Radio and Television Mirror

SEPTEMBER

15¢

DIANE COURTNEY
Blue Network
Singing Star

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Radio's Beloved Drama Told as a Novel You Will Long Remember

Color! Photographs of Stella Dallas and Portia Faces Lif

Follow this Bride's Way to New Loveliness!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting complexion care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"MY FRIENDS tell me how much lovelier my complexion has become since I started following the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. I wouldn't be without Camay for a day," says beautiful Mrs. Carnohan.

You, too, can be lovelier if you will only give the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a chance. For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that isn't mild enough!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Give your skin thorough cleansing with Camay night and morning for 30 days. At once—what a delicious, fresh feeling! But be faithful—and soon your complexion may have thrilling new loveliness!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Harry Carnohan of New York, N. Y., says:

"I wouldn't let my skin go without the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a single day—it has done so much for me! Why, I'd been following the Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when my friends began asking for my beauty secret! Another thing I like about Camay is that wonderful fragrance. It just seems to last and last."

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

Go on the MILD-SOAP DIET *Tonight*

First step to a lovelier skin . . .

Make a lather with Camay on your wash-cloth. Work this milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water—then 30 seconds of cold splashings.

As the days go by—new beauty!

Simply do that every night. Then, while you sle the tiny pore openings are free to function for na ral beauty. In the morning—one more quick sess with Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Even though the Night is Magic

it takes <u>two</u> to make Romance

Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's careless has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

SPEED—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

CERTAINTY—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

SAFETY—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

September, 1942 Vol. 18, No. 5

Radio and Television Mirror

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Added Attractions

ON THE COVER—Diane Courtney, Blue Network Singing Star. Color portrait by De Brocke

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Now Guess Her Age!

New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—even making the pores seem bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The *TWIN-HURRICANE* method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario

What's New from Coast to Coast

By
DALE BANKS

Nan Grey and Richard Cromwell, as Kathy and Kit Marshall, are back on the air in the serial drama, Those We Love—and that's good news to many a listener. Left, the Skipper, alias J. D., gives his daddy, Clifford Barbour (Barton Yarborough), a pre-bedtime reading job in One Man's Family.

Cedric Foster, Yankee network commentator, has a startling answer for people who ask him how he got his start in radio.

LOOK for some changes soon on the three programs that feature Johnny, the pint-sized call-boy. Vick Knight, dynamic young radio director who is credited with having built up many a program to the heights of popularity, has been signed up to do a job of reconstruction on all three of these shows—and incidentally, to originate a couple of new broadcasts in the fall for some other sponsors.

* * *

Half of Ellery Queen was married on July 4. If that sounds peculiar, remember that Ellery Queen, the famous detective, is really two people—Manfred B. Lee and Frederic Dannay, who write the mystery stories and radio scripts in collaboration. It was Manfred Lee who got married, and the bride is Kaye Brinker, Hollywood radio writer, actress and director.

* * *

It's like old times to hear the Mills Brothers on the air once more. In case you've missed them so far, you can tune them in on the Blue network, Sundays at 6:45 P. M., EWT. Strictly speaking, of course, they're not all brothers any longer—as you'll remember, death broke up the original quartet, and the father of all the boys stepped in to take the place of the one who died.

* * *

Clara, Lu, and Em are some more old-timers making their return to the air. These three talkative housewives, played by Louise Starkey Mead, Harriet Allyn and Helen King Mitchell, are so far being heard only on a small CBS network, but here's hoping they'll soon go coast-to-coast.

* * *

BOSTON—Nine out of ten people meeting a news commentator for the first time are sure to ask, "How does a news commentator get his start?" At least, that's the opinion of Cedric Foster, whose analyses of current events are heard on the Yankee and Mutual networks.

Foster usually looks the questioner straight in the eye and says with a very serious face, "I was manager of a radio station, so I had the power to put myself on *Continued on page 6*

"It's from Edna . . .

She and Bob have Broken Up"

"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent. The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that *most* cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, *never* omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

A CHALLENGE

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

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

It's welcome back to the favorites of some years ago: Clara, Lu, and Em whose lively chatter is now on CBS.

Robert Lunn presents the Talking Blues, his own special kind of music, over WSM.

Continued from page 4

the air."

That isn't true, however. The fact is that Foster was selected to be a commentator because all his life had been devoted to the pursuit and study of world news. He had been a globe-trotter and newspaper man for some twenty years before he entered radio.

He's a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Dartmouth. His newspaper career first took him from Connecticut to California and back again, then to Europe and after that to the islands of the Pacific where he lived for some time, gaining knowledge that is immensely valuable in these war-time days. He made his radio debut seven years ago, and was first heard only locally, but his background of experience and travel gave his broadcasts such an air of authority that he soon became a New England favorite, and the Yankee and Mutual networks made arrangements to have him heard coast to coast.

Foster now lives in Concord, Massachusetts, where his great-grandfather fought during the Revolutionary War. He was married in 1921 to Marguerite Lane of Butler, Misssouri, and now the Fosters have two daughters—Shirley, twenty, and Sarah Ann, sixteen. Most nights the four of them can be found gathered around the bridge table. They're all such expert players that about the only house guest with courage to take a hand is their teacher and friend, Ely Culbertson.

One of the commentator's most cherished possessions is the medal of distinction of the Order of Ahepa, national Greek education society, which he was awarded this spring for "giving to the Greek people, more than any news commentator in America, a complete day-to-day picture of the Greek-Italian war."

Meet Mr. Meek, the comedy serial, may return to the air this fall.

* * *

With Bess Johnson leading the way, the entire cast of The Story of Bess Johnson marched into Red Cross headquarters the other day to donate their blood.

* * *

Jean Holloway, who writes most of the dramatic spots on Kate Smith's variety program and also works in the CBS script department, was married last month to Fred L. Benson, musician's rank, United States Navy. The groom is stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois, but Jean will continue living in New York for the duration, carrying out her writing assignments for Kate Smith and CBS.

* * *

Gertrude Berg, author-star of The Goldbergs, has given up city life and moved to a house in Bedford Hills, N. Y. She bought the house and a twenty-five-acre estate several months ago and has been having a wonderful time supervising its rebuilding and modernization.

* * *

The Arch Obolers are the parents of a five pound one ounce son, born last

month in Hollywood. It's their first baby.

* * *

It's Francis X. Bushman, the screen idol of former days, who plays John Marshall in Those We Love, the popular serial drama which has returned to the air once more, this time as the summer replacement for Eddie Cantor on NBC Wednesday nights. The rest of the cast is about the same as it was when Those We Love was on the air before: Nan Grey as Kathy, Richard Cromwell as Kit, Donald Woods as Dr. Leslie Foster, Ann Todd as Amy Foster, Mary Gordon as Mrs. Emmett, Helen Wood as Elaine Dascom, Alma Kruger as Aunt Emily, and Virginia Sale as Martha, the maid. A newcomer is Anne Stone as Lydia Dennison.

* * *

Irene Beasley's song, "I've Got a Job to do for Uncle Sam," which was introduced on the Army Hour, is being used as the musical theme of the Civilian Defense broadcasts on a New York City station.

* * *

Two people who had a dream and made it come true are Jeanette Nolan and John McIntire. Six years ago Jeanette and John, who are Mr. and Mrs. McIntire away from the microphone, gave up successful careers as radio actress and actor, and headed for the valley of the Yaak River in northwestern Montana. It was almost a necessity then, for John's health was not very good. They built a log cabin in a section which was so wild it had only been opened to homesteaders as late as 1914, and settled down to a rugged existence of shooting deer and other game, pitching hay and hauling wood, and enduring temperatures which sometimes dropped to fifteen below zero. They loved it.

The time came when they had to return to New York to make another financial stake in radio. But all the while they were dashing from rehearsal to broadcast—and for the past two years there have been no actors busier than John and Jeanette—they kept one goal steadfastly before them. As soon as they could they'd give up radio work and go back to the Yaak Valley. The arrival of a baby daughter, Holly, only strengthened that resolve. *Continued on page 79*

Don White, of WIND, wanted to see the world—so he became a singer on the radio.

Your Necessary Luxury

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

PERFUMES, cologne, and all the lovely toilet fragrances are wonderful morale builders, especially these hot summer days. The great perfume houses realize this, and they are really doing wonders in their efforts to make our favorite fragrances available to us at prices we can afford. True, we may have some difficulty in getting importations when our present stock is gone. But right here at home we have artists in perfume second to none, and this season brings us the usual variety of new odeurs.

First, remember it is a good thing to have several fragrances. By all means match those that you are using at the same time—perfume, toilet water, dusting powder, and so on. But it is necessary to change from time to time, or you and your friends will cease to be aware of the fragrance. It is a simple psychological fact that when we become accustomed to any odor, however beautiful, we literally cease to smell it.

Remember always that perfumes must be subtle. Most men say they dislike to have a perfume meet them head-on. They feel that it should linger like a lovely memory after you have passed them. Women who select one favorite perfume and stick to it are especially in danger of putting on too much as they become less and less sensitive to that particular fragrance.

For day, and for casual occasions, use toilet water and Eau de Cologne. These are the informal fragrances, and are much less expensive than the concentrated perfumes.

Study the most effective way of using fragrances. One distinguished perfume authority cites with approval the French rule, "Perfume from the inside out." That is very sound.

The discriminating woman uses her perfumes subtly and cleverly, says Laura Deane Dutton, new singing star of the Blue Network's program, Fifteen Minutes from Broadway, heard Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.

"From the inside out" begins with a perfumed bath. There are lovely foam or bubble baths that cost from 10c to a dollar and last for weeks.

After the bath, a perfumed dusting powder, and a perfumed deodorant where it will do the most good. Then, your undies. Keep sachets, or lavender or spice balls in the drawers where your undies are kept. And when you put them on, spray lightly with the toilet water or perfume for the day. Your dress will keep the fragrance subdued and lasting.

See to it that your perfumes and toilet waters are properly cared for. Keep them in a cool, fairly dark place. If the sun slants across your dressing table half the day, that is no place for perfumes. And keep them stoppered tight.

There is a trick with incense that is highly economical. Buy some oriental incense and burn a cone of it in an ash tray on the floor of your closet, with the door shut. For quite a while everything hanging in your closet will have a touch of oriental fragrance that blends well with any perfume or other odeur you may be using.

DECIDEDLY the national emergency has wrought nothing but good in the field of American fragrances. Our own perfume masters have been stimulated to achieve new heights. The first American luxury perfume has arrived. A certain house of perfumes and cosmetics bought up the entire harvest of mystery gardenias and evoked a truly exquisite fragrance which has set the pace for other perfume masters.

By all means, have your fragrances —they build up the morale and are a necessary luxury—but use them discriminately and economically.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

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

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

First a child prodigy, then a high school dance-band leader, dark-haired and candid, and always a rugged individualist—that's Jerry Wald. below, Anita Boyer, his auburn-haired singer.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

THE great trumpeter, Bunny Berigan, compared by critics to Bix Beiderbecke, died in June at the age of thirty-one. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Fred Waring are helping to provide for his widow and two young children. Vido Musso, Benny Goodman sax star, took over the Berigan band.

* * *

Maxine Sullivan, the smooth Negro singer, has remarried and retired. Her new hubby is a doctor. She was formerly married to John Kirby. Maxine scored with her swing arrangements of Scotch ballads. Incidentally, John Kirby's South American tour was cancelled and Kirby may enlist in the army.

* * *

Two new members of the Navy are Ensign Orrin Tucker and Lt. Eddy Duchin. Tucker's band has disbanded but trumpeter Lew Sherwood will lead Duchin's aggregation.

* * *

Phonograph records retailing at 35 and 50 cents are still being made and sold by Decca and will continue on the market in slightly reduced quantities, despite rumors to the contrary.

Moonlight Serenade headliners—Glenn Miller, Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke—heard on CBS.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Joe Howard has replaced Tommy Farr in Woody Herman's trombone section. Jerry Rosa, Woody's veteran sax man, has joined the air corps and Walter Nims has taken his place. Woody is now playing in Hollywood's Palladium. . . . Les Hite's band returns to New York's Roseland Ballroom this summer . . . Hal McIntyre succeeds Claude Thornhill at Glen Island Casino in September . . . Sonny Dunham will be in the new Ritz Brothers film. Another new movie-maker is Les Brown . . . Sammy Kaye is the latest to succumb to a string section. Harry James and Artie Shaw started this trend and Tommy Dorsey followed suit this spring. . . . Glenn Miller's brother, Herb, is leading a new band . . . Ralph Muzzillo, a top trumpeter, has quit Muggsy Spanier for Alvino Rey. . . . Paul Laval, NBC's Basin Street maestro, has changed his last name to Lavalle. Didn't like having the same name as the French Quisling.

* * *

Dick Haymes has junked his band and joined Benny Goodman as the swing king's featured vocalist. Dick

Continued on page 77

"Thank goodness I *need* orange juice!"

"Imagine the doctor saying I *have* to drink orange juice. Why—it tastes better than *anything!*

"He says I need it so I'll have good bones and nice teeth...so I'll grow big and strong...so I won't have so many colds and things.

"Mother lets me have it between-meals too. *She* says it won't spoil my appetite like most sweets.

"I'm glad they feel that way about it. If they didn't, I guess I'd just have to yell for it!"

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE, fresh orange juice is the most practical *natural* source of daily needed vitamin C. Doctors will advise amounts for infants. At six years, children should have as much as grown-ups—an 8-ounce glass every day for full vitamin C benefits. Orange juice also supplies valuable quantities of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other minerals.

From Natural Color Photographs

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? You can still have plenty of oranges for juice and sugar-saving sweets! Just buy in larger quantities—*they keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.

Have You a Modern "Juicer"? A well-designed reamer will help you get more juice from oranges—quicker. Select one with a large, "orange-size" reaming cone and ample bowl. The "Sunkist" glass reamer (illustrated) is famous for its efficiency. Available nearly everywhere. Priced low. Millions sold. The Sunkist Juicit, electric extractor for home use, will be back after the war.

Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

Best for Juice-*and Every use!*

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mon., Wed., Fri.

9 simple hints on how to KEEP FIT AND FEEL BETTER during "those certain days"

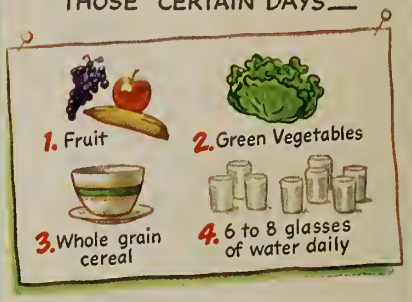
1. DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO SHUN WATER!

DO KEEP EXTRA CLEAN. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, TUB OR SPONGE BATH EVERY DAY.

2. DON'T GET OVERTIRED OR LOSE SLEEP!

DO GET EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP EVERY NIGHT!

3. IF YOU'RE CONSTIPATED ON THOSE "CERTAIN DAYS"—



DO EAT PLENTY OF ROUGHAGE FOODS, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!

4. IF YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

LIE ON YOUR BACK AND PRETEND TO PEDAL A BICYCLE FOR 5 MINUTES.*

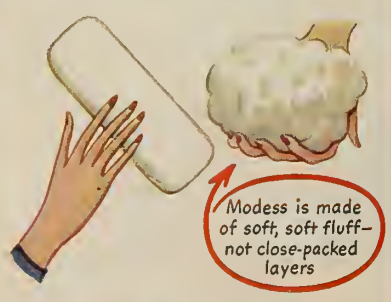
5. IF YOU SIT ALL DAY AT WORK—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

WALK ON HANDS AND FEET FOR A FEW MINUTES.*

6. DON'T CUT OUT GOOD TIMES AND MOPE AT HOME!

DO ENJOY PARTIES WITHOUT "JITTERBUGGING" OR GETTING OVERTIRED.

7. DON'T USE NAPKINS THAT CHAFE!



DO BE SURE YOUR SANITARY NAPKIN IS AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE!

8. DON'T WEAR NAPKINS TOO LONG!

DO CHANGE NAPKINS OFTEN TO BE SURE OF COMFORT!

9. IF YOU STILL HAVE SEVERE PAIN EVEN AFTER FOLLOWING THESE HINTS—

DO SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

*P.S. FOR MANY MORE HINTS ON HOW TO KEEP FIT, WRITE ADDRESS BELOW.**

***FREE booklet: "YOU AND THOSE CERTAIN DAYS"**
Write Educational Dept., The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

THIS PAGE WAS PREPARED IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL HEALTH— BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN-HOUR IS NEEDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

Modess —the fluff-type napkin that 3 out of every 4 women found— **Softer**

He smiled—and automatically I smiled back, and was rewarded by seeing him flush with pleasure.

BECAUSE YOU NEED ME

There was adoration in his eyes, and because of it she knew she could not say the words that would send him away

I HAD just finished serving coffee and cookies to a tableful of soldiers when I glanced up—it was as if something had pulled my gaze in that direction, really—and saw him. He was standing a few feet away, quite oblivious of all the laughter and music that swirled around in that crowded room. His uniform was clean and pressed, his face shone with sun and health and scrubbing with army soap, and in his hands he held his overseas cap and a neatly wrapped parcel. He was watching me. As our eyes met he smiled—timidly, and so briefly that almost at once he was solemn again.

Automatically, I smiled back—and was rewarded by seeing his clear, ruddy skin flush even brighter with pleasure, like a child's when you hand it a sweet. With two long-legged steps, he'd crossed the space between us.

"I was afraid — maybe — you mightn't remember me — Miss Neale."

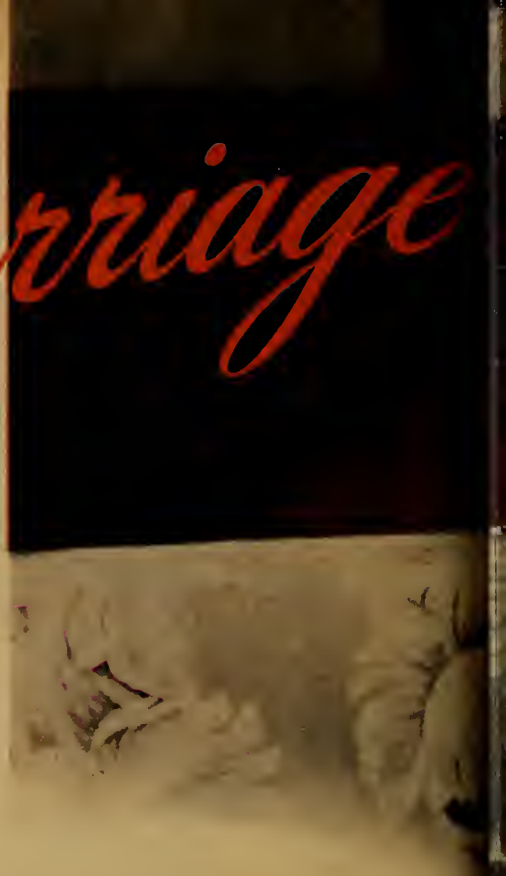
He brought the words out in little rushes and pauses, as if he didn't have quite enough breath.

"Of course I remember you," I said. "You're Private George Blakely, from Camp Upton, and you were here a couple of weeks ago. We danced together, and talked."

"You do remember!" he said delightedly.

"I couldn't forget anyone as nice as you." I'd intended to sound light, bantering— (*Continued on page* 74

Half a Marriage



How selfish she had been! She had accepted everything, but gave nothing in return, never realizing that true happiness must be paid for with sorrow

Written by John Baxter, this story was suggested by an original radio script first broadcast on Kate Smith's CBS Variety Program heard Friday nights.

THE second time we were out together, Eric told me he loved me. I laughed at him—laughed because suddenly I found myself wanting to believe him. "How do you know?" I said.

He smiled too, and passed off my laughter, but there was a stubborn set to his jaw. "I know," he said in his deep voice. "I think about you most of the time, and I'm always in a hurry when I'm going to see you."

"That may not mean anything particularly," I said.

"But it does. You'll know it does, after we're married."

At the word "married" I stiffened. Very emphatically, I said, "I'm not going to marry anyone for a long time. Maybe never."

Later, after Eric had brought me home to the house where I lived with my father, I didn't feel like sleeping, so I went out into the garden and sat on a bench there, thinking. Thinking, I must admit, about Eric. He was tall and dark, and when he moved there was something purposeful about him. Not grace, but a kind of economy of movement, so that after a while it was fun to watch him. And I liked the way his mind worked, and his poise, and the way he talked.

"But I don't want to marry him," my thoughts said, over and over. "I don't want to marry anyone."

I couldn't entirely understand it, myself. Perhaps a psychologist could have found a name for this deep inner reluctance to surrender myself to another person. It was an emotional reluctance, much more than a physical one. Ever since I was a little girl—ever since I had seen my father's soul wither and shrink inside him when my mother ran away with another man— I had said to myself, "It must never happen to me. I must never put my happiness into the hands of anyone but myself, to crush and throw away."

Other people could do such dreadful things to you. They could invade your life, change it, soil it. Even a marriage which did not end in a tragedy like that of my father's could become sordid, weary. In fact, it seemed to me, most marriages settled into a routine of what someone had once called "quiet desperation." They became treadmill affairs, as colorless as a prison.

When at last I left the garden, that night, and went into the house, my resolution not to let myself marry Eric was unchanged.

But all the same, I could not keep the world from being a different place from then on. The summer was more glorious, the sun shone more brightly, the birds sang more loudly. And although I refused to go out with Eric the next time he called, and the time after that, it seemed I could not avoid him. Wherever I went in our little Connecticut town, sooner or later he was there too, looking at me with a challenging expression that said, "Haven't you changed your mind yet? But you will."

I tried going out with him when he asked me, just to prove to myself that I was not afraid of him, and for two weeks we were together every evening, driving in his car, dancing somewhere, going into the city to the theater. And the atmosphere between us became like the atmosphere over a valley just before the thunderstorm breaks.

Something was going to happen, and I had stopped trying to avoid it. I *wanted* it to happen.

He brought me home late one evening, after Father had gone to bed. He opened the door of the car on his side and walked around to let me out. He put his arm around me tightly. I could feel the hardness of his body and the insistence of his arm, and I said breathlessly, "Good night, Eric." But he shook his head.

"I'm hungry, Maggie. Do you suppose you could find something

He kissed me very hard, very close. I could feel Eric's heart beating.

to eat in your kitchen?"

The kitchen was warm and bright and smelled good. We pulled out the pots and pans and made some scrambled eggs. I made toast. Then we found a bottle of milk and I poured two big glasses.

Afterwards we went into the living room and played the phonograph softly. There was one record we played, a song of Brahms', that I can still hear whenever I think of that moment.

Eric put on a record, then came and sat beside me on the sofa. The light was behind him, so that his big ears looked bigger than they were.

"Maggie?" he said.

"Yes?"

The music flowed along.

He kissed me. Very hard, very close. I could feel his heart beating. I could feel his head rough against my face. I could feel the bones in it, and the stiffness of his beard. . . . When he let me go, the light in the room was hazy.

"Will you marry me, Maggie?" he said. The words were quick and jerky as though they were torn from him against his will. I can still hear them, with that song filling the stillness behind them.

"Yes," I whispered. "Yes! Yes!"

Two weeks later we were married. My father gave us furniture, and Eric's family, out in Indiana, sent some lovely old jewelry to me. His mother came on for the wedding.

Eric had a good job, so we started out well—a nice house, a good car, everything I could want.

For months and months I loved it. Our house was new and pretty, I liked the novelty of housework, the trips to the village to meet Eric at the train and to do the shopping. Our friends all thought it was wonderful. I *Continued on page* 53

Half a Marriage

How selfish she had been! She had accepted everything, but gave nothing in return, never realizing that true happiness must be paid for with sorrow

THE second time we were out together, Eric told me he loved me. I laughed at him—laughed because suddenly I found myself wanting to believe him. "How do you know?" I said.

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BEGINNING

Pepper

THE English class was reading Shakespeare. Edie Gray was reading aloud from "Romeo and Juliet," and the rest of the class was following the text, turning pages in unison, some of them grinning secretly at Edie's fervent rendition.

It was some time since Peggy Young had turned a page. Her head was bowed over her book, her soft, blonde hair falling forward a little, masking her face. Her mind was not on Shakespeare.

Peggy was thinking of Carter Trent. Since that evening, some months before, when she and a number of other girls had gone to the Army Camp near Elmwood to a U.S.O. dance and Peggy had met Carter, she had thought of little else. She had not known who he was then. She had known only that he was tall and handsome and, somehow, very gentle and pleasant and that it was more fun to be with him than with any of the other boys she had ever known.

At first, she had thought mostly about the way he looked and the way his voice sounded and how lovely and different it felt, when he touched her hand accidentally, or put his arm around her when they danced. But now there was more to think about. Now she knew she

"Darling—Peggy," he whispered, his lips brushing her ear. "I love you. Will you marry me?"

RADIO'S

Young's Family

Tears of happiness came to Peggy's eyes as he put the ring on her finger. It was sweet to be young and in love, heedless of tomorrow's heartache

was in love with him and she knew he loved her. And—she knew who he was, now.

Oddly, Peggy had been less excited and thrilled and delighted over the knowledge than her friends. Edie, Peggy's best friend, had promptly gone off into flights of imagination, picturing Peggy floating through vast drawing rooms and acting like a queen and scattering hundred dollar bills as if they were confetti.

Actually, Peggy had been a little confused, when she learned that this simple, unassuming young Army private was the only son and heir of the prominent and extremely wealthy Trents of Chicago. Her first feeling was one of relief, because she had worried a little about his spending so much money on her. Her next reaction was one of doubt and perplexity. She had felt at a loss, almost timid with Carter, afraid she would seem gauche and provincial beside the people he had always known. But Carter had made her see that it was precisely because she was not like his friends that he had been attracted to her.

Edie's voice cracked and someone snickered. Peggy looked up with a start. After glaring defiantly at the class, Edie resumed her dramatic reading and Peggy quickly turned the pages of her book until she found the place. But she couldn't keep her mind on the tribulations of the young lovers in the play. Her own concerns were too pressing.

It was only Monday, but Peggy's thoughts ran ahead to the weekend. It was going to be terribly important, perhaps the most important two days in her life. For, on Friday, she and Carter were flying to Chicago and she was going to meet his family.

Peggy wondered how it would be. She felt a little shaky with anticipation. She hoped they would like her and she tried very hard to believe what Carter had said. "I know they'll love you, just as much as I do." She hoped they would—that they would understand she loved Carter for himself, not for his money, or position, or anything like that. At the same time, she wondered whether she would have a chance to let them know her, whether, in so short a time, she could bridge the difference between her kind of life and theirs.

SHE frowned slightly, thinking of her wardrobe. She knew it was silly to worry about such things, but she wanted everything to be just right. She didn't want to have to be self-conscious about her clothes and possibly, because of that, look awkward and out of place. For the hundredth time, she wished she could get a new dinner dress. What she meant, really, she admitted to herself, was that she wished she could get *a* dinner dress. She had never dressed up for dinner in her life.

The school bell clanged and brought Peggy back to the moment. She stuffed her books and notes into her briefcase and, soon, she and Edie were on their way to their lockers for their coats.

It was a lovely, warm day in spring. The lawns around Elmwood High School were delicately green and, down by the entrance to the driveway, the two forsythia bushes were a splash of brightness. Arm in arm, Peggy and Edie strolled toward the street. As they rounded a curve in the path, Edie whispered, "Peggy! There's Carter—"

Peggy looked down the path, desperately trying to still the sudden pounding of her heart. For a second, she was afraid he had come to tell her the weekend was off, that something was wrong. But, when she saw him smiling, his dark eyes steady on her, she was reassured. As always, looking at him, Peggy felt a rush of happiness and pride. It still seemed miraculous to her that they had found each other.

Carter came to meet them. "Hello, Peggy," he said, smiling down into her eyes and shutting the rest of the world away for a long moment. Then he grinned at Edie. "Hello."

"I didn't expect to see you today," Peggy said.

"I got through with my work and got a pass," Carter said. "Peggy—I—I'd like to talk to you. Can you come for a drive?"

Samuel Young

Mary Young

"Of course she can!" Edie said. "Who ever heard of such a thing? When two people are practically engaged—"

"Edie!" Peggy cried. "We're not engaged. Don't you go saying things like that."

"Oh," Edie blushed. "Did I say something—"

"Never mind, Edie," Carter laughed. "Will you tell Mrs. Young not to worry about Peggy? I'll get her home for dinner."

"Sure," Edie said. "Where are you going—I mean, what'll I tell Mrs. Young?"

"Now, Edie," Peggy said, "Carter just wants to talk to me."

Edie sighed. "Well, I suppose people in love have a right to their little secrets."

"As if anyone could have secrets from you, Edie," Carter grinned. "Come on, Peggy, before she worms it out of me."

THEY left Edie looking after them dreamily. Carter drove northward toward the lake and Peggy wondered what he wanted to talk about. There was something about him, something in the soft smile that played around the corners of his mouth, in the way he glanced down at her every once in awhile, as if he wanted to make sure she was really there, that gave Peggy a strange feeling that something very important was about to happen.

In exciting fiction form by Madeline Thompson, read the adventures of Pepper Young's Family adapted from the radio serial by Elaine Carrington, heard daily at 3:30 P.M., EWT, over the NBC network and at 2:45 P.M., EWT, over CBS, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

Carter parked the car and, taking her hand without a word, led her to the spot they had come to think of as their own, ever since Carter had kissed her for the first time in the shadow of the trailing willow tree. He held her by the shoulders for a long time, looking at her, still smiling softly. Then, he kissed her.

"Darling—Peggy," he whispered, his lips brushing her ear. "I love you so much. Will you marry me?"

This was it, then, Peggy thought. This was what he had brought her out there for. It was not sudden. It was what she had known would one day happen, what she had wanted to happen. And, yet, now that he had said it, she found she had no words, no breath with which to answer.

"Look," Carter said quickly, as though he had misunderstood her silence, "I don't mean right away. I mean—later—when all this is over and I come out of the Army. But—I'd like to know you're waiting for me. I'd like us to be engaged."

