Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

DECEMBER

15¢

BETTY RHODES
Mutual Network
Singing Star

SEE INTIMATE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR FAVORITES IN

GAINST THE STORM · KITTY FOYLE · THE PARKER FAMILY

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

Purse flacon of Perfume, Talcum, and Eau de Cologne . . $1.65

Perfume with separate atomizer. Delightful holiday gift . $2.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Talcum . . $5.50

Perfume in bright Holiday package . $1.25
(Large size $2.25)

Perfume and atomizer, Rouge, Lipstick, Eau de Cologne, and Talcum in beautiful gift package . . . $4.25

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Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder and sparkling Eau de Cologne . . . $2.35

Purse flacon Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, in gift package . . . $1.00

Evening in Paris Talcum and Toilet Water in gift package . $1.95

Hand Soap, Eau de Cologne and Talcum $1.35

She blamed it on BAD LUCK . . . *but others weren't so kind!*

LUCY looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her "possibilities" married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying "he was working nights now", or "going to be out-of-town for several weeks", or "away on a vacation".

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates "catch as catch can". Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

* * *

A woman may be pretty and charming but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

How's Your Breath?

Isn't it just common sense to let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath—to make it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend? This delightful mouth wash is the standby of so many really fastidious, attractive people.

Before every date simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. How cooling, how refreshing it is! How delightfully clean it makes your mouth feel! What a sense of assurance it gives you as its antiseptic action begins!

You undoubtedly know that some authorities consider bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces to be a major cause of bad breath although the trouble may sometimes be of systemic origin. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors that it causes. When you want to be at your best, never, *never* omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it before every date.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

For Oral Hygiene

December, 1942 Vol. 19, No. 2

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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Special Features

Added Attractions

ON THE COVER—Betty Rhodes, Mutual Network Singing Star Featured in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" Kodachrome by Paramount Pictures

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director — DAN SENSENEY, Editor — BELLE LANDESMAN, Associate Editor — JACK ZASORIN, Art Editor

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THE MOMENT HE'LL NEVER FORGET

Bob Hope remembers the day when not even a triple banana split could make up for the blow he had suffered at the hands of a woman.

LESTER HOPE (Bob Hope to you, and we shall call him that to avoid complications) was in the eighth grade of the Fairmont school in Cleveland, Ohio, when he read the note from his beautiful new teacher, and he was overcome with ecstatic awe. He was "going on fifteen" and of course he was in long pants, but, after all, he hadn't thought she would consider him sufficiently adult for a date. Apparently she did, though, in a manner of speaking. She had requested in the *billet doux* left on his desk shortly before school was out on Friday afternoon that he come to her house for Sunday night supper so they could talk over a course in practical civics she was planning for the class. . . . Which meant she had singled him out to ask his advice about things. . . .

Perhaps Bob's attitude of adulation toward his new teacher was unusual. The usual thing for a boy of that age is to consider his teacher something of a cross between a bore and a jailer. But this one (whom we shall call "Miss Martin", since Bob says she always was allergic to personal publicity and therefore wouldn't want her real name used. "How different from me!" he adds, blandly) was what was popularly described at the time as a "peach." "Lulu" would be the 1942 word for her, Bob says, but of course this wasn't 1942. She was small and blue-eyed and golden-haired and she wore feminine-looking clothes, not the austere, un-glamorous shirtwaist and skirt affected by most of the lady pedagogues at Fairmont. She had a sense of humor and her discipline was not the forty-whacks-on-the-hand-with-a-ruler variety, but a friendly, personal brand of discipline which you couldn't infringe upon without feeling like a heel.

Anyway, Miss Martin asked Bob to Sunday night supper and he almost gave his mother heart failure over the preparations he made for this Event. She simply wasn't used to having him hurry up and mow the lawn Saturday morning without being told to half a dozen times, so he could go downtown and spend his own money for a haircut. She wasn't used to his shining his shoes without being told, either. As for his decision, unsolicited, to take a bath Saturday night and again Sunday afternoon right after the noon-day dinner *and* his request, a little sheepish but nonetheless determined, that she "fix up" his fingernails a bit—those nails whose cuticles had never known manicure scissors and she had feared never would—well, it was almost too much!

