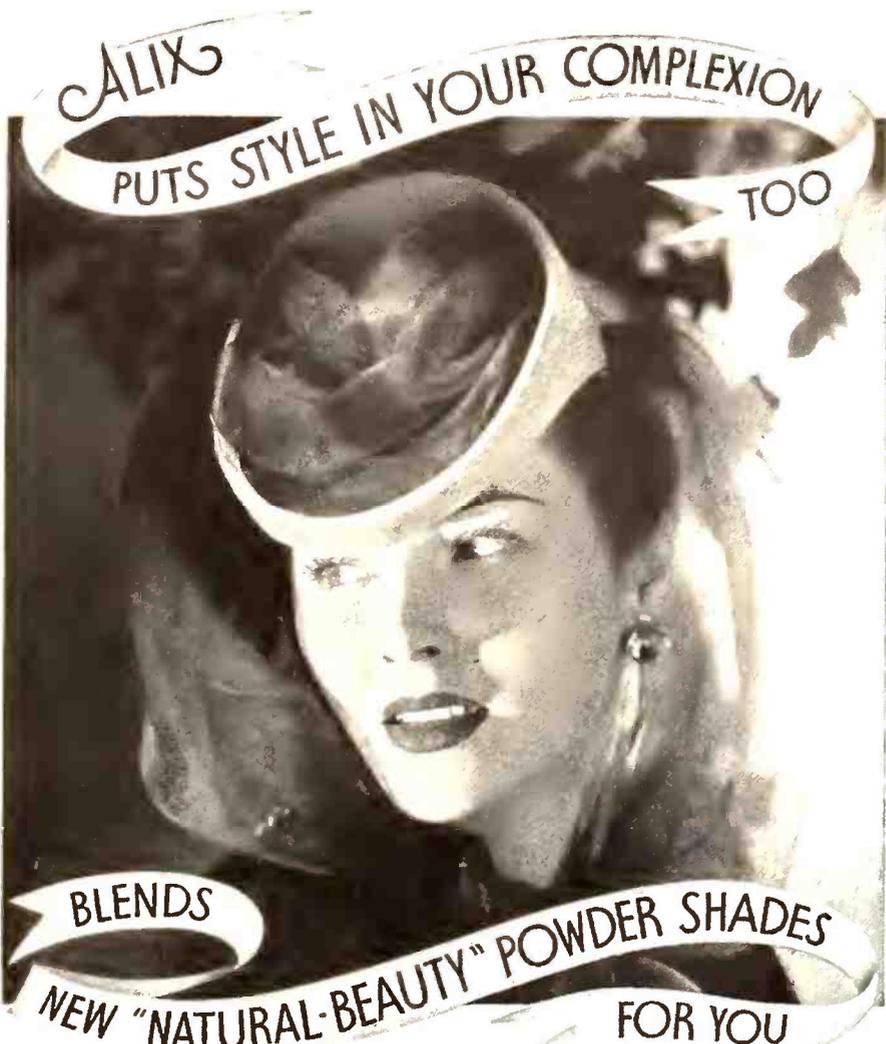
"Now Rand—" Mrs. Drake said.

Karen felt, suddenly, as though she had been doused with icy water. "Rand—Mr. Drake," she said angrily, "what are you making an exhibit of me for?"

Rand smiled and quieted her with a hand on her arm. "Now, don't get angry again. I just wanted Mother to see you—"

"Rand," Mrs. Drake said coldly, "you're being preposterous."

"No, I'm not, Mother," he grinned. He pressed Karen's arm and looked into her eyes. "I've been trying to talk Mother into making her friends let those workmen stay in their summer cottages. The season won't begin for another three or four weeks and



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there might be somewhere else for them all to live by then."

"Oh," Karen whispered, feeling small for having made another mistake about him.

"I refuse to discuss this any longer, Rand," his mother said, standing up. "You're old enough to know I couldn't possibly ask my friends to turn over their homes to strangers." Like a small, dainty queen, she walked regally out of the room.

RAND bit his lip and brushed back a shock of his dark hair. His other hand was still on Karen's arm and she felt as though it were burning her. She pulled free of him and said softly, "It was a good idea. Too bad it didn't work." She started for the door. "I've got to get back to the camp."

"I'll drive you down," Rand said, following her. "I'll think of something else."

They drove in silence for a few minutes. Then, Rand slapped the wheel. "Got it!" he said. "I'll see Finch."

"Who is he?" Karen asked.

"The real estate agent," Rand said.

"Oh," Karen said. "You know—Rand—I owe you an apology. I'm afraid I—well—I misjudged you this morning."

He took his eyes from the road for a second and the light in them made Karen go all to pieces inside. "Thanks," he grinned, "I was hoping you'd change your mind about me."

Somehow, Karen was a little disappointed. "You mean, you're doing all this to make an impression on me?" she asked.

He frowned slightly. "No—yes—" he said. "No. I mean, this morning, when I first saw you—maybe—yes, that was the idea. But, when I went down there and saw those people—well—it sort of turned into something else."

"That's better," Karen said.

He stopped the car to let her out. "See you in a little while," he said.

Karen felt unreasonably happy again. This time she didn't bother to worry about it. She just let herself sing inside and went to find the doctor.

She found him in a cold, wind-rattled tent, bending over a small child. The little girl was burning with fever and the doctor left Karen alone with her, while he went to get some more pneumonia serum. Karen sat down and held the little girl's hot hand. It was cold and draughty and comfortless there and Karen wished she could pick up the child and carry her to some warm, clean room. She thought of all the neat cottages along the road. And then, she thought of Rand. Maybe he could do it.

The doctor had come back with the serum and left again, before Rand returned. Karen only needed one look at his face to see that he had failed. She didn't even have to hear his bitter, "Finch refused. He wouldn't do it for any amount of rent."

Rand stood over the cot and stared down at the sick child. "These sick kids can't stay here," he said. "They should be in the hospital."

"The doctor tried—" Karen said. "The hospital won't take them."

"Why not?"

They both turned toward the flap of the tent and stared at Mrs. Drake. Tiny and proud, she stood looking in at them, her coat flapping against her legs and her hair tousled by the wind. "Why not?" she asked again.

"They're not residents," Karen said.

"What nonsense!" Mrs. Drake said. "Why didn't you tell me there were sick children down here?"

"I didn't think it would matter," Karen said.

Mrs. Drake frowned at her. "And I thought you were an intelligent girl." She turned to her son. "Rand, you carry that child out to the car, this instant."

"No—wait—where are you taking her?" Karen asked.

"To my house, of course," Mrs. Drake said.

"I knew you'd come through, Mother," Rand said.

"Humph!" Mrs. Drake said to her son. "The others—how many more are there?" she asked Karen.

"I—I don't know exactly," Karen said. "Many—"

Lars stuck his head in through the flap. "Karen—we've got to get these sick people out of here. A storm's making—the sea is rising fast—we're going to have a wash—the camp is in danger."

Mrs. Drake waved a tiny, gloved hand at him. "We're taking care of

Overheard

NBC's ASK ELEANOR NASH PROGRAM:

Worse Than a Shiny Nose far deflating the ego are these "depressants in dress": A hole in the bottom of your stacking; a skirt that goes bulbous in the back; hair that has to depend upon a hat; finger-nail grime hidden under polish (even three layers of it); a slip tethered with a safety-pin; a rip in the seam of a glove.

them, my good man," she said. "Go on, Rand, go on!"

Lars stared at her. Rand laughed. "Don't let her bully you, Lars. This is my mother. Mother, this is Karen's father, Lars Pedersen."

"How do you do? Get busy. Get those other children out of here," Mrs. Drake said, all in one breath.

Karen never did know how they managed to get all those children to the Drake home so quickly. Rand and her father were just bringing in the last ones, when the storm broke in all its fury. After them came Mr. Drake, who stopped in the doorway and stared at the children bedded down in the hall, in the living room, on every available flat surface, chairs, sofas, cots, the floor.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"Get some more blankets," Mrs. Drake said. "Oh, it's you! You'll have to eat dinner out, tonight." And she forgot him promptly.

Karen smiled. "Your mother's wonderful," she whispered to Rand, as they settled another child on a cot.

"How about you?" Rand whispered and Karen felt herself blushing.

"Pretty, too," Rand grinned.

"Please, you mustn't," Karen said. She frowned. "I'm worried about those other people. What will they do, if the storm washes away the camp?"

There was a commotion at the door

and they both turned in that direction. A little, thin man, with a long nose and a bald head, was waving his arms and shouting at Mr. Drake.

"You've got to let me have those workers of yours, Drake!" he yelled. "I need help. They've got to throw up a sea wall, or something. The sea's coming up fast. By morning all the homes along the shore will be washed away. You've got to help me!"

Rand chuckled and patted Karen's arm. "Here we go," he whispered to her. Then, he ran to his father's side. "Just a minute, Finch. Those men don't work for my father, yet. He can't tell them what to do."

MR. DRAKE stared at his son for a moment. Then comprehension gleamed in his eyes. He smiled, "The boy's right, Finch. Anyway, what would you use for a wall?"

Finch shrank a little. "Well, I thought—those building materials for the housing project—"

"Oh, you did, did you?" Mr. Drake boomed. "You're not even prepared for this emergency. What have you been doing all year? If you remember, the trustees told you last fall to build a sea wall, and appropriated funds for the purpose. Why didn't you build it?"

"I—I've been meaning to—but—I just never got started—" Finch stammered.

"Look, Mr. Finch," Rand interrupted. "I'll make a bargain with you." The little man's gimlet eyes glittered. "I think I can get those men to throw up a wall—but you've got to do something for them. Open up the summer cottages for them and their families. Naturally, they'll pay reason-

able rents."

"I can't do that! I can't!" Finch was almost crying.

"All right, you can't," Rand said. "They'll be washed away. And you can pay the damages."

Finch cowered and screwed up his eyes. He wrung his hands and moaned, "Oh, damages. What will the tenants say? I—I'll have to do it—"

Mr. Drake slapped him resoundingly on the back. "I'll take the responsibility, Finch. Let's get going."

"Just a minute, Mr. Finch," Rand said. "The keys—"

Almost as if he were tearing them out of his body, Finch handed over the keys to the cottages. Rand waved them to Karen and started for the door, calling over his shoulder, "Come on, Lars. I'll need your influence with the men."

Lars patted Karen's cheek. "A smart boy," he smiled.

It was almost eight hours before Karen and Mrs. Drake saw them again. Eight hours of waiting, listening to the gale, listening to destruction and havoc raging outside. Eight hours of not knowing what was happening, not knowing whether the men were building that wall, or whether they had been caught up in that booming, pounding, rising tumult and swept out to sea.

Mrs. Drake stayed close to Karen. She didn't speak much. Once she said, "Rand told me you all came here to build a—something—a bull—" Karen smiled, "A bulwark against the enemies of freedom," she said. "Oh, I wanted to be sure," Mrs. Drake said, then. "I think our friends should all understand that." Another time, she said softly, "They're very long about

it, aren't they?" Karen put an arm about her narrow shoulders. "It isn't easy to build a wall against any kind of aggression—even that of the sea," she said. "Don't worry, they'll be all right." But mostly, they just moved about among the children and tried to hide from each other how frightened they really were.

At last, when the sky was beginning to turn lighter, the front door banged open and there was a shout of, "We did it!"

Wiggins, the butler, came into sight, shaking himself like some huge Newfoundland dog and almost dancing with glee. "We did it! By Jove, we did it!" he shouted. Then, he noticed the women. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Madame."

Mrs. Drake almost sang, "Never mind, Wiggins," and ran for the hall. The next instant, she was caught up in Mr. Drake's arms and crying happily into his wet shoulder.

But Karen was already out of the house, running down the path to where Rand was coming up from the beach. He was soaking wet, his black hair plastered down on his face, his dripping trousers clinging to his legs. His face was dirty, but he was grinning.

"We did it!" he shouted. "Your father was wonderful, Karen. We'd never have done it without him to direct everything."

Karen's heart was pounding frightfully and she had a little trouble with her voice. "Oh—oh—Rand!" she cried.

And the next thing she knew, she was in Rand's arms, clinging to him as Rand's mother had clung to his father. And, like Mrs. Drake, she was crying, too.

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Shelter in the Sky

Continued from page 14

he said. "Not too steep, but steep enough to give you a run."

With him carrying the skis, we climbed to the crest of the run, and then he strapped on my skis.

It was so much easier than I'd expected! Even in my first attempts I felt a little of that delicious flying sensation, like nothing else in the world I had ever experienced.

"That was very good," Erik approved. "You have a natural sense of balance. Now if you will just lean forward a little—like this—"

Where the afternoon went, I never knew. It seemed to me we had scarcely begun when the purple shadows were long upon the snow, and the air was cold.

Every day, after that, I was out skiing with Erik. I called him by his first name, but he, with an old-fashioned kind of courtesy, always called me Miss Brewster. I felt completely at ease with him, more so than I had ever felt with anyone else, even Ward.

HE told me about himself—not as Ward had told me, all at once, but diffidently, a little at a time. And his was a tragic story, although he did not dramatize it. He had been a ski champion in his own country, Norway; had taught, too, in one of its fine schools. Then the war had come, and his only brother had gone down in a torpedoed ship. Erik and his father had not expected the invasion. It caught them by surprise and his father, fighting against the traitors in his own city, had been brutally murdered.

Erik fled from Norway after that, on a fishing boat that managed to battle its way across the North Sea to England. All his life he had hated war and militarism, and when he first left Norway he thought he would be able to run away from their brutality.

"But I see now I was wrong," he told me in his quaintly-accented English. "I was not wise enough to fight for my own country, but I can fight for this one, and perhaps make amends for my short-sightedness and selfishness."

"You mean—you're going to enlist?" I asked.

"Yes. When I came to America last summer I was weak and ill from—from my experiences. I am strong now. When the snow melts I will leave."

"I'm . . . sorry," I said, but he shook his head.

"You must not be. I shall be glad to go. It hasn't been easy, the past months, being idle and futile when there is so much to be done."

We were on the very top of Watch Hill as we talked, resting before the run down. With an abrupt change of mood, Erik threw back his shoulders and said gaily, "Come, then, we will start down? And this time you will not fall once?"

For only a moment, his arm was around my waist as he steadied me; for only a moment, I turned my head to look into his eyes. But in that moment a current passed between us so strong and thrilling that I felt confused and excited and happy, all at once—and for no reason at all that I could see. Then we were sailing over the snow, and the sensation was blown away by the speed of our movement.

Ward had said, before Aunt Jane and I left the city, that he might come up for our last week-end at the Manor and go back to town with us. This afternoon, when I got back to the hotel, there he was, talking to Aunt Jane.

"Hello, darling!" he said, jumping to his feet and coming toward me. "Surprised to see me?"

"No, not really," I said. "Just glad."

His arm around me, he led me back to Aunt Jane. "I hear you've been learning to ski."

"Yes."
"That's grand! We'll go out together tomorrow."

We stayed in the lobby awhile, talking, and all the time I was bothered by a feeling that Ward was different in some way I couldn't explain. His voice was louder than I remembered it, his smile more persistent, his air more proprietary toward me.