Peggy burrowed her face in his shoulder and, trying, found she had a voice again. "Carter, darling, darling—you know I'd wait for you, no matter how long it was. No one could take your place—ever."

She felt Carter's arms tighten around her. "I was hoping you'd say that," he whispered. He took a deep breath and laughed softly. "I knew you would—I just wanted to be sure." One arm about her, he fumbled in his pocket. "I—here—I hope it fits. I guess I should have let you choose it, but I couldn't wait."

Peggy looked at the ring and was angry with herself because she couldn't keep the tears of happiness from her eyes. Mistily, she saw Carter slip the ring on her finger and she felt his gentle, sweet kiss on her hand. Then, he gathered her into his arms and there was nothing in the world but the two of them.

At last, Peggy sighed happily and looked up into his face. A slight breeze was ruffling his dark hair and one wavy lock of it had fallen forward on his forehead. Softly, Peggy brushed it back. He smiled and his dusky eyes lost their faraway, dreaming look and with that the world came back into being.

"Your father and mother—" Peggy began, "have you told them—asked their permission?"

Carter laughed. "I don't have to ask their permission," he said. "I'll tell them this weekend — when they've met you."

"I'll have to tell my father and mother," Peggy said. And she realized suddenly that all the while she had worried so about Carter's parents, it had never occurred to her to wonder how her own father and mother would feel. She was sure they knew that her feelings for Carter were serious. But did they know how serious? Or would they be surprised—and—perhaps disapproving?

As a matter of fact, the possibility of Peggy's getting married was so remote from Mrs. Young's mind, that she scarcely paid attention, when Edie dropped in to tell her Peggy would be a little late. Mrs. Young smiled absently at Edie's sighing and hinting at great events. She thought, a little impatiently, that sometimes Edie's romantic ideas were a bit trying.

That afternoon, Mrs. Young was thinking of other things. She was worried about her husband. Sam wasn't looking well. Mrs. Young knew what was wrong with him. She had watched this thing growing in him for a long time, this sense of failure and insecurity.

She remembered, a little sadly and wistfully, the time when he had had to sell their house to cover some business losses. She sighed, remembering how depressed she had been then, how terrible everything had seemed. Now, she realized that had been only the beginning.

They had gone on living in the house, renting it from the new owner. Sam had recovered from his feeling of having failed his family and had reattacked his work, spurred on by the desire to buy back the house quickly. But it had not worked out that way.

Eventually, Sam and his partner, Curt Bradley, had had to face the facts. Their real estate business was almost bankrupt and the only wise thing was to close up shop and wait for better times. Mrs. Young knew how big a decision this had been for them to make. And she had watched them, two helpless, bewildered men, who didn't know where to turn. For weeks, they had tried to find work, only to discover they were considered too old. And she had seen the look of bewilderment in their eyes replaced by a look of fear and hopelessness.

Curt had got a job first—a good job in Chicago. Sam had been almost as happy as if he were the lucky one. And, for a few weeks after Curt went off to Chicago, leaving his son, Biff, in Mrs. Young's care, Sam had faced the world with renewed courage. If Curt could make a fresh start at his age, Sam had felt there was a chance for him, too. His spirits were so much better and he seemed to recapture so much of his former initiative, that he had even made a small real estate sale.

But then, as time passed and Sam couldn't get a job, the alert, vital good humor went out of his eyes and his shoulders began to droop pathetically. He slept poorly and, although he pretended to be his old self when he was with his family, Mrs. Young would catch him unawares, sometimes, and see him staring dully into space, like a man who thinks his life is over. She wanted to help him, yet she knew she must not let him see that his pretense was not fooling her.

The door, slamming downstairs, interrupted her thoughts. A moment later, Pepper's cheerful whistle was ringing through the house. Mrs. Young went to the head of the stairs and called to him.

"Hi, Mom!" he yelled to her. "I've got to go back to the airfield for awhile tonight—just came in for a snack."

"Come up here, dear," Mrs. Young said. "I need you."

Pepper took the stairs two at a time, as he had done since he was a small boy. Mrs. Young smiled. There were so many little boy things about Pepper, in spite of his being twenty and having given up school to work as a ground mechanic at the airport.

"Well, Mom?" Pepper grinned, kissing her cheek. "What's up? You got troubles?"

"Yes—" Mrs. Young said, not quite

Continued on page 69

Pepper Young

Biff Bradley

Faraway Melody

IT WAS a rainy night, and the soldier looked very uncomfortable, walking along the side of the highway with his shoulders hunched up and his hands jammed down into his pockets. I'd have needed a harder heart than I possess to drive past him. Maybe, I reflected, it wasn't very wise for a girl, all alone in an expensive car, to pick up strange hikers. But on the other hand, it was just about the least I could do for a man whose uniform proved he was ready to give his life for me and millions like me. So I put on the brake as the car came up to him and called:

"Want a ride?"

Yes, he wanted a ride. I could hear him running through the rain to the car, and opened the door to let him in. As he slid into the seat beside me and slammed the door, he began to speak.

"Thanks, lady, I sure needed this. . . ." Then he turned toward me, and saw my face in the dim light from the instrument-panel. And fell silent, aghast.

"Woody!" I whispered. For I had known who it was as soon as I heard his voice, the voice that had haunted my dreams all my life. "Woody!" I said again, on a stronger note. "Woody, darling."

I wanted to throw my arms around him, to kiss him. But even in that ecstatic first moment of recognition there was something about him that told me I mustn't.

"Lorraine!" he was saying. "Well, I'll be . . . Say, turn on the light a minute—I want to look at you."

I snapped on the bulb set in the ceiling of the car, and we looked at each other. My eyes devoured him. Here he was—sitting beside me, the

"It's—it's really beautiful, Woody!" I said when he'd finished. He looked up at me, wanting to believe me.

The man she loved had grown to hate the world he thought had treated him so cruelly. Now, unhappy and defeated, he was taking his revenge by striking back at her

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Marge Kerr from the radio play, "Two Against the World," by Leslie B. Sterne, first broadcast over WSM, Nashville, Tenn.

only man in the world I had ever cared two cents for. As I looked at him I tried to find the little boy I had known in grade school—the shy lad who danced the moonlight waltzes with me at the Junior Prom—the confident young man who had left town so many years ago to seek his fortune. His face seemed entirely changed. He was tired and defeated, his mouth was sullen and his eyes were evasive.

"Woody," I murmured, forgetting in my shocked pity to be tactful. "Woody—what's happened? What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" he asked defiantly. "Nothing's wrong. What made you think there was?"

"You've . . . changed."

"Most people do, in ten years," he said shortly, and looked away.

Mechanically, it seemed without orders from my brain, my hands went about the business of getting the car started again. This was not the way our meeting again after so long a time should have been, I thought sorrowfully. Woody was almost—why, he was almost like an enemy.

The silence was painful, suddenly, and to break it I said, "Where are you going, Woody?"

"Back to camp. I'd have been late, too, if you hadn't given me a lift." He still spoke in that strange way—half-casual, half-angry, but I was aware of his eyes studying me. "Well!" he said after a moment. "I knew you were out here, of course, but I never thought I'd meet you like this."

"Oh, you knew?" Ridiculous, how the knowledge that he had still been interested enough to follow my movements warmed my heart.

"Sure. Writing for the movies, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I read the book you wrote. It was good." But there was a grudging note in the way he said it.

I answered quickly, "I've been lucky. I wrote the book the summer after I got out of college. It just—caught on, I guess. And I had an agent who was smart enough to get me a Hollywood writing contract on the strength of it."

"Luck!" he said unbelievingly. "Maybe, but you wouldn't have stayed in Hollywood this long if you hadn't had what it takes."

Oh, I must be careful, I thought. He's tired and defeated and terribly unhappy. He has grown to hate the world, and he even hates . . . me.

Life had *Continued on page 81*

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Life had *Continued on page 81*

IN LIVING PORTRAITS–

Portia Faces Life

Meet radio's famous woman lawyer and all the people who are part of her dramatic story broadcast daily over NBC, sponsored by Post's Bran Flakes

WALTER MANNING (left) is a newspaper man and is in love with Portia. Because he didn't believe Portia returned his love, Walter went to Europe as a foreign correspondent. While there, he was shot by the Nazis for anti-Nazi activity in the Balkans. Through a miracle he was not killed. With the help of guerrillas he was able to escape the Nazi firing squad at the last moment. However, he could not let Portia know he was alive because it would have been dangerous to divulge his whereabouts. Joining the band of guerrillas, he's fighting with them against the Nazis.
(Played by Myron McCormick)
20th Century-Fox Photo

PORTIA BLAKE (right), attractive and courageous, has always fought for her beliefs. When her husband was accidentally killed several years ago she took over his law practice to support herself and her young son, Richard. It wasn't long before she discovered that all the corruption and misery in her town was traceable to John Parker, and she set out to expose him. In the course of her work she met and fell in love with Walter Manning. She did not confess her love because Walter was still married, although he intended to get a divorce. After Walter's departure for Europe, Portia, unhappy and lonely, met Dr. Stanley Holton and eventually considered marrying him, believing Walter to be dead. She was terribly shocked when Miss Daisy accused Holton of insincerity, and hurried to his rooms to ask him to disprove Miss Daisy's statements. She found Holton shot, and was discovered there by Parker, who accused her of the murder.
(Played by Lucille Wall)

KATHY MARSH is Portia's best friend. Though she appears to be a practical, calm woman, inwardly Kathy is an unhappy and confused person, her feelings torn between affection and loyalty to Portia and a secret, frustrated love for Stanley Holton. When she first realized that Holton was trying to get Portia to marry him she went through a deep struggle with her own feelings and finally decided that if Holton wanted Portia, that was right and she must help him find his happiness. Now that Holton is dead and Portia is on trial for his murder and Holton's real character is being brought to light, Kathy is miserable and cannot blame herself enough for having been such a fool. She has sworn never to trust any man.

(Played by Marjorie Anderson)

NBC Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

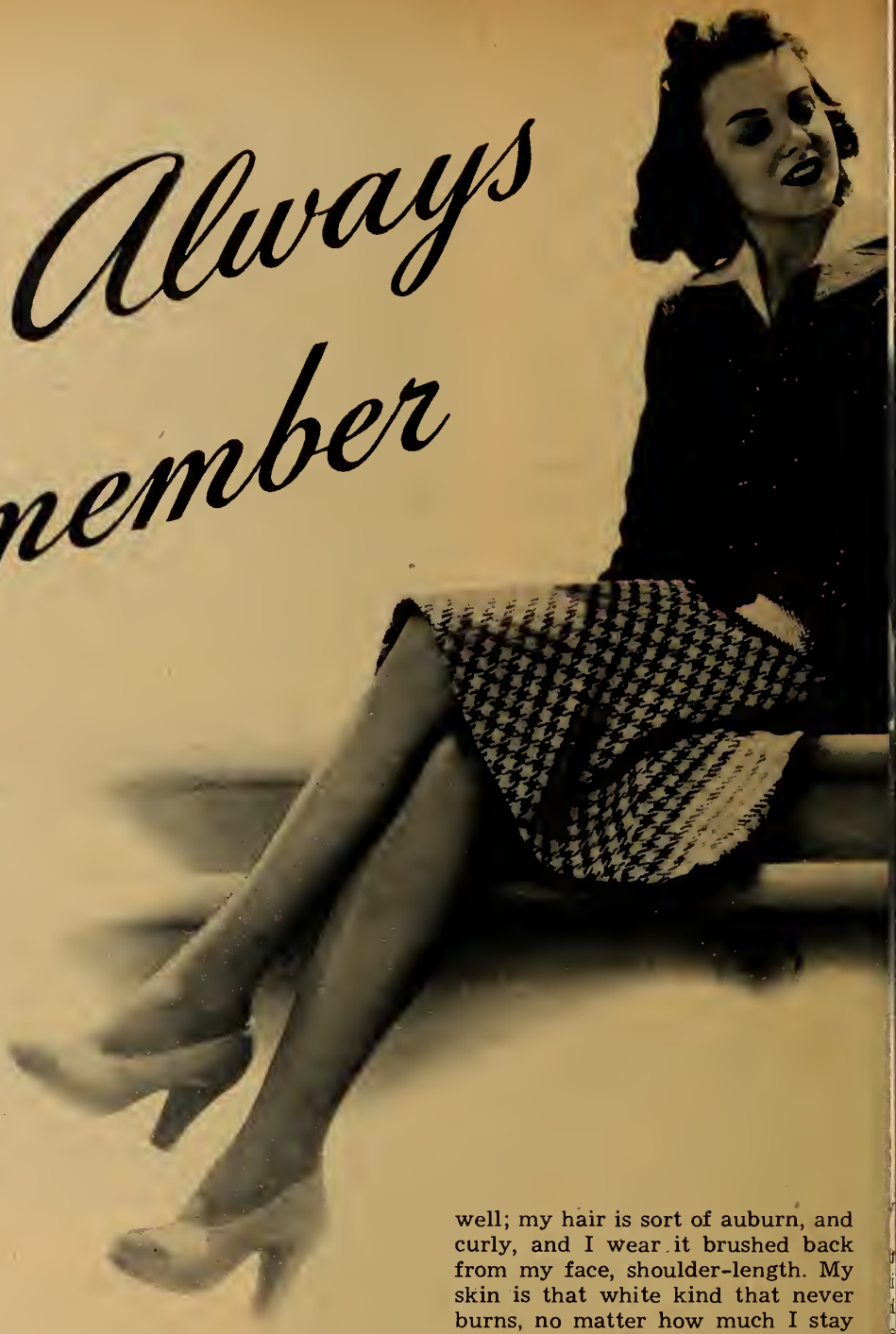
MISS DAISY (right) into whose boarding house Portia and Kathy moved when Portia wanted to live near the slums in order to collect evidence against John Parker, is a lovable, sensible Irish woman, sharply intuitive and extremely outspoken—particularly where Portia's happiness and well-being are concerned. Instinctively, Miss Daisy distrusted Stanley Holton's sincerity toward Portia from the very beginning of their association. She refused to hide her opinions from Portia and Kathy, although she knew Kathy was secretly in love with Holton. And, when she learned that Portia was afraid some scandal would break out concerning her friendship with Holton, Miss Daisy immediately suspected that Holton was working under John Parker's orders in an attempt to discredit the crusading woman lawyer. Miss Daisy faced Holton with her suspicions, but as she talked to him she could not know she was being overheard by Julie Peters, who became so enraged that she eventually murdered Holton.

(Played by Henrietta Tedro)

JOHN PARKER virtually controls Parkerstown. He is suave when it suits him but unscrupulous and brutally indifferent to humanity. He hates Portia because she has dared to challenge his authority. Ever since Portia began her crusade against the slums which he owns, he has been trying to get rid of her. It was he who forced Stanley Holton to get Portia into a compromising situation. When he found Portia in Holton's rooms right after the murder, John Parker jumped at the chance thus presented to him, offering to keep Portia's presence there from the police if she would agree to drop her charges against him. Of course Portia refused. And now Parker is making every effort to have Portia convicted of murder.
(Played by Bill Johnstone)

JULIE PETERS (left) in spite of being a night club singer, is essentially a simple, rather gullible girl. Her air of sophistication and worldly wisdom has been painfully acquired; underneath it she is impulsive and highly emotional. It was her very simplicity which led her to fall in love with Dr. Stanley Holton. And, when she overheard Miss Daisy and Holton arguing and realized that Portia planned to marry Holton, Julie lost her head. For the first time, she discovered that Holton did not love her and had never really planned to marry her. Angry, humiliated, and deeply hurt, she allowed herself to get into a state of emotional confusion which reached its climax when she shot and killed Holton. Now, not understanding the complicated situation which existed between Holton, Portia and John Parker, Julie doesn't fully realize the implications of Portia's arrest and trial for murder. All she knows is that she is safe now, and she is trying hard to forget the terrible thing she did. For someone as self-centered as Julie, that will not be difficult.
(Played by Nancy Douglass)

I'll Always Remember



I KEEP thinking to myself, over and over, that maybe it needn't have happened.

I keep thinking maybe if I hadn't had to live with Lee's family, or if Lee hadn't joined the Navy . . . Then I stop thinking and know I'm foolish. *Maybe if.* They're the saddest words in the language, but they don't always mean what we think they do. When we say them we're trying to put the blame on circumstances. I have only myself to blame and no amount of thinking will change that.

You may have read in the papers what happened down in Keeler early this summer. It's a small place, right on the ocean. In the winter nothing much happens there. In the summer, city people take cottages along the shore and throng the beach, and it's very gay and lively. That was in peacetime. Now in wartime, we're important because we're so close to an important port where there are shipyards and several defense plants, and we have a large body of troops stationed near us.

If you read about what happened, you probably said: "That couldn't possibly happen where *I* live." You'd be wrong. It can happen anywhere. And anyone can cause it to happen with no more intention of evil-doing than I had. If you'd seen panic start and spread like a forest fire and know, in your heart, you were to blame—you'd know I was right.

Because it all happened so simply and, apparently, so innocently.

Lee and I were married last year. He is twenty-four and I'm twenty-two. We'd known each other since high-school when we met at a basketball game between the Keeler school and the one in my small town. Since the moment I saw him I knew I'd never marry anybody but Lee Allin and he says he felt the same way about me. Lee is tall, with dark hair and straight dark brows that shadow deepset, serious eyes. He hasn't a good-looking face in the Hollywood sense, but it's a face that is good to look at. I'm tall, too, and Lee says I carry myself like a queen. I hate sloppy girls and I do try to stand straight and walk well; my hair is sort of auburn, and curly, and I wear it brushed back from my face, shoulder-length. My skin is that white kind that never burns, no matter how much I stay in the sun. Lee says I fool people because I look like the sophisticated type and am not at all.

Anyway, nobody was ever any happier than we were when we'd finally saved enough money to get married and have a small apartment of our own in Keeler. Lee had a good job in the Suffolk shipyards and life looked wonderful.

I'd always been interested in radio and had been told I had a good voice for it—not singing, but a low-pitched speaking voice—and when I was in high-school I'd taken all the speech courses and had dreams of being a big dramatic star on the radio. You know how kids are. They were foolish ambitions, but I think life is all the sweeter for the dreams we have when we are

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After Lee and I were married, though, I forgot all about them. Being a wife to him and making him happy were all I wanted, or would ever want.

And then came December 7, 1941. I guess that day changed the lives of every person in our country, maybe in the whole world. Nothing will ever be like it was before Pearl Harbor. It changed my life because Monday morning Lee enlisted in the Coast Guard.

We'd talked it all over that Sunday. I wanted him to go as much as he wanted to. He was young, he was strong, he was an American. And I could go to live with his family. I think the deepest humility and the fiercest pride I've ever known was on the day I first saw him in the uniform of the United States Navy.

When we learned he was to be stationed right there on the coast near Keeler, our joy knew no bounds. That meant he could come home nearly every week. His job on a patrol boat was hard and dangerous, and I knew anguished hours in the night when I could picture him out there in icy waters hunting submarines. But somehow being able to see him every once in a while, being able to touch him and feel his arms around me, made it easier to bear.

It seems to me, in wartime we can steel ourselves for the big sacrifices. We make ourselves brave enough to give up our husbands and sons and sweethearts. But we don't prepare ourselves for the small things. The irksome tasks and re-adjustments that fill our day-to-day lives—those are important, too, because they seem so commonplace we forget about them in the larger necessities. And those are the things that nag at our nerves, and make us a prey to weakness.

Living with the Allins is the sort of thing I mean. I was fond of them and they of me, but we hadn't known each other well when Lee and I were married and now they were taking in a virtual stranger to live with them indefinitely. I was no financial burden; Lee saw to that, out of his pay. But there were other things.

Mrs. Allin was an old-fashioned, domineering sort of mother and she had to rule people. "You shouldn't wear those ridiculous high heels, Cassie. You ought to wear sensible heels, like me." Or when I was helping her in the kitchen, "That's not the way to ice a cake, Cassie. Do it this way." She seemed to disapprove of every single thing I did. I tried to be patient, I tried to keep my temper, but I was used to a home of my own. Here I felt uprooted and not part of anything.

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"You're not happy with the family, are you, honey?" he said. "I know they can be trying—mother especially. But I don't see how we can manage any other way."

"It's—it's just that we get on each other's nerves, I guess. Living there in a small house, day after day. Lee—" then, hesitantly, I told him what I'd been thinking of—"if I could get a job of some kind, it would be better. I'd have something to do. I'd feel useful again and not as if my life had just suddenly stopped."

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"I'm sorry you don't like it, Mother Allin. But you don't realize it's a wonderful opportunity for me. I won't be spouting nonsense. I'll be giving useful information to housewives and—"

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"That's just it. I can't—not really useful. Oh, please try to understand how much this means to me."

But they couldn't. It was like a dash of cold water on my enthusiasm. And Mother Allin ended her argument by saying, "And furthermore, Lee's not going to like it at all."

She was wrong. Lee did like it. He was really happy about it for me. I told him the next day when he was home on leave. We were walking along the beach, muffled against the cold March wind. As we walked by the water's edge, we stepped over the oil-soaked debris that had washed up on the sand, grim reminder of some death-stained encounter at sea.

"It's swell, honey," Lee said. "Don't mind what the family says. Mother's old-fashioned and she'll never understand why you want to do it. She doesn't mean to be unsympathetic. Just don't let it get you down."

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It wasn't that they meant to be cruel. It was that I'd done something they didn't approve of and a kind of resentment came out.

If they didn't like the program, though, other people did. It caught on right away. A number of gratifying letters came in, and merchants reported that when customers asked for a product they'd sometimes say, "Like Cassie Allin advertised this morning."

To me, it was thrilling and I began to spend more and more time at the

Continued on *page 65*

Stars in

When Eddie looked at her with that amused indifference in his eyes, she knew he had forgotten there were two kinds of women—those who serve and those who live only to be beautiful

I WAS in overalls that hot, sultry morning and my hair, which is auburn and curly, was pushed back behind my ears, and I was bent over the engine of the truck, when I heard the man's voice behind me.

"Hey, fellow—what in blazes do you think you're trying to do?"

I turned quickly. He was tall and he wore white overalls and his dark brown eyes regarded me with a kind of mocking astonishment.

"Why—you're a girl!"

I couldn't help smiling—he was so plainly surprised. But maybe part of the reason I smiled and part of the reason for the tingling shiver I felt as I looked at him was that I was excited. This was my first day at Langdon Transport, my first day as a girl mechanic working in a company carrying food and arms to America's men.

You see, having this job meant I was part of it—part of the army of workers helping to turn the wheels. Before that, I'd worked for nearly two years as a typist. I'd given up school and taken that typing job after my parents died and there hadn't been anything left. Only—when war struck, I wanted to do something more than just typing, something that would help, and that was why I'd taken the course at night in auto mechanics. Then, when I finished, I saw the advertisement that Langdon Transport needed girl workers and I went out and got the job.

Something of all that past was in my thoughts as I looked at this sandy-haired young man who seemed to be studying me as if I were some new type of animal.

Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "I know! You're the new girl mechanic they told me about in the office. Mary—Mary Holt. That's it, isn't it?"

I said, "That's it, I'm afraid. And you're—"

"Eddie," he said. He shook his head slowly. "'Fraid I don't approve, Mary. This sort of work isn't cut out for a girl. Frankly, if you ask my opinion, they never should have—"

"But then they didn't ask your opinion, Eddie." I tried to say it gently. I couldn't tell him what the job meant to me, couldn't talk about the thrill of just standing there and looking at the fleet of trucks in the yards.

There was a flicker of amusement in his eyes. I turned back to the motor I was working on and he stood watching me. I knew, in a general way, what was the matter—it was the ignition—but I couldn't quite decide how to fix it. After a moment he leaned across me and twisted two wires together.

"All right," he said, grinning. "Now try the starter."

our heaven

I heard him say, "Hello, darling. Hope I didn't keep you waiting. I got held . . ." And then he saw me and stopped talking.

I hesitated a minute. I could feel myself growing angry. He didn't have to be so—so cocksure about it, I thought. I could have found the trouble all right, if only he'd left me alone. But I climbed into the cab and stepped on the starter. The motor turned over and caught as if there'd never been anything in the world the matter with it.

"See how easy?" he asked. And added, "When you know how."

My irritation burst out at that. "I guess you think women aren't smart enough to learn!"

It was odd how the grin vanished so quickly. "I think women understand—without learning—the things they're supposed to understand. How to be *women!*"

In a way, I understood what he meant. Men like their women to stay at home and keep the houses and themselves nice and have children. They don't want women mixing into affairs that men have always thought of as their own special property. But right now, with so many men in the army—

"I'm trying to do my share," I said doggedly.

For a few seconds he didn't say anything. Then he smiled again. "I'm sorry, Mary. I was showing off, I guess. Sure, go on getting your hands greasy if it makes you feel good."

I shouldn't have been mollified, but I was, a little. "Anyway," I said stiffly, "thanks for your help. I mean—the way you fixed the motor."

He made a funny sort of bobbing bow. "Don't mention it, lady." Then he turned away, and my eyes followed him as he strode toward the main office. Funny, how you could like a person a great deal right away—yet be thoroughly angry with him at the same time.

That night when I got back to the rooming house where I was living, I found myself thinking about him. Remembering the way he'd looked at me, remembering his words, making a silent promise that I'd prove to him I could be as good a mechanic as any man there.

I tried to convince myself there was nothing personal about it but I knew that was only pretense. That next morning my eyes were searching the yards, looking for him, wondering if we'd be working together. But I didn't see him again that week.

He'd been right about the job being hard work—at nights I went home so tired I could only throw myself down on the bed and go to sleep. And there wasn't time for making friends, either. About the only person I knew there besides Eddie was the wrinkled time-keeper named Mr. Rollo. He had a limp and was always humming and mornings and evenings when I went in to punch the clock he and I had a few minutes of animated discussion of the weather.

The next Monday near lunch time Mr. Rollo clumped across the yard to tell me I was wanted in the foreman's office. I hurried over, wondering if I'd done something wrong. When I got there I found the fore-

man—his name was Mr. Robinson and he had a little mustache—seated behind the desk. And standing across the room was Eddie.

They glanced up when I came in and Mr. Robinson said, "Miss Holt, there's—ah—there's a job I'd like you to help out on."

I looked at Eddie and saw his face was clouded with a scowl and I said, "Certainly, Mr. Robinson. I'll be glad to do anything I can."

Mr. Robinson seemed unimpressed by my anxiety to be helpful. "One of the engines has to be stripped down. You probably don't know much about jobs like that but you'll be working under Eddie here and you'll take orders from him. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all, Miss Holt. Guess you've got it all clear, too, haven't you, Eddie?"

Eddie nodded. We went out of the office together and when we reached the yard I looked at him. "Did you ask for me special, Eddie?"

"I did not," he answered angrily. "But all right—if girl mechanics are here to stay, I suppose we'll have to get along as best we can."

I said shamelessly, "Anyway, I'm glad."

"You are?" He seemed puzzled. "Why?"

"Maybe I'll learn something, working with such a brilliant man."

He didn't answer for a second. He looked down at me with a stern expression and finally he asked, "Had your lunch?"

I shook my head. Eddie said, "Well, I guess we better have something to eat before we get started. Come on—we'll go over to the lunch cart."

We had hamburgers and French fried potatoes and coffee. I don't know why it should have been but to me that luncheon was an adventure. Maybe it was because I was sitting there beside Eddie, munching the sandwich, and even with all the rest of the men around us we somehow seemed to be alone. Eddie turned and looked at me. "You've been at it for a week now, Mary. Ready to quit yet?"

"That's foolish, Eddie. I'm just starting."

"You don't give up easily, do you?"

I smiled at him. "I don't give up."

Eddie took a gulp of his coffee. "What did you do before? Home girl?"

I DIDN'T want to talk about the past. I said, "Nothing very exciting. Used to work in an office downtown, typing."

"Then why in the name of sanity did you give that up for this sort of thing?"

I told him how I'd wanted to do something in war work, and I tried to explain my excitement over working at Langdon Transport and Eddie smiled and said, "Sure, Mary, I understand what you mean. You're a good kid."

Now that shouldn't have meant anything to me—nothing at all. And yet it did. I said, "Eddie—why are you so down on the idea of girls working out here? Or are you just opposed to all feminine influence?"

I tried to speak lightly. But I saw his chin thrust out. "It isn't that I'm opposed to them. It's just that I don't think they ought to be doing this sort of work. Girls ought to make themselves lovely and fragile and—let's not talk about it, Mary."

Strange, how a man can get hold of an idea and nothing in the world can get it out of his mind.

For three hours that afternoon, Eddie and I worked together, taking that engine apart. I don't think Eddie looked at me twice in all that time. His whole being was concentrated on the job he was doing—you might have thought he was a sculptor working on some masterpiece. Sometimes I watched his face and the tight lines of his lips and once he looked up and caught me watching him and I turned away so he wouldn't see the crimson I could feel in my cheeks.

We were right in the middle of the job of putting the engine together again when Eddie got word he was wanted on the phone. "I've —I've got an appointment tonight, Mary." He sounded nervous. "Don't want to be late. You carry on, will you? I'll try to cut this call short."

Sometimes when you try hardest to get everything right, you make the worst mistakes. I wanted so much to show Eddie I could do the work. And when he got back I stood up and I was smiling. "Look, Eddie. It's almost finished."

Eddie looked. I saw the lines of his face deepen and his eyes grow colder. He pointed to the engine. "What's that?"

I looked to where he pointed and my heart seemed to freeze. Sticking out of the engine head was a bit of cloth. Nobody had to tell me how it got there—that was the rag we'd been using to clean engine parts, and I'd forgotten to take it out before I fastened the head back in place.

For a moment I couldn't speak. I could just look at it dumbly, feeling perfectly dreadful and trying to hold back tears. "Gee, Eddie," I said, "I—"

I saw his hands open and close. "Only a woman could do it." His voice was so low I could hardly hear. "Only a woman. I told you I didn't want to be late. I told you—oh, what's the use of talking? Get out the tools and we'll start taking it apart."

Eddie didn't talk after that. We worked in complete silence. It was almost six o'clock before we finally had it finished. Eddie stood up. "Sorry I lost my temper," he told me. "Just that I—I wanted to be on time."

