

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

AUGUST

10¢



nn, Lovely Heroine of  
Young Doctor Malone  
ed by Elizabeth Reller

**A Complete Radio Novel - THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT**

**THE GOLDBERGS - See All Your Favorites in Full Page Photographs**

When comfort  
means so much

- Put *comfort* on your shopping list. Write down the name "Modess."
- You'll soon appreciate the difference Modess Sanitary Napkins can make in your comfort. For inside the snowy white surgical gauze covering of Modess is a filler so airy-light, and downy-soft that we've named it "fluff." Fluff is very *different* from the filler found in most other napkins.
- And because fluff is so *soft* and *gentle*, there's nothing quite like Modess for comfort. You'll find Modess is wonderfully safe, too! Read why in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. You can buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.





Even if your Face is not your Fortune—

**HEARTS WILL SKIP.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.**

COMPLIMENTS and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they're yours to win and possess. Just bring your *smile* to its *sparkling best* and eyes and hearts will open to you!

Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! *Help*

*your smile.* Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist* immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

**Use Ipana and Massage**

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree*

Yes, of the nation's foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman's most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless."

Start Today with  
**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editor

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ON THE COVER—Elizabeth Reller, star of Young Doctor Malone, heard on CBS Sports ensemble through the courtesy of Bonwit Teller, N. Y.  
Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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# What do You want to Say?



## FIRST

Why must all radio humor consist of verbal custard pie throwing? When I was very young, I used to think I was pretty witty when I addressed my friends as "Hi, pie face," or "Hello, ugly." And now comedians get paid for being either insulting or insulted.

The Jack Benny program, for example, is now just a series of slams at our Jack. I'm all a-gag every time I hear it.

Little Charlie earns his pennies by insulting Edgar and his guests. You'd think he could find something a little funnier, wouldn't you?—Marion Goodwin, Andover, New York.

## SECOND

In order to avoid missing some of my favorite programs, I made a list cataloguing each day, station and time. A discarded framed picture was the solution for hanging the list on the wall near the radio. The back of the frame is easily removed so changes can be made in the list. It is not conspicuous and is quickly read.—Mrs. Lyman P. Weld, Longmont, Colo.

## THIRD

While I realize Information Please is a top ranking program, and that all those on the "board of experts" know just about everything put to them, I cannot see that it helps the listening audience with real worthwhile information.

Most of the questions offer listeners nothing more than a "show-off" of the experts' ability to do complicated, quirky deducing. Maybe I am wrong, but I feel they should offer more real, helpful information, such as history, current events, lexicography and correct grammar, instead of all the asinine nursery rhymes and hidden Shakespearean passages.—Helen Wickert, Baltimore, Md.

## FOURTH

On our so-called "True-to-Life" dramas, over the air, we seem to be having an epidemic of people holding long conversations with their con-  
(Continued on page 62)

## NOTICE

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

# Guard your Charm all Day with quick, convenient Mum



**WHAT IS MUM?** Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration*. So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.



**HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST.** Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



**IN A HURRY?** Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



**MUM HELPS SOCIALLY.** What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

## Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

**YOUR CLOTHES,** your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick*, so *safe*, so *sure*. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed. Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

**SO HANDY!** Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

**DEPENDABLE!** Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

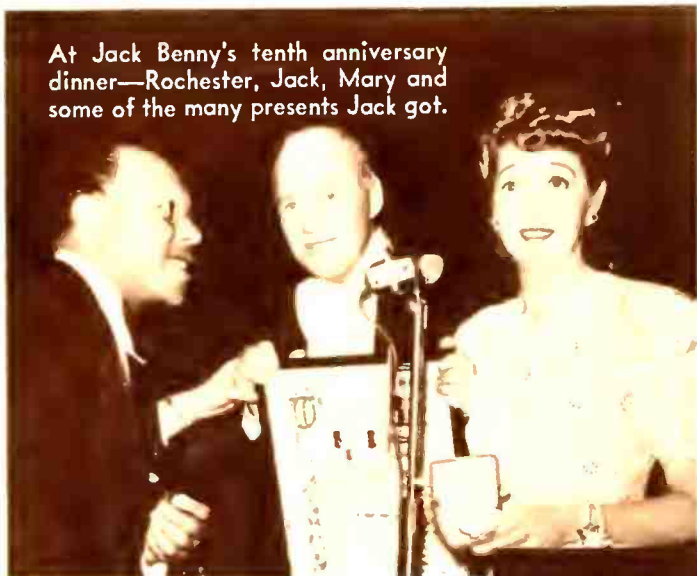
**SAFE!** Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

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

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

At Jack Benny's tenth anniversary dinner—Rochester, Jack, Mary and some of the many presents Jack got.



Dorothy Lamour, Greg Bautzer and Bob Hope helped make the dinner a big social event.



## What's New from

ONE NIGHT after the other, Kate Smith and Jack Benny both celebrated their tenth anniversaries in radio. Kate's party was in New York, at the Astor Hotel, Jack's was in Hollywood, at the Biltmore Bowl, and both of them were fancy social affairs.

CBS gave Kate a reception and dance after her Friday-night broadcast, while Jack was the guest of honor at a dinner thrown by NBC. Speeches were almost non-existent at Kate's party, very plentiful at Jack's, but there was very little solemnity at either. All of radio's comedians who broadcast from Hollywood were at the Biltmore to honor Jack with good-natured, kidding insults. Said Bob Hope, "I'm very happy to be here at this publicity stunt. Benny's my favorite among the older comedians." Fibber McGee asked Molly how long they'd been on the air, and Molly answered, "Fifteen years." "What did NBC ever give us on our tenth anniversary?" Fibber asked disgustingly. Molly replied, "They started signing our contracts with ink."

Jack was the only comedian present who made no attempt to be funny. His little speech of thanks was quiet and heart-felt.

Yes, Bess Johnson loves to ride horseback—but last month she was doing her dramatic broadcasts from a wheel chair because she departed from a horse's back rather too suddenly. Bess says bitterly, "You can lead a horse to water—and drown him, as far as I'm concerned, if he's the one I was riding."

Ezra Stone's status in the draft still has his sponsors worried. He'll be able to stay with the Aldrich Family show until July 10, when it takes a



Molly McGee and her Fibber were among the comedians who came to congratulate Benny.

four-week vacation. After that—well, Henry Aldrich may be in the army.

National defense is the reason The Amazing Mr. Smith has to go off the air late in June. It's sponsored by a company that makes tin cans for beer, and metal is getting so precious it can't be used for that frivolous purpose any more. Hence there isn't much point in having a radio program to advertise things you can't make or sell. The Amazing Mr. Smith may be snapped up by another sponsor, though. . . . Keenan Wynn, who plays Mr. Smith, became a papa the other day—a son, and his first child. This makes Ed Wynn a grandfather, but he tells everyone, politely but firmly, not to call him that.

The no-applause rule on the Kraft Music Hall has been broken just twice since the show first went on the air. The first person to break it was the big boss himself, J. L. Kraft, president of the sponsoring company. He got carried away with enthusiasm one night by the banter between Bing Crosby and some Boy Scout guests, and clapped before he remembered. The second time the rule was broken was on Alce Templeton's guest appearance. His rendition of the show's theme song, "Hail, KMH," was so good the audience couldn't keep from applauding.

By DAN SENSENEY

## Coast to Coast

Fred Waring's press-agent, Hilda Cole, became the mother of twin girls—and promptly named one of them Freddie, after the boss.

Maudie's Diary, a half-hour comedy drama based on the "Maudie" character you may have read about in magazines, will replace Your Marriage Club in August.

Congratulations to the Inner Sanctum chill-and-shiver programs on NBC Sunday nights. They started out with a good idea, floundered around a while, and now have settled down to being really clever and exciting. Tune one of them in and have yourself a scare to cool you off on a hot summer night.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Dick Pitts, WBT's Hollywood Reporter, agrees with old Bill Shakespeare that one man in his time plays many parts. Dick has played so many himself, in his twenty-nine years that he makes an ideal news-gatherer and a superb critic of motion pictures and their stars. He knows what a ditch-digger enjoys on the screen, and what a commercial artist would like, because he's been both. For the same reason, he can criticize a movie from the standpoint of an engineer's assistant or an actor.

Dick is on WBT twice a week at 5:15 in the afternoon. Broadcasting is just one of his jobs; the other is being the motion picture, art, drama and music editor of the Charlotte Observer, a post he has held successfully for the past seven years.

Back in 1930, Dick got his first taste of radio when he wrote, directed and acted in radio dramas by the dozens. But drama had claimed him long before that—at (Continued on page 6)



# Who... ME?

**I**F SOMEONE told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you . . . the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should realize this threat and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wall-

flowers who overlook it can't complain if wallflowers they remain.

### *Take This Precaution*

Instead of taking your breath for granted, remember that it may be "off color" and use Listerine Antiseptic every day as a mouth rinse. It is such an easy, delightful, and effective precaution . . . one which helps you to appear at your best socially or in business.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fer-

mentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

### *A Hint to Men*

Men can be bad offenders in this matter, so if you adroitly suggest the use of Listerine Antiseptic to them, you'll be doing them a real favor.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Let LISTERINE look after *your* breath



Beautiful screen star Mary Astor has her own program, but as yet it is heard only on the Pacific Coast; below, Dick Pitts is the Hollywood Reporter for station WBT in Charlotte, N. C.



(Continued from page 4)

the age of six, to be exact. He's acted both in the movies and on the stage.

Tall, blue-eyed, and one of the most eligible bachelors in town, Dick leads the kind of life most of us long for. Late each afternoon, never earlier than three o'clock, he makes his unhurried way to his desk at the newspaper office, reads his mail, checks the city desk for assignments, then at his leisure either writes a story or heads uptown to find one. When he comes to WBT for his broadcast he ambles in with his script stuffed carelessly into an inside pocket and faces the microphone about a minute before air-time. On his program he reports Hollywood happenings and talks about the new pictures in the same casual, unhurried manner. In fact, there's no word except "unhurried" to describe him.

When Dick took over his Hollywood reporting job scores of telegrams of congratulations poured in for him from movie celebrities, all friends of long standing. With typical Pitts nonchalance he stuffed them all into a back pocket and forgot about them until he happened to want his handkerchief. If they hadn't fallen out then, to be picked up by studio acquaintances, he might never have gotten around to

letting it be known that people like Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy had sent him good wishes.

Raymond Gram Swing got his Christmas present in June this year. His sponsor, White Owl Cigars, renewed his contract then, to run through next December 25.

There's more than one way for a radio script writer to get inspiration. Mrs. Gertrude Berg, author and star of *The Goldbergs*, was stuck for an idea to carry her story on, so she wrote herself out of the script and took a vacation in South Carolina. When she came back to New York she brought with her an idea for a full episode, lasting several weeks and laid in—of course—South Carolina.

Apparently the Dionne Quints flatly refused to speak in English when they were first scheduled to broadcast on Ned Sparks' Canadian program over CBS. The whole incident is shrouded

in mystery, with program officials hinting that someone in the children's household must have persuaded the little girls to be uncooperative.

Dick Widmark, who was playing the role of Neil Davison in the *Home of the Brave* serial, was inducted into the army early in June. Chances are he's at Fort Ord in California, along with James Stewart and Jackie Coogan.

Good news is that the Ellery Queen mystery series may be back on the air soon—perhaps by the time you're reading this.

Myron McCormick, who plays Joyce Jordan's husband in *Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne* over CBS, is always surprising the other actors on the program with the gifts he brings to the studio on special occasions. For instance, on Easter he distributed candy eggs, on birthdays he shows up with a cake, and on Fourth of July he always brings firecrackers or miniature flags. Recently he presented Ann Shepherd with an expensive bottle of perfume. No one could figure out why—until Myron explained that he and Ann had been "married"—in the script—for exactly one year.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Although Carl Chamberlain's nightly program, *Sports Parade*, is still a youngster as programs go, it has already become required listening for Rochester people. It's heard at 6:30 every evening except Sunday over Rochester's station WSAY, and the big reason for its success is Carl himself.

Carl is a veteran sports authority, and has been successful as an athlete, coach and official. Besides being WSAY's sports expert, he is Director of Athletics at Franklin High School in Rochester, the largest secondary school between New York and Chicago.

During the World War, Carl enlisted as a private at the age of seventeen, saw service in France, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve upon his discharge. From 1921 to 1929 he was athletic director at a small high school in Charlotte, N. Y., and attracted attention when his basketball team, despite its origin in a small school, won a championship.

He's been in Rochester, directing athletics at the 4000-student Franklin High, since 1930; and in that time he has built teams that have consistently won high places in inter-scholastic athletic events. As a part-time reporter for Rochester papers, he writes expert columns on basketball and football. His hobby is sports promotion and publicity.

Although he's busy most of the time, Carl loves to fish, swim, play tennis, go camping, and read. When he isn't at WSAY or his school you'll find him engaged in one or the other of these activities. Incidentally, speaking of tennis, his Franklin High team has been undefeated since 1939 and has won fourteen straight matches by shut-out scores. With records like that for his teams, no wonder sports-minded Rochester people look up to him as an authority.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa—Every day except Sunday the announcer at Shenandoah's station KMA says, "It's two o'clock and it's Kitchen Klatter Time at KMA. We now visit the home of Leanna Driftmier." And that, by re-



Henry Fonda makes a face like a comedian himself as he stops to chat with Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray at Jack Benny's party.



mote control, is exactly what the listener to KMA does. The broadcast has to come from Leanna Driftmier's home because Leanna herself spends all her life in a wheel-chair—although you would never suspect it from her cheerful, inspiring programs.

Leanna Driftmier's story is one of almost unbelievable courage. Until the late summer of 1930 she was a healthy, busy woman with the varied tasks and interests of any devoted wife and mother. Then her back was broken in a motor car accident while she was vacationing in southern Missouri with her husband. From then until Christmas Eve of the same year she was in a Kansas City hospital. Her homecoming on that memorable Christmas Eve was one of the most important events of the Driftmier family life.

A year or so later she had learned to walk on crutches, but one day her crutch slipped and she fell, breaking her hip. Now, paralyzed from the hips down, she accepts her condition with an infectious smile, spending all her time helping others through her broadcasts, letters, and a monthly Kitchen Klatter Magazine.

Even during the months in the hospital when she was in great pain, Leanna insisted she was glad the accident had happened to her instead of to anyone else in her family.

A typical Kitchen Klatter program is made up of recipes, a poem or two, or a story, a letter from one of Leanna's children, and just the sort of friendly talk one would expect to hear from Leanna if she were actually visiting each listener's home. Leanna's family consists of her husband and seven children, four sons and three daughters—although only one son is now at home. Another son is a missionary in Egypt, two others are in college, and the one at home is in business for himself. One daughter, a writer, lives in California; another is married and lives in Shenandoah, and the third is still in college. Listeners feel that they know these young Driftmiers personally, for Leanna passes along bits of news about them on every broadcast. The letters from her son in Egypt, which she reads on the air, are particularly appreciated.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The busiest person on the staff of Pittsburgh's station KQV these days is Jerry McConnell, the Gospel Singer. Jerry is heard on KQV every morning of the week, he works every day as dispatcher in

(Continued on page 78)



Authority on all sports at WSAY, Rochester, is Carl Chamberlain.

## Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

**Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!**

**YOU CAN BE lovelier!** You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

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

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-  
**SOAP**"  
**DIET!**



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



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

*Vacation Discovery!*



**GLORIOUS FREEDOM NOW**  
with Tampax!

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR

SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

Join the millions using Tampax now!

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New Brunswick, N. J.

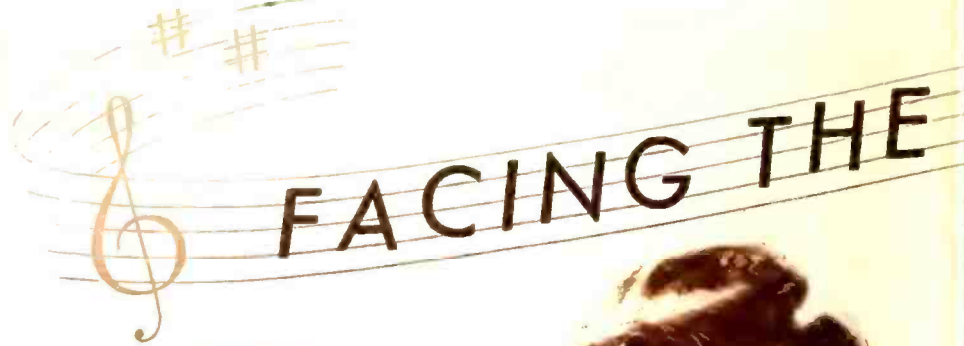
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# FACING THE



There's a reason why bandleader Harry James, above, wants to live near the circus when he retires. Right, Lynn Gardner, newcomer to Will Bradley's dance orchestra.

ARTIE SHAW was offered the chance to conduct MBS' orchestra of 42 men but the clarinetist hasn't made up his mind.

\* \* \*

Arty Arthur is busy taking serious music lessons from Dr. Hans Byrns, Austrian refugee and former Viennese opera conductor.

\* \* \*

George Hall told me he will retire from active conducting and turn the band over to singer Dolly Dawn. George will act as manager.

\* \* \*

Donna Reade, MBS Chicago vocalist, lost her four-month-old baby.

\* \* \*

Bobby Byrne has succeeded despite a string of bad breaks. Last month he encountered another tough setback. Scheduled for a 12-week engagement at the Hotel New Yorker, Bobby was not permitted to play the date because the musicians' union, acting in sympathy with an electrical union strike at the hotel, wouldn't let any musicians cross the picket line. A hurried itinerary of one nighters and a stretch at the Jersey Meadowbrook were substituted for the young trombonist. On top of that, he experienced another minor hospital session.

Mrs. W. Baird of Pittsburgh should be very proud. Her two singing daughters, Eugenie and Kay Marie, came to New York and in two days, landed jobs with bigtime bands—Eugenie with Tony Pastor and Kay with Mal Hallett.

\* \* \*

At a recent broadcast Walter Damrosch, accompanying Lucy Monroe's rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," refused to rehearse the 60-piece orchestra. He said the musicians were Americans and shouldn't require rehearsals for the national anthem.

## THIS CHANGING WORLD

Roy Eldridge, trumpet wizard, disbanded his own orchestra to take over a featured solo spot with Gene Krupa. Another Krupa acquisition is singer Anita O'Day. . . . Woody Herman gets to Hollywood's Palladium July 18 with an NBC wire. . . . Marion Francis is leaving Frankie Master's band for solo radio work. . . . Johnny Long is on NBC from Virginia Beach. . . . Duke Daly's unit is established for the summer at Playland Casino, Rye, N. Y. His wife is Paula Stone, one of Fred Stone's daughters. . . . Charlie Barnett's thrush, Lena Horne, has left the band. . . . Sammy Kaye is looking for a girl vocalist again. . . . Jan Savitt

and Art Jarrett are now waxing for Victor. Many of Hal Kemp's musicians are now with the latter. . . . That baritone singer on the Big Sister daylight serial is former CBS page boy Bobby Gibson.

Shep Fields has discarded his rippling rhythms for a swingier type band that features ten saxophones.

By the time you read this Madison Square Garden will be transformed into a huge summer dance hall. MBS has exclusive wires into the converted sports arena for broadcasts by Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet, and other headliners.

Dinah Shore has one of the most elaborate wardrobes in radio. She owns ten evening gowns, each costing about \$125.

Canada Lee, dusky dramatic star of Orson Welles' stage hit "Native Son," and a former boxer, may turn band-leader and make his debut in Harlem's sizzling Savoy Ballroom.

Zinn Arthur, one of the first leaders to be drafted, is organizing a 35-piece

musical unit at Camp Upton, Long Island.

Eddy Duchin is in Rio de Janeiro, in case you've missed him on the air.

Remember Ray Noble's former vocalist, Al Bowlly? Well, he's back in England and was recently a victim of a Nazi bombing blitz.

Noble's new trio includes a pair of twins, Lee and Lynn Wild, who are almost identical. Lynn is five feet two. Lee is five two and a fraction. Lynn weighs 106, a pound more than her sister. To complicate matters, both are nicknamed "Twinnie."

Dick Jurgens has invested \$5,000 in recording equipment which he uses to cut test records before going to the Okeh studios for the actual transmissions.

Will Bradley is set for New York's Hotel Astor roof July 17, following Tommy Dorsey.

Gray Gordon, who discarded his tic-toc style because it outlived its usefulness, is now searching for a theme song title.

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Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! Safer for bright colors!

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SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

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# FACING THE MUSIC



There's a reason why bandleader Harry James, above, wants to live near the circus when he retires. Right, Lynn Gardner, newcomer to Will Bradley's dance orchestra.

**ARTIE SHAW** was offered the chance to conduct MBS' orchestra of 42 men but the clarinetist hasn't made up his mind.

**Arty Arthur** is busy taking serious music lessons from Dr. Hans Byrns, Austrian refugee and former Viennese opera conductor.

**George Hall** told me he will retire from active conducting and turn the band over to singer Dolly Dawn. George will act as manager.

**Donna Reade**, MBS Chicago vocalist, lost her four-month-old baby.

**Bobby Byrne** has succeeded despite a string of bad breaks. Last month he encountered another tough setback. Scheduled for a 12-week engagement at the Hotel New Yorker, Bobby was not permitted to play the date because the musicians' union, acting in sympathy with an electrical union strike at the hotel, wouldn't let any musicians cross the picket line. A hurried itinerary of one nighters and a stretch at the Jersey Meadowbrook were substituted for the young trombonist. On top of that, he experienced another minor hospital session.

**Mrs. W. Baird** of Pittsburgh should be very proud. Her two singing daughters, Eugenie and Kay Marie, came to New York and in two days, landed jobs with bigtime bands—Eugenie with Tony Pastor and Kay with Mal Hallett.

At a recent broadcast **Walter Damrosch**, accompanying **Lucy Monroe's** rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," refused to rehearse the 60-piece orchestra. He said the musicians were Americans and shouldn't require rehearsals for the national anthem.

## THIS CHANGING WORLD

**Roy Eldridge**, trumpet wizard, dis-banded his own orchestra to take over a featured solo spot with **Gene Krupa**. Another **Krupa** acquisition is singer **Anita O'Day**. . . **Woody Herman** gets to Hollywood's Palladium July 18 with an NBC wire. . . **Marion Francis** is leaving **Frankie Master's** band for solo radio work. . . **Johnny Long** is on NBC from Virginia Beach. . . **Duke Daly's** unit is established for the summer at Playland Casino, Rye, N. Y. His wife is **Paula Stone**, one of **Fred Stone's** daughters. . . **Charlie Barnet's** thrush, **Lena Horne**, has left the band. . . **Sammy Kaye** is looking for a girl vocalist again. . . **Jan Savitt**

and **Art Jarrett** are now waxing for **Victor**. Many of **Hal Kemp's** musicians are now with the latter. . . That baritone singer on the **Big Sister** daylight serial is former CBS page boy **Bobby Gibson**.

**Shep Fields** has discarded his rippling rhythms for a swingier type band that features ten saxophones.

By the time you read this **Madison Square Garden** will be transformed into a huge summer dance hall. **MBS** has exclusive wires into the converted sports arena for broadcasts by **Benny Goodman**, **Charlie Barnet**, and other headliners.

**Dinah Shore** has one of the most elaborate wardrobes in radio. She owns ten evening gowns, each costing about \$125.

**Canada Lee**, dusky dramatic star of **Orson Welles' stage hit "Native Son,"** and a former boxer, may turn bandleader and make his debut in **Harlem's sizzling Savoy Ballroom**.

**Zinn Arthur**, one of the first leaders to be drafted, is organizing a 35-piece

musical unit at **Camp Upton, Long Island**.

**Eddy Duchin** is in **Rio de Janeiro**, in case you've missed him on the air.

Remember **Ray Noble's** former vocalist, **Al Bowlly**? Well, he's back in **England** and was recently a victim of a **Nazi bombing blitz**.

**Noble's** new trio includes a pair of twins, **Lee and Lynn Wild**, who are almost identical. **Lynn** is five feet two. **Lee** is five two and a fraction. **Lynn** weighs 106, a pound more than her sister. To complicate matters, both are nicknamed "**Twinnie**."

**Dick Jurgens** has invested \$5,000 in recording equipment which he uses to cut test records before going to the **Okeh studios** for the actual transmissions.

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TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTER & GAMBLE

HOW FRANCES LANGFORD

# Remade Her

**A re-birth into loveliness that is more than skin-deep is possible for every woman, says a famous star who is living proof that people do change**



"I fell in love with her all over again." That's what Jon Hall, Frances' husband, said when he saw her new personality.

the costume. This was no little girl playing dress-up games. This was a woman with a flair for style, a self possessed, confident woman, leaning lightly on her husband's arm. Her face was radiant and lovely with happiness and the way she walked and smiled and talked made you instantly aware that she was a well poised, well rounded person.

Perhaps one of the most positive signs of the change in Frances Langford is the ease with which you can get her to talk about herself, now. We—Frances, Jon and I—sat in a corner of the studio to talk, while the rest of the cast rehearsed scenes in which Frances was not needed. And I was immediately struck by the difference. A couple of years ago, it would have been impossible to ask Frances the questions I did, without feeling impertinent.

I remarked that she had gained weight and that it was very becoming.

Frances smiled, "I've gained fifteen pounds," she said proudly. "Jon makes me take a hot milk drink every night before we go to bed."

"And I make her go to bed early," Jon put in.

Frances nodded. "No more night clubs. We like to stay home. And we go to bed early, so we can get up early and get out into the sunshine." She put her hand on Jon's arm. "But the main reason I feel so well," she said, "is that I don't worry any more. I can lose more pounds by worrying. And I used to be stewing about something, all the time. Now," she flashed a smile at her husband, "I've got everything I want. The world can't frighten anyone as happy as I am."

Jon grinned. "I'll leave you, if you get fat," he threatened.

"Then I'll worry so much I'll get thin again and you'll come back," Frances laughed.

"You've done other things besides gain weight," I said then. "Your hair—"

"Oh, yes," Frances said. "You know, it's a funny thing about my hair. It used to be black, remember?" I remembered. "It photographed like a blotter, no life, no lights in it. And it always made my face look so small and sort of pinched. The only time it looked well, at all, was when I'd been out in the sun a lot and some red streaks would show up in it. So I tinted it copper. And the strange

Frances sure of herself.

This was certainly a very different person from the Frances Langford who walked into the broadcasting studio the other day. She was wearing an all-black costume, a figure molding, draped, crepe dress and a huge "Merry Widow" hat, veiled with heavy lace. The only touch of color relief came from the amethyst ring and bracelets, which Jon Hall, her husband, had given her on her birthday.

Now, two years before, Frances appearing in such a costume would have set all her best friends to offering their condolences on her bereavement. It would have been unthinkable to them that Frances should wear sombre black for any other reason.

Of course, there was more to it than

PEOPLE are always saying—not a little glibly—that you can't change human nature. Personally, I think there's lots of room for argument there and I couldn't ask for a better example to prove my point than Frances Langford.

For Frances has changed, not only her outward appearance, but her personality, deeply and fundamentally. And she did it deliberately.

As recently as 1938, in spite of five years of spectacular success—or perhaps, because of them—Frances Langford was still a child. She was over twenty, nevertheless she was still a little girl in an adult world. She was painfully shy and reluctant to assert herself, even among friends. She was too thin and quick to tears, timid and easily driven into a shell. She seemed bewildered by her success and overwhelmed by the visible evidences of it. Only when she was singing, was

**By PAULINE SWANSON**

# Beauty

thing is that it's done a lot more for me than just make my hair look softer in pictures. I guess it's something like that old cure-all for the blues—you know, going out and buying a startling hat or dress. There's something about a perky hat. You have to live up to it. And it's like that with my hair, now. You just can't be timid and self-effacing with copper colored hair."

"How do you like her with her hair like that?" I asked Jon.

"I fell in love with her all over again, when she changed it," he said with a wide grin.

Frances has learned the secret of make-up, too. The pencil thin eyebrows and exaggerated lips she affected during the period when she was trying so hard to conform to her idea of theatricalism have disappeared. And her own brow line and lips do a great deal to bring out the fine modeling in her face.

Days in the sun, without any make-up on, at all, convinced her that her natural skin tones were better than the artificial pinky whites in her make-up kit. So she substituted a suntan powder base and powder for her former pinkish one and changed to deeper lipstick, rouge and eye-shadow.

No more unhealthy pallor for Frances, real or make-believe. She uses rouge now and her lipstick is put on, not for artificial, dramatic effect, but to bring out the natural lines of her mouth. She says she uses a brush to apply her lipstick, because it is easier to follow the outlines of her lips that way.

And what about the type of clothes she was wearing now, I asked her. What made her change?

"I suppose," she said, "it's a little like the hair and make-up. I've always loved smart, dramatic clothes, but I never dared to wear them. Have you ever known women who liked bright colors and daring styles, but always wore drab, ordinary things because they didn't want to look flashy or attract too much attention? I was a little like that. I thought I ought to do my best to bring out my personality—but—well, I was thin and pale and I had an idea my personality called for pastels and gingham and little girl stuff. But now, that I've tried wearing the things I like, I find that I don't feel flashy at all. I just feel right and smart. That's very important, feeling that you look right in your clothes. It gives you confidence. One of the worst feelings in the world is walking into a room and immediately making people uncomfortable with your own sense of insecurity. The only thing I can imagine that's worse, is not to have people notice you at all, because you're too mousy and too afraid to be anything else.

"That's the way she used to be," Jon said. (Continued on page 49)

## Is soap to blame if your Skin Isn't "Peaches and Cream"?



**Your skin may be sensitive to one certain soap, yet  
Cashmere Bouquet Soap may prove mild and agreeable**

IT'S one of the mysteries of the human skin, that a perfectly good soap can prove irritating to certain complexions. One woman out of two reports that difficulty.

And yet these same women may find Cashmere Bouquet Soap entirely agreeable to a sensitive skin. Yes, generations of lovely women have relied on this mild

soap. And because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over . . . and to be glamorously scented with the fragrance men love . . . you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too.

Get three luxurious cakes of mild, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.

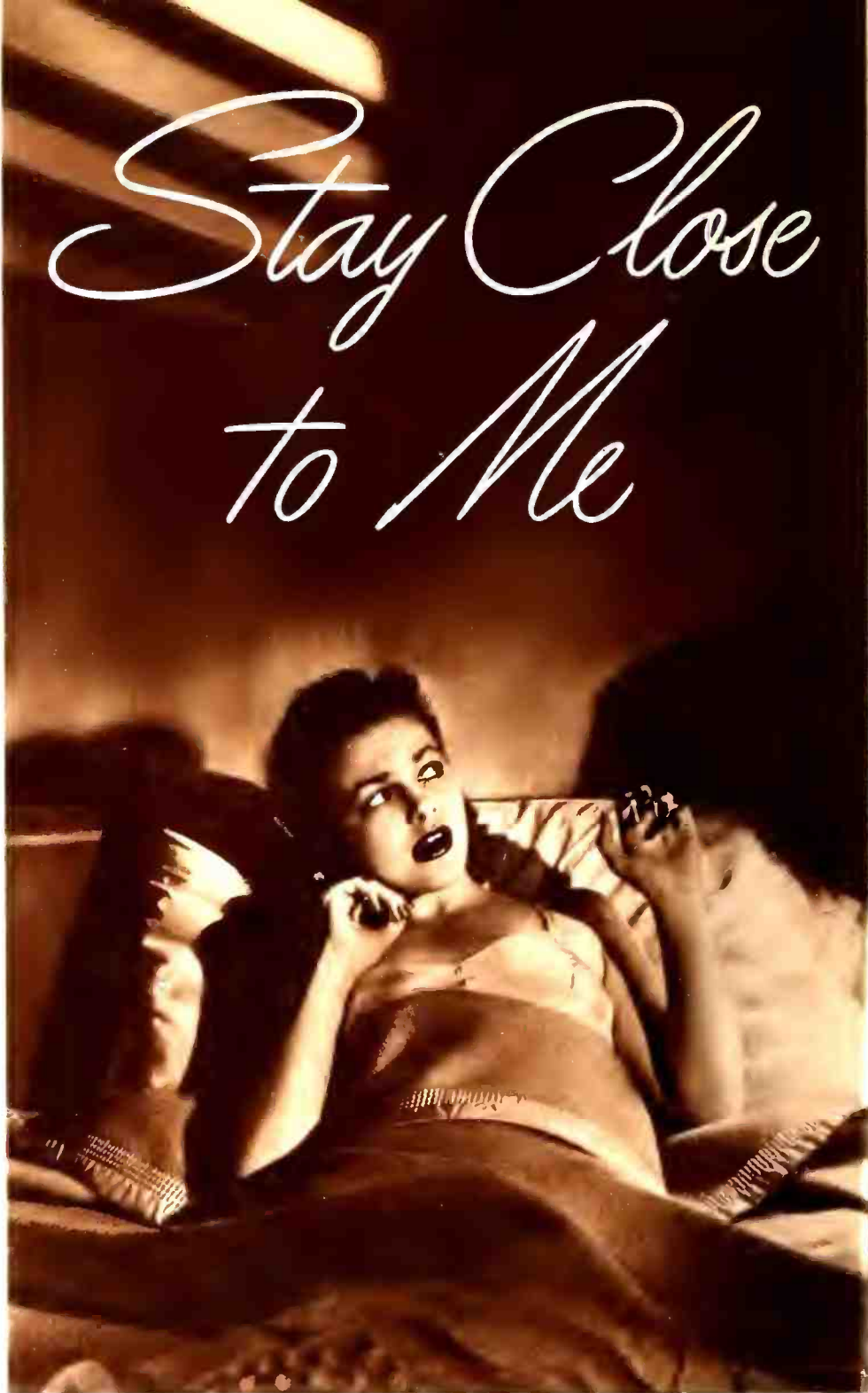
# Cashmere Bouquet Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

# Stay Close to Me

**How brutally blind a man can be! He was an American radio broadcaster in London when he first saw her, standing bewildered before the ruins of her home. Then she turned and smiled at him**



**I** HAD very suddenly become sick of war, the night I met Judy. I think that was part of it, and the way she was feeling, too. But not all of it. How brutally blind a man can be!