Mrs. Hope rallied, though, as mothers can and do, and by five o'clock Bob, polished and shining, wearing his brother Jack's new shirt and his father's best tie, set forth to Miss Martin's. On his way over, he practiced an offhand, "Hello, Peggy"—"Peggy" being what her fellow teachers called her. "How're you, Peggy?" he *Continued on page* 73

What's New from Coast

Al Jolson is back on the air, heading a new variety program over CBS Tuesday nights. And again his foil, below, is Parkyakarkus.

THAT'S Alice White, the little blonde ex-movie star, who has been playing "Blondie" on the air since the show returned after its summer vacation. Penny Singleton will be back as soon as she recovers from a visit from the stork—which should be any day now.

* * *

Barbara Luddy, First Nighter and Lonely Women dramatic star, is radio's newest bride. At a beautiful church ceremony in Chicago, she was married to Ned LeFevre, NBC announcer. On the air, Barbara has been "married" lots of times, but this is her first venture into real-life matrimony. Her matron of honor at the ceremony was Mrs. Joseph Ainley, better known as Betty Lou Gerson.

* * *

Called to the colors: Nelson Case, who used to announce the Philip Morris programs—he's in the Naval Air Force now . . . And the Jack Bennys have lost their secretary, Harry Baldwin, who has joined the Navy.

* * *

Credit Dave Driscoll, head of the war services department at WOR, the Mutual network's key station in New York, with thinking up a scheme that's bound to cause many a red face. As dreamed up by Dave and broadcast frequently by the station, the idea is called the Toot-et-Vie plan. It's simple enough. Every time a car passes you on the open road, going faster than thirty-five miles an hour, you blow three short blasts and one long one on your horn, as a reminder that victory depends on conserving rubber and gasoline.

* * *

Sort of nice to have Jack Pearl with us again, after such a long absence. Jack has been cured—but definitely—of that yen to be a dramatic actor, and will stick close to comedy on his Wednesday night Mutual network show.

* * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Most of the stars of WSM's Grand Ole Opry have been on the show for years, but a recent arrival is Paul Howard, "The Arkansas Cotton Picker," who made his debut on the popular Saturday night program only a bare six months ago. In addition to the Opry, he's heard on three early-morning spots of his own, playing his guitar, banjo or violin, and singing the songs Tennessee folks love to hear.

Paul is of mixed English, Irish, and Cherokee Indian descent, and was born in Arkansas on July 10, 1908. He always liked to sing and play, but he didn't get into radio until 1931, when he made his first microphone appearance over station KOY in Phoenix, Arizona. Since then, he's been on many radio stations throughout the south and southwest.

Paul has been married for six years

By DALE BANKS

to Coast

to a Fort Worth girl. When he isn't busy in the studio or making personal appearances in nearby cities with his radio company, you'll probably find him either in the bleachers rooting for the home team or out in the woodlands with his dogs, indulging in his own favorite sport of hunting.

* * *

Baritone Conrad Thibault skipped one of his weekly broadcasts—for a very good reason. He flew to Miami and was married there to Miss Mary Clare West of Havana.

* * *

Uncle Sam wants us to do our Christmas shopping early—so here's a tip if you have some children on your list—as who hasn't? Nila Mack, director and writer of the famous Let's Pretend show on CBS, has written a new book called "Animal Allies," which is being published by Julius Messner of New York City. In picture and story, it's intended to entertain the youngsters while it tells them why we're fighting the war and why we must win it. All in all, it ought to be a fine Christmas gift.