Then Erik walked into the lobby, over to the desk, and with a cold shock I knew. It was not Ward that had changed, but I. I was seeing him now, not by himself, but in comparison with Erik.

Overheard

ALMA KITCHELL'S STREAMLINE JOURNAL, the Blue Network:

Salad Magic: To avoid soggy salads, place a saucer upside down in the bottom of the salad bowl. The excess dressing will accumulate under the saucer, and the salad will stay crisp.

The news came on over the radio just then, and I was glad Ward turned an attentive ear to it. I didn't want him to see my face, because I was sure he couldn't help reading my thoughts in it.

You little fool, Carol! I said to myself. You're imagining things; you're tired from too much exercise or—something. You love Ward, you're engaged to marry him.

Ward, still listening, looked up at that moment, and smiled at me—not really seeing me, because his mind was still on what the news announcer was saying. But it was enough—that little gesture of intimacy—to bring me to my senses. I no longer had to tell myself he was the man I loved: I knew he was.

Before we went upstairs to dress for dinner, Erik walked past and I introduced him to Ward. It didn't matter, of course, but I wished then that I had told Erik I was engaged to be married.

"This is Mr. Mitchell, Erik," I said. "My fiancé."

Erik didn't look surprised. He bowed and said, "Miss Brewster is a very apt pupil. You ski, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Oh, yes," Ward said carelessly. "Then you won't need me tomorrow."

row, Miss Brewster," Erik said. He turned to Ward: "The barometer is falling. It's late in the season for much of a storm, but it might be a good idea not to go too far."

"Thanks," Ward said easily.

After Erik had left there was a silence. Ward broke it by saying, "I'll see about getting a room. Meet you here in an hour or so?"

It was an uncomfortable evening, somehow. I was so sleepy from my day in the open air that I could hardly keep my eyes open after dinner, although I tried valiantly. Ward deserved something better on this, our first real evening together since before my illness, than yawns and heavy eyelids. But it was a relief when at last we went up to our rooms.

I clung to him in the deserted hallway. "Darling, I'm sorry," I whispered. "If I'd been sure you were coming tonight I wouldn't have gone and tired myself all out skiing. Tomorrow we'll have a good time together."

Ward patted my shoulder paternally and kissed me briefly. "That's all right, Carol. See you in the morning."

I WENT into my room and closed the door. But after all, I didn't undress and get into bed at once. Instead, I stood quite still in the middle of the floor for—I don't know how long. Five minutes perhaps, or perhaps thirty. I wasn't exactly thinking—what went through my brain was too disconnected and fragmentary to be dignified with the name of thoughts—but it seemed to me that there was something missing in my relationship with Ward, something that had been wholly and satisfyingly present in the casual hours I had spent with Erik. I didn't know what it was. Or I didn't know exactly. Or, if I did, I wouldn't give it a name, even to myself.

Something else came unbidden to my mind, while I stood there. I'd forgotten it, until now, I didn't even remember the time and place it had been said. But I remembered the words, and I remembered who had said them, and I remembered the tone in which they had been spoken:

"That's one thing I won't have to worry about. I'm a lot more necessary to the war effort in my job than I would be as a soldier. Flour's important, you know, and I know how to get it made."

It was true, of course. But I wished that he hadn't been quite so triumphant about it.

The weather changed in the night, as Erik had predicted. It was still cold, but the clear blue sky was gone and in its place were low-hanging gray clouds. "Better not stay out long," the desk clerk said when Ward made arrangements to borrow the station wagon. "We can't get weather reports now, but our skiing instructor says there's a storm coming up."

"Can't be much of a storm this late," Ward said shortly. "We'll be all right."

I showed him how far to drive the station wagon up the road, and then we got out.

After an hour's climbing we were on the summit, bracing ourselves against the wind which blew strongly. I tried to point out the landmarks Erik had taught me.

"Over there's Low Hill, and to the right, just behind it, Mystic Hill. But you can't see it very well today—it's too cloudy. And over to the right—"

"Carol," Ward said, "what's the idea?"



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MA62

"The idea?"
"Yes. You know I don't give a hoot for the local beauties. Why bother to show them to me?"

"Why—I don't know," I said. "I thought you'd be interested."

"You're different," he said. "I noticed it last night. I thought you were just tired. But today too—"

"You're imagining it," I said, not daring to look at him.

"I'm—not so sure," he said slowly. A stronger gust of wind buffeted us, bringing with it a puff of snowflakes that stung my cheeks.

"We'd better start down," I urged. "I think a storm really is coming up."

Ward thrust his poles into the snow. "All right," he said briefly.

He was gone ahead of me, blotted out in a whirl of snow. I followed him as well as I could. It was one thing to ski with Erik beside me, ready to help me if I fell, but it was another to follow Ward when a storm was coming up.

WARD didn't know the usual trail down, either, and he was leading me far off to the right, over unfamiliar ground. All at once, about a quarter of the way down, I heard a slithering crash, followed by an exclamation.

When I drew up beside him, Ward was lying half-buried in snow, one leg doubled up at a peculiar-looking angle. "I don't know," he said through clenched teeth, "but I think it's broken. I can't move it."

I unstrapped my skis and knelt down beside him. But when I tried to help him up he cried out loud with pain and swore at me.

I looked around in helpless terror. Nothing but snow, falling faster every minute. I couldn't leave him here while I went for help—he'd be buried before I could get back, even supposing I could find my way back to the right place. And I couldn't move him. He was too heavy, and too helpless. . . . A shadow swooped down from above me on the hill. Erik.

"Help me," I gasped. "He fell—I'm afraid he's broken—"

"Get me out of here, Bergen," Ward snarled. "I know damn well it's broken. What're you going to do about it?"

"There is a shelter not so very far from here," Erik said. He was bending over Ward; I couldn't see his face. "If you will put one arm around my neck—so—I can lift you . . ." His voice was smothered in a grunt as he raised Ward.

Leaning on Erik and edging himself along with his injured leg, Ward managed to cover the two hundred yards or so to the shelter—a little log cabin just over the shoulder of the hill we had been going down. Inside, there were a fireplace, a table and chairs, an oil stove and lamp, two bunks, a shelf full of canned food—and a first-aid kit which Erik produced from a box on the wall.

"I'd better look at his leg right away,

Carol," Erik said. "Can you build a fire and start water heating?"

"Yes, of course," I said. I walked a few steps—and suddenly realized that for the first time Erik had used my first name. I half turned, and saw Ward looking at me with anger in his eyes. He had noticed too, then.

While I touched a match to the fire ready-laid on the hearth, found water, and started the oil stove going, Erik made a hasty examination of Ward's injury. Then he announced, "You were right, Mr. Mitchell. The leg is broken, just above the ankle. I shall have to set it."

"You set it?" Ward roared furiously. "Don't be a fool—you'd bungle the job and I might never be able to walk again! Get a doctor up here!"

ERIK sat back on his heels. "A broken leg should be set at once," he remarked quietly. "I have done it before, several times. And it is quite impossible to get a doctor up here in this storm." He nodded toward the window where even nearby trees were now obliterated by the wildly whirling snow. "But naturally, yours is the final decision in the matter."

Ward opened his mouth in impotent rage. I said quickly, "Erik is right, Ward. He's had experience—he

time it was growing dark outside.

"The storm's dying down," Ward said suddenly. "You'd better make a break for it, Bergen."

Erik was standing by the fireplace, and I was sitting at the table. We both turned to look at the window. I couldn't see that the storm was dying down at all, and I glanced at Erik in amazement.

"Not enough, I think," Erik said. He walked over to the table and said in a low voice, "He's feverish and a little delirious."

"What are you whispering about?" Ward demanded. He struggled to raise himself on one elbow. "I know what you're up to—you've bungled the job of setting my leg and you don't want to get any real help!"

I ran to his side. "Ward, please!" I pleaded. "Lie down—you mustn't get excited. Erik knows what's best—really he does."

"Erik knows what's best!" he mimicked scornfully. "Is that all you can say? Is he the only person you can think of?"

"Ward! You don't know what you're saying!"

"Don't I? I wouldn't be too sure. I've got a hunch this is all very romantic and sweet for you and your Erik. Lonely shelter, high up on

the mountain—storm outside—me lying here helpless—How about that sedative Bergen gave me after he finished yanking my leg to pieces? It was supposed to put me to sleep, wasn't it—But I didn't swallow it, I got rid of it when neither of you was looking!"

Erik took a quick step toward Ward—and stopped. "You're crazy!" he said thickly.

It was a phrase.

Erik didn't mean that Ward was really insane. But I realized, all at once, that there was more truth in what he had said than he knew.

Ward was not crazy. But neither was he well balanced. Here was the explanation for something in him that had always troubled me. He lived his life on the basis of self. Nothing and no one was as important to him as Ward Mitchell. Most of us are like that to some extent. But Ward's ego was so monstrously inflated that he could not stand to have it challenged—and with this ego went a hidden and unadmitted sense of inferiority.

He had selected me for a wife, as he had said, "because I wouldn't try to boss him," because instinctively he had believed he could always control me. I was to have been subservient to him, all my life. But when he came to the Manor and saw that I had been spending time with another man, all his latent jealousy had awakened. His self-control was strong enough to keep his inner thoughts hidden—until the accident which had increased his sense of helplessness and thus destroyed his carefully built-up defenses.

I felt very sorry for him. But I was sure now that I did not love him.

"You believe that of me?" I asked



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WALTER GROSS—the very, very busy conductor of a CBS band which provides the music for many of the network's sustaining features. The piano is Walter's own instrument, and on it he can perform the classics, popular dance music, hot jazz and boogie-woogie with uniform ease. He first joined CBS eight years ago, playing in a band which included Roymond Scott, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Will Bradley, Bunny Berigan, and Jerry Colanno (who played trombone). That was an all-star group, although no one knew it at the time, and Walter thinks the same is probably true of his present band. When his radio schedule permits it, Walter likes to spend weekends with his wife at their new country home.

knows what's best."

Erik added, "We three are quite safe here until the storm passes. And it is so late in the season, it cannot possibly last very long. Then I can go for help to take you down the mountain."

"I suppose you couldn't go now?" Ward asked sarcastically.

"No, I would not dare, in this storm," Erik said calmly.

"Afraid—Oh well, all right. But if you don't do a good job I'll—" He didn't finish the sentence.

I don't like to remember the next half-hour. I helped Erik as well as I could, but probably wasn't of much use. I was completely inexperienced, for one thing, and for another I felt weak and sick whenever I glanced at Ward's pale face or heard the groans which he did not try to smother. Perhaps it was pity for his suffering. Or perhaps, mixed with the pity, there was shame that he should exhibit his suffering with such poor grace.

"You were rough enough about it," was all he said when Erik was finished.

It was mid-afternoon when Ward had been made as comfortable as possible. We heated some soup and some beans and ate them, and by that

Ward. He didn't answer, just stared at me with pitiful, sullen rage. I said to Erik, "Are you sure you couldn't get down the mountain? It would be so much better." So much better, because it would calm Ward's tortured, mistaken mind.

But Erik shook his head. "If I could get help up here, I would go. You know that."

Yes, I knew it. I knew that Erik would do anything to help me. His eyes told me that.

ABOUT nine o'clock Erik prepared the bunk across from Ward's for me, and stretched himself out on two chairs near the fire. He blew out the lamp, and there was silence, except for the sigh of the wind outside and the crackle of the flames within.

I didn't think I would sleep. I lay awake, looking through the gloom at Erik, thinking: Soon the morning will come, and then I'll have to tell Ward I can't marry him. He'll accuse me of loving Erik, and I won't be able to deny it.

The next thing I knew it was morning. Sun was slanting in at the window, and there was the sound of water dripping from the eaves. I sat up, looking for Erik. He was not there, but I saw a slip of paper on the table. I picked it up.

"Have gone down the hill. Will bring help as soon as possible."

I raised my head, and saw Ward watching me. He was pale, but he seemed normal and calm, and he nodded when I told him the contents of Erik's note.

"I made a fool of myself last night, didn't I?" he asked.

"You were feverish. You didn't know what you were saying."

Ward sighed and moved his head restlessly. "I knew enough. I knew I cut a pretty poor figure alongside your skiing friend . . . You love him, don't you?"

"Yes. But he doesn't know it, and I don't intend to tell him."

"You probably won't have to. You have the kind of face, Carol, that tells everything you're thinking. It used to tell me you thought I was some kind of a hero. That was good for me. I liked it. But—it stopped telling me that the night you walked into the lobby of the hotel and saw me sitting there with your aunt."

"Ward—I'm sorry."

He shrugged. He had let me see a little way into his heart, because he had to, but that was all.

I went to the door, waited until Erik and two helpers from the hotel arrived with a stretcher. I watched them gently lift him onto it and start inching their way on snow shoes down the slope, carrying him between them. Erik stood beside me.

"Mr. Mitchell—he is better this morning?" he asked. "He is sorry for what he said?"

"I think so. But we are not going to be married."

I looked at him then. If what Ward had said about my thoughts showing in my face was true, he would know. In the silence, I saw his blue eyes widen, saw a spark in them.

But what he said was: "This is the last storm of the winter."

"Yes."

"So now I shall enlist in your army."

"Yes," I said again.

Erik's lips hardly moved. "Will you wait for me?"

My heart jumped in my breast. "Oh, I will. I will!"



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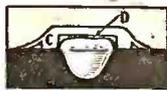
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I'LL SHARE MY INHERITANCE



By ELEANOR PAULL

Mrs. Paull (above with her two daughters) proved her patriotism when she became a missing heiress.

AMERICA is a fairyland, where almost anything in the world can happen.

That's what my older sister, Verona, used to tell me when I was a little girl in Hungary.

Today, I know Verona was right. America is a fairyland and almost anything can happen—in fact, something wonderful has happened to me.

In the space of three months, I have been declared legally dead by the New York Probate Court; I have been legally resurrected by the New York Surrogate Court; I have inherited half of an \$18,000 estate; have appeared on a coast to coast radio program called "Are You A Missing Heir," and I am buying Defense Bonds with all my inheritance.

Imagine all that happening to me, Eleanor Paull, houseworker by the day and cateress, born Ilona Moritz, 48 years ago in Eszeng, Hungary.

WELL, IT DID HAPPEN!

I got the money from Verona's estate, and I'm buying Defense Bonds because I feel it's my duty to help my country. I say "my" country because I'm an American citizen now. I've been an American citizen ever since I married an American sailor during the first World War, 22 years ago. Naturally, my 13-year-old Barbara and my 11-year-old Betty Lee are American citizens. They were born in this country.

My girls are still too young to know how important it is to be born in America. They take for granted new dresses, ice cream sodas, going to college, and all the other things that normal American children can have. When they grow up, they might marry millionaires. There is no official class law which says they can't. In America, being humble doesn't mean being limited where opportunity is concerned. Each person makes the most of his own opportunities.

It wasn't like that in Hungary.

Verona and I were poor in a way that defies description. To begin with, we were orphans. No one was interested in us—no welfare organization—no social service group—nobody. Our wages for a year's housework in Hungary were no more than a week's wages for the same work here in America.