He walked off toward the main building and I stood there feeling tired and miserable and sorry for myself. One of the drivers came over and backed the truck we'd been working on into place. They would start loading that night, carrying tents to an army camp down South.

I was about to go inside to try to get some of the grease off me when a car came through the gates into the yards—a large maroon convertible that probably would have been much more at home in a country club driveway. It came to a stop only a few feet from me and I saw there was a girl at the wheel, a girl with bright golden hair and blue eyes and a proud, poised tilt to her head. Of course, the first thing I thought of was Eddie's appointment and then I told myself that was silly. After all, Eddie was a mechanic and not a social playboy and he wouldn't be running around with any *Continued on page 48*

Adapted by Will Oursler from "Woman's Ploce," an original rodio dromo by Florence Cummings and Jerome Epstein, first heord on Manhottan ot Midnight. (Wednesdays ot 8:30 P.M., EWT, on the Blue network, sponsored by Energine.)

"You Belong Here"

You hear Laurette Fillbrandt as Sidney Sherwood in NBC's Lone Journey and as Nancy Stewart in The Guiding Light.

Those were the words which made Laurette Fillbrandt stay in a strange city and find romance and happiness with the man who said them

By JACK SHER

YOU know how it is to go home after a wonderful summer of doing the things you've always wanted to do in a fascinating city. You look out of the train window at your friends and smile. You try to look gay and nonchalant, but you want the train to get out of the station in a hurry, before you break down and cry.

Laurette pressed her nose against the window, feeling these things. She looked down at Russ, who was going to miss her, but was doing a terrific job of not showing it—he thought. The train began to move. Laurette waved. Russ waved back. And then, she couldn't see him any more and she looked out at waves of tracks and freight cars and the ragged, smoke covered houses of Chicago's South Side.

Now the Russ Youngs have a beautiful home, a baby girl, a movie camera and two bicycles, but once—

"I'm going home," she thought.

Home was Cincinnati. Home was the college she had been attending. Home was where her father and mother, whom she loved, were. Home was Sundays in the church where her father preached. It was quiet and, in ways, very beautiful. It was really a nice city, not noisy and dirty like Chicago. No more skipped meals and late hours spent arguing about the theater, she sighed. No more people with wild dreams of fame, or young men who considered her provincial.

"And, yet," she thought, "I'll be back. I just have to come back. Everything is here for me, everything I really want."

Her name was Laurette Fillbrandt. Today she plays the parts of Nancy Stewart in the NBC Network serial, The Guiding Light, and Sidney Sherwood in Lone Journey, but that summer she had just come to Chicago from Cincinnati. A beau named Clarence Hartzell, who was playing in summer stock, had written her that he could get her a job. Chicago! Summer stock! And she had always wanted to be an actress.

So, she had gone to Chicago and joined the MacMurray Players and toured around the small towns near Chicago and lived with a little group of theatrical people in Rogers Park —and met Russ.

Russ Young was a friend of Clarence's. She smiled, now, thinking of what he had said the first time they had met. He was a tall young man. He was very thin and his eyes were alive and blue. He'd looked down at her and grinned. "Hello. So you're joining the company!" He'd taken another quick look at her. "Say, you're even prettier than Clarence said you were."

She wondered if Russ would really miss her. She wondered if she'd ever see him again. Perhaps, she thought, I'll stay in Cincinnati and settle down, get married and forget about acting. She thought of a boy friend at the University, who would be waiting at the station to meet her. She thought of classes and homework *Continued on page 58*

PRESENTING

Stella Dallas

Just as you've pictured them—generous-hearted Stella and her daughter Laurel, leading characters in radio's famous serial, heard daily at 4:15 P.M., EWT, over NBC, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Dr. Lyon's Toothpowder

Left, Laurel, who married socially prominent Dick Grosvenor, is a typical modern young woman. At the moment she lives in Washington, D. C., with her husband. Although her mother-in-law, haughty and family-conscious, dislikes Laurel's mother, Stella Dallas, Laurel succeeds in keeping her own family life happy under the circumstances.
(Posed by Vivian Smolen)

Above, Stella Dallas is a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing woman who fights her loneliness by doing good deeds for others. Stella's constant joy is sewing for Laurel's little girl. At present she is living in a Boston rooming house and working in a munitions plant. When Laurel married Dick Stella moved away to save her daughter heartaches.
(Posed by Anne Elstner)

Linda couldn't remember how long she had been standing by the window. Then she recognized them. It was Steve—and the girl was Agnes.

THE STORY

WHEN Linda Emerson entered the quiet church in search of the gloves she had left behind at morning service, she did not know that she was taking the first step into a new life. For the church was filled with an unfamiliar, beautiful melody. At the organ was Steve Harper, whom she had seen hundreds of times and never really noticed before, but as his music crept into her heart she knew that now she could never forget him. She stayed there until he glanced up and, seeing her, stopped playing. This was their meeting.

Linda's father, George Emerson, didn't approve of his daughter's new interest in Steve Harper. He himself was one of Axminster's solid, respectable citizens, and in his eyes Steve was a ne'er-do-well who dreamed only of being a composer—who had left Axminster some years before in search of fortune, then crept back home again, a failure. Linda saw more than this in the man she already loved. She had been so deeply moved by his music that she could not help believing in his talent, even his genius. Against her father's stubborn but futile opposition, she and Steve were married.

They went to New York to live, where Steve plunged into the composition of a Symphony. They had very little money, but this fact could

In spite of Steve's assuranc

not shadow their perfect happiness. And finally the Symphony was finished, and Steve mailed it to the famous conductor, Ivan Jacoby. To celebrate, Steve and Linda went to dinner at a Greenwich Village restaurant—but the evening was ruined for Linda when a beautiful girl she had never seen before rushed over to their table and was introduced by an embarrassed Steve as Agnes Corey. "An—an old friend," he explained although the look in Agnes' eyes seemed to say that she and Steve had been more than that.

THE restaurant seemed to grow noisier. Linda had a feeling that every one was watching them, looking over at their table and whispering and laughing. She could hear the strained quality in Steve's voice as he answered the girl's questions. Agnes, he'd called her. Agnes Corey. An old friend of his and she had called him "darling." Linda could hardly bear the pain of that tight feeling about her lips as she went on smiling mechanically. At last the girl said good-bye, and Linda avoided Steve's eyes.

"Linda—"

She couldn't look up. If only Steve hadn't sounded so unhappy and uncomfortable. If only his voice were normal. Linda shook her head.

"Linda—"

"It's all right, Steve," she said quietly.

"But I want to tell you—"

"You don't have to, Steve. I understand."

"What do you understand?"

"I tell you, it's all right."

Linda looked up and tried to smile. I should have known, she kept telling herself. Of course Steve had friends in New York. He had lived here before. It was only natural that—but that girl! The way she had talked to Steve, the way she had looked at him. Oh, why hadn't Steve told her about Agnes Corey?

"I don't want any dessert," Steve said suddenly. "And I guess you

Helpmate

...n in spite of all her own logic, Linda realized she was afraid of something that had existed in her husband's past

don't either. Let's go."

Linda nodded.

This had been their celebration dinner. It seemed almost impossible to Linda that she had been so happy only an hour earlier. That she and Steve had been so close, so full of hope and joy. Was it only a little over an hour ago that they had wrapped the score of Steve's symphony and mailed it to Ivan Jacoby?

Steve's face looked clouded and unhappy as he walked along by her side. He seemed so far away. Oh, it wasn't right. It mustn't be like this! Linda linked her arm in Steve's.

"Who is she?" Linda asked.

"You wouldn't let me tell you before—"

"I know, Steve. I'm sorry. I behaved very badly and I want you to forgive me. We mustn't forget that we're celebrating tonight—we've got something to celebrate!"

Steve pressed her arm close to him.

"I'm the one who ought to apologize," he said.

"Who is she, Steve?"

"Agnes Corey—a girl I knew three years ago when I lived here. We were—friends. Some people may have thought it was much more serious than that—but it wasn't."

"Agnes Corey thought it was more than that, Steve." Linda spoke with quiet certainty.

Steve laughed.

"Now come on, darling, I'm not going to have you look so sad and puzzled just because we happened to meet Agnes Corey—"

"You never told me about her, Steve."

"It wasn't because I was trying to hide anything, Linda. Don't you understand, darling? I didn't even remember her until she walked up to the table in the restaurant. Now let's not talk about it any more. It's spoiled enough of our evening."

"I'm sorry, Steve. . . ."

It was a simple enough explanation and Linda wanted to believe it. Just a girl that Steve had known before they were married. But the harder she tried the harder it was for her to forget—forget the words that girl had said to Steve, forget the quality that had been in her voice when she had said them. Steve might not have heard that quality—but she, his wife, had. She was restless and angry with her own thoughts. Of course Steve loved her. He had proved it in a hundred ways. The Symphony he had just written proved it. The Symphony that would bring Steve fame and happiness to them both.

But the next day, as Linda watched Steve at the piano, she couldn't prevent her thoughts from returning to Agnes Corey.

"I've got to keep working," Steve had said, "just to keep my mind off

Continue reading the story of Lindo ond Steve Horper in romontic fiction form, bosed on the populor rodio seriol heord doily Mondoy through Fridoy ot 10:30 A.M., EWT, over the NBC network, sponsored by Old Dutch Cleonser. Photo of Lindo posed by Arlene Froncis.

the Symphony. It'll be weeks, probably months, before Jacoby gets a chance to read my score . . . and then—I've just got to keep on working."

All morning he had sat at the piano, his brows close together as though he were fighting for ideas. Then, suddenly, the idea seemed to come.

"Linda, listen!"

It was a new theme, poignant and moving, as though Steve had caught up a mood of heartbreak and woven it into music.

"It's very good, Steve. It's—beautiful."

Something in Linda's voice made him swing around and look at her.

"I think I've done enough work for a while," he said.

HE WALKED over and lifted her chin in his hand. "You've taken my job over around here, haven't you?"

"I don't know what you mean," Linda tried to smile at him.

"Sulking," he said. "I thought I was the only one who was allowed to do that."

"You're not."

"Linda, darling—look at me."

"I do that all the time." Linda tried to sound light and gay. "I like to look at you, especially when you're playing the piano."

"Yes—but look at me now and tell me what's on your mind."

"Nothing, Steve," Linda protested. "But I think I've got to find something to do."

"Why?"

"Well, you have something to do," Linda tried to make her voice sound calm and reasonable. "You work at your music and—work very hard—and make me very happy—I'm afraid idleness isn't good for me. Don't forget I used to write advertising copy for Dad—I led a fairly active life. And it isn't good for me to be—idle."

She smiled at Steve encouragingly, but he didn't smile back.

"And you're bored with just being the wife of Steve Harper," he said.

"No, darling. Really, I'm not. I love this apartment—and more and more as we keep getting our own things—that new chair, that lamp. They're so pretty. But there really isn't very much for me to do around here. Maybe some day—some day when there are more than just the two of us, I'll have plenty to do. But right now, I'm going to see if I can find a job—and it won't be sulking."

Steve walked over to the window and looked out.

"In that case, *I'll* go look for a job," he said. "I might be able to get one as an arranger—"

"You've got your job—a life job—sitting in this room writing beautiful music," Linda cried.

Steve just shook his head.

"But suppose you do find something to do—and after a while whatever money we've got runs out—you'll be supporting me."

"And you won't like that?" Linda asked.

Steve turned and glared at her.

"What man does?" he asked.

"Then you've got a funny idea about our marriage. I don't think of it as you and I—two separate people—worrying about who's supporting who—and who's more important. I think of it as—"

Steve strode over to the chair where she was sitting.

"You're thinking of Agnes," he said.

Linda couldn't meet his eyes.

"No, I'm not," she said.

Brusquely, Steve took her hands and pulled her close to him.

"All right, you're not. But in case you were—I can't imagine anything more foolish. I could feel you thinking as you sat there—but I've told you—I knew Agnes—a long time ago. It has nothing to do with us!"

Linda buried her face against his shoulder.

"It has something to do with you," she said.

"No, it doesn't. It has nothing to do with me." He rapped each word out emphatically. "The past is the past. I know it—Agnes knows it—and you ought to know it."

Steve's arms held her close. There was a sudden rush of relief in Linda's heart. To stay this way—always—with Steve. Then she could always believe, could always know. . . .

That evening, after dinner, Steve and Linda went for a long walk. The new found peace in Linda's heart seemed to give her a great enjoyment, a greater sense of her love for Steve. Her Steve! Some day he would be great and famous. Some day he would make all her dreams for him come true. Even now, perhaps, Ivan Jacoby was reading the score of Steve's Symphony.

But Steve refused to talk about that. It was enough for him that he was walking close to Linda. The city seemed to be singing around them as they made their way slowly toward the East River. And then, almost suddenly, they found themselves standing on a deserted pier. Steve's arm went about Linda's shoulders as they looked out at the dark, swirling river, the tug boats and barges, at the lights of a crossing ferry, and at the large ships that suddenly loomed up out of the darkness and vanished silently.

"How lovely," Linda said. "Look, Steve — those bridges — and the lights in the buildings across the river—"

"I'm looking at you," he said.

"Steve!"

Linda raised her face to his.

"Cold, darling?"

"No. I'm happy. How did we get over here?"

"I don't know. We just did," Steve said.

"Have you ever been here before?" Linda wanted to know.

"Not on this spot. But I've seen this river before, at night."

"Look at that boat," Linda said. "There doesn't seem to be anybody on it. It looks like a ghost ship."

"It probably is," Steve said, laughing.

"It isn't making a sound. . . . That proves it isn't real."

"Would you like to go for a trip on it?" Steve asked.

"Not if it isn't real. But some day we will go on a ship. We'll travel all over the world."

"My darling, darling Linda." Steve's lips brushed her hair.

We'll always be happy, like this, thought Linda. Even happier. I'll never let myself get sad again. Steve's arms tightened about her as though in answer to her thoughts. . . .

BUT not every moment could be so enchanted. Those were difficult days while they waited for news from Jacoby about the Symphony, and Steve could not hide his restlessness, his moodiness. With her mind, Linda knew the reason for his changed behavior — suspense, and nothing more. But in her heart, involuntarily, she often wondered. Was there something else that clouded his face?—a wish, a memory?

She might have forgotten Agnes Corey, even so, if it hadn't been for the telephone. Three times in one week it *Continued on page* 60

BELLE OF THE NINETIES

Time of gas-lights and "mellerdrama," of girls with tiny waists and men with big handle-bar moustaches—those are the good old days Beatrice Kay sings about in her own unique fashion on the Gay Nineties Revue, heard on CBS, Monday nights at 8:30, EWT, and sponsored by Model Smoking Tobacco.

THE DEVIL SAT DOWN AND CRIED

A delightful novelty rhythm that'll make you want to dance—featured in records and on the air by Harry James' and Erskine Butterfield's bands

Voice

Words and Music by WALTER BISHOP

Broth - ers_ and sis - ters_ The dev - il's af - ter you._ But if you've got re -

mp

lig - ion,_ There's noth-ing he can do;_ Oh! Broth - ers_ and sis - ters_ Don't

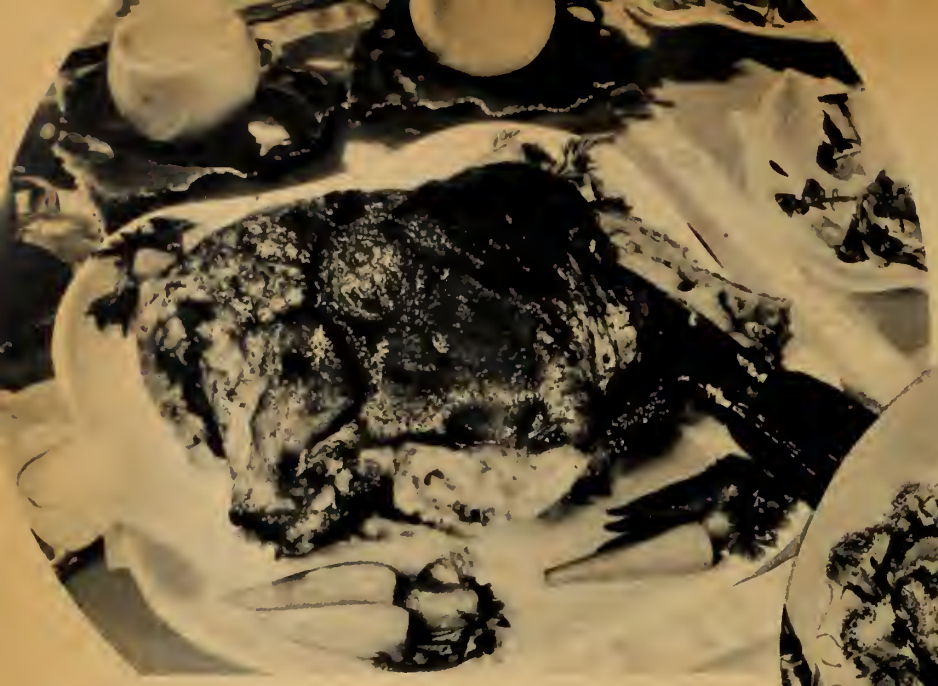
let him get you down, Swing out with Hal - le - lu - jah, And pass the word a - round._____

1. A sin - ful man was booked to go. The dev - il was wait - ing down be - low, But
2. This man was filled with mis - er - y. The dev - il said "you be - long to me, Just

mp

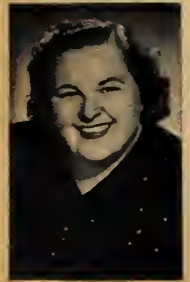
some-thing hap-pened just be-fore he died._____ He had a vis - ion, saw the light,
wait un - til you cross the great di - vide"._____ The sin-ner ans-wered "Is that so?"


Then told the dev-il to go fly a kite And so, THE DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND CRIED.
Then told the dev-il the place where to go And so, THE DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND CRIED.
Chorus
Oh! THE DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND CRIED. For a
Oh! THE DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND CRIED. He was
mp - mf
sin-ner had hurt his pride Just to show 'twas
nev-er so mor-ti-fied Wheth-er folks be-
no mis-take, He told the dev-il "Go jump in the lake," And so, THE
lieve or not, There was the dev-il in grief on the spot, And so THE
1.
2.
DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND
DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND
CRIED
cried, cried, cried, cried,
f
Oh! THE DEV-IL SAT DOWN AND CRIED.
ff
RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH



Even in these days of rising prices, there are economical cuts of meats that are delicious too—if only you know how to prepare them. Try a stuffed cushion shoulder roast (left), or a blade steak (below).

BARGAINS IN *Meat*



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

TO provide nourishing, well balanced meals in these days of a mounting cost of living (25% higher than a year ago, according to current figures) is a task to tax the ingenuity of even the most economical housewife and perhaps nowhere in the budget is the difficulty more apparent than in the expenditure for meat. And because meat is essential for the proper health of both adults and children I think it is a good thing to talk again this month, as we have before in the Cooking Corner, about the more economical cuts of meat.

These less expensive cuts, food and health authorities agree, are just as nutritious as the expensive ones, so what the question narrows down to is that we are going to learn about the thrifty buys and how to prepare them so that we can maintain our same high standards of tasty and nourishing meals even in the face of current and necessary economies.

Since most of us think of steak when we think of meat, let's consider steak first. Forget that you ever heard of sirloin and tenderloin and ask your butcher for shoulder steaks, which you can get in veal and pork as well as in beef. There are two types of shoulder steaks—blade bone steak which you will know by the thin bone (the shoulder blade) running through it indicating that it was cut above the shoulder—and round bone steak, which comes from the portion below the shoulder. The cuts require long slow cooking to bring out their full flavor so instead of broiling or pan broiling them, braise them.

Braised Veal Steak

1½ lbs. round bone veal steak
1 green pepper (chopped fine)
¾ cup water
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
3 tbls. lard, suet or margarine
1 tbl. molasses
Salt and pepper to taste
1 clove garlic

In a heavy iron skillet brown the veal in the fat on both sides, browning the garlic at the same time. When brown, remove garlic, add remaining ingredients, cover and cook slowly until tender (about 1 hour). Never let the meat boil; slow cooking (about 180 degrees F. if you cook it on top of the stove, 325 to 350 degrees F. if you prefer to braise in the oven) will reward you with a dish of greater flavor and tenderness.

Blade or round bone beef steak, chuck or flank, are excellent choices for Swiss steak. For this I use the same method as for braised veal steak with the following variations: Omit vinegar and molasses and use tomato juice or pulp or the liquid from cooked vegetables in place of water. I also add a chopped *Continued on page 73*

Keep Cool

To cut down warm-weather fatigue, be sure to get plenty of Vitamin C (the body can't store it up, you know) by including citrus fruit in your daily menus. In addition to breakfast juices, serve cooling sherbet with a meat course, like the orange sherbet pictured with this month's cushion roast of lamb, and drink plenty of that all-time hot-weather favorite, lemonade. And you can do that even in these days of sugar rationing—for here is the recipe, and not a grain of sugar does it call for.

Orange Sherbet

1⅜ cups corn syrup
1¼ cups water
⅛ tsp. salt
Grated rind of 1 orange
1½ cups orange juice
1 tbl. lemon juice

Boil corn syrup, water and salt together for 5 minutes. Add grated orange rind and cool. Add orange and lemon juice and strain. Freeze in automatic refrigerator trays (at coldest point) until firm, stirring occasionally. To serve, scoop out orange baskets, chill and fill with sherbet, garnish with fancy cut lemon slices. Makes 1 quart sherbet.

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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	Organ Recital
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS:	The World Today
8:00	9:00	9:00	Blue:	World News
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
8:15	9:15	9:15	CBS:	From the Organ Loft
8:15	9:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC:	Deep River Boys
8:30		9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
9:00	10:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC:	Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
10:00	11:00	11:00	CBS:	News
10:00	11:00	11:00	Blue:	News
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Egon Petri
8:05	10:05	11:05	Blue:	Sunday Morning Revue
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Sunday Down South
9:15	10:15	12:15	CBS:	Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS.	Green Valley, U. S. A.
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue.	Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Modern Music
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Blue Theater
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS	St. Louis Opera
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Columbia Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Chautauqua Concerts
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Army-Navy Game
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
		5:15	Blue:	Olivio Santoro
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Music of the Americas
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Alias John Freedom
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Victory Parade
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Mills Brothers
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS.	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Tommy Dorsey
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC.	Edna May Oliver
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS.	Time Out For Laughs
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS.	World News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Walter O'Keefe
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS.	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS.	Mischa the Magnificent
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS.	Old-Fashioned Revival
9:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC.	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15	Blue:	The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS.	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS.	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS.	News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC.	Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	3 Sheets to the Wind

IT PAYS TO SNIFF . . .

Edna May Oliver, whom you've seen in the movies even if you attend them only once a year or so, and who is starring in her first regular weekly radio show these summer Sunday afternoons, is a perfect example of the fact that even accidents have their uses. If, when she took her first movie test, she hadn't happened to sniff, she might not be the famous comedienne she is now. Of course, her face helped. But that sniff sold her to the movie executives who saw the test.

Edna May was born Edna May Nutter in Boston, and she isn't saying when. She intended to be an opera singer, and after family reverses forced her to start earning money when she was only sixteen, she actually did sing in operettas. But the company was a small one, and it toured New England parks during the summer, with the result that so much singing in the night air caused Edna May to lose her voice entirely.

She then went to work as a seamstress's assistant. As she sewed, she gave imitations of various people to entertain the other girls in the shop, and they finally suggested that she go on the stage. Edna May was naturally very shy, but she didn't like sewing as a life-work, so she acted on the suggestion and for years toured in stock companies, some small and some large. Finally she landed in New York and began the appearances in stage plays which led to a triumphant run in the first production of "Show Boat," and then to Hollywood.

By this time she has become accustomed to having a face which, while it certainly wouldn't win any beauty contests, is quite literally her fortune. Once she was shocked when a play reviewer said she looked as though someone had just taken the harness off, but in Hollywood she's used to hearing herself referred to as "Hoss-face Oliver." She's been married—just once, to David Welford Pratt, a broker, but the marriage lasted only a month or so, although it was three years before they were divorced.

Edna May can be as grimly humorous in real life as she is in movies and radio. Once George Cukor, the director, jokingly told a film critic that Edna's performance in a certain picture was terrible. The critic took the information seriously, and quoted Cukor in print. A few weeks later Edna invited Cukor, the possessor of a famous appetite, to a dinner that consisted of a chopped raw beet appetizer, shredded raw carrots as a main course and whole-grain rice in milk for dessert. Cukor has never joked at Edna's expense since.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	Blue	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS	The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45	CBS	Harvey and Dell
8:30		10:00	CBS.	Valiant Lady
10:15		10:00	NBC	Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15	CBS	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue.	Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC:	Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30	Blue.	A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS.	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS.	Fletcher Wiley
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue:	Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC.	Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS.	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue.	John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS.	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue.	Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS.	KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC.	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS.	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS.	Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS:	Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Joe Rines Orch.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS.	Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Spotlight on Asia
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	News
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC.	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Air Corps Band
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS.	Listen Neighbor
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	The Bartons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Secret City
	6:30	6:00	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS.	Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS.	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC	Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Major Hoople
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS.	Vaughn Monroe
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS.	Vox Pop
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS.	Cal Tinney
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS.	GAY NINETIES
	7:30	8:30	Blue.	Counter-Spy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS.	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS.	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS.	Victory Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS.	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Your Blind Date
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS.	Lady Esther Serenade
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue.	Radio Forum
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC.	Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS.	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC.	Contented Program
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS.	Twenty-Second Letter
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC.	Lands of the Free

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bess Johnson
10:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC:	Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Fletcher Wiley
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue:	Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS:	Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Vera Barton
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	News
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Dorothy Kilgallen
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Are You a Missing Heir
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS.	What's My Name
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Johnny Presents
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Sing for Dough
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Tommy Biggs, Betty Lou
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Cheers from the Camp
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	This Nation at War
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Meredith Willson
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
8:15	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	A Date With Judy
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Mary Small

DEALER IN ODD FACTS . . .

John Nesbitt, who shares honors with Meredith Willson as star of the Tuesday-night show on NBC which replaces Fibber McGee and Molly for the summer, has been what he calls a "peddler of cultural knick-knacks" for more than ten years.

He won his first radio attention in 1930, when he began announcing in Spokane, Washington. After a few months of this, he organized a program called "Headlines of the Past," which he put on the air from San Francisco with himself as the announcer. It was the forerunner of his "Passing Parade," which offered curious morsels of information lightly garnished with anecdotes and jokes. The "Parade" eventually won John a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer making motion-picture shorts under the same title.

It's a year and a half since John was last on the air. In his current series he puts to work again his special faculty of making history, literature, scientific discoveries, and art into the subjects of gossipy chats.

John came naturally by his fund of interesting facts. His father, Dr. Norman Hill Nesbitt, was an itinerant Scottish scholar, teacher, and philosopher. Dr. Nesbitt carried with him on his travels four sons, five thousand books, and a large collection of phonograph records. John was born in British Columbia, spent much of his boyhood in France, and most of his youth in Alameda, California. He went to several prep schools, St. Mary's College, and finally the University of California at Berkeley.

He's the grandson of Edwin Booth, the famous Shakespearean actor of earlier days, so he had a natural inclination toward the stage. But it was by accident that he made his stage debut when he was five. He had become separated from his father in the lobby of the St. James Theater in Boston, and someone mistook him for one of the children due for rehearsals of "The Blue Bird." He was whisked into an ante-room and put through his acting paces, and while his frantic father combed Boston Common for a lost son, young John had the time of his life. His acting career didn't progress, after this, until he was an undergraduate at St. Mary's. There he organized a little theater; and after he left college he played in Shakespearean and stock companies for a while.

In Spokane he decided to give up Shakespeare in favor of commercial announcements on the radio. It was, on the whole, a wise decision.

John's wide knowledge and perfect enunciation give listeners the idea that he's a gray-haired man, smoking a pipe and wearing a tweed coat which smells of rich old tobacco. Actually, he's blond, curly-haired, handsome, and thirty-two years old.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC	Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30	Blue.	A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30	NBC	Help Mate
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Fletcher Wiley
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue:	Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30	NBC	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS.	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Woman In White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS:	Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Children Also Are People
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	News
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS	Listen Neighbor
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	The Bartons
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	News From Washington
	6:30	6:00	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Old Gold Show
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Junior Miss
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Those We Love
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Bats in the Belfry
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Suspense
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Morgan Beatty
7:45	9:45	10:54	CBS:	News of the World

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time	
		8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15	CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Clark Dennis
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45	Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30	NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Pin Money Party
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue. Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC. Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue. Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: News
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
		6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC: European News
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Maudie's Diary
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC: How 'm I Doin'
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Jim Backus
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Post Toasties Time
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Death Valley Days
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY (Aug. 13)
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	9:00	10:00	Blue: Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS Mary Small

YOUNGEST OLD VETERAN . . .

Shortly after he celebrated his most recent birthday—his twelfth—Ronny Liss had a second celebration, in honor of his tenth consecutive year of working in radio. His career started when he was two years and three months old, when he won a Madge Tucker audition at NBC in competition with children three and four times his age. He spoke single sentences into the microphone at that time, but when he was three he began reading speeches direct from the script. That seems a little early, but after all, Ronny began reading his ABC's at eighteen months.

He also began playing the violin about the time he entered radio, performing on a special tiny fiddle. In fact, he was precocious about everything except learning to drink from a glass. In the early days of his radio career, his mother always brought his milk, in a bottle, along with him into the studio. He still carries a bottle on occasion, but now it is a huge champagne bottle (empty) which was presented to him last New Year's Day by Richard Kollmar, with whom he acts on the Bright Horizon serial. He collects autographs of stars he works with on the label of the bottle.

Ronny is now entering his second year of high school. He has also learned the Spanish language, taking less than one year to the job, and now performs on several programs which are short-waved to South America, rattling the Spanish lines off like a native.