Blindness like that doesn't happen just in a besieged city between two people half crazed by bombing. If it did I would not be writing this. I want to tell this story because my experience is only a rather extreme example of a tragic mistake that men in their arrogant stupidity are very prone to make. Perhaps

I have a persistent little superstition that by trying to make up for mine, this way, a little, I can coax Fate to relent, to find me a way out—

So here it is.

Until that night the war had been a job to me; a hard, grueling job of course, sometimes frightening but always exciting and very often good fun. I didn't miss the horror and agony of what people were suffering around me, and I was often shocked and depressed by it. But it never came through to me, as if it were my own. There was always

something remote, something separating it from my life and making it a little unreal to me. After all, I had an expense account that let me eat at one of the best hotels in the world, where none of the diners felt the pinch of food rationing, where even the cots in the air raid shelters were covered with eiderdown puffs. None of the pink-cheeked boys who took off to meet their death fighting the Luftwaffe was my kid brother; none of the men who stood unprotected on rooftops during hour after hour of raids was uncle or father to me. Neither the girls driving the





**He let her cry and held her close, smoothing her hair, murmuring little words. But still he didn't know what had so stirred him, making this moment, torn from war's desolation, so very beautiful**

She did not seem to see me. Her eyes were huge and staring with a blank look of terror. I spoke to her softly between the crashes.

ambulances nor the people dragged out from the ruins to ride in them were any kin of mine, and this country was not my country.

All I was there for was to see the show; record as much of it as the censors would allow, and speak it out across the airwaves to other Americans listening even more impersonally at home. And in between the more difficult and dangerous parts of gathering material there were plenty of drinks with other correspondents, lavish entertainment from this nation that wanted nothing more than the help of ours,

and there was plenty of gay company among the gay, half-hysterical girls who were caught up in the spirit of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." That was a pretty tempting set-up for a man who, like the rest of a roving, rootless profession, learns to take his fun where he finds it, following no rules except these two: Try not to let anyone get hurt, and *don't get into entanglements*. In a few years of knocking around the world, the last one had become almost second nature to me.

So that's how things stood, till

the night it happened.

I had been in the studio for hours, waiting around for midnight which means seven o'clock at home. I had dined early with a man in the office of the Secretary for Home Defense and like other people who have to be any place at any special time I had crossed the city before dark. The Germans were sending down some pretty heavy stuff by the time I got to the neighborhood and I decided the studio offered better protection than I could find under any table in my flat.

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued on page 50)

# The Romance of

HOW lovely Trenthony is with the boxwoods there along the road," Helen thought. She turned her car out, away from Hollywood, toward Gil Whitney's house. And as always, when she called on Gil Whitney, or even looked at the boxwoods that he had brought her from South Carolina, she began to think of him more strongly, as though she were already talking to him, watching him, listening to him. She could almost see him—the tall, muscular figure, the face so much more youthful than his

years warranted, the dark hair only faintly peppered with gray, and the sensitive, firm mouth, capable of so many different shades of emotion.

Helen swung the car up beside his house, and as she stopped she saw him coming around the corner of the garage with a rake in his hand. She laughed a moment, quietly, at the big straw hat on his head. "A fine way to spend a sunny Saturday afternoon!" she called.

Gil put down the rake deliberately; made a boyish pantomime of a slow-moving farmer. "The crops

won't wait," he said. "The seed sprouts, and it must be harvested. But all my seeds must be weed seeds."

Then they both laughed.

It was always that way between them. They could laugh together or play together, or be serious together, and always, underneath everything they did, ran that rich, deep current of closeness and understanding.

That is, it had been that way ever since Drew Sinclair had finally gone away—to the sanitarium at Santa Barbara.

"Come inside, Helen," Gil said. "The drapes that you ordered for the library came out Thursday, and yesterday they put them up. Come cast your expert's eye on them."

"Yes," Helen said excitedly. "I want to see them. I'm a little dubious about that red in the daytime. I'm sure it'll be fine at night, but in the sunlight—"

"Dismiss your fears, darling. They're just right. I couldn't have imagined anything more perfect. In fact, I walked in there this morning. Up and down. Back and forth. It gives me pleasure to see them."

They passed through the split Dutch door that seemed to invite one in, and Helen almost ran to the library. She stood in the center of the room, looking all about her, carefully wanting to see the shades and depths of light in every part of the room. And finally her eyes lighted on the big painting of Paula that hung above the mantelpiece. Her glance left it reluctantly.

"Yes," she said. "They're all right. They do exactly what I wanted them to do. And the light is very good on Paula's portrait, don't you think?" Her voice fell a little flat.

"Yes," Gil said impatiently, and Helen noticed he didn't look at the picture. "But Helen, you're the loveliest thing in this room or out of it. I think you must have conceived of this color scheme for yourself and yourself alone."

Helen could feel her heart beat a little faster. "Of course I did, silly! What woman would ever decorate a room in colors she couldn't show off in!"

They wandered into the living room, and as they walked side by side, Helen felt Gil's hand first under her arm, and then hesitantly, around her waist. Again she knew that lit-

Gil Whitney, with a face so much more youthful than his years warranted, dark hair faintly peppered with gray.



# Helen Trent

**Her love for Drew Sinclair was dead, but loyalty more powerful than love kept her faithful to him, even while her heart cried its answer to another man's devotion**

tle rippling surge of the heart, and again she tried to stifle it.

"I like these drapes too, Gil, don't you?" she said, and started toward the window.

"Helen, darling!" The urgency in his voice made her stop. "Helen!"

She knew then for the first time the depths of shyness in Gil Whitney, and it made her both proud and humble to see before herself this embarrassment in a man accustomed to swaying juries with his eloquence.

"Yes, Gil," she said softly, and put her hand in his.

Suddenly all his love for her, so long denied and pushed back and ignored, leaped up into his handsome gray eyes. "You must have known," he said. "You must have known that I've loved you for a long time, and never said it. That I asked you to help me decorate the house because I wanted you near me, that I came to see you because I couldn't stay away."

"I did know, Gil," she said, "but I wouldn't admit it. I couldn't admit it. Not with Drew—"

Gil's face darkened perceptibly. "Drew Sinclair brought you nothing but worry and heartbreak," he said harshly. "Every time you saw him it hurt me too, because I knew he was bad for you."

"Please, Gil, don't talk that way. It's—it's all over now. I'm free. And I love you."

"Gil's face went white under the tan. "Say that again, darling. Just say I love you."

"I love you! I love you!" Helen whispered intensely.

Then they were in each other's arms, straining together, trying des-



It seemed to Gil that no woman but Helen had ever been so proud and sensitive and lovely. He wanted her for his wife.

perately to make up for the years of doubt and fear and worry that lay behind them. "Dearest Helen," Gil kept saying over and over.

"Gil," Helen said at last, seriously. "Tell me, dear, about—about Paula. Are you all right now?"

When he spoke Gil's voice was thoughtful and sure. "Paula and I were married thirteen years ago," he said slowly. "And three weeks

later, before our honeymoon had ended, she died."

"I know—" Helen said softly.

"And of course it broke me all up. It couldn't have been otherwise, because I loved Paula very much. But I see now that I've been cherishing the memory of those few ecstatic days, building it up into something a little finer than it was. For a long time I thought I'd never love another woman. Then when you came along, Helen, I began to suspect it, little by little. And now I know I was wrong."

"I'm glad," Helen said. "I think—I think I've wanted you too for a long time, Gil, darling. I wanted your saneness and understanding, and now, I feel as though I couldn't live without you."

Gil sank happily into the deep davenport. He stretched out his arms

**The daily broadcast serial that has a million listeners, now told as a**



toward the sunlight streaming into the wide-windowed room. "Don't wake me up," he said. "When will we be married?"

"As soon as we can," Helen said. "Sooner," he insisted. "Much sooner than that! And let's tell some people right away. Let's go over and tell Miss Anthony. Let's tell everybody!"

"Yes!" Helen breathed. "I want to, too." Her fine face grew serious then, and even in the bright room a shadow seemed to cross it.

**B**UT, Gil," she said, "there's something we must talk about first—something we must discuss."

"Drew Sinclair," Gil said quickly.

"Yes," Helen said. "Drew Sinclair. And please, Gil, try to understand. Drew and I were almost married once. We were engaged for two years, and I can't forget him easily."

Gil nodded, his troubled glance fixed on the green carpet, but he said nothing.

"I want to go to the sanitarium, Gil, and see him once more."

He moved quickly and almost fiercely, so that Helen, watching him, knew something close to fright. "Why in the name of Heaven do you want to see him again?" he demanded. "Drew Sinclair has never meant anything for you but heart-break. Why give him another chance?"

"It isn't another chance, darling," Helen insisted. "It's just that I—I owe him something. You know I couldn't tell him during those last hectic weeks he was here how I felt—that I couldn't marry him—that I didn't—love him any more—"

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"He'll never get well," Gil said slowly. "He'll be there all the rest of his life. Leave him alone, Helen. If you love me, don't go!"

"It's because I love you that I must go. Please understand," Helen cried. "I must go because it's the only way for us to be happy."

The next day Helen drove to Santa Barbara. The drive was long and lonely. As the miles slipped slowly behind her, Helen's thoughts turned insistently to Drew Sinclair. Drew! She thought of the first time she'd seen him—that day four years ago at Sentinel Studios. How handsome and fine he had been! How quick to understand her costume ideas, how ready with praise and chary with criticism. To him, Helen felt, she owed most of what she had become as top studio designer in Hollywood.

And Drew, it was, who suggested that she start Helen Trent, Inc., the exclusive little shop, the apple of her eye, that had helped her weather the periods of studio lay-offs—given her a measure of independence from her salary, and a place and a project of her own.

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Remembering, Helen's mind tricked her into a comparison between then and now. Now her chief at Monarch Studios was a Mr. Anderson, who knew nothing about costumes and admitted it, but fancied himself possessed of a great insight into the mind and heart of a woman. He telephoned Helen every day.

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Once, Helen would have refused his offers indignantly, and retreated to the safety of Helen Trent, Inc., but the shop too had fallen into the doldrums. Some unscrupulous competitors had used every fair and foul trick to run it down, and now it barely made its own way. She must cajole Mr. Anderson and put him off with diplomacy, because her job was important to her.

Then the car slipped into the stretch of road just below Santa Barbara, and Helen's thoughts turned again to Drew—his ardent courtship, their long engagement, his niceness, his understanding and love all around her, protecting her, making her feel safe and sure and



wanted again. And Drew's sudden, vicious attacks of migraine headaches that had first driven him to frenzy and later to the powerful sedative. Then had come liquor to counteract the sedative, and Drew began to break up, under Helen's eyes—to become at times a strange, heartless demon with a passion for destroying every fine emotion.

Helen had tried to make him stop work, and take the rest that would lead in time to his recovery. She had begged and pleaded and threatened and cajoled. She'd tried everything a resourceful, clever woman could think of. And each time Drew's love of Sentinel Studios, his

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Drew was making idle gestures amongst the papers on the big desk, picking up and putting down the phone.



driving, burning ambition, had driven him back to the harness of work before the cure had had a chance to set in.

At last she had seen that this overweening ambition of Drew's would always stand between them. To him it was more valuable than her, or marriage, or the family they wanted. Helen came to realize that happiness for her and Drew in marriage was a lost and lonely dream. For a time she sustained this dream stubbornly and drew nourishment and will from it, but then she saw the tragedy and hopelessness, and suddenly her love and emotion had grown cold. She only wanted to be

alone, to think, to read, to talk to friends. And yes, to help Drew get well again. And perhaps then?—But she didn't know. Let happen what will happen, she had thought.

So it was with a heart filled with compassion and the great understanding of a woman who has faced much and seen much, but who remained vital and firm and healthy, that she drove that day to Santa Barbara.

The hospital grounds were wide and well kept, the buildings spotless and extremely comfortable. Dr. Spear met Helen at the door and took her into his office. "I'm glad you've come, Mrs. Trent," he said.

"Mr. Sinclair has asked for you in his lucid moments, and I've taken the liberty of telling him that you would come today. He's waiting for you."

"How is he?" Helen asked anxiously. "Does he—are his lucid moments far apart?"

"Now, now," Dr. Spear said reassuringly. "He's better. He may seem worse to you, but at first the treatment frequently has that effect. He may not know you, but stay with him a while, Mrs. Trent, and I think he'll become normal."

"Yes, yes, I will!"

The door of Drew's pleasant room swung open. "I'll leave you now," the doctor whispered. "Talk to him, Mrs. Trent, say anything."

Helen's heart leaped up into her throat, and tears stung at the back of her eyes. Drew had taken the small writing desk and placed it out in the center of the room. He sat behind it, his back to the window. Helen remembered suddenly that always his office had been arranged like this, with the daylight coming over his left shoulder when he sat at the desk.

"Drew," she gasped. "Drew!"

He looked up, and a flash of annoyance crossed his dark face, thin now, and worn by the ravages of his sick mind, but still forceful and handsome. "You're late, Miss Turner," he said. "I rang ten minutes ago. I cannot have this delay. When I ring you are to come immediately. Drop everything and come. That is what I pay you for, and it must be that way. Now—"

"Drew," Helen said slowly, carefully, trying to make each word penetrate and stick in his mind. "It's Helen, Drew! Helen. Try to remember."

"Oh, Miss Anthony," Drew said. "I'm sorry. The light is poor in here. I thought you were my secretary. Please sit down."

"Drew, it's Helen!"

"Yes, of course. Please sit down, Miss Anthony. How is Helen? It's been a long time since I've seen Helen. Tell me about her."

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"Miss Turner, I wish you'd get ready to take dictation. I have a story idea I want to get down while it's still fresh. Now please!"

Helen crossed the room to him and took one of his hands in hers. It was quick and nervous and hot in her grasp.

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through the sunlight streaming into the wide-windowed room. "Don't wake me up," he said. "When will we be married?"

"As soon as we can," Helen said. "Sooner," he insisted. "Much sooner than that! And let's tell some people right away. Let's go over and tell Miss Anthony. Let's tell everybody!"

"Yes!" Helen breathed. "I want to, too." Her fine face grew serious then, and even in the bright room a shadow seemed to cross it.

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me. Look at me! Feel my hand! I'm flesh and blood! Don't you remember? We were engaged to be married. I was—I was your fiancée!"

Drew's head slumped forward dejectedly to his breast. His hand slipped away from Helen's and fell to the desk. The breath heaved into his lungs, and when he spoke the words came out as though they were forced up from a great depth. "I'm ruined," he said. Helen had to bend forward to hear. "They've all gone. Rats from a ship. I'm sinking. Sure I'm sinking. Any man has a right to sink. Helen! Now there was a woman! She wouldn't desert a man when he's down and out. Not Helen! Oh, no. Where is Helen? Miss Turner, get Mrs. Trent on the 'phone."

"Drew, Drew!" Helen was weeping now, openly, the tears streaming down her face. "I'm here. I'm Helen. Look at me." She pressed his hand convulsively.

"It's funny," Drew said. "I was generous when I had it. Now I'm broke, nobody knows me anymore. I used to see movies like that, but I never thought they were true. No, I never thought it. They just fade away. All of them. Like the flowers in the fall. But not Helen."

**H**ELEN stood up and turned her back. She went to the window, but through her tears she saw nothing of the lovely afternoon. She pressed her forehead against the hard wood of the frame, pressed it harder, until the pressure brought pain, and she could feel the dull ache above the ache in her heart. Behind her Drew kept up the senseless, ceaseless monologue, pretending and believing that he was still an executive with power and ability and dignity. Dignity! Yes, that was what she missed in him. The dignity of a person who knows his ability, and respects it, and uses it!

Again Helen sat with him. She talked to him, and mentioned her name over and over. Each time Drew addressed her by a different name, and plunged again into the vague obscurity of his mind. Once the doctor looked in. Helen went

quietly to the door and asked that they be left alone a while longer.

Drew sat back and dictated long letters to her. He gave her instructions about budgets and pictures under production, and ideas for new ones. Not once did a gleam of recognition come into his eyes.

Then at the end, after she had struggled and fought against the sickness in his mind until her body ached with hopelessness, she began to see that Gil Whitney was right. Drew would never get well! For the first time she accepted the fact with all its implications. She saw that the best intentions and the highest devotion could do nothing against this sickness of Drew's soul. Gil Whitney's calm, sane, ordered mind, beside Drew's hot, feverish, disconnected jumble, assumed in Helen's mind the rare delights of a safe haven. She must leave, she must get away! She must have air to breathe in; room to think, and understand! It will be better, she told herself. I can't help Drew—and now—now I love Gil. Gil! So safe. So sure. So understanding.

"Drew," she said. "Please. Listen to me and try to understand. I must leave now, and I want you to know that you'll always have every bit of blessing I can give you—"

Drew bit his lip, and a giant hand of good seemed to pass over his face. One moment he was strained, nervous, the wide forehead tortured into lines of difficult concentration. The next moment his face cleared, became younger, firmer, surer.

"Helen," he said. "I knew you'd come. I've been expecting you. Let me take your coat. Oh, it's so good to see you, darling!"

He got up and led Helen to a chair. Then he took her in his arms, holding her close, until Helen felt again the clean, hard strength of his body and the firmness of his arms around her. He kissed her avidly.

To Helen it was a profound shock. The real Drew—the one she knew—had been hidden in the innermost recesses of a sick mind, and now had emerged into the world again so suddenly that Helen sat immobile,

speechless, confused, not able for a moment to grasp the situation.

"Say something, darling," he said.

"Drew!" she gasped. It was all she could say.

**H**E made her sit down on the small couch, and sat close beside her. "Helen," he said. "I've almost prayed that you'd come this week. I've been wanting to tell you for a long time how much it means to me that you've promised to wait for me—"

"But—"

"Now wait," he said. "Wait until I finish. You know how it is, you must know. I was what they call a big shot, just a little while ago, and then I had more friends than I could use. Now I have nothing to give away—no jobs, no big salaries, no contracts, no careers in the movies. And now I have no friends. Only you. And that belief of yours, that determination you have to see me get well is the one hope I have. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Drew, I see," Helen murmured. How could she tell him now that she and Gil were in love and wanted to marry? No it was impossible. She would leave now and write him a long letter—a letter to be given to him only when he was in full command of himself.

It was difficult to tear herself away. Helen thought it was the hardest thing she had ever done.

And driving back alone in the car, down the smooth, winding roads, the hum of the engine, and the rush of the wind made a fitting background for Helen's insistent thoughts. How could she ever deny Drew that one scrap of comfort he still possessed? To tell him now that she was going to marry Gil Whitney would be like snatching a line from a drowning man. Helen tried. She made up phrases to use in the letter she would write to Drew. She tried to shape and guide the conversation they might have. Her hands gripped tighter on the steering wheel until the dull pain of drawn muscles penetrated to her mind. She was just entering Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 63)



COMPLETE  
RADIO  
NOVEL

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, is heard five times a week in her own program on NBC-Blue, at 5:00 P.M., E.D.T., and in *Deadline Dramas*, on Sundays at 10:30 P.M., E.D.T., on the NBC-Red.



*By Adele  
Whitely  
Fletcher*

**They found their love in gypsy songs, in symphonies, in yellow roses, in flickering firelight, and so they were married. But the romance of lovely Irene Wicker and Victor Hammer wasn't really that simple**

IREENE WICKER stood in the doorway pulling on her pale suede gloves.

"Mr. Victor Hammer is coming this afternoon," she told her secretary, "to give you material for the program I'm going to do about a little Russian prince. It's the Hammer family, you know, who brought over all those Russian treasures we've been reading so much about." She paused, smiled. "Better have your nose powdered! I hear Mr. Victor's very charming!"

She was off then . . . To tell her cook about dinner. To say good-bye to her son, Charlie, growing up so fast and so intelligently he brought a silly lump to her throat. To hold Nancy, younger and vulnerable, in her arms for an extra minute or two.

When she returned it was late

afternoon but her secretary was waiting. "Everything you heard is true," she declared. "Everything!"

The affairs of the day had crowded the Hammer visit from Irene's mind. She looked puzzled. "Everything you heard about Mr. Hammer," her secretary explained. "And it's easy to see you haven't met him! You won't forget him

The lovely home Victor is going to build for Irene in New York's beautiful Westchester County.



when you do!"

Idle words, they seemed, but they were a prophesy.

The program about the little Russian prince met with great success. The studio staff gathered around Irene with praise and enthusiasm.

"Miss Wicker . . ." A man from the publicity department made his way toward her. "Mr. Victor Hammer is here. He has asked to meet you."

"Splendid!" Irene said. "I can thank him for all the help he gave me."

They liked each other immediately, Irene and Victor. And the following evening he dined with Irene and her husband and sang for them—gypsy songs he'd learned in Russia, accompanied by his guitar.

It was very pleasant. But when Irene and (Continued on page 76)

# Young Doctor

**Begin in vivid story form the radio drama of a doctor's marriage—  
Ann so lovely, hating this suspicion that was strangling her love,  
Jerry so bewildered between his wife and Veronica, no man's wife**

**J**ERRY MALONE felt himself growing tense with irritation. He looked at Ann, sitting beside him, her head turned a little away so that all he could see was the delicate, aloof line of her cheek and chin. For a moment, it was hard to remember that she was his wife. She seemed—different, somehow, a person he hardly knew and didn't understand at all.

Until now, they'd always talked things over, frankly and fully, and he'd been upheld by the knowledge of her approval. It wasn't fair of her to act this way when, after all, if he did go in with Dunham, it would be more for her sake than for his own, more because he wanted her to have all the things she deserved than for any other reason.

And this apartment—! A tiny living room so close to the street that trucks and cars seemed to run right through it, a tinier bedroom on a court, and a completely insignificant bathroom and kitchen. Bun had to sleep in the living room, on the slightly moth-eaten sofa they'd bought in a second-hand store on Greenwich Avenue. He kept his clothes partly in the hall closet and partly in the bedroom chest of drawers. It wasn't good for a growing boy not to have a room of his own.

You couldn't blame a man, Jerry thought, if he wanted to seize an opportunity to make enough money so he could afford a really comfortable place to live, and good clothes for his wife.

Yet Ann appeared to blame him.

"And there's the baby on its way," she said defensively. "If I took up Dunham's proposition, we could bring Penny on from Belmore, to help you."

"Yes," Ann said, but not as if she were really assenting to Jerry's statement. She might have pointed out, but didn't, that they had come to New York in the first place because Jerry wanted to do research and clinical work; not to get him a partnership in the exclusive Dunham Sanitarium.

Franklin Hospital, that gloomy castle of medicine on the East Side, had offered Jerry his chance at research, but it hadn't offered much of anything else, either financially or for the future. That hadn't mattered, at the time. It wouldn't matter now, if Jerry hadn't happened to operate on Mrs. Jessie Hughes.

Mrs. Hughes was old and rich and autocratic and more than a little peculiar in her ways. It was typical of her that although she could have afforded the fees of a luxurious hospital she came to the Franklin for her operation. She liked Jerry because he paid no attention to her tantrums and ended up by making her well again. She wanted to do something for him, and since he wouldn't let her loan him the money to set himself up in practice, she had introduced him to her friend Dr. Dunham, who ran a private hospital and was looking for a partner. Perhaps, Jerry guessed uneasily, she had offered to invest some money in Dunham's hospital. But at any rate, Dunham had offered Jerry the partnership.



The Dunham Sanitarium was a misleadingly modest brownstone building in the East Seventies. It didn't even look like a hospital. But Jerry had seen its books, and he had gasped at the names of some of its patients, and at all the fees those patients had paid. Social Register, Hollywood, and Broadway all came there to have their ills, both real and fancied, pampered away. Jerry disapproved of the sort of medicine the Dunham Sanitarium symbolized—but at the same time, amazingly, he liked Dunham and respected his sincerity.

There *was* a way to compromise, to have a decent life for yourself and still serve medicine humbly and honestly. Dunham cynically accepted thousands of dollars from overfed dowagers whose only real illness was boredom; but, Jerry knew, he also spent hours every day at a clinic, giving his very considerable skill for a payment of precisely nothing. The one made it possible for him to do the other, and still provide for himself and his wife the comforts of gracious living.

And so it could be done, without loss of self-respect or integrity.

But—

He had pointed all this out to Ann, and still she was not convinced. She wouldn't say anything against it; she simply withheld her enthusiasm and let him create for himself all the arguments she might have advanced: that he was letting himself be seduced by money, that he would be bored to death with unimportant illnesses, that—in a word—this wasn't good enough for him.

Jerry sighed, and said rather curtly, "Well, anyway, we won't decide anything until after tonight. I think you'll like Dunham when

# Malone

You couldn't blame a man, Jerry thought, if he wanted to seize an opportunity to make enough money to provide comfortably for his wife.



*Fictionised from the radio serial heard daily at 2 P.M., E.D.T., over CBS (re-broadcast at 2 P.M., Pacific Time) and sponsored by Post Toasties. Photos posed by Elizabeth Reller as Ann, Alan Bance as Dr. Malone and Tess Sheehan as Penny.*

you get to know him better."

"Jerry," Ann said carefully, "I think maybe you'd better go to Dr. Dunham's alone. It's—nice of him to ask us both to dinner, but I don't feel very well and—I'd just rather not, that's all."

"Oh, Lord!" Jerry groaned—and a second later was ashamed of his impatience. A doctor, at least, ought to know enough to be patient with a wife who was going to have a baby. When you came right down to it, that simple physiological fact was probably at the root of Ann's whole attitude just now. She was bound to be whimsical and—and strange. And probably she was beginning—quite without justification—to be sensitive about her appearance.

"All right, dear," he said gently. "If you'd rather not. I'll call Dunham now and beg off for you."

He went into the bedroom to telephone and dress, and Ann bowed her head suddenly. She was right, then. Jerry didn't really want her to go to Dunham's dinner-party with him. He'd be ashamed of her, there beside the brittle, professional beauty of Mrs. Dunham. She didn't want to go, actually—but she did wish Jerry had begged her to.

When Jerry had left the apartment, looking unbelievably clean and man-about-townish in his tux that was five years old, she went into the kitchen and fixed supper for herself and Bun, who had come in from school some time before and now was exploring this New York that was still so new to him. Bun was fifteen, growing so fast he seemed to add inches overnight. Jerry had adopted him, unofficially, back in Belmore, before he and Ann were married. Ann had wondered what married life would be like with an adolescent son already provided. Now she couldn't conceive of an existence without him. The baby, when it came, surely couldn't be much more her own child than Bun.

Thinking of the baby, she smiled, and felt much happier. She was able to see Jerry's side of the Sanitarium proposal. It was perfectly natural for a man—a man who was soon to be a father—to look for financial security. Jerry had proved, many times, that as far as he was concerned a single cluttered room was ample living quarters; but he wanted to give her things—her and the baby.

The trouble was that she had no logical arguments against going in with Dunham. If Jerry wanted it, that was his business. He could still do clinical work, as Dunham did— not so much of it, perhaps, but

some. Outwardly, it would be a good move, an opportunity most young doctors prayed for.

She only knew he should refuse it. She didn't know why. Her knowledge went beyond reason. It simply would not be good for him to become Dr. Dunham's partner. It wouldn't be good for him, and it wouldn't be good for their happiness together. Her instinct, and nothing more, told her this.

She was still awake, lying in bed and trying to read, when Jerry returned soon after midnight. But the hours of being alone, after Bun went to bed, had done something to her. She still knew Jerry should not accept Dunham's offer, but she also knew with certainty that he would. This being so, she must accept his decision, not worry him with her disapproval.

He bent over and kissed her. "Have a nice time?" she asked lightly.

"Fine." He took off his jacket and vest, tossed them on a chair, and began to pick at the studs of his collar. Her love for him made her sensitive to the excitement that ran like a strong current underneath his casualness. "I—I practically told Dunham I'd go in with him."

Ann nodded, smiling.

"You know," he said seriously, "I really like Dunham. He isn't just a society doctor; he knows medicine and he's a human being, not a stuffed shirt."

"Yes, darling. I like him too." And that, she realized, was true enough. Unfortunately, it wasn't the point. Liking Dunham still didn't mean that Jerry should become his partner.

Jerry sat down on the edge of the bed, taking her hand. "I missed you tonight, honey. You should have come."

His sincerity warmed her, and she felt the constraint of their conversation that afternoon ebbing away. "I guess it was silly of me not to," she admitted. "I just—felt scared. It seemed too much of an effort . . . meeting all those new people . . ."

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"Difference?" Jerry's clear blue

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"I mean—difference in the way you feel about me. No, I don't mean quite that, either. In the way you feel about yourself, maybe, and about your work. You won't let it change you in any way, not the smallest little bit?"

"I might buy a new suit," Jerry said, laughing; and although she laughed too, she was disappointed because she knew he did not understand what she had tried to say. Or, possibly, he did not wish to understand.

Penny was sent for the week before they moved and arrived, chirping with excitement, in Grand Central Station. Penny was really Mrs. Hettie Penny, but most people had forgotten that. She had been Jerry's housekeeper before he and Ann were married. Tiny, bright-eyed and gray-haired, she was fanatically loyal to Jerry and Ann, her two "children," and obviously considered their romance and marriage something she had thought up and created all by herself.

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That was precisely the way to express it, Ann thought. No good to anybody. She fought against self-pity, but in spite of herself it crept in to color her reactions to everything. There was the night, soon after they'd moved, when Jerry came home to announce that they'd both been invited to a week-end party on Long Island, at the estate of a Mrs. Smythe, who had recently left the Sanitarium.

"I almost fell over when she invited me," Jerry confessed. "She wanted Dunham and his wife to come too, but he's going to Detroit and can't . . . I'm not much on this society stuff, but maybe we'll have fun?"

"Jerry! You didn't accept?"

"Well," he said, "I did try to crawl out of it, but Dunham hinted one of us ought to be there—sort of keep up the sanitarium's contacts."

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Oddly, it didn't occur to either of them that they had been through all this before, on the night of Dunham's dinner-party.

"You go alone, Jerry. That's the best plan."

Jerry's face fell. "Aw, Ann—that wouldn't be any fun. I don't want to go if you don't. Come on—you'll enjoy it."

"Even if I felt well—and I don't—I don't think I'd enjoy that kind of a party. I wouldn't feel as if I—belonged."

"I don't see why not," Jerry said stiffly. "You're just as good as any of those clothes-horses."

In a minute, Ann warned herself, this would develop into a quarrel. And Penny was just entering the room, carrying a tray. So Ann smiled and said, "I know I am dear. But please—I'd really rather not go. I just don't feel like it. But I do want you to."

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you get to know him better." "Jerry," Ann said carefully, "I think maybe you'd better go to Dr. Dunham's alone. It's—nice of him to ask us both to dinner, but I don't feel very well and—I'd just rather not, that's all."

"Oh, Lord!" Jerry groaned—and a second later was ashamed of his impatience. A doctor, at least, ought to know enough to be patient with a wife who was going to have a baby. When you came right down to it, that simple physiological fact was probably at the root of Ann's whole attitude just now. She was bound to be whimsical and—and strange. And probably she was being—quite without justification—to be sensitive about her appearance.

"All right, dear," he said gently. "If you'd rather not, I'll call Dunham now and beg off for you."

He went into the bedroom to telephone and dress, and Ann bowed her head suddenly. She was right, then. Jerry didn't really want her to go to Dunham's dinner-party with him. He'd be ashamed of her, there beside the brittle, professional beauty of Mrs. Dunham. She didn't want to go, actually—but she did wish Jerry had begged her to.

When Jerry had left the apartment, looking unbelievably clean and man-about-townish in his tux that was five years old, she went into the kitchen and fixed supper for herself and Bun, who had come in from school some time before and now was exploring this New York that was still so new to him. Bun was fifteen, growing so fast he seemed to add inches overnight. Jerry had adopted him, unofficially, back in Belmore, before he and Ann were married. Ann had wondered what married life would be like with an adolescent son already provided. Now she couldn't conceive of an existence without him. The baby, when it came, surely couldn't be much more her own child than Bun.

Thinking of the baby, she smiled, and felt much happier. She was able to see Jerry's side of the Sanitarium proposal. It was perfectly natural for a man—a man who was soon to be a father—to look for financial security. Jerry had proved, many times, that as far as he was concerned a single cluttered room was ample living quarters; but he wanted to give her things—her and the baby.