So Verona, who was older, came to America and after she got her first job, sent for me. Verona was 19 when I got here. I was 16. Verona had only one dream. The accumulation of money. "You can make it here," she said. "Loads of it. I'm going to work and work and work until I'm rich. I'm going to be so rich, I'll never have to worry again."

I got a job as houseworker too, and on my days off, used to go down to the Hungarian section of New York City where I had a lot of friends. Remember I was sixteen so naturally, some of these friends were boys. We'd sit for hours, drinking coffee, eating kalach, and talking about how lucky we were to live in America and have jobs and personal freedom. Long about sundown, one of my boy friends would take me home.

Verona didn't like this.

"Men," she'd tell me. "All they want is your money. It's all anybody wants. Friends. What are friends? Just people who want to borrow from you. Just people who'll never pay it back."

That was Verona. All shadow and suspicion and fear.

She hated the world. She hated people. She didn't want friends. It wasn't because she was mean or miserly or selfish. It was because she was afraid. She had known poverty and misery in the old country and she wanted to forget it over here.

Although I sympathized with her, I couldn't see things her way. I wanted

friends and suitors and good times and gaiety. So eventually, we quarreled over something or other, and separated.

Meanwhile, I met Howard Dudley Paull and fell in love. Howard was in the Navy so we couldn't marry right away but we became engaged. I kept on doing housework and Howard was sent to Honolulu. When the war was over, Howard was discharged and returned to his home in California. He sent me a letter. I'll never forget it.

"Enclosed find money order for trainfare," he wrote. "Take the first train out here. We'll be married immediately."

I got to Santa Ana on Nov. 27, 1920 and we were married in a sweet little Episcopal church. Howard got a job in the oil fields and we took a house in West Los Angeles. Soon Barbara came along. After that, we had Betty Lee. Our lives were like your or your next door neighbor's. We had a car. We had friends. We went to the Los Angeles Community Church. We entertained and were entertained. During vacation times, we traveled. We saw the great trees in Yosemite. We stood on a high hill in San Francisco and saw the silver cables of the Golden Gate Bridge tremble in the sun. We had a good life in a good country. We were grateful for it.

With Verona it was different. She never married. She never went out. She had no friends. Each winter, she'd take a job as housekeeper for some wealthy family in New York. But she'd always specify one thing. She had to have her summers off. Verona was such a wonderful cook and housekeeper that most people were glad to get her nine months of the year. They figured maybe she wanted her summers free for herself. But not Verona. She spent those summers working in seaside resorts where the wages and tips were good. I doubt if she ever saw a tree or a bridge or a rainbow. All she ever saw was the balance in her bankbook.

I wrote to her just once from California. It was after the second baby came. The letter came back marked "address unknown."

Well the years went by, and not long ago, Howard and I separated. We had come a long way together and had reached a crossroad. He went one way. I another. I went back to housework and catering. I could make

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enough, I knew, to keep Barbara in Emerson Junior High School and Betty in the Brentwood Elementary school and still save for their college careers. Barbara wants to be a teacher of mathematics and though Betty is too young to know for sure, she thinks she wants to be a teacher too.

Evenings, after their homework is done, we spend listening to the radio. We like the Are You A Missing Heir program and we always listen because I have an uncle on the maternal side who is a bachelor and I've always felt that someday, he might leave me some money.

So, you can imagine how I felt the night I tuned in the Missing Heir program—it was Jan. 27, 1942—and heard the narrator:

"This is the story of two sisters," he said. "Verona and Illona Moritz."

Barbara gasped. "Mother," she shrieked. "That sounds like you."

Cold chills ran down my spine and I began to shake. "Get me a chair," I said to Betty Lee. "It's my sister. She must be dead."

Whereupon, I heard the complete dramatization of how two young Hungarian sisters immigrated to America, quarrelled and separated. Verona, the dramatization told me, had accumulated more than \$18,000 just doing housework and she had died, friendless and alone—alone except for her bank balance. The heirs, the broad-

cast went on to say, were her sister, Illona, who might have Americanized her name into Eleanor and a brother, Gabriel, still in Hungary.

After I could collect my wits, I sent the Heir program authorities a telegram and a few days later was on my way to New York. Program authorities found that Verona had told everyone I had been murdered, and that Gabriel was dead. The Probate Court had declared me legally dead so naturally, I had to be legally resurrected so I could collect the money. Gabriel's share is still undistributed. No one can get to Hungary now that it is war time. After the war, if Gabriel or his son is alive, their share will be sent to them. If they are dead, the Hungarian government gets the money.

But I don't care.

My share is going into American defense bonds so that I can help keep this country free for people who make their own opportunities—free for girls like Verona, who can come here from a strange land and in the space of twenty-five years, earn more money than forty peasants working forty years each in an unfree land. I like to feel that the money Verona made in all these years of hard work is going into the defense of a land that is fighting to protect me and my daughters and everybody else's sons and daughters.

You Needn't Use Sugar

Continued from page 40

Chocolate Souffle

- 1 package chocolate pudding mixture
- 1 cup milk
- 4 eggs (separated)
- 1 tsp. vanilla

In top of double boiler mix chocolate pudding and ½ cup milk and beat smooth. Place over boiling water and cook, adding remaining milk gradually and beating constantly. When mixture has thickened remove from heat and add well beaten egg yolks. Cool somewhat then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish, set in pan of warm water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until mixture is firm (about 40 minutes) then serve immediately. Be sure to use a fairly deep dish since souffle rises and may run over the edge of a shallow container.

BOTH honey and corn syrup combine well with citrus fruits and baked stuffed oranges may be prepared with either one.

Baked Stuffed Oranges

- 4 oranges
- 8 dates, stoned and minced
- ¼ cup nut and fruit mixture
- 1 tbl. corn syrup or honey (more or less, depending on taste)

For nut and fruit mixture, a combination of equal amount of chopped walnuts, chopped raisins and shredded coconut is excellent, though other combinations may be substituted according to taste. Cut off tops of oranges and scoop out meat, leaving shells clean and unbroken. Remove skin and seeds from orange pulp, combine with other ingredients and

fill orange shells. Place in shallow baking dish, adding water to cover bottom of dish, and bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) until shells are tender (about 45 minutes). If desired, top each orange with meringue and return to oven to brown.

Baked Glazed Ham

Smoked ham (about ten pounds)

- 3 onions, chopped
- 3 carrots, chopped
- ½ cup celery leaves, chopped
- 4 bay leaves
- 10 peppercorns
- 10 cloves

Scrub ham and soak over night. Next morning remove ham from water and cover with fresh boiling water. Bring to boil quickly, add remaining ingredients and cook just below boiling point until fork pierces it easily (20 minutes per pound). Allow to cool in liquid (strain liquid, skim off excess fat and save for soups, gravies, etc.), then remove skin. Bake in slow oven (300 degrees F.) 15 minutes per pound. Half an hour before ham is done, remove from oven, pour off excess fat and garnish with pimiento strips and cloves. Pour on corn syrup glaze and continue cooking, basting several times.

Corn Syrup Glaze

- ½ cup dark corn sugar
- ½ cup water
- 2 tps. vinegar
- 2 tps. clear ham fat

Combine ingredients, bring to boil and cook just below boiling point for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool somewhat before pouring over ham.

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shown publicly. English, ancient history, and algebra, at which she is only "pretty good," are her other studies.

Her grades are usually a division of A's, B's and a C. Mrs. Temple doesn't insist that Shirley be a slave to studies and is happy if she brings home a B average.

The day I visited Shirley on the set of "Miss Annie Rooney," the picture she is making for Edward Small, she was deep in a French test given by the teacher sent out by the Board of Education. For two hours the director, cast, and crew had sat about while Shirley and one of her leading men, Dickie Moore, had lessons.

At four o'clock she emerged from her dressing room-school room, yawning and weary, to go right into her first screen love scene with young Moore, which in turn leads to her first screen kiss, a mere peck on the cheek.

BETWEEN kisses, Shirley yawned, talked, laughed, listened to instructions, and gave grand performances of a scene that was repeated for one hour and a half solid.

"When Shirley is tired, she talks and talks and talks," her mother laughed. "And the more tired she becomes the faster she talks."

If a boy is a good dancer and lots of fun, Shirley asks nothing else of him. On Sunday afternoons girls from her school and boys from neighboring military academies congregate at her home for ping-pong, laughter, a bit of dancing, and supper. She isn't given to one boy crushes, but is friends with them all, especially those who catch the spirit of her humor and can give it back.

After a recent party at a local military school, Shirley stood in her lovely little formal frock and told her mother all about it.

"Honestly," she said, "All those military boys talked about were upper and lower classmen, and lower-uppers and upper-lowers until all I could think of was a pair of false teeth!"

Three times a week a physical instructor comes to the Temple home before dinner to give Shirley the physical training that keeps her well, slim, and beautiful. "Bend, roll, reach," echoes from the room as Shirley goes through her workout. She likes all sort of food but prefers meat, and eats generous portions of it. Ping-pong, tennis, and bicycle riding are her favorite sports, and a certain amount of time each year is given to a Palm Springs vacation where she can swim and ride as well.

Sports, however, are not as important in Shirley's life as are books and music, dancing and laughter.

Shirley expects to stay on at Westlake until her graduation. At the moment it's a toss-up between art school and little theater work, perhaps the New York stage when school is over. If movies enter her life at all they will mean only an occasional picture and will never again, or at least for a long time, monopolize her entire time. Radio is now her first love and will continue to keep her heart its own for some time to come.

Her mind explores everywhere. No sooner had she reported to the radio station for rehearsal than she must inspect every nook and cranny of the machinery behind the scenes. She was especially interested in the new television department—a good sign,

because heaven knows the world will never have a lovelier subject for television.

Her mother still washes and curls Shirley's hair, giving it careful attention. Together the two select her clothes, Shirley's taste running to simple unadorned frocks.

AT school she wears uniforms of white in warm weather and blue in winter. With standard white or blue sweaters Shirley looks like any other little school girl, until one catches the breath-taking beauty of her face.

Like every other young American, Shirley is a firm believer in sending in answers to radio contests. Standing by a large Ivory Flakes sign on a radio stage of CBS Studios, Shirley looked at it wistfully.

"I sent in a slogan in their contest," she sighed, "but I didn't win anything. My slogan was 'Ivory Soap is best on land or sea. It floats.' I thought it was pretty good."

Today the company that didn't give Shirley's slogan a tumble are her sponsors, paying her a fancy sum to advertise their product.

Her favorite sport is teasing, but only if she likes you. Lucky the per-



Overheard

HIGHWAYS TO HEALTH, CBS:

X Marks the Spot: Contrary to popular opinion, during the early stages of appendicitis, that is during the first three or four hours, pain may be all over the abdomen, not only in the lower right side. If pain lasts two or three hours in any part of the abdomen, be seen and examined by your physician. The earlier the better. Abstain from the use of all cathartics until your physician has examined you. If any method is used for cleaning out the intestinal tract, that should be a simple soapsuds enema.



son that brings a twinkle to her eye and a teasing quip to her lips.

Her brother George, a member of the Marine Air Corps, who was in Honolulu during the December 7th raid, is her idol. At the end of her last Elgin broadcast she whispered into the mike, "Hello, George." A thrilled soldier wired his love back to the little sister who had greeted him across the miles. George's fiancée, a junior at the University of Arizona, and Shirley are fast friends. When the co-ed was made Desert Queen, George wired, "Now I have three queens, you and mother and my girl." Shirley was thrilled.

Her older brother, Jack, is married and employed as a radio announcer at Santa Barbara, California.

A healthy, happy, unspoiled, young lady who thinks for herself, who radiates a beauty and happiness that nothing can dishearten is Shirley Temple today. A promise of the brave and lovely womanhood to come.

When she stands before the radio each Wednesday, remember this. And be cheered by this very American young lady who comes so welcomed into your homes.

I Found My Love

Continued from page 32

ultimatum. He was the kind of man who laid down ultimatums. And when you took him up on one, as I had done after the Wednesday broadcast, there was no turning back. I didn't need to have that all explained to me again, in the cold, final voice of Brinsley Mackall. I hung up the phone.

"Angus, my lad!" I must be getting hysterical. There was cheer in that voice! "Look, can you buy a steak? Could you do the shopping for Brother Bob's supper?"

"Could I!" That was no question. And I had to look away from the light in those gray eyes.

I gave him the directions, and I made them complicated. Let them hold him while I did my little job.

Little job... Better not think of that. Better just hop in that cab and tell the man "The Cock and Bull." He knew where that was. Every driver on our taxi stand knew how to get there with his eyes shut. And better to keep them shut when you drove a man there, sometimes.

The bartender told me when Bob had left there, but he didn't tell me how.

Bob wasn't at the Shipshape Club, but I was cutting down his lead.

Why did he never consider an evening well started till he'd crossed town three times? You can tangle into too many traffic jams following people back and forth. Still, it was better than going straight to the Club Cuban. Anything but that. There were things you couldn't do, even for a thin tall fourteen-year-old boy with a voice that cracked to break your heart. I could not face Marnie Moore, see her smiling, rapacious red mouth before me, and know that all the Cuban Club was watching us meet at last. No, I would hang on to that little shred of pride to which I'd clung so long.

I RAN the last three blocks, because running was quicker than taxis could take me in the traffic snarl.

At the door of the Club I stopped. My throat ached with my hard quick breathing. I could not go in there. Not even for Angus. Not for anybody.

I remembered the first night I had gone there with Bob. We were scared. Just a couple of frightened strangers from South City. We'd have turned and run away if Jake, our agent, had not been with us. I wish he hadn't!

For how quickly our fright left us! How soon Bob learned! And learned a lot of things that weren't true, because he thought everybody else was honest like himself. I tried to tell him. But I gave up soon. I didn't like the taste of tears in my throat.

I turned to leave the Club Cuban. But my feet wouldn't do what they were told. Maybe they were too tired; they'd been a long way today.

I got to the table. Under all those lights, with my hair still tucked up under my daytime turban, with make-up, if any, very much the worse for wear, I was crossing the Club Cuban, knowing that eyes were peering through the blue smoke watching me, but I was going on and on to the table at the very edge of the dance floor. A table more conspicuous than any other in the room because Marnie Moore was there, staring. But I was leaning over Bob's shoulder and saying very quick and desperately, "Bob, come home. Please, Bob, come home."



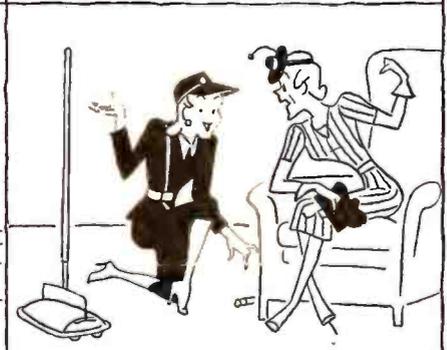
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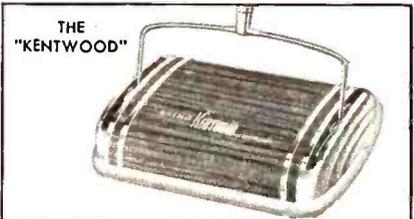


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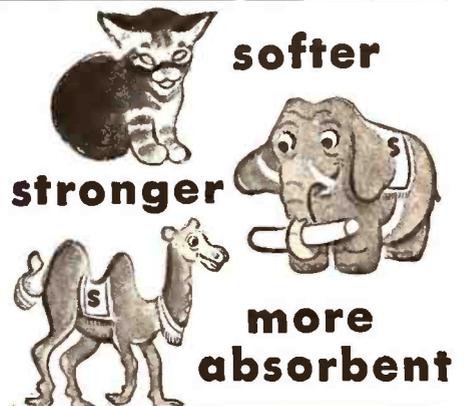
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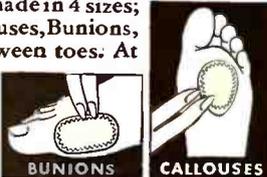
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Words—how queer—words I'd been longing to say for nearly a year: "Bob, come home. Please."