Into his twelve years Ronny has packed more exciting experiences than most adults ever have. When he was three he directed an orchestra in New Brunswick, N. J. He's been signed up to appear with the Quiz Kids next time they come to New York. Once in the middle of an emotional scene on Hilltop House, when in the character of Tiny Tim he was weeping copious tears, one of his baby teeth came out into his mouth. Ronny tucked it into his cheek and went on crying.

Yet, with all his precociousness, Ronny likes the same things most youngsters his age like. He always tries to take the same cab from his apartment house to the studios—the reason being that the cab driver has a bulldog pup which he brings along for Ronny to play with on the trip. His father and mother give him a weekly allowance of forty cents for spending money, and he does better than most of us by investing fifty percent of this income in War Stamps. That's not his only war effort either. He has a regular Civilian Defense job, being a duly appointed messenger in his eighteen-story apartment building.

Ronny's mother used to be an actress and although his father never set foot on a stage he understands and approves of his son's career.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time	
		8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15	CBS: The Radio Reader
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Clark Dennis
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC. Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
	9:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
	9:45	10:45	Blue: Chaplain Jm—U. S. A.
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30	NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue. Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: Don Norman
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Russian-American Festival
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Southernaires
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue. Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Listen Neighbor
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: The Bartons
	5:00	6:00	CBS News from Washington
	6:30	6:00	Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
		6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Scramble
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Dear John
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC: European News
4:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Lewisohn Stadium Concert
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cities Service Concert
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Listen America
	7:30	8:30	NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue: Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Dinah Shore
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: People Are Funny
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue: Manpower and the War

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		8:00	CBS: The World Today
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
		8:30	NBC: Dick Leibert
		8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley
		8:45	Blue: News
		8:45	NBC: News
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Happy Jack
	8:15	9:15	CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Brownstone Front
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Garden Gate
	8:30	9:30	NBC: Hank Lawson
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Andrini Continentales
	9:00	10:00	NBC: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Clarence Fuhrman Orch.
	9:45	10:45	NBC: Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: God's Country
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: The Creightons Are Coming
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: America the Free
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Ilka Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Symphonettes
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Paul Lavalle Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Canadian Air Force Band
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Nature Sketches
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Charles Dant Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Campus Capers
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Hello From Hawaii
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Pan-American Holiday
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Ricardo Time
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: News. Alex Dreier
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Dance Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Golden Melodies
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Jesters
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	4:45	6:45	NBC: Three Suns Trio
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Message of Israel
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Noah Webster Says
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Tillie the Toiler
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Swap Night
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Musicana
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Keeping Up With Rosemary
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: The Green Hornet
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Eric Sevareid
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Summer Symphony
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Grant Park Concert
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:45	8:45	9:45	Blue: James MacDonald
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Voices in the Night
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Ted Steele Variety

Diane Courtney, this month's cover girl, became a Blue network star because she staged a rebellion against authority.

SHE LOST HER FRENCH ACCENT

THE beautiful young Colonel of the Vermont State Guard on the cover of this month's RADIO MIRROR is Diane Courtney, the Blue network's singing find of the year. You can hear her on three network programs every week—on Prescott Presents each Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon at 3:00, and with the Jesters Sundays at 6:45 P.M., both times EWT.

Black-haired Diane was born in America of French parents, and that simple fact accounts for many of the things that have happened to her. Her mother was Arline Trottier, mezzo-soprano star of the Paris Opera Comique, and her father was a noted concert singer. Mme. Trottier used to travel from America to Paris every year for the opera season, and Diane was born in Fall River, Mass., between seasons. From the moment she opened her mouth for her first howl, Diane was scheduled by her parents for a musical career with the emphasis all on the classics.

While Mme. Trottier pursued her operatic career Diane was sent to school at the Dominican Academy, where music, the arts, and the history of France were her constant diet. Graduating from the Academy when she was twelve, she landed plump in the middle of a world where people spoke English, of which she understood not one word, and where the music of Jerome Kern was greatly preferred to that of Richard Wagner.

Well, Diane's education continued. She went to the New England Conservatory of Music, and although they began to teach her English as well as French there, she still had to study classical music. It was a complete scandal, one day, when the Conservatory authorities discovered that Diane and two other girl pupils had organized a swing vocal trio and were broadcasting over a local Boston station. But Diane tried to be a dutiful daughter, and persisted far enough in her studies so that eventually she played the piano with the People's Symphony Orchestra in a performance of a Beethoven Concerto. That ended her classical career, however. The following spring, when she should have been receiving her degree at the Conservatory's commencement exercises, she and the rest of the vocal trio were performing on the stage of a Boston movie theater.

The trio was dissolved by Cupid in 1939—one of the partners got married—and Diane came to New York and an audition for Fred Waring. For a year she was with Waring, "Honey" in the trio called "Two Bees and a Honey." Then she struck out to be a soloist and landed at the Blue network.

That military uniform Diane wears on the cover is strictly authentic. She is a full-fledged, if honorary, Colonel of the Vermont State Guard, with a commission to prove it.

She's ENGAGED

A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D. C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June

WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.

THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

HER ENGAGEMENT diamond is a sparkling, blue-white solitaire. The handsome stone is set with fine simplicity in a plain gold band.

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us. "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Stars in Our Heaven

Continued from page 32

blonde glamour girl.

She eyed me coolly a moment and then blew a blast on the auto horn. I started away and just at that moment the door of the main building opened and Eddie hurried out. Only this wasn't the Eddie I knew, the Eddie of overalls and wrenches and hamburgers and coffee. He was wearing a tweed suit and that sandy hair of his was combed for once and it seemed to me almost as if he'd stepped into another world—a world I'd never known and never would know.

He didn't even see me. His eyes were all for the girl in the car, who held out a slim white hand. Eddie bent over and brushed his lips against it with that mocking air.

I heard him say, "Hello, darling. Hope I didn't keep you waiting. I got held up by—"

Then, as he got into the car, he saw me and stopped talking. I knew I should go away but I felt almost as if I were rooted there and couldn't move. Eddie's eyes were grave and strangely searching and they made me feel self-conscious. Almost without thinking, I put my hand to my cheek. I could feel the smudges there. And I realized how I must have seemed to him, how I must have looked beside that golden-haired, fragile girl.

Say Hello To-

SKIPPY HOMEIER—eleven year old actor who makes a specialty of portraying great men as children. On the air he's been cast as the young Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert Fultan, Walter Damrasch, John Adams, and many other famous personages. That doesn't mean he confines himself to that type of part, because he also plays just ordinary American boys on such programs as Aunt Jenny's Stories, Manhattan at Midnight, Just Plain Bill, and Fred Allen's and Eddie Cantor's shows. Skippy is a natural actor, and never had a lesson in dramatic technique in his life. He's a real boy and loves to skate and ride his bicycle. His one and only real problem at the moment is—when will he be allowed to have his first long trousers?

HE waved toward me and the girl slipped the car into gear and they started. Even then, something held me there. I watched the car swing through the gates and suddenly I was terribly alone and I felt as if the edges of my heart were burning and I couldn't put out the fire. That was his girl, my mind was saying, and she was feminine and lovely, the way he'd told me a woman ought to be.

Oh, I hadn't any right to feel the way I did. I knew perfectly well I had no claim on him, no reason to be broken-hearted because he had a date with his girl. How could it matter to me? Only it did matter, terribly, and a voice inside me was saying that I knew the reason perfectly well—knew I had fallen in love.

That word love—the realization of what it meant—terrified me. Yet there was no purpose in denying it, not to myself anyway. Only I'd always thought love would be something to be happy about, something to make you laugh.

"Worrying about him, aren't you?"

It was Mr. Rollo, the watchman. He was standing there beside me, a tired smile on his lips. "Gave you a shock, seeing him ride off with her, didn't it?"

"Afraid so," I mumbled. "Keep it—keep it a secret between us, won't you?"

"Got a thousand secrets," he said. "All the same, you young ones are foolish. Look at you—been here a week and what do you do? Head over heels in love with the boss's son, that's what."

"Boss's son?" It sounded incredible. "You mean—Eddie?"

Mr. Rollo snorted. "Don't stand there and tell me you didn't know he was Eddie Langdon."

Eddie Langdon. I'd read about him sometimes in the society pages—he was the man they said every girl in town was after, only he was too busy to pay attention. And his father was Thomas Langdon, president of Langdon Transport and one of the city's most important business leaders. It was really funny, because I'd almost thought Eddie might—

"I didn't know," I said slowly.

"Sure, he's been around the trucking plant here since he was a kid. His father's grooming him to take over. Pretty big business now, over seventy-five trucks. The day'll come when the young fellow—"

"That—that girl. The one in the car. She—is she—"

"Engaged to him?" he chuckled. "I don't know, rightly. Been no announcement. She comes a lot to take him home. Guess it won't be long before they make it official."

"I do hope he'll be—happy."

That sounded foolish but I couldn't think of anything else to say. All the way home, I tried to put him out of my thoughts, tried not to remember how he'd looked at me that evening, as he sat there in the car with that girl beside him. I kept telling myself not to be foolish but all the while I knew I was in love. Such an old story it seemed—a girl like me falling for someone from another world. It couldn't work out, could never work out.

But that night I tossed and turned and thought about him, and at last I thought, "All right, I love him and it's crazy but it can't be helped. The only thing to do is to get away from him as quickly as possible and forget him." I'd get another job, I decided, in some other plant and put him out of my mind and heart.

The week would be up on Friday. I'd have to stay until then, but that would be the end of it. It was curious—how happy I'd been working there, and now how I was looking forward to getting away.

The next morning I was glad he didn't come near the part of the yard where I was working. I stuck to the job I had to do and tried to lose myself in the work, only I couldn't because it didn't seem to matter to me if I did the job right. Oh, I knew it did matter and it had to be done but I had to drive myself and all the time I felt as if there were a stone in my heart.

THAT night I had to work late and by the time I'd finished everyone else had gone and I was alone in the yard. I heard footsteps behind me. It was Mr. Rollo. "Want you inside, Miss. Better hurry."

I took a last look at the truck I'd been working on and then followed Mr Rollo into the main building. "Who wants me, Mr. Rollo?"

"Army man. And the boss."

He took me to the office. The president's office it was, though you mightn't have guessed it. It was small and crowded and overflowing with files and books and papers. The man sitting at the rolltop desk was tall and white-haired. I knew he was Mr. Langdon, Eddie's father. Standing near him was a tall, broad-shouldered man in Army uniform. And across the room sitting on a stack of old catalogues, was Eddie. He said, "Dad, this is Miss Holt. Girl marvel. She—"

"I understand you've been working on a truck out there this afternoon," Mr. Langdon interrupted. "Is it ready?"

"I—I guess so," I stammered. "The ignition wires aren't too strong but we tried to get new wire today and couldn't, so we had to do the best—"

"Yes, we know about that. Do you think they'll hold for a hundred miles?"

"They might—if you were lucky."

"We'll have to take the chance. Eddie, it looks like your baby. The other trucks are out and so are the drivers. You go out with Miss Holt and give the truck a once over. If it looks like you've a chance—get started."

The Army man—I learned later he was from ordnance—was startled. "But there can't be any chance, Mr. Langdon. The supplies must be there tonight. The men are leaving—"

Mr. Langdon was the picture of patience. "Don't worry. We'll get the supplies through if we have to carry them on our backs."

I hurried out then. Just seeing Eddie had upset me. I'd reached the yard when he caught up with me and I could almost hear my heart pounding. He looked at me and I saw he was smiling. We started walking toward the truck. I wanted to say something casual and unimportant but it was hard to speak,

Continued on page 50

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Continued from page 48

words didn't come. At last I said, "I didn't know—didn't know who you were, Eddie. Not till last night. You—you must have—"

"Must have what?"

"Enjoyed it. Sort of like playing a game, I guess."

He didn't answer. We reached the truck and I held the flashlight while he looked over the motor. "Be a miracle," he said finally, "if this truck can get through. And I won't have anyone to—"

A WILD, insane notion came to me then. Why didn't I go with him? I could help him, if the truck broke down. And I'd be with him, part of his work, part of his life that his golden girl couldn't know. I knew it was wrong, knew I'd been telling myself to get away from him. But it was something stronger than myself now that wanted to be with him, to take a moment of happiness that seemed to present itself.

"Eddie," I said, "let me go along. Then, if anything happens—"

He looked at me and his lips broke in a grin. "So you can gum up things worse. Well, I don't know. Maybe, even at that—"

"When do we start, Eddie?"

He said, "All right—I'll take a chance. We've got to load up first. There'll be men in the warehouse to help us when we pick up the materials."

"Any time you say."

When we reached the warehouse, Eddie wouldn't let me do any of the loading. I wanted to show him how even if I wasn't beautiful I could at least do hard work. But Eddie wouldn't have it. When I started helping one of the men with a large crate he came over and told me to stop.

"Get in the cab of that truck and stay there," he said.

Eddie got in when the truck was all loaded and we started off. For a while neither of us spoke. The truck roared on through the night and I closed my eyes and told myself to take this moment while it was here.

He broke the silence at last with, "Forty winks, Mary?"

"No. Just—sort of thinking. What—what's her name?"

"You mean—the girl last night? Gladys Emerson. I've known her since I was a kid."

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's—you're a funny person, Mary. You—"

Whatever he was going to say was left unsaid, because at that moment the motor began to splutter and then it let out a hissing sound and stopped dead. Eddie pulled back the brake and muttered one word, "Trouble."

The night was very dark. I got out the flashlight and we lifted up the hood and Eddie began examining the ignition wires. I was looking too and I saw one of the wires was loose. I reached in to see if that was the trouble. But it was hard to see and I accidentally pushed that wire against another. There was a flash of light and a sizzling sound—and then silence.

I could hear Eddie's quick intake of breath. "Mary, you've—it's a short circuit." I knew he was trying to keep down the anger in his voice. "I asked you to be careful. I told you—blame it, I told you women had no business in this sort of job! I told you—"

But I wasn't really listening then. I couldn't listen. To be part of his work—that was what I'd wanted, the reason I'd taken this ride. And now—what was it he'd said?—I'd gummed it up worse than ever.

"Eddie," I said, "I'm sorry. I—I tried so hard to do everything right I did everything wrong instead. Stupid, wasn't it? I mean because it wouldn't matter anyway, because the kind of girl—like Gladys—"

But then I was crying and I walked away from the truck so he wouldn't see, because my heart was telling me not to let him know what I really thought and really meant.

He was walking toward me. I looked up and saw him beside me and he said, "Mary, you're crying."

I tried to wipe away tears. I said, "You were right, Eddie. It isn't a job for a girl. Last night, when I saw the way you looked at me and—at Gladys—I knew. That was the way a girl should be, the way you said—lovely and fragile—"

But Eddie said, "Mary—you're wrong again."

A kind of shiver went through me. "You see, Mary—" his voice almost a whisper in the darkness—"last night, when I saw you there, dirty face and all, I knew I'd been wrong. You're trying to do something, trying to carry your share. That's better than being just—pretty to look at. Gladys is a sweet girl and I like her but you're—you're wonderful."

I couldn't speak, couldn't say a word. And Eddie added hurriedly, "Now don't get me wrong, Mary. You've a lot to learn. You get things bawled up. But you will learn, maybe—with my help and advice and—"

WE set to work to get the short fixed. Just before we closed down the hood, Eddie said he wished he had a bit of wire to hold the ignition wires apart. I had a brilliant idea and pulled out a hairpin. Eddie took one look at it and groaned. "What do you want—another short? I meant insulated wire. Maybe you like this spot, want to stay here awhile. All we need is another short—"

I said, "Eddie, I think it's a wonderful spot."

He didn't answer. But when we got into the truck, Eddie said, "Little idiot." And then he leaned over and kissed me on the lips.

His arm drew me to him and I buried my head against his shoulder. I didn't say anything because I was afraid if I did I'd start to cry. After a few moments, Eddie said, "We've got a job to do Mary, and we'd better get started."

I turned and looked out at the night. It had seemed so dark before but when I looked up at the sky I saw something I hadn't noticed before—there were stars all over heaven.

NEXT MONTH—
THE GUIDING LIGHT
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

OVERHEARD

From radio's treasure-chest, a constant listener selects these words of wisdom and entertainment

TAKE YOUR HERO WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

In *Heroes I Have Known*, I have tried to show how to admire people without going nuts about them and wanting to gang up under them and blackjack everybody who doesn't belong to the gang. Totalitarianism is a dignified name for the rule of a gang, led by a gangster. And that again is a human name for a purely animal or beast-like performance. All gregarious animals have this tendency to gang up under a leader in time of trouble and get nasty. By getting nasty, I mean abandon all standards of independence or rationality and go in for blind hatred and obedience. The very heart of totalitarianism is a fanatical adulation of the Leader—what Hitler calls Fuehrerprinzip. I call it diabolical hero-worship.—Max Eastman on Adelaide Hawley's The Woman's Page of the Air, CBS, each weekday morning.

DEAR PRIVATE BUTCH:

THERE is no sadder sight than that of the soldier who never gets a letter; who, day after day, has a hopeful look in his face as the mail is distributed, but who, day after day, goes away empty-handed, I was told by a hostess of one of our big Army camps.

She says the boys can stand completely altered lives, can adjust themselves to discipline and drill; can take it all with a laugh and a joke, if only they feel that the folks back home still care about them and what they are doing. She says if relatives and friends fully realized this, they'd write long and often—Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network, Wednesdays.

MAKE-UP AND LIVE

A woman of seventy sat in this studio audience the other morning, waiting to discuss her cosmetic problem with me after the broadcast was over.

She confessed to me that for forty years she had wanted to use a little lipstick and powder. When I asked her why she hadn't, she said her husband had always objected violently to any use of make-up.

"And now?" I asked.

"Well," she replied with some defiance, "he's recently passed away. So, now I'm going to find out which shade of lipstick and powder I should use and how to apply them."—Richard Willis, on Here's Looking At You, heard over Station WOR, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

A TIP ON TIPPING

Those dimes and quarters that you hand out — why not turn them into War Savings Stamps? Let Mr. Nesbitt on CBS' Hobby Lobby program tell you how

WHEN I'm working, I have to do a great deal of traveling around the country. So checking in and out of hotels, eating in restaurants, checking your hat, and checking your car in garages, calls for a lot of tipping of the people who serve you. Well, something happened to me recently that gave me the idea for a victory hobby. And if everybody would take up my hobby, the victory effort of this country would be helped by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Here's what happened. Some time ago, I pulled up in front of a restaurant in a small town down in Alabama. My car was badly in need of a washing. Just then, a young fellow came running up with a pail of water and said, "Wash your car, Mister?" I answered, "Okay, son. And if you do a good job, I'll give you a good tip."

When I finished lunch, I came out and there were *three* kids just finishing washing my car. So instead of tipping one boy, I had to tip all three of them. I was sort of disgruntled about it.

The minute I tipped them, they dashed into a tavern next door. I went into a drug store to make a phone call. When I came out, the three boys were standing on the curb again. I said, "Don't tell me you've spent that money already?" And one of them replied, "Yeah. Now we're broke again." I drove off, but the more I thought about it, the more I wished that I could have given them a more lasting reward. Then the idea hit me.

I decided that from then on, all my tips would be made with American War Savings Stamps. By tipping with War Savings Stamps in denominations of ten cents and twenty-five cents, I could give a tip of any sizable amount. And I felt that giving War Savings Stamps for a tip, might be the inspiration for that person saving the Stamps to turn them into War *Bonds*. And that would not only add to their own security, but they would be doing their part for the security of our country. The more I thought about it, the bigger the idea seemed. I felt it was an idea everybody could take up. And I started figuring a way to spread the idea across the nation.

I had a lot of cards printed—saying, "*I'm* an American—are *you?* Help me help our country. The War Savings Stamp or Stamps attached to this card are for you. A reward for services rendered. You can cash them or save them. If you *must* cash them, don't cash them until you have to. If you save them, you may be helping to save your country. Buy more stamps —just like this one—and buy War Savings Bonds when you've saved enough of them. In that way, you'll get interest on your money—and you'll find this the most interesting tip you ever received. Save— for Victory." I printed the card in the form of a red, white and blue American flag, with my name and address, where I attached the War Savings Stamps.

(First heard in an interview with J. R. Nesbitt, salesman, on Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby program, now broadcast on Tuesday nights at 8:30 EWT, over CBS, sponsored by Palmolive Shaving Creams.)

Half a Marriage

Continued from page 15

know they referred to us as the ideally happy couple. And we were.

I used to wake up in the morning ready to sing. I'd get up and start breakfast, and between the clean pretty little kitchen with the yellow curtains, and the exciting game of getting Eric out of bed, it was the happiest time of the day. We played the game every morning.

He'd lie in bed and shout at me:

"I'm up. I'm shaved. I'm half dressed. I'm coming downstairs."

Then he'd thump a shoe against the floor and I'd go up and find him still in bed. "Need a reward or a severe punishment," he'd grunt.

I'd kiss him, his face still warm from sleep, his eyes closed.

And every night he came to me like that—eager and alive, his arms empty, waiting to hold me.

It was perfect. For six months.

Then it began to cool. I can't explain it. I don't know how or why. But it did. At first it was very slight. Eric no longer clowned for me, and he took to walking alone in the evenings. Not every night, but once or twice a week. At first I didn't like it, then, strangely, it didn't bother me. I just didn't care.

Then he began to stay in town more frequently. Then he didn't kiss me when he left for the office. I didn't care, and neither, apparently, did he.

THIS was it, I thought. This is what I knew would happen. I had set my feet on the treadmill.

An old friend of mine ran the stationery shop in the village. Her name had been Elsie King and we had gone through grade school together. Poor Elsie had run away when she was very young and married a ne'er-do-well named Jim Townsend, who had become the town drunkard. Elsie had borrowed the money to start her little store, and she had succeeded in making something of it, despite Jim's constant pleas for money.

Almost every time I went to the village I stopped in for a chat with Elsie. She began to notice the difference in me. "You're eyes aren't as bright and quick as they used to be," she said. "Is the bloom wearing off? Has romance vanished?"

For a while I pretended nothing had changed, but finally I broke down and confessed to Elsie that something had gone wrong.

She nodded. "Men! They're fine for a while. Then they begin to get the idea that you're there for the purpose of catering to them. Then they're only good for sitting around and pampering themselves." She paused.

"But Eric wouldn't—" I broke in.

"Oh no, I don't say he'd stop work like my Jim, but he can develop the same attitude without going to that extreme."

"Why don't you divorce Jim?" I said impulsively. "Everyone knows you've got reason enough."

Elsie looked at me strangely. "I don't know, Maggie. I really don't know. I've thought of it time and again, but I never got to the point of doing anything about it."

On the way home I made up my mind. I wouldn't allow pity or softness to keep me and Eric together after we no longer belonged together. If our marriage was dying slowly, it would be better to kill it at once, cleanly and sharply.

One night he came home with that hard look around his eyes that meant the day had been difficult.

"Dinner ready?" he said quickly.

"Not yet."

"Maybe we should get a cook."

"What for? I like to do the cooking myself."

"Well—maybe the work is too hard for you."

"This little house?" I said. "I wouldn't know what to do if it weren't for the house work."

"What did you do before we were married?"

"That's different."

We were sparring. There was no warmth in our talk—no intimacy. Each of us was looking for an opening to sting the other, like two old women or like boxers in a ring. The question of a cook was only an excuse—anything would have done as the basis for a quarrel.

"Why is it different?" he demanded. "You never had to do housework at home."

His nagging insistence made me angry. I could feel the blood pounding in my temples. "Do we have to talk about it before dinner?"

"Yes, we do." His voice was very hard. "I should think you'd like to have someone to help you."

"Well, I don't," I said. I preferred to think there was an implied criticism in Eric's suggestion. I wouldn't let myself think that he had become aware of something missing between us, and was trying to find the cause and remedy it.

I turned quickly back into the kitchen, but the sudden movement of my body sent the room spinning about me. There was no strength in my knees. I put out a hand to the wall to steady myself, but I could feel myself falling—

The next thing I knew I was in bed with my feet propped up on a pillow, and Eric was holding a bottle of smelling salts under my nose. "The doctor's coming," he said excitedly. "Just lie still and rest."

But I did not have to wait for the doctor's diagnosis. I knew, already, why I had fainted. I was going to have a child.

When he heard the news Eric grew white, then red, and finally he swore under his breath. "And we were almost quarreling!" he said.

"Almost?" I said. "We were!"

He swung around. "All right—we were quarreling. But let's not do it again, darling."

All the sharpness had gone out of me. I'd been upset by the miraculous change taking place within my body, I thought. It had been a form of hysteria. I smiled. "We won't."

IN the next weeks I was content to rest and be waited upon. I let Eric engage the maid he had suggested before, and I let him do his share of waiting on me too—never thinking, in my sublime content, that I was being selfish. Once I wanted a special color of wool to finish a sweater I was knitting, and he went to eight stores before he found the right kind.

Another time I got to thinking of a vase someone had given us for a wedding present. It was stuck away up in the attic storage room, and Eric had to look for two hours before he found it. "How on earth did we get so much junk?" he demanded. "We've only been married eight months. I hate to think what the attic will be like after ten years."

I liked the attention. But more than that I liked the thought of having a baby. What fun it would be to have a baby to care for! I made many plans:

It would be a boy. I'd name him—oh, I didn't know. Sometimes I liked Robert, sometimes I thought Eric, sometimes it was Stephan. But he'd grow up to have dark, reddish brown hair like his father's, and the same clear brown eyes.

He'd grow up quickly, too quickly, I knew. He'd be a young man before I'd had my fill of him as a boy, but I wouldn't try to hold him back. I'd work with him and encourage him; try to make him a happy boy and a good man. I'd always try to see his side of it even when he was wrong, and I'd never, never lose my temper with him. When he began to go around with girls I'd encourage him to bring them home for scrambled eggs at night.

Just as I had brought Eric home—

What was I thinking? In all my plans Eric had not appeared once. Oh, he was a dim figure in the background, but shouldn't he be more than that? Shouldn't he have a hand in the plans I was making?

I told him

"That's all right," he said, smiling. "That's natural. You're all wrapped up in the baby. But after he's born you'll begin to look at me again."

"I'm glad you understand, dear."

"Of course I do."

I stretched lazily on the couch. Eric came over and sat beside me.

"You're more beautiful than you ever were, baby," he said. "Your eyes are about twice as big as they used to be and there's more behind them somehow."

"You imagine it." Still, I liked to be told so.

The days wore on into months. I was exceptionally well, the doctor said. I tried hard enough. I took calcium and everything else he prescribed, walked miles and miles every day.

Elsie frankly revealed her envy. "I wish I could have one," she said. "But I don't dare let the store go with no one but Jim to watch it. He'd drink us into bankruptcy."

"Maybe it would make a man of him," I said. "Why don't you try it? It would either make him or break him, and he's no good to anyone the way he is now. Least of all himself." Motherhood must be like marriage. Everyone who is in it wants to get everyone else in it.

"Gosh, if I only dared," Elsie breathed. She shook her head. "It would never work."

LATE the next winter I knew the time was near. The weather had been mild for Connecticut and the ground was bare of snow. But one night a fierce blizzard blew up. Our house was an island, cut off from everything, it seemed. The wind howled on after Eric and I had gone to bed. The snow came in hard pellets that rattled on the window panes like shot. I lay awake until two o'clock. Then I knew. I nudged Eric.

He was wide awake in an instant. "Now?" It was all he said.

"Yes, I think so."

All the way to the hospital I kept thinking about the storm raging outside the car. Eric had gone out first and run the engine a while to warm it up inside, so I was comfortable enough, and certainly safe. But for some crazy reason I associated the storm with the war that had come so close after Pearl Harbor. Until that minute I hadn't thought much about it. I had been so engrossed in myself that none of the catastrophic world events had come through.

Say Hello To-

NADINE CONNER—who shares singing honors with Nelson Eddy on the latter's program every Wednesday over CBS. This isn't the first time Nadine and Nelson have sung together on the air. They were teamed back in 1937, before Nadine's beautiful soprano voice had brought her stardom with the Metropolitan Opera Company; and you've heard her frequently on other programs. Red-haired and beautiful, Nadine was born at San Juan Capistrano, California, in a house that her great-grandfather built in 1850. Her parents, both musical, trained her to be a pianist, and she first took up singing only for her health, but the sideline became a life-work, and a most successful one, you'll agree if you listen.

But now I began to think of other women in the war. They had borne children while the bombs crashed down. They had borne children under the bombardment of guns. They had borne them in the fields, in snow and rain and burning sun. Because they had no place to go. They had borne them alone and in crowds, with enemies and with friends.

I was afraid, and I didn't know of what.

Eric sat beside me. He would keep me from harm. At the clean hospital with the antiseptic smell, the doctor would take me in charge. He knew just what to do.

I had seen the bright room they would put me in after the delivery. They would bring my baby to me there. I knew it was warm in there, and safe. I was secure. And yet I was afraid.

Two hours later it began. A long period of darkness and light alternating, of heavy cruelty, and then relief.

Through the whole time the sound of the storm slid in and out like a great ghost, now close, now distant. And the steep slide into pain was like a skier on the mountains, descending deeply, sharply, into an abyss of torture, then soaring up over the heights into the clear air, then back again into the depths that were choked with hard snow and hard pain. It was a dream of pain—light, heavy, sharp, dull pain. Pain that gnawed and bit, dug and twisted, ached and throbbed.

Gradually it receded. They laid me in bed, the storm died. I was free of the dream and the pain.

Eric was there. "Easy now, Maggie," he said. "You've had a tough time."

There were deep rings under his eyes and his voice was anxious. I tried to smile at him but my mouth was still stiff from the pain.

"Tell them to bring in the baby," I said. "Is it a boy?"

"Not now," he said. "Wait a few hours. The doctor doesn't want you to see her now. It's a girl." He laid his hand on my forehead.

Suddenly I knew! Was it the compassion in his hand, was it the sorrow on his face, the deep-bitten look of regret? I don't know how, but I knew my baby was dead. "She's dead," I said quietly.

He nodded dumbly—too crushed to deny it further.

My baby was dead! I had gone through the mountains and valleys of pain for her—to bring her into the world, and she had been born still as death. No crying, no movement, just death and stillness and quiet.