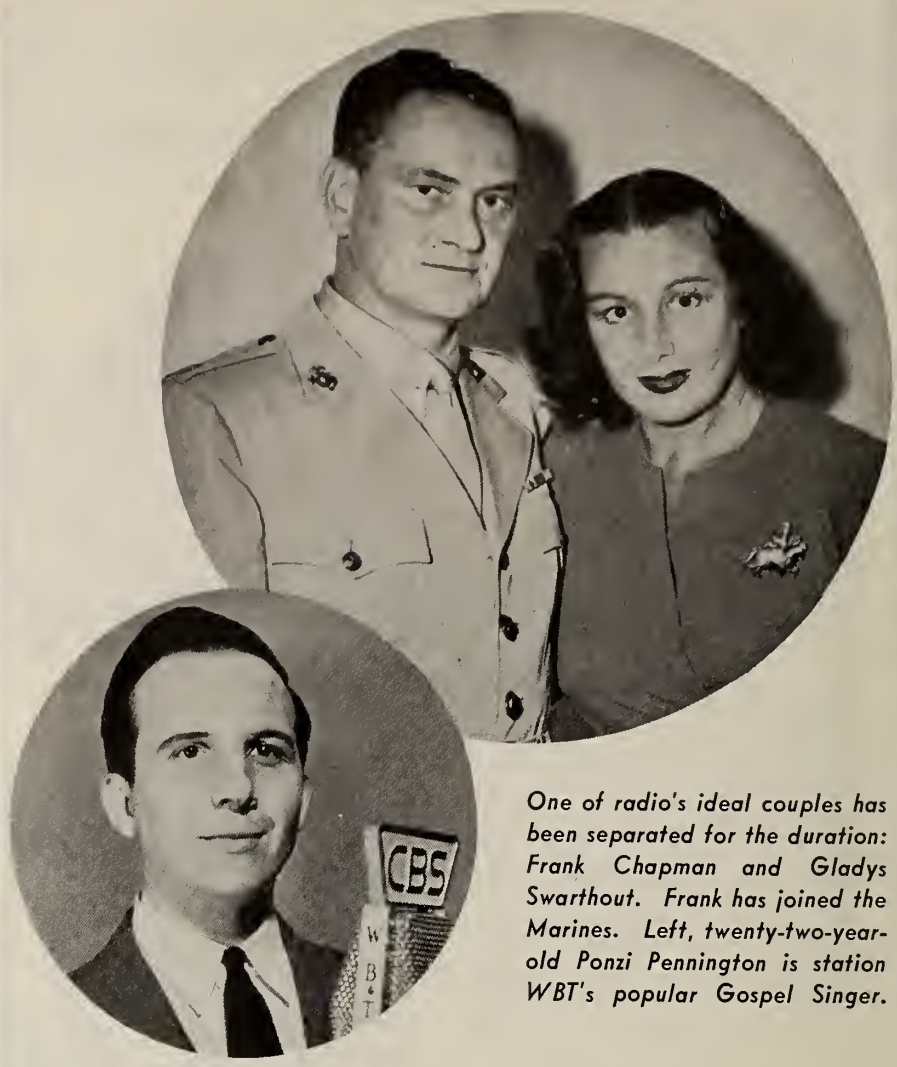
* * *

The radio world's saddest event of the month was the tragic death of Walter Paterson, who played Capt. Nicholas Lacey in One Man's Family. Paterson was found dead in his automobile with a garden hose arranged to carry the exhaust fumes into the driver's compartment. Probably the role of Nicky will not be recast with any other actor, but the character will be written out of the story entirely.

* * *

Announcer Fort Pearson and his wife expect *Continued on page 6*

Paul Howard and his guitar are two new additions to the Grand Ole Opry show heard Saturday nights on WSM.



One of radio's ideal couples has been separated for the duration: Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout. Frank has joined the Marines. Left, twenty-two-year-old Ponzi Pennington is station WBT's popular Gospel Singer.

their second child in January. Their first is a son, Fort, Jr., so they're hoping for a girl.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The newest singing star at station WBT started out in life to be a mechanic—which just goes to show that you never know what your future holds.

Today, at the age of twenty-two, Ponzi Pennington is a very serious young man, and like no other singer you've ever met—that is, unless you happen to know Homer Rodeheaver, dean of American gospel singers; for it is to this well known evangelist that Ponzi owes his present radio success. Some of the credit could be given, though, to his deep, mature baritone voice, in which he sings hymns over WBT every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A.M.

Ponzi was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and until he finished high school was just like any other youngster of the neighborhood. It was shortly after he graduated, while he was working in an auto repair store, that he began to feel discontented with his life. There was something unsatisfactory about it, but he didn't know what. Then, one day about six years ago, he heard Homer Rodeheaver give a recital of hymns. Young Ponzi was enthralled, and for days afterward the words and music of those hymns kept running through his mind.