In a minute I could get my breath and say the things I'd planned, the ones that would bring him: how I wasn't asking him for myself, but Angus; and not for sentiment's sake, but because Angus was one of his fans and it didn't pay to get too far, too long, from your fans; how Jake could make a swell publicity story of the kid coming here to find his Big Brother. If I could just get my breath, I could give him a smooth selling line.

It was hard to get my breath, even when I kept my eyes away from Marnie Moore's red mouth and looked at her red nails which were moving along the white linen toward Bob's arm. I had to get my breath before they got there, for once they reached his arm, they'd never let go.

But something queer was happening. Very queer. Bob was getting to his feet, before I'd given him the arguments. He had my hand, and his fingers felt strong, the way they used to, and they were swinging me across the room.

Look out, I told myself. Don't make any mistakes. He only wanted to get me out of there before I made a scene. Well, I'd set him right on that. And so I gave him the story. "It'll only be for half an hour," I explained. "We'll just put on a nice domestic act. Steak broiling in the little kitchen stove, me in my apron stirring up the muffins, you—" A slight break here, but he wouldn't imagine that I was remembering how he used to clutter up the place—"you setting the table while you talk to him. Just for an act," I added urgently.

Maybe it wasn't as good as I'd thought, for he turned to look out the window and in the pale dusk light his face seemed to sag. He didn't say a word, just sat there staring out, and I was afraid. Had he been drinking more than I thought at first? Or was he just coldly furious? In the elevator I grabbed his arm. "Bob—please—when you see him, you'll know—it's got to be good—"

For a moment he looked down at me, his face close to mine, and he didn't seem drunk, not at all. Then he turned away, without a word.

WELL, he made it good. At least it sounded good. I didn't dare look at them. I hustled around in my green sprigged pinafore as if it hadn't been a year since I'd cooked a dinner for Bob. I heard Angus tell how Mr. Bright, the Superintendent, had given him a parting talk about how it was up to him to prove that all the care and expense the Home had lavished on him all these years had not been wasted, when they placed him on the Saunders farm.

"I know you gave them everything you had," Bob said gently.

"I did, as long as I was going to school too," the kid said. "Though I guess I wasn't so hot at farm work, and Mr. Saunders thought I spent too much time studying. But that was all right, till this month, when he told me I wasn't going back to school this year—"

I didn't need to look at his eyes, I only needed to hear the break in his voice to know that here was tragedy.

"What subject is it," Bob asked, "that you can't get along without?"

"Why, chemistry, of course." It would have been funny, if the kid had not been so deadly serious, the

way he assumed that anyone would know the world was well lost for chemistry. "I've been reading ahead some, this summer, but it's not so good. You need somebody to ask things, and you've got to have a lab—" His voice cracked again, crying out, "Oh, gosh, I've just got to go back to school!"

"I see," Bob said. And if he didn't really see, I don't understand how he could sound like that. He couldn't be faking. He must see that this was important. We couldn't stage an act to stall along a boy whose future might turn out to be more important than everybody in Radio City rolled into one.

"It was after one of your broadcasts about opportunity," he was going on, "that I thought up a swell chance to sneak away this week while Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were at the State Fair. I could get so far they'd never find me, and I could earn enough to keep me while I go to school. It doesn't take much. That part's all right. But you got me worried, when you talked about being true to yourself."

Did Bob look over at me, did his eyes meet mine just for one fleeting second? Then he turned back and

Overheard

JUNE HYND on "WHAT CAN I DO," the Blue Network:

Watch Your Parley-Vous:

Five remarks not to make to those boys-an-furlough, whom you want to make happy, are: (1) Do you really have to make your own bed? (2) Don't tell me you get up at a quarter of six? (3) You guys got it easy—now, back in '17. (4) You mean to say you're not a lieutenant yet? (5) I'll take care of your girl while you're away—and by the way, how're you doing with the hastesses?

said, "Angus, running away is never any answer."

That hit me hard, maybe as hard as it was hitting Angus. Had he meant it for me, too? But maybe it does you good to take an honest truth like that. Anyway, Angus pulled up his shoulders, and he even managed to answer. "Okay," he said stoutly. "I—I guess I knew you'd say that. I can take it, but—" he grinned a pale, darling little grin—"I guess I wasn't tough enough to dish it out to myself."

"That's not all, though," Bob was going on. His hand was on the boy's shoulder. "There's another angle. You know that desire for school is in yourself. It's you. If you gave up school, you wouldn't be true to yourself."

A dim wonderful hope came into Angus's eyes and died again. "But I don't get—"

"Here's how I see it," Bob went on. "I think there's still a lot to that saying about 'where there's a will there's a way'—"

Angus said, "I heard that broadcast too." His eyes were glowing.

Bob grinned in the sheepish sweet way he used to when people men-

tioned his broadcasts. He said, "I think we can find a way. But it won't be by hightailing it off a job without a by-your-leave, with a lot of unfinished business behind you—"

"Oh, gosh!" Sudden alarm whitened the boy's face. "That's why I had to catch that nine-thirty back to the farm. Not that I didn't get a fellow to do the chores, but there's a cow—" He was half-way across the room, his eyes searching wildly for a clock. "She's not expecting it for a couple of weeks, but I thought someone ought to be there—"

Bob caught up with him. "You're right," Bob said. "You can't ever tell, with cows. But if we drove in my car, wouldn't we make it just as quick, if we started right after we've put away that steak?"

"I never saw such joy as shone right through the skin of Angus Cameron."

"You—you wouldn't go with me!" He believed it, only he couldn't take it in all at once—just like me.

"I'm kind of a fair hand around the stable myself," Bob said. "And while we're waiting for Bossy, we can get things straight with Mr. Bright. I've got a hunch he never meant you to let the Home down on that chemistry business. And I bet he'd take my word for it that you'd have a good place to do your home work, here—"

BOB'S eyes turned to me this time, and they didn't go away. They were asking a question, and they were pleading, desperately.

I had a fork in the steak then, and a platter in my other hand, and I guess it was because I gripped them so tight that my hands were aching afterward. "Isn't that right, Prue?" Bob asked.

"That's right, Bob," I told him, getting my breath, but barely. "That's—that's why I wanted you home here. To tell him."

"But you—" Bob's eyes still held the question. "Do you understand? I mean, a kid ought to have a proper home—complete with everybody that belongs in a home—" He was having more trouble than Angus had had in getting his words said. "I mean, I thought you had other plans—"

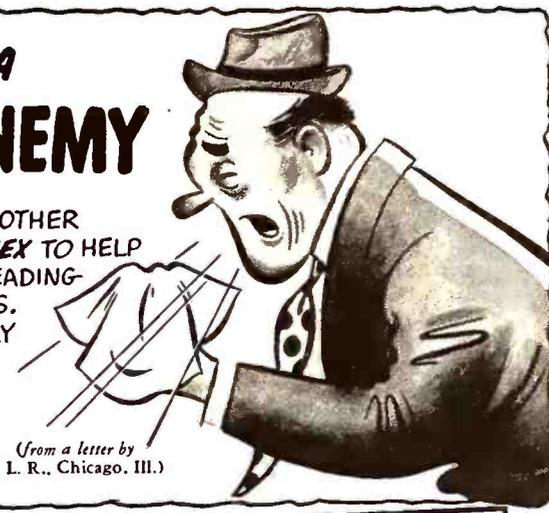
"If I did"—I laughed a little shakily—"If I did, they walked out the door of the Club Cuban when I walked in. Did you see them walk out, Bob?"

He never knew what I meant. To this day I guess he thinks I was just hysterical, saying meaningless words. He had not seen Brinsley Mackall get up from his table in the corner of the Club Cuban, watch me cross that room, his blue eyes ice-cold, to see me lean over Bob's shoulder and beg him to come home. He did not see Brinsley Mackall walk out of there.

"You'd better sit down." That wasn't salve in Bob's voice. He took the platter from my hands and put the steak on it himself. A little messily, so that the hot meat juice spattered over the edge, but it tasted good, that steak. To all of us. Nothing ever tasted so good, even the other good meals we had later, the three of us, from that same table.

For of course, with Angus there, we've had to keep on with our domestic act. I shouldn't be surprised if that act would break all records, even the one being made by Brother Bob's Answers which is going stronger than ever, now that we have found our own.

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(from a letter by D. L. R., Chicago, Ill.)



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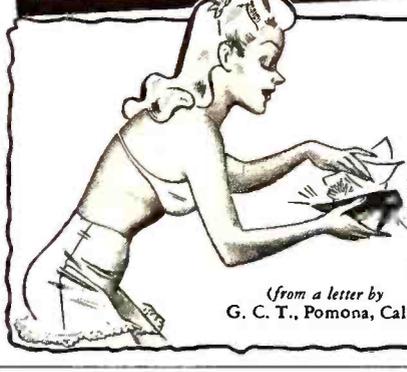
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The Story of Bess Johnson

Continued from page 19

He was so awfully good-looking, and his eyes had been warm and honest as he told her she was beautiful! When a man was clever and good-looking and had political influence, people were bound to knock him—it was only natural!

She smiled drowsily at the thought of Vince and—still smiling—fell asleep.

THE next morning, refreshed and eager after the first real rest she had had in a long time, she prepared for her appointment with Councilman Sloan. She chose her costume carefully from the stock of dresses that—thank goodness!—were still plentiful and still in style. The Councilman had seen her the evening before in party clothes, glamorous clothes, and she must be just as charming now, but in a different way—for she must look businesslike! She finally decided on a straight little blue dress with wide white frills at the neck and waist—and a hat, very plain and girlish, that made a frame for her fair hair. As she walked down the street to the Councilman's office—it was only a block from the Romando Hotel—she was pleased with herself, and rightly so. She couldn't help glancing into the shop windows which mirrored her slim reflection.

The Councilman's outer office was not impressive—neither were the Councilman's office boy nor his secretary. They eyed Bess with unmasked curiosity, the boy giggling when Bess said she had an appointment with Mr. Sloan, the secretary raising narrow plucked eyebrows. Bess felt a faint misgiving—a misgiving that grew as she entered the inner office, and once more felt her hand submerged by the Councilman's moist flabby fingers. "Sit down, Miss Johnson," he said. "And tell me about—yourself."

"I—I rather hoped that Mr. Kennedy had told you about me," Bess faltered. "He—he gave me to understand that there might be an opening in your social service department. I've had quite a bit of experience."

The Councilman smiled fatly. "You look as if you've had—experience," he said with meaning. "By the way—what's your first name? Bess? Well, Bess, I think we'll get along all right. I think you'll like working for me."

Bess said carefully, "I'm sure I'll like working for you, Mr. Sloan. When will I start?"

The Councilman smiled again. "You can start right away," he said.

Bess was beginning to feel a faint suspicion. "Perhaps," she said, "we should discuss a few details—the question of salary, for instance?"

The Councilman leaned back in his chair and pressed the tips of his fingers together—they were like white grubs. Bess told herself. "Why, yes—salary," he said. "The amount of the salary depends entirely on you, Bess... How much time can you give me?"

"I can give you all of my time," Bess said, and the Councilman guffawed with evident enjoyment. "Well," he said, "that's fine! We'll start by having lunch together, and then we'll have cocktails in my flat, and—let me see... Oh, I've some passes for a

show tonight, and after the show—"Bess interrupted. "A full time job," she said, "is eight hours a day, Mr. Sloan . . . I've never had cocktails in my employer's flat and I don't intend to start now!"

The Councilman was obviously amused. He said, "If you want to hold your job you may have to do a lot of things you've never done before—cocktails in my flat aren't the half of it! You're a very attractive woman, Bess—and I'm a lonely man. I appreciate companionship."

Bess stood up so abruptly that her purse slipped to the floor, spilling a dozen little items—lipstick, compact, fountain pen. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, Mr. Sloan," she said coldly as she stooped to gather up her belongings, "so I'd better go."

The Councilman was staring at her and his gaze was incredulous. "Now, Bess," he said, "don't get off on the wrong foot! Vince gave me to understand that you were a friend of his. He gave me to understand that you needed—employment."

Bess repeated evenly, "I'm afraid there's been a mistake."

She was out of the inner office—she was flashing through the outer office past the giggling boy and the supercilious secretary. The door slammed sharply and she was in the street, breathing in fresh air, feeling the warmth of sunlight. But despite the fresh air and sunlight she felt soiled, unclean.

MARIE AGNES and Homer were sympathetic when they heard of her experience with Councilman Sloan. But sympathy, Bess realized, wouldn't pay for food and lodging.

"The skunk!" Marie Agnes raged. "Trying to proposition you! Just like Vince Kennedy to get you into something messy."

"But—" began Bess—"Mr. Kennedy didn't get me into this. What I mean is—" Her voice dwindled off, for Vince had brought up the subject of a job with Councilman Sloan, and Sloan—during that dreadful interview—had told her, in surprise—"I thought you were a friend of Vince Kennedy's!"

"I—I don't see how Mr. Kennedy could have given the Councilman such a wrong impression," Bess said slowly. "He was charming last night. And I'm sure I didn't do anything to create a false idea."

Marie Agnes was raging on. "False idea, my eye!" she sputtered. "If you ask me, Vince and the Councilman are in cahoots."

Homer said, "Shush!" loudly, but not before Bess had begged, "Marie Agnes, please tell me the truth! What's wrong with Vincent Kennedy?"

Marie Agnes clamped her lips tight together and shook her head like a stubborn child. "I'm not a tattletale," she said. "You're a big girl, Bess. Use your own judgment."

By making a determined effort in the next few days she was able to forget Councilman Sloan, but she could not forget Vincent Kennedy. If Marie Agnes were right, and Vince and the Councilman were connected in any way, Vince was certainly not a fit person to associate with, but he was so engaging. The clean, well scrubbed look of his skin, the crisp spring of his brown hair above a forehead that was broad and high, his smile—these weren't things that belonged to anyone who was connected with Councilman Sloan.

He was waiting for her one evening,

two days after her interview with Sloan, when she came into the Romando Hotel after a weary and futile day of job-hunting.

"I've been waiting here in the lobby for an hour, Miss Johnson, just on the chance of seeing you," he said. "Won't you let me explain?" All at once he was boyishly embarrassed. "I owe you an apology. I didn't know what I was letting you in for."

Illogical, overwhelming relief made Bess unable to do anything but repeat after him, "You didn't know what you were letting me in for?"