I WAS in the hospital for three weeks. When I came home I still looked like an invalid. A heavy apathy held me. I couldn't seem to think or feel or notice anything. Eric came and went like a ghost. I had lived so long with the thought of the baby uppermost in my mind that now I was unable to accept the importance of anything else. What did I care what became of me, or Eric, or anyone else? There was nothing to live for.

Elsie came around to see me several times before I was out and around, and even her ready wit failed to draw me out of myself.

Finally, I was on my feet again, but the terrible listlessness still held me firm.

"What can I do for you, darling?" Eric kept saying. "Would you like to go away for a while, or would you rather stay here? Is there anything I can get you?"

I must have answered him vaguely. There was nothing I wanted—nothing. Except to be left alone.

All the time I saw dimly that Eric was thinking very hard about something. I didn't know what. And several times I realized he mentioned the war and Pearl Harbor with great feeling. Still I refused to let it sink in, although I was still alive enough to know vaguely, in that deep part of me that I never brought out in the open any more, that something was impending.

Eric came home one night and made me sit down beside him. "Maggie," he said, "I know you're not well, not yourself, and for that reason I

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"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out"

RITA HAYWORTH

"Here's an easy way to make SURE"

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "DANCING ON AIR"

It's the soap that leaves skin ***SWEET***—

9 out of **10 Screen Stars** use **Lux Toilet Soap**

Continued from page 54

hate to do this, but I want you to remember that I've thought it all over very carefully. For two months now, I've been turning it over in my mind, and I know I must do it." He paused. "I'm going to join the Army. I applied for a commission yesterday, and if it comes through fairly soon I'll take it, but if it doesn't come I'll go in as an enlisted man. I'm determined to get in it."

"But why?" I said.

"Because they need men like me."

"But what will I do?"

"You can go back to your father. He'll be glad to have you, and besides you might get well there with him faster than you would here."

I thought about it a minute. I knew I should feel something very strongly. I knew I should be fearful for the future, and yet proud that Eric wanted to do his part. I should be weeping or crying out, or holding Eric in my arms. But I wasn't doing any of those things. I just sat there, and inside I was dead and heavy. I tried to make it hit home. I tried to make myself experience an emotion. Any emotion. But I couldn't.

Still I had to answer Eric. "All right," I said, and I knew that I should have been whipped for saying it.

An agonized expression crossed Eric's face. His mouth twisted. "Is that all it means to you? I've thought about this thing for months, and now I come home to tell you I've made up my mind and you just say 'all right.' Doesn't it mean anything to you? Aren't you sorry, or even glad? I don't care which, but don't just sit there." He got up and strode about the room.

"I'm sorry." It was all I could say. Weak tears began to flow. Not tears of anger or sorrow or compassion, but tears of self-pity, of weakness. I knew it, and yet I couldn't stop.

Eric said slowly, "I knew our marriage hadn't—worked out right. That's another reason, I guess, why I decided to join the Army. But I always hoped . . . I didn't quite believe it could be this much of a failure."

He left the house then, and stayed out for many hours. I sat and waited for him, dumbly wanting him near me, but almost hysterically glad he had gone out. The trees rustled in the little breeze and made pleasant sounds against the summer night. I heard them and I didn't hear them. The sounds were in my ears, but they were never recorded in my mind. The lights in the houses came on cheerfully against the dusk. I saw them only as pinpoints of light. They carried no cheer, no message that here people lived and had children and carried out their destinies. I existed—only existed—as in a vacuum. I even thought of killing myself, but as I thought about it I knew I never would. I lacked the resolution.

WHEN Eric came home I was still awake. He went straight to bed and said not a word to me. I followed him upstairs in a few minutes.

The next day I forced myself to walk to the village. I didn't feel like it, but something made me do it. After one or two stops at the stores I dropped in to see Elsie. As I approached the store, I saw her out in front struggling with the lock. She was white-faced and trembling. "Let me help you," I said. I took the key from her nervous hand, and locked the door.

"Oh, Maggie," she said. Her voice was little more than a whisper that she had to force through her tight throat. "They just called from the hospital. Jim's badly hurt. He was run over by a truck."

The hospital was three blocks away, and Elsie walked very fast. "Let him be all right," she said. "Please let him be all right. Don't let him die." She kept repeating it over and over.

At the hospital they told us to wait, that the doctor was still with him. They wouldn't give us any more information than that.

Elsie kept repeating her little prayer. Finally I had to blurt out something I had been thinking since Elsie had first told me Jim was hurt. "Why do you want him to get well, Elsie, does he mean so much to you?"

She looked at me very strangely. Somehow I got the feeling that she knew something I must find out for my own happiness. I had to make her say it. "How can you ask that, Maggie?" she said very quietly. "You know I love him."

"But he's brought you nothing but unhappiness. You're better off without him. You'd be better off if you'd never married him." I knew it was cruel to say that to her, but I had to find out.

"Maggie," she said, "if I were to die tomorrow, I wouldn't regret having married Jim. He hasn't been much good for me, but I don't want to live for myself. I want to live for him, because I love him."

"But the trouble he's caused you—" I said faintly.

"If I hadn't had a little trouble it wouldn't have been living. I don't care about the trouble. That's nothing. I talk about it, but it's nothing. And you see I never do talk about the times Jim is good to me, when he holds me, or when he does something real nice. Those are the things that count, and those are the things I can't talk about."

That was almost it, but I had to make her go on a little longer. "You don't regret any of it, then?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "but what I regret is what I did myself—the times I wasn't good to him, or when I was mad at him, or wouldn't let him kiss me, or made him do something he didn't want to do. Maybe he hasn't been a very good husband, but I haven't been a very good wife, either."

SLOWLY, then, as Elsie talked I felt as though a key were turning in my heart. This humble girl, who had had so little of what people usually called good times, counted herself a fortunate woman to have been married to Jim, because she loved him. That was all she had ever had, and she was content.

How selfish I had been! I had wanted everything and expected to pay nothing. Now swiftly, brightly, it came clear to me that the things you pay for yourself are the valuable things, the precious things. You must work for what you get, or it means nothing, and yet that was exactly what I had not wanted to do. I had wanted all happiness and no sorrow, and when the sorrow came I retreated, gave up, absented myself from living.

Suddenly I wanted very much to see Eric. But I stayed with Elsie until they let her see Jim. He would get well, they said. When she came out I walked back to her store with her. I held her hand and talked to her, and somehow I felt very privileged to know her.

Then I went home. It was almost time for Eric to leave the office. I called him up. "Will you be home soon?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "why?"

"I just wanted to see you. I guess I got a little lonesome. Please come right home when you get through."

Disbelief struggled in his voice—disbelief and surprised gladness. It had been a long time since I'd asked him to hurry home. "Are you sure you just want to see me?"

"That's all," I answered. "Please hurry."

When he came home I flew into his arms. "Eric, darling. I'm all right!"

He held me off at arm's length for a moment. Then he saw it was true, and the drawn lines of worry and anxiety fell away, and for a moment it looked as though his face were lighted from within. I saw tears glisten in his eyes, and he took me hungrily into his arms. I couldn't hold him tightly enough. I wanted to hold him and keep him, forever, and yet I was glad too—glad that he wanted to go to the war, and glad that I had found him again before it was too late.

That night, before I went to sleep, I listened for a long time to his regular breathing, and finally I went and kissed him once more. My eyes were moist when I lay down again, and in my heart there stirred a little prayer, almost like the one Elsie had made. "Please bring him back to me. And thank you . . . for letting me be all right again."

Face The New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX *Young Red*

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip . . . a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

"You Belong Here"

Continued from page 33

and quiet evenings. She sighed. The train hurtled on through the sunlit day.

In Cincinnati, school and beaux were not enough. She had to act. It was in her and there was nothing else she could do. Maybe, she decided, she could get a reputation in Cincinnati and go back to Chicago a well-known radio actress. She worked on station WLW, doing everything and anything they suggested.

THEN, one day, the letter arrived. It was from Russ.

"Heard you on the air the other night," it said. "You weren't very good, but there's a glimmer of talent there. With work, you might some day become a fine actress. Why not come back to Chicago?"

That was all. It made her furious. It was Thanksgiving vacation and she had half a mind to go back to Chicago and give him a piece of her mind! She paced back and forth, holding the letter in her hand. And, somehow, not quite knowing how she had made up her mind so quickly, or how she had persuaded her parents so convincingly, she was on the train headed for Chicago.

Russ Young looked up, surprised, when she walked into the apartment where he was working. "Hey," he said.

"Hey, yourself," she said. "What's the big idea of writing that awful note?"

Russ grinned. "It got results."

"Oh, no, it didn't," she said angrily. "I just came back to tell you what I think of you."

Russ grinned more broadly. "You think you're a good actress, already?"

Laurette's deep, brown eyes smouldered. "I don't think I'm as bad as you implied in that note. You're just trying to be cynical."

"You belong here," Russ said, growing serious. "You'll never get anywhere in Cincinnati. Stick around. I'll help you and I'll get people to help you."

Laurette smiled. These were brave words from a young man who didn't have a job himself, who didn't even know what he wanted to be, who just sort of dabbled in acting and directing and was now toying with the idea of becoming a writer.

They argued. They argued all through that Thanksgiving vacation. When Russ went down to the station with her, Laurette was more confused than she had been when she left Chicago the first time.

"Well," Russ asked, giving her luggage to the porter, "how many times will you have to go home before you realize you belong here?"

"I don't know," she said on the verge of tears. "Honestly, Russ, I'm scared to try it. I'm an only child—I've always lived a sort of sheltered life. I'd be frightened silly being in Chicago all alone, without a definite job."

Russ smiled. "You wouldn't be alone. All you'd have to do is pick up the phone and I'd be there. And—about being an only child," he grinned, "I'm the original only child."

Laurette went back to Cincinnati, but this time she lasted only two months. On a bleak, cold, January day she was stepping off the train in Chicago's Union Station again. She had $200 in her purse and she was scared, just as she'd thought she would be. Russ's letters and his phone number were clutched firmly in her hand.

Laurette went to live in a little rooming house in Rogers Park, near Russ Young's apartment. All about her were scores of young actors and actresses—almost a community—all intent on the same thing, storming the heights of Chicago's big time radio programs. Actresses stayed a few weeks, some a few months. But most of them eventually went back to Iowa, to Ohio, to Indiana, convinced that Chicago radio was impossible to crack.

Laurette hung on. She hung on because Russ was there, because he had faith in her, because he wouldn't let her quit, because he could laugh at anything and because she had more fun drinking a coke with him in a Chicago drug store than she had ever had with anyone, anywhere, in her life. They became inseparable. There was no formal build-up to the fact that they were in love. They both just sort of took being together as an indication that they would always be together.

They were always broke. Sometimes, Laurette's father would send her a few dollars and they'd celebrate by indulging in a soda at a Rogers Park drug store. Sometimes, one of them would get a small radio job on a minor station and make five or ten dollars. Whatever they earned, they shared. Once, Russ became very ill from his irregular meals and overworking on a script he was trying to write. Laurette nursed him through that on the few dollars she made from reading commercials.

THE kids had courage. They were not going to be beaten. Russ got a chance as a part-time announcer on WAAF, a small station in the Palmer House. They couldn't afford to pay him, so they gave him a pass for the elevated trains, which, at least, took care of his transportation to and from the studio. Both of them used the one "El" pass. On days when Russ wasn't working, Laurette used it to ride into Chicago to hunt for jobs.

Their first break came because they thought in terms of "we" and not "I". Russ, by this time, was gaining some notice as an announcer on WAAF. He was called in by a producer named Blair Walliser at CBS. He was to audition for an announcing job on Rich Man's Daughter. On the morning of his audition, he picked up Laurette.

"You're coming with me," he said. "If they don't like me, they may like you."

"I won't go!" Laurette said. "It might ruin your own chances, if you try to get me an audition."

Russ plunked a hat on Laurette's head. "Come on, honey," he said, "and don't give me any arguments."

Russ auditioned. When he was through, he took a deep breath and spoke into the microphone again. "There's a girl outside, Mr. Walliser," he said. "I'd like you to hear her."

Walliser frowned and hesitated. "Okay," he said, finally. "Let's hear her."

Laurette came in. Her face was white and she trembled as she read for Walliser. After she was finished, she was sure that she had not only failed miserably, but had ruined Russ's opportunity, as well. Walliser came out of the control room.

The producer smiled at Russ. "Sorry," he said, "I can't use you, fellow." He looked at Laurette. "But this girl has something. I'm going to give her a small part."

They almost cried, Laurette because she was so upset about Russ not getting the job, Russ because he was so happy for Laurette. The job didn't last long, but it helped them out of a very bad spot. They had got down to their last seventy-five cents!

Later, Russ was called in to substitute on the program for the regular announcer. It was the first time they had ever worked together on the air. Russ was so nervous, so anxious that Laurette shouldn't be made nervous, that he blew the commercial higher than a kite. He spelled the name of the product three times, differently each time. To this day, he shudders, thinking of it.

But Russ was making great strides at WAAF. A short while after Laurette's part on Rich Man's Daughter was over, when they were almost

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman at home—she's Gladys Swarthout of the CBS Family Hour show; Frank takes Deems Taylor's place as master of ceremonies on the program from time to time during the summer.

broke again, the station came through and gave Russ a regular job as an announcer, at the magnificent salary of twenty-five dollars a week. When Russ got home that night, he was delirious with glee.

"Now," he announced breathlessly, "we can get married."

Tears came to Laurette's eyes. "What a proposal," she said. "Is that all you're going to say?"

"I'm not proposing," Russ grinned. "You only propose when you don't know what the answer is going to be." He kissed her. "You're stuck with me, whether you like it or not."

BUT their marriage didn't take place until two months later. Things began to break so fast for them that Laurette didn't even have time to write home.

Russ was called to NBC to audition for the announcer's job on Bachelor's Children. This time, against seventy-five competitors and with Laurette praying for him, he won the job.

The success of her husband-to-be gave Laurette new courage. She was bound and determined to do what she could to give them even more money to start their married life together. When she had first come to Chicago, her father had given her a letter to his friend Colonel Knox, who owned station WMAQ. Knox had turned her over to Niles Trammell, head of NBC, who had arranged a general audition for her. Laurette had taken that audition but nothing had come of it.

She felt that one of the reasons she had failed was because she had got the audition through pull. Now, with a year's experience, she would try again. She sat in the waiting rooms of NBC, day after day, until she got an audition. This time, without pull, because she had faith in herself and in her future with Russ, she gave a brilliant audition and got a contract.

On top of this, Ed Smith, the director of Bachelor's Children, left the show. Before leaving, he recommended Russ, who had been learning production while announcing, for his job. And Russ got it.

A little dazed, Russ and Laurette sat down to get their bearings. They had been through a year of hardships. Only a few months before, they were practically broke. Now, Laurette had starring parts on NBC shows and Russ was directing a coast-to-coast program. Neither of them quite believed it. But Laurette did take a few minutes to write to her father.

"Dear Dad," she wrote. "Please come up and marry us."

Her father and mother drove up from Cincinnati. The minister had never met his future son-in-law, but he approved of him immediately. Arrangements were made for the marriage to take place in a little church near Rogers Park. The best man was Ed Simons, who had given Russ that first announcing job at WAAF.

Now, they have a beautiful home in Chicago, a baby girl six months old, a movie camera and two bicycles. A year after they were married, Laurette's father and mother got lonesome and paid them a visit. While in Chicago, Laurette's father preached a sermon in a church near his daughter's home. It was such a good sermon that the congregation demanded he stay on. He's been there ever since.

On their last anniversary, they went down to Union Station and watched the train pull out for Cincinnati. Nobody either of them knew was aboard.

Helpmate

Continued from page 38

happened—the telephone would ring, and Linda would answer it. At the sound of her voice there was always a sudden click at the other end of the wire. Three times. Too often to be only an accident. . . .

Then suddenly, one morning, everything was all right again. Steve had gone down to get the milk and morning papers, and the moment he came back into the apartment, Linda knew His face had a strange look—as though joy and terror were all mixed up inside of him. Silently he held a letter toward Linda. It was from the New York Symphony Society. Linda turned it slowly over in her hand, then gave it back to Steve.

"Aren't you going to open it—see what it says?"

"I'm afraid to, Linda." Steve's voice was husky.

"You might as well." Linda tried to fight down both the joy and terror she had caught from Steve. "Give it to me." she said.

STEVE handed the letter back to her Again Linda turned it in her hand.

"Well, go on, open it. You're so brave."

"I don't care what it says," Linda said carefully. "If it's bad news—well, it's unimportant."

Steve nodded agreement. Slowly Linda tore the flap of the envelope open. For a moment she stared at the papers in her hands.

"Darling, there's a check in here," she whispered.

"A what?"

"A check . . for five hundred dollars."

Steve looked at her, not understanding.

"For what?"

"Five hundred dollars." Linda held the check out to him. "Made out by the New York Symphony Society to Stephen Harper."

"I'd better sit down," Steve said suddenly.

He sank into a chair. Linda pressed the check into his hands, then knelt beside him. Her eyes moved down the page of the letter quickly.

"Listen to this letter, Steve!"

"I'm listening."

Linda cleared her throat. "Dear Mr. Harper," she read, "Mr. Ivan Jacoby has recommended that an option be taken on your work, tentatively entitled, for the purposes of the record, 'City Park at Night.' We are very happy to say that this recommendation meets with the approval of the Board, and it is our hope that a performance of your work will be given at an early date. Mr. Jacoby has several suggestions to make about your work, and would appreciate you getting in touch with him concerning it at your earliest convenience. Enclosed is a check for five hundred dollars entitling the Society to first performance rights of your composition. Sincerely, S. W. Halsey, Secretary of the New York Symphony Society."

Now that it had happened, they could hardly believe it. Five hundred dollars . . . First performance rights . To Linda, it was as though a magic wand had been waved over them and Steve was famous already. Her Steve! She had been so right! She would have to write the news back home, to her father who had scoffed at this possibility, to her mother and sister, Holly, who would rejoice with her. She laid her cheek against Steve's.

"So it happened—"

"It happened because of you, darling. Because of your belief and faith and love. I love you, Linda."

For a long time they just sat there, clinging to each other, alone and apart from the whole world.

But gradually things began to take their normal shape. Steve made the necessary telephone call to Mr. Jacoby and arranged for an appointment on the following evening. Linda wrote a long letter to her family, a letter in which she poured out all her feeling of triumph in Steve's success.

It was so difficult to realize that it was just such a short time before when she and Steve had been married—when their whole future lay before them, coming to New York, watching Steve work over that Symphony day after day—and now their future was here!

SHE stood at the window to watch Steve cross the park on his way to keep his appointment with Mr. Jacoby. Her Steve! She knew that Mr. Jacoby was a great man, that he would recognize in Steve the same force and talent that she had seen in him. Humming fragments of Steve's melodies, she busied herself about the apartment. But with every moment her impatience grew. She tried to visualize Steve talking to Mr. Jacoby. Steve would play the piano, play from his own score. She could almost hear Mr. Jacoby's words of praise for the Symphony It was to be played by

Say Hello To-

MILO BOULTON—your host on We, the People, every Sunday evening on CBS. Although Milo wos born in Covington, Ohio, he thinks of Denver, Colorodo, as his home town becouse his fomily moved there when he wos very small. He went to the University of Colorodo, and after graduotion worked as a plumbing salesman, clerked in a deportment store, drove o milk truck, served os night mechanic in a garage, ond wos even o bill collector. After thot he decided to be on octor, and wos in different stock componies for eight yeors before he reoched Broodwoy. A good part in "The Petrified Forest" led to rodio work, and he's been behind the microphone ever since then. He is morried ond lives on Long Islond.

the New York Symphony Society. Steve was famous!

Linda couldn't remember how long she had been standing by the window before she noticed a girl sitting on one of the benches in the park. There was something familiar about that girl, even through the gathering darkness. But Linda couldn't stop to puzzle out who it might be. Her mind was wholly on Steve and her eyes strained to see him the minute he appeared. The girl sat huddled on the park bench, and it was she who saw Steve first. Linda saw her get up and go toward him as he came across the park even before she had recognized either of them. It was Steve. And the girl was Agnes. Linda turned away from the window.

IT was only a few minutes before she heard Steve's footsteps on the stairs and his key in the door. But to Linda it had seemed like a lifetime.

"Hello," she said spiritlessly, as Steve closed the door behind him.

Steve held out his arms.

"Linda!"

"Take your coat off, Steve."

"Linda, darling! I got away from Jacoby as soon as I could. I wanted you to know—"

"Did he like your music?"

"You should have heard the things he said." Steve started walking up and down the room. "The way he talked about my future as a composer—I wish you could have heard it, Linda. He was almost as bad as you—oh, darling, it's all *because* of you. If you hadn't married me and come to New York with me, I'd still be the church organist. I'd probably never have been a composer. Linda!"

This time Linda went to him. She fought back the tears that rose to her eyes.

"Did you miss me?" he asked.

"Terribly, terribly much. But every time I thought of you with Mr. Jacoby—working on your music—I was so proud I wanted to cry."

"You're so beautiful, Linda."

"Thank you, Steve. Thank you, darling."

"Do I have to tell you how much I love you?"

"Yes," Linda cried. "Always, always."

"I'll always love you . . ."

She pressed her face against Steve's shoulder.

"I was looking out the window—waiting for you to come home—I saw Agnes—it was Agnes, wasn't it?"

She felt Steve grow tense, waiting.

"So that's why you just sat there when I first came in—"

"It was Agnes, wasn't it, Steve?"

"Darling—you mustn't—"

But Linda couldn't fight her tears any longer. "You've got to tell me, Steve."

"Yes, it was Agnes. If you were looking out of the window you must have seen that I met her accidentally—"

"She was waiting for you . . . Just as I was waiting for you."

"Linda!" Steve's voice grew a little impatient. "Agnes stopped me for a minute—just to say hello—"

"Was she the one who's been phoning and hanging up?"

"Yes—so you guessed that too?"

"I felt it. And then, when I saw you talking to her in the park . . ."

"Linda, darling," Steve was grave. "Come on now, we're making a lot more out of this than it deserves—

Agnes did a stupid thing calling here—but I'm not to blame for it—I—I told her—"

"What did you tell her?"

"That she did a stupid thing." Steve's voice grew low. "Is it always going to be like this, Linda—every time we have something to celebrate? Is it always going to be spoiled for us because a girl I happened to know a long time ago turns up in a restaurant—or in a park? Look at me, Linda . . . I love you!"

"I love you, Steve!"

LINDA was able to laugh at herself a little during the next few weeks. To think she had allowed Agnes Corey to endanger her happiness, her joy over Steve's success! Steve worked with furious energy on his music. Mr. Jacoby had suggested several changes in the score and all Steve's thoughts were on perfecting his Symphony so that it would be played by the New York Symphony Society during the current season. But always he demanded Linda at his side, listening to him, encouraging him, giving him a sense of reality about his work and about their lives together. The music was like a bond that drew them closer together during those weeks.

At last the changes in the score were completed. Linda went with Steve, at his insistence, to meet the great conductor and hear at first hand what Ivan Jacoby had to say about her husband's music. It was a proud and wonderful occasion for Linda. Mr. Jacoby stood at the piano and nodded with pleasure as Steve played his music.

"Wonderful, wonderful," he said. "Young Harper, you have caught something—something very important—in your music. Your husband has an unusual talent, Mrs. Harper—or did you know that?"

"I believed it," Linda said. "Now I know it."

"I understand you have been married just a short time," Mr. Jacoby smiled at Linda.

Linda smiled and nodded.

"If marriage would always have results like this on talented young composers," Mr. Jacoby said, "I would make it compulsory for all students." Jacoby paused and looked at Linda again. "That melody . . . it tells me so much about both of you. There's tenderness in it and strength and beauty."

Steve's eyes went to Linda. Now, they seemed to say, now will you believe?

"Well, Harper," Jacoby said, "I am satisfied with the score. You have worked well. And I will try to see that the Society plays it in the very near future."

"But the option," Linda said, "And the letter—"

"Of course, Mrs. Harper," Jacoby said. "But the Symphony Society bought the option on my recommendation. They have not heard your husband's music yet. When they have, I'm sure they will agree with me."

STEVE and Linda went home that night, surrounded by a cloud of happiness.

"It's really too exciting even to think about," Linda said, her eyes shining. "The concert hall all lit up. The orchestra on the stage. And all those people listening—it's such a dazzling picture—and then the playing of your music—and the applause—Mr. Jacoby may even ask you to come up on the stage and take a bow!"

Steve laughed. "He'll never get me up there."

"Why not?" Linda demanded.

"Because I'd be terrified," said Steve. "Besides, I don't like people who do that kind of thing. I think an artist should let his work speak for him—and not get up and take a lot of swell-headed bows."

But Linda wouldn't agree. They argued about it all the way home, gaily, laughing. At the door of their apartment, Steve caught Linda in his arms.

"Do you have any idea how much I love you, Linda?"

"I remember your telling me once or twice . . ."

There was a special delivery letter waiting for them on their hall table.

"It's from your father," Steve said.

"Yes—I wrote him about the Symphony and—" Linda tore the envelope open. Steve watched her face change as she read.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"It's Mother, Steve. She isn't well. Dad doesn't write much, but . . ." Her voice faded away as she scanned the letter, then sharpened with worry. "He wants me to come home for a while—and I can tell, it's because he's worried over Mother. Oh, Steve—I ought to go, but I don't want to! I don't want to leave you!"

Fred Allen goes on vacation—Jane Froman stars on his Sunday night CBS show. Here Jane's trying out a new tune on her pet Scotty.

Surprisingly, Steve said, "You don't have to leave me. I'll come along. I haven't anything particular to do until everything's set with the Symphony Society. I'll leave my Axminster address with Jacoby, just in case he should need me." He smiled reassurance at her. "And you're not going to worry about your mother."

Linda didn't quite understand the rush of relief that came over her at this solution of the problem. It wasn't until later, when Steve had gone out to buy some things she needed for dinner that she faced her own feelings. And faced them without pride.

Back of her anxiety about her mother, back of her natural reluctance to leave Steve, there had been another thought—an unworthy shameful thought. She had not wanted to leave Steve alone in a city which contained Agnes Corey. There it was again. In spite of all Steve's assurances, in spite of all her own logic, she was afraid of something that had existed in the past and might still exist in the present.

She was passionately glad Steve could not read her thoughts.

THE next afternoon, as their train pulled into Axminster, she found herself in a very different, a much more comfortable, mood. New York and its problems seemed far away. Steve was beside her, her husband. It had never occurred to him to stay behind; and she was sure, now, that she herself thought much more on the subject of Agnes Corey than he did.

George Emerson was at the station, looking a little strained and pale but still excited and pleased over their arrival. He shook Steve's hand cordially, and Linda thought, "Now they'll really be friends. My father and my husband."

Linda's mother, he said, wasn't seriously ill—just tired and run down. "And seeing you kids will be the best medicine in the world. She began to perk up last night, the minute we got your wire."

So the visit would be perfect, Linda reflected. All of them together, all on good terms, nothing to worry about.

"Oh," she sighed happily, "I'm so relieved . . . and so glad we came."

Mixed with her happiness, those first few days of their visit, was an odd kind of humility. It sprang from a consciousness of how much her mere presence meant to her father and mother. In a dozen ways they showed it—Irene Emerson by the speed with which she gained in health and strength, George by his bumbling efforts to be interested in Steve's music, simply because he knew that would please Linda. It was tragic, Linda thought, that parents became so wrapped up in their children. She wished it could have been possible for her and Steve to live here in Axminster. But of course it was not. The best she could do was to redouble her efforts to make this visit a bright spot in her parents' lives.

Then, four days before they had planned to return to New York, the telegram came.

It was signed by Mr. Jacoby, and sounded rather urgent. He wanted to see Steve as soon as possible.

"But it's nothing, Steve, I'm sure," Linda said. "Don't get that—that *tight* look on your face. Why, Mr. Jacoby thinks your music is wonderful. We both know that."

"Yes . . . But he wants to see me . . ."

"Of course, darling. Probably to set a date when the Symphony's to be played."

"Maybe," Steve agreed doubtfully. "Whatever it is, I'll have to go, right away." He hesitated. "What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes," Steve said impatiently. "Are you coming back to New York with me or do you want to stay the week out here?"

"Why, I—" She had been about to say that of course she would go with him, but now she realized it was not as simple as all that. Cutting her stay short would be a bitter disappointment to her parents. And—

This, it came to her suddenly, was her second chance to prove to that other, finer Linda who sat in judgment on all her emotions and thoughts, how fully she really trusted her husband. She had not wanted to leave him alone in New York, and she had been ashamed of her jealous suspicions. Now was the time to erase that shame.

"I'll stay here," she said before she had a chance to change her mind, and tried to smile. "It—it won't be long."

SHE took Steve to the train, clung to him wildly at the last minute, watched the train pull out with his promise to telephone the next evening at nine o'clock ringing in her ears. But as she walked home from the station Axminster seemed empty, drained of everything that made it worth while. There is something terribly, frighteningly final about your first separation from your husband, she thought. After dinner, the next evening, she tried to play a game of Chinese checkers with her younger sister, Holly. Holly played as she did everything with complete concentration; but Linda's eyes kept returning to the clock. Its ticking sounded unnaturally loud in the room. Eight-thirty. Quarter of nine. Nine.

"Is that clock right?" she asked suddenly.

George Emerson looked up from his paper, Irene up from her crocheting. "It's been right for twenty years," Emerson observed mildly. "I guess it still is."

"It's your move, Linda," Holly said.

Slowly the clock crept past the hour. Linda tried feverishly to think of good reasons why Steve should be late in calling. An appointment he couldn't get away from—congestion of too many calls on the long-distance wires . . . The clock ticked on.

From behind his paper, her father was watching her. He exchanged uneasy glances with his wife. "Perhaps," his gaze said, "we've been mistaken in thinking everything's all right with Linda there in New York. She certainly doesn't look happy. If that Harper fellow's making her miserable—"

Irene shook her head at him, ever so slightly, and he relaxed grudgingly.