The trouble was that she had no logical arguments against going in with Dunham. If Jerry wanted it, that was his business. He could still do clinical work, as Dunham did—not so much of it, perhaps, but

some. Outwardly, it would be a good move, an opportunity most young doctors prayed for.

She only knew why she should refuse it. She didn't know why. Her knowledge went beyond reason. It simply edged went not be good for him to become Dr. Dunham's partner. It wouldn't be good for him, and it wouldn't be good for their happiness together. Her instinct, and nothing more, told her this.

She was still awake, lying in bed and trying to read, when Jerry returned soon after midnight. But the hours of being alone, after Bun went to bed, had done something to her. She still knew Jerry should not accept Dunham's offer, but she also knew with certainty that he would. This being so, she must accept his decision, not worry him with her disapproval.

He bent over and kissed her. "Have a nice time?" she asked lightly.

"Fine," He took off his jacket and vest, tossed them on a chair, and began to pick at the studs of his collar. Her love for him made her sensitive to the excitement that ran like a strong current underneath his casualness. "I—I practically told Dunham I'd go in with him."

Ann nodded, smiling. "You know," he said seriously, "I really like Dunham. He isn't just a society doctor; he knows medicine and he's a human being, not a stuffed shirt."

"Yes, darling. I like him too." And that, she realized, was true enough. Unfortunately, it wasn't the point. Liking Dunham still didn't mean that Jerry should become his partner.

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Tune in The Goldbergs on NBC-Rod, 11:30 A.M., and on CBS at 5:15 P.M., E.D.T.—Photos specially taken by CBS-Seigal

PRESENTING

The

# Goldbergs

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

The pictures of the month! Meet the whole Goldberg air family—the same lovable people you hear and enjoy every Monday through Friday on the famous serial, sponsored by the makers of Duz

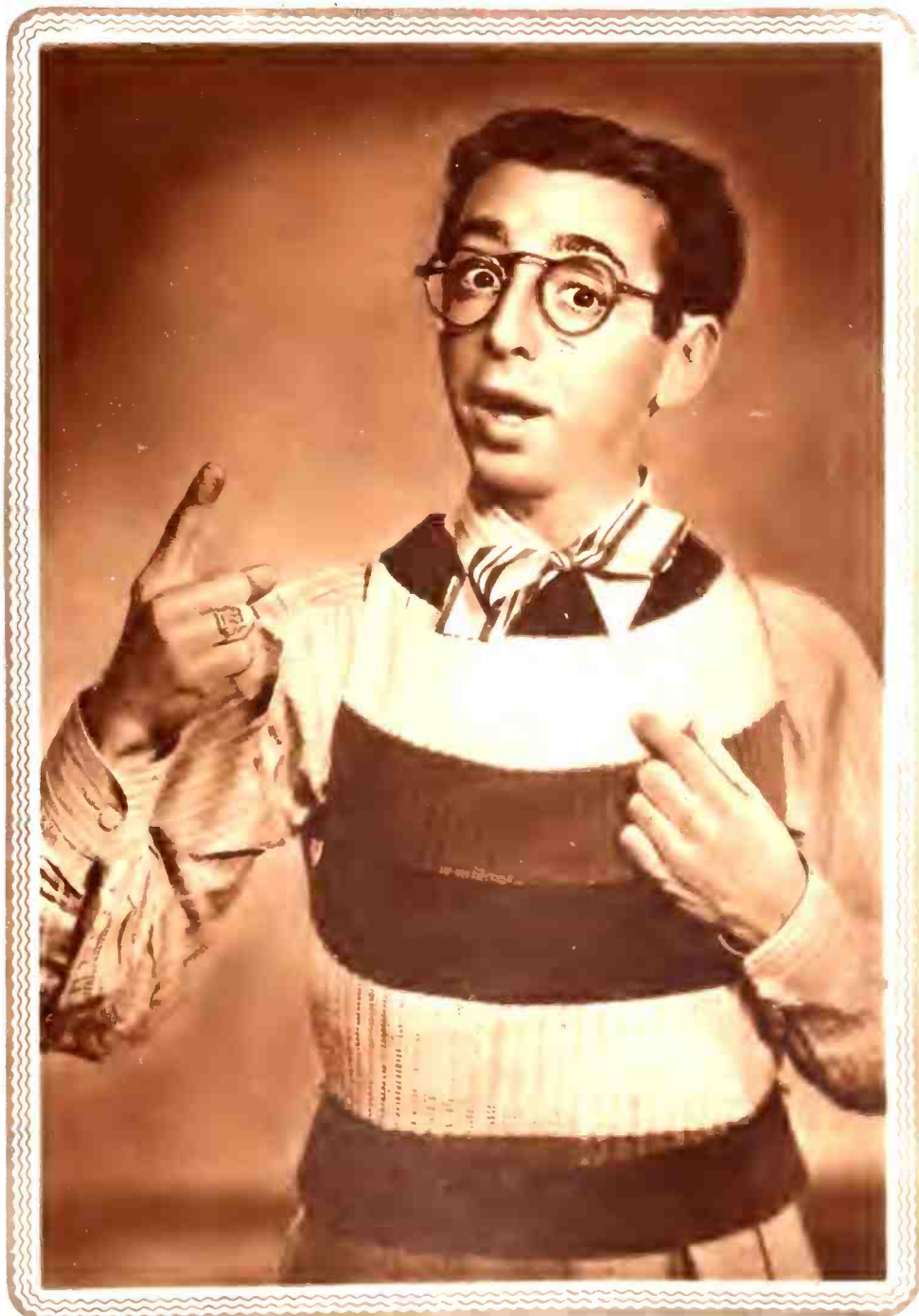
Rosalie Goldberg (left), Molly's "Rosie," is a beautiful, very sweet girl of sixteen. She was only nine years old when you first met the Goldbergs. A few years later, Rosalie discovered a great love for a musician named Mr. Khune, a man three times her age. It was a silly "crush," but Molly was sympathetic and understanding. She helped Rosie over this trying age and taught her many things about life and the people around her. When Rosalie once went to the hospital for an operation, Jake became frantic and Sammy hysterical. Molly had more trouble with them than she had nursing Rosie back to health. Rosalie is a smart girl, but sometimes lets her school work slide and Molly has to lecture her. Under Molly's guidance she'll undoubtedly develop into a wise young lady.

*(Played by Rosalyn Silber)*



Seymour Fingerhood (right) exploded into the quietness of Lastenbury like a giant firecracker. This breezy, fast talking youngster decided to come and get a job working in Jake's silk mill. That he wasn't needed there was irrelevant and immaterial. He felt that since his cousin, Joe Banner, was a business partner of Jake's he was entitled to a job. He swept over the Goldbergs like a cyclone and before they knew it he had the job in the mill that he wanted. In a few months he was like one of the family. Although the Goldbergs acted ruffled, they all secretly liked Seymour. The only one genuinely irked by him was Rosalie. He forced his attentions on her, following her constantly, always trying to proclaim his love. Rosie has never given him a tumble. Seymour is hard on the nerves—but you like him.

*(Played by Arnold Stang)*





Molly Goldberg's main aim in life has always been to make a good home for her husband and children. When we first met the Goldbergs they lived in a two-room walk-up apartment in the Bronx. Molly was contented with life, but Jake had big ideas, so she saved pennies to help him get into the contracting business. Success turned Jake's head, and the Goldbergs moved to a fancy apartment on Riverside Drive. Then, when Jake lost all his money in a real estate deal and fell ill, Molly managed to get a little house in Lastenbury, Connecticut, and nurse him back to health, taking in boarders and raising chickens to support her family. Then a friend of Jake's in South Carolina sent his daughter, Sylvia Allison, to live with the Goldbergs. Molly was suspicious of Sylvia from the first and when Sammy fell in love with the girl and followed her down South, Molly insisted on visiting the Allisons. Her suspicions about the girl were verified and Sammy broke off his engagement. Now back in Lastenbury, Molly is helping Sammy forget Sylvia and in her sweet, gentle way is still trying to make a better life for her little family.

*(Played by Gertrude Berg)*



Jake Goldberg is quick tempered, impetuous and often a little bombastic. But he is a good husband to Molly and the children. He knows that Molly is smarter than he is and whenever he doesn't take her advice he suffers. Jake is a go-getter. He was not satisfied to remain a dress cutter all his life, he wanted better things for Molly and the kids, but the minute his contracting business started to make money he moved into a classy neighborhood, in spite of Molly's advice. He lost all his money in a real estate deal, but hope springs eternal in Jake's heart and it was he who got the idea of opening the old silk mill in Lastenbury. He made it a success, but his foolishness and blind trust got the Goldbergs into trouble again. He encouraged the romance between Sammy and Sylvia Allison. He strutted and posed and played the all important parent. He was sincerely interested in Sammy's happiness, but was taken in by the soft soap the Allison's handed him. Back in Lastenbury, he has already forgotten his mistake. It's a lucky thing for Jake that he has Molly and, in his own peculiar way, he will sometimes grudgingly admit it.



Martha Wilburforce lives next door to the Goldbergs in Lastenbury. She is the typical New England spinster, gossipy, suspicious, over curious, kindly energetic. When the Goldbergs first came to Lastenbury, she didn't like them. She went out of her way to be miserable to her new neighbors. Molly tolerated Martha's bad nature, because she felt that underneath the old New Englander's meddlesome, gruff manner there was essentially a good person. Through kindness and patience, Molly won the affection of Martha, who later came to the help of the Goldbergs when they least expected her good neighborliness. She now feels as though she is one of the family. She loves Molly, quarrels with Jake, but secretly admires and likes him, too. Since Martha has known the Goldbergs a new spirit has come into her life. The Goldbergs are always mixed up in something and this gives Martha a feeling, through them, that she is also a part of the world and its doings. She is still a little bit ashamed of the way she treated the Goldbergs when they first moved in next door and so when they took their recent trip, Martha was the first to offer to take care of Molly's chickens and the dog.  
*(Played by Carrie Weller)*

Sammy Goldberg is a sensitive, talented young man of nineteen, more like his mother than his father. All his life, Sammy has wanted to be a writer. It's been a problem raising Sammy. His boyish, impetuous love for people has continually caused Jake and Molly trouble. When Sylvia Allison came to live with the Goldbergs, she and Sammy were immediately attracted to each other. Molly tried to clarify the situation, but Sylvia made Sammy believe that Molly was jealous of her and Molly began to lose her influence over Sammy. The boy couldn't resist following Sylvia to South Carolina where they planned to be married. On the surface, the Allison family seemed to be fine. Molly suspected something else and slowly their mean and grasping ways revealed them in their true light. But Sammy was too deeply in love with Sylvia to see this until Molly discovered that Sylvia was having a clandestine romance with her brother-in-law. When Molly told Sammy this it almost broke his heart. He called off the marriage and returned to Lastenbury with his family. Sammy has gone back to his writing again, sadder but more mature. He has learned a good deal from his experience with Sylvia. We should expect great things of him in the future. Molly certainly does and her faith in him will not go unrewarded.  
*(Played by Alfred Ryder)*



They've been Mr. and Mrs. Morgan for more than twenty-five years. Here they are, rushing to be on time for Frank's Maxwell Coffee Time broadcast, Thursday, at 8:00 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC-Red.



Once he might have been your Fuller brush man, or have tried to sell you real estate, but then Frank Morgan fell in love and now he's radio's most beloved jester

By SARA HAMILTON



Fink

# The Merry Morgan Man

PROMPTLY at four and eight P. M. every California Thursday, Mr. Frank Morgan, full of very fried shrimp from The Tropics across the street, stands before an NBC microphone and verbally lets fly—in all directions. No one is ever quite sure of the consequences, not even Morgan.

As a result, everyone connected with the broadcast is growing older and grayer and a bit more confused while the program's popularity climbs higher and higher like a monkey after a coconut.

Certain people behind the show,

therefore, just can't make up their minds from week to week whether to send up skyrocket in celebration, or go into their bathrooms and cut their throats good and hard.

Frank Morgan is a unique character in radio and for several reasons. He is the only actor we know who enhances his standing by blowing up in his lines and throwing around chaos as you would pennies. The more mixed up things get—the funnier. He is just as liable as not to turn, by mistake, from page eight of the script to page ten and find himself knee-deep in the Baby

Snooks department. All of which sends the studio audience pitching out of their seats and into the aisles.

That God-given ability to fumble around through half-finished sentences and phrases is attributed by close friends to several sources.

One group insists the whole thing is the result of frustration—love frustration, if you please, which goes back some twenty-five or -six years to when Mr. Morgan, who was then Frank Wupperman, son of the wealthy Angostura Bitters family, informed (Continued on page 58)



*Young Widder Brown*

Concluding the dramatic novel based upon the popular radio serial of the same name, heard Monday through Friday, at 4:45 P. M., E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red network. Photo of Ellen Brown as played by Florence Freeman.

Copyright 1941, Frank and Anne Hummert



**In her unselfish effort to pull Grace Gaines out of a life of darkness and despair, Ellen finds for herself and Anthony a promise of all the beauty and all the glory in the world**

**E**LLEN sat in the visitors' room of the Health Center, waiting, visualizing the scene in the operating room at the far end of the corridor. The sheeted figure on the table, the click of instruments, Anthony Loring's low-voiced instructions to the nurses . . .

She, Ellen Brown, had sent Grace Gaines to that room. At great cost to herself, she had arranged this operation. Suppose it had all been futile, or more than futile? Suppose Grace, as other doctors had feared, was too weak to stand the shock of going under the knife? Suppose—

A nurse passed along the hall. There was a murmur of voices somewhere, quickly stilled, then silence again. Keith Gaines, sitting opposite her, met her eyes and looked away.

Supposing all that, even the worst, Ellen thought, she still had done what she had to do.

She could think back calmly now—back to the evening when she had made up her mind to leave Simpsonville for a time and try to get her world in order again. Loving Anthony Loring hadn't been enough, even then. She'd had to consider her two children, and their uncomprehending, frantic belief that her marriage to Anthony would mean she was deserting them. Wanting time to think, she had gone to New River City and taken the job of nursing Grace Gaines, whose face was so hideously scarred in that long-ago automobile accident.

And it was right, too, that she had persuaded Grace and Keith to allow Anthony to operate; for the consciousness of her ugliness had warped Grace's soul and turned her into a bitter frustrated woman who was not only ruining her own life, but that of her husband as well.

Anthony had been so happy when she called him from New River City! He hadn't known where she was, and he'd believed that this summons meant she was ready to admit their love, marry him. And then the gradual hardening of his face when he learned that she had called him, not for herself, but to operate on Grace Gaines.

Once more she was seeing the silent, withdrawn man who had

first come to Simpsonville.

How could he know that her heart was crying out to him—a desperate cry that her lips would not utter? How could he know that she had wrestled long hours with herself before deciding to call him—and that she had reached the decision only because she could not allow her personal problems to bar Grace Gaines from happiness? If there had only been some other surgeon they could have trusted! But neither she nor the Gaineses knew of one. Anthony had been their only hope.

She could explain—perhaps. She could make him see that her call had been something apart from their own lives; that it had been no more than her intuition turning to the best possible person for a job that had to be done. This she could tell him—perhaps.

But wasn't it better this way? Janey and Mark, her children, had been so happy since her return to Simpsonville. The haunting unreasonable fear of losing her had been banished, their young instincts had told them that there was a change, now, between her and Anthony and that they held, as always before, the first place in her heart. The sense of security, she knew, is the one thing most necessary to a child, and this she had been able to give Mark and Janey.

Having hurt Anthony so deeply, she no longer had to fight against the pull of his love. If she wiped away that hurt, things would be as they had been before, and again she would be torn between opposing loyalties.

No—she would say nothing. She would not try to explain.

And as if to remind her of how difficult not explaining must be, Anthony was standing, suddenly, in the doorway. "It's over," he said, more to Ellen than to Keith Gaines. "The operation's over. It went off very well, I think."

She felt the subtle implication. Ordinarily, a nurse would have told her. In telling her himself, Anthony was implying that her interest in Grace Gaines was great—so great that nothing much in the world mattered to her except the operation.

Standing up, she said, "Thank you, Anthony."

He nodded and silently turned

away without another word to her.


The operation was over, but there was still the long waiting to go through, the interminable waiting that seemed so much longer than it really was. Now there was no excitement, no urgency, no drama—only the hoping and waiting. Until the wounds healed no one would know just how much of an improvement had been made upon Grace's scarred face.

Keith Gaines went back to New River City for a day or so, returned to Simpsonville, stood silently and helplessly beside his wife's bed. There was nothing for him to do. He, too, could only wait.

As for Ellen, she was at the hospital part of every day. It was, in fact, incredible that she should spend so much time there and see so little of Anthony Loring. He had a trick now of—not leaving a room when she entered it, so much as seeming to evaporate, disappear.

But the day came at last when he must remain—the day when he removed the bandages. Ellen and Keith Gaines were there, watching, held immobile in suspense. Then there was the mirror in Grace's trembling hands and for a moment it seemed (Continued on page 78)





From where Bill and I stood on the stairway I couldn't help seeing the pitiful, lost look on Jane's face.

**She was willing to sacrifice all hope of love if only she could be a rich man's wife—until, on her wedding day, Jimmy took her in his arms**

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Every Sunday night two brilliant stars, Robertson White and Irene Wicker, perform radio magic with their fascinating new NBC program, Deadline Dramas. On it, they act out, without previous preparation, complete playlets based on a single sentence given to them on the air, inventing their lines as they go along. Now RADIO MIRROR offers a sample of this magic by publishing this Deadline Drama in vivid story form.*

JANE caught the bridal bouquet, then turned away and burst into tears. She didn't want people to know she was crying, and she ran at once into the library, but from where I stood with Bill on the stairway I couldn't help seeing the pitiful, lost look on her face.

Jimmy, who had been Bill's best man, started to follow her. I saw him put his hand on the doorknob, hesitate, and finally change his mind and decide not to go in after all. And

so I knew that Jimmy knew as well as I did why Jane was crying.

Things do catch up with you. You think you can evade them, but you can't. I remember reading, somewhere, an old quotation. "Take what you want, said God—take it, and pay for it." And that would be all right, but the terrible thing is that sometimes other people must pay for what you take.

It was Jane, and Jimmy, who were paying this time.

# The Bride's Bouquet



Jane and I had gone to boarding school together. It was an expensive school, much more expensive than my parents could really afford, but in my family it was unthinkable that a Rutherford daughter shouldn't have the best of everything. Years ago; before the War Between the States, the Rutherfords were one of the richest families in the South. The war ruined us, but we've never quite been able to realize it.

In a way, sending me to that

school was a good investment, because at it I met Jane Winton—and through Jane Winton I met Bill Touraine, who had enough money to buy all the land the Rutherfords had originally owned and the whole state of Alabama besides.

Jane and I were such good friends in school that she used to invite me to her home in Connecticut for holidays. Her parents were so wealthy they'd begun to think money wasn't important. I knew better. I'd spent

all my life in an atmosphere of genteel poverty, which is in some ways worse than the real kind. We could never admit we were poor. We had to scrimp on necessities so we could buy the luxuries that would make it possible for us to hold up our heads before our world.

Long before I was old enough to go to boarding school I made up my mind that someday I'd be rich. I didn't know how, then. I didn't know how until I visited Jane and heard about some girl who had made a wealthy marriage. That, I said to myself, was what I would do. It shouldn't be difficult. I had a dark, sparkling kind of beauty, and I seemed to understand instinctively how to arouse a man's interest in me.

It was my bad luck that I fell in love.

Jimmy Taylor was a boy Jane had known all her life. She told me all about him, and it wasn't difficult to see that she was deeply in love with him. Not that she knew it herself. Jane and I were about the same age, but I always felt much older and wiser than she when it came to love-affairs. All through our school days she was immature and naive, with no more idea of what love really was than a kitten.

As it happened, I didn't really get to know Jimmy until the Christmas before Jane and I graduated from Miss Bunce's school. I'd met him, but in the summers when I visited Jane he was almost always away, working. His family was only moderately well off, and Jimmy's vacations were spent in earning enough money to get him through the next year of college. This Christmas was different. He had his degree, and was living with his parents in Drewton, commuting to New York every day to work as a draftsman in an architect's office.

In the evenings, and over the holiday week-end, he came to see Jane. I don't know how it happened, but we—Jimmy and I—fell in love.

It was a strange and unsatisfactory kind of love. You see, neither of us ever spoke of it. Jimmy and Jane had one of those understandings that meant they would, some



From where Bill and I stood on the stairway I couldn't help seeing the pitiful, lost look on Jane's face.



**She was willing to sacrifice all hope of love if only she could be a rich man's wife—until, on her wedding day, Jimmy took her in his arms**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Every Sunday night two brilliant stars, Robertson White and Irene Wicker, perform radio magic with their fascinating new NBC program, *Deadline Dramas*. On it, they act out, without previous preparation, complete playlets based on a single sentence given to them on the air, inventing their lines as they go along. Now *RADIO MIRROR* offers a sample of this magic by publishing this *Deadline Drama* in vivid story form.

**J**ANE caught the bridal bouquet, then turned away and burst into tears. She didn't want people to know she was crying, and she ran at once into the library, but from where I stood with Bill on the stairway I couldn't help seeing the pitiful, lost look on her face.

Jimmy, who had been Bill's best man, started to follow her. I saw him put his hand on the doorknob, hesitate, and finally change his mind and decide not to go in after all. And

so I knew that Jimmy knew as well as I did why Jane was crying.

Things do catch up with you. You think you can evade them, but you can't. I remember reading, somewhere, an old quotation. "Take what you want, said God—take it, and pay for it." And that would be all right, but the terrible thing is that sometimes other people must pay for what you take.

It was Jane, and Jimmy, who were paying this time.

# The Bride's Bouquet



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Jane and I had gone to boarding school together. It was an expensive school, much more expensive than my parents could really afford, but in my family it was unthinkable that a Rutherford daughter shouldn't have the best of everything. Years ago, before the War Between the States, the Rutherfords were one of the richest families in the South. The war ruined us, but we've never quite been able to realize it.

In a way, sending me to that

school was a good investment, because at it I met Jane Winton—and through Jane Winton I met Bill Touraine, who had enough money to buy all the land the Rutherfords had originally owned and the whole state of Alabama besides.

Jane and I were such good friends in school that she used to invite me to her home in Connecticut for holidays. Her parents were so wealthy they'd begun to think money wasn't important. I knew better. I'd spent

day, be married. I didn't want to smash that neat, ordered future of theirs. I wouldn't have wanted to, even if Jimmy had been the kind of man I'd already set my heart on marrying. And anyway, he wasn't: he didn't have any money.

Although neither of us said anything, we each knew, in some strange way, how the other felt. Whenever we were together it was exactly as if an unseen force were trying to push me into his arms. I was always careful, and I think Jimmy was too, never to let myself be alone with him.

I WAS glad when the holidays ended, and Jane and I went back to school. I thought I'd be able to forget about him, but I couldn't. I kept seeing his clean, fresh face, the flash of his teeth when he was amused, the aliveness of his brown eyes. Jane invited me to go home with her for the Easter holidays; I tried to refuse, but she was puzzled and hurt, and at last I consented.

That was when I met Bill Touraine. He was older than Jimmy, not only in years but in knowledge and experience. His quiet, grave manner made you realize that he was a man who always knew what he wanted, and who set about getting it in the most direct and efficient way possible. It had never been necessary for him to work for a living, but to my amazement I discovered he was one of the country's youngest authorities on some complicated branch of chemistry that I can't even pronounce, much less spell.

He asked me to go with him to several dances and parties, that Easter week, and I was glad to accept because it meant I would see less of Jimmy, have less time to think of him. And—since I have promised myself I would set down the whole truth here—I was impressed by Bill's money.

After our first date alone together, when I knew he was interested in me, I decided that Bill was the man I would marry if I possibly could.

I won't try to make excuses for myself. I did like Bill, and I respected him. I don't believe I could have pretended to love him otherwise. But I wanted to marry him because he was rich.

Throughout the few months of school that were left, Bill and I corresponded regularly, and that summer he asked me to marry him. When I said I would, I made a solemn vow to myself. I would be a good wife to him; I wouldn't let him know, ever, that I loved him less than it was his right to be loved. He was so kind, so gentle, so good—

I must play fair with him.

I can't see, now, how I could have deluded myself so completely.

I didn't realize, until the very day of the wedding, that—

But I'd better tell it the way it happened. Because most of my friends and all of Bill's lived in the North, we decided to have the wedding there—with Father and Mother coming for it. As soon as Jane heard we were going to be married, she offered her home for the ceremony and reception. Everything was elaborate, beautiful, romantic—just the kind of wedding every girl pictures in her dreams.

Jane was my maid of honor, and Jimmy was Bill's best man. That seemed ironic and terrible to me, but there was nothing I could do about it. I had made up my mind I would never let myself think about Jimmy again. I tried to avoid him, in the few days before the wedding while I stayed with Jane. Every time our glances crossed I felt his reproach, his bitterness.

Then it was my wedding day, and Bill and I were standing at the flower-banked altar. I heard the minister's voice, and found it hard to understand that these words he was speaking would accomplish my great ambition, make me Mrs. William Touraine, and wealthy. He finished, Bill was kissing me, I heard the babble of laughter and congratulations from the guests . . .

Jimmy stood before me, the smile on his white face looking as though it had been fixed there with pins. He said in a queer, strained voice:

"It's the best man's privilege to kiss the bride."

He took me roughly in his arms, pressed his lips against mine. I could feel him trying to draw my soul out of my body with that kiss. It was a farewell to me, and at the same time it was a cry for help, anguished and heart-broken.

And I realized two things. One was that Jimmy was suffering, as only a man can suffer who has lost the girl he loves. The other was that he meant nothing to me. Nothing at all.

My brain was whirling so that I couldn't see the faces of the people around me, couldn't tell whether or not they had observed the passion in Jimmy's embrace and been horrified by it. I didn't know whether to be happy or not. I was happy—overjoyed that at last the scales had been dashed from my eyes and I was free from a love that could only have made me miserable. But I was weak with pity, at the same time, for Jimmy.

And later, when Jane caught my bouquet and ran away crying, I saw



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the whole tragedy plainly. Jane, at least, had read the meaning of Jimmy's kiss, and it had broken her heart.

"Bill," I whispered when I could speak, "I'll go on up to my room, to change. Ask Jane to come see me. Tell her it's very important—I must talk to her."

Bill looked at me gravely. I could not read his thoughts as he said, "All right, dear."

In my own room, amidst the disorder of half-packed suitcases, I took off my veil and tried to think. The easy thing would have been to shrug off all responsibility. I was married, I could not help it if a man not my husband was in love with me. Yes, I could say that, but it would not be true.

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"But if he really loved you—if he knew I wasn't the kind of girl he could ever care for—then you'd take him back, wouldn't you?" I demanded.

"Why—yes, of course. If I could be sure he wasn't wishing he could have you. But that's impossible—"

"No, it's not," I insisted, beginning to take off my wedding gown. "I know a way to make sure you forget he ever thought he loved me. It'll hurt him, for a little while, but it's so much better than letting him be hurt forever."

I hurried into my traveling suit. I had to hurry, because if I didn't do what I had to do now, I might lose my courage and never do it at all.

I would give no answers to Jane's puzzled questions. All I said, just before going downstairs, was:

"Jimmy may hate me, after I've talked to him. I'd rather he hated me than loved me. But I hope you never will, Jane."

"You know I could never hate you," she whispered.

Downstairs, I stood with Bill for a while, my arm in his, laughing and talking to the wedding guests. My eyes roamed the room, looking for Jimmy, but he was nowhere in sight. Finally I murmured an excuse and went looking for him. Everywhere I turned, in every room I entered, there were people for whom I must smile and act naturally before I could get away. I began to be afraid he had left. But at last I found him on the deserted back terrace, leaning back in one of the striped chairs and looking down into the autumn carnival of the valley.

"Jimmy," I said.

He turned, startled at my voice, and began to get up. I had a glass of champagne in my hand, and as I came toward him I moved just a little unsteadily.

"Don't get up, Jimmy," I said. "I'll sit down." And I plumped myself onto a hassock that was by his knee. Some of the champagne spilled out of the glass. "Here," I said, offering it to him. "Aren't you going to drink to my happiness?"

He wanted to refuse, but he managed to smile and take the glass. He drank only a sip of the wine.

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"Of course," he said. He was watching me, measuring me, trying desperately not to believe that I was what I seemed.

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"Of course I mean it." I was forcing myself to go on now. I hadn't expected to hate this role so completely, I hadn't known it would make me feel so unclean. I told myself fiercely that, after all, everything I was telling Jimmy was true—essentially true. I had married Bill for his money. That was true. The only lies were the trimmings I was adding—the pretence of drunkenness, the cynical way of telling the truth.

I went on, battering at his horrified disbelief, all the time talking like a tipsy, frivolous, scheming girl. "I like you *much* better than Bill, Jimmy, but of course I couldn't marry anybody that didn't have loads and loads of money. Why, it just wouldn't work out, darling. I wouldn't be happy, and when I'm not happy I'm simply beastly to have around. I've always said I'd marry a man with money—and now I have!"

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"But I wanted you to understand," I said with foolish gravity. "You've got to understand, Jimmy, so that when Bill and I come back from our honeymoon we can be friends again. Really *good* friends . . . I'm so terribly fond of you, Jimmy darling."

I swayed toward him.

With a muttered exclamation, charged with disgust, Jimmy stood up. He was looking at me as if I were something unspeakably vile. Then he turned and walked swiftly away, down the terrace and around the corner of the house.

I sat still on the hassock, feeling as empty inside as the champagne glass in my hand. It didn't matter now that I'd over-dramatized my reasons for marrying Bill, or that I had pretended to want Jimmy to become my lover when I returned from the (Continued on page 59)

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in, traces of tears still in her lovely, gentle eyes. She moved reluctantly, and I knew she had come against her will.

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself, Adelaide," she said.

Quickly I took her hand. "Let's not pretend I don't know why you cried," I told her. "I'm so terribly sorry."

"I don't know why I broke down," Jane said. "It isn't as if I didn't know already. Jimmy's been different for months. I knew he'd—lost interest in me, but until this morning, when he kissed you after the ceremony, I didn't know why. And then—I caught your bouquet, with Jimmy standing right beside me, and it—it just seemed so hopeless—"

She stopped, fighting for composure. Then, after a moment, she went on:

"Because Jimmy isn't the kind who would come back to me on the rebound—even if I wanted him to and—and I'm not sure I do . . ."





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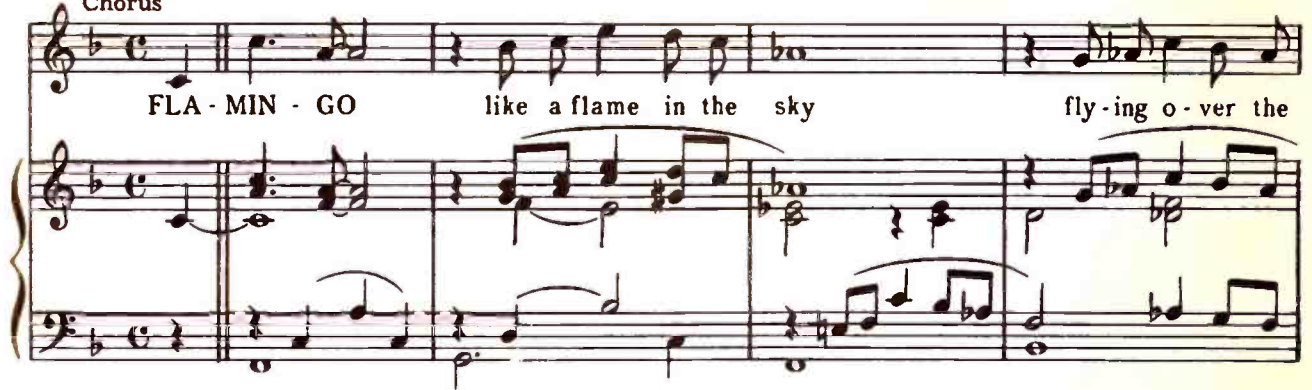


# FLAMINGO

It's the season's new sensational ballad, as featured by Will Bradley  
and his orchestra on the Silver Theater summer show, Sundays over CBS

Lyrics by  
ED. ANDERSON  
Chorus

Music by  
TED GROUYA



FLA - MIN - GO like a flame in the sky fly - ing o - ver the



is - land to my lov - er near by — FLA -



MIN - GO in your trop - i - cal hue speak of pas - sion un



dy - ing and a love that is true — The

Copyright 1941 by Tempo Music, Inc., 261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



wind sings a song to you as you go A song that I

hear be-low the mur-mur-ing palms \_\_\_\_\_ FLA-

MIN - GO when the sun meets the sea say fare-well to my

lov - er and hast - en to me



For a cool luncheon snack, serve a platter of Brazil nut deviled eggs, prepared the day before.



Banana tapioca cream pudding, decorated with mint leaves, is a cooling dish any time of day.



**BY KATE SMITH**

**Radio Mirror's Food Counselor**

*Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night CBS show, but you can still hear her on her daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.T., sponsored by General Foods.*

Here's something new to please salad fanciers—a platter of assorted fruits, sea food and vegetables, all ingredients having been prepared the day before and stored in the refrigerator until time to be served.