Vince smiled into her eyes as he had at their first meeting. "When I heard about the line Wilson Sloan pulled on you," he said—"Well, Miss Johnson, I was fit to be tied! Sloan's not only a rat, he's a fool."

Almost before she knew it Bess was seated across from Vincent Kennedy at a corner table in a neighborhood restaurant. Almost before she knew it she was telling him her troubles, listening eagerly to his words of advice. And as, dinner over, they sipped their coffee, she realized suddenly that she was no longer lonely.

That dinner was the beginning of a curious relationship between Bess Johnson and Vince Kennedy. Bess had had other romances—many of them—indeed a broken romance was responsible for her pilgrimage to the city. But her feeling for Vince was different. His boyishness appealed to one side of her—the maternal side—and his good looks appealed to a side of her that was not in the least maternal. She was fascinated by him and, at the same time, wanted to protect him.

Lunch, dinner, movies with Vince. They were calling each other by their first names now—they were realizing that they had the same tastes and some of the same ambitions. Vince confided that his only meeting place with Councilman Sloan was the political arena—he, himself, had a slight leaning toward politics because—he told Bess—he wanted to make the city a better, cleaner place. "You and I could work together swell," he told her once. "If I were a City Councilman I'd give you a real job."

"I'd be glad of any kind of a job—real or otherwise," Bess sighed. "I've followed every lead—I've even been answering the blind ads in the papers. I got into a funny jam this morning—answering one of them—"

Vince asked, "Such as—"

Bess said, "It was an ad from something that called itself the Mutual Welfare Association. Naturally I thought it was some sort of social service work, right down my street, but it wasn't. It was a man selling gadgets to a lot of poor people who in turn were supposed to sell them from door to door and make a big profit. He got five cents apiece for the gadget—it was some kind of a can opener. The people were supposed to sell it for ten or fifteen or twenty-five cents."

Vincent said, lazily—"Well, it sounds all right to me. They say there's a sucker born every minute."

But Bess objected hotly. "It was a swindle!" she said. "The can openers could be bought in any five-and-ten-cent store for a nickel—the poor people didn't have a chance to sell them for a dime. I—Vince, I saw red, so I stood up in front of the whole crowd and told the man what I thought of him. And when he got objectionable I sent for Billy Joyce."

The laziness had gone out of Vince.

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He was sitting bolt upright, staring at Bess. "You sent for Billy Joyce?" he queried. "Why did you do that?"

Bess' cheeks were flushed—she looked very pretty at the moment but oddly enough Vince seemed unaware of it. "When Billy came," she told him, "I had the gadget man—his name was Steinsmith—arrested. When the case comes up in court I'll appear against him. I'm not going to stand by and see people robbed and—"

Vince Kennedy's voice was flat, cold. "You'll get into trouble, Bess, if you monkey around with this sort of stuff," he said. "It's a mistake for a woman to get mixed up with legal things—women don't understand legal things. After all, what's it to you? That Steinsmith was doing the same thing they do in Wall Street, only on a smaller scale. Live and let live, I say. After all, Steinsmith's little enterprise is none of your business."

Bess said, "Unfortunately we can't agree on that, Vince. At any rate, Steinsmith is arrested and I shall appear in the witness box against him."

Vince eyed her strangely but said no more. And Bess, busy with answering advertisements, worried about her dwindling bankroll, scarcely realized that for the next few days she was seeing very little of him. And then one morning she received a summons to appear in court. The case against the gadgeteer, Steinsmith, was coming up for trial.

For just a moment Bess wished heartily that she had kept out of the whole thing. But telling herself that she was doing real social service work by protecting the city's poor from a swindler, Bess stifled her feelings and made her way to the courtroom. Her shyness lessened when Billy Joyce met her with a broad grin and led her to a seat, and as she sat beside the big detective and listened to case after case being tried, courage flowed back into her. She was doing the right thing—she knew it! When she saw the man who was head of the Mutual Welfare Association looking plump, sleek and self-satisfied, she felt an actual hatred well up in her heart. The people who had bought the gadgets had been so poor, so desperate. And he was so well upholstered. "It's not decent," she said under her breath, "it's not decent."

"What's not decent?" asked a familiar voice, and Vincent Kennedy slid into the seat next to her. "Hi, Bess," he said. "How're tricks?"

Bess was startled. "What on earth are you doing here?" she asked.

Vince laughed. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but I was playing bridge last night, over at my friend Earl Edward Emerson's house. He's a lawyer, you know, and—well, we started talking about courts and cases and he ended up by telling me about this case of yours."

"My case?" Bess whispered. Kennedy was laughing. "Yes," he said. "Imagine, Bess—Emerson's the lawyer for your opponent! Incidentally, he wants to meet you. Would you mind?"

Bess felt that she would mind very much. The whole situation puzzled her—the long arm of coincidence was almost too long. When Kennedy brought his friend over she was frankly distrustful. She grew even more so when Emerson begged her to drop the complaint. He told her an absurd story about Steinsmith, how the man was a philanthropist, how he supported a widowed mother

and was paying off an ailing sister's mortgage. Bess, usually gullible, caught Billy Joyce's wink and stiffened in her place. And then the case was called and Emerson, darting a glance at her, seeing her adamant, asked for a postponement.

Bess, leaving the courtroom, felt curiously helpless. She knew enough about legal procedure to understand that Emerson could keep on asking for continuances, world without end, amen—that he could wear her down with continuances until she was ready to drop the charge. She knew that job hunting would be harder if she had to take time out for court once a week. She felt trapped, but when Vince—calling her on the phone later in the day—told her she was being foolish, that social consciousness didn't pay, she answered him sharply.

"I'll handle my own affairs, Vince," she said, "and Mr. Steinsmith is my own affair. Please keep out of this." But when a week went by and she neither saw nor heard of Vince, she was sorry that she had been so short.

BESS JOHNSON did not quite recognize herself, these days—was not quite sure that she liked herself. Once upon a time she had known, with

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certainty, what was right and what was wrong—more important, once upon a time she had been mistress of her own emotions. Now she was hesitant, uncertain, prey to a loneliness that was intensified since her brief companionship with Vince.

Bess was standing at the hotel desk one morning, waiting for Homer to sort the mail, when a rough looking man crossed the lobby and asked, in a husky voice, if a lady named Bess Johnson were staying there.

Bess started to answer but Homer—giving her a look—made an evasive reply. "She lives here, but she's out," he told the man.

Bess again made an attempt to speak—why was the clerk acting this way?—but the man, growling something under his breath, spun on his heel and stalked off across the lobby. "Be back in an hour," he called over his shoulder, and went out, banging the door after him. It was then that Homer explained his suspicions.

"You've got to be careful, Bess," he said. "You're mixed up with a gang of crooks, and crooks won't stop at nothing. That guy was a tough looking customer. He was up to no good."

Bess had been in tangles before. She'd always been a storm center, but this was a new type of tangle. "You're letting your imagination run away with you, Homer," she said crossly, and turned away from the desk, and there—standing beside her—was Vince Kennedy. And in her sudden happiness at seeing him, Bess blurted out the whole story. "I was just telling Homer that he's crazy," she said, but Vince shook his head. "I'm not so sure," he told her. "Look, Bess, I'll stick around until that man comes back."

They sat in the lobby under a dusty artificial palm and talked, and because they had a great deal to say the hour passed quickly. Bess was so absorbed that she didn't realize the time was up until the rough looking man walked past the place where she and Vince were seated. He was on his way to the desk but Vince—with a little exclamation—leaped to his feet. "Well, I'll be a so-and-so! If it isn't old Max!"

The man stopped in his tracks. "Hello, Vince!" he said. "I didn't expect to see you."

Vince was beaming. Even as she shrank away from him, Bess found herself thinking that he would make a good politician, at that! "Please, Vince," she whispered, but Vince ignored her plea. "Max," he said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Bess Johnson."

The man, Max, was startled. "Why—why, you're the lady I came to see," he said, "but that guy at the desk told me you were out. And—he couldn't get it—and you were standing right there, too."

BESS tried to say it was a mistake. Homer, leaning forward, mouth open, didn't say anything. And then, as if he were working against time, the man quickly explained his errand. He had been commissioned by Stein-smith, he said, to offer Bess a bribe—only he didn't call it a bribe. "He'll hand you a nice piece of change to drop the case, Miss Johnson," said the man. "He'll go up to fifteen hundred dollars. He said I was to hand you the message and bring back an answer."

Bess, finding her voice, said evenly—"That's very simple. The answer's no. And you may tell Mr. Stein-smith that I'll inform the Judge of his attempt to—buy me."

Vince said quietly, "You can't prove anything, Bess. It's unfortunate but you can't." And Bess answered, "Why not, Vince—when I have you for a witness?" It was then that Vincent turned on the emissary and told him to leave. But after the man had shambled off Vince warned Bess that things were getting a little unpleasant and that fifteen hundred dollars was a lot of money. "You could do plenty of good with fifteen hundred dollars," he told Bess. "It would go a long way in charity."

After Vince had left her Bess went slowly upstairs. Opening the door she walked into her shabby little room and threw herself across the bed. She must think, and yet it was hard to think. She must rationalize Vince's part in the Stein-smith affair, and yet she couldn't rationalize it. Pressing her fingers to her temples, she lay there, staring wide-eyed at the grimy ceiling over her head, but seeing a great deal more than that.

She saw that Vincent Kennedy had been instrumental in sending her, in



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search of a job, to a man who was vulgar, cheap, without morals. She saw that Vince had been too familiar for complete innocence with the circumstances and chief figures of the Steinsmith case, and that he had been shocked and vexed when he learned of her own action in bringing charges against Steinsmith. She saw that he was an acquaintance—if not actually a friend—of the unsavory Mr. Max, last name unknown. She saw that Marie Agnes disliked him, and Billy Joyce obviously did not trust him, and that although he possessed no visible means of support he always had plenty of money.

And she saw that he obsessed her completely—that no matter how hard she tried she could not shake off the thought of him, could not shake off the anticipation of the moment when next they would meet.

Yet, with the morning, there came reassurance she so badly needed. For Vince telephoned her, early. He was the bearer of glad tidings.

"Bess," he said without preamble, "I think I've got a job for you. It's with a friend of mine, a guy named Dahl—so run right down to his office and see him." He laughed as he gave her an address. "No," he said, "it's not another case of Wilson Sloan. This job is on the up and up."

Bess, having spent the night proving to herself that Vince was all wrong, stammered her thanks. "It's—it's too wonderful," she said.

Vince said, "Incidentally, Bess—I've got another piece of news for you. Steinsmith has skipped his bail."

Bess, hardly able to take it in, gasped—"What do you mean, Vince?" and Vince told her, "Temptation's been removed from you, my treasure—not that you ever were tempted by a measly fifteen hundred dollars . . . The case is closed and you won't have to appear in court again. Everything's ironed out."

Bess, as she slowly hung up the receiver, was more puzzled than ever. How did it happen that Vince was always in the know? Why was he always in evidence when things were happening?

BESS got the job—not much of a job, only fourteen dollars a week, but enough to pay her small expenses at the Hotel Romando. She thought that, when she was keeping office hours, she'd see less of Vince, but she soon discovered that mere office hours would not hold him back. He was always stopping in to take her to luncheon, he was often at the door when she came out, ready to ride her home in a taxicab. Bess, to whom taxicabs were a distinct luxury, asked veiled questions about his means of livelihood, only to be met with veiled answers. Oh, sure, he was busy—never busier. He was in the money. He'd tell her all about it someday.

In the money? It was money that brought up the next terrifying—the most terrifying—doubt of Vince in Bess Johnson's mind.

She and Vince had finished luncheon in a restaurant when Vince, reaching into his pocket, looked blank. "Good Lord," he said, "I've forgotten my wallet. Bess, you'll have to lend me some money to pay for the check."

Bess, smiling, said something about "the woman always pays," and handed him five dollars. That night when she was at the hotel desk asking Homer for her key, Vince came in and hurried up to her.

"Here you are, Bess," he said, handing her a crisp new bill. "And don't try to get it from me a second time—Homer can witness that I pay my debts."

Bess said, "Homer can do more—he can take the money and credit it on my rent bill." She handed the money to Homer and he tucked it carefully into the cash register.

It was a casual little scene. Billy Joyce, the detective, grinned at the trio as he came across the lobby, "Hope I'm not bustin' up anything," he said. "Is Marie Agnes home?"

Homer told him, "She went upstairs about ten minutes ago," and Billy nodded. "I'm takin' the kid to dinner," he told Bess. "I'm celebratin'—it's payday. Say, Homer, can you cash my check?"

Homer said, "Bet your life," and as Billy handed over a check he opened the register again and started counting out money. Billy, watching, suddenly thrust out a huge fist and picked one of the bills from the growing pile. "Good grief, Homer," he said, "that's as pretty a phony as I ever saw! Who passed it on to you?"

Homer said, "That's easy. It's the only new bill I got today—Bess just paid her rent with it."

Billy had turned to Bess: He snapped out, "Where'd you get it, Bess?" and Bess faltered, "Why—"

It was Homer who spoke for her. "Vince Kennedy handed it over to Bess," he said. "I was—" unconsciously he was quoting Vince—"a witness. Now it's up to Vince to tell where he got it. Vince, where did you—" he stopped short for, while they were talking, Vince Kennedy had walked quietly out of the lobby.

"I'm sure Vince can explain," Bess heard herself saying weakly, but Billy growled, "If he can explain so good, why'd he run away? Folks, I'd better forget about taking Marie Agnes to dinner—I'd better go down to headquarters and make a report."

He was halfway across the lobby and Bess, hand outstretched, was powerless to stop him. And then, with a queer violence, Vince was coming through the door. He almost collided with the detective.

"Billy, I'm glad I caught you," he panted. "When you said that the five dollar bill was a counterfeit I raced off without thinking. I—I was hoping I'd catch the fellow who gave it to me."

Billy asked slowly, "Did you catch him?" But Vince shook his head. "He's a fellow from out of town," he said. "His name's—Jim Tayne. We—we made a bet in a bar last night and he lost and I ran into him on the street and he paid me. It was just outside of the hotel here, that I ran into him—no, I don't know his address. I just met him in a bar last night."

Billy put the bill into his pocket. "So that's what happened," he said slowly in a tone of disbelief. "Tayne, you said his name was? We'll try to look him up. But if you see him first, don't let him give you any more money, Vince."

The whole incident ended abruptly. Billy was joined by Marie Agnes and they went out to dinner, and Vince made nervous apologies and went away, too, and Bess took the creaky elevator up to her room. And the next day, and the days after, it was almost as though nothing had happened except that Marie Agnes sighed in exasperation every time she saw Bess with Vince.

For Bess continued to see him—every day, sometimes twice a day. She was caught in a current from which she could not escape. When she was alone she could be reasonable and vow to end her curious relationship with Vince—not abruptly, perhaps, but simply by drifting away from him, making no definite appointments, being out the next time he called. But then he would call and as she picked up the telephone all her resolutions vanished like mist before the sun, and when she was with him and he said, "See you for dinner tomorrow night?"—all she could answer was "Yes."