This still didn't solve his problem, but perhaps it put his mind to work on the right track, because a few weeks later he realized that he wanted to study for the ministry. With the blessings of his parents, he enrolled at the Florida Bible Institute and Seminary, and it was here that he discovered, for the first time, that he could sing.

He toured through most of the United States with evangelistic groups, until friends in Charlotte persuaded him that it would be worth while to take an audition at WBT. The audition was a big success, and Ponzi is now established as one of the station's most popular stars.

Ponzi is a tall, conscientious, good looking young fellow whose deeply religious turn of mind has added to the attractiveness of his personality. He believes that people today are more religious than they ever were, and thinks there are still enough "good people" in the world to bring peace and contentment out of the present chaos. He's married, and expects to become a father soon.

* * *

At least sixty per cent of the regular bus boys, waitresses, and dish washers at the New York Stage Door Canteen are radio folks—take it on the authority of Helen Menken, head of the Theater Wing's radio division.

* * *

The war has separated, for the duration, one of radio's most devoted married couples — Frank Chapman

and Gladys Swarthout. Until Frank reported late in September to the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia, they had never been apart for more than a week at a time in all the ten years of their marriage. It's not the first military service for Frank—during the first world war he interrupted his studies at Princeton University to serve for two years with the Marines.

* * *

Because Anne Nichols, author of Abie's Irish Rose, is dickering with motion picture companies interested in buying the story for the films, she has a new idea. She has recast the radio version with the idea of getting together a group of people who look like the characters of the play as well as sound like them. Then, if the picture sale goes through, she'll take the whole gang out to Hollywood.

* * *

Gertrude Berg has received her first letter from Alfred Ryder, who used to play Sammy Goldberg, since he was inducted into the Army. He says that everything is fine except for one thing—he's kept so busy every afternoon that he never has a chance to hear his favorite radio program.

* * *

BOSTON—At mention of the word "organist" the average person conjures up a vision of a dreamy, soulful, artistic individual who goes into trances at the keyboard.

But that isn't Frank Cronin, organ-playing star of the Yankee Network.

Frank is a big, out-doorsy sort of fellow, given to smoking big black cigars, and with a jaw and a pair of hands like those of a prize-fighter. All of which doesn't alter the fact that he's a musician who can play the organ like a man inspired.

Thousands of New Englanders have Frank's program on their daily "must" list. He plays early in the morning, and they tune him in as soon as they get up. Not only does he play the things they like, but he keeps them aware of the passing time.

The Yankee Network is noted for the excellence of its organ programs, and Frank is largely responsible. In the studio of WNAC in Boston, Yankee's key station, is the largest organ in radio. Frank designed it and supervised its construction. It towers three stories high, and has more than 2500 pipes and a hundred miles of wiring. In designing it, Frank concentrated on *Continued on page 80*

New Englanders get up early to hear Frank Cronin's unusual organ programs over the Yankee network.

When marriage and business mix—bandleader Dick Stabile and his wife and vocalist, Gracie Barrie.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

HARRY JAMES, the sizzling trumpeter, must now be considered one of the nation's top dance band attractions, with only the two Dorsey bands and Kay Kyser challenging the James boy's newly won position.

His coveted appointment to the CBS cigarette series, vacated by Glenn Miller when the latter received an Army captaincy, a weekly stint on the "Spotlight Bands" show, those important broadcasts from the Hotel Lincoln where he's set until New Year's, a pair of movie appearances, and a flock of best-selling records, have skyrocketed the former circus bandsman to the top ranks.

The James band, now numbering twenty-nine people, including Helen Forrest, started to click when their recording of "You Made Me Love You" won public acclaim.

* * *

Incidentally, now that the famed Glenn Miller band has been dissolved, Glenn's singer Skip Nelson might try some baton waving of his own.

* * *

Horace Heidt has been ordered to rest by his physician and while Heidt is off the bandstand, his pianist, Frankie Carle, will substitute.