## The Cooking Corner Suggests LET'S EAT

IF I were to ask you if you are getting the most out of your refrigerator you would probably answer in all sincerity, "Of course I am." But are you? Are you letting it do for you all the work it is capable of doing?

I know you depend on it to keep perishable foods safely, to preserve leftovers which might otherwise go to waste and to prepare cold dishes for hot weather eating—but its usefulness shouldn't end there. Stop considering it merely as a refrigerator and begin to consider it as an active participant in home management. For if you will keep its services in mind when you plan your menus and do your marketing it will repay you with better and more varied meals, more quickly and economically prepared.

Assume for example that it is Monday morning. You don't want chicken and peas, left over from Sunday, for dinner, so you decide

on broiled ham and bananas, creamed potatoes, salad and berry pie. Now with the help of your refrigerator, you can—all at one time—prepare or partially prepare not only most of Monday's dinner but a number of other dishes for serving later in the week.

First, order enough assorted salad ingredients for several meals. Washed, drained and stored in the vegetable compartment they will keep fresh for days.

Next, cook the potatoes and make the white sauce for Monday's creamed potatoes; you can heat them together just before serving. But, says your refrigerator, cook twice as many potatoes as you need and double the white sauce recipe. Use the extra potatoes to make potato salad—if closely covered it will keep fresh and flavorful until you are ready to serve it. Put the additional white sauce into a jar and it will be all ready for some salmon

You may not believe it, but this refreshing loaf was made from Sunday's left-over chicken and Monday's remaining peas. It's made with gelatin, and luscious stuffed olives are used as a colorful garnish.



When the thermometer's rising, a quick dish the entire family will enjoy, is broiled ham and bananas.



2 cups diced cooked chicken  
1 cup cooked peas  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced cucumber  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced celery

croquettes to serve with the potato salad. Potato salad calls for eggs, so boil a few extra ones and use them later on for Brazil nut deviled eggs.

While the potatoes and eggs are cooking, make a cold chicken loaf to be served later in the week, using the leftover chicken and peas plus a few additions from the salad compartment.

Now you are ready to start your berry pie. Be sure to make enough dough for two pies—pastry keeps perfectly if wrapped in wax paper and is all the better for being thoroughly chilled before it is rolled out. With the pie in the oven, there is just time to whip up another later-in-the-week dessert—banana tapioca cream.

If this sounds like too much to do in one morning, concentrate on the recipes which will save you the most time and energy during the week to come. The idea, you see, is not to do everything all at once, but to plan in advance which foods you can buy and prepare for later use and with these as a starter I am sure you will enjoy working out your own ideas.

And now for our recipes.

#### Broiled Ham and Bananas

Broil ham slice on one side. When it is ready to be turned, place bananas on broiling rack and dot with butter. Continue cooking until ham is done and bananas are tender enough to be pierced easily with a fork. Turn bananas once.

#### Mix Your Own Salad

Arrange on a large plate any as-

sortment of fresh fruits, salad ingredients, shrimp, etc., that your taste dictates. Serve plain, with jars of French, Thousand Island and mayonnaise dressing on the side. Let each guest make his own selection of salad and dressing.

#### Chicken Loaf

2 tbs. gelatin  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. curry powder  
4-ounce bottle stuffed olives

## REFRIGERATOR LORE

1. Defrost regularly in accordance with instructions received with your refrigerator.
2. Keep foods in separate containers—glass or enamel with tight covers or bowls or jars topped with pliofilm caps which have elastic edges to ensure a close fit.
3. Keep refrigerator scrupulously clean but do not use coarse abrasives or scouring pads which may break the enamel.
4. Remember that you will serve better and more varied meals if in addition to staples, salads and fruits, your refrigerator holds such appetizers as: Assorted juices and beverages for cooling drinks. Canned fruits and vegetables for salads. Cold canned consomme. Canned luncheon meats, corned beef, shrimp, lobster. Sandwich spreads such as cheese, peanut butter, potted meats, jellies.

Soften gelatin in cold water, then dissolve in boiling water. Chill until slightly thickened then add mayonnaise and curry powder. Beat with rotary beater and pour thin layer into well-buttered loaf pan. Chill until nearly firm then press olive slices into gelatin to form pattern. Chill until firm. Add remaining ingredients to remaining gelatin then pour carefully onto olive layer in pan. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve.

#### Brazil Nut Deviled Eggs

6 hard-cooked eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup mayonnaise  
1 tsp. prepared mustard  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. onion salt  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. celery salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. lime juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped Brazil nuts

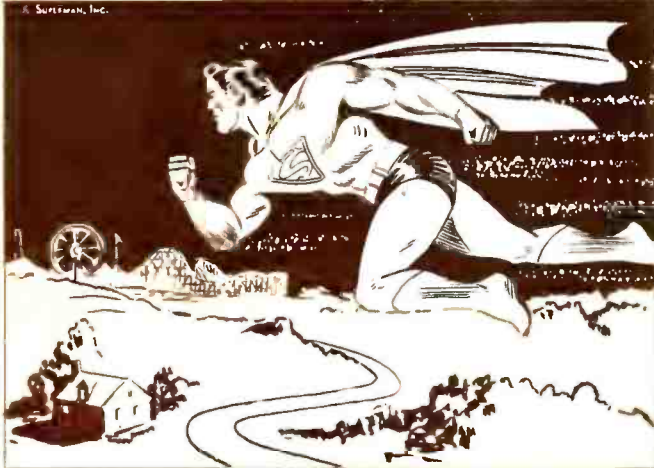
Combine egg yolks with half the nuts and remaining ingredients. Fill whites with mixture and sprinkle tops with remaining chopped nuts.

#### Banana Tapioca Cream

2 cups milk  
2 tbs. quick cooking tapioca  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar 1 egg  
1 tsp. grated orange rind  
1 cup sliced or diced ripe banana

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine tapioca, salt and half the sugar, add to milk and cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring frequently until tapioca is clear (about 5 minutes). Beat egg yolk and remaining sugar together, then beat in 2 or 3 tablespoons of the hot tapioca. Pour back into hot mixture and cook, stirring constantly, 5 minutes more. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Cool, then fold in banana and orange rind. Chill until serving time. Just before serving, garnish with sliced banana and mint leaves.

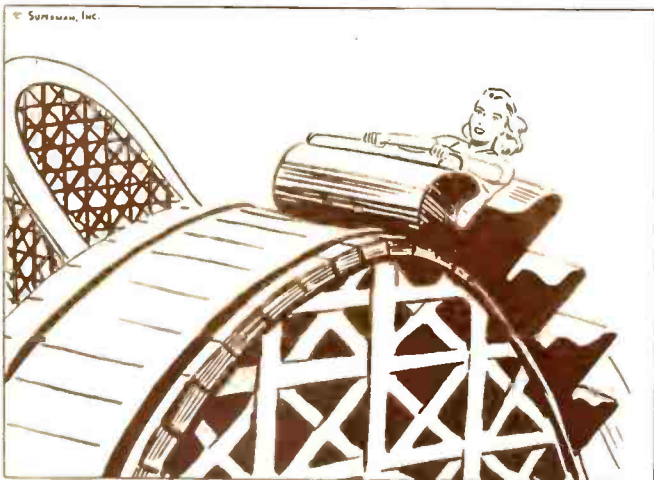
# SUPERMAN IN RADIO



His red cloak streaming in the wind, Superman leaped high into the air and sped to Happyland.



Kent shook his head when Lois asked him to come with her. He had more important things to do.



As Superman neared the park, he saw Nancy in the roller coaster at the top of the steep grade.

CLARK KENT and Lois Lane, star reporters of the *Daily Planet*, drove through the main entrance of "Happyland," Metropolis' new luxurious amusement park. Kent pressed down on the brake and the car came to a slow stop just outside the tent marked "Temporary Office." As the mild, gentle-looking reporter turned to help Lois from her seat, they could hear voices, rising in anger from the tent:

"The answer, Midway Martin, is *no*—and it will always be *no*!"

Then, a man's harsh tones:

"I wouldn't be too sure, Miss Bardett—"

Lois quickly whispered to her companion: "That's my dear Nancy whom I told you about. And she must be talking to her competitor, Midway Martin. He owns Carnival Town. Listen to him—"

"Miss Bardett, there ain't room in this town for two amusement parks. I'm ready to pay fifteen thousand cash for Happyland—"

Nancy's voice sounded almost hysterical:

"I'm not interested. It cost my father ten times that much to build Happyland. I promised him on his deathbed to make a success of it. Now get out before I have you thrown out!"

"You won't have me thrown out, Miss Bardett. This is your last chance. Do you want the fifteen grand?"

"I said get out!"

"Okay, sister, but you'll be sorry. This place won't last a week if I have anything to do with it. Happyland, eh?—you won't be so happy by the time I get through—"

The two reporters watched Martin stomp out of the tent and drive away. Lois motioned to Kent to come along with her to see Nancy but he shook his head:

"No, you go in alone. I have a feeling there's more of a story here than just a yarn about the opening of Happyland tonight. I didn't like Martin's face. A man who looks like that is capable of doing almost anything. You talk to Nancy and I think I'll take a ride over to Carnival Town and have a look around."

A few minutes later the reporter parked his car near the shack housing Midway's office. Walking silently, he reached the door, ready to knock, when he heard voices. He recognized Martin's immediately.

"Now listen, Kelly. As that Bardett dame's superintendent you're in a spot to do us a lotta good. And I'll see to it that you're paid off. You got everything fixed for tonight?"

"Sure, boss. Just like you said. I had that aviator drop circulars from his plane tellin' everybody that Happyland's giant roller coaster was unsafe and not to ride on it. And then I took a piece of the track out of the Sky Chaser. Boy, will the first car that hits that, skyrocket right to the Devil!"

"What time's the ride scheduled to open?"

"In just about a minute, at eight o'clock. That'll fix Happyland for good!"

The reporter waited to hear no more. He wheeled and, in that instant, Clark Kent became—Superman! Like some giant bird, Superman leaped high into the air. Red cloak streaming in the wind, he sped to Happyland. But already, Martin's diabolic plan was in operation. Every member of the huge crowd at Happyland had seen the warning circular. Nancy, valiantly determined to make a success of her park, climbed up on the ticket booth. Superman was not there to stop her when she said:

"... and to prove that the Sky Chaser is absolutely safe I myself—alone—will take the first ride!"

Vainly, Lois tried to stop her. Nancy's determination didn't waver. As Superman neared the park, the roller coaster car holding her was already nearing the top of the first steep grade. Aided by his telescopic vision, he saw her and, in a flash, realized what had happened:

"I could stop that car but those thousands down there would know something was wrong and that would ruin Happyland forever! No, I *must* find that missing piece of track. What a job! I've got to search a mile of roller coaster to find where that piece has been removed! Good thing it's dark. Up—UP—and away!"

Leaping to the steel framework of the Sky Chaser, Superman raced along the track, sharp eyes glued to the shining rails, looking for a break. Meanwhile, the coaster car carrying Nancy Bardett reached the top of the grade. It hung motionless for a timeless moment, then came hurtling down like a giant bullet. Gathering momentum, the car screamed around a sharp curve at a speed faster than a mile a minute. It roared through a dark tunnel with Nancy clutching the polished handrails, her teeth clenched and her face (Continued on page 79)

# Sunday



Reg'lar Fellers script writer Jerry Devine confers with his cast—Dickie Van Patten, Dickie Manahan, Ran Ives, Jr., and Orville Phillips.

## ON THE AIR TONIGHT:

Reg'lar Fellers, which replaced the Jack Benny program for the summer—on NBC-Red at 7:00, E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West at 7:30 Pacific Time, and sponsored by Jell-O.

This show is on the air because Gene Bresson, who produces it, has always admired Gene Byrnes' comic strip of the same name. He couldn't see why the Reg'lar Fellers of the cartoons wouldn't be just as amusing on the air, and after a lot of work, his idea has at last become a reality.

The first job for Bresson was to get a cast together. He did what isn't often done in radio—he hired kids who not only sounded like the parts they were to play, but looked like them, too. He had a satisfactory cast lined up last November—and then had to change two of the young actors this spring when the show finally went on the air because in the meantime their voices had changed.

For at least two of the kids, Reg'lar Fellers is a real life-saver. Bresson made several trips to Harlem, looking for a youngster to play the little Negro, Wash Jones. In a dancing school he finally found Orville Phillips, and chose him because he looked as Bresson imagined Bill Robinson, the dancer, must have looked when he was a boy. Orville's family of a father and four other children was on relief at the time, and the \$80 a week he gets for his work on the show comes in very handy. Almost the same thing was true of Dickie Monahan, cast as Dinky Dugan. He's the baby of the cast, seven

years old, and although Bresson had seen him before in radio shows, he couldn't find him when he wanted to. One reason was that the people at the parish church and school where Dickie went thought Bresson was a bill-collector when he made inquiries, and were afraid to tell him where Dickie was. He finally established his good faith, and found the boy.

Jerry Devine, who writes the Reg'lar Fellers scripts, is a former child actor himself, so he understands the kids and sympathizes with them. Rehearsals, naturally, are pure pandemonium, but both Devine and Bresson give the boys plenty of rest periods, and find that when it's time to go back to work quiet is easy to restore. In their rest periods the boys wrestle, play marbles, or gather under the piano, which is their club-house, to lie on their stomachs and swap yarns. One day, while rehearsing a football sequence, they nearly drove the sound-effects man crazy by shouting and kicking the ball around every time a halt was called. Another time they all decided they wanted a coke. Knowing the microphone was on, they kept mumbling about it, hoping someone in the control room would hear and take pity on their thirsts. Finally the director asked them, "What's a coke worth to you?" Dickie Van Patten, who plays Jimmie Dugan, said, "Three cents." That was a mistake, because there weren't three cents among the whole cast. Finally Ran Ives (Puddin'head) called, "Never mind. We're not thirsty any more!"

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

## DATES TO REMEMBER

June 29: The Pause that Refreshes, with Andre Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, moves tonight to a new time—8:00 on CBS. . . . It's the last broadcast for Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, NBC-Red at 8:00, before they take their summer vacation.

July 6: What's My Name, a quiz show with Arlene Francis as mistress of ceremonies, takes the place of Charlie McCarthy tonight.

July 13: Tune in Josef Marais' African Trek on NBC-Blue at 3:00 this afternoon for some unusual music and African atmosphere.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
8:00	8:00	CBS: News	
8:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: News	
8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures	
8:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
7:00	9:00	CBS: News of Europe	
7:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe	
7:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft	
7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line	
7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys	
7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Lee Gordon Orch.	
8:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Primrose String Quartet	
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit	
8:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires	
9:35	9:05	11:05	CBS: News and Rhythm
7:05	9:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remson
7:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: What's New at the Zoo
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails of Song
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Music and Youth
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Emma Otero
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: I'm an American
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Down South
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: March of Games
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Matinee with Lytell
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: On Your Job
10:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: Invitation to Learning
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Hidden History
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: NBC String Symphony
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Tapestry Musicales
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
10:35	12:35	2:35	CBS: Meet the Music
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: Columbia Symphony
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: H. V. Kallenberg
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Talent, Ltd.
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: Meet the Music
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Laval Orch.
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Behind the Mike
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Charles Dant Orch
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: Moylan Sisters
		5:00	NBC-Red: Joe and Mabel
		5:15	NBC-Blue: Olivio Santoro
1:30	3:30	5:30	CBS: Col. Steopnagle
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Roy Shields Orch.
2:00	4:00	6:00	CBS: Ed Sullivan
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Blue Barron Orch.
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry and Dear Mom
2:30	4:30	6:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Dr. I. Q. Junior
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: News From Europe
7:30	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Reg'lar Fellers
3:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: Girl About Town
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: World News Tonight
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Sandwagon
3:45	5:45	7:45	MBS: Wythe Williams
4:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: Pause That Refreshes
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Star Spangled Theater
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: What's My Name
7:00	6:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: FORD SUMMER HOUR
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
8:15	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
7:15	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	7:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
4:00	8:30	10:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Deadline Drama
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
7:00	9:00	11:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra



Ted Steele sings, acts, plays the Navachard and leads a band.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

Ted Steele, the amazingly versatile young man who plays and sings with his own orchestra every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at 9:45, and stars in the half-hour show, Boy Meets Band, every Saturday at 8:00, both on NBC-Blue.

Ted is in his early twenties, handsome, broad-shouldered, and permanently sunburned these days because he spends every bit of time that he can on his New Jersey farm. Two years ago he was an NBC page-boy. Now he has a five-year contract with that same company as a singer-musician-actor.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, Ted organized his first band when he was seventeen. The personnel director of a steamship line heard the band at a college prom and gave it a contract for two trans-Atlantic cruises. When he landed from the second one, Ted enrolled at Trinity College, led the band there, wrote school songs, and directed several varsity shows. With all that experience under his belt, he thought it would be easy to crash radio, but it wasn't. He wandered around the country, and eventually landed in Hollywood, where he had his own program on a local station. He left there when a wire from NBC offered him a job. It wasn't until he was back in New York that he found out the job was that of page-boy, but he took it anyway.

Ted was fascinated by the Novachord, which is an electric instrument with a weird, beautiful tone, and when NBC bought some of them he practiced on one every noon hour. Soon he became so proficient that he was playing for daytime programs and making about \$1,000 a week. He's given all that up now, and devotes his time to his own shows.

His enthusiasm for the big farm he has bought in New Jersey is no pose. He intends to run the farm so it makes a profit, and has a huge library of farming books. All his knowledge doesn't come out of books, either—he was wise enough to pick land that had several springs on it, with the result that last May, when other farmers were worrying over the prolonged dry spell, Ted's crops were fine.

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

DATES TO REMEMBER

- June 30: Tonight's your last chance to hear The Amazing Mr. Smith, on Mutual at 8:00. It's leaving the air.
July 7: Another departure, after tonight, is the Lux Theater on CBS. It'll be back next fall, as usual.
July 14: Taking the Lux Theater's place is Forecast.

Table with columns: P.S.T., C.S.T., Eastern Daylight Time. Lists TV programs for Monday including 'NBC-Blue: Who's Blue', 'NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn', 'NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB', etc.

Table with columns: P.S.T., C.S.T., Eastern Daylight Time. Lists TV programs for Tuesday including 'NBC-Blue: Who's Blue', 'NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn', 'NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB', etc.



WEDNESDAY

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



Radio's Munros are really Margaret Heckle and Neal Keehn.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

The Munros, on NBC-Blue every Monday through Friday at 2:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Time.

If you think your life is difficult or complicated, you ought to listen to that of Gordon and Margaret Munro. With the possible exception of the Easy Aces, they are the most involved couple on the air. Gordon is a young newspaper reporter who has recently obtained a job in New York. Margaret is his delightfully scatter-witted wife. Other characters very seldom appear in the Munro episodes. They aren't really needed, because Gordon and Margaret supply all the excitement one quarter-hour program can stand.

Off the air, Gordon and Margaret are played by Neal Keehn and Margaret Heckle. Neal and Margaret are not married to each other, although for years they have collaborated on radio programs in which they played man and wife, and they frequently argue with each other so furiously it's hard to believe they aren't married. They met when they were both attending the University of Wisconsin, and began their radio career soon afterwards.

They write their own scripts, and Gordon and Margaret are really composite portraits of several of their friends, plus a good many of their own personal characteristics thrown in for good measure. For instance, if you heard their amusing birthday sequence on the air, it's interesting to know that Neal and Margaret really do have the same birthday, just as their air characters had.

Give some of the credit for their amusing programs to Arthur Hanna, the NBC staff producer who directs the program. Arthur, a young, energetic fellow who came to NBC from the theater, frequently suggests situations which would make good scripts, and Neal and Margaret write them.

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

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 25: Say goodbye until fall to two comedians at 9:00 tonight—Eddie Cantor on NBC and Fred Allen on CBS.

July 2: Taking Fred Allen's time on CBS is a new program on behalf of the Government's bond-selling campaign. . . . Big Town gives its last broadcast on CBS at 8:00.

July 3: Your Marriage Club changes time, to tonight at 7:30, on CBS.

July 10: Last broadcast tonight for Fannie Brice's program. It will be back in seven weeks.

THURSDAY

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

FRIDAY

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



Dorothy Kilgallen is Broadway's "Voice" on her CBS show.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN...

The Voice of Broadway, starring Dorothy Kilgallen, sponsored by Johnson & Johnson on CBS Saturday morning at 11:30, E.D.T., rebroadcast to the West at 10:30 A. M. Pacific Time.

You wouldn't think, talking to Dorothy Kilgallen, that she was ever a specialist in murders. She's delicate, soft-voiced, pretty and very feminine. But the fact remains that at a time in her life when most girls are thinking about what sorority they'll join, she was her newspaper's star reporter of murders and murder trials. She went on from there to be the first woman reporter to fly around the world, and on her return went to Hollywood to write some movie scenarios and act in one picture herself. After that she came back to New York, started a Broadway gossip column that's read by millions, wrote short stories for magazines, got married, and recently made her radio debut on The Voice of Broadway, her own program.

Quite a full life for a young woman who is a long way from reaching her thirtieth birthday—but not one of her adventures ever excited Dorothy as much as the baby she is due to have in July. She expects to miss just one of her broadcasts, and fervently hopes that the reason for her absence won't be announced on the air.

Dorothy's husband is Richard Kollmar, the radio and stage actor. They're married because both of them are crazy about swing music. Their first date together was a spur-of-the-moment affair when, having met at a party, they went to a New York hotel to hear a new swing band led by an unknown named Artie Shaw.

They live a busy, haphazard and thoroughly happy life in a New York apartment, going to all theater and night-club openings together. They used to stay up until all hours, but since the baby has been on its way Dorothy has given that up. She has even taken to eating real breakfasts, which she hates.

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

DATES TO REMEMBER

June 27: Kate Smith gives her last nighttime broadcast of the season—but she'll be on five days a week, at noon, throughout the summer.  
 July 4: Celebrate the Fourth any way you like, but don't forget to be thankful that America is still free.  
 July 12: A new variety program, sponsored by Rinsco, starts today on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M.

SATURDAY

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

Pick Malone (left) and Pat Padgett are the real names of January and Molasses, comedy stars of the Dr. Pepper Parade.



## MOLASSES 'N' JANUARY

By MORT LEWIS

(Their Gag Writer and Producer of NBC's *Behind the Mike Program*)

THERE are millions of Molasses 'n' January fans who know these blackface comics through their weekly radio series, the Dr. Pepper Parade, but there are very few who know them intimately, personally through working with them and for them. For several years now I have been writing jokes for them, and so I've a pretty good idea of both boys and I'm going to give you an unbiased sketch of them as they really are.

First and foremost, I've discovered these lads are real troupers. In the old tradition, they believe the show must go on. One summer Pat Padgett, who plays the part of Molasses, was suffering severely from a muscular strain. Not wishing to leave his sponsor in a jam, he continued broadcasting for seven or eight weeks although suffering severe pain.

At least a couple of times before Pat has demonstrated he is more than a good trouper. One time after a dress rehearsal Pat received a telegram informing him that his wife was seriously ill and in the hospital. Yet with that knowledge, he still went on the air. It was too near the broadcast to get anyone to take his place.

That was a real ordeal. But he had an even tougher one a year later. This time the starkest of tragedy entered his life. Immediately preceding his broadcast, he got news that his wife had died. Knowing that the show was set and that it was too late to secure a substitute act, he again went on.

And as for Pick Malone, who plays

the part of January, well, every once in a while Pick has trouble with his dental equipment. I've seen him appear at rehearsals with his jaws swollen to almost twice normal size from abscessed teeth, and still go on that night with a grand performance.

Away from the microphone and the written scripts, few comedians are really funny. But Pick is one of the funniest. And Pat, although not bubbling with mirth has a grand collection of darky stories. He also has one practical joke he dearly loves to play which is likely to cause you acute embarrassment. Should you criticize some person, in Pat's hearing Pat is likely to raise his eyebrows and shake his head slightly as if he were signalling to you that the person you are talking about has just entered the room and is standing in back of you. Red in the face, you turn around, and discover no one.

Pat, the more conservative of the two has never forgotten the financial hardships he underwent before he achieved success. Pick is more likely to spend money for the mere sake of spending it. He is not nearly as forward looking as the canny Pat. Pat, on the other hand has established a big trust fund for himself, he regularly saves a certain part of his salary and makes safe investments. Pat looks ahead. Sometime ago he bought

a lovely 120 acre estate down in Virginia. Now Pat will never have to worry about taking care of himself in his old age.

The nicest part of the relationship between the two is that they are really friends. "This place is Pick's as much as it is mine," Pat says, speaking of his Virginia estate.

For some reason, which I have as yet been unable to discover, both boys address each other "Willie." Neither of them is named "Willie" and nobody else calls them by that name.

The apple of Pat's eye is his son, Bobby. The happiest moments Pat knows is when he is together with Bobby. This is just about as often as he can ween him away from the school the boy attends. Pick has two boys. Pat's youngster, Bobby, and the younger of Pick's sons can imitate their fathers' dialects to perfection. In fact, Pick and Pat seriously considered while they were away on vacation, having their sons make guest appearances as Pick and Pat Junior. However, after thinking it over, the fathers decided the boys were too young to begin their radio careers, much to their sons' regret.

But in the back of their minds is the fixed thought that maybe someday when they have finished with the air, they'll be able to sit home, turn on their radio and through the loud-speaker hear words that will thrill them both—"Introducing those two grand blackface comedians, Pick and Pat Junior.—the sons, carrying on, in the tradition of the fathers."



These are the gentlemen who thrill you on the *I Love a Mystery* show heard Monday nights at 8:00, E.D.T., over the NBC-Blue. Left to right, Jack Packard, played by Michael Raffetto, Doc Long, played by Barton Yarborough, and Reggie York, played by Walter Paterson.

## Young Doctor Malone

(Continued from page 23)

she didn't understand her own reactions. The woman who was urging her husband to go somewhere without her didn't seem to be the real Ann Malone. Her words were dictated by someone else, someone who took a perverse delight in being contrary and difficult. Ann rather hated that person, and wished she could escape from her domination.

ON Saturday morning, before Jerry had returned from the hospital, the telephone rang. It was Veronica Farrell.

"I tried to get the doctor at his office," she said, "but he'd already left. I wonder if he could give me a lift out to Mrs. Smyth's? Something inside my car has gone mysteriously wrong, and the garage man tells me it will take hours to fix it."

In the instant of time before she answered smoothly, "I'm sure he could, Mrs. Farrell," Ann realized several things. Veronica had been invited to the house-party too, and Jerry hadn't told her. And, from the way she spoke, Veronica knew that Jerry was driving out there alone, without his wife.

Veronica said, "I'm staying with Jessie Hughes for a few days, so the doctor can pick me up there . . . It's a shame you don't feel up to coming too."

Ann murmured politely before she hung up.

Is this jealousy? she wondered. But I've never been jealous before. It makes me feel horrible.

When Jerry came home, and she gave him Veronica's message, it shamed her to see his frown and hear

him say it was a nuisance. All at once she wished she could undo her previous silliness and go with him—only this time she wished it because it would please him and because her perverse demon had suddenly retired, leaving her to realize that the house-party probably would have turned out to be fun for both of them.

As if he'd read her thoughts, Jerry said wistfully, "Sure you won't change your mind, Ann?"

She would have given anything to be able to say yes, but Veronica Farrell had made that impossible. If she went now, it would look as if she were a suspicious wife who had decided to tag along as soon as she'd learned Veronica was going.

"No, darling," she said. "I'd really rather not."

JERRY'S lips tightened. "Okay," he said briefly. "I'll be home Sunday night after dinner." He kissed her, said goodbye to Penny and Bun, and was gone.

Saturday afternoon and Sunday were interminable—but at last they were over and Jerry was home again and it was almost as if that unpleasant house-party incident had never happened. Almost—but not quite. Jerry told her, entirely without embarrassment, of the people he'd met on Long Island, of the tennis he'd played and the meals he'd eaten, and the couple of times he'd danced with Veronica—

He was calling her Veronica now, all the time.

It was horrible to be like this—suspicious, watchful, creating heartbreak for oneself. Still—was it all in her own mind? At times she was certain

that Jerry had changed in some subtle way since the Long Island party. He seemed to have drawn away from her. He gave her only a part of himself, while the rest—the real Jerry—was locked away in some remote corner of his mind that she could not enter. It was no longer possible for their thoughts and emotions to flow effortlessly from one to the other without the clumsy intermediary of words. They were two people now, two people who had lost the precious knack of being one.

Ann was relieved, and hated herself for being relieved, when Veronica Farrell left New York.

It had been November when Jerry joined Dr. Dunham. Now it was December, and the stores along Fifth Avenue were reminding you that Christmas was on its way. Ann was glad. This was only the second Christmas of their married life; last year, although they hadn't had much money to spend, she and Jerry had made a beautiful festival of the season. They both loved Christmas so much—she would let the holidays help her in breaking through that unaccountable barrier which had risen between them.

BUT a week before Christmas Day Jerry came home early, full of excitement. A long-distance telephone call had summoned him to an island off the Georgia coast, to diagnose and possibly operate on none other than J. H. Griffin—the J. H. Griffin whose name was always in the financial columns of the newspapers, and frequently in the national and political columns as well.

"He's a friend of Mrs. Hughes," Jerry said. "I guess she recommended me. Anyway, his secretary called up this morning, wouldn't take no for an answer. I'm catching the three o'clock plane."

The apartment sprang into activity—Penny pressing a light-weight suit, Ann helping Jerry to pack his one suitcase, Bun telephoning for plane reservations. In the midst of it all Ann stopped, struck by a sudden thought.

"Jerry—you'll be back for Christmas?"

"Oh, I should think so," he said carelessly. "I don't expect to stay long after I operate. If I operate at all, that is. I don't even know what's the matter with the old boy."

"Please try . . ."

His arms went around her, held her close. "I'll be here Christmas Eve if I have to bring Griffin with me and operate on him under the tree," he promised tenderly.

It was on Tuesday that Jerry left. On Thursday morning she got a letter from him—a page of his nearly-illegible doctor's scrawl on thick, creamy-white paper with "Lagoon House" engraved in an upper corner.

"Dearest Ann—This is the kind of place they build on movie sets. A big rich man's colony on an island the Indians must have hated to lose. There's a luxury hotel, and lots of fancy private homes, and a miniature but fantastically equipped hospital. Old Griffin's is the biggest estate on the island, so you can imagine.

"I'm operating on him tomorrow morning. It's rotten luck, dear, but I may have to stay on for a while to watch him, because it's a tricky operation. Besides, he's an autocratic old codger and I don't think anybody has ever said no to him. He'd prob-

ably have apoplexy if he heard the word. If I'm not able to make it home for Christmas we'll have our own private Malone brand of Christmas later.

"Give my love to Penny and Bun, but keep most of it for yourself."

Then a postscript:

"It wasn't Mrs. Hughes who recommended me after all, but Veronica Farrell. She's here as Griffin's guest."

Ann folded the letter into its original creases and carefully put it back into its envelope, watching with a kind of amazement the precise movements of her fingers. How could they be so nimble, so certain, when her heart felt as if it were frozen?

Penny, across the breakfast table, watched her with shrewd sympathy. "What's the doctor say?" she asked.

"Why, he—he's busy. He's operating today. He—"

The words stuck in her throat. She could see nothing but Bun's round shocked eyes, a piece of toast halted on its way to his mouth, and then the tears she couldn't keep back shattered even that vision.

"I'm sorry," she said a little later, when Penny had made her lie down. "I'm ashamed of myself. Acting like a baby . . . so silly . . ."

"There, now," Penny soothed her. "I know just how you feel. I bet the doctor wrote he couldn't be back home for Christmas."

YES," Ann said. "And I was so disappointed I guess I—lost control of myself." She couldn't tell anyone, not even Penny, the whole truth. She couldn't say, "The reason I cried is because I'm jealous—because I just found out that a woman I'm terribly afraid of is with Jerry on that beautiful Southern island."

Because what was there, except her instinct, to make her afraid of Veronica Farrell? And instinct might be only nerves, imagination, or even resentment because Jerry had gone against her advice in taking the position which had first brought Veronica into their lives.

"I'll be all right," she assured Penny. "A doctor's wife shouldn't be so sentimental about Christmas."

Bun, from the doorway, said, "We'll just pretend Christmas doesn't come until Jerry gets back."

Pretending wasn't so easy, though. When the day before Christmas came, and brought a wire from Jerry saying that he'd have to stay over another few days, an atmosphere of restrained gloom settled down over the apartment. They'd bought a tree, because you probably wouldn't be able to get one after Christmas, and that evening they made a brave show of decorating it, but the feeling of festivity was missing.

At ten o'clock, when the tree was all finished and there was nothing left to do, Penny said quietly, "Why don't you call the doctor up, Ann?"

"You knew I wanted to, didn't you?" Ann said with a shamefaced little smile. "Only—I was hoping he'd call me."

"It's getting late. He'll be thinking pretty soon that you've gone to bed."

Ann hesitated. "I'll wait until eleven," she finally decided. "Then, if he hasn't called, I will."