She could argue carefully with herself that this was only friendship—surely there was no harm in friendship—no harm in having a good-looking and charming man ready to take you to dinner after you'd spent a weary and futile day filing correspondence! Yes, she could argue that it was friendship—she could refuse to take into account the tender, possessive something in his smile, or the way in which he touched her arm when he helped her into a cab, or the speculations that came unbidden to her thoughts when she wondered how it would be if Vince kissed her.

At dinner one night Vince seemed preoccupied. Bess realized that his eyes, always until now so ready to meet hers, strayed away—as if they contemplated something far off and not very pleasant. Yet he seemed in no hurry to leave the table, and when they did get up finally he suggested walking back to the hotel.

They were only a few steps from the Romando when he broke into quick speech.

"Bess, I want to ask a favor of you," he said. "Look, dear, will you keep something for me?"

"A secret?" she asked. Vince told her, "No. I've a little package with me and I'm wondering if you'll stick it in the hotel safe in your name. It's nothing very valuable—just some jewelry that belonged to my mother. But there's been a sneak-thief in the neighborhood where I live and—" he hesitated—"these things that belonged to my mother mean an awful lot to me—no real value, of course, but she's been dead quite a while and—" He broke off, apparently fighting for self-control, and Bess laid a hand on his arm. "Indeed, I will keep the package for you," she said, "but wouldn't it be better if it were in your name—just in case something happened to me?"

Vince said, "Homer might not be willing to keep it if he thought it belonged to me—after all, the safe is for the guests of the hotel—so you'd better not even mention that I'm the owner of the package."

When Bess put the package in the safe, she didn't make any explanation to Homer and he didn't ask for any. And as more days lengthened into more weeks, as another month rolled by, she forgot the incident—a parcel of trinkets, with only a sentimental value, can easily slip from a girl's mind when it's springtime and she's in love. For Bess, at last, was ready to admit the truth! She was in love with an enigma—she was in love with Vince Kennedy.

It was more than a month after she had placed the jewelry in the safe that Bess, home from the office, was writing a letter to one of the girls who had been in her school. As she jotted

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down a series of trivial happenings, she felt—rather than saw—a dark shadow against her window, but she didn't bother to look up—she was on the fourth floor, so it must be a trick of her imagination. It was only when a voice said, "Stick 'em up, sister!" that she turned sharply—it was only then that the pen, slithering from her hand, made an ugly blot on her housecoat. She saw a man standing on the fire escape outside her window—a man with a short, ugly automatic in his hand—a man who looked oddly familiar. Who looked—like Vince!

"How did you get here, and wh-what do you want?" she faltered, and the man said, "I came up the fire escape, and you know darn well what I want, Miss Johnson. Hand over that jewelry."

The jewelry—the jewelry. All at once Bess remembered the little package Vince had given her to keep. "I—I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

THE man laughed and his laughter, also, reminded her of Vince. "Do you know any more jokes?" he queried. "Hand over that package—quick!"

Bess was thinking fast. What was the connection between this man and the package that Vincent had given her? His mother's jewelry—a ring, perhaps, an amber necklace, an old fashioned enameled bracelet—nothing of value. "I haven't any package in this room," she told the man, "and you'd better go away before I call the police. Detective Joyce is a friend of mine and—"

The man on the windowsill jumped down to the floor level and advanced toward her. The gun in his hand was pointed at her breast. "I'll count up to twenty-five," he said, "and when I get to twenty-five I'll shoot. This isn't a big room—I can frisk it in less time than it would take you to say—" he laughed again—"Billy Joyce."

Bess felt the blood pounding in her temples. This was not a joke—this was real—this was danger. "Who—who are you?" she asked, and the man answered by bringing the gun closer. "One—two—three—" he counted—"four—five—six—seven—eight—nine." He was at eighteen when Bess heard the door of her room opening quietly. Her back was to the door—would it be Marie Agnes, would it be Homer? And then she heard Vince Kennedy say, "Ollie! What the devil do you think you're up to?"

The man in front of Bess growled, "Vince! You double-crosser! Even if you are my own brother—" Bess saw the barrel of the gun move up until it was aimed at a point above her shoulder. Instinctively she flung herself forward—anything to break that aim! She heard the gun go off—she heard Vince moan, "God Almighty," and then the man was on the windowsill again, dropping out of sight.

Waiting in the little room off the hospital corridor, Bess Johnson real-

ized, as she had never realized before, how much she cared for Vince Kennedy. There were other people waiting in the little room, a woman whose child was ill, a man whose wife was having a baby, a boy in uniform who was pacing up and down, biting his lips. Normally Bess, whose creed had always been service for others, would have talked with these people, comforted them. But now that Vince was in the operating room, now that a clever surgeon was probing for a bullet, she had only one thought in her mind—Vince. She had only one prayer in her soul. "Oh, God, let Vince get well!"

Billy Joyce came tiptoeing down the hospital corridor. He crossed the waiting room and seated himself beside her. "Any news?" he asked, and when Bess told him, "Not yet," he muttered something profane. "It's too damn bad Vince got himself mixed up in a jewel robbery," he told Bess. "I suppose his brother dragged him into it."

"So the man who shot Vince was really his brother!" whispered Bess, and then the full import of Billy's speech struck her. "Jewel robbery!" she cried. "Billy! What—?"

bad company. . . . Don't look so hurt, Bess—you've suspected him yourself, often enough . . ."

"Yes, I have—" Bess admitted. And then with sudden hope: "But he's not really bad. Billy—not if he's done all these things just for his brother. And he must have been trying to protect his brother, when he gave me the jewels—"

Billy shifted uncomfortably on his big feet. "Well, there's something else, Bess. I wish I didn't have to say it, but—You know how it is, sometimes you're sure of a thing even if you can't prove it. I'm as sure as that I'm standing here that Vince helped Ollie on that jewel robbery. I can't—" he stopped speaking, relievedly, as a nurse came into the waiting room. Crisp, rustling in her white linen uniform, she approached Bess. "Miss Johnson?" she asked, and when Bess nodded she said, "Mr. Kennedy has come out of the anesthetic. The bullet's been removed, he has a fair chance of recovery, and he wants to speak with you. The doctor says it will be right for you to see him, but don't let him get excited."

Bess, with one movement, was on her feet and halfway out of the wait-

ing room door, and was following the nurse down the hospital corridor. She wasn't even aware that Billy Joyce was trailing along in her wake. When they came to the end of the corridor the nurse pushed open another door and there, weary and spent—whiter than the pillows against which he was resting—lay Vince Kennedy.

"Bess," he whispered, "Oh, Bess darling! If

I'd been a minute later he might have killed you. Brother or not—I—I'm through with him."

Bess was kneeling beside the hospital bed. Her cheek was pressed against Vince Kennedy's limp hand, but before she could speak Billy Joyce was crowding forward.

"Come clean, Vince," he said. "What's the story?"

VINCE stared from Bess Johnson's head, at the detective. "Ollie," he said, "asked me to keep the jewels for him—for a few days. I—I hid them with Bess . . . I—I told him that they were lost . . . I was waiting for things to blow over and then I was going to give them to you, Billy."

Billy said, "Who engineered the robbery?" and Vince told him, "It was Ollie and Doc—they held up a man who was delivering some diamonds on consignment . . . I know the whole story. Billy. When I'm better I'll—" his voice trailed away. "I'll—"

Bess murmured, "Billy, you mustn't excite him," but Billy Joyce was bending over the bed. "You'll what?" he questioned. "You'll what, Vince?"

Vince told him huskily, "I'll turn state's evidence—I protected Ollie in the Steinsmith business—yes, he was in that, too; and I protected him with that counterfeit bill—when I ran out I phoned him to lay low—and I'd have



Say Hello To-

JAY JOSTYN—whose most important regular role on the air is Mr. District Attorney in the NBC adventure serial of that name—but who acts in so many other programs that if you listen at all regularly you probably hear his voice a couple of times a day at least. One week he set a record by appearing on thirty-six different programs and enacting forty-eight different characters. Joy began his acting career on the stage, and still is enough of a stage actor to prefer radio programs that have studio audiences, and to engage, as a hobby, in directing a little-theatre group composed of his neighbors in the New York suburb where he lives. Toll and handsome, he has a hard time looking like a stage villain.

Billy explained patiently. "Ollie Kennedy," he said, "is Vince's older brother and Ollie's always been a bad egg. He's been mixed up in a lot of rackets with a fellow they call the Doc. Ollie's done time—he's only been out of prison a few months. I've no doubt it was Ollie who palmed that counterfeit bill off on Vince."

It was all beginning to come clear—it was like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle fitting in—but Bess persisted. "You said jewel robbery, Billy. Oh, please explain!"

Billy sighed heavily. "That package you had Homer put into the safe," he said, "under your own name! Homer opened the safe and gave it to me—I had a warrant ten minutes after I left Vince at the hospital. There were stolen jewels in that package, Bess—Vince was using you as a cover-up."

"Oh, no!" It was a low whisper of anguish. "I don't believe it!"

But she knew, somehow, it was the truth.

Billy said, "I don't like the job of tellin' you all this, Bess. I know you're crazy about him—we all know it—and I hate to hand you a jolt. Vince has his points—he's good lookin', he's a perfect gentleman—but he's weak. He lets Ollie twist him around his little finger, and he lets cheap politicians butter him up and he keeps

smoothed things over, somehow, about the jewel robbery . . . But when he tried to kill Bess I was—"his voice broke—"through." As he drifted into unconsciousness Bess pressed her lips against his hand. That was where they belonged. No matter what he had done in the past—no matter even if he was withholding part of the truth now as to his own part in the robbery—that was where her lips belonged.

SHE was in the waiting room again. For though her heart was singing with relief the nurse had told her to stay in the vicinity a while longer. "Mr. Kennedy may wake again before the night's over," the nurse told her, "and if he does you'll want to be on hand—won't you, Miss Johnson?" Bess had nodded mutely.

Yes, she was back in the waiting room, but she was more composed now, more relaxed. An hour went by, two hours—and then the nurse was back again. "Mr. Kennedy seems stronger, Miss Johnson," she said, "he's talking quite normally now, and he's asking for you."

Once more Bess followed the nurse down the hospital corridor. She could scarcely believe her ears when Vince's voice—almost its natural self—greeted her. "Come close, Bess," he said. "I—I've a confession to make." His eyes rested on the nurse's face with pleading. "If you'd leave us alone?" he asked.

The nurse smiled knowingly. She melted away into the dim places of the corridor and Bess moved quietly to the side of Vince's bed. Despite his evident return of vigor, she realized that he was very boyish, very helpless. He told her that the bullet origi-

nally intended for her had narrowly missed his heart—had nicked one lung.

"Bess," he said, when he had finished with the details of the accident, "that shooting proved a lot of things to me. It didn't only prove how much I love you, it proved that I'll never amount to anything without you . . . It proved that when I'm on my own I'm a little deficient in spine—and guts."

Bess, holding his hand, stroking it gently, scolded—"I won't have you talk that way about the man I love! You're the bravest person in the world—there's nothing wrong with your spine. And—" her voice trembled—"I'd like to believe that you couldn't get along without me, but I'm afraid it's not true!"

Vince said, "But it is true, Bess. I've spent my life evading things—choosing the easiest way. Even the job I haven't told you about is an excuse for working." He paused—he had to, for breath—"I make deals for people—I make contacts—I untangle knots and I make fat commissions—but I don't *work* for my money." Another pause. "Protecting Ollie was all a part of my formula—it was easier to protect him than to try and straighten him out—if you hadn't been in on that Steinsmith racket I'd have laughed at the whole thing. It was you—"

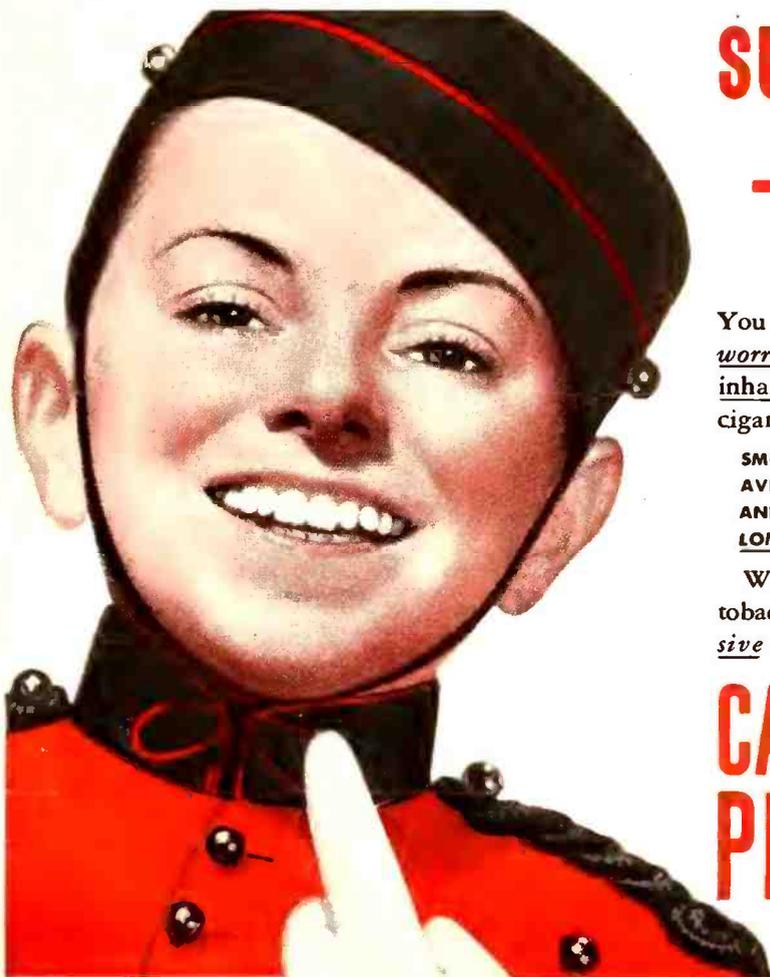
Bess said protestingly, "Darling, don't—" but Vince, after a moment, went on. His speech was coming in gasps—Bess didn't know why.

"It was the same way with the counterfeit bill," he said. "If I'd given it to somebody else I'd have thought it was the poor sap's—bad

luck. But you made counterfeiting seem dishonest. I planted that jewelry in the safe under your name because it was an out. It was only when your life was in danger that I saw the difference between right and wrong. Bess, you'll have to marry me—" he was hoarse now—his breathing was labored—"to reform me. With you for my wife I'll make the grade. Every time I look at you I'll see goodness and decency. I'll be living with goodness and decency. I'll—reflect you. Like a mirror."

Bess repeated, "Darling, darling—" It was all she could say and Vince went on. "If you marry me," he told her in a thread of a whisper, "you'll be taking an awful chance! Marrying a man to reform him is an uphill road! Most of my pals are a little off color, Bess—and most of my background is a little phony. Maybe we'll have to leave town—maybe we'll have to start in some new place, start from scratch. But with you beside me, I'm not afraid."