Then the telephone rang, and it was Steve. He'd had trouble getting the call through, just as she thought. Yes, he was all right—except that he missed her, he added.

"What did Mr. Jacoby want?" Linda asked.

"Oh—it's too long a story. I'll tell you all about it when I see you." He sounded evasive, worried, tired—and instantly Linda knew that something had gone wrong, very, very wrong.

"Do you want me to hurry back?" she asked.

Perhaps there was too much urgency in her tone, because Steve said irritably, "Of course not. I can get along all right."

"What—what have you been doing?"

"Doing? Nothing in particular. Seeing Jacoby—wandering around town. I'm all right."

If only, Linda raged, she could see his face! It was so unsatisfactory, this telephone conversation. There was no warmth in it, no intimacy. A hysterical impulse seized her to ask bluntly, "Have you seen Agnes Corey?" but she fought it down with an effort which left her hands shaking. A man who is depressed, disappointed, should have his wife with him, she thought. She should be there to give him comfort—

"I'll take tomorrow morning's train," she said abruptly.

"For heaven's sake, Linda!" There was real anger in his voice now. "Don't be foolish! There's no reason in the world why you should hurry back. I'm *perfectly* all right."

"Well—if you say so . . ."

There was an instant's silence; then he said more gently: "I'm sorry I snapped, dear. But really, I'd like you to stay and finish your visit, and not worry about me."

"All right." Close to tears, a moment later, she hung up. It hadn't been a very satisfactory conversation. And as she turned away from the telephone she knew why. It was because Agnes Corey, whether Steve had seen her or not, had been an unseen, unheard third party on the wire.

What happened to Steve in New York? Was it something that will have a profound influence on Linda's future happiness? Be sure to read the concluding instalment of this dramatic novel in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Say Hello To-

EDWARD TREVOR—who plays Walter Jerame, Rasie Galdberg's beau, in The Galdbergs. He was also Sheik Ahmed Ben Hassan, the hero of "The Sheik," when that famous romantic story was being broadcast. He is of Spanish ancestry, and his father is Henry Taledano, one-time editor of the newspaper La Liberte in Paris. Edward was educated in America, mostly, and went to Yale University, graduating from it in 1934 and immediately starting an acting career. He's been in several Broadway shows, and most recently opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark," playing the part that was originated by Victor Mature, now of the movies. As you can see from his picture, he resembles Mature.

I'll Always Remember

Continued from page 29

studio and the *Clarion* office and less at home. I knew something about nutrition and textiles, and worked up some ideas of my own to include in the routine stuff. Clyde Martin was a great help. Sometimes he'd wait till my broadcast was over and give me hints about timing and diction. He'd go over my material with me and make suggestions. I learned a lot from him, and his interest was flattering at a time when I needed appreciation. It was heady and glamourous to be associated with a person like that.

If sometimes he patted my shoulder a little too frequently or looked at me with that too-personal glance of his—well, I reassured myself it was the free-and-easy manner of newspaper people and that I'd show myself up for a naive, small-town girl if I resented it.

SOMETIMES, too, we'd have lunch together and he'd tell me about big newspaper stories he'd covered before he came to work on a little sheet like the *Clarion*. He'd worked in lots of places, and he'd come to Keeler for his health, he said. He needed the sea air and a slower pace. I drank up all he told me, eagerly and excitedly, and worked harder than ever. And gradually we spent more and more time together. With Lee gone and with the family like they were, he was the only person I could really talk to.

Signs of war increased in Keeler as the spring came on. Soldiers patrolled the beach regularly now, Navy planes were constantly scouting overhead, and Lee looked more tired when he came home. The flame-blackened wreckage at our very doorsteps increased and we were always aware of the horrible menace that lurked just off our shores. It was in the consciousness of all of us, every hour of the day.

The only bright spot for me was that the *Clarion* had decided to continue the Shopping Column over the station, and I was given a small salary to go on with it. That meant it was definitely a success! I worked harder than ever at it, and even the Allins couldn't dampen my enthusiasm this time. I felt a lot of my success was due to Clyde Martin's interest, and I told him so.

"That's okay. I told you once before I always like to help a pretty little girl go places."

We were sitting down on the beach by the seawall. It was warm and sheltered there, with the sun on our backs and the water already taking on the blue of early summertime. For the last week we'd gone down there every day, after work, to talk over the program or just to talk.

I was looking out to sea. Out there, I was thinking, out there Lee is on a ceaseless vigil guarding *us*.

"You're a funny girl, Cassie," Clyde said suddenly. "Either you're a complete innocent or you've got the hard-to-get technique perfected down to the last detail."

I turned, startled. He was leaning back on his elbows, looking at me with a lazy smile. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean we've played around all these weeks and not once have you

ever given the slightest sign you knew I was on earth. You've never even shown you liked me."

"But of course I like you, Clyde. You've been a good friend to me and I don't know what I'd have done without you on my job."

"Oh *that*. I mean really like me—like this."

He leaned forward suddenly and before I could move, his arms were around me and his lips covered mine. For a moment I was shocked into immobility. Then with a sudden rush of revulsion I pushed him away. His kiss was hateful and, instinctively, I rubbed my lips with my hand.

"What's the matter?" He grinned cockily but his eyes were suddenly hard. "Are you so crazy about that sailor-boy of yours, you haven't got time for anybody else?"

"I'm in love with my husband, if that's what you mean," I said furiously. "And that 'sailor-boy' happens to be fighting a war instead of sitting around on beaches!"

That stung him, as I intended it should. The grin was gone now and his face was suddenly as hard as his eyes. "Let me tell you something. There are more ways of fighting than wearing a uniform and making yourself out a hero. Sitting around on beaches, as you choose to put it, might turn out to have its own kind of value."

"That's perfectly true. But I don't think you're doing it for any valuable reason."

"No? You'd feel pretty silly if it turned out I had good and sufficient reason for hanging around the beach. If I were on the track of something pretty big that would involve not only that precious Ensign of yours but everybody in this section."

"I don't believe it. What could you possibly be on to?"

"Take a look." His gesture included the empty sands stretching on either side, the boarded up cottages behind us, and the sweep of the ocean. "Doesn't it ever occur to you that there are enemy subs within a few miles of here? That it's possible—just possible—one of them could have put ashore a small force that could hide out around here until they had a chance to do their dirty work?"

"You mean—sabotage?"

"Why not? We're close to a port, to shipyards, to defense plants. Keeler itself isn't anything, but it would make a nice base for that kind of operation. A task force in a small boat could have slipped past the patrol some dark night and—"

"But it's fantastic!"

HE shrugged. "Have it your own way. Sabotage was fantastic in France, too, and look what happened. Don't forget newspaper reporters are trained observers—and we don't always tell all we know. Pleasant as your charming company may be—" angry sarcasm lay heavy in his voice—"I may have another reason for spending time down here than the enjoyment of it."

"I don't believe it!"

"You don't have to. But just remember it if your sailor-boy gets in serious trouble sometime pretty soon."

I turned and walked away without a word. The implications of what he said when he'd kissed me, of his attitude toward Lee, filled me with contempt and loathing. I'd been a fool to think he'd been helpful because he was interested in my work.

I walked north along the seawall, fast, trying to forget it and to wash the whole thing from my mind. What he'd said about Lee made me wish I'd struck him. And then, thinking of Lee, I remembered the other things he'd said. I looked at the cottages, still boarded up for the winter, that stood along this part of the shore. They'd make a good hide-out for the kind of task force he'd talked about, and they'd be frighteningly close to vital spots—within a few miles. Such a thing *could* be possible—anything was, in this war. I shivered a little. Then I told myself I was silly and tried to dismiss it from my mind. Tomorrow Lee would be home and we would be together and I could forget all unpleasant things.

BUT all that evening and that night, Clyde's words kept coming back. Could he really be on to something, after all? He was contemptible, he was despicable, but still—he'd been awfully sure. When I fell into a fitful sleep, my dreams were of treachery and sabotage, of hidden bombs and fires and destruction.

When I came down to breakfast next morning I was tense with fatigue. Mother Allin handed me my coffee. "I declare, Cassie, you ought to give up that foolish job. You think it's so important you're not getting your sleep. I heard you tossing and turning all night and this morning you look like something the cat dragged in."

"It's not the job," I said crossly. "I was worried about something I heard yesterday."

"Now, now, Mother, don't you realize that radio people have the affairs of the nation to worry them?" Father said playfully. "After all, they have access to important facts that are kept from us poor ordinary mortals."

He'd said things like that a hundred times before and I'd tried to accept it as good-natured kidding. But this was too much. "You might be interested to know that's perfectly true," I said with asperity. "People who work with the news do hear things first—and sometimes they get hold of facts that the general public doesn't know. Down at the *Clarion*—"

"That might be true of big newspapers, but down at a little two-by-four place like the *Clarion*, what could anyone possibly know that the rest of us don't? That's silly, Cassie. I knew that job would go to your head."

"It's not silly! Only yesterday I heard something that might well affect the lives of everybody around here. But it's not going to be broadcast or put in the paper."

"I'm sure it couldn't be very important or we'd know about it," Mother Allin said dismissingly.

"Would you know it if a German sub landed a force on the beach down there for sabotage? Would you know it if one of those cottages was being used as a hide-out for them?"

Father laid down his fork and looked at me. "Cassie, do you mean to tell me—"

"I only mean that such a thing is possible and that somebody from the *Clarion* might have gotten a tip somehow. That's what was keeping me awake last night—not a little thing like a job going to my head!"

I marched indignantly out of the dining-room. As I left, I heard Mother Allin say, "If that's true, I think you ought to go right down and

see Mr. Henry. He's the Senior Air Raid Warden and he ought to double the number of wardens he's got on the beach side of town. . . ."

And that's the simple, innocent way it started. Just because I'd gotten angry at Clyde Martin and the family had goaded me.

What really happened in Keeler that day I'll never know for sure, but I can guess. I do know what happened at home after I left. It was natural. Mr. Allin did stop in to see Mr. Henry. "It's just possible such a thing could happen," he said. "It might be a good idea to keep a strict lookout."

And Mrs. Allin called Mrs. Lewis whose son was working in the shipyards at Suffolk. Had he said anything lately about taking extra precautions against sabotage? Well, it might be a good idea if they were extra careful just now because there was a possibility none of us had ever thought of. Somebody at the *Clarion*, she didn't like to say who, thought there was a chance a German sub . . .

Mr. Henry called his zone wardens. Mrs. Lewis called a friend of hers. Possibilities became probabilities. Probabilities became facts. *A submarine could* became *a submarine had* . . . One lady had seen suspicious looking men around the Carter cottage—the Carters weren't coming down this year, you know, and the cottage is pretty isolated anyway. Conjectures grew, two and two were put together. Words were whispered, spoken aloud, then shouted. "I have it on good authority . . . they came ashore last night . . . mysterious flares at sea . . . they've notified the Navy . . . they've called out the troops . . . Invasion party . . . Bridgehead . . . Sabotage . . . Fifth Column . . ."

IT started with a tiny spark. It became a roaring, unstoppable flame. The tinder of suspicion was ignited and rumor did the rest. By late afternoon it was a known fact that a German submarine had landed eleven men who were going to blow up the defense plants, set fire to the shipyards, and wreck the docks at Suffolk. Silly? Not with people's nerves on edge. Not with families whose sons worked in those defense plants, shipyards and docks.

I heard it when I left the *Clarion* office, late that afternoon. At first I didn't associate it with any words of mine. It was too big. It was a fact. And then a gnawing fear took hold of me. I rushed home.

Mother Allin met me at the door. She was pale and worried, but determined. "Cassie, have you heard—".

"Mother Allin," I said quietly, "did you tell anyone what I said this morning?"

"Why, yes, I talked to Mrs. Lewis. But what—"

"And did Father talk to Mr. Henry, too?"

"Yes, and then he called me around noon to say—" She broke off and we looked at each other dumbly.

"And Billy?"

"He rushed off to school all excited about spies, and then he came home early and said school had been dismissed for the day. Cassie, you don't think that *we*—"

"No," I said and then the full horror of it came over me. "I think that *I* did it. I—look!"

Rumbling past the house was a truckload of soldiers from the nearby camp. They were moving down to-

ward the beach. I ran outside. Navy planes—more than I'd ever seen—were overhead and far out to sea. A patrol boat, like Lee's, was chugging along the coast, well inshore, and I saw the sunlight glinting on its forward gun.

My job's out there guarding freighters . . . That's what Lee had said. Out there, on the sweeps of lonely sea, freighters were bringing vital necessities up our coast. Out there, lying in wait, were submarines that with fire and shell and even treachery would try to stop them. Suppose a freighter were left unguarded—only for a moment—by a boat called to search our shore. Suppose at this moment a torpedo—

FRANTICALLY I called the *Clarion.* They could get out an extra, they could send a bulletin out over the air—anything to stop this. But the editor told me flatly he would not confirm or deny anything as important as this until the proper authorities gave him official information.

I can't ever tell you what that night was like. I watched and waited with the rest, impotent to stop what I had set in motion, numb with the vastness of what I'd done. Every cottage on the beach was entered, every inch of shore was searched. And all night the people of Keeler waited and watched, mobilized, ready for action. That's what I saw happen. I had to stand there and look at it and know, with the deepest bitterness I will ever know, that it was my own handiwork.

Slowly the search died down. Slowly soldiers and sailors went back to their regular posts. Only a few remained, as a precaution. About seven-thirty a car drove up to our door. Lee got out—a haggard Lee, worn with strain.

I threw myself on him hysterically. "Stop them!" I cried. "Tell them it's false, it's wrong. I did it! I started all this!"

He grabbed me by the shoulders. "What are you saying, Cassie?"

Incoherently, sobbingly, I poured out the story. What had happened with Clyde, what he had said, what I had done. He listened till I was through. And he listened to his mother, too, when she said, "It's not all Cassie's fault, Lee. Your father and I had our part in it too."

Then he turned on me. "Where is Clyde Martin now?"

"He's at the studio, I guess. He's just about to go on . . ."

"Come on then." He pulled me toward the car.

I huddled in the seat beside him. He never looked at me once. This was not the man I loved, the man I thought I knew so well. This was an officer in the armed forces doing a job. I wanted to touch him, to see again the look he wore only for me. But he was grim and cold and as untouchable as a statue.

We ran into the studio. Clyde was standing in front of the microphone, waiting for his signal to begin. He looked jaunty in spite of the signs of sleeplessness. But some of the jauntiness faded from his face when he saw Lee.

"What are you doing in here? I'm about to go on the air. I'm—"

"That's just what I'm here for. When you go on the air you're going to tell the listening people of Keeler that you are guilty of starting a false rumor."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Now get out of here—"

Lee reached out. He took hold of Clyde's coat. There was an angry white line around his lips. "Did you or did you not tell my wife day before yesterday a cock-and-bull story about a submarine landing a task force?"

Clyde's sureness was gone now. "I may have said it was possible. I may have advanced it as an interesting theory—"

"What's interesting about it? You told her in such a way to make her think it was true, didn't you—that you were really on to something? Well, you're going to retract it to your listeners right now."

"Now look here." Clyde was making efforts to free himself. "You may think you run the Navy but you're not running me. If your wife was fool enough to believe it and spread it around—"

He never finished the sentence. Lee's fist shot out. It crashed into Clyde's jaw, and he reeled backwards across the studio.

Just then the red signal above the mike flashed. We were on the air! I stood like one hypnotized for a second. Then I grabbed the microphone.

"Everybody in Keeler," I said into it. "Please listen! This is not the regular program. This is a special announcement. Please listen carefully. This is Cassie Allin. All of you who have been searching all night for a landing force from a submarine, go on home. There was no landing force. There never was. The story is a false rumor, started by me. I heard something and I passed it on carelessly, unthinkingly. I've done an irreparable harm and caused irreparable trouble. It's all my fault. All I can say is I—I—" My voice broke. I couldn't go on.

LEE took the mike from me. "Attention, everybody!" The words were calm and forceful. "This is Ensign Lee Allin of the Coast Guard. You have just heard a girl do a very brave thing. She has admitted to the world she made a horrible mistake—what could be a tragic mistake. But she alone is not to blame. Many of the rest of you must share her guilt. Do you realize that by your passing on a false rumor, cargoes may have been lost and men may have died at sea? Do you realize that a ship may have been torpedoed because we who are supposed to guard it were here, instead, running down a false report? Learn a lesson from my wife. She's admitted her guilt. Admit yours—and swear in your hearts that you will never talk without thinking again . . ."

That was all. Lee led me from the booth. In the hall outside I stopped. "Oh Lee—you were wonderful. And I—how can you bear to speak to me, even to look at me. Can you forgive me?"

"Don't talk like that." He put his arms about me and held me close. "It was true what I said—you did a brave and fine thing. You couldn't undo the harm but you admitted your guilt and taught yourself and everybody else a lesson. Don't be ashamed, Cassie. Just remember—and learn from it."

"I will," I whispered. "I promise."

And I have. So have the Allins. So has all of Keeler. They've stopped talking about it now but they haven't forgotten. They never will forget.

Pepper Young's Family

Continued from page 19

knowing how to explain to her son. "Pepper, haven't you noticed how ill your father looks?" Pepper frowned at her and bit his lip. "It's—well, I'm afraid he'll have a breakdown unless—"

"Gee, Mom," Pepper said. "You know what it is—I—I mean, Dad's worried."

"It's more than that, Pepper," Mrs. Young said. "He needs to feel useful again. He needs to have his faith in himself, in his ability, reawakened. He needs—"

"Say!" Pepper interrupted. "Biff got a letter from his father this morning—read it to me when I drove him to school. Mr. Bradley's doing all right. Maybe, if Dad went to see him, it'd make him feel better. Remember how it pepped him up when Mr. Bradley got that job?"

"Mmm," Mrs. Young murmured. Then she shrugged helplessly. "Oh, Pepper, I don't think your father would go. He hates so to spend money on himself—and—I don't dare let him see how worried I am about him."

"Yeah, but look," Pepper said enthusiastically. "That letter—Mr. Bradley says a couple of times in it that he wishes Dad were there—you know, as if Dad could help him out."

"Are you sure, dear?" Mrs. Young asked. For the first time she began to see some hope of solving her problem.

Pepper wrinkled his forehead in thought. "Let's see—oh, I remember one thing Mr. Bradley wrote—that a couple of things have come up he knows Dad could have straightened out in a minute."

"If we could only convince your father of that," Mrs. Young said. "If we can only make him think Curt really needs him—"

"There's Dad now," Pepper said from the window. "Let's tackle him right away. He looks as though he needed a little lift."

THEY gave him just enough time to get into the house. When they got downstairs, Sam was sitting in his favorite chair before the fireplace. His huge frame was sunk deep into the soft cushions and his hands lay listlessly in his lap. He made an effort to sit up and Mrs. Young's heart ached for him.

It was a little difficult to know how to begin. Mrs. Young kissed Sam tenderly and asked him what kind of a day he'd had. He answered her dejectedly and reached for the newspaper. Pepper winked at his mother.

"Biff got a letter from his father this morning," Pepper said.

"Really?" Mrs. Young said, falling in with Pepper's approach and noticing, with a twinge, that Sam's eyes had come alive for a moment. "How is Curt?"

"Well—" Pepper said. "I don't know. You'd better get Biff to read you the letter. It sounds all right, but I think Mr. Bradley's having a little trouble with his new job."

"Eh?" Sam said. "Nonsense, Curt's a capable man."

"Sure," Pepper said. "But you know yourself that he hasn't as much experience as you have, Dad. Even when you were partners, he let you handle certain things by yourself. Bet he could use your advice, now."

"I wonder if he's really having trouble?" Mrs. Young asked.

"Say, Dad!" Pepper said enthusiastically, as though he had just thought of it. "Why don't you go to Chicago and see Mr. Bradley—give him a hand?"

Mrs. Young's heart stood still as she saw Sam's face light up. "That's a wonderful idea, Pepper," she said. "Why don't you, Sam? I'm sure Curt would be very grateful."

"Oh, I don't know," Sam said thoughtfully. "I think Curt can get along without me—"

But they could see their idea had fallen on fertile ground. They pressed their advantage, Pepper even going to the phone to check up on trains to Chicago. However, it wasn't until Biff came home and read his father's letter aloud to them that Sam really began to believe that Curt needed him.

"You know," Sam said, his eyes sparkling for the first time in weeks, "it'll be good, surprising Curt. I could catch the eight-forty and be there first thing in the morning."

Pepper grinned triumphantly at his mother and Mrs. Young smiled. Then, she saw Biff's face and sighed. Poor Biff, she thought, he was envious of Sam and she couldn't blame him. Biff

was probably very lonely for his father.

"Mary," Sam said, "can you help me pack? Maybe we could finish that before dinner."

"Of course, darling," Mrs. Young said. "Pepper, ask Hattie to give you something to eat, dear."

MRS. YOUNG couldn't help thinking of the old days, while they packed Sam's bags. She remembered other times when they had debated over which suits Sam should take and whether he'd have enough shirts and socks. And it was good. It made her heart glad to see him interested and excited again, to hear him speculating on Curt's problems. Sam was just struggling with the straps on his suitcase, when they heard Pepper let out a whoop of delight.

"Hey, Mom! Dad!" Pepper yelled. "Come on down and give your blessings. Boy, are things happening!"

Mrs. Young hurried downstairs. Peggy and Carter were standing together, looking breathless and embarrassed and, somehow, radiant.

"Congratulations and all that!" Pepper was saying. He looked at his watch. "Gee! I've got to scram. See you all later. 'Bye, Dad. Have a good time. I'm afraid I won't be able to get to the train to see you off."

After Pepper's uproar had died down, it seemed very still in the house.

"Mother, look!" Peggy said, finally. She put out her hand and the diamond on her finger caught the light and broke it into a million facets. "Oh, Mother, say it's all right!" Peggy cried. The next moment, she was in her mother's arms, hiding her face like a shy child.

Carter cleared his throat. "I—I hope you don't mind, Mr. Young," he said. "I know I should have asked you first, but—"

Mrs. Young looked at Sam. He was smiling a little doubtfully, but not disapprovingly. "Well—now," he said, "I think maybe you should have spoken to me. Peggy's pretty young, you know."

"Oh, Daddy!" Peggy said. "Don't say that. I know. I know I love Carter and I'll never love anyone else, no matter how old I get."

"There, there," Sam said. "I didn't say no, did I?" He turned to Carter. "And your parents, how do they feel about it?"

"Uh—" Carter frowned slightly. "They don't know, yet. I wanted them to meet Peggy first."

Sam smiled indulgently, then grew serious. "You owe them a certain responsibility, you know, Carter," he said. "Don't you think they should have been—well—warned? After all, this is going to be a surprise to them."

"Yes, I know," Carter said. "That's why I've asked Peggy to keep this secret for awhile."

"Secret?" Sam repeated.

Carter flushed. Haltingly, as though he felt it sounded a bit strange, he told them how much his father hated publicity. "And," Carter tried to explain, "I was afraid that if people knew we were engaged, the papers might get hold of it and splash it all over the front page. I—I guess they think I'm sort of important—well—because my family has money—and they might play up the fact that Peggy isn't from a rich family and—and my father might get the wrong impression. I don't want that to happen. I want him to meet Peggy first—then, he'll probably give the papers an announcement himself. But that's different. You do understand, don't you, Mr. Young?"

"Hmm," Sam murmured. "Yes, I guess so. Tell you what, Peggy. Suppose you keep that ring hidden, for awhile—"

"Oh, Daddy!" Peggy cried, her eyes filming over with tears of disappointment.

"Peggy, dear," Mrs. Young said tenderly, "it's just for a little while—until Carter has talked to his parents."

Sam laughed lightly and patted his daughter's head. "You're very impatient, seems to me." He grinned. "Now, let's have some dinner. I have a train to catch."

Looking around the table, Mrs. Young thought it was some time since they had sat down to such a cheerful meal. Sam was happy, she could see that. And Peggy? Peggy was lost in a world in which only Carter was real. Mrs. Young looked past Carter's handsome young face bent towards Peggy's and sighed as she saw Biff staring at his untouched food. She must remind Sam, she thought, to tell Curt he really should come to see his son, soon. She knew that no matter how much she and Sam loved him and watched over him, they couldn't take his father's place.

And then, they were all waving to Sam from the platform and he was grinning back at them from the train window. After the train had hooted its way out of sight, Mrs. Young refused Carter's offer to drive her home. She wanted to be alone. She walked home through the quiet, treelined streets, thinking of Sam and hoping that his trip would have the desired effect of renewing his courage and belief in himself.

She thought of Peggy and, for a moment, found herself a little afraid of what might lie ahead for her daughter. It was nothing more than realistic to consider the possibility that the Trents might think Peggy was not a suitable match for Carter.

But Mrs. Young shook off that idea. It was silly, after all. They were every bit as good a family as the Trents. They didn't have money, but Sam had done much for his fellow men—more, perhaps than Mr. Trent ever had. Sam was good and wise and honest. Unselfishly, Sam had served his community when its need was great, and he had earned no reward, no salary for his term as Mayor. But he had won the respect and trust of his fellow citizens.

She wondered, fleetingly, whether Mr. Trent could say the same of himself. Then she dismissed the thought as unworthy.

Mrs. Young turned in at the gate and walked slowly up the path toward the house. Suddenly, she stopped. A shadowy figure rose from one of the porch chairs.

"Mrs. Young?" a man's voice asked. "Hattie said you would be back soon, so I waited out here."

MRS. YOUNG smiled at herself. It was only Mr. Walters, the real estate agent who handled their house. She went up on the porch and shook hands with him. "You frightened me," she laughed. "Won't you sit down? Isn't it a lovely evening?"

"Uh—yes, yes," Mr. Walters said. He seemed embarrassed. "Uh—Hattie tells me Mr. Young has gone to Chicago. I wanted to speak to him—I wanted to find out—"

"Yes?" Mrs. Young helped him. There was something in his manner that made her uneasy. "Can I help you?"

"Well—I—I hate to press you this way, Mrs. Young," Mr. Walters said quickly. "But—Mr. Phillips, the owner, wants to know how soon you will be able to make a down payment on the house. You see, he—he wants to get rid of this property and—I—I'm afraid that unless you buy back your house, I'm going to have to put it up for sale."

"Oh," Mrs. Young whispered.

"I—I thought I'd talk to Mr. Young," Mr. Walters said. "I thought he could give me some idea of how long it would be—and I could give Mr. Phillips a date—"

Mr. Walter's voice faded into silence. There was an awkward pause, while Mrs. Young thought desperately that she wished she could see a glimmer of hope. She didn't want her home sold. She couldn't even conceive of having to live anywhere else. Yet she knew she would have to be honest with Mr. Walters.

"I—" she began unhappily, "I'm afraid you'll have to sell the house, Mr. Walters. I know Mr. Young couldn't have given you any date—I—we—really have no idea when we'll be able to buy the house."

Mr. Walters couldn't seem to get away quickly enough. He murmured apologies and stammered that he hated to press them and that he knew how much the house meant to Mrs. Young and he stumbled down the dark path to the gate.

Wearily, Mrs. Young went into the

quiet house. She was surprised to find that there were tears in her eyes. She was glad of one thing—that Sam had gone to Chicago before Mr. Walters got a chance to see him. At least, he had been spared this one, last blow. And she was determined that he must not find out about this, not until he was better able to face it.

She touched a match to the fire in the living room and watched the flames leap up, casting their wavering shadows about the room. She sat down in Sam's big chair and relaxed.

"Mother?"

Mrs. Young sat up with a start and realized she must have dozed off.

"Hi, Mum," Pepper said. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"That's all right, dear," Mrs. Young said. "Peggy's out late."

PEPPER laughed. "They can't think about time, now." Mrs. Young smiled at her son. "Mother," he went on, "I want to ask you something—I mean, show you something." He went out to the hall and returned with a large flat box. "Think Pegs will like this?" He unwrapped a large red leather purse. "I wanted to get her something—you know, something to make her feel good when she goes to Chicago to meet the Trents. I remembered she said she'd love a red bag to match her hat."

"It's beautiful, Pepper," Mrs. Young said. She took the bag from him and examined all the extra fittings inside. She smiled. "She'll hardly need to pack another thing." Then, she frowned. "Pepper, this is an expensive bag. Where did you get the money?"

"I earned it," Pepper said proudly. "Behold, the scribe!"

"The what?" Mrs. Young asked.

Pepper grinned. "Well, I figured the newspapers might as well get the right kind of story about Peggy's engagement, so I—Mother! What's the matter?"

"Pepper!" Mrs. Young cried. "Are you telling me that you told the newspapers about Peggy's engagement?"

Pepper nodded feebly. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh, Pepper," Mrs. Young whispered. And she told him about Mr. Trent's hatred for publicity.

"Well, gee!" Pepper said. "How was I to know?"

"We've got to stop it from appearing," Mrs. Young said. "Call Mr. Goodwin, at once, Pepper."

Pepper ran to the phone, but there was no answer at the offices of the *Free Press*. They tried Mr. Goodwin's home, only to learn that the editor had gone to Chicago on business. Mrs. Young tried to reach the printer, but he was gone, too.

"Mom, what'll we do?"

Mrs. Young looked at him. All his grown up airs were gone and he was just a small boy again, frightened and worried. She brushed back his tousled hair. "We'll have to try again in the morning, dear."

But it was too late in the morning. They didn't know that while they slept the wires of the news services were humming all over the country. They had no idea of the uproar in the offices of the Chicago papers, where front pages were remade to feature the story and reporters were assigned to dig up old information on the Trents. They had no idea that, precisely because Mr. Trent always made it so difficult for the papers to get news about him, the editors were indulging in a Roman holiday at his expense.

PEPPER was down for breakfast early. He looked hopefully at his mother as he sat down. Mrs. Young shook her head sadly and nodded toward the folded paper by her plate.

They both looked up as Peggy came into the room, her face fresh and lovely with happiness. She was fastening the clasp of a thin gold chain, on which she had strung her engagement ring. She smiled dreamily.

"I couldn't bear to leave it in a drawer," she said. "I'll wear it inside my dress, Mother. That's all right, isn't it? No one will see it."