Bun immediately begged and received permission to stay up until then, and he and Penny settled down to a game of double solitaire on the card-table. Ann, sitting beside them



Don't worry, pal  
—I'll square it  
with **MOTHER!**

—Sure, you look a *mess*. Feel a little queer inside, too, don't you? But mother'll take care of your tummy and I'll have that suit looking like new before you can say *Fels-Naptha*

*Soap*. . . And if you get in any more 'jams', just remember those three words—*Fels-Naptha Soap*. They're wonderful for keeping mothers in a good humor. . . .

When you've a house and a family to keep spic-and-span, there's nothing like *Fels-Naptha Soap* to relieve the daily strain on your disposition. No washing job will worry you when the *two Fels-Naptha cleaners*—gentle, active naptha and richer, *golden soap*—are on hand to help.

With this cleaning combination ready to take over tiring tasks and do your dainty things with gentle care, you'll find your household ticking along like clockwork! . . . Next time you're at the grocer's, remember—

*Fels-Naptha Soap*.



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





Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks—that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a few minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

**6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE**



**HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE**

and pretending to watch, could think of nothing but the telephone in the hall. Any moment it might ring, and she would hear Jerry's voice, know he had been thinking of her.

That's all I ask, she thought. If he will only call me up, I'll know I've been foolish, building all this distrust and doubt up in my mind. I'll know Veronica Farrell doesn't mean a thing to him. If only he calls me. . . .

The hands of the electric clock glided to eleven, and the telephone had not rung.

"Aren't you going to call Jerry, Ann?" Bun asked.

"Yes," Ann heard herself saying. She got up and went out to the hall, her heels tap-tapping on the hardwood floor Penny had spent hours that morning polishing. She sat down on the little chair by the telephone stand, and lifted the receiver.

With mechanical efficiency, the call was put through, and she heard a masculine voice at the other end say, "Hello." Before she could answer, the operator cut in: "New York is calling Dr. Gerald Malone."

The masculine voice said quickly and somehow anxiously, "Dr. Malone isn't here. Who is calling, please?"

The operator ignored his question. "Can you tell me where I can reach him?"

"I wish I knew." This time there could be no doubt about the man's excitement. "He and another guest here, a Mrs. Farrell, went sailing in a small boat this afternoon and they haven't returned. There's a bad storm and—"

The receiver dropped from Ann's hand and she stumbled to her feet, overturning the little chair. She called, "Penny! Penny!" and turned, unseeing, to go back into the living room, but one leg struck the chair and her heel slipped on the polished floor. She fell heavily, and lay there, feeling pain clamp down upon her.

JERRY listened in numb silence to what Dr. Lawrence Dunham was saying. His mind felt detached from his body, floating somewhere in space. It was hard to remember now all that had happened, although at the time it had seemed vivid and terrible. Mr. Griffin had been asleep, that afternoon, and Veronica had suggested a sail out to Pirate Island, to give him some fresh air. The sea had been like glass. They'd beached the boat, and wandered along the beach for a while, then sat and talked in the sun. He'd felt drowsy, comfortable.

Then the sun was gone, and it was cold, and Veronica was shaking him. Their boat had drifted away, and a storm was coming up. Even so, it might not have been so bad. The

storm wasn't a fierce one, as tropical storms go, and the Coast Guard had picked them up the next morning, little the worse except for a thorough wetting. It was the news awaiting him at Lagoon House when they arrived there that was so unbelievably horrible. . . .

All the way up to New York in the plane he had seen the words of the telegram floating in the air, in front of his eyes. "Ann lost baby hurry home—Penny." And he'd heard, over and over again, the words of Griffin's secretary: "I think your wife tried to call you last night—before I realized she could hear what I said I told the operator you were out in the storm. missing."

THAT was all he'd needed to know, really. Dunham didn't have to go on telling him how Ann had been so shocked that in getting up from the telephone desk she'd stumbled, fallen across the chair. That—the mechanics of how it had happened—was so unimportant now.

"Yes, I understand," he cut the other doctor short. "But why can't I see her? You tell me she's all right, but you won't let me go in there and talk to her. Why?"

"Well—" Dunham's pink face grew pinker with uneasiness. "Well, you see, it's like this, Jerry. Last night, when I got here, Mrs. Malone was in great pain but all she could think of was you. She was sure you'd been drowned. Finally, around dawn, I gave her a sedative. By the time she came out of it we'd heard you were safe, and I told her."

Dunham stopped abruptly. "Well? What happened then?" Jerry asked impatiently.

"She was relieved as the dickens, of course. But all at once she seemed to remember why I was there, and she asked me about the baby. I had to tell her she'd—lost it. And then she froze up. Didn't pay any more attention to me. I told her you were on your way here, and all she said was, 'He should have come home sooner—for Christmas.' Now, that was a funny thing to say, wasn't it?"

Jerry, his head bowed, said, "It's true, though. I should have. If I had, this wouldn't ever have happened. She knows it, and I know it."

*How greatly will Ann blame Jerry for the loss of the child who was to have meant so much to them? Will they be able to find their way back to the confidence and understanding they once knew? Reserve your copy of the September RADIO MIRROR now, in order to be sure not to miss the next dramatic instalment.*

## Say Hello To—



JACK FRASER—NBC announcer who's heard frequently on The Gospel Singer and other programs. Jock comes from Lawrence, Mass., and studied in the University of Moine and later at Brown, emerging from his classrooms with a Ph.D. degree in English. He was always enthusiastic about music, and his fine baritone voice led him to occasional radio work while he was still in college. After graduation he joined the staff of a New York station, and came to NBC in 1936. He particularly likes to announce sports and news events, and is interested in all sports, both as an observer and a participant. In college he went in for all of them, but when he never got beyond being on "also-ron," he became a cheer-leader instead.

## How Frances Langford

### Remade Her Beauty

(Continued from page 11)

"I didn't even want to meet Jon," Frances confessed. And she told me about the time when both of them were making personal appearances in New York and she had gone to "21" with George Jean Nathan. Jon was there, at another table, and someone pointed him out to her as the new heart-throb of two thirds of the women in the country. Frances was so afraid she would have to meet him, that she couldn't bring herself to look in his direction the whole evening.

"Isn't it a shame?" Jon asked me. "Look at all the time we wasted."

Frances laughed and I noticed that even her laugh had changed. It was freer, soft and warm. Her speaking voice has grown fuller and more beautiful, too, and there's hardly a trace of her southern accent left. And I understand from her director that she's becoming a better actress every day, mainly because of her newly found self confidence.

FRANCES was called to the microphone, and as I watched her walking across the studio, I couldn't help thinking that many women might profit by her experience. I don't suppose there's a woman alive who doesn't realize that the way you look has a lot to do with the way you feel. But what they don't see is that it isn't at all hard to change your outward appearance and give your spirit the lift it needs that way.

After her song was over, Frances came back and I asked her lots more questions.

She told me, for instance, that when she's working, she prefers hot baths to showers, because they're more relaxing and they don't affect the curl in her hair as much as the steam in showers does; that she tends her hands very carefully, creaming them every time she washes them and getting a manicure once a week; that she likes to sleep at least ten hours a day, because she feels better when she does; that she always tries to stand very erect; that she wears sun glasses outdoors to prevent frown lines and, when her eyes are tired, she uses an eye lotion; that she loves the luxurious feeling of a rub down with her favorite cologne after a bath. But none of these things explain more than how Frances maintains the change that has taken place in her.

Frances Langford has changed, simply by finding the courage to seek out her own personality and to bring it out in every possible way. In overcoming her timidity about her clothes and make-up, she overcame her shyness and temerity about lots of other things.

She carefully worked an outward metamorphosis and the inner one followed quite naturally.

Yes, there is something about a perky hat, or a brightly colored dress, when you've been accustomed to thinking of yourself in conservative, retiring clothes. You find you've got to live up to it. And anyone who says you can't change yourself that way, is no woman.



DRESS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM

## 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 absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor 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.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. 4-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



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.

## Stay Close to Me

(Continued from page 13)

My broadcast was based on stuff I'd got at dinner so I typed it out early and gave it to the censor to chew over while I killed time playing bridge with some of the boys.

An apprentice named Harry, a red-haired kid under age for the army, whom I'd often literally bumped into when he arrived on his unlighted bicycle in the pitch dark at the same moment I got there, was on hand early too. He seemed in such uproarious spirits that I inquired the reason why. As a result I almost changed the script of my talk. For he'd been bombed out the night before and he was here because he had no place else to go. The poor frame tenement in which he lived over by the Thames docks had been completely demolished by a direct hit. All the technical books and apparatus it had taken him years of overwork and undersleep to acquire were gone. So Harry was gay tonight.

I HAD picked up the ear phones to listen to what they were saying from Vichy and Ankara when the bomb hit our building.

We were below ground and we heard little of the raids going on outside, but this time the building shuddered queerly like an earthquake, and I braced myself for the explosion.

But it didn't come. I tried to settle down, telling myself it was a dud or, if it wasn't, there were experts on hand to get rid of it. New York was talking in my ear, telling me it was just about time for me to start in, but I kept thinking about time bombs: how you never know whether it will be seconds or hours or days before they go off.

I guess it was only about two minutes that this endless age lasted. Anyway, I had said, "This is London." And then it went off. Very far away, it couldn't have been a big one, for it didn't knock me off my chair.

But it was big enough. I had got my voice going, had even started talking in that lively, sort of breathless way that makes it sound as if the words are being spoken extemporaneously, hot off your chest, instead of being read from a censored and approved manuscript. In the middle of a sentence in the third paragraph two men went by the door, carrying a third, on a stretcher. Only the third was not a man any more. It was technically known as a body, the face covered by the blanket. But they hadn't covered enough. A shock of red hair still showed. It was Harry. It was the boy who had kept us laugh-

ing all evening with him because he had to keep from crying. Now he would never laugh or cry again.

I don't know how I got through my broadcast, because for the first time it had hit me. I hated war. I was sick with war.

I stumbled out of the studio without saying goodnight to anyone, passed the sandbags and the sentries at the entrance who for once were not frozen-faced. They tried to urge me not to go out on the street. But I hardly heard them.

It was really dangerous out there. Always a popular target, tonight the district was brightly lighted with half a dozen big fires within a mile, which outlined with a dull red glow the bellies of the balloons far up above. The scream of a near-falling bomb alternated almost regularly with the huge outburst of the anti-aircraft battery in the park. Probably I threw myself flat down each time in the regulation position from force of habit: face in the gutter, mouth open, hands over ears. But I'm not sure, because I don't remember anything clearly till the moment I saw Judy. I know I didn't have my tin hat fastened, because that was the first thing she told me, when her eyes began to focus. Neither did she, and that was what I answered her, and we laughed. Queer laughter, though, if anyone heard us.


I saw her when I reached the empty spot between two buildings. I'll never get over the suddenness of those empty spaces. There'll be a building standing normal and whole except maybe for its broken windows. Then—nothing. For when a big bomb really does its job on a building there is not a piece left bigger than half a brick. On the site you see what we call "rubble"—and dust. Always that strange drifting dust haunting the place, gruesome like the mist that rises from a miasmal swamp in a horror film.

It was against that ghostly moving cloud that I saw Judy. She stood there utterly still, a small dark figure huddled into a man's coat, staring into the smoky, trashy emptiness.

I'd seen others staring that way into ruins of what had meant a lot to them, but something about her was different. It got me. She broke my heart, the way she stood there.

I was watching in a sort of sick paralysis when a heavy hand touched my shoulder. "Would you be acquainted with the young lady?"

I shook my head. "What's she doing here?"

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Parching  
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This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life... Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you more than alluring color... it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50¢.



### New Shades

Four of the 9 exciting Coty shades



Gitane

dashing "gipsy" shade

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a dramatic red red

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smart, flower-soft red

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alluring "Latin" shade

# COTY



## Say Hello To-

BILL PERRY—the tenor star of CBS' Saturday Night Serenade, who started his career in Vanderbilt University by singing and playing the trombone in a band to earn money for tuition fees. After singing on a local station in Tennessee, he came to New York and made his network debut in 1933. Now he's in his sixth year as star of the Saturday Night Serenade, and has missed only one broadcast. Bill is athletic, nearly six feet tall. His list of favorite recreations includes almost every type of rugged sport, and he attends every prizefight he can. His ambition is to be a concert singer like John Charles Thomas, but he dreads the thought of singing a season or two in the Metropolitan Opera, which would be necessary to reach that goal.



"Nothing," he answered. "That's wot 'urts. There's nothing to be done. She left her 'ole family 'ere one morning, and came 'ome that evening to find—this."

I shuddered. I knew what he meant. Not even a body to bury. That was the way of a direct hit.

"Hit seems she's no one left," he went on. "Someone said 'er 'usband 'ad been killed in the first week of the war. Young, 'e was. Straight out of Sand'urst."

For a moment I shared her utter, bleak desolation. Nothing, no one left. Nothing but drifting dust.

"If you'll excuse me, sir," the bobby went on, "I wish you'd try to talk to her. I can't make 'er 'ear me."

And so I spoke to her. Maybe she heard a faint echo in my voice of what she was feeling. Or maybe—well, maybe it was because it happened to be me. I believe that now. Anyway she lifted her head and looked at me.

Hers was a queer little face, white and worn and pinched with cold. For this was one of those raw, damp nights when the London weather can go through your bones. She was not beautiful, certainly not then, in that chilly half-light. But I wasn't thinking of beauty. It was something else in her face that caught at me. I think now that I saw in that first minute her spirit, her utterly honest, gallant purity of spirit.

**WE** moved away together, slowly at first, her feet moving in a queer stiff jerking gait. She must have been standing there so long that she had almost lost the use of her muscles, and she leaned on my arm.

Then I heard the whine of another bomb, and I pushed her into the mouth of a tube station we were passing. The guard told us it was full, but brusquely added that we might as well go in and suffocate as stay out here and get hurt. I tried to help her pick her way down among the tight-packed sleeping people on the long, unmoving escalator. But she looked down at the contorted bodies around her feet and shuddered, and I hadn't the heart to drag her on. We waited there until we heard the chump of the bomb's landing and the explosion, not too near. I listened to the uneven snarl of the plane's engines, set out of rhythm to make range-finding harder, and decided it was leaving. I said, "Let's run for it. I know of a place—"

She let herself be half-carried the few blocks to the hotel where I had my meals. We made it and went down to the night club in the basement.

I was afraid she would feel embarrassed, for the girls down here all looked as if they had stepped out of the pages of Vogue, their hair in lovely shining waves above dresses cut as subtly from as beautiful silks as anyone had worn before the war began. But she did not seem to be aware of her face unpowdered by anything but dust and soot, or the heavy man's coat that I lifted from her shoulders and gave to the cloakroom girl. Without it, she looked extraordinarily different. She wore one of those simple dark frocks of the type you might see on a smart secretary in any office, but there was something exquisitely appealing about the effect. Her neck looked round and very tender above the small white collar, and the dark material outlined the gentle curves of her shoulders and breast in a way that made me want to cry. She was much



WHAT A BREAK-  
NO GROWNUPS  
AROUND!



"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think—they're splashing around in a bath *all* the time!"



"But of course they do miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"



"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish?... Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness *I'm* not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy—while we're on the subject?"



"Hot days can be happy days for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so downy-cool and soothing for prickly heat—grownups are crazy about it, too! Johnson's doesn't cost much, either."

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BABY POWDER**

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**THE BRIDE WORE MAVIS**

to assure her comfort and feminine sweetness. Mavis is the talcum that clothes your skin in satin smoothness . . . makes you comfortable on warm days when you'd like to be wearing only your birthday suit. The flower fragrance helps you stay sweet as you are even when the thermometer sizzles.

Keep Mavis in your bathroom, always, and if you're a bride, be sure to take Mavis on your honeymoon."

In White, Flesh and BODITAN Shades, 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

**P. S. Men like Mavis, too!**

**MAVIS**  
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS  
*talcum*  
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

too thin, of course; the belt was fastened around a tiny waist, and her skirt hung more loosely than it should around her hips, but it wasn't that, exactly, that seemed to hurt when I looked at her. It was just her kind of beauty, I know now, but then I didn't guess what had hit me. I called it pity.

She was still silent, looking around her but not really seeing, while I ordered brandy and food. When it came, I had to remind her it was there. I tapped her glass. "This says 'drink me.'"

For the first time she smiled. She picked up her glass and because her hand shook she held it in both hands like a little child. But she took a good swallow.

She took another swallow, again two-handed, and sat up a little straighter. "My name is Judith—Warren."

I GUESSED from the look on her face that she could not say her name without thinking of her husband. That wouldn't do.

"Mine is Rod Barrows," I told her. "And this is labeled 'eat me.'" I pointed to the plateful I'd served her from the covered silver dishes.

Eating was hard for her. I had to cut her meat and sometimes I had to place her hand on her fork to keep her at it. But she did her best, gratefully, like a dutiful child, and I felt my throat tighten with aching sympathy. Color did begin to come back to her pale cheeks, faintly through grime and weariness, and she was no longer cold. I began to realize that there was something quite lovely about the shape of her face; not oval, for it was too thin for that, but the forehead was broad and her dark gray eyes were set deep and wide apart above finely formed cheekbones whose delicacy showed almost too clearly under the transparent skin.

When she had done all she could about the food, she had more brandy. For the first time she seemed to see what went on around her, to hear the band which was murdering some of our best American swing music by playing it loud and brassy like a march to cover up the constant detonations of the gun across the street. A puzzled frown made a little indentation between her eyes.

"I didn't know there was a place like this," she said curiously. "I mean, except for that RAF uniform over there, it's just as if—as if they didn't know what was going on outside—"

I nodded. "And the boy in the uniform looks bewildered himself. I bet he never gets this upset when he starts out bearing gifts for Berlin—"

But her eyes shadowed again, between their heavy dark lashes. "Let's

dance," I said quickly.

She wasn't really up to dancing, as I should have known, for what she'd been through had exhausted her physically as well as spiritually. But she stood up and raised her arms to me obediently, still following my suggestions in her good-child way.

I put my arm around her slenderness and I felt as if I'd never danced with a girl before. The feeling of this girl's light body in my arms was a completely new sensation. She was so little, so sweet.

The music did not stop, these nights. When one band tired, their places were taken without a break by relief players. But it was only a few minutes before I felt her stumble. She smiled up at me apologetically, but her face was very white.

"Ye gods, I'm sorry!" I led her to the table. "Why did you let me drag you out there?"

"I—I like to dance," she said with that sweet smile.

"And I suppose you like to ride horseback too," I told her sternly. "But what you need now is a dose of sleep. I'm going to buy you some."

She didn't protest while I made arrangements for her to have a cot in the safest shelter in London, which was right through a couple of pairs of soundproof doors from here. "You'll see a queen, a couple of kings and some of their sisters, and about six heads of government-in-exile," I told her at the entrance. "And they look just as foolish asleep as anyone else."

She tried to laugh, but the trained nurse who was in attendance at this fancy shelter to help the ladies lay away their negligees and slippers had come to lead her to bed. And suddenly she was clinging to me like a child being separated from its mother. "I—I can't," she gasped.

WELL, you needn't, then," I told her, patting her shoulder. I said it easily, cheerfully, but right then a fear began to knock at the back of my mind, some memory warning me. "Look out," it said the way I'd heard it often. "Start taking care of a girl and you never know where it'll end—"

"I think I heard the all-clear," I told her. "So I can take you wherever you want to go, to get that sleep. Got a friend hereabouts?"

She looked at me steadily for a moment and then she touched me on the arm. "Here," she said.

That started a little private war of my own inside me. The way she said that touched me, choked me all up. And yet—look out!

Still, you couldn't leave a girl like that. I said, "Well, my place is near. It's noisy, and they say it isn't safe, but if you—"



*Say Hello To—*

VERNA FELTON—whose specialty on the air is playing mothers. You've heard her as Dennis Doy's mother on the Jock Benny program and as the mother of practically every famous personality dramatized by Heddo Hopper. Verno's own mother, Clara Allen, was a noted actress, and Verna herself began acting when she was six. In 1923 she married Lee Millar, a stage and radio star in his own right, and now they are one of Hollywood's ideally happy couples. They own a home with a garden composed entirely of old-fashioned flowers, where Verno spends most of her time when she's not on the air, and they have one son, Lee, Jr., whose nickname is Spuddy.

She brushed safety away with a gesture of her hand. I could guess her life wasn't very valuable to her right now. "Let me come with you," she said in her strange, direct way.

And that was how Judy came to my place. As simply as that.

The Venetian blinds at the long windows were slanted shut so no light could pour out; my maid had taken care of that all-important blackout duty before she left. The place was tidy and the fire was laid in the grate. When I had touched a match to it, things looked very cosy. She sat and stretched out her slender legs toward the fire, toasting her toes in the dusty pumps. I brought her a lighted cigarette and she looked up at me with a smile that was a little different from the obedient, childlike kind she had given me before. She said, "Do you know, it's very good to be here?"

**Q**UEER, how hard I found it to make the right answers tonight. Where was my fund of easy, flippantly casual remarks? My tongue twisted on the feeble crack: "You don't know how you improve the place."

I sat down beside her. I talked to her, just rambling on about myself, about the farm in Iowa where I'd grown up. I told her things I hadn't thought about for years, my mother's starchy clean sun-smelling aprons, my pet black pig with a white curl to his tail who'd won me a prize at the state fair. I didn't worry about being a bore; I gave her a lullaby.

It seemed to work. Even though I wasn't touching her, I could feel her relax beside me on the sofa.

When I stopped for lack of breath she said, softly: "I liked that. I like somehow to know that you grew up on a farm, too. Even one so far from ours in Berk—"

"Berkshire! What do you mean, far? My pig was a Berkshire!"

She laughed, really laughed. And as if it had given her enough cheer to keep her company for a few minutes without me, she went away to scrub off her grime and dust. While she was gone, I pulled myself up sharp again. "You're slipping," I told myself. "It's a sure sign, when a guy starts telling tales of his childhood. Snap out of it."

But when she came back she didn't give me a chance. She said "I'd like to tell you some stories, now. I should like you to know about me."

And she went right on to tell me, in that dreamy voice that calls back scenes that have a special meaning, a fragrance, because they are part of one's beginning. But she didn't stop there; she brought the story on to London where her talent had led her. She had become an interior decorator which in England means what it says, means doing things with your own hands, creating. I looked at her hands and thought I should have known. They were small but muscular with

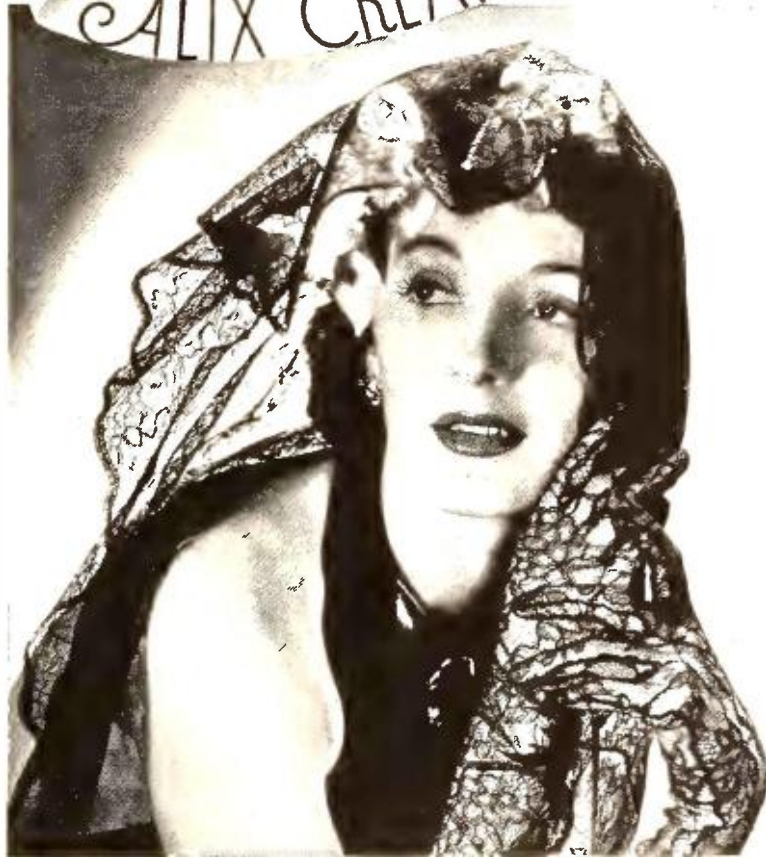
She never speaks of it—yet it's a part of her life she'll never forget. Be sure to read

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Mary Margaret McBride's  
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long, capable fingers. I picked up one hand and held it in my own and felt how firm and strong it was; warm now, too, from my fire. It gave me a wonderful cosy feeling about the heart to know that.

She did not draw it away, but went on talking, her story drawing close—dangerously close, I thought—to the present. She told of her engagement to Alistair Warren, whose family's country place had been next to her own home in Berkshire—a boy who'd been a friend since babyhood, so that they'd been wheeled out to the park in the same pram when one or the other Nana was off duty. Their families had gradually made it clear that marriage was expected to link them, and it seemed a good idea. It was all so pleasant and right, the way they started, Alistair all set with his commission, and the fun of planning and decorating the exactly correct flat in Mayfair . . .

"Look here," I said. "You're sure you want to tell me this?"

SHE looked at me and said, "Please If you'll let me—"

And so she told me, her voice breaking sometimes in a way that tore at me inside.

When she had finished, her voice dying away on a drawn breath and leaving only the snapping of the coal in the grate, I couldn't speak. I just sat there and held her hand a little tighter. She looked up at me, her face wet with tears, her eyes shining, and she said, "Thank you—"

And then she was crying. Deep, painful sobs seemed to tear her apart. That kind of weeping is pretty terrible for anyone to watch, to hear, to

feel against your body. But I knew it was the only way she could come out of the inhuman, ghastly death that had gripped her all this time. I held her close, smoothing her hair, not trying to stop her, but just murmuring the inane words that are hardly words at all, but maybe soothe a bit. She seemed to draw some kind of comfort, some relief, from being near me, for after a while her gasping breaths eased and settled to the gentle rhythmic weeping of a sleepy child. And then I felt her body go soft against me and I realized that she had cried herself to sleep.

Nothing could be better for her, I thought, somehow relieved on my own account as well.

I lifted her gently in my arms and carried her to my room. She did not wake at all, really, while I slipped off her shoes and drew her dress carefully over her head. I laid her between the sheets and tucked her in, and she sighed deeply, the way a child does when disturbed in its first deep sleep, and she looked like a child, too, when I left her, with one hand curled under her cheek.

But I couldn't go far. I was oppressed with a queer, unreasoning sense of responsibility for her. I worried about her waking, about the thoughts that would meet her, what she would have to face all over again, if something should wake her—

Something! I knew what I was waiting for, sitting there tensely by her door, my muscles tight with listening. I knew it had been quiet long enough. At night the all-clear means nothing. Any minute the warning will sound again, racing across the city, it's harshly rising, falling scream

picked up and echoed from one siren to another. Any minute the airplanes will come growling over, and in the park across the street that gun—

Then the sudden, enormous crash seemed to swallow us up, absorbing one's whole being, so that nothing existed but that outrageous bursting roar. I think I stood there cursing and swearing at it in a wild, impotent rage I had not felt in any other raid.

I COULD hear nothing inside, of course, but I was afraid for what I might not hear. I opened the door and went into the room. The dim light showed Judy sitting up in bed, her hands in fists held tight against her mouth. If she had screamed in that first roar of the gun and the echo as the shell burst far above, she was not screaming now. But the effort of silence was terrible. She did not even seem to see me. Her eyes were huge and staring with a blank look of terror that frightened me.

I spoke to her softly in the awful silence between the devastating double crashes, came to her bedside and sat there a moment before I touched her. Then I took her hand, and slowly her head turned and she looked at me. Her eyes changed and I felt a wild surge of relief. She was seeing me. The blankness had gone.

She reached for me, pulled my shoulders closer and pressed her head against my neck so that I could feel her convulsive breathing. I held her gently as one holds a child, but it was not enough. She crept against me, clinging as if she could not come close enough to whatever strength she drew from my body. Her arms were tight around my neck, her body urgent

with a desperate kind of hunger.

The life I've lived has not taught me the stern control of a saint. On the contrary. And this was no time for a test. I had felt tenderness for her tonight beyond anything I had ever known—an aching longing, painful kind of desire to hold and protect her. But I had fought this feeling, so that my emotions had been sensitized, rubbed absolutely raw, by the warfare inside me as well as outside.

**B**UT I take no credit for the queer resistance that strengthened me against her strange needful violence, against my overwhelming response. I know now that my caution, the same fear that had fought against my tenderness, still held me back. It would have been more right, to give myself generously, naturally, help her retreat to the refuge of passion where even the sound of the gun could not reach her. In my blindness I blocked that avenue of escape.

Still, I think her sanity was saved that night.

Through the unbearable endlessness of the double reverberations, I held her close against me, but resolutely gentle as I'd hold a child, talking, murmuring, saying the things I would have said to a child. And gradually I came to know that she would be all right. When the gun stopped, she would sleep again. And it was true, for the steady, firmly level sound of the all-clear was still in my ears, the dawn bleak against the windows, when she relaxed, utterly limp with exhaustion, and her head was heavy on my shoulder.

I don't know when the all-clear came. I didn't hear it, but I know we

slept, locked in a deep embrace, richly, and for her it was a healing sleep.

I woke first and lay looking at her in amazement. For she was beautiful. Color had flushed her cheeks, a soft luminous color that seemed to glow like a light beneath the transparent skin. Sleep had smoothed out the thin, pinched look of tension and grief. Now it was possible to see how very young she was, how radiantly young and lovely. She was incredibly touching, lying there wrapped in the peace I had played some part in giving her.

But even in that moment I did not know what I was feeling. Already I was starting to analyze it, and from long habit of self-defense started to explain it away.

It was pity that had stirred me so deeply last night, I told myself, pity confused with the turmoil of a wild, war-torn moment. And this morning it was nothing but the warm, kindly glow of friendliness you feel when you have helped someone through a bad time. I tried to congratulate myself on keeping my head, playing safe. But I couldn't feel pleased with my unaccustomed virtue. It was the hollow virtue of a coward.

Those were the things I was thinking when she woke up. But as her lashes lifted I began to talk, quickly, casually, in a steady stream of words, any words, just to break the shock of realization for her if I could. I saw it, though. I saw her eyes widen suddenly as they looked at me, widen in horror at the knowledge, not so much of who I was but of who I wasn't, and who would never be with her again.

But out of consideration for me she

forced herself to shake the thought away, with a tremendous effort, and smiled. Her smile grew warm and real with memory, and she reached a hand toward me. "Thank you," she said.

That did something to me. It upset all my careful thoughts. It was all right to tell myself that it had been only pity last night, but to have her echo that idea, to make the proper response to it, to give me gratitude—that was all wrong. I didn't want gratitude from her, not at all.

I said gruffly, "Save that for your breakfast, which is now being served."

"I have enough thanks," she said, "for everything." There were tears in her eyes and I looked away, giving her hand a hurried pat.

She seemed to sense the discomfort I was feeling, and she jumped up. "You live in luxury," she said. "Something tells me it even runs to hot water in the morning."

**S**O far," I told her, and she disappeared with a gay smile. Listening to the water running in the tub, I had a funny dreamlike sensation. What if all mornings were like this, waking up to feel her hand on my arm, see her smile, hear her bath water running in my tub? But I put the thought roughly out of my mind. "This is the zero hour," I told myself. "This is when men weaken, and get caught in things."

I heard her come out of the bathroom and open the door of the wardrobe. I called, "None of that. Get back into bed. Here comes breakfast."

I sat beside her while she ate, and when she had finished all the bacon and eggs, I fed her bits of toast and



Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane, featured in "Time Out For Rhythm", A Columbia Picture.

**BETWEEN CAMERA CLICKS...**



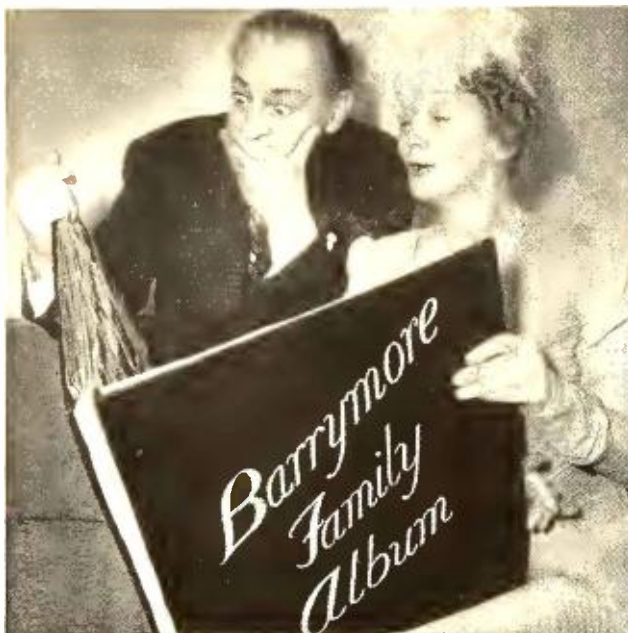
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John Barrymore is amazed at what he sees in his own family album, as he shows it to Hedda Hopper, who is gathering material for her dramatization of the "Great Profile's" career on her Hedda Hopper's Hollywood program on the CBS network



marmalade. The sunlight seemed brighter than any I had seen in England, streaming over the bed, lighting her ash blonde hair with subtle glinting hints of gold. Only the lavender shadows beneath her eyes and the fragile outlines of the weary little body under the covers, kept last night's horror real.