BESS murmured, "I'm not afraid either, Vince," but she was. She loved Vince—loved him with her whole heart and soul, but she knew that he had told the truth. Marrying a man to reform him is an uphill road! "We'll work together, Vince," she said simply—bravely—overcoming her fear—"making things better for people. Making it impossible for rackets and racketeers to exist and—" She didn't go on, she couldn't. For Vince was coughing—coughing strangely—and there was a scarlet foam on his lips. "Bess," he gasped, "my wife!" and Bess, springing up, was calling for the nurse. But when the nurse



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came—and she was there in a split second—it was too late. Over-exertion and internal hemorrhage—the words swam in Bess Johnson's brain as Billy Joyce, springing up from nowhere, led her from the hospital.

IT WAS all over—all over. The power and the glory, the romance and the wonder and the pain and the grief. A day—two days—three days. Vince Kennedy's funeral—the horror of it—the finality of it... Vince's brother Ollie had been captured and the man named Doc with him, and it was a personal triumph for Billy Joyce—he had told Bess that they'd go to the electric chair for Vince's murder—but what did it matter in the final analysis? Love had left the world—the book of happiness had been written down to its last chapter. She was back in the Romando Hotel—but what lay ahead?

Moving tiredly, as if she were very old, Bess Johnson crossed to the window—the same window that Ollie Kennedy had entered such a short time ago. She stood staring down at the street—a city street, crowded with people. She saw a man walking by, feeling his way with a white cane, a shabby man—and blind. She saw a ragged child sailing a boat in a sluggish stream that ran along the gutter. She saw a woman carrying a blanket-wrapped baby in her arms, another woman with a market basket that was pitifully empty. She saw a shabby boy and girl—arms entwined—daring the future. She saw others, many others—people swarming like ants under the low, smoke-smudged sky. Each of them carrying a burden of loneliness, of terror, of poverty, of soul sickness.

Standing at her window, staring down, Bess began to glimpse the first dim outlines of a plan—an Almighty

plan—that had dominated the last few months. Those people, down there—why, they suffered, too. Bess had never been insensitive to the sufferings of others but until now her reaction had been cold and almost impersonal—a noble and angry passion against the cause of suffering, rather than pity for it.

What was it Marie Agnes had said? "Like you lived in a little world of your own."

A world so self-contained, so private, that the sorrows of others could only be seen, not felt. A world enclosed in shining glass, transparent, hard—but now the glass was shattered. It had cracked in the first moment of her meeting with Vince, it had burst and fallen away entirely when Vince had called her his wife. She had become part of a larger world, one with its joys and sorrows, buffeted by its winds. And, sometime in the future, God willing, she would be warmed by its suns!

So, although it had never been written that she actually would be Vince Kennedy's wife, it had been written that she would know him and, through him, reach understanding. It had been written that the memory of Vince's weaknesses would help her to understand the weaknesses of other people; that knowing her own fallibility she would pity the fallibility of others.

Bess Johnson, leaning her forehead against the cold glass of the window pane, felt suddenly at peace. Her destiny was shaping—as a vase in a potter's hand. Somewhere there was a job for her to do and somewhere there was a love that she could keep.

Follow the story of Bess Johnson, Monday through Friday at 10 A. M., EWT or 10:15 A. M., PWT, over the NBC network.

The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 39

David, from his deep chair on the other side of the fireplace, said, "Still, you're glad the election turned out as it did, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes—yes, I am, really. Frazer is a darling, and a really brilliant man—but he's old, David. I don't mean just in years, but in thoughts and in point of view. Rufus is young, dynamic."

"Yes." David's tone was non-committal. "You're very fond of him, aren't you, Mary?"

"I admire him tremendously," she admitted.

"That wasn't exactly what I meant."

Mary's head drooped. "I know what you meant," she said in a low voice. "You meant—all the gossip that's going round about Rufus and—me."

David said, "Most of the country expected you to announce your engagement to him before now. When you didn't, the newspapers began hinting the announcement would come at the Inauguration next month."

"Yes. Yes, I know."

There was a silence. David broke it.

"You know I'm not curious, Mary. But if—as your friend—if you'd like to talk to me about it—"

Mary leaned back in her chair with a sigh. "I would, David, rather. I hoped to, when I came to Cedar Springs. It's just a little—hard to express. Rufus has asked me to marry

him—that part of the gossip is true."

"And you—you refused him?"

David had suddenly leaned forward.

"No, not exactly. It's so hard to know one's own emotions, David—I think," Mary burst out, "that anyone would be dazzled by the opportunity of becoming First Lady of this wonderful country. And perhaps that's the trouble with me—just dazzlement."

"You mean you're not in love with President Kane?"

"I don't... think I am. But I can't be sure. He's so fine—such a great man, really—that I seem almost impertinent to myself when I doubt it. I feel," and Mary laughed nervously, "as if I ought to love him, just as a matter of patriotism, at least..."

David sat back again, so that once more his face was in shadow. "You told me once, Mary, that whenever a problem came up in the Senate which you didn't know how to handle you'd think, 'What would Joe have advised?' And that then, nearly always, you'd have the right answer. Won't that work this time?"

Shaking her head, Mary replied, "I know what Joe would advise. But I'm afraid that this time... he may be wrong."

They fell silent then, staring into the fire, which had burned away into a deep glowing well of rosy coals. Outside, wind brushed snow from the

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JUNE, 1942

roof of the house, and gently rattled windowpanes as it passed. A storm was sweeping down from the north, spreading itself like a cold blanket over all the great inland plain of the United States. Even far to the south, it would bring freezing temperatures and unaccustomed snows. And perhaps the wind that touched Mary's house in Cedar Springs tonight would tomorrow whistle past an adobe hut in Arizona which she had never seen, and did not know of.

A man sat in this adobe hut, beside a kerosene lamp which struggled to send its light through a badly blackened chimney. He was bearded, roughly dressed, with a skin darkened by many winds and many suns, and he did not know his own name. He could remember everything that had happened since he woke up one morning on a sheepskin pallet in a very dirty hovel, but before that everything was emptiness and confusion. He knew he was an American, because people he had met in his travels since then had told him so; and for the same reason he knew he had come from Siberia through China, and across the Pacific Ocean in a tramp freighter. He had one true friend in the world, the Chinaman who now slept against the far wall of the hut; and one purpose, to find his lost identity.

Now, in the dim light from the oil lamp, he sat turning over and over in his big hands the only two clues which might help him in his search. They were a withered twig of arbutus, and a soiled and crumpled bit of paper on which was written, "Cedar Springs." These two objects and nothing else had been in his pockets, the Siberian peasants had told him, when they found him wandering dazed and ill on the steppe.

By difficult, dangerous stages, he and Oswald, his Chinese friend, had come this far—wandering, working for a few days as laborers, wandering on again. Now the time had come for them to part, for Oswald wanted to stay here in the Southwest, and he himself cared for nothing but to find Cedar Springs.

An atlas he had consulted in a public library had listed two towns named Cedar Springs—one in Texas, one in Iowa. He would try the one in Texas first. Somehow, he would know if it was right. There was a memory—so very dim and formless—far back in his mind, of a Square bordered by trees and planted with flowers, and of a statue . . . some kind of a statue. . . .

Tomorrow morning, he would start.

MARY went back to Washington in time for Rufus Kane's inauguration, and Cedar Springs seemed very desolate without her. At least, it seemed so to David Post.

He had fully intended to speak to her at Christmas time, telling her that the name of the Lady of his Dreams was Mary Marlin. He would have spoken—if she had been less uncertain of her feelings toward Rufus Kane. Her mere friendship was so valuable to him that he would not risk losing it. If Mary really wished to be the wife of the President, David could bring her nothing but pain by declaring himself.

As the months passed and spring came near, every sign seemed to tell him that he had been right. In Washington, Mary still saw much of Rufus Kane, and the newspapers still linked her name with his. Mrs. Kane, the President's mother, had been ill, and

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Says Sylvia of Hollywood

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the announcement of the engagement had been deferred until her recovery—so ran the gossip now.

Mary was coming back to Cedar Springs for Easter, and for the first time since Joe Marlin's disappearance, David had decided not to be at the station, waiting, when her train pulled in. It was not easy to sit quietly in his office this sunny spring afternoon, knowing that every minute she was coming closer, that when the hands of the clock touched three she would be looking up and down the station platform, wondering. He was glad when Jonathan dropped in to talk for a few minutes. He had no secrets from Jonathan, as Joe had had none before him.

"Wasn't sure I'd find you here," Jonathan drawled, "with Mary's train due in another ten minutes."

"I'm not going to the station," David said.

Jonathan stared. "What!"
"It isn't necessary. Margaret Adams will be there."

"But you always meet Mary when she comes home!"

David gave him a level look. "It's time to make the break, Jonathan. The President's mother is recovering from her illness—and pretty soon there'll be an announcement."

"Dave—" Jonathan began, but David interrupted him.

"And I don't want to be there!" he said roughly. "There's a limit to the punishment I can take!"

"But—great hounds of Hades! What'll Mary think?"

"She'll understand," David said, turning away. "She won't expect me."

Jonathan's face expressed his doubt of this statement, but he said no more. He was thoughtful, however, when he left the office a few minutes later and walked slowly down the street to his work at the *Times* plant.

YEARs ago, he had meddled in Mary's life. He had been right to meddle, for without his interference she and Joe would never have made up the quarrel that had separated them. Today he had it in mind to meddle again.

He waited until evening, but with the first darkness he was on Mary's doorstep. "I was afraid you might want to rest after your hectic days in Washington," he told her, "but I took the chance anyway. You can throw me out if you want to."

"Of course I don't want to!" Mary exclaimed. "Come right in." She looked a little tired, he saw, but still beautiful, still graceful.

"It's nice to have you back, Mary," he said.

"There's no place like home," Mary smiled.

"Then you haven't come back to sell the house?"

"Sell the house?" Mary said in surprise. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"Well—a lot of folks have been saying this will be your last visit to Cedar Springs," Jonathan observed. "Mrs. Kane is getting better now and—"

"Oh," Mary said on a low note. "Oh, I see . . . You know, Jonathan, it's strange you should call tonight, because I was going to telephone you. There was something I wanted to ask."

"Yes?" Jonathan said.

Her deep blue eyes met his. "Where was David this afternoon? He didn't meet me at the station. Is anything wrong?"

Jonathan considered. This, he mused, was simply asking him to

meddle. "Well—yes," he said finally. "David's ill!"

"No—nothing like that. But before I tell you what is the matter, I've got to ask you something. Are you engaged," Jonathan asked directly, "to marry Rufus Kane?"

"No," Mary said. "Rufus has asked me to marry him, but I haven't given him my answer yet."

"Why not?"

"I—I'm not sure, Jonathan," Mary confessed. "I know, in a way, it would be the fulfillment of Joe's destiny if I were the First Lady. Because Joe might have been elected President, some day, if he'd lived."

"Oh—you're thinking of that." There was the faintest hint of scorn in Jonathan's voice.

"I'm carrying on for Joe. That's always been my ambition. But—"

He put in quickly, "But there's your heart to consider too?"

Mary said miserably, "I'm not even sure of that—or that there's anything serious in my heart to consider. I'm not sure of anything!"

Jonathan chuckled, and struck a match for his pipe. A cloud of gray

why didn't he tell *me*? How could he expect me to know, when he wouldn't do anything but—but talk about the Lady of his Dreams—and be such a friendly, impersonal idiot that I couldn't imagine how he felt?" Half laughing, half crying, she stood up. "I'm going to call him, right now, and make him come here."

"In that case," Jonathan said, rising too, "I'll be going."

Mary held out her hand. "Thank you, Jonathan," she said simply.

"Oh—" He shrugged, smiled, let himself out the front door. On the steps he paused, pondering. It was a perfect spring night, star-lit, odorous with the scents of growing things. He felt a strong disinclination to return to his rooms and the never-finished novel. Instead, he turned to the right, toward the outskirts of town. A walk would do him good.

HALF an hour earlier—just about the time Jonathan came to see Mary—a man had swung down from the evening train in Cedar Springs.

Perhaps this would be it. The Cedar Springs in Texas had been all wrong, he had felt that the moment he saw the place, a barren prairie town. But there was a different feeling here, a sense of familiarity, of having seen this station, this street, before.

He pulled his shabby hat down over his eyes. If this was the Cedar Springs he had known in another life, someone might recognize him, and he did not want that to happen until he was sure. But it was not likely, not unless he had worn a beard in that other life, and for some reason he was sure he had not.

The River Front Road—was the name familiar, or was it only that he wanted it to be familiar? He walked slowly along it, and with each step his heart beat more wildly. He muttered to himself, "I have been here before—I know it—I feel it! This street, with its tall, overhanging trees . . . I have seen it when the trees were thick with leaves. My feet have felt this pavement . . ."

The street opened out before him. He was facing an open Square, a domed and pillared court house at its far end, the other three sides framed with business buildings, one and two stories tall. In the center of the Square was a statue—a woman, blindfolded, holding a sword in one hand and scales in the other.

The mists rolled back. It was all as he had seen it so many times—in sunlight and in moonlight, at morning and at dusk. Down that street to the right was the Old Church, near the river, and down this street was—the house where he had lived.

"Oh, God!" he cried aloud. "This is it! This is the place!"

Without his conscious will, his legs carried him across the Square, down the street toward the white, old-fashioned house whose every cornice and gable he knew so well. He moved automatically, as one moves over a path so often traveled that no effort of the mind is needed to travel it once more.

But still his name had not returned to him. When he had lived here, how, with whom, was still lost in the mists of forgetfulness. It would all emerge soon, soon—perhaps too soon, said his apprehensive heart.

He was on the sidewalk before the house, screened by the shrubbery, when a door opened on yellow light.

Continued on page 83

Overheard

CONSUMER TIME, Station WRC, Washington, D. C.:

Money for the Milkmaid:

If you want to save money on your milk bill—enough to pay a month's rent, do what women in Atlanta, Chicago, New Orleans, and other towns are doing: form a milk-buying-club. As few as twelve women, banded together in a neighborhood or in an apartment house can, by buying milk in quantities direct from the dairy plant, save as much as five cents on the quart. That means a saving of \$55.00 a year for a family of four.

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smoke went up before he remarked, "I think a lot of you, Mary. And once I even committed burglary for you, when I stole Joe's notebook and let you see it. You said I was playing Cupid. But the main point is, I steered you straight that time. And I think I can do it again."

"Jonathan—I don't understand—"

"Of course, you're the one to decide what you want, but I don't think you can do it unless you know all the facts, and there's one important fact you don't know."

"What is it, Jonathan?"

"David loves you. He'd ask you to marry him tomorrow—if he thought you didn't love Kane. As long as he isn't sure, he won't speak, for fear of losing you altogether."

"Oh, no!" Mary breathed—and then, in sudden, eager hope, "Are you sure?"

"Positive," Jonathan said, still puffing on his pipe. "He told me so, himself. And I thought you should know."

"Oh, Jonathan!" Mary said, her eyes shining. "The silly, foolish darling—"



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Editor of True Story



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True Story

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Continued from page 81

A man and a woman stood there, sharply outlined, for a moment before they closed the door behind them and walked slowly across the grass. He heard their voices and crouched down behind the low wall, in a panic lest he be discovered.

As he listened, full memory came to him like a thunderclap—memory and with it the knowledge that it had come too late.

"I'm a brazen hussy, David." The woman's voice—Mary's voice. "But I have a good excuse—you forced me into it."

"I don't understand . . ." He knew this voice, too. It belonged to the man who had been his business partner and best friend.