Mrs. Young saw Pepper grit his teeth. "Sis," he said painfully, "I didn't know. I—gee—I was so glad and—"

"What are you talking about?" Peggy asked.

Mrs. Young felt infinitely sorry for her son and, yet, a little proud because of his courage. He swallowed miserably and handed Peggy the Elmwood *Free Press*.

It was on the front page. It was almost the whole of the front page. There was an old picture of Peggy and one of Carter in his uniform. There was a short history of the Trent family. There was a much longer history of the Youngs.

Peggy was not aware that the paper had slipped out of her fingers. She felt only a terrible pain and her heart had stopped beating and she couldn't breathe. Then, deep inside her, something went to pieces and she felt the sobs tearing at her.

Time meant nothing to Peggy, then. Time had stopped. Everything had stopped. The painful, wracking sobs wore away.

"Peggy," there was a soft touch on her shoulder and Peggy looked up into her mother's face. "Peggy, dear," her mother said softly, "Carter wants to talk to you—on the phone."

"Oh," Peggy gasped. "No—no, I can't!"

"It's all right, dear," her mother said. "Carter says it's all right."

Peggy jumped out of the chair. She had no idea how she had come to be sitting there. Her knees were shaky, but she felt alive again. She went toward the phone and it seemed to take ages to get there.

"Carter—oh, darling," she cried into the phone. "I'm so sorry—I—Pepper didn't know—I was so afraid—"

"It's all right, darling," she heard Carter's voice saying. "I've just talked to my father in Chicago. He—isn't very angry—just surprised. You mustn't worry. I love you, Peggy."

"Oh, Carter—are you sure, darling," she murmured into the phone, "are you sure he's not angry?"

"Yes," Carter said. But it was the way he laughed, softly, reassuringly, that really made her feel better. "I've got to hang up, now, darling—I'll see you as soon as I can."

Peggy hung up. She found she had to sit down quickly. Her terror had been unbearable, but her relief was almost worse. Peggy realized that she was a little frightened, now. For now she knew how much she really loved Carter, how little life would mean to her if she lost him.

The phone rang again, this time with the two short rings of the Long Distance operator. Peggy picked up the receiver automatically.

If Mrs. Young had known how desperately Peggy wanted everything to be all right and how much this desire of Peggy's would color her reactions, she would never have let Peggy carry on that conversation. But Mrs. Young didn't know that. All she knew was that Peggy had quieted down and was speaking normally and calmly into the phone.

"Yes," she heard Peggy say. "This is Peggy Young. Chicago?" And Mrs. Young saw her daughter's gray eyes widen with surprise and alarm. Then Peggy listened a moment and Mrs. Young saw fright and relief and pleasure flitting across her face, as she spoke and listened by turns. Peggy hung up, finally, and jumped to her feet. "Mother!" she cried. "They're coming here—tomorrow! The Trents are coming here to see me. Me! Oh, Mother!" Peggy hugged her mother fiercely. "Darling, they can't be so angry, after all, can they?"

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Young asked. "What did Mr. Trent say?"

"Of course, I'm sure," Peggy cried and her voice was like singing. "Mr. Trent? It wasn't Mr. Trent. It was his secretary. He—oh, I'm all mixed up, I'm so happy. He didn't say anything. He just said he wanted to be sure I'd be home tomorrow and I said I would be and then he said fine and to expect them and not to tell Carter about this. I guess they want to surprise him, too." Peggy danced around happily. "Gosh!" she laughed. "I didn't think I could be so happy." She caught a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror. "Gee, I look fierce."

Peggy ran up stairs. And, a few minutes later, hearing her singing, Mrs. Young was grateful for the recuperative powers of the young.

Mrs. Young herself felt tired and worn by all the excitement. And she knew she couldn't afford to be tired. There was so much to do, if they were going to have such important guests the next day.

As always, Mrs. Young found work a quieting influence. She made Peggy go to school in the afternoon and she and Hattie set about cleaning up the living room, waxing, polishing, beating rugs, planning a tea menu and changing it every few minutes.

Once, while she was arranging flowers, she thought of Mr. Walters and what he had said about having to sell the house, and her heart floundered and went still, for a moment. She looked around the room then, and it didn't seem right to her that they should ever have to leave this place. She and Sam had come there when they were married. It was a part of their life together.

JUST then the front door burst open and Peggy and Edie were there and Mrs. Young blinked the unshed tears out of her eyes. Peggy mustn't know about this, she thought. None of them must know—not now, not yet.

And, in the general excitement of the rest of that day and most of the next, Mrs. Young had little time to think of it herself. There were things to be ordered and a cake to bake.

As the day wore on, Mrs. Young found the waiting a strain. They had no idea what time the Trents were arriving. Peggy got home at three-thirty, a little giddy and a great deal upset, because Edie had told her that society people didn't have big cakes with tea. Then Edie arrived herself and insisted that Peggy ought to change from her school blouse and skirt into something more grown up looking. Mrs. Young sighed and sent the two girls upstairs, wishing for once that Edie had stayed away.

The doorbell rang. For one panic-stricken moment, Mrs. Young wondered whether she should let Hattie open the door. The next instant she was walking into the hall, scolding herself for even thinking of putting on airs for the Trents.

She opened the door and found herself looking into the face of a tall, distinguished looking man. He took off his hat and bowed stiffly.

"Mrs. Young?"

Mrs. Young smiled and put out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Trent?" she said graciously. "Won't you come in?" She looked past him. "Didn't Mrs. Trent come with you?

The man frowned. "I am not Mr. Trent, madame."

"Oh," Mrs. Young smiled hesitantly. Then. she laughed lightly. "I'm sorry, I made a mistake. We're expecting some guests and I thought—"

"I am Mr. Trent's attorney," the man said. "My name is Taylor."

"I—I don't understand—" Mrs. Young found herself saying. She stared at him, at his expressionless face, and there was something guarded and cold in his eyes that filled her with a sense of foreboding.

Something is very wrong when parents send a lawyer to see their son's fiancée instead of coming themselves! What message has Mr. Taylor come to deliver? Be sure to read the next instalment of this delightful serial in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Bargains in Meat

Continued from page 42

onion, a tablespoon of minced celery leaves or parsley and a bayleaf.

Pork steak, braised in this way, seems to call for a dash of sage along with the onion and for greater variety try pineapple or apricot juice for liquid. And while we are on the subject of flavor variations remember that braised dishes of all types offer a chance for you to do experimental work of your own with dried herb and spice seasonings.

Other cuts which are excellent braised are lamb necks and shanks, veal shanks, beef ribs and shanks. They may be braised in a skillet, like the steaks, or in a pot deep enough to allow vegetables to cook with them, the vegetables to be added just long enough before the meat is done to give them time to cook. The choice and variety of vegetables for braised dishes is almost endless—carrots, onions and potatoes are usually first choice, with celery, green pepper, tomatoes, string or lima beans, peas and mushrooms for additional flavor interest.

Stuffed breast of veal or lamb and cushion shoulder roasts, so called because the bone is removed and the opening filled with bread crumb dressing, are much more economical than the customary leg roasts and the man in your family may prefer them because they are easier to carve.

Cushion Roast of Lamb

5 lbs. boned shoulder of lamb
2 cups cracked wheat bread crumbs
2 minced onions
2 tbls. minced parsley or celery leaves
½ to 1 tsp. marjoram 1 bay leaf
2 tsps. salt
½ tsp. pepper
½ to 1 cup liquid

Wipe meat with damp cloth, combine remaining ingredients (using more or less liquid, depending on whether you like moist or dry dressing) and fill pocket in meat. Fasten opening with skewers or tooth picks and roast, uncovered, in 350 degree oven, basting occasionally, until tender (about 2½ hours). For liquid use milk, soup stock or the liquid from cooked vegetables. In making stuffed veal roasts I sometimes use a pinch of nutmeg, cloves oregano (also known as Mexican sage) in place of the marjoram.

Stuffed beef flank is another excellent economy cut. It is a thin wedge-shaped piece of beef, without bone, in which your butcher can easily cut a pocket. For this, too, I like the basic cracked wheat stuffing above, though sometimes I vary it by using rosemary, thyme or ginger instead of oregano. Beef flank is thinner than the other stuffed roasts, so will require a shorter cooking time (about 25 minutes per pound), and it is a good plan to turn it when the cooking time is half over to allow it to cook evenly. Also bear in mind that the beef flank and veal roasts are likely to be dry and should be rubbed with butter, margarine or some other fat before cooking.

Boiled beef with horseradish sauce is a favorite with most men and one of the simplest dishes to prepare, also one of the most versatile for it is equally good served hot with mixed vegetables or chilled and cut thin as the main dish in a summer cold meat and salad supper.

Because You Need Me

Continued from page 13

but somehow, instead, I heard myself being perfectly straight-forward and serious. Because he *was* nice—he was so terribly nice. And I hadn't forgotten him, at all.

You know about the Stage Door Canteen, don't you? It's the basement lounge of a big theater just off Broadway, and it's the favorite and tremendously successful project of the actors and actresses, writers, and technicians of radio and the stage. It's open seven nights a week, and any man in the uniform of the United Nations is welcome there. We serve food and coffee and soft drinks, and the biggest stars in America come—sometimes to entertain the boys and sometimes just to work in the kitchen or wait on tables. And it's all perfectly free. No soldier or sailor has ever spent a cent of money in the Stage Door Canteen.

I'm not one of the biggest stars in America—not by any means—but I do my share at the Canteen. Mostly, I wait on tables, although other times I act as a hostess, dancing with the boys and making them feel at home. The sweet and lovely actress who runs the Canteen told me, when she was assigning duties to everyone, "With your figure and your blonde hair, we'll have to keep you out where the boys can see you. Let the actors and stagehands wash dishes—your job will be to build up morale."

Which was nice of her, but I didn't take her seriously enough to shirk real work when there was some to do.

I belong to the radio division, and it was my part on the air that first seemed to impress Private Blakely. "You're Marcia Manners on the air!" he'd said, that first time we danced, two weeks ago. "What d'you know! Just wait until I write and tell my mother—she listens to you every day and she thinks you're swell . . . I do, too, of course," he had added shyly.

His home was in Iowa, he told me, but I might almost have known it from looking at him—that and the fact that he'd been born on a farm and lived there all his life until the Army came and took him away. He exactly fitted the picture that comes into your mind at the words "farm boy"—big and friendly and honest and unspoiled and . . . *decent.*

And here he was back again, looking at me with an expression that said plainly he'd been anticipating this moment for the two weeks between his last leave and this one. It was an expression that sent the blood pounding up into my cheeks, because it said, as plain as spoken words, "I adore you."

That's what it was—adoration. Something so simple and pure and lovely that it humbled me and tied my tongue, making it impossible for me to do what should have been so easy—speak the single sentence that would have sent him away.

"I'd have written," he was saying, "but—well, I didn't know your address and I'd have had to send the letter here or to the broadcasting company, and I was afraid you might not get it. So I just came along, hoping you'd be here at the Canteen."

This is ridiculous, I tried to say to myself. You're imagining things. A boy doesn't meet a girl once, in a noisy place like this, and fall in love with her. He's just dazzled because you're an actress, and because he's heard you on the air. And besides, he's—he's only a kid. He may be your age as far as years go, but in experience of the world—well, Lois Neale, you could be his mother.

All this I said to myself, and it made excellent sense. But all I could say to *him* was, "I'm glad you came. It's nice seeing you again."

"I was thinking," he said carefully, "maybe you could get away from here and we'd go somewhere else—somewhere we could—well, have something to eat and dance a little."

It would have been cruel to remind him that right here in the Canteen was more food than either of us could ever eat, and one of the most famous bands in the world playing if we wanted to dance.

"I don't know—" I said doubtfully. "I'm supposed to stay here, helping out, until midnight."

"I'll wait," he announced. Abruptly, he held up the package. "I brought something for you, but I guess I better not give it to you here."

He smiled again—what in the world *was* that special, heart-breaking quality in his smile?—and retired to a corner of the Canteen. I could almost feel him watching me for the next hour or so, before he presented himself again, right on the dot of midnight.

Oh, I tried to be sensible. I really did. I said as we left the Canteen and emerged on the street, eerie in its unaccustomed dim-out, "I ought to be going straight home to bed, you know. After all, I *am* a working girl."

"But tomorrow's Saturday," he said quickly, "and you don't broadcast on Saturdays."

"All right," I said, laughing—and then, trying to keep the conversation severely impersonal, "Do you have a long leave?"

"Why—no," he admitted. "Not so very. Fact is—it's not a leave at all, just a pass. I have to be back in camp by eight o'clock in the morning."

"Eight o'clock! But why in the world!—"

"My outfit's—leaving—in a day or two. So this looked like the only chance I'd have to see you . . ." Suddenly he looked around him, at the stone and concrete towers black against the night sky, and he cried, "Isn't there *any place* in this town we can be quiet and just talk?"

We were just passing a parked cab. I didn't want to go to a night club, and anyway a soldier's pay doesn't run to that kind of entertainment. "Let's take this taxi up to the park," I said. "It's cool there—and quiet."

It was. We got out of the cab at the Sixth Avenue entrance and walked for a minute, and then we were in a long tunnel of dusk that stretched from one dimmed-out lamp to another. "It's nice here," he said. "It smells like the country."

That wasn't true, of course, unless country smells include the fumes of gasoline and hot tar, but I understood how he meant it, as the greatest compliment he could pay the place. Near one of the lamps was a bench, providentially empty, and we sat down there.

"Here," he said, thrusting the

package at me and grinning boyishly, eagerly. "Open it."

Inside was a pin—a large ornamental one in the form of a peacock with a wide spreading tail all studded with red and blue and green stones. It was garish, laughable. But I didn't want to laugh. A hard lump formed in my throat, because I knew it was his heart, and not a frumpery piece of gaudy jewelry at all, that I held in my hands.

"It's—lovely!" I breathed, and added what at least was not a lie. "It's the nicest present I ever had."

"Say! You really like it?" He was more than pleased. He was delighted.

"Oh, very, very much! But George—you shouldn't have done this. I don't—"

"Wait." He made a quick movement, as if he'd wanted to lay his hand on mine, but didn't quite dare. "I know I'm sort of rushing things. Here we've only known each other a little while—this is only the second time we've talked to each other. And I don't expect you to—feel about me the way I feel about you. I know that girls are different. It takes time, with them. All I wanted was for you not to forget about me. Until I come back."

THE lump in my throat was still there, making it difficult for me to talk. I began, "George—please. It's sweet—and you make me terribly, terribly proud—but you mustn't. It isn't fair to *you*—"

"Don't worry about *me*," he said seriously, and went on with an air of calm wisdom, "I know what I'm doing. I've never—been in love—with any girl before, but I was always sure that when I saw the right one I'd know her right away. I—I guess you know a lot of men, and maybe there's somebody you like a lot more than you like me—" It was harder for him to say this, but he went doggedly on. "That doesn't make any difference. If I was going to be here, where I can see you all the time, I wouldn't say all this. I'd ask you for dates and just do my best to cut out all the other fellows you know. And if I couldn't—if you still like one of them better than me—well, that'd be that, I'd have had my chance. But with things the way they are—"

"George!" This time it was I who put my hand on his. "Please stop. I do like you, a very great deal. I wish we could go out together—go dancing, and walking up the Avenue, and to movies—having fun. But even if you weren't going away we couldn't. We probably never even would have met, if it weren't for the war. I'm an actress, and I belong in New York just as much as—as much as the Empire State Building does. You belong—back home. You wouldn't be happy here, and I wouldn't be happy there."

It sounded unconvincing as I said it, and he wasn't taken in. "You're trying to let me down easy," he said. "But don't worry. I know how you feel, all right. You aren't in love with me, and like I said before, I wouldn't expect you to be, on such short acquaintance. All I want to be sure of is that you won't forget me."

Laughter fought with my tears. "That's one thing you can be *very* sure of, George."

"And it'll be okay if I write to you?" he hurried on. "And you'll write to me sometimes?"

"Of course."

"It'd be swell if you would. It'd—It's like this. Just having somebody back here—somebody to hang on to. . . . I don't know, it's hard to explain. There's my father and kid brother at home, of course, but somehow they're not what I mean. . . ."

"You don't have to explain, George. I understand." And I did. I'd suddenly seen, in my mind, a picture of him standing by when mail was given out, watching, waiting . . . finally getting only one letter, from his father or brother. I wouldn't let that happen to him, I thought. No matter what the consequences might be in the future.

And I thought—later, when this war was over and he came home, that would be time enough to tell him I didn't love him, never could love him. Right now he had to have "somebody to hang on to." I was glad, and very proud, that it should be me. Aloud I said:

"It's very late, George, and I must go home. You have to leave too, or you won't get back to camp in time to get any sleep."

"Sleep!" He laughed. "I don't need any—I'll doze in the milk-train."

"Well—" I glanced at my wrist watch. "What time does your milk-train leave?"

"Three o'clock."

"Then we'll stay here another hour, and you can take me home in a cab and then go on in it to the station." I couldn't bear the thought of him sitting in the dreary early-morning desert of that station, alone, waiting for the train to leave.

So for an hour we sat there on the bench, talking. What did we talk about? Nothing very important, I suppose. He told me about the farm where he was born, and about his dead mother, and how he'd studied at the State Agricultural College; and I sketched in an account of myself—New York childhood, a walk-on in a Broadway play, a better part in another, radio.

When the hour was nearly up I said, because I knew this was what he wanted and had not dared to ask, "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, George?"

"Ohhh . . ." he said. "Sure."

It was awkward, that kiss, and young, but it was also very tender. It did not make the blood run any the faster in my veins. All I felt was sadness and a tremendous wish that some day this boy might find the girl who would return that tenderness.

We walked back to the street almost in silence, and in silence found a cab and drove to my apartment house on Lexington Avenue. George tried to get out of the cab when it stopped, but I said quickly, "Don't bother."

The apartment-house doorman, who had started toward us, turned and went back when he saw I had an escort, and I breathed more freely. "Good-by, George dear," I said. "Write as soon as you're settled, and I'll answer. You've got the address?"

"Oh—yes, that's right." He produced a pencil and slip of paper and jotted it down—glad, I thought, to have something to do to bridge the gap of farewells. "Good-by."

I leaned toward him and kissed him once more, not caring whether or not the doorman was watching, and then there was the slam of the taxi's door and its tail light dwindled away down the street.

"Good evening, Mrs. Agnew," the doorman said as I passed him on my way inside, and I answered, "Good evening, Tom," very calmly, because now of course it did not matter if he called me that.

I went up in the elevator, unlocked the door of my apartment, and went inside without switching on the light. It was so high up in the building I wasn't supposed to have a light anyway, because of the dim-out, but even if that hadn't been the case I wouldn't have wanted one. I didn't want to see the empty look that was always in that apartment these days. I had kept Lane's pipe stand on the end table, and his hats and overcoat were still in the closet, but these reminders of him didn't always seem to help.

For a minute, before going to bed, I stood by the window. It faced west—toward New Jersey and Fort Dix, where Lane was. When Lane came to New York on leave I would be there to meet him, to kiss him and be in his arms. Lane had, every minute of the day or night, "somebody to hang on to."

I probably wouldn't tell him about Private George Blakely—not because he wouldn't understand; I was sure he would—but because it wouldn't be fair to George. But whether I told him or not, I was glad George had somebody too, now, at least for the duration. I was glad it hadn't occurred to him, the dear innocent, to think that all actresses are called "Miss," whether they're married or not.

John B. Hughes, Mutual's West Coast news commentator, receives the "True Friend of China" award from Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of Great Britain's Chinese Ambassador. That's Dave Driscoll at left.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 10

was born in Buenos Aires of English parents, in 1916. His father was a rancher and his mother a noted concert singer. Music didn't play an important part in his life until he was fifteen. Then came years of hard work. He sang, as he describes it, in joints, followed by a sustaining program at KHJ in Los Angeles, and acted and sang in some Western movies. Not content with merely radio and acting, Dick tried his talents at song writing. But he left all this behind when he joined Harry James as featured singer. He sang with James' band for three years, thought of forming his own band, but joined Benny Goodman's band instead. From present indications, Dick's voice will be a feature of the Goodman organization for a long time to come. He is married to former showgirl Joanne Marshall and is expecting a blessed event.

* * *

John Clark, featured vocalist in Don Reid's band, has married the blonde former Ziegfeld showgirl Dian Manners and Dian has turned press agent ballyhooing her singing husband.

* * *

Sammy Kaye's girl singer, first the swing and sway maestro has ever had, is 17-year-old Nancy Norman of Hollywood.

* * *

A fair helping of luck coupled with CBS short wave facilities gave Privates Eddy McLeold and Bern Galvin a bit of news they had been waiting for ever since January. The two army men submitted a song to Song Hit Guild, an organization devoted exclusively to the promotion of song material by novice composers. In May, the song, "Strangers in the Dark" was accepted for publication. But attempts to find the writers were unsuccessful. The War Department was unable to reveal where these two men were stationed.

But last month the song was premiered on Major Bowes' program and this broadcast was short waved to our armed forces stationed the world over.

* * *

Lionel Hampton, the vibraharpist star and bandleader, is setting a trend which may have a startling effect on dance band technique for broadcasting. Lionel believes that when you get going on a good tune and the band sounds right, there's no need to stop after the conventional three-minute period. The Hampton theme song, "Flying Home," often goes on for fifteen minutes, with each member of the band taking a solo, according to the mood of the moment. Artie Shaw once tried this idea out, devoting a whole 15-minute program to an interpretation of one song.

* * *

If you want to have a record of RADIO MIRROR'S Song Hit of the Month, "The Devil Sat Down and Cried," you can get the Decca recording, No. 8600, of Erskine Butterfield and one by Harry James on Columbia No. 36466 —both swell arrangements of this new hit tune.

Jerry Wald—The Jersey Bounce

YOUNG Jerry Wald, 24-year-old clarinet-playing leader, who toots

his musical licorice stick in the big league traditions set by Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, is a notable exception to the Tin Pan Alley rule that a rising new bandleader must have first scored as a solo instrumentalist with some established orchestra, before he can wave his own baton. New Jersey's Jerry Wald—a rugged rhythmic individualist—never played for any big-time orchestra and doesn't think this lack of experience has handicapped him in the swing sweepstakes.

"I've been sort of on my own ever since I had a high school dance band," Jerry says, "and through records and the radio I've studied the styles of all the top men."

However, the dark-haired, brown-eyed, and slender bandsman candidly admits that several lucky breaks have helped him knock on the door to fame. Without these fateful events Jerry Wald's band might not be currently chalking up attendance records in New York's Hotel Lincoln and broadcasting several times weekly over MBS and CBS. So well has Wald clicked that his contract there has been renewed until October.

THE first break came when the General Amusement Corporation, one of the three big dance band booking offices, felt the lack of a clarinet-playing leader on its roster. Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw were managed by rival firms. A quick survey of the field revealed that clarinet-playing leaders were not so easy to develop. Jerry was then playing in one of Child's restaurants on Broadway. The bookers liked Wald but were not impressed with his band. So they shipped Jerry to California where a promising college outfit had been discovered by their scouts, and told him to pilot the collegians. Jerry readily accepted their offer because he wasn't satisfied with his own band and jumped at the opportunity to get another.

"The band I had then was a 'mickey mouse' bunch and we had to play that stuff because the people financing me wanted it that way," Jerry says.

Jerry was born in Newark, New Jersey, the only child of a family of moderate means. His father was the owner of a laundry. When the boy was eight he went to a vaudeville show, heard saxophonist Rudy Weidoft (Rudy Vallee's hero) and was so intrigued that he pestered his father until he got his own saxophone. He practiced diligently and two years later was a local child prodigy, with a few broadcasts over WOR already under his youthful belt.

So good was Jerry's Weequahic High School dance band that the boys were soon playing outside engagements. After graduation Jerry took the money he had accumulated from these jobs and headed for the west coast. He played out there in a few small units, got homesick, and came east, determined to organize his first professional band. But it takes capital to launch a dance band and Jerry had to find an "angel." Unfortunately, Jerry and his investor had different ideas about how music should be played and it wasn't until Jerry and the big-time booking office worked out a mutually beneficial deal that he really became happy about his future.

Jerry's 16-piece band is an outgrowth of a Los Angeles college band. He went out there to reorganize them. They had a shakedown trip east, caused talk in the trade when they played in New York's Roseland ballroom, and got the Lincoln Hotel spot this Spring, winning out over some better-known rivals. The band has a sure, steady beat, emphasizes Wald's clarinet stick-work, and the sure-fire singing of attractive Anita Boyer. She's an auburn-haired vocalist who used to sing with Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Leo Reisman, and her ex-husband, Dick Barrie.

Wald strives to play above-average tunes; has a penchant for Jerome Kern and George Gershwin songs. He snubs new tunes that he is urged to play simply because broadcasting big guns have already aired them.

"If I don't like a song it doesn't go in the books," he says. This discriminating attitude makes it tough on the song-pluggers who offer him their wares.

Though Jerry is proud of the comparisons drawn between his playing and Artie Shaw's, he vigorously denies the rumor that his arrangements are based on Artie's old ones.

"That rumor came about in this fashion," Jerry explains. "Artie heard me when I played in Child's. Evidently he liked my music because he gave me eight of his old arrangements, including his famous 'Begin the Beguine' and 'Carioca' to help me get started. Naturally, I haven't used them since I've attained a bit of recognition, but I'll always be grateful for Artie's generosity."

Jerry is 3-A in the draft because he supports his sick father and mother. Single, he lives alone and likes it, insists he hasn't got time to get serious with any girl.

"That will have to wait until I click in a big way."

Due to the shellac priority and resultant phonograph record shortage, the disk makers have stopped distributing records for review purposes. Therefore Facing the Music is forced to discontinue its monthly record review column for the duration.

"We'd like to see a picture of Benny Goodman's new singer," you wrote. And here he is—Dick Haymes.

What's New From Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7

And that explains why you don't hear the voices of John McIntire or Jeanette Nolan on the air any longer—and why you may never hear them there again. The homesteading McIntires have returned to Montana, and this time they hope to stay.

* * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Do you know what the Talking Blues are? The chances are you don't, unless you've listened to Robert Lunn on the WSM Grand Ole Opry, because they're his specialty.

The Talking Blues are a completely different kind of entertainment—half singing, half talking, with a strong flavoring of comedy. Robert Lunn writes the verses himself, delivers them to his own accompaniment on the guitar, and captivates everyone who hears him. As for the verses, they tell about practically anything—current events, history, legend—and at times they run on and on and on.

Robert's career started eleven years ago when he was a bell hop in Nashville's Hotel Hermitage. In those days he strummed the guitar and sang the Talking Blues mostly for fun, but his unusual talent attracted the attention of George Dewey Hay, the Grand Ole Opry's Solemn Old Judge, and almost before Robert knew what was happening he was one of the Opry's star attractions. Besides WSM, he has been on stations KWTA and WCHS, and has made personal appearance tours that have taken him into twenty states.

He's married, very happily, and has two children, a boy nine years old and a girl six. In between Opry broadcasts, Robert is part of the Grand Ole Opry tent show that is touring Army camps in the South.

* * *

CHICAGO—One way to travel and see the country is to become a radio performer—at least, that's been the experience of Don White, who is heard on stations WIND and WJJD as an important part of the cast of the Breakfast Frolic and the Supper Time Frolic.

Don was born Walden Whytsell in a one-room log cabin near Wolf Creek, West Virginia. That was in 1909. He grew up in the West Virginia hill country, working at odd jobs and going to school. But he always liked to sing, and in 1930 he went to Charleston, West Virginia, and managed to get a job on a radio station there as one of a troup called The Hawaiian Troubadours. It didn't bother either Don or the station management that he'd never been anywhere near Hawaii.

That was the start of a radio career that took Don all over Ohio, into North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Washington, D. C. At WBT, in Charlotte, N. C., he was one of the famed Briar-Hopper Boys, and at WLW, Cincinnati, he was one of the Carolina Boys and also one of the Smiling Cowboys. He came to WJJD-WIND in the fall of 1941 from station KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska.

With all that experience behind him, you'd expect Don to be versatile, and you'd be right. He plays the Hawaiian and Spanish guitars, mandolin, tenor banjo, and violin (which he prefers to call a fiddle). He sings,

either alone or in duets or trios; and he plays a comedy character known as Pappy Whackenbush. And to round out the picture he writes songs and gets them published.

* * *

Gone are the days when young people thought only of spending their money and having a good time. Radio's starlets have their good times, but most of them have a thought for the future, too. Pretty Sammie Hill, who plays Carol in Bright Horizon, is running a financial partnership with her father, joining him in buying a house for her family in Memphis. Besides this, she invested her 1941 surplus income in War Bonds, and always carries a War Stamp book in her purse. She says she loves to save pennies to buy the stamps with.

Joan Banks and her husband, Frank Lovejoy, are buying a house in Connecticut, with a couple of acres of ground to go with it. They too buy War Bonds, of course, and carry two straight life insurance policies to protect each other and their home. And blonde Pat Ryan divides her savings between War Bonds and a $26,000 annuity policy. Obviously, today's young stars are determined not to look back some day and wish they'd saved their money while they had it.

* * *

If it's chuckles you want, recommended reading is "Past Imperfect" by Ilka Chase. Radio's witty mistress of ceremonies proves in it that she isn't above poking a little fun at broadcasting, the movies, and even some very famous people.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—When the Southern Sons staged their big birthday party at the Charlotte Armory last month, they were all of three years old—as a group, of course, not individually. This singing quintet's brief existence, however, is a poor indication of its popularity, for the music of the five blended Negro voices has taken the Southeast by storm.

Three years ago the Southern Sons were just five boys singing in and around New York. They met, became friendly, and started singing together instead of separately. "Then," says Howard Wilson, now secretary of the group, "we hit one tune, hit another, and pretty soon found out our voices blended."

The Sons are under the leadership of William Landford, former top tenor of the famous Golden Gate Quartet, which also got its start at Charlotte's station WBT. Landford's experience on CBS and NBC, at Carnegie Hall, the Cafe Society night club, and the New York World's Fair has given him a rich musical background and the ability to build up a repertoire of Negro folk songs, spirituals, ballads, and popular tunes of the type best fitted for his group.