The phone broke the silence with one of those rare calls that come through the almost completely non-existent connections. It was to change the place of an appointment I had with a man in the Foreign Office. I looked at my watch. It was already one. Suddenly the luncheon that had seemed so important when I made the date seemed insignificant. I didn't want to leave Judy. Not ever. But I shook the thought away.

When I went back to the other room, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, tiny in her white silk slip, her thin little bare ankles and feet looking incredibly unprotected, touching.

"Don't be a dope," I told her roughly. "You're staying here. I tried to get a real nurse to sub for me, but my Anna out there was insulted when she heard me phone. She says she's raised six of her own through everything six kids can have, so she's not afraid to tackle you."

ANNA was right there behind me now, her broad rosy face beaming. She too had lost her rigid English sense of what was proper. Only sympathy was in her kindly smile as she went to tuck Judy back in bed. Judy settled down with a sigh. I left her with a wonderful sense of joy. She had been glad to stay with me.

Getting from one place to another in London is an enormous job, requiring time. And in the days that followed I made only the most necessary trips and left out many that I should have made. I trusted Anna—I had to, during the times of my broadcasts—but I couldn't get home fast enough.

Sometimes, at first, I thought I just got there in time. Anna was good and kind, but it was to me that Judy turned when the bombs came down and the gun roared. She needed me. I tried to worry about that, but I couldn't. I was glad. Wildly, ex-

pectedly glad. My foolish little nagging reservations grew weaker and weaker.

And there came a night when I hadn't any at all, any more.

It was after ten, high time for me to go to my broadcast, but I couldn't seem to get around to saying goodbye. Anna had gone, for nowadays Judy insisted that she leave before the blackout. She said she didn't need anyone till I got home, and I believed her. She was obviously better. Her eyes never went blank, even in the worst alarm, and I never saw those frightening shadows in them that told me she had gone far away from me in memory. But though she was better she did not talk now of leaving. She seemed content just to live each day, with me. Really content, sometimes I almost thought she was happy. When I think it could have gone on that way, with happiness ahead for both of us—

But that night I paid for the cowardly caution that had held me back before. I sat beside her on the bed, saying goodbye, or trying to, before I left for the studio.

"I find it hard to leave you tonight," I said. I held her hand close in mine instead of releasing it and laying it on the covers where it belonged.

Her breath caught a little, as she said what she always said. "But you'll be back—" She said it with the sweet confidence she put into it every night.

"Yes. I'll be back." And when I said the words they suddenly sprang into meaning, charged with promise, possibilities that made my breath come wildly fast, the blood pound in my ears. And then she was in my arms and I was kissing her as I had not kissed her on that first night. This embrace did not grow slowly from the deep aching need to protect her. It lacked that sweet, right inevitability it would have had on that first night when she needed me. No, it was my own need, my own frustrated desire catching up with me.

Yet she did not resist. She lay passive in my arms while I kissed her cheeks, her ears, her forehead, her eyes, her throat—and finally with hunger that already possessed—her lips.

In actual time it must have been no more than a minute or two. The

striking of the clock woke me, brought me back to my other urgency. I had to get to my broadcast. I shook my head, dazed. "I have to go," I whispered. "I don't see how I can, the way I want you. But I'll be back."

This time those words carried their new meaning. But not all of it. They told her too much—and not enough. They told her that I wanted her but they did not tell her that I wanted her all my life, forever.

Queer that it did not seem significant to me then that it was I who said her words this time, and she did not repeat them after me.

And so, when I came home, I was utterly unprepared. I looked through the apartment for her as if she had been some tiny object that I'd mislaid and might find underneath a bookcase, in a dark corner. At first I even told myself that she was playing a joke on me, hiding. But after a while it was no use. She was gone.

There wasn't any note. I looked half-heartedly for one in the morning, but I knew it would not be there. It was only kidding myself again to say that she could give me any other explanation but the one that burned in me. No note was necessary to tell me why she'd gone.

SHE had not been able to pay the price that unaccountably, suddenly, I was exacting from her. Perhaps she had tried to. Perhaps those hours I spent in the studio were hours of agonizing indecision for her. Even though it had all turned out so horribly different from the way it had seemed to her, she may have thought, she still owed me a debt. And if I wanted it paid that way, she ought to pay it, maybe she told herself, sick with misery. But in the end she couldn't. It had been too beautiful before, even though it was an illusion with no truth behind it. She couldn't face me, knowing this new thing about the man she had trusted—even loved, perhaps, as I loved her.

So I must face the truth. She had gone, had left me just as I at last succeeded in knowing all that she meant to me. She was not on the street when I rushed back down the creaking stairway. She was nowhere in the neighborhood though I searched all that night through the fiery glare of bombs that were setting house after house aflame.

Judy had gone, but all the time that I searched I couldn't believe that she was far away. I was utterly sure that soon I would find her and she would be in my arms. Since that day I have never slackened my search. I mustn't waste any moment I can spare from my broadcasting. We must be together again as soon as possible.

Of course I shall find her. I am writing to every Warren in every directory I can find. The Post Office still performs miracles. I have gone to every Air Raid Protection station in the city, for surely she must have her duty somewhere. I am now tracking down every man and woman I can find who ever was an interior decorator and one of these days I must find someone who knew her or a friend of her family's name or some other tiny clue.

When I find her, I shall make her understand. She shall understand my words that night which drove her from me. She shall know the truth and because she will still be Judy, I know that it will be all right.

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## The Merry Morgan Man

(Continued from page 29)

his outraged father that he was leaving his alma mater, (Cornell), after two years, for the simple reason that study made him nervous and bitters made him even more nervous and therefore he must seek a career other than the family industry. So young Mr. Wupperman left college and set out on his own.

For puzzled New York housewives who come away from a Morgan movie haunted with gnawing suspicions about the actor, we clear up the matter once and for all—you are right, he was your Fuller brush man, the one whose pigeon-toed foot in the doorway sought space in which to wave frantically his free sample.

For certain merchants in Boston, for whom an amazing young male once endeavored to sell advertising, and for New Englanders who still talk of the winter of 1909 and the gol-blamed upstart who tried to sell them alfalfa farms on Long Island, we verify your suspicions. It was Morgan.

To old cowhands round and about Las Vegas, Nevada, who wonder occasionally whatever became of that dude cow-puncher who came west to ride the range and, incidentally, remained to outride his numbness, we offer this information: he became a comic, in motion pictures and on the radio.

TO harassed freight train brakemen who shoved a young bum from the rods, and to New Orleans restaurant keepers who shoved a bigger bum kitchenward to wash dishes for unpaid meals, we can only say—Morgan is the guilty man.

No cyclone on its mission of ill will ever created a greater national disturbance than our wandering hero, and no actor has a greater nuisance value to work off than Frank Morgan. Let him deny it.

Back in New York, his wanderings behind him, young Wupperman came face to face with an event that changed the entire course of his life. His older brother Ralph, after graduating from Columbia, had given up his notion of practicing Law to become an actor, substituting the name Morgan for Wupperman.

Frank, seeing merit in the step, decided to follow Ralph's move. Catching his father at a time when he was still dazed over Ralph's deed (there having been no actors in the imposing Wupperman history), Frank gained his father's blessing and became another actor named Morgan. He climbed from vaudeville to stock companies and, as the odor of his efforts grew less offensive, his parts grew meatier until one day our Thespian found himself in the Broadway cast of "Mr. Wu." And he did mean "Wu," tearing the drama apart tooth and nail. Later, in "Topaz," he became one of the outstanding dramatic actors of the stage.

And then he met a blonde—and love and pain and the frustration that was to color his future life as a comic, followed.

Today Mr. Morgan chuckles over some of the head-lined, so-called romances of these movie stars, for Mr. Morgan's own love affair was a cross between the burning of Atlanta and a Junior-Senior egg throw. For actor

Morgan (and he was a handsome one let me tell you) had fallen hook, line and sinker for the beautiful deb, Alma Muller, whose social family scorned the attentions of an actor. Let him go back to bitters, they protested, and they'd think it over. But Frank wouldn't go. Life was bitter enough without the Angostura so, on the eve of the day that Alma's family were sending her abroad to forget, Frank sneaked her off and married her.

She sailed away with the secret in her heart. And then came WAR, the old one, and Miss Muller was trapped in Germany. Months later she cabled him of her return. They met in a hotel lobby, the bride reducing her un-kissed groom to a pulp by telling him she would never live with him and cause her family so much grief. But Frank was one for finding out things, and somehow he knew, after one round of Central Park together, his bride still loved him, so the Morgan frontier became the Muller estate up the Hudson, where he sat, Sunday after Sunday, surrounded by disappearing Mullers, staring at his unclaimed bride.

It was then the frustration set in. Some months later, Mr. Morgan, glassy-eyed with despair, took a desperate chance. He inserted in the society pages a notice of their wedding the year previous and then dug in. He hadn't long to wait for the explosion. Newspaper headlines carried Alma's story, Frank's story, Muller's story, and several Lamb's Club versions. All hell popped loose, with sides formed in every home in town. He got out of town and three weeks later was quietly joined by his wife. She's been with him ever since, a beautiful gracious lady and a charming homemaker.

There is no one who by nature is so capacitated to enjoy life as Mr. Morgan. Half his success as a radio actor lies in the fact Frank enjoys himself thoroughly, and is thoroughly amused at the character he portrays—that of a gentleman liar. He reads self amusement into every line and word and is less upset by set backs than any actor in the business.

FOR example, during a recent broadcast to the East, Frank grew hilarious at a certain word and laughed so long, he threw the rest of the cast, who love him, into equally laughing hysterics. They had to eliminate quite a few minutes of the show's ending.

Most actors would have groaned in misery. But not Morgan. At the eight o'clock broadcast, Mr. Morgan was reading along nobly when suddenly he said—"There's that word again," and the cast was off in another outburst.

The producer of the show, Mann Holliner, aged ten years before our very eyes while the public pronounced it to be the funniest broadcast to date.

A round table reading of the script on a Wednesday night is a far far better show than any given on air or screen. The entire script is written by Phil Rapp, a brilliant young man, who needs consult no text book for his difficult technical descriptions. Phil, who knows a lot of words, and Frank, who can pronounce them, are a perfect team—in more ways than one.

Along about Tuesday morning the producer begins his weekly nervous breakdown when, upon telephoning Frank's home to remind him it's going onto Wednesday, he discovers Mr. Morgan, along with Bill Gargan, had hopped off to New York very impulsively to see a friend they hadn't seen in years.

Together they'd been sitting in the Brown Derby, when Bill said, "I wonder what happened to Joe. You know, Frank, we haven't seen him in months."

"Well, let's go right away," Mr. Morgan suggests, and they're off—on the midnight plane.

To further the producer's complete agony about this time, Mr. Rapp telephones in his weekly resignation. He has no ideas. His mind is a blank. Some one else will have to write the show.

Little good it does the producer to know that every week of his life, rain or shine, Mr. Morgan by the Grace of God or something is always there and Mr. Rapp is ready with a swell script despite his chronic resignation. Little good it does when the damage to his nerve centers has already been done.

HE loves all phases of radio, does "I've-Done-Everything" Morgan, as he facetiously calls himself. For instance, if the radio script calls for a barking dog, Frank will gleefully leap to the microphone and let out a howl that would send many a mongrel to the doghouse with shame. He'll beat the sound man to the mike everytime with his own version of an approaching train or a well developed hic-cough. And the off-stage chuckles during the Baby Snooks routine are Frank's own.

Genial, gracious to fans and kindly always, his only reaction to an unkindness is to tighten up and say nothing. When Mr. Morgan ceases to talk—he's hurt and hurt deeply.

Despite the ludicrous character he portrays on the air and screen, lying in his own teeth or fumbling a line like a man caught in a verbal revolving door, Mr. Frank Morgan is a thorough gentleman, completely minus coarseness and vulgarity.

He enjoys a good game of golf out at Lakeside or a tennis match at Palm Springs or the quiet retreat of his Mexican ranch or the lapping waters of the Pacific as he sails in his own boat. But more than these he enjoys radio.

They tell the story of the time Mr. Morgan first appeared on the air. He became so fascinated with the rehearsal rooms, he'd go wandering off by himself, waving encouragement to Bing Crosby from some unexpected doorway or smiling down from the Sponsor's booth at Rudy Vallee's surprised face.

And then one evening he inadvertently came upon a room in use. Amos and Andy, with millions of listeners tuned in, were engaged in a broadcast.

"Wait a minute," Andy was saying, "here come the Kingfish. Well, walk right in, Kingfish."

And at that exact moment the door opened, and to the astonishment of Amos and Andy, there in the doorway with a smile of bland innocence on his face stood Frank Morgan.



## The Bride's Bouquet

(Continued from page 35)

honeymoon. All that made me seem only a little worse than I really was—and I was bad enough without it.

By exhibiting my own motives in their worst possible light to Jimmy, I had shown them to myself as well.

For the first time, I knew exactly what it meant to marry for money. I was no better than a prostitute. I could not go to Bill, on this our wedding night, offering him a prostitute's love. He deserved something so much better than that.

I heard a sound at the French doors leading to the house, and looked up to see Bill coming through them. He was smiling, and I don't think I ever experienced a sharper pang of regret than I did at the realization that soon I would have to shatter that confidence, that happiness.

"Too much excitement for you?" he asked. "To tell the truth, I feel a little that way myself. Let's get out of here."

THAT had been part of our plan. We'd announced that we didn't intend to leave on our honeymoon until much later in the afternoon, but all along we'd schemed to steal away unnoticed while the party was at its height. Bill's car was parked near a side entrance of the house, and the maids had instructions to put our luggage into it as soon as we'd changed into traveling clothes.

Of course the plan didn't work. Somebody saw us just as we sprinted for the car, and immediately we were surrounded by laughing people, pelted with showers of rice. We ducked our heads and Bill started the car up. He was laughing as merrily as anyone else. I had never seen him so boyish and gay. Mother and Dad were beside the car, and Bill's mother and father. There were hurried, fragmentary farewells. Then at last we were racing down the driveway, waving back at the cluster of people.

I wanted to scream, "I can't go with you, Bill! I can't be your wife—I'm not worthy!" But I couldn't. Not yet.

The car sped through the peaceful autumn countryside, and the air was damp and cool on our faces. Bill turned from the wheel and smiled just a little—not the broad smile of amusement, but the small, tender smile of a man who is deeply content. "Happy?" he said.

I nodded. It was easier to lie if you didn't have to use words.

The thought crept into my brain stealthily: Why tell him? Why hurt him? Don't be a fool. You can still be a good wife to him, you can still make him happy. He needn't ever know you married him without loving him.

I sat up straight. No! I was done with lying. I'd tell him—now, this minute, before that traitorous impulse could weaken me.

"Bill," I said, "stop the car, please. Over on the side of the road somewhere. There's something I've got to tell you. When you've heard it you—you may not want to go on this honeymoon."

He glanced at me and his jaw dropped a little, but he guided the car to a clear space and turned off the motor. We were still on a country lane where there was little traffic, and as the engine died there was a warm,

open-air kind of silence.

"What could you tell me," Bill asked, "that would make me not want to go on a honeymoon with you?" Yet there was no raillery, no hint of a refusal to take me seriously, in his voice. I was thankful for that.

"Only that I set out to marry you because you were rich," I said. There was a smudge on the gleaming chrome of the door-fitting; I rubbed it clean and shining with my finger, carefully, meticulously, keeping my eyes on it so I wouldn't have to watch Bill. "I thought I could fool you. I can't, that's all. I've got to tell you." I waited a minute, hoping he would say something, but he didn't. "I'm sorry, and terribly ashamed. But that's how it is."

Still he didn't answer. The silence grew heavy, thick, like something you could feel against your skin. I had to turn and look at him.

He might almost not have heard me. I saw his profile, sharp against the deep wine-red of an oak tree that grew across the road. It was quite expressionless, and he was gazing away, through the windshield, as if he were watching something on the far horizon.

He felt me move, and he said, "Why are you telling me this? Because you can't face the thought of being my wife?"

"No!" I cried. "Oh, no! Because I

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### NEXT MONTH

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couldn't come to you dishonestly. If—if you still want me, knowing that I made my mind up to marry you if I could, the first time I met you—knowing that I'm mercenary, scheming—If you still want me, I'll be proud to be your wife!"

He looked deep into my eyes. "Would it surprise you very much," he asked, "if I told you I've known all along you—let's put it this way—you wouldn't have married me if I hadn't been rich?"

"You knew?"  
"Of course. You gave yourself away in a hundred little slips, to anyone that knew how to read them. And there was your background—poor Southern family, keeping up appearances, an expensive school, holidays spent with Jane. . . . The only way you could have lived all that down would have been by marrying a poor man. You didn't, although I think you had an opportunity to marry one—Jimmy—if you hadn't kept him at arm's length. But most of all—well, I just knew, somehow, that my money made me more attractive to you."

The blood was pounding, burning in my face. "How could you have asked me to marry you?"

"I loved you," he said simply. "When you love someone, you can see her faults, but they don't matter much. So when you agreed to marry me, although I knew it was on certain terms, I didn't care. Not then."

Not then. The two words repeated themselves over and over in my thoughts until I understood all they meant.

"But you do care now—is that it?" I asked.

"Yes. That's your reward for being honest enough to tell me. A pretty reward, but you see how it is. The whole thing's out in the open now, and I can't very well ignore it. I don't want you to be my wife unless you love me."

I bowed my head. "I see," I said. "The only thing is," Bill said surprisingly, "I think you do love me and don't know it."

Startled, I turned to meet his quiz-zical, searching gaze. He went on, before I could speak:

"Sometimes people change. You have. You've gotten softer, less sure of yourself. I watched you while you were telling me about marrying me for money, and it was as if the confession was being torn out of you. I think you've been so sure money was the only thing you wanted that you never gave yourself time to examine your own emotions. That's what I want you to do now. If you like, I'll give you a divorce and an assured income of any amount you name. Or you can be my wife. Whichever would make you happier."

He spoke quietly, like a man outlining an impersonal business proposition. But behind those reasonable, carefully chosen words, I could hear a tumult of longing, restrained by a strength that was almost physical. Dimly, I understood how desperately he was hoping for my love, and how determined he was not to force it.

A SOB broke in my heart, releasing all the pent-up tenderness that had been locked there, forgotten. How monstrously I had been cheating myself! Refusing to recognize love, denying myself the most precious thing in the world because for years I had planned to do without it!

Then I was clinging to Bill, crying, unable to stop, and he was pressing me close and smoothing my hair with a gentle hand and kissing me. After a while the storm of emotion passed away, leaving a heavenly happiness that can't be described—that is only known by two people who are in love.

That was a year ago. Twelve months of being Bill's wife have each added to my thankfulness that I played out my little drama for Jimmy's benefit, and thus opened my own eyes to my true feelings. And things have turned out well for Jimmy and Jane, too. They were married a little while ago and are, Jane writes me, deliriously happy. I did not go to the wedding, and I won't see much of them, ever, because Jimmy believed all too completely what I told him that afternoon on the terrace. Some day, years from now, I'll tell him. Meanwhile, I don't mind. I am sure that Jane understands.

# Strictly Personal

**A beauty problem seldom discussed but important to a woman's daintiness**

**By DR. GRACE GREGORY**

**W**HAT with play suits and bathing suits becoming more and more revealing, we have to make sure that we are beautiful practically all over before we can really enjoy vacation days. If you have a superfluous hair problem (and who hasn't) now is the time to learn how to deal with it. Then you can relax and be unselfconscious—which is a long way on the road to beauty.

When I met Joan Edwards, the singing star and pianist of "Girl About Town," heard on CBS three times a week, I thought she was the most vividly alive person I had ever seen, and perfectly groomed.

Joan has worked hard to make herself the musician that she is. Her father and mother, gifted musicians also, saw to it that she began studying piano as soon as she could reach the keyboard. As a child, she appeared with Gus Edwards' School Days Troupe. Then came high school, and Hunter College with a major in music. Then she was suddenly up against a world that had little place for young girl pianists. Discouraged? No! She took a fresh start, studying voice.

Just as an example of the demands of broadcasting, Joan told me about the time when she was to play her own accompaniment to one of her most difficult songs. At the last minute she discovered that she had caught a severe cold which would make the very high notes uncertain. She could have half crooned, half spoken that part of the song. But Joan is no bluffer. On no notice at all she transposed the accompaniment and song into a lower key.

There's no doubt that this girl has what it takes.

There are three kinds of unwanted hair—hair on the limbs, hair under arms, and hair on the face (including too much eyebrows). For hair on the limbs, try first some of the simple bleaching rinses. A moderate amount of blonde hair on arms and legs is hardly noticeable. But if there is really too much, then you have your choice of excellent depilatories.

The old fashioned depilatories used to be smelly and irritating. Times have changed. Now there are creams



Listen to charming Joan Edwards on her own CBS program, *Girl About Town*.

with practically no odor but their perfume, absolutely non-irritant to the average skin. Find one that suits you, and your troubles with hair on limbs or under arms are over.

Of course all these may be used on the face, after you are quite sure you have found the one that agrees with your skin. In addition there is now a dainty little abrasive which would not hurt a baby. With this you may rub off any light or moderate growth of hair. And for temporary relief from heavier growths, there are special little feminine razors.

Another important type of hair remover is a sort of wax. You apply it warm, then give a sudden jerk and the unwanted hair is out by the roots.

With all these good methods to choose from, it is tragic that every now and then girls worry so over some light fuzz that they will try quack remedies, because the quacks promise the hair will never come back. I have seen faces hideously scarred by these quack treatments. If you hear of a new treatment, be sure you consult your physician before you try it.

**A**NOTHER problem of the dog days is the maintaining of personal daintiness at all times. It is necessary to our health that we perspire freely. Thanks to the excellent deodorants now available, we may perspire as much as nature pleases and still not offend.

Of course the first requisite for personal daintiness is plenty of baths

with good soap. Some soaps are better than others for this purpose, but in most cases a deodorant is also necessary. There are two kinds: those which actually stop the perspiration and those which remove all odor without checking the perspiration. There are creams, dainty and sometimes perfumed, which will not harm the most delicate garment. There are liquids, to be applied with a small sponge, there are impregnated pads of cotton and there are anti-perspirant powders.

Most of these deodorants are good for several days after each application. Fastidious women select their favorites and use them regularly as directed, on the principle that it is better to be safe than sorry.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

too long. Gosh, when I was only thirteen days old, my folks had me on the road.

If the depression hadn't delivered a knockout blow to most circuses, the sensational trumpet playing of tall, thin Harry James might be blaring forth beneath the Big Top and not in New York's Hotel Lincoln. He would wear a scarlet and gold braided uniform and have little use for a smartly-tailored dinner jacket. The dancers would be a pack of prize pachyderms, not joyful jitterbugs. There would be quantities of pink lemonade but few scotch-and-sodas. And Mrs. Harry James might be some daring young gal on the flying trapeze, instead of brunette Louise Tobin, Benny Goodman's former vocalist.

**MOST** of the circus blood is out of the brown haired trumpeter's system. Seven years of swing changed all that. However, Harry's business manager still fears that one of these days his charge will hear a calliope, and dash to the nearest circus booking office.

Ever since he bade a hesitant farewell to the sawdust, Harry has been tabbed a "comer" in the dance band world. His tightly-knit 19-piece band, featuring able vocalist Dick Haymes, stays at the Lincoln until July and returns to this spot in October, after a summer road tour. They can be heard on the NBC-Red network and on Columbia records.

Harry was born 25 years ago in Albany, Georgia, the son of Everett and Maybell James, two important cogs in the Mighty Haag Circus. The father played trumpet and led the band while Maybell "doubled in brass." She was the circus prima donna and star aerialist performer.

"You should have seen mother hang by her teeth from a top trapeze," Harry recalls.

Practically raised in a circus trunk, Harry remained aloof from other lads his own age, who gazed enviously at the little boy who knew the clowns so intimately. Harry's system of education would have also appealed to other children. He spent only three winter months in school. The rest of the time his mother served as teacher.

By the time he was six, the circus kid had a small role in the Christy Brothers' show as a contortionist. A serious mastoid operation curtailed his acrobatic ambitions and his father taught him how to play drums. Pretty soon he could roll off a drum flourish as his mother flirted with death at

the canvas top. This accomplished, Harry began to study the cornet.

In those days the land was cluttered with roving circuses and it was a lucrative and time-honored profession. But in 1929 the people were sad from financial reverses and circuses began to fold up like their tents. Only the big Ringling Brothers outfit was left. The James family returned to Beaumont, the only city they could really call home because it was near the erstwhile Christy winter quarters.

Harry's dad began to teach cornet and the boy got a job with a dance band. In 1934 he joined Art Hicks' band. Singing with Hicks was a lovely Texan named Louise Tobin.

"It was one of those love at first sight affairs," says Harry. In six months they were married before a sleepy justice of the peace. A few days later Harry left his new bride to join Herman Waldman's band. Shortly after he left to go with Ben Pollack. He attracted a lot of attention and finally Benny Goodman sent for him.

Harry thinks he might have made better strides than other trumpet players because he wasn't working under pressure.

"Other chaps I knew had breathed swing since they could talk. It made them tense. I came to it casually and learned to like it."

As Goodman roared to success, many of his men got bitten by the band bug. First it was Gene Krupa, then James, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson and Vido Musso. Harry organized his crew in 1939. Recognition came to them when they recorded such novelties as "Flight of the Bumble Bee," "Music Makers," and the Jewish chant, "Eli Eli."

**T**O make sure his modern treatment of "Eli Eli" would not offend, Harry invited a prominent cantor to advise him. The cantor not only approved but sang the ancient song over and over so that the trumpeter could copy the proper inflections.

As soon as he was sure his band had made the grade, Harry made his wife retire. She had been singing with Goodman and Will Bradley.

In March of this year a baby was born, Harry Junior. They live in a rented cottage in New Jersey. Early this year Harry's mother died. His father intends to come to New York where his son will set him up as a music teacher.

"Then we'll all be together for the first time," said Harry, "that is, except for Fay."



## Say Hello To-

**CONSTANCE COLLIER**—the internationally famous actress who plays Jessie Atwood in the Kate Hopkins serial over CBS. Constance has been acting ever since she was three years old. Her parents were both English actors, and she learned to read on a book of Shakespeare's plays. Now she's 63 and has gained fame as an actress, a playwright, and author of her own autobiography, "Harlequinade." She's immensely friendly, knows hundreds of celebrities intimately, and would rather entertain at parties than anything in the world. She has been married, but her husband died in 1918. Between Kate Hopkins broadcasts, she is very active in behalf of Bundles for Britain, which she helps with characteristic enthusiasm.

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—by a swimming teacher

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## MENTHOLATUM

Gives COMFORT Daily

Fay is the trumpeter's half-sister. An ex-animal trainer, she is now married and tours county fairs with a trained monkey act.

Playing fast pieces is grueling work but Harry insists the slow tunes are more difficult.

"A delicate tune requires careful reading and a great deal of flexibility. If you miss on a fast one you can usually cover up."

As a protection against lip wear and tear, Harry grew a mustache. It seems that shaving the upper lip weakens it.

Harry doesn't think the trumpet has really been given the opportunity it deserves in the concert field and one of these days he's going to try a serious performance. After that he plans on retiring to a California ranch.

"Just near enough to Los Angeles," he concluded dreamily, "so I can get to the circus once in a while."

### OFF THE RECORD

#### Some Like It Sweet:

Barry Wood: "Talking to the Wind" and "The Things I Love" (Victor 27369). Two of the season's loveliest ballads. Dick Jurgens (Okeh 6144) also handles the first tune competently while Gene Krupa (Okeh 6143) soft-pedals his band for the rendition of the latter song.

Jimmy Dorsey: "Green Eyes" and "Maria Elena" (Decca 3698). Another Dorsey double tabbed for repeated playings. Bob Eberly's vocal batting average is still high.

Danny Kaye: "Tchaikowsky" and "Jenny" (Columbia 36025). Rising young stage and radio comic turns out the novelty disk of the month. You'll be breathless as Danny reels off, in machine-gun pace, 70 Russian composers' long-winded names. Both are from "Lady in the Dark."

Alvino Rey: "Amapola" and "Light Cavalry" (Bluebird 11108). A feathery

version of this revived hit heightened by the leader's wizardry on the electric guitar.

Benny Goodman: "My Sister and I" and "I'm Not Complaining" (Columbia 36022). A standout rendition of this refugee ballad. Clean cut from start to finish.

Tommy Dorsey: "Let's Get Away From It All" (Victor 27377). T. D. thought so well of this sprightly affair that he gives his all on two sides.

Glenn Miller: "It's Always You" and "Ida" (Bluebird 11079). Glenn also plays two new Irving Berlin songs (Bluebird 11069) "Little Old Church in England" and "When That Man Is Dead and Gone."

Horace Heidt: "G'Bye Now" and "Do You Believe in Fairy Tales?" (Columbia 36026). Entertaining platter topped by Larry Cotton's strong vocal.

#### Some Like It Swing:

Will Hudson: "Easy Rocker" and "Black Velvet" (Decca 3702). This able arranger exhibits two instrumental items that have solid beats.

Harry James: "Ol' Man River" and "Answer Man" (Columbia 36023). Clean and fast. Singer Dick Haymes carries off top honors.

Pat Waller: "All That Meat" and "Buckin' the Dice" (Bluebird 11102). An amusing rhythmic chore sung and played by that Harlem hefty.

Bing Crosby-Connie Boswell: "Yes, Indeed," and "Tea for Two" (Decca 3689). A star-studded duet tosses these tunes around with reckless abandon.

Gene Krupa: "Wire Brush Stomp" and "Hamtramck" (Okeh 6106). Forget the titles and listen to some spirited drumming.

(Recommended Albums—Kate Smith celebrates her 10th air anniversary with a group of memorable songs for Columbia. Victor turns out a set made by NBC's Lower Basin Street Chamber Music Society. Dinah Shore is vocalist.)

## What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

sciences, their pasts, etc. Pretty sickening stuff, I call it.—T. L. DeCon, Pennsauken, N. J.

### FIFTH

I hear all sorts of criticisms of radio. It's too lowbrow. It's too highbrow. Such and such speakers shouldn't be allowed to speak. The children's programs—the daytime serials, etc.

It seems to me that these very criticisms prove that radio is just what it should be—the voice of democracy! There's something for everybody's tastes. So vast and varied a range of programs would be impossible under a totalitarian government.

We ought to be grateful that radio still represents the people.—Alberta J. Ormsby, Hornell, New York.

### SIXTH

Until about a year ago I was never much of a radio fan, and I still do not like the ordinary run-of-the-mill programs. But I want to express my appreciation of the one program that never disappoints—Dr. I. Q. To me it is not only a very enjoyable and entertaining half hour, but it lasts from Monday to Monday. It has both comedy and information and every Mon-

day night finds me waiting eagerly with pencil and paper ready to enjoy an intelligence test, and even though I sometimes rate zero I feel I have spent a profitable evening.—Gladys E. McArdle, Lebanon, Kansas.

### SEVENTH

Radio is bringing us one of the most unusual programs these Sunday afternoons—the broadcast between British refugee children in the United States and Canada, and their parents left behind in war-torn England. Full of real human interest, extremely pathetic and heart-rending, these short conversations between families separated by the horrors of war, serve to reveal more than anything the real fortitude of the British people.

I sit with tears streaming down my face as a hungry mother cries, "My, but it's good to hear your voice, darling!" The gay tones as parents attempt brave little jokes! The good-natured banter! And all this while not knowing if they'll ever see their loved ones again.

It gives us something to think about, and makes us more determined than ever to help gallant England all we can.—Mrs. John J. Allman, Lackawanna, N. Y.

## The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 18)

Suddenly she sat back in the car, not strained now, not anxious, but with a new, quiet determination written on her face.

And yet something had gone from her too, because in that moment it had come to her compellingly that she could never marry Gil Whitney while Drew needed her so badly. As long as she remained Drew's one hold on a world that slipped gradually from his mind, she must remain as he wanted her to remain.

Helen drove straight to Gil's office. It was late in the afternoon and she hoped to catch him before he left.

His secretary admitted her at once. "Mr. Whitney said you were to be sent in if you came," she explained.

Gil's face lit up when he saw her. Helen stood for a moment before him. It seemed to Gil that no woman had ever been so proud and sensitive and beautiful. He wanted her then for his wife as he had never dreamed of wanting any woman. Then she collapsed into his arms and became like a little girl, bewildered and terribly hurt, wanting the arms of someone she trusted around her.

IN that instant, when the tears began to come, and deep sobs rocked Helen, Gil felt angry and protective. He wanted to strike at whatever had hurt her. "Helen," he forced himself to speak calmly. "Tell me what it is. We can make it right again!"

"It can't be right again! It'll never be right again, Gil. Oh Gil, I was so happy."