"Don't you, David?" She spoke lightly, but with an undertone of tender gravity. "Are you sure? I can't believe it—because Jonathan told me something just a little while ago."

"Jonathan . . . what did he tell you?"

"That you love me and you'd ask me to marry you if you knew I didn't love Rufus. I don't love him, David."

"Mary . . ."

David spoke, huskily, and then for a long while there was silence. They were standing only a few feet from the man who lay on the ground behind the wall; by raising his head a little he could have seen them. But he did not stir.

"I think I've loved you all my life, David." Her voice was so low that the words seemed to float upon the air, yet so distinctly that they burned

so many years when I couldn't speak."

"That's all over now, my darling."

He could almost see her. She would be smiling, and there would be that tender, gentle look in her eyes. She would look as she had so many years ago, when they were first married—and as she had not looked, not once, in the months before he sailed away to Russia.

His own bitter regrets seized him, and he hardly knew how much time had passed when Mary and David went back into the house, shutting the door and leaving him out there in the spring darkness, quite alone.

Joe Marlin knew his name, and his past, but he could claim neither. What he had overheard tonight would make that impossible. Mary must have, at last, her chance at happiness with the man who had always loved her—loved her selflessly, loyally, secretly, not at all as Joe Marlin had loved her. And Joe Marlin, who had existed again for a few moments, now would die for the second time. That would be the first sacrifice he had ever made for her sake. Ironic, that he should begin now by giving up his very existence!

In a while he would get up and leave Cedar Springs, but not just yet. For another minute let him lie here, sobbing, trying to find courage.

"Here—what's going on?"

He started up—he had not heard the footsteps approaching along the sidewalk. A man was bending over him—a man who fell back a step in amazement as the street light fell full upon Joe's face. "Joe Marlin!" Jonathan cried.

Recognition sprang to Joe's lips, but he forced it back. "No!" he mumbled. "That's not my name—let me alone. I wasn't doing anything."

"Joe—it is you! I'd know you anywhere!"

"No!" But in a flash he realized that he could not dissuade this old friend who knew him so well. He let his jaw drop, let a sly look come into his eyes. "No," he said again, "but I'll tell you who I am. I am a— a Good Samaritan—but you," he caught Jonathan's lapel and whispered, "but you must keep it a secret."

"Good God! Joe—I can't believe it—you're . . . insane. . ."

"Shh! But don't tell anybody!"

"No—I won't tell anybody. I promise. But you've got to come with me, over to my room. You've got to rest—get well—"

Joe's muscles tensed momentarily in resistance. He couldn't stay here in Cedar Springs; it wasn't safe. But then lassitude overcame him. It would be good to rest a while and be free from the terrible necessity of moving on which had been with him so long. Only for a day or two, and then he could run away again.

"If you won't let anybody see me," he said. "If you won't tell anybody about me, I'm a Good Samaritan. It's a secret."

"Yes, we'll keep it a secret," Jonathan agreed sadly.

With Jonathan's help he got to his feet, and together they moved off down the street, away from the house whose windows shone so brightly with the assurance of love and happiness fulfilled. They would always shine so, he knew, for Joe Marlin would not return.

Follow The Story of Mary Marlin daily on the NBC network at 10:45 A.M., EWT.

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Overheard

CORPORAL WALLACE BUTCHER of the Coast Artillery of Camp Callon, Calif., on *The People*, CBS:

"Love insurance" was invented by Private Clifford Elliott. He'd noticed that a lot of soldiers in our battery were nervous wrecks from worrying about the girls back home. Cliff had an idea—and he named it Love Insurance Limited. For 25c you could insure your girl's love for a month! If she jilted you, you got the kitty—maybe as much as fifteen dollars—and that'll buy a lot of heart balm in any mon's army.

themselves into the listening man's soul. "I just—wasn't sure until tonight."

"But—Joe. My friend, your husband. He'll always come between us!"

"We can't let him, David," she said with firm assurance. "We won't let him. If he could, he'd tell us we mustn't, because he loved us both, and would want us to be happy."

The listener heard them move, heard Mary seat herself on a little ornamental garden bench that stood there—how well he remembered that bench!—and knew that for them nothing existed but this night, this moment. A sob rose in his throat, and he smothered it against the moist, cool earth.

"I can't believe it," David murmured. "After such a long time . . ."

Jamup and Honey entertain WSM listeners every week on the famous Grand Ole Opry program.



What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 4

important of which are cartooning, sculpturing, sketching, tennis and swimming. He's on the verge of giving up the dubious advantage of being WBT's only bachelor announcer. He has announced his intention to marry a young lady who is one of Charlotte's loveliest debutantes.

This department's apologies to Mary Mason. It was reported here last month that she would no longer play Maudie in Maudie's Diary over CBS. That was true when it was written, but a sudden change of mind on the part of the sponsors made it very, very false by the time you read it.

Another casting change: Betty Winkler is Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne now. Ann Shepherd, her predecessor, is going to concentrate on stage work for a while. Betty is the fifth radio star to play Joyce. The other three were Helen Claire, Elspeth Eric, and Rita Johnson.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—A full-fledged announcer while still a college undergraduate—that's Allan Moll of Salt Lake City's station KDYL. And all because he followed Horace Greeley's advice to "go West, young man."

In Allan's case, it was his family who really made the decision for the westward trek. The Molls moved to Salt Lake City from Minneapolis about eight years ago. At that time Allan was only twelve, and naturally wasn't thinking much about being a radio announcer. But no sooner had he arrived in Salt Lake than a chain of circumstances began which, without his knowing it, was to prepare him to talk on the air.

First, he enrolled in Irving Junior High, where he took part in school dramatics. Then, at East High School, where he was one of the youngest students ever to graduate with honors, he secured a place on the debating team and walked away with the State Championship. When he began his studies at the University of Utah he found that ushering at a local theater was very helpful in balancing his personal budget. And it was also the final step on his road to radio. Last summer KDYL was putting on a quiz show at the theater where Allan worked, and needed an extra announcer. Allan

easily won the audition—no wonder, with all that debating and acting experience behind him—and before the quiz program had been on the air a month he was added to the staff of the station as its junior announcer.

Allan celebrated his twentieth birthday last month, and if he isn't called into service in the armed forces of the country this summer he plans to return to the University to finish his studies. He won't have to go back to ushering for an income, because in addition to his announcing duties he is a member of the regular KDYL dramatic group, assistant to the traffic manager, and librarian of the transcription collection.

Outside of radio, which takes up most of his spare time now, Allan is intensely interested in athletics. He was on the track squad at the University and was also a member of the softball team.

Stuart Churchill, Fred Waring's head soloist for so many years, is in the Army now. Uncle Sam couldn't have taken anyone Fred's program would miss more.

Radio people did pretty well when the Fashion Academy picked America's five best-dressed women. Three of the five selected are heard regularly on the air—Jean Tennyson of Great Moments in Music, Dinah Shore of Eddie Cantor's show and her own program, and Ilka Chase of Luncheon Date with Ilka Chase.

Irene Beasley, who used to have a program on CBS, now devotes all her time to singing commercials.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—It's still Jamup and Honey on the WSM Grand Ole Opry every Saturday night, as it has been for the past eight years—but for several months there has been a new Jamup. Tom Woods, the original Jamup, died during the team's tour of the South last winter, and Bunny Biggs replaced him. It wasn't easy to step into Tom Woods' place in the hearts of listeners, but Bunny managed it, and today the comedy team still have one of the Opry's biggest followings.

Honey Wilds was christened Lee Davis, August 23, 1903, at Bolton,

Texas. For the first fifteen years of his life, he lived in Bolton, riding the plains and attending school. He was always a better rider than the other boys, and seemed all set to become a rancher—but instead, when he left high school, he became interested in racing cars, and for a good many years was busy being a mechanic, a riding mechanic, a builder, and finally a driver. Incidentally, Honey today is one of the world's most moderate drivers. He explains this by saying that when you're in a racing car they clear the roads for you, and you don't have to worry about other vehicles nosing in from side-roads, either.

Between races, Honey played an instrument most people call a ukulele but which he invariably terms a "big pork chop." Lassie White, the head of the Lassie White Minstrels, heard him strumming it one day and persuaded him to enter show business. As long as there was a Lassie White Minstrel show, Honey Wilds was in it, and when it disbanded he and White teamed up to play in vaudeville and then on the air. About eight years ago Lassie went to Hollywood to work in the movies, but Honey stayed at WSM with the Grand Ole Opry.

Honey is married and plays a better-than-average game of golf. His proudest moment came on a trip to Hollywood when Bing Crosby patted him on the shoulder and said, "Boy, you can play that ukulele."

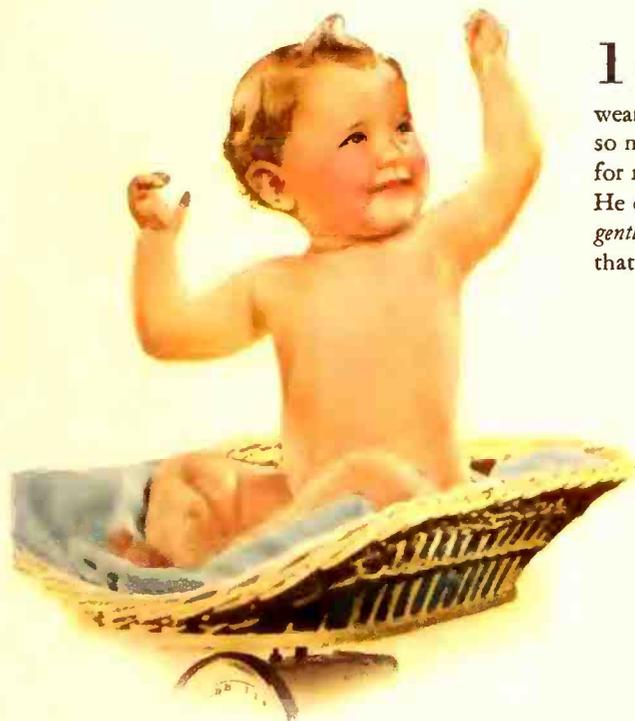
Jamup, whose original name of David McConnell was long ago replaced by Bunny Biggs, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, some forty-odd years ago. He was in the morale division of the Navy in the first World War, and his main job then was to keep the boys amused. Both before and after the War he teamed up with another comedian to form the vaudeville pair of Sloe 'n' Ezy. In radio, Bunny has been with advertising agencies, has produced programs, and has been featured on the WLS National Barn Dance and on Ben Bernie's program. If your phonograph library includes a set of records which tell the tales of Uncle Remus, probably Bunny's is the voice you hear on them.

Jack Benny signed a new two-year contract with his sponsors, calling for at least thirty-five broadcasts a year. It gives Jack the privilege of taking four weeks off during the broadcast season. He had the same privilege this year, but exercised it only once, the Sunday after the tragic death of his and Mary's friend, Carole Lombard.

Kathleen Fitz, Hollywood NBC actress, culminated a whirlwind romance by marrying Lt. Christopher W. Hartsough, Jr., of the U. S. Naval Reserve Medical Corps. They went to Pensacola, Florida, for their honeymoon. You hear Kathleen on One Man's Family and Captain Flag and Sergeant Quirt.

That's a clever idea the Celebrity Theater has Friday nights on the Blue network. Each week a leading figure in the news—a statesman, business man, prize-fighter or author—appears in the principal role of a play especially written for him. Since celebrities aren't necessarily trained actors, the broadcast series is more important for its novelty than for its high dramatic standards, but it's fun just the same.

"You're going to be a Beauty!" said Doctor, advising **IVORY**



1 SO BIG! ME AT 10 MONTHS . . .

wearing a rose-petal complexion, if I *do* say so myself. 'Course, Doctor *insisted* on Ivory for my sensitive skin—and Mommy's, too. He explained how Ivory Soap is *pure* and *gentle*, without any dye or strong perfume that might be irritating.

2 BIGGER YET— 18 MONTHS OLD

Ah me . . . the good times I've had in my Ivory bath! How could they *ever* make a soap any milder, any sudsier than this scrumptious big white floating Ivory cake of mine?



3 PRACTIC'LY GROWN UP—

2½ years next week! And guess what . . . they've actually made a *milder* Ivory (with LOTS more SUDS) for Mommy's complexion and mine! Mommy says our New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives us *safe* beauty-care. You oughta see her cream New Ivory lather all over her face! And afterwards she looks so pink-and-white! Better be like me and Mommy—give *your* face a velvet sudsing every night!



P. S. In a nation-wide survey, more doctors said they recommended Ivory for both babies and grown-ups than any other toilet soap. And doctors now recommend *New Ivory*—which is even *milder!*

"Baby-care"
is Beauty-care

. . . use

New Velvet-suds **IVORY**



99⁴⁴/100% PURE
IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PROCTER & GAMBLE

Romanticist of American designers

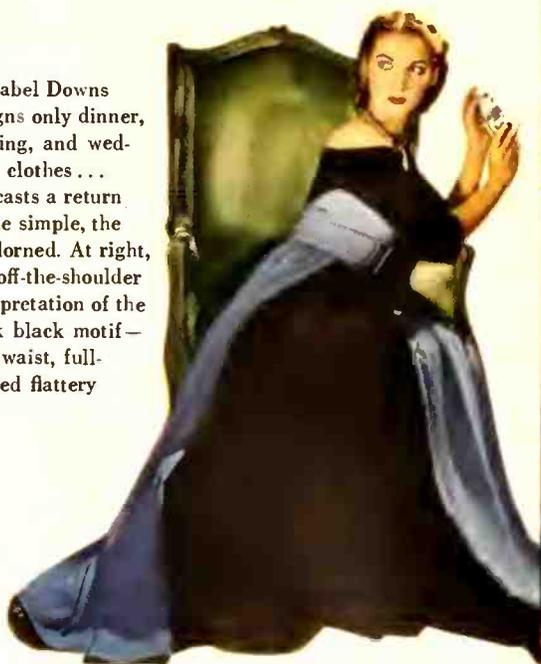
MABEL M'ILVAIN DOWNS



"One of the many reasons I enjoy Camel cigarettes is that there's less nicotine in the smoke. Milder by far!"

● Muted pink crêpe electrified with panels of black—romantic dinner dress from the spring collection of Mabel McIlvain Downs. One of the gifted few who are making America the source of fashion for years to come, she says: "I'm working hard these days—everybody is! And I know it's no time for nerves; so I'm smoking Camels. They're milder . . . and so good-tasting!"

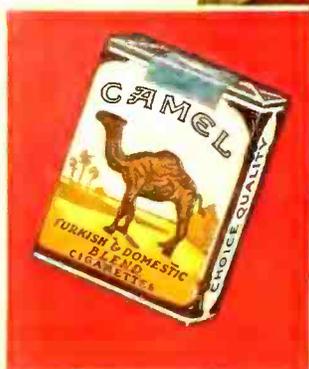
● Mabel Downs designs only dinner, evening, and wedding clothes . . . forecasts a return to the simple, the unadorned. At right, her off-the-shoulder interpretation of the stark black motif—tiny waist, full-skirted flattery



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

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



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

CAMEL

the cigarette of costlier tobaccos