After the Southern Sons decided to operate as a quintet they left New York and spent some time in Baltimore, singing on WBAL. Then they did a stint in Richmond and Portsmouth, Virginia, before coming to Charlotte and WBT. Their first program was scheduled early in the morning, twice a week—but three weeks hadn't gone by before the listening audience rose in its wrath and insisted that the station put them on the air every single week-day. Their fan-mail is testimony of their success, and oddly enough, a good part of it comes in the form of special delivery letters and telegrams.

One of the high spots in their mail was a letter received not long ago from a Charlotte woman. She said that her life had been made unhappy by her husband's craving for liquor and his refusal to work. One afternoon he had tuned in the Southern Sons, just by chance, and heard them sing "Traveling Shoes." He was so touched that he converted himself, then and there—stopped drinking, began going to church, and got himself a job. The boys believe that this man has paid them the biggest compliment they could possibly get.

The Southern Sons, Negro quintet heard on station WBT in Charlotte, N. C., just finished the third year of their association as a singing group—and it was a very happy anniversary indeed!

Faraway Melody

Continued from page 21

done this to the Woody Buckley I had first met when I was eleven years old.

I was in the fifth grade, in Lexington, Kentucky, when Woody's family moved to town. I saw him for the first time when the teacher brought him into the classroom and sat him down in the empty seat directly in front of me. He sat rigidly, without turning around, and I noticed that he had a stubborn cowlick right at the end of the part in his hair. He kept smoothing it down nervously, but it sprang up again every time. That cowlick fascinated me as a little girl and, thinking about it, I looked quickly at Woody sitting beside me in the car. Yes, it was still there. He had taken his cap off, and I could see it quite plainly. It brought a lump to my throat. With an effort, I brought my eyes back to the road again and sent my thoughts through the years to our childhood. Woody's and mine.

WOODY hadn't paid any attention to me for a long time, back in the fifth grade. My young heart was quite mangled with unrequited love. And then one day at recess time, Porky Brown, who was easily the meanest boy in school, started teasing me. It began with Porky screaming across the playground at me—"Lorraine's got a fella . Lorraine's got a fella." Woody was nearby and heard him but didn't pay any attention. I blushed, of course, and tried to ignore Porky. But he kept it up and launched into that old children's chant:

"Lorraine's mad, and I'm glad, and I know how to please her—
A bottle of wine to make her shine and Woody Buckley to squeeze her."

I think now that Porky must have had a boyish crush on me, or he wouldn't have kept it up. Then, though, I was only conscious of a great hatred, and running toward him with my fists doubled up, I hit at him again and again. He held me off laughingly for a while, but when I kicked him on the shin, he got mad and pushed me. I fell and lay on the ground crying.

Woody stepped into the fight then. He was smaller than Porky, but he marched bravely up to him.

"What'd you have to go and make her cry for?" he demanded.

"Aw," growled Porky, "she's just a cry-baby. And anyway, who wants to know?"

"I do," said Woody.

"Yeah," said Porky, "you and who else?" And he pushed Woody. Woody hit him and then they were in a struggling battling heap on the ground. I don't know what would have happened to Woody if the bell hadn't rung just then; as it was, his nose was bleeding and his shirt was torn.

That night after school, I waited at the front door for Woody to come out, and walked along the street with him. He was magnificently casual and careless about the whole incident.

"Gee, Woody," I marveled, "weren't you the least bit scared of Porky? He's lots bigger than you."

"Naah," Woody said, "he's just a big bluff. The only thing was, I could have licked him easy except I have to be careful of my hands."

"Your hands?"

"Yep. I'm learning to play the

piano. I'm going to be a great piano player when I grow up."

"Honest, Woody?"

"I have to practice quite a lot. It would have been just too bad if I'd busted a finger or something on that big galoot."

"Gosh," I breathed. And then a wonderful idea came to me. "Gee, Woody, do you suppose I could come over to your house some time and watch you practice?"

I think he was pleased, but he certainly didn't show it. "Sure, I guess so," he said, "you can if you want to, but I don't think it'd be very much fun for anybody who doesn't know anything about music."

"But I could learn, maybe. It'd prob'ly be a good idea for me to learn something about music. Will you be practicing next Saturday, Woody?"

"Yeah, I guess so—in the afternoon. Well, I gotta turn down this corner now. So long."

"So long, Woody," I said, and as I watched him march down the street I knew in my childish heart that I'd never love anybody else the rest of my life. And the trouble is—I haven't!

Those were wonderful days. Not wonderful just because they were gone now, but *really* wonderful, even at the time. Here we were now, both grown-up, riding along through the rain in the same car—so near to each other and yet separated by the deep gulf of all the years that we hadn't seen one another. He's changed, I thought, but probably I've changed, too. Maybe we've both changed so much that we're two entirely different people. I watched him out of the corner of my eyes, and he *did* look strange. Just a tired soldier thumbing a ride to get back to camp before two o'clock. He could have been anybody.

But he *wasn't* just anybody! He was Woody—my Woody, and I'd never let him go again.

I hadn't meant to let him go, before.

Even in those difficult days of high school—that period when you're no longer a child but not grown up either, when you're trying to adjust yourself to a world that's strange and frightening—even then I'd loved Woody.

HE wasn't happy in high school. He just didn't fit in. His father had died and he had to work after school to help out with the family income. That kept him out of almost all our school fun and consequently nobody knew him very well. He was always "that odd Buckley boy." To everyone but me. I kept as close to him as I could, and I knew most of his thoughts and almost all of his dreams. He had stuck to his piano playing. Music was the one important thing in life to him. It haunted him.

He used to hum vagrant little tunes to himself and when I asked him what they were, he'd just say he'd made them up. He couldn't have given up his music if his life had depended on it. But he could and did give up the football and basketball games, the school plays, the parties, the picnics, all the happy young things that the boys and girls our age did in those days. He was either working in the grocery store or home practicing on the piano. So I had to make up my mind whether to stay home, too, or go to the parties and games with someone else. I tried to be noble about it and stay home, but that didn't last long. I was too restless and active. I went with other people, and I think Woody knew about it and it hurt his feelings. But he couldn't, in justice, say anything about it, so he just withdrew more and more into himself. Lots of times, though, coming home from a dance or from a football game, I'd see the light burning at his house and hear the piano being played. And I got into the habit of stopping in for a few minutes to listen to the music and to talk with Woody.

AS I look back now I realize what a heavy burden it was for a young girl to carry—the utter devotion, the encouragement, the cheering-on necessary to keep the light of faith burning in Woody's breast. Because it wasn't easy for him. I was sure he was a genius—or at least had a very precious talent—and I kept at him to practice, to make up more songs, and above all to write the songs down. But he had no faith in himself. He'd say his songs weren't good enough, and I'd insist that he try anyway. Finally, when he gave in and submitted one of his songs to a music publisher, it seemed that he'd been right and I wrong—because the song came back with a printed rejection slip.

Then one day we were wandering along the river and Woody was whistling a tune.

"What's that?" I asked. "That's pretty."

"Oh, it's just a silly little thing that popped into my mind. It's not good at all."

"But it is, Woody," I insisted. "I like it—whistle it again."

He whistled it obediently.

"Have you written it out yet?" I asked him.

"No," he said, a little angrily. "Don't you realize, Lorraine—that's not music; it's just a stupid old melody that doesn't get anywhere. It's like ABC—it's not music."

But I was being stubborn that day. "I don't care if it isn't music, I like it. It sings itself along. It's almost like a—lullaby or something—or a love song. I can almost hear the words to it. Are there any words to it, Woody?"

"No," said Woody shortly.

"Then, would you let me put words to it? Would you write the music out and let me do the words? I have a special feeling about this song. Please, Woody?"

"Aw, Lorraine—it's no good."

NEXT MONTH—

THE MOMENT THEY MET

The Delightful True Love Story of Jay Jostyn, Radio's Mr. District Attorney, and Ruth, Who Followed the Call of Her Heart

"Please, Woody?"

"Oh, all right. Tomorrow."

"No," I insisted. "Right away. I'll come over to your house tonight and—"

Woody grinned. "All right. Gee, you're bossy, Lorraine." But I knew he didn't mean it.

That night, when I went to see him, he had the notes down on ruled music paper, and while I listened he played it over on the piano.

"It's—it's really beautiful, Woody!" I said when he'd finished.

His fingers still on the keys, he looked up at me, wanting to believe me, half afraid to because of the disappointment that might follow if we sent the song away and it came back with another rejection slip. Already, this song had taken on a particular significance in our lives—a significance we couldn't understand then.

I took the manuscript home and wrote the lyrics in a few hours of frenzied, inspired scribbling. Writing was easy for me. English Composition was always my best subject in school, and I loved putting words together. When I was finished I knew that deep satisfaction which comes of a job well done.

I called it "Faraway Melody."

The next morning I mailed the music and the lyrics myself. I remember how my hand shook when I slipped the envelope into the letter-drop. "Dear God," I prayed, "please let something good happen to this song. He needs it so badly."

IT was ironic, later, to think that my prayer was granted . . . and that the granting took Woody away from me.

For the publishers did accept the song, our little "Faraway Melody." The news came two days before Woody and I graduated from high school, and at the time it was the best graduation present either of us could have had. And I had been right when I thought how much Woody needed the encouragement. He'd needed it so badly it sent him into a seventh heaven of delight.

Before, he'd been unhappy because he couldn't afford to go to college. Now, that didn't matter. He didn't want to go to college anyway. He wanted to go to New York and be a song writer. He had a little money saved up, the royalties from "Faraway Melody" would add a little more, and the rest he could earn at —oh, any kind of job until he could support himself with his songs.

"I'll make you proud of me, Lorraine," he whispered to me the night before he left. I wanted to cry out, "I don't care whether I'm proud of you or not, Woody dearest! All I care about is to have you with me, where I can see you, touch you, talk to you!"

But even then I sensed the fierce drive in him, and I couldn't speak. He'd never told me he loved me, and I knew he never would until he had conquered his own ambition.

He promised to write, of course, and at first he did—once, sometimes twice, a week. His letters were sometimes enthusiastic, sometimes despondent, generally fairly noncommittal about what he actually was doing. And then they didn't come so often. By November I was lucky if I got a letter once a month. But by then, I was deep in my Freshman year at Ohio State University. Not that I'd stopped missing Woody—nothing of the sort.

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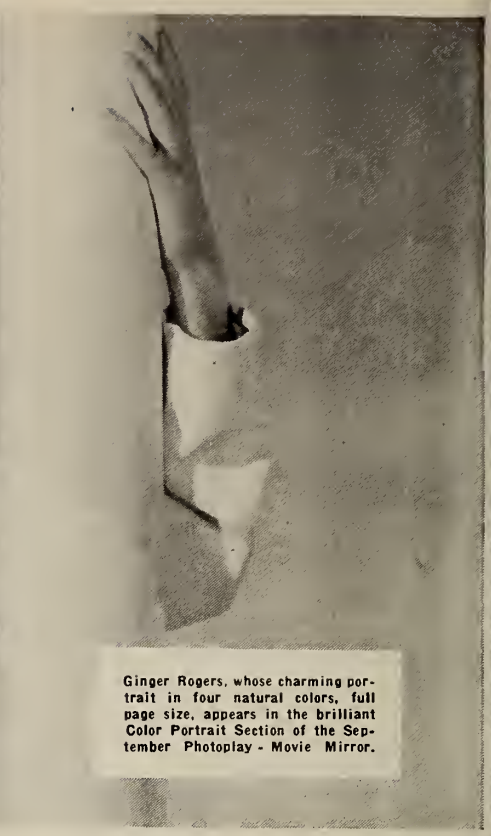

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ALL ABOUT THEM

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Continued from page 83

But there were so many things to do that I just didn't have much time to be unhappy about him. I found myself working on the college paper, writing poetry, studying, being pledged to a sorority, dating, going to football games, and in general being the average college co-ed.

And if sometimes I winced when I heard the old "Faraway Melody" song being played on a radio or phonograph, I'd just find something else to fasten my thoughts on or take up my attention. True, more than one night I cried myself to sleep, but I was too normal a youngster to keep on doing it. I gradually became so absorbed in college life and my outside writing that Woody became just a dull pain inside me—a pain I wouldn't acknowledge.

In January, a letter I wrote to Woody came back, marked "Address unknown." And after that, although every once in a while I'd get a card from him, sometimes from New York, sometimes from other cities, there was never any address on the cards. Eventually, even they stopped. And Woody's mother, who might have told me where he was, had moved away, out of Lexington, by the time I came home from my first year at college.

So gradually the months drifted over my memories of Woody Buckley, like snow drifting over the flowers of a garden. The memories were still there, they were still alive, but they were buried.

NOW, with him so unexpectedly beside me again, all those memories were back again, as real and as vital as they had ever been.

"Why did you stop writing, Woody?" I asked suddenly.

"What was there to write about?" he countered.

"You might have told me what you were doing." I tried not to let reproach creep into my voice.

He laughed—at least, it was meant as a laugh, but it was not gay. "That was something it was no fun to write. Failure never is."

"But what happened to 'Faraway Melody'? I used to hear it on the radio all the time."

"Yeah. Well, songs don't live too long these days, you know. I collected royalties for a while, and I kept sending them other songs, but I couldn't seem to repeat. And pretty soon my money got low and I had to find a job. I took the first thing that came along—after I found out that I couldn't do anything else—and that was clerking in a grocery store. And after that—oh, well," he broke off angrily, "you wouldn't be interested!"

"You know better than that, Woody," I said quietly. "Of course I'm interested in anything and everything that ever happened to you."

"All the sordid details, eh?" he said wryly. "Well—I went up in the world after a while. I got a job pounding the piano in a Greenwich Village bar. Then—oh, I drifted around. Tied up with a small-time dance band—went from one town to another. Maybe you got some of my cards . . ."

"Yes."

"One night stands, cheap hotels, carnivals, beer gardens, everything. That's about the list of the places I've been. Then the band went broke in Seattle, so I found myself another job in a night club called the Palace, just outside of town. Food and a place to sleep and eight dollars a week, plus whatever tips the customers wanted to toss my way. Oh, it was fine. Fresh air, scenery, quiet. The only trouble was that I knew I was a failure, and I'd never write another song."

"But, Woody," I protested, "other people go through those same discouraging things. And they're not failures. Eventually good things happen to them, too."

"Yes, but they don't go through it for as many years as I did. No, Lorraine, it's not as simple as that. I just wasn't cut out to be a success. I was a failure and I knew it, and there was some satisfaction in knowing it, at least. So then the war came along and I figured, well, why not? It's a steady job and you eat regularly and you don't have to worry about what you're going to do next. Somebody *tells* you what to do next. So I joined up. And that's the end of my story. Satisfied?"

"Oh, Woody, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" he flared. "Don't be sorry for me. I'm all right. I'll get along. We'll probably be going overseas one of these days, and that'll be all right with me. I don't give two hoots what happens to me—one way or another. Hey, there's the camp—turn off on this dirt road right here."

I swung the car onto the dirt road and put the brakes on. Leaning over, I switched the ignition off.

"No point in doing that," said Woody, "I have to go right in." And he opened the door.

I was suddenly frantic. "Woody," I said, "I'll see you again, won't I? I *have* to see you again!"

His face set into hard lines as he said, "What for?"

"Oh, Woody," I pleaded, "don't be like that. Please. I can't let you walk out of my life again, like this."

He stared at me for a minute. "You really want to see me again, huh?"

"Oh yes, Woody, yes."

"You know I'm not the high-school kid you used to know, don't you?"

"I don't care, Woody. You're still you."

He snorted. "That's what you think," and as he stood there looking at me it seemed that he really wasn't Woody any more. He was a strange soldier—and a sinister one, at that. I closed my eyes for a minute. Then I steeled myself and said, "When's your next leave, Woody?"

"Next week-end," he answered.

"I'll pick you up here Saturday afternoon," I said, and switched on the ignition.

"Okay. Lorraine," said Woody, taking his foot off the running board. And, though the words were indifferent, his tone was not. "If you want to see me . . ."

With those words still in my ears, I drove at breakneck speed toward Los Angeles. "If you want to see me . . ." Had he intended that unfinished sentence to sound like a threat?

There were times, in the week that followed, when I almost decided not to meet Woody on Saturday. But all the while, I knew that I would have to meet him. He needed me, and if I failed him I could never be happy again. So I closed my mind to the possible consequences of seeing him, and went ahead, blindly. On Saturday afternoon I was there at the gates of the camp.

"Hello, Lorraine," he greeted me as he got into the car. "So you *did* come."

"Of course I did. Did you think I wouldn't?"

"Maybe," he said noncommittally. "Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere you like," I told him. "Want to go into town?"

"I'm tired of towns," he said. "Suppose we go out in the country somewhere? There's a little hotel the other side of Santa Monica. Not much of a place but it's got lots of sunshine and blue ocean. I don't have to be back till Monday morning. How about it?" And he watched me narrowly as I put the car in gear, backed out of the drive and started down the road.

With an effort of will, I kept my face expressionless until we got started on the main road and then, turning to him with a smile whose falseness I hoped he wouldn't detect, I said gayly, "That sounds wonderful. I haven't had a week-end at the beach for months." For a second his gaze held mine, then he grinned and said, "Swell!"

IT was a gay ride, that one to Santa Monica—but only outwardly. We were each trying too hard, our laughter was too deliberate.

We arrived at the hotel late that afternoon, and I had a moment of panic as Woody went up to the desk to register for us. But he came back to collect me, proudly waving two keys. "Got the two best rooms in the place," he said. "Come on, let's get our bathing suits on and go for a swim."

We had our swim and lay on the beach in the waning light of the setting sun. Except for a tiny twinge of uneasiness deep inside me that I couldn't quite manage to ignore, it was a perfect day. It was warm and comfortable there on the sand, my muscles felt good after their bout with the breakers, I was with the man I loved, and I had time to think happily of the week-end ahead of us.

I stretched lazily. "It's simply wonderful, Woody."

"Not much like Army life," he agreed. Then his gaze darkened. "And not much like life outside the Army, either," he added.

BUT at dinner, in the pine panelled hotel dining room, we had champagne, and raised our glasses to each other. For the first time all week, I relaxed inside. This was good. This was what life should always be, I thought to myself. The steak had been perfect, the wine delicious, and I was pleasantly drowsy from the afternoon of sun and swimming. I sighed happily and looked across the table at Woody. Instantly, the uneasiness of the afternoon came back with a rush. Woody was looking at me—directly, frighteningly. Even as I met his eyes, he suddenly pushed his chair back and said, "How about a walk?"

I got up without a word and we went out of the hotel. Still wordless, we wandered through the hotel grounds and found a little path that wound through the quiet sand-dunes. Woody was nervous and upset, I could tell. And I knew, now, what would happen. I wanted to cry out, "Oh, Woody, no! Please don't let it happen!" But I knew that my voice could never reach him.

"Let's sit down here a minute," he said.

We sat down and watched the waves pounding on the beach. A perfect full moon was coming up from the other side of the ocean. We looked at it speechlessly for a few minutes.

"Lorraine . . ." said Woody huskily.

I turned to look at him and just had time to see the hard set of his jaw, the angry light in his eyes. Then his arms enveloped me, and his lips were crushing mine with a dreadful sort of urgency. Instinctively, I struggled against him, trying to push him away. He just held me tighter, touching my face and throat again and again with his lips.

But I knew deep inside me, that he was as unhappy as I—that he wanted this as little as I. The Woody I had known couldn't have changed this much. The real Woody wanted the same things I wanted—someone to love, a home, children, a fulfillment of himself, the respect of his fellow men, a secure standing in the community. This other thing that he pretended to want was just a cruel substitute. It was his revenge against the world that had treated him so shabbily. Through me, he was getting back at the whole world. I was what people would call a success. He had been a failure. By conquering that success, he became a little less a failure.

I didn't try to resist. I lay quietly in his arms. And after a moment, feeling me lax and unresisting, doubt crept into his mind. I could sense it there, biting like acid into his resolution.

"Why are you doing this to us, Woody?" I asked.

He searched for an answer. "What do you mean—this?" he asked at last.

"This—this struggling, this senseless grabbing. This brutality. It's not

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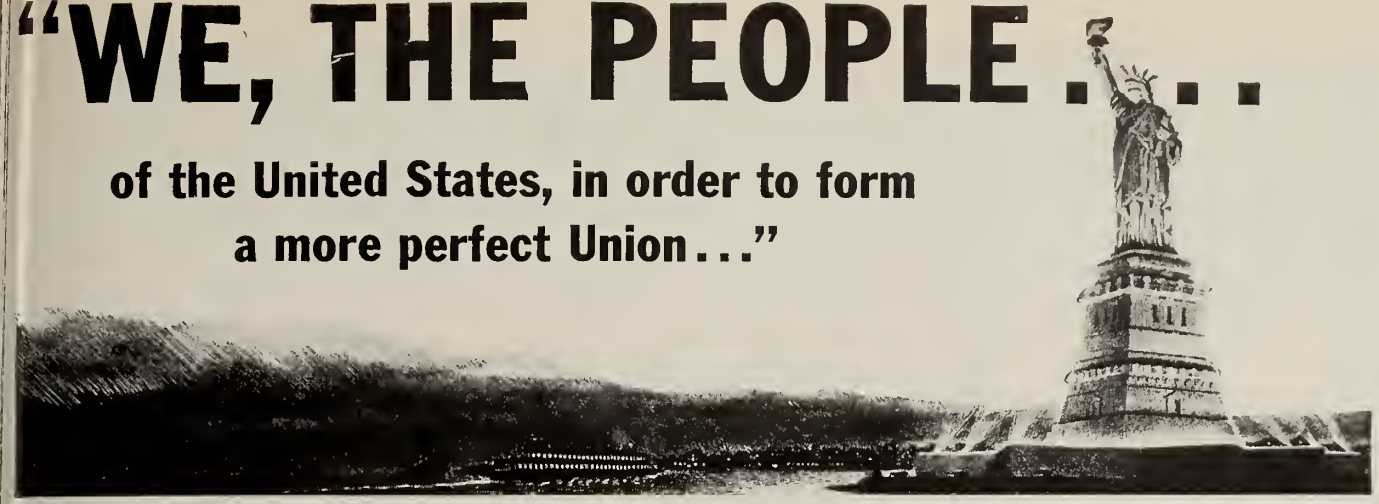
"WE, THE PEOPLE . . .

of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union . . ."



THIS HEADING, as you know, is the beginning of the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. It might be well to quote it all, lest we forget:

"We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Here in a single sentence and within the scope of about fifty words—the length of a night letter by wire—is encompassed all of the hopes and aims and aspirations of an entire people.

Every word is important and the first three words are the most important of all. Notice how it begins: "We, the People . . ."

This is probably the first time in history that that phrase was ever used. Not "I, the King." Nor "We, the Crown." Nor even "I, the President." Nor "We, the Congress." But—"We, the People."

We, the People—"in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity—"

★ ★ ★

TODAY we have more factions pulling and hauling against our effort to "form a more perfect Union" than the signers of that Constitution of the United States. Our effort to establish justice has been imperfect many times, but the effort *toward* justice has continued with amazing persistence over the years.

But the effort to insure domestic tranquillity has just about reached zero. Not the tranquillity of folded hands. But the tranquillity of spirit which makes it possible for the hands to work their best and the minds to be assured of what the hands are doing.

Right now, too many bricks are being heaved. And We, the People, have not taken the time to understand why they are being heaved nor who is doing the heaving.

★ ★ ★

ONCE, years ago, a couple of hungry newspaper correspondents, working their way through college, saw a crowd of workmen gathered around a couple of fellows who were fighting it out. One of the newspapermen had an inspiration. He whispered, "Heave a brick!" A brick landed in the midst of the thickest part of the crowd. And almost in an instant every fist in that crowd was swinging at the nearest chin.

Then the two bright lads beat it for the telegraph office and wired their newspapers, "Riot among Stamford workmen. How much?" (How many words shall we send?)

Now, what can We, the People, do about this heaving of bricks?

First, we can ask ourselves *who is heaving the brick, and why,* before we start slugging at the nearest chin.

For example, the papers have been running over recently about time and a half for overtime, double time for Sunday, a forty-hour week and no more, until you would think that the millions of American workmen were a bunch of hooligans out to grab the last nickel they can get with the least effort they can give.

Anybody who knows the first thing about these millions of men who are doing the actual war work in our factories knows that there is no more loyal, eager, patriotic bunch of men anywhere else in the world. They know their job is winning this war, and they are determined to do it.

Again, We, the People, are reading in the headlines of enormous wealth gouged from government contracts by war profiteers and we are gathering the impression that the business structure of these United States is out to grab whatever it can at the expense of our men who are dying in the field.

And again we have a brick heaved at the very forces that must go all out to win this war—if it is going to be won. Therefore we must know who is heaving this brick, and why. Suffice it here and now to say that We, the People, do not believe that section of our citizenry known as the business world is so stupid as deliberately to destroy its own future.

★ ★ ★

THESE are some of the things that Liberty will discuss in editorials to come. These things must be discussed without rancor, without controversy, but with full, affirmative leadership in recognizing facts and in facing facts.

It would be stupid in the extreme to try to help form a more perfect union and to insure domestic tranquillity *by adding controversy when controversy is already splitting us apart.* And to approach any of these subjects of management or labor or capitalism with any bootlicking sycophancy would smack of the smirk of a waiter toward the hope of a tip. This must be clean, straight thinking and straight analysis.

We, the People, are facing the greatest crisis not merely in our history but in the history of the entire human race, because ours happens to be the greatest civilization in the history of the entire human race.

The first of a new series of editorials appearing every week in Liberty Magazine.

Continued from page 86

necessary, Woody. I love you, darling. I'll do anything you want me to. You don't have to hurt me."

Suddenly he thrust me away, buried his face in his hands.

"You—love me!" The words came muffled, filled with doubt. "How can you? Especially after this . . ."

"Because you wanted to take your revenge on the world, through me? That doesn't make any difference in the way I feel, Woody. I'd let you take your revenge that way, if it would make you happier. Only I know it wouldn't."

HE lifted his head, but he didn't look at me. I could see the strain on his face in the moonlight. "You're everything that I'm not. You've made a success of your life. You've done all the things you wanted to do. But look at me." He lifted his shoulders and dropped them again in a shrug. "A total loss. Nothing I ever did turned out right. I was always too ready to quit. A coward. People like you don't love a coward."

"You wouldn't be in that uniform if you were a coward," I reminded him. "You've never been a coward, Woody, you just tried to do too many things all by yourself. Nobody can live life alone. People aren't built that way. Everybody has to have somebody to lean on once in a while —somebody to love him and tell him he's all right. You tried to do it alone. You're not a coward, Woody. Remember Porky Brown?"

"Porky Brown? Oh, that kid back in Lexington."

"Yes. The school bully. Do you remember the time he made me cry?"

"Yes—"

"Well, you didn't hesitate a minute to fight him, even though he was a lot bigger than you. You were fighting for me then, Woody, and cowards don't fight for other people. And when we were in high school, you gave up all those parties and games and good times in order to help your mother and to work on your music. Cowards don't give up the things they want, Woody. Then when you went away and stopped writing to me when things got tough, it wasn't because you stopped thinking about me—it was because you didn't want to burden me with your troubles. Cowards don't consider other people, Woody. And now—the Army. You said you joined up because it was the easiest way out. That wasn't the reason. No matter why you thought you joined the Army, you really joined it because you're an American, because you were brought up to hate injustice and cruelty, because your country needed you and you were willing to fight to the death for her. Don't you see? You're no coward, Woody. You're the bravest man I know."

And those were the words that finally pierced Woody's hard protective shell—the shell he'd been building between himself and the world for years. Suddenly his shoulders drooped, his mouth quivered, his head was in my lap, and his whole body was racked with sobs. I just sat there with my hands in his hair, and a great peace came over me. After a while I put my arms around him and rocked him gently back and forth as though he were a child again, and murmured all those soothing inarticulate sounds that women make when their children or their men are hurt or miserable. Gradually, the painful sobs died away and he lay quietly in my arms.

"Feel better, darling?" I asked him.

"Oh, Lorraine, I've always been wrong. You've been the only one that could set me right."

"That's because I love you."

He reached up and kissed me gently. "I've always loved you, too, Lorraine —you knew that, didn't you?"

I thought ruefully of the long empty years, the sleepless nights, the tear-wet pillows. But now it was time to forget them. They were past—finished.

"Yes, Woody," I said softly, "I never doubted you."

We sat there a little while longer, contentment and happiness like a warm blanket all around us, talking about the wonder of finding each other again. Then Woody stood up.

"Come on," he said, "we're going back to the hotel. We're getting packed and we're driving into Los Angeles and we're finding a preacher somewhere and we're getting married. Oh my gosh, I didn't even ask you, did I? Could you see your way clear to marrying an inconsiderate oaf like me, Miss Leeman?"

"I'll marry you, Mr. Buckley," I smiled at him, "and don't call the man I love an inconsiderate oaf."

We laughed together and, finding our path, started back to the hotel. Woody began to whistle an odd little tune and I asked, "What's that?"

"Oh," he said absent mindedly, "just a silly melody I made up. I'll put it down on paper when I get a chance. Listen, Lorraine, if we hurry maybe we can come back here and finish out our week-end after all."

Our eyes met in the moonlight. Without a word my hand went out to meet his and, hand in hand—for the rest of our lives I knew—we ran all the way back to the hotel.

Say Hello To—

MURIEL POLLOCK—whose real name is Molly Donaldson, and who is an important person on many a network show. Muriel plays the organ, and it's her musical background you hear on such programs as Stella Dallas, David Harum, and others. She is also a talented composer and musical arranger, and has collaborated on a dozen Musical Radio Script Books for children. Muriel's husband is Will Donaldson, the song writer, and they have one son, Ted, who at eight years old is a veteran radio actor. He made his debut at the age of four, when Ireene Wicker held him on her lap so he could play a part on her Singing Lady program. Muriel likes exercise and loves to play ball or ride a bicycle with Ted.

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