"I have been happy, too, dearest." "But Gil, I can't marry you." Helen's face twisted up into a hopeless, grief-stricken jumble.

Gil looked at her, and even under his tan he went white. "Helen! You don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, yes I do!" He looked at her again, trying to read some denial in her face of what she had said. All he saw was a hopelessness and a deep, aching sorrow. "Come," he said firmly. "Sit here while we talk. . . . There. Now what is this all about?"

"Oh, Gil, you should have seen him. For hours he didn't know me—kept calling me Miss Anthony and Miss Turner, and—and everything else. I talked to him all that time, trying to make him recognize me. And I couldn't. He went right on believing he was back in his office at Sentinel Studios."

"Didn't he ever—" Gil began. "Yes," Helen said, quieter now, more self-possessed. "I was about to leave. And then he came back quickly—so quickly it frightened me. Gil, I tried to tell him—about you and me. I tried as hard as I could. And every time I started he interrupted and told me how much he needed me."

"You didn't tell him?" Gil asked, and his voice came hollow and lost.

Helen saw suddenly what this meant to Gil—how it must affect his sensitive nature. "It wasn't because I don't love you, Gil. I do, very much. But don't you see we couldn't be happy with this hanging over me? I can't give myself to you as I want to, as long as I know Drew needs me so badly."

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Gil stood up. All his jealousy of Drew, all his love for Helen, all his despair and hope, his fears and longings, swept up inside him into a tight knot. He walked across to the window, trying to keep from Helen what he felt. But when he spoke, his trembling, low-pitched voice betrayed the depth of his feeling. "Drew Sinclair! Drew Sinclair!" he said. "The man will hold onto you, and sap your strength, live on your will and kindness, until he's sucked you dry. He's never given you anything, Helen. He's taken—taken—taken! Every minute you were together he was like a human leech. And now—when we want to be married—when we love each other, and must have each other, he keeps you locked up tight in that stony, selfish head of his!"

"Gil," Helen protested, awed by the strength of his anger. "It'll only be for a little while—until Drew gets better, and I can tell him, or until—"

**NO,** he said. "Don't say it. He won't die. He'll live on for years and years, until we're too old to have the romance people should have. He won't die and he won't get well. He's half a man now and he'll be less a man as time goes on. I've seen these things before, and I've talked to doctors about Drew. He won't get well."

Helen rose wearily, broken. "I'm sorry, Gil. If I could will things, I'd will Drew's getting well, freeing me. But I can't."

At the sight of her tired, discouraged droop, the wan face, the clouded eyes, Gil's anger and resentment left him at once. "Wait," he said. "I'm sorry, Helen. Perhaps I shouldn't have said those things." He made her sit down again, and he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her head down so it rested against his cheek. Helen sank down, almost happy for a moment in his tender strength.

"I know it's harder for you than it is for me," he went on. "Forgive me, darling. It was only because I love you so much that I talked like that."

"I knew you'd see it," Helen said, and in her heart she was quietly thankful for the warm understanding he gave her. "And—and I wouldn't love you so much if you weren't strong and sure inside yourself." She sat up suddenly. "I know I'm right. You see, darling, you need me too, but you won't break up if we can't be married right away. And Drew—well I'm the only thing Drew has left. He has no strength, and so little will, and nothing to live for except me."

"Did it ever occur to you," Gil said half-humorously, "that it might be wrong to penalize a man because he's strong enough to take it?"

Helen too was able to smile. Just being with Gil, talking to him, listening to his balanced, sane ideas, his fine understanding, had given her the strength to continue. "Come," she said. "I'll drive you home. You can send someone for your car later."

The sweet California twilight settled in on them as they drove into the valley. For a long time they drove in silence before Gil said, "I won't be able to see you very often, Helen."

Yet even now Helen hadn't fully grasped the significance of this day. She was so tired. Drained. Was it only that morning she had left for a last visit to Drew, happy in the secure knowledge of Gil's love and strength? It seemed that a million years had gone by—that all those things had happened to another person. She had been confident, contented. Before her stretched the prospect of long, sunfilled, happy years with Gil. She had dreamed and planned about a family of her own, built castles high in the air, imagined herself inhabiting a rosy future.

After she dropped Gil at his home, there came to her startlingly, appallingly, an insight into what the day had brought. Now she was alone. Nobody could fight her battles, share her life; because that life she had dedicated to helping Drew get well. And what if Gil were right? Suppose Drew never got well! Helen saw herself going on, year after year, giving all her loyalty and help to Drew and having him spurn her offering and waste it.

Already her weekends were dedicated to this crusade. Those few precious hours of freedom must now be spent in visiting Santa Barbara. How she hated that familiar road!

And the shop! Was it failing? And her job? Would she be forced to give it up?

The next weeks were not easy ones for Helen. Mr. Anderson wanted dates again. And Gil was not nearby the way he had been. Often Helen wanted to call him, but their brief moments now were so painful, overwrought. Gil came to see her as much as he could, but it wasn't as it had been. Their greetings were awkward and stiff, and their times together became something like deliberate torture. They stayed apart more and more.

If only, Helen thought, there were one small corner of security. But there wasn't. Even the dress shop did less business despite all Helen's efforts.

Then, as though one thing more were needed to impress upon Helen the enormity of her undertaking, Jonathan Hayward, Drew's lawyer, called one day and asked her to stop at his office.

Jonathan was an old friend, and Helen greeted him in his office, later that afternoon, with affection and understanding. "It's a pleasure," he said, "to have to transact business with anyone who looks as nice as you do, Helen."

"That's a nice thing to say," Helen smiled. "There's a touch of the continental in you, Jonathan."

"No," he said. "Any man would rise

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to it when you come in."

Drew's affairs were hopelessly muddled. Jonathan went over them from beginning to end for her, patiently explaining one set of figures after another, trying to make his meaning clear.

"But how can it be?" Helen asked desperately. "Drew was a rich man."

"Yes," Jonathan said gravely. "He made a lot of money, Helen, and he spent it fast too. Of course, three years ago, when Sentinel crashed, he lost all he'd accumulated. Then he got the job of producer, after the re-organization. He was to have stock in the company but its earnings since then haven't justified the payment of any bonuses to him. All he had was his big salary. Of course that was large, but he spent most of it as he went along."

Helen thought of the huge solitaire he had given her as an engagement ring, now lying in her safe deposit box. "His account with the jeweler, is that paid?" she asked slowly.

"No," Jonathan admitted. "It's not, Helen. You're thinking of your ring?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll return it to them at once. That will clean up one item."

"I'm afraid that will be necessary, Helen," Jonathan said ruefully. "I was trying to get up courage to ask you about it."

OF course I will," Helen said firmly. "I know Drew would want me to keep it, but under these circumstances—"

"That's a load off my mind," Jonathan declared. "Now with that item disposed of—let's see. . . Yes, we can pay all outstanding accounts, and leave Drew with about two thousand in cash. That's all."

"Two thousand!" Helen echoed. Her mind flew to the expensive sanitarium at Santa Barbara. "Why, that won't pay his expenses for even three months."

"I know," Jonathan said. "He'll have to be taken to a cheaper place—maybe even to a state institution."

"I won't have it," Helen said swiftly. "Does Drew know all this?"

"No, he knows nothing of it."

"Then he mustn't know!" Helen declared. "I can take care of all his bills. I want to."

Jonathan protested.

Helen was firm. "Have the bills sent to you, Jonathan, and I'll draw a check to you every month to cover them." She insisted and in the end Jonathan agreed to do as she wished.

"Drew must get well!" Helen said. "And if he knew the condition of his finances it would only add one more burden—and one more burden he can't stand. He must get well, Jonathan!" As she said it, Helen remembered her reasons for wanting him to get well, and for a moment, a shadow crossed her face.

Jonathan took her to the door then, and somehow Helen felt that she had his sympathy and understanding. He put a big arm around her shoulders and gave her a brotherly hug.

But it didn't help. Nothing helped. Mr. Anderson was more insistent every day. The shop did steadily worse. Now she had shouldered an enormous burden of additional expenses. She must keep her studio job! She must increase the earnings of the shop! But how?

Helen drove out to Trenthony nervously, going faster than she realized, so that when the car swung up be-

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tween the rows of boxwoods it came almost as a shock to her. She ran to the house and pulled open the door with the haste born of desperation.

Inside Helen looked about her at the quiet walls, the comfortable chairs, the tables covered with the afternoon's newspapers, magazines, ashtrays—all the familiar and dear paraphernalia of living. Suddenly these things took on a new significance. Helen realized how much it would mean to her to lose these things—how much a part of her life this security had come to be.

And yet—perhaps she was about to lose them.

**D**OWN the road, in his own house, Gil Whitney moved restlessly from room to room. His dinner was being cooked in the kitchen, but even the aroma of a fine steak failed to awaken his appetite. In the living room the pair of vases given to him by Helen brought memories of her. In the library, the drapes she had been doubtful about made him think of her. In the hall, the table, the lighting arrangements, the rug reminded him of the fun they had had together when they were so busy with schemes and plans for decorating.

A sentence of Helen's seemed still to hang on the air. She had been saying goodbye one afternoon, just after he moved in. He tried clumsily to thank her. "Why, it's no trouble," she said. "It's fun—almost like decorating a house of my own."

"A house of my own!" The words still echoed. To Gil they had been sweet and rich with promise. If she had never said them, he might never have proposed.

And in her house, Helen thought of Gil. For a moment she wanted to go to him. Then she thought of what he had said—that he couldn't bear to see her often and not make love to her—and she resolved to stay away.

But she couldn't stay away from Mr. Anderson. This time there was no mistaking the tone of his voice. "The Screen Actors' Guild is having a banquet next Thursday," he said. "Will you go?"

Helen couldn't refuse. "Why, yes, I'd love to," she said, wishing she were an actress and could make her voice properly enthusiastic.

Mr. Anderson came to call for her Thursday night at Trenthony Ranch.

When she came downstairs, he was waiting. "Hello, Helen," he said cordially. "Mighty nice to see you away from the lot. Charming place you have here."

"I'm so glad you like it, Mr. Anderson," Helen murmured.

"Oh come now, Andy is what my friends call me."

"All right—Andy," Helen said. She tried to make it sound friendly.

As they left, Agatha looked doubtfully at Helen. Helen gave her a smile and a reassuring pat. It was more than she felt. But to her surprise, Mr. Anderson was a perfect gentleman all evening. Never a gesture or a word was objectionable. She even got used to the idea of calling him Andy. She actually had a good time.

The next day he was on the telephone bright and early. "Wanted to see how you liked the evening," he said. "Now that you can look at it in the cold light of morning."

"Oh I had a fine time," Helen answered truthfully. "I never laughed so much in my life. Those actors—!"

"Then we can do it again?" he said.

"Of course," Helen answered.

"Promise?"

"Yes."

Still she never grew to like him, although she went out with him again the next week. Only his position at the studio, and the imminent renewal of her contract induced her to go out with him at all.

On the weekend Helen went again to see Drew. This time he knew her at once when she arrived. "I've been waiting for you all afternoon, darling," he said. "Did you have a nice drive up?"

"Lovely," she answered.

For a few minutes they talked. Drew seemed to be his old self again. Helen enjoyed the play of his mind, the quick flash of intuition, the richness of him as a person. Then, suddenly before her eyes, he disintegrated into the simple child, playing at being all the things Drew used to be.

Helen couldn't stand it. She stayed for a few minutes, trying to bring him back. Then when Dr. Spear told her it would probably last for hours, she left and drove reluctantly back to Los Angeles. Somehow she couldn't stand the strain any longer.

That Monday Mr. Anderson called her as usual. "Can you come into my office, Mrs. Trent?" he said. "It's about the renewal of your contract."

In his office he sat behind a big pile of papers and looked owlishly at Helen. "You know," he said, "the policy of the studio is, and has been for some time, to cut down wherever possible. In fact your contract was the subject of an exchange of telegrams just yesterday, Helen."

"Yes?" Helen said, trying not to betray her anxiety.

"And frankly, Helen, the directors feel your contract should not be renewed. At least not at the present figure."

"DON'T think I'd consider less," Helen said. She tried to sound firm about it.

Mr. Anderson shrugged. "If that's the way you want it—"

"No," Helen said. "That's not the way I want it, of course. I've always been happy here at Monarch, and I'd like to stay. But there are other studios in Hollywood, and I think I've built up a reputation that will get me in any of them."

He shook his head. "Not today, Helen. The war has upset the foreign market so there's no money in any studio in Hollywood to take on new people. They're all cutting down."

Helen knew this was true. "Under what terms will you renew?" she asked.

"Well," Mr. Anderson got up and came around to where she was sitting. "Maybe it won't be necessary to cut down, Helen. You know I have a good bit of influence around here. I'm sure I could—"

He stood just above her, and Helen was distressingly conscious of his hand on her shoulder. "But of course, you know turn about is fair play."

"What do you mean?" Helen demanded.

His tone was oily. "Oh just being nice to me, and going around with me." He pulled Helen to her feet, and tried to put his arms around her. She saw only his fat neck and thick arms, and the great, bristling eyebrows.

"Don't," she commanded, trying to push him away. "Mr. Anderson!"



Please!" She felt foolish and awkward, fighting off a grown man almost old enough to be her father. The whole scene had the flavor of a third-rate melodrama. It was all Helen could do to keep from laughing hysterically. Yet she couldn't stop trying to push him away, and he kept on trying to put his huge, lumbering arms around her. For a moment she had the feeling that this instant would be prolonged forever.

Finally Mr. Anderson stepped back. His heavy face wore a dark frown. "All right," he breathed. "If that's the way you want it. . . ."

Helen walked to the door and opened it quickly. "I'll fulfill my contract," she said. "But I don't want the option taken up." That was all she said.

Out in the sunlight again, walking across the lot to the wardrobe department, where her office was, Helen began to laugh. At first it was mirth, then it became heartier until it grew to a hysterical giggling.

The people she passed looked at her curiously, wondering if she were an actress with an attack of temperament, or just a visitor trying to attract attention. Luckily, on a movie lot, strange things are taken for granted. Helen walked among the people, laughing and crying, yet no one raised a hand to help her. Underneath, she felt already like an outcast.

AND it was true. The following week her option was not taken up. Instead she had a politely worded, cold note from Mr. Anderson, saying that for "reasons of economy, and so forth—"

On her last day Helen went home a little stunned. Trenthony seemed to her the loveliest, most desirable place to live in the whole world, and at the same time the most unattainable. She walked up to the door, and had the odd sensation that she had never lived here, only dreamed of it, and hoped. Because now she couldn't hope to hold it much longer. If only Helen Trent Inc.—

In the morning she went to the shop early. Only Verlaine Lafferty was there before her. If she hadn't felt so hopeless, Helen would have enjoyed taking up the shop again. If only she hadn't hired Herbert Tracy. Herbert Tracy! "Do you remember him, Verlaine?" Helen asked.

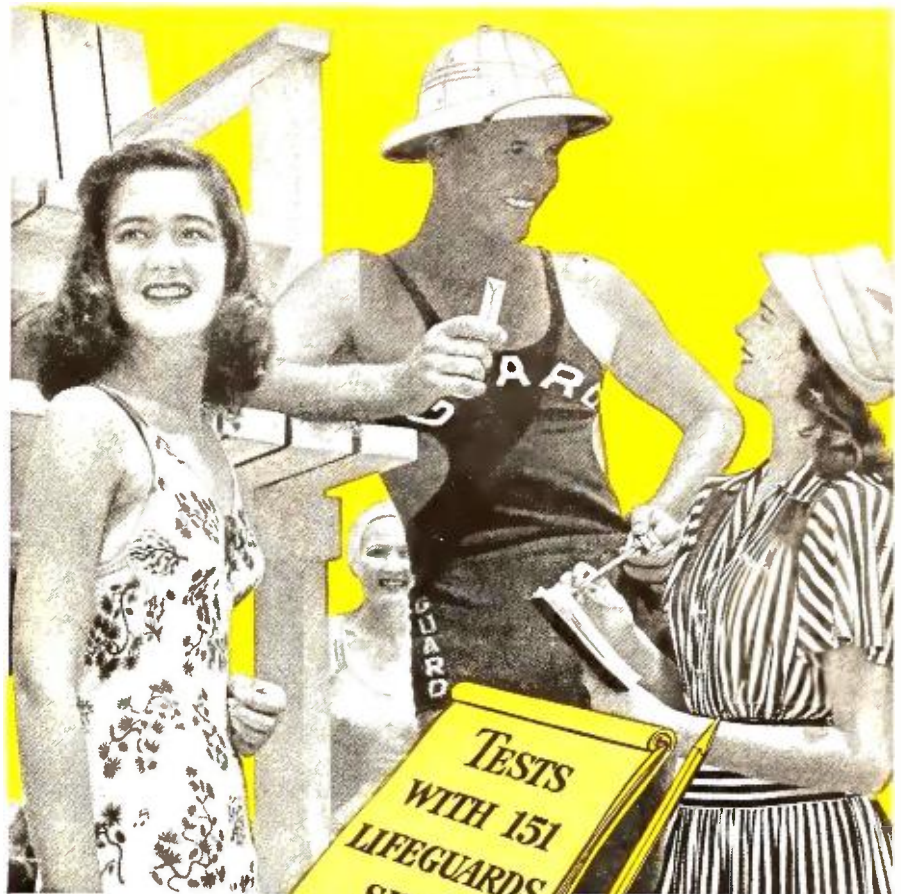
"Remember him!" Verlaine said. "I'd like to settle his hash!"

Helen laughed. Verlaine had greeted her at the door of the shop with her fine Irish warmth. She conducted Helen into the tastefully appointed office as though she had been a member of the nobility. As always Helen was touched by her generosity and good feeling, and amused at her attempts to improve on the King's English.

"Yes," Helen said. "I still don't know who was behind that attempt to wreck the shop. Why would he do it, Verlaine? Herbert Tracy had nothing against me. I'm sure someone was paying him. But who?"

"Search me," Verlaine said. "That trick of calling up all your best customers and dunning them for money! It's enough to turn a person's stomach. And that fire! You can't tell me he didn't start that—or hire someone to do it for him."

"I think you're right," Helen said. "But—that's all water under the bridge, Verlaine. What I've got to do now is make this shop pay, and make



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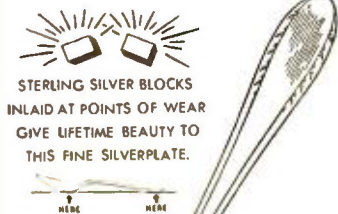
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it pay well! My expenses have gone up so I simply must have the income. Now, how do we go about it? Have you any ideas?"

"Indeed I have, Helen dear, and I've been waiting these last two months to get a chance to tell 'em to you. If you hadn't been so busy and bothered, what with—"

"Yes I know," Helen interrupted quickly. "But now I've got all the time in the world to give to the shop. What's your idea?"

"There's three of 'em, really," Ver-laine said. "First off, Helen, there's no one in Hollywood, or California either, for that matter, who can get the personality into a dress the way you can. Now if you'll just sit down at your drawing board for a solid week, and stay right there without budging, why then we'll really have somethin' to sell."

**YOU'RE** right!" Helen declared. "I always had good ideas, Verlaine." She began to think of that day last year when the shop was opened and her excitement. Then it had been really a place for her to dispose of extra costume ideas—the ones the studio couldn't use—a sort of by-product of her energy and ability and imagination. "And I'll have ideas again," she said. "I'll glue myself to a drawing board and stay there until—until I get it again. We'll have a spring collection that'll be the biggest thing in Hollywood!"

"That's the stuff, Helen baby!" Ver-laine almost cheered. Her honest Irish heart had been upset by Helen's indifference toward the shop, and hurt by vague foreshadowings of the shop's failure. "We'll get the collection all built up, and hold it in reserve, but first we've got to have about three new models—real exclusive stuff—make up only ten of each and let it be known that Helen Trent, Inc. will sell no more than ten."

"Why do you want that, Verlaine?" "Well," Verlaine seemed afraid to speak at first, then she blurted it out. "There's been talk, darlin', that you're not designing dresses any more. Course I know better, but we got to get that impression out o' the mind o' the public."

"You're right," Helen said. Ver-laine's deep loyalty touched her to the quick. "I'm going up to my work-room right now. Don't let anyone disturb me until one o'clock. I'll give you three designs by tomorrow night."

It was good to get back in harness. Studio work was all right, but too extreme. The gowns for movie heroines were scarcely practical modes for the ordinary woman. And here, Helen thought, designing dresses for an ordinary woman to wear—something she could use to charm her husband, or delight her fiancé—this is where I belong.

All day she worked away in the small room with the big drawing board. For the time—while she worked—she forgot about everything else. Drew and his sick mind receded into the background. Gil became no more than a shadow—

But Gil had gotten up early that morning too, because he couldn't sleep. When he looked in the mirror there were deep, unaccustomed circles under his eyes. He ate breakfast hastily and drove very fast to his office. Passing Trenthony he forced himself not to look for signs of Helen. All the same, the boxwoods along the road, the ones he had brought so care-

fully from South Carolina, intending them to be a reminder to Helen of himself, served now as a reminder to him of Helen.

All day in his offices he tried to chain his mind down to briefs and contracts. It was no good. In the middle of the afternoon he left and took himself for a long drive, trying to drive away the fear that beset him—the simple fear that he would lose Helen.

He could stand it, he knew that. He wouldn't take to drink or go chasing after other women. But he could also see what a void would be left. After Paula died, leaving him a widower at the age of twenty-five—died on their honeymoon, after three weeks of a vaulting happiness—he had felt that no woman could ever again reach his heart. Then Helen had come to his office, in trouble.

She had poured out her story for him then, and he could still hear every word she spoke. An impostor had claimed that Helen's child, born during her first marriage, years ago, and dying in childbirth, still lived. That Helen had paid her to keep the child quiet in a Chicago boarding house. And he remembered that later, after he had discovered the fraud and exposed it, Helen had come to him and thanked him.

At first he and Helen were only friends. Then she had seen, woman-like, the great emptiness in his life that he didn't know existed. She it was who had persuaded him to buy the house down the road from Trenthony, and she had offered to help him fix it up. From that time on she had grown in his heart slowly and surely as a rare and beautiful flower will grow on barren ground and bring it life and warmth and love.

And now, would he lose her?

**EVERY** mile he drove brought him closer to a decision. Finally, when he turned the big car down the canyon where Trenthony lay, the sun was down, and the new moon barely penetrated the big trees. He had made the decision. He must see Helen.

But Trenthony was dark! Not a light showed in the many windows. Gil drove on by, doubtfully, because he knew that Helen and Agatha sometimes sat in the dark on the big, covered terrace. Then on an impulse he turned around and drove up into the driveway. Above his head the stately palm tree at the side of the house rustled and nodded in the light breeze. He whistled. The house gave back no answer. Gil started the engine, and just as he did so, the lights of a car swung up behind him and came to a stop.

"Gil!" Helen called wearily. She stepped out of the car, and in an instant she was in Gil's arms. After the long hard day it was like coming home to a safe harbor.

"Darling!" he whispered, holding her close. Gil felt the coolness of her cheek after the long drive out from town, and the tiredness in her that made her want to cling for a moment. And in that moment, for Gil, many things came alive again. The night, the still stars, the freshly born moon, the sound of the wind, became deeper, had meaning and life again.

"Go inside, darling. I'll put your car away and follow you," he said.

"Thank you dear," Helen said tenderly.

Later, when they sat out on the terrace, close together in the big old-

fashioned swing that Helen had insisted on having, Gil spoke seriously, as he had intended to speak.

"I've been thinking about us for days," he said. "This afternoon I came to a decision. . . ."

His tenseness forced the words out quickly and roughened his voice until its harshness was grating. But Helen saw the tenderness in his eyes, softening everything he said.

"I want you to marry me right away—tonight or tomorrow."

"Gil!" Helen gasped. "We've been all over this before."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but now it's different."

"Different?" Helen repeated.

"Darling," Gil said, "you've got to believe what I'm saying. If I weren't sure I couldn't tell you. It is Drew's subconscious mind that is forcing him to cling to you, to tell you that he needs you."

"Oh no, Gil," Helen said. "That's wrong—wrong! I know Drew. It is only when he is rational that he wants me with him."

"That's just the point," Gil insisted. "I know Drew Sinclair too and I know he desires your happiness as much as I do. Only he can't make himself set you free, because his conscience, his whole moral structure, has been ruined by his sick mind, by the poisonous workings of his subconscious, inventing reasons for holding on to you."

SHE had to answer quickly, in the half scornful way that would disguise the hunger in her to let him go on talking, persuading her against her judgment.

"That's very fine reasoning, Gil, but you haven't seen him and heard him—as I have. You haven't ever really known Drew, seen what he was like, respected him for what he was."

Gil wanted to cry out against the injustice of Drew's hold on Helen. He wanted to take that bond between his hands and tear it apart.

"I know that I love you and that letting Drew cling to you is only doing him harm," he retorted.

"Gil," Helen said. "I want to believe you, but I can't. I can't forsake Drew now, not even to marry you." She stood up and Gil rose wearily.

"Drew Sinclair doesn't need you, Helen," he said. "You think of yourself as his last hope, the straw of sanity his mind holds to. But that isn't true. If he didn't have you, he would have to find the strength within himself. That is the only way he will ever get better."

Helen's eyes, shimmering in the moonlight, were bright with tears. "If you knew how much I want to marry you—to love you, to be safe—how wonderful it would be if you were right. But Gil, when I come to you, I must be free of Drew's claim on me."

Gil felt battered, as bruised as if the woman's intuition he was fighting were a solid wall. Gradually he was learning that a woman's life is not like a man's. She accepts the dictates of her own heart and conscience as immovable things, not subject to reason or logic or any of the sciences. For an instant, Gil caught himself wishing there were a higher authority to appeal to.

"I haven't changed my mind," he whispered, his lips against her cheek as though the very tide of his emotion could sweep away her refusal. "I still want you to marry me—now."



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"It would be wonderful," Helen sighed.

"Will be," Gil urged.

"No," Helen shook her head. "You must give me time, Gil. Time to see, time to work this out so I can be sure."

"But you've had time. What of these weeks when I've been longing to hold you, to have you as my own?"

"I know," Helen said, "Oh Gil, can you wait a little longer? Until—" She snatched a date at random from the future. "Until the end of January?"

Gil's face was dark with protest. "But this is only the end of September."

"Just four months," Helen pleaded. "And will you marry me then?"

"I will tell you then," Helen said.

It was little enough, actually. Gil wondered why he was accepting such an intangible promise, a gossamer thread of hope. Four more months to wait just to learn whether she would ever be his bride. If only she would promise now definitely to marry him at the end of the time she set. Yet he knew without asking that this was the most she could give him. Somehow, when he kissed her good-night, it was more a kiss of farewell. He wondered if Helen too shared this feeling of finality.

HELEN plunged blindly into her work at the shop, as if it could wipe out the memory of that night with Gil. The three special gowns designed to prove to the public that Helen Trent, Inc., still had the benefit of her imagination and ability were a big success. Sightseers and visitors to Hollywood flocked into the shop to take home a Helen Trent original.

But still Verlaine was not satisfied. "Visitors are all right," she said. "They buy, sure, but they're not steady trade. In a week or a month they'll all be gone, and nobody else to take their place. We still need the steadies, like we used to have, to fall back on when they're gone."

Helen agreed. The shop had shown a profit for the past month—a nice profit, and yet, when Drew's bills came in from the sanitarium Helen wasn't able to meet them out of her income. She had to dig into her savings to cover the bills and the expenses at Trenthony, too.

October and November were even worse. The profit fell off a little, despite all the work Verlaine and Helen and the staff could do. Helen dug still deeper into her savings, and after it was over, looking at her bank book, she knew a moment of panic. She couldn't stand this constant drain. But, she thought, the Christmas season is really just starting. Things are bound to pick up then.

Christmas came and went. The shop did pick up, but nothing like Helen's expectations. On Christmas Eve, after the rush had abated, she and Verlaine sat in the littered packing room, looking around at the confusion.

"Well," Verlaine said. "It's all over now but the returns. The next three weeks will cost us money." Her frown deepened into a look of anger. "If I could just get my hands on that spalpeen, Herbert Tracy, I'd make his ears ring!"

In spite of her tiredness and disappointment, Helen had to smile. "I'll warrant you would, too!" she said. "While you were at it, I'd say a few words to him myself."

"It'll take us a few months to get over the bad reputation that be-

nighted rascal gave us," Verlaine said. "But don't you fret, Helen, we will get over it, with this new spring line."

Helen went home then, determined not to let business affect her Christmas. When she went in the door, the house seemed strangely quiet. Helen wondered at it briefly, called hello to Agatha, and getting no answer went upstairs to take off her hat and coat.

When she came down, the hall was ablaze with lights. She wandered curiously into the living room, not knowing what to expect. Then suddenly they pounced on her. Agatha, and Gil dressed in many pillows and a Santa Claus suit. Gil! He was here to share Christmas Eve with her.

Helen's eyes misted over with tears. Gil saw, and he led her gently to a big chair. "Poor darling," he said. "We know how you feel. But tonight let's all forget everything except that this is Christmas Eve and we're here to have a good time."

Helen was not soon to forget that evening. They all opened presents until the big pile of tinsel packages around the tree had been exhausted. Agatha got a new electric blanket for her bed. When Helen unwrapped the mysterious package from Gil, she was full of wonder. It turned out to be a pair of marvelous matched figurines of antique Sevres china, just what she wanted for the mantel in the living room. And Gil was not forgotten. Agatha gave him a set of matched studs and cuff links, and Helen had for him a fine cigarette case and lighter of exquisitely wrought pink gold. "I wish it could be more," she whispered.

"There's only one thing more I want," he said, taking her in his arms in front of Agatha.

Agatha's old eyes grew dim when she saw the love between them.

FINALLY, at midnight, when the carolers rode by in cars, and the bells rang the birth of Christ again, they gathered around the piano. Helen played and they all sang carols.

When it ended, Agatha insisted that Gil spend the night in the guest room. "You can't go home to that lonely house on Christmas Eve," she said.

In the morning, they all felt cleansed and refreshed. When Gil finally left, he reminded Helen of her promise three months earlier.

"I haven't forgotten," she said, wishing she could tell him in some way how desperately she wanted to say yes right then, how the thought of Drew tortured and shackled her. Yet Drew's need for her was as desperate now as it had ever been.

The New Year's season came and went; January went on for one week, for two, for three. Helen and Verlaine worked early and late to bring the shop out of its slump. "We're almost in clear water," Verlaine said. "Now that the season for them silly

female ladies to come around and say 'I wonder if I can return this' is gone."

Helen laughed. Verlaine could always joke her out of black moods. And in Verlaine, Helen found a person who was always and forever loyal and sympathetic. She was a friend of long standing, but every day, in this close companionship, Helen found new facets to the rugged, honest Irish-woman.

Still, in spite of everything they could do, the upturn failed to come. The shop did better than when Helen had first taken hold, but so much worse than they had a right to expect.

Once, during that momentous January, Gil came over. He was thinner, and Helen thought he looked much older. Her heart went out to him.

"CAN'T we forget all this, and just drive some place and get married?" Gil asked desperately. "I make enough money to take care of everything you feel you've got to do, Helen. I'd enjoy having Agatha and the servants with us, and Drew's bills aren't so high I'd go broke paying them. We'd still have a comfortable margin."

"Oh Gil, if I only could!"

"If you won't marry me for my looks and brains, marry me for my money." Gil said it as a joke, but Helen knew he more than half meant it.

"I won't," she said softly. "I'd give anything if I could. . . . But please Gil, it's been so perfect seeing you again. Let's not spoil it by having the old argument all over again. Let me just be happy. For this month. Then we can talk again, and I promise I'll make a decision."

"How is Drew?" Gil asked evenly. Helen knew it hurt him to bring up Drew's name. She could see it in the aloof turn of his head, the feigned carelessness.

"He's just the same." She tried to keep her voice even, to match his pretended indifference, but she couldn't. In an instant she found herself sobbing on Gil's sympathetic shoulder. "Besides," she said through the tears. "I—I couldn't give you much now. There's not much left of me—"

"You can give me beauty," Gil said, "and life. That's all I ask."

"No," Helen said, more quietly. "I couldn't give you even those, now. Wait, dear—please."

Gil gave in. He had to in the face of Helen's determination. And strangely his respect for her grew when he saw the deep will that made her refuse him—for his own sake as well as Drew's.

January neared its close. The four months' grace Helen had asked for were nearly gone, and she saw each day fade into the past with a sense of despair. For nothing had changed. The dilemma was still unsolved. Her visits to Drew had not, apparently, brought about any appreciable im-

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Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel	<input type="checkbox"/> Black
Very Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Black
Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Black
Gray	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Black
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provement of his condition.

Financially, too, there had been no improvement. The shop was making dishearteningly slow gains after the post-holiday lull, and every studio in Hollywood turned deaf ears to her overtures.

On February first, if Drew was neither better nor worse, she had promised either to marry Gil or set him free. Set him free! Those were such false words. How could she ever set him free?