* * *

The big name band lineup for the New York Fall season includes all the familiar stand-bys with no newcomer crashing the big time. All have choice network wires. Here's the list:

Benny Goodman, followed by Woody Herman, at the New Yorker—Jimmy Dorsey at the Hotel Pennsylvania—Vaughn Monroe at the Commodore—Harry James at the Lincoln—Johnny Messner at the McAlpin—Tommy Tucker, followed by Sammy Kaye, at the Essex House—Alvino Rey at the Astor, Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt.

Only the swank Waldorf's selection was undecided at press time. Its favorite, Eddy Duchin, is in the Navy, and Freddy Martin, the second choice, prefers to remain on the west coast.

* * *

To The Colors: Rudy Vallee is now a Coast Guard bandsman . . . Wayne King, like Glenn Miller, is an Army captain . . . Clyde McCoy is in the Navy . . . Rhumba star Pancho is a private . . . The draft board is talking to Claude Thornhill.

* * *

Lang Thompson has dropped his band to take an engineering berth at the Bell Aircraft Corporation in Buffalo. Lang is a graduate engineer.

Les Robinson, Jerry Wald's alto sax player, plans to organize his own band.

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Walter Perner is a part-time bandleader. His main job is general manager of the Arthur Murray dance studios in New York. . . . Jo Napoleon, former bath-

ing beauty queen, is now singing with Vido Musso's band. . . . Feddy Terry is Griff William's new canary. . . . "At Last," one of the current top tunes, was almost discarded on the cutting room floor at 20th Century-Fox. It was left out of the film "Sun Valley Serenade" and was on the shelf until its composers, Mack Gordon and Harry Warren, persuaded movie moguls to put the tune in the new Glenn Miller film, "Orchestra Wives."

* * *

Trend: Meadowbrook, mammoth New Jersey jitterbug haven, saw Sammy Kaye's band crack the spot's all-time record, established by Harry James.

The Winning Combination

ON two separate occasions Dick Stabile almost let his band leading career crash as suddenly as a drummer's cymbals. The breaks had gone against him. He could not claim one recording hit. Other bandleaders like Glenn Miller, Harry James, and Sammy Kaye had easily passed him in the popularity sweepstakes. Ringing in his ears came the words of warning passed on to him by the veteran Ben Bernie:

"As long as you're going to be a bandleader, Dick, remember this. Be prepared to eat coffee and cake."

The first time the handsome, husky saxophonist was ready to lay down his baton, Dick properly placed the blame for the public's lack of interest on bad management.

The second time came after Dick had started over again, only to have Uncle Sam draft fourteen of his fifteen new bandsmen.

But each time Dick's determined young wife, talented songstress Gracie Barrie, urged him to carry on. She dropped her own successful solo career and joined her husband's band.

"It was Gracie who gave me the inspiration to keep going, and it was Billy Burton's managerial ability that put us back in business," Dick says.

Right now the band is on a lengthy

Continued on page 59

Seldom seen but often heard on the air is D'Artega, the orchestra leader who composed this month's Radio Mirror song hit.

Look Pretty FOR UNCLE SAM

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

Josephine Antoine, star of the NBC Contented program, considers beauty a requisite for morale.

WE women, as men so often remark, are strange birds.

It's understandable enough men should feel as they do about us. When we look most helpless we're likely to be least helpless. We have the heart of a lioness in the face of serious trouble and we wilt like a fragile flower before an unkind word or a forgotten anniversary. And we frequently make apparently idiotic suggestions which work—like charms.

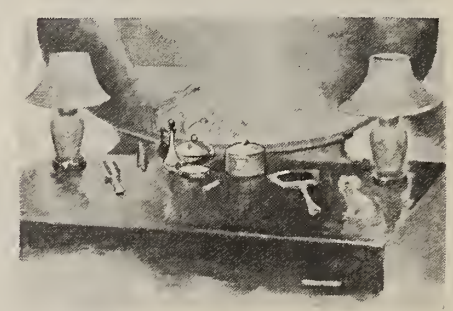
We're not strange birds to ourselves however. We know what makes us tick. We know, for instance, that the lipstick, powders, rouges, creams, nail polishes, perfumes, eye cosmetics and permanent waves in which we invest aren