THE time had nearly run out when she received, one morning, a letter that was like an ironic solution to all her problems. It was from the executive vice president of a famous department store in San Francisco, and it offered her the post of head designer, at a salary which would enable her to take care of all her obligations—pay Drew's fees at the sanitarium, keep Trenthony and her own shop, even if the latter did not do better.

Once such an offer would have sent her spirits soaring. Now she accepted it simply because she knew nothing else to do. She would hate the lonely life in San Francisco. It would be tremendously difficult to see Drew; she could come south only once every two or maybe three weeks.

But in the back of her mind as she wired her acceptance was the knowledge that here, in a way, was the answer she had promised Gil. It was not the answer he had wanted and hoped to have. She was taking herself out of his life.

Aaron Carter, the vice president who had written the letter, had asked her to be in San Francisco on Monday. This was Saturday morning.

Quickly, before she could weaken in her determination, Helen picked up the telephone and called Gil's office. But he was not there. He had gone to Palm Springs on business, his secretary said, but a long distance call to the hotel where he had expected to stay brought her no satisfaction. Apparently he had changed his plans and was stopping with friends.

Again and again in the next twenty-four hours, while she made her hurried preparations to leave, she tried to locate him without success. In the end she wrote a letter—not a satisfactory letter, she felt as she read it over, for there was so little she could say in words.

In the train she leaned back against the clean linen cover of her pullman seat, exhausted, drained of vitality. The days marched ahead of her in a sullen, dark procession.

Gil would read her letter, and know that he had his answer. Perhaps he would not even write to her. She could not blame him if he did not.

In San Francisco she plunged avidly into her new work. That, at least, she could count on—the delight of seeing line and fabric grow under her hands, the satisfaction of creating things supremely lovely. She worked at the store from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon; then she took more work with her to the hotel where she lived. Late at night she might walk for an hour along the misty, steep streets, gathering and hoarding precious fatigue as a miser would his gold, so that sleep would come quickly when she crept to bed.

The first week was nearly over when she came out of her office to find Gil Whitney waiting for her.

The sight of him, so unexpected—

and so disarmingly welcome—made her speechless while he explained that he had been delayed in returning to Hollywood, had read her letter and decided to come up to see her.

But it was not until they had finished dinner that he spoke of what was on both their minds.

"I talked to Agatha before I came," Gil said. "It isn't too much to say she gave me the courage to come."

"The courage? . . ."

"Agatha understands you rather well, Helen. She advised me not to leave you until you'd set the date for our wedding. She told me you'd hated leaving—hated everything you thought you had to do for Drew."

"That's not true!" Helen said, anger stirring in her.

"Oh, she said you'd deny it—that you probably didn't realize, yourself, how much you hated it."

"But can't you see—can't anyone see—I'm only doing what I have to do? Drew—"

"Oh, to blazes with Drew!" he interrupted roughly. "You've done enough for him—more than enough. You've let him hold you back from happiness—you've worked and worried to make money to pay his bills—you've left your home, gone to a city where you know no one. And still you won't see! Agatha was right. You need someone to protect you from yourself."

This was a new Gil. A Gil who had lost his tenderness and understanding. The fact that she could not deny the cold justice of what he said did not keep Helen from being infected with the virus of his own bitterness. She thought of Gil and Agatha discussing her, dissecting her thoughts and emotions, deciding between themselves that she must be handled like a willful child, and cold fury lodged in her breast.

"You shouldn't have come, Gil. I was at fault for asking you to wait four months. I see that now. I was hoping that time would arrange things, and if I was weak and wrong, I should think you could understand and not blame me too much. And at least, when my pitiful little hope failed, when the time I had asked for came to an end and still I had the responsibility of Drew—then I was strong enough, and decent enough, to give you your answer by coming up here. I think you might have spared us both this—this humiliation."

HE did not speak. She saw his expression soften, and guessed that if she would but release the tears that were so imminent, his pity would return. He would comfort her, offer to go on waiting, be sympathetic and tender. But she had made her decision; she would not go back on it now. She stiffened her resentment and waited until the lines of his face had grown stern.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Neither of us can pretend, this time, that you haven't made your answer plain."

Later, Helen sat alone in her hotel room, wrapped in a big robe and looking down through the window into the sparse life of the sleeping city. Gil was gone now, beyond possibility of return—gone, leaving only angry words as a memory of their last meeting.

Dawn was brightening the sky above the Berkeley hills when at last she rose and went, shivering, to bed.

It was a week later that she returned to the hotel after work to find

a message waiting for her. A message to call her own home in Hollywood. She expected Agatha to answer when she put the call through. But it was Gil.

He wasted no time on useless words about their quarrel; it was, suddenly, as if they were back on their old footing of months before, as if they were very dear friends.

"Helen, I think you'd better come down. A telegram arrived for you this afternoon, and Miss Anthony opened it. It was from Drew."

"From Drew!" The two words were spoken on a quick indrawn breath.

"Yes. All it said was, 'See you soon in Hollywood.' And Helen—it wasn't from the sanitarium. It had been sent from a small town between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles."

Helen felt the telephone receiver heavy in her hand. She said in a choked voice, "Then he's—escaped. I would have known if they'd decided to release him."

"I'm afraid so. Can you come down?"

"I'll take the first plane," she said swiftly. "Meet me at the airport."

**W**HILE she called the air transport office for reservations, while she hurried to pack a bag and catch the bus to the airport, she could keep the frightening news from her mind. But once in the plane she could only sit, staring out of the window, wondering where Drew was, what he was doing. Where would that pitiful, lost mind of his take him? Into what dangers?

Gil met her at the field, and they drove to Trenthony. Gil had already called Dr. Spear at the sanitarium and learned that Drew had been missing all day, after an escape that showed careful, shrewd planning.

"But isn't the sanitarium trying to find him?" Helen asked distractedly.

"Naturally. But there isn't much they can do. Spear wanted to notify the police, but I managed to persuade him to wait. He's sure that if Drew sent you that telegram he'll eventually get in touch with you."

At Trenthony, there was nothing to do but settle down to a long, nerve-racking vigil. Now that their anger had been submerged in this new and more important trouble, Gil and Helen did not speak of what had happened in San Francisco. A tacit agreement held them waiting—waiting—waiting for Drew to make some move.

Midnight came, and no word. Agatha brought in a tray of sandwiches and some coffee. Helen forced some food down, but a tight lump in her throat made it difficult. Gil drank coffee and paced the floor restlessly.

At three o'clock, when no word had come, they all went upstairs to try to sleep, Gil in the spare room. But sleep was a capricious visitor to Trenthony that night. Helen was up at eight, having breakfast. Gil and Agatha came in shortly after.

The sun was hot for a winter morning. It gave promise of a long day. But none of them knew the color of the sky. They wandered in and out to the garden, talking, discussing, but arriving nowhere, their thoughts hinging on the whereabouts and safety of Drew.

Noon came and went with no respite. By five o'clock Helen felt as though all her life had been spent at this age-long weary vigil. Agatha tried to make them eat. She alone had recaptured her calm.

In the evening Gil called Dr. Spear

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again. No news. They had men scouring the countryside. The police had at last been notified. Gil called a friend in the City Hall and used his influence to have the search intensified. Helen's nerves were close to the breaking point. Gil thought seriously of calling the doctor to administer a sedative.

Finally, when the self control even of Gil was frayed, the phone rang. It was just midnight. Helen ran to answer. Gil followed and stood close to her side.

Over the wire came a strange voice with a heavy Irish brogue. "Is this Mrs. Trent I've got on the wire?" the voice asked.

"Yes."

"This is Paddy MacDonald, Mrs. Trent. I'm the watchman at Sentinel Studios."

"Yes, Paddy, what is it?"

"Well, I'm thinkin' you'll call me daft, but the old chief just came in and I remembered how you told me once I was to call you if Mr. Sinclair ever got to actin' funny, and I thought as how—"

"Oh Paddy, is Mr. Sinclair all right? Tell me!"

"Sure, he's all right," Paddy said reassuringly. "At first I thought he was drunk. Kept askin' about things that happened way last year. Then he got over that and wanted to go to his office, so I let him go. But what's going to happen to me, I don't know, and me with a family of eight to provide a sustenance for—"

"Paddy!" Helen cut in. "Keep him there, you hear? Don't let him get away until we come. We're leaving right away. Will you do that? Do you understand?"

"Sure I understand, and I'll do it, but what's going to happen to my poor starvin' family—"

IN Gil's big car he and Helen drove madly across Hollywood. Gil refused to stop for lights or intersections. Once they almost collided with a truck. Gil jerked the wheel, they skidded sickeningly, Helen closed her eyes, waiting for the crash. It never came. They went on faster than before. Helen looked once at the speedometer. It registered sixty miles an hour. She looked away again, quickly, putting her faith in his skill and daring. The big car rushed on.

At the gates of Sentinel, Paddy McDonald met them. "He's still in his office." He pointed with a blunted old thumb, and they ran on.

To Helen it was familiar ground, from the days when she worked with Drew. But to Gil it was new and strange. He was a man hurrying across unknown ground to an unknown experience, and, he felt, an experience that would change the whole course of his life. In what direction the change would take him, he dared not even guess.

At the door of the office, Helen, in the lead, stopped, her sharp intake of breath was like a gasp of pain.

Drew was at his desk, and even at a glance they could see the havoc that had been wrought. He sat there making idle gestures amongst the papers on the big desk, picking up and putting down the telephone. He lived in another world. His fine intellect, the careful creases of his brain, had all been blotted out. And now he sat foolish and inept, playing carelessly with another man's papers.

"Drew!" Helen said.

Drew looked up. His hair hung

low over his forehead, the eyes were vacant and lustreless. "Eh?" he said, and it was almost a grunt.

Helen spoke his name weakly and despairingly, hoping against hope that the sound of her voice would restore him.

To her intense relief it did. Again, as it had done in the sanitarium, his expression altered as though a curtain had been lifted. He knew Helen at once.

"Why hello," he said. "I was just going to call you, Helen. And Gil. Nice to see you again."

They answered weakly, too overcome at the completeness of the change in Drew to do more. He went on talking as though nothing had happened.

"I came down this afternoon on the train," he said. "But I wandered around town for awhile looking at the sights. It's good to be back. I'd forgotten how beautiful Hollywood can be. It gets lonesome up there in the mountains."

The pathos of his last words went straight to Helen's heart. "It's—it's nice to see you again, Drew," she said, too stunned yet to be overwhelmed by the nightmarish quality of this moment.

"Helen, I'd like to have a word with you alone, if Gil will excuse me."

Gil looked doubtfully at Helen. She nodded slightly and he left them. A nervous chill worse than any physical coldness shook her.

"Helen," Drew began. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about us. Oh, I know that sounds funny. But I do think, when I'm myself." It seemed to embarrass him to talk.

Helen nodded, still unable to speak. "And I've come to a conclusion," he went on. "It—it may sound harsh to you, Helen, or egotistical, or selfish. I don't know, but I've got to tell you."

She wanted to cry out, to make him stop, but the terrible fascination of seeing him like this, hearing him speak as clearly as he ever had, froze her lips and she waited. For a moment the only sound was the quick strained intake of her breath.

"The fact is that I want to break our engagement."

The words came as a profound shock.

"Maybe I can tell you like this," Drew went on before she could quite realize what he had said. "You know how a sick animal wants to get away by itself to heal? Well, that's the way I feel. I must be alone and without ties. I must draw into myself and concentrate with all my power on getting well."

"But you said—" Helen stammered.

"Yes, I said I needed you, that you were the one person in the world who could help me get well. But I know better now, Helen. I must be alone. I must, do you hear?"

WHEN had he told her this before, Helen wondered feverishly. For surely she had heard these words. The remembrance was like a blow. Gil imploring her to give Drew up, for Drew's own good. She forced herself to look up at Drew. He was standing, his hands on the desk, leaning towards her.

"You understand, don't you?" he asked. "You see why I must be on my own, be by myself?"

Helen caught a trace of the old arrogance in his voice. She felt like a person who has labored long and heartbreakingly toward a goal and

then, on attaining it, finds the real object is in the opposite direction. She sat for a long moment in silence and Drew too was quiet.

When she spoke at last it was to ask Drew to call in Gil. That was all. They took Drew to a hospital that night. He went willingly and toward the end began to wander off again into that strange other world. Helen called the sanitarium and told them that Drew had been found and was being taken care of. At last it was all over.

Helen had never known such exhaustion. Driving home beside Gil, she put her head wearily on his shoulder, too tired to think, too weary to move. The ache of her heart had transmitted itself to every part of her body until there was nothing but pain and heaviness.

"Oh Gil," she said, "how blind I was not to have seen. I should have known."

"No," Gil said. "You were right, Helen. All the time you were right. Don't you understand?"

They had left the town now and ahead of them was darkness, the same kind of darkness into which Helen's mind had plunged. "No, Gil, I don't," she replied.

"It's so simple now," Gil said. "Now that we can see for ourselves. Drew needed you until this moment, darling. He had to have you to cling to while he fought his first battle. Now that's over. He's stronger. He knows that the fight is his own, that no one can help him but himself any more."

"Oh, I hope so!" Helen prayed fervently.

"I have some hope for him now," Gil went on. "I really believe he'll get well in time. He can stand alone. Tonight was the first step. You're free, Helen!"

"Darling!" Helen said. She moved closer to him and put her arm through his. Ahead of them the road stretched straight and white under the moon. Suddenly Helen found herself thinking of the road as a symbol of her own life, stretching into the future, straight and definite and sure. She told Gil.

"We can make it like that," he said. "It can be a straight line now. No more detours, but I insist we take time for side trips."

LATER that night, when Gil said goodbye, he took Helen in his arms. They were on the porch at Trenthony and Helen's head tilted up over his shoulder so that she saw the moon and many stars, and the quiet dark gray of the cool California night, and around her Gil's arms pressed tight, promising and promising.

And Gil lowered his head, so that he saw the dew starved grass, colorless under the moon, and the sprouting boxwood bushes along the drive. To him the sweet nearness of Helen, the soft curves melting against his body, her arms around his neck, and her cheek against his, became the same promise—a promise of love and beauty and tenderness and a life together that would mean many years of happiness.

Helen read her promise in the stars and moon. Gil read his in the earth. To both of them it was a promise rich and abundant for the life they wanted.

THE END

For exciting listening, tune in *The Romance of Helen Trent* every day at 12:30 P.M. E.D.T., over the CBS network.



# THE STATION THAT BREAKS THE RULES

By Edith L. Weart

THE fact of the matter is—it's the strangest broadcasting station in the United States.

Its name is WQXR, it's located in New York City and it rates the title of "strangest in the United States" because it has systematically smashed every one of radio's pet rules and still makes money.

It dictates to sponsors, instead of letting sponsors dictate to it.

WQXR's boss is John V. L. Hogan, a middle-aged radio engineer who never intended to run a commercial station at all. Since he is running one, he runs it the way he likes it.

His attitude toward sponsors is sheer heresy. Hogan contends that people don't like to have a musical number interrupted while a salesman struts his stuff about the sponsor's product.

WQXR has its own ideas about programs, too. The average radio station, in its daily sixteen hours or so of broadcasting, puts an appalling hodgepodge of entertainment on the air. Health talk follows food talk, sports broadcast elbows children's hour, swing music jostles symphony, and the tragedies of Mother McGillicuddy and her family tread hard on the heels of a comedian's gags. There's something there for every taste—but not much for any one taste. WQXR is different. It believes that it has a special audience, and it edits its programs as carefully as any magazine publisher edits his magazine.

Music takes up about four fifths of WQXR's time, and about half of

that music comes from phonograph records. Here's more heresy. Stations don't like to use records, as a rule, except as fill-ins when the "live" talent fails to show up. But Hogan has proved that when recordings are used intelligently they can be as satisfying as the most high-priced "live" talent. In fact, you can hardly tell the difference. This may be due to the fact that WQXR uses a special method of broadcasting, one that differs from that of most stations in that it broadcasts all the sounds the ear can hear, not just the middle range of sound.

And people do like the musical programs WQXR puts on, even if the music is largely recorded. That was proved one May a few years ago. Music Week came along then, and the station wondered what it could do to celebrate. It really was quite a problem, since the WQXR programs were nearly all musical anyway, so much so that it was really celebrating Music Week all the time. Finally they decided to put on a program of symphonic music during the breakfast hour, from eight to nine—just for that one week, no longer. The breakfast symphonies are still being broadcast. Such a flood of appreciative letters came in that the WQXR people haven't dared take them off.

There's still another way in which WQXR differs from ordinary stations—it's the only one in the country which prints a monthly program.

People pay ten cents a copy for it—since Hogan, as has already been pointed out, doesn't believe in giving things away. Almost twelve thousand people subscribe for it.

WQXR really represents the personality of its owner, John Hogan. His chief interest was in television experiments. When he started these experiments, he wanted to broadcast sound at the same time, so he applied for, and got, a broadcaster's license. Because he himself liked good music, that was the kind he put on the air to accompany his television pictures—and because recordings were cheaper than hiring musicians, he used recordings. As far as Hogan knew, or cared, he was the sole listener to his own programs in those first days of WQXR.

Then people in New York City began picking up his programs by accident, and wrote to tell him how much they enjoyed them. Hogan decided to cooperate with these unseen listeners who liked music as well as he did, so he commenced to broadcast regularly. Finally, in September, 1936, he decided that the response warranted commercial broadcasting.

Well, he must have been right. After about five years of operation as a commercial venture, WQXR is unique in a lot of ways. It has the most loyal audience of any station in New York City. It has a long list of sponsors, who are just as loyal as the listeners. And, most astounding fact of all, it got those listeners and those sponsors—by breaking all the rules!

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# Forever After

(Continued from page 19)

her husband stood at the door bidding him goodnight she had no idea she would ever see him again. He lived in New York between his long and frequent travels. And her family, her home, and her work were in Chicago.

However, life was to move swiftly and somewhat unhappily for Irene soon after that. And four years later, in 1938, she found herself broadcasting from New York, living there with her mother and her children, and needing all of her success because, since her divorce, she was the head of her family.

One spring afternoon she walked to the broadcasting studio. The sky was blue. The air was soft. The flower woman at the Cathedral had lilacs in her basket. Dogs pulled friskily at the end of their leashes. The bus tops were crowded. Irene quickened her step as she hummed a snatch of song. And then, ahead of her, glistening in the sunshine, she saw golden, block letters spelling "Hammer Galleries."

"I'll go in," she thought impulsively, "and see if Victor Hammer's in town."

It seemed a simple, natural thing to do. But at the very idea her heart went into a back flip. "What nonsense," she scolded herself. "Anyone would think I was in love with the man. And he probably doesn't even remember me."

Resolutely she walked on.

MOTHER," said young Nancy at dinner that night, "Peggy Burton's mother is having a dinner party next week and she's inviting you."

Irene hesitated. She had gone out very little since her divorce.

"Do go, dear," her mother urged, in turn. "You've been working too hard, taking your responsibility towards all of us too seriously. After all, you're young. You need diversion."

Irene promised, to please them.

It proved a delightful dinner party and it led to other things. It led to Irene's driving in the country with a charming gentleman the Sunday following and visiting a friend of his, Tobe Davis, the stylist.

"Next Thursday," Tobe told them, "I'm giving a party in town. You must come!"

Fate is so casual sometimes.

When Irene arrived at the party Tobe took her in tow.

She led Irene towards a gay group. She tapped a man who stood with his broad back towards them on the shoulder. "Turn around," she said "and meet . . ."

"Victor!" Irene's cry was joyous. "Victor Hammer!"

"Irene!" he said. "Irene!" And his eyes were like summer.

"I wanted to call you when I read you were in New York," he told her, "but I was afraid that you might not remember me."

He led her to the buffet table. He heaped her plate with caviar and cold squab and salad. "Just the other day I came across an old French folksong," he told her, "that you would love!"

"I went to hear Segovia. He played a gypsy song." She sounded like a carefree child.

"If I wasn't sailing this week," he said, "we could hear Toscanini . . ."

Tobe Davis swept down upon them in the little corner where he had manoeuvred their two chairs. "Vic-

tor," she apologized "they're waiting for you to sing . . ."

"I'll sing gladly," he said. "But first, Tobe, be an angel and let me have thirty minutes with Miss Wicker, undisturbed. I haven't seen her in years and I'm sailing for Rome in two days."

Tobe's answer was to open the library door, step aside for them to enter, close it after them.

The day following, from one to four, Irene and Victor lunched at "Twenty-One." He had a table waiting in the fashionable bar. He wore a handsome new foulard tie. And she was fifteen minutes late, having stopped to buy her enchanting black hat.

The next day found them again at the same table. "I'm going to write you," he told her, "and if I'm able to cable an advance address maybe you'll write me, too."

There was no word of love between them. But they must have known. Tobe Davis had known.

Radio programs go in cycles. Let one manufacturer increase his sales by a program that appeals to children and an announcer who urges boys and girls to grow big and strong eating a certain cereal or a certain bread and there's no end to children's programs—until the trend changes again.

In the summer of 1938 the trend changed. Kellogg's, who sponsored "The Singing Lady" made other plans. Irene was free until autumn when she was signed for a sustaining program.

RCA cabled her to come to London and be a guest star on "The Magic Key." And one day while she was there she did a television broadcast.

THE telephone was ringing as she came out of the studios. "It's for you, Miss Wicker," said the girl at the desk.

Irene glanced at the clock as she took the receiver. If she hurried she'd have time to get those cashmere sweaters for Nancy before the shops closed. "Hello," she said quickly. "Hello . . ."

Then her voice changed, warmed, quickened—to match his voice.

"It really is you!" he said. "What grand luck! When you came on the screen just now I was afraid to believe my eyes. I flew up from Italy last night and I'm taking the midnight plane to Paris, on my way home. It's fate we should have this chance to dine at the Savoy."

"You'll reach home two weeks before I do," she told him across their little table. "Which means, I suppose, that you'll be dashing off again when I arrive."

He shook his head. "That isn't my plan," he said. And she knew, just as surely as if he'd put it into words, that it depended upon her whether or not he remained in New York.

They had a beautiful winter, all bound up with the music they love . . . Flagstad and Melchior sang "Tristan and Isolde." Segovia arrived for a short engagement with his guitar. Toscanini conducted Beethoven's Seventh and sent them out of Carnegie Hall with tears in their eyes.

Now the love that had lain so quietly in their hearts for years—waiting—was declared in a thousand words and a thousand ways. But they weren't the greedy, wilful words and ways of

those who love for the first time. They brought their love the rich wisdom of their experience to enrich it. They never let the emotion that swung between them limit the interests and affections that previously had made up their lives. When he had to sail away, in the Hammer's ceaseless search for the beautiful and the old, she stood on the end of the wharf waving goodbye. And he always knew she was smiling just as she would be upon his return. He was understanding about her family, the time she spent with them, her love for them.

For a long time, however, Irene wouldn't promise marriage. She told me about it the other day when I talked with her in her little flat.

"It seemed important to wait until we were terribly sure we were right," she said. "For neither Victor nor I has a flippant attitude about marriage or believe in divorce unless it's completely unavoidable."

Her dark hair swung softly about her fine, eager face. Her voice was soft. Her only ornaments were her gold wedding ring and the British emblem, "Dieu et mon droit" stamped in gold upon it, which she wore pinned on her pale blue knitted dress.

"It may be forgivable for children experiencing their first romantic attachment to rush into marriage, confident no one ever knew such grandeur of feeling before," she went on, "but when it isn't the first time for you and you know that what seems to be friendship and congeniality often is part of love's mirage—well, I think you wait until you're very very sure your friendship and congeniality will sustain. For there's no happy marriage without them."

Irene faced practical difficulties at this time too. She knew her mother, her children, and a second husband—constituting three families—would find it difficult to live happily under one roof. It seemed a problem for which there was no answer, really. Then things began to simplify themselves.

Her son, Charlie, interested in aviation, discovered the school best suited to his needs was so far away he would have to board there. Nancy, missed Charlie at home and Irene realized that she was not enough with other children her own age. Some of her best friends were going and Nancy felt that she would like to go too to Miss Porter's in Connecticut. With the children away and Irene busy most of the day, Irene's mother preferred to live back home in the West and visit in New York.

Therefore, one day just before Christmas when Victor leaned over the red and white checked cloth of their special table at "Twenty-One" and told Irene of how he'd like to build for her the most beautiful little house in all the world, she listened and her heart lifted. And when he said, "Have you any special day on which you'd like to be married?" she answered, "January eleventh's a happy day for me, Victor. For that's the day, 'The Singing Lady' first went on the air."

And so they were married, in Elkton, Maryland . . . with hamburgers and music for a nicker in the slot for their wedding breakfast . . . and the Metropolitan Opera Company playing and singing their wedding march as they tuned in on their radio and headed their car towards home.

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# Young Widder Brown

(Continued from page 31)

as if she couldn't bear to look even now. Then she gave a little cry and her eyes shone as she held out her hand to her husband. For the faint lines at the temples and at the top of her forehead were all that remained of the disfiguring scars.

It was a changed woman who sat in her room the next morning waiting for the car that would take her home.

"I owe it all to you, Ellen," she said. And then she smiled shyly. "Perhaps that's why I can dare to tell you—what I'm going to tell you. I can't stand seeing you let all the happiness go out of your life."

"Happiness?" Ellen tried to speak lightly. "Why, I'm perfectly happy. What made you think I wasn't?"

"Ellen—when you've been as miserable as I used to be, you learn, somehow, to see into other people's thoughts. I've seen into yours—and I've seen Dr. Anthony Loring there. So—" she smiled gently—"don't try to deny it. Just tell me why you're holding yourself away from him."

It was a relief not to pretend any longer, such a relief that it became easy to tell of all her doubts—of the children, and her flight from Simpsonville, and of the misunderstanding she had let go uncorrected when Anthony answered her summons to New River City.

"But Ellen!" Grace chided her. "Don't you see what you're doing? You're not really being kind to the children. Quite aside from your own happiness, you're doing the worst possible thing for them. You mustn't bring them up to feel they own you, any more than you must ever allow yourself to think you own them. That horrible possessive love! Don't let it stifle you, or them!"

"I've thought of that," Ellen admitted wearily. "But it's not so simple. I haven't any right to say to my children, live with this man, call him your father, because I have chosen him for you. They're sensitive. They might try to do as I said, but the resentment would always be there, and the jealousy—hurting them, changing

them in ways no mother wants her children changed."

"You can't shield your children from jealousy, Ellen," Grace said. "Any more than you can shield them from so many other things in life. Everybody in the world has his share of it, no matter how much most of us deny it. Janey and Mark will have many bad moments. But they'll get over them. Children adjust readily enough, if they're fine at heart, and I'm sure your children must be. Only if you allow Anthony to go out of your life you'll really be doing them a wrong you can never right again. For it will make an unhappy woman of you, Ellen Brown, and I know what unhappiness can do. Not only to yourself but to everyone your life touches. . . ."

It was her suddenly hushed tone, more than her words, that opened the closed doors of Ellen's thoughts. "You're right," she whispered. "I know you're right, I've known it all along. But I've been too much of a coward to face the truth. Rather than work things out, no matter how much trouble it was, I've preferred to let them slide. I'll talk to Anthony—and to the children too."

Grace smiled. "I don't think it will be necessary for you to talk very much to Anthony. I talked to him myself, a few minutes before you came this morning. I guessed how hard it must have been for you to call him, ask him to operate on me—and I think I made him understand."

"Yes," said Anthony's voice from the doorway behind Ellen. "Yes, Mrs. Gaines, you made me understand what I was too stupid to understand by myself."

This was Anthony again, the Anthony she loved, holding out his hand toward her as if in it he held the promise of all the beauty and all the glory in the world.

The End

For further exciting experiences of Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring, tune in Young Widder Brown every weekday on NBC's Red network.

# What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

an exclusive apartment hotel, he is soloist in church every Sunday, and he sings every morning on still another Pittsburgh radio station.

Jerry was born in Francisco, Indiana, thirty years ago. His mother always wanted to be a gospel singer herself, but circumstances had kept her from achieving her ambition so she transferred it to her children. It was Jerry who made her dreams come true.

When Jerry graduated from high school in Francisco, he planned to take up journalism; but one day he attended a camp meeting at Olivet College in Illinois. There he met three boys who were students at the college, and with them he formed a quartet. The president of Olivet College heard them sing together, was interested, and persuaded Jerry to enter the university. He spent three

years there, majoring in English Literature.

Soon after he left college in 1931 he joined a traveling Evangelistic Party, and went with it all over the country until 1936, when he joined the staff of WHJB in Greensburg, Pa., a sister station of KQV. He graduated to KQV in 1938, and in the three years he has been with the station has sung almost a thousand hymns.

Jerry is married and has one child, Patricia Lee, aged ten months.

\* \* \*

Carrying a bag of bread crumbs, Basil Ruysdael, the Hit Parade announcer, keeps a regular appointment with the pigeons in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. . . . In August, Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth will begin doing their Vox Pop show two nights a week—once on CBS and once on NBC.

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## Superman in Radio

(Continued from page 40)

drained of color.

Superman, racing far ahead of the car, searched frantically for the one small place in the track where the piece of steel rail had been removed. Suddenly, he stopped short and dropped quickly to his knees—

"Here's the break. Great Scott! Kelly wasn't lying—a ten foot length of track has been torn up! Unless I can find it and get it back into place that roller coaster car will go smashing through the steel framework and down to the ground a hundred feet below! But where can the missing track be?"

Then, his keen ears caught the sound of a far-off rumble which rapidly grew louder and louder.

"The car! It's coming! I've only got a few seconds! Where could Kelly have put it?"

Superman's x-ray eyes searched the entire section of track with lightning speed. In another second:

"Hold on—what's that wedged under the ties? Thank heavens It's the missing piece of track!"

He stooped and pulled with all his amazing, superhuman strength. One more jerk. and it was out!

THERE—now to set it into place. Look at that car bearing down on me. And the bolts are missing. The car will hit this broken piece and jump the track. There's nothing else to do. I'll have to get down under the track and hold it steady with my hands. But one slip and everything's lost. Down low now—steady—STEADY—Here she comes!"

Balanced with the sure-footedness of a cat, arms outstretched high up as he held the ten feet of steel in his hands, Superman waited. Speed ever increasing, the car roared down on him. He could see the drawn, fear-whitened face of Nancy Bardett. He could feel the shaking vibrations of the track. But he didn't move a fraction of an inch. The front wheels of the car passed over the split, onto the piece held from hurtling into space only by Superman! But his strength was equal to the demands made upon it. The car and its occupant rolled as easily and smoothly as if they had been riding upon girder-supported tracks!

As the car glided to a stop at the end of the ride and Nancy Bardett stepped out, flushed and happy, Clark Kent was waiting for her.

"Miss Bardett, I discovered that Martin had a piece of the Sky Chaser track removed. I was able to replace it temporarily but you'd better close up the coaster for the night. Meanwhile, I've sent the police over to see our friend Midway. I don't think he'll bother you after this. And I'll guarantee that now Happyland will have the best opening you ever dreamed of!"

Modestly he joined Nancy and Lois in the celebration. No one knew that once again, Superman had brought happiness where there might have been only sorrow!

Another and more thrilling episode of Superman in Radio is in store for you next month. Once again this strange hero, with his unbelievable powers, thwarts criminal intentions.

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# Portrait of a Father

He teaches his son to throw a curve ball and to appreciate Wagner's music—meet Edward G. Robinson and family



THERE are many kinds of love, but few that end in marriage that continues thrillingly through all the days and years. Edward G. Robinson has been in love with the same woman for twelve years. Ten years ago Gladys Robinson knelt beside him and became his wife. Life since then has been for them an exalted symphony, rich and melodious. They have known poverty and riches and the golden gift of a son.

Their home is an estate in Beverly Hills, with quiet beauty in every room—in the library, in the music room where a grand piano waits to be touched into melody, in the bedrooms where color breathes intimacy and warmth into the furnishings.

Their playground is a ranch atop Lookout Mountain where Gladys can learn to shoot with accuracy on the rifle range that was just installed, where the whole family spends hours at the ping-pong table sharing victories and defeats, where the father starts out on a walk with his seven-year-old Manny, and talks to him as most fathers only dream of talking to their sons.

Ten years—filled with success, of one film after another that add to an actor's triumphs, of Big Town, a radio broadcast that began as an experiment on CBS four years ago and is now almost a network institution.

Edward G. Robinson is a father of medium height and medium weight and medium age, who teaches his son to throw a curve ball and to know Richard Wagner's works when a symphony orchestra is on the air. He is a husband who speaks French and German and some Italian and Spanish, who went to school in New York City and graduated from Columbia University, who might have been a lawyer, and who was a sailor in the Navy when war came in 1917 and who made his first movie fourteen years ago. He is a human being who reads Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw, who needs a lot of sleep, eats a lot of fruit, and likes to play poker, hates to write letters, loves prize fights, football games and tennis.

Edward G. Robinson is a citizen who hopes his son will be either a lawyer or a doctor because he can help others most in those professions, who would rather right a wrong than boast any other accomplishment, who says to other parents: don't be possessive; don't think that money is needed to raise your children successfully; make music fun—it will be an invaluable gift to your sons and daughters; don't worry if they don't go to college—they will be just as happy.

He is a man who knows happiness because above all else he has wanted to make others happy first.

**RADIO MIRROR READERS GIVEN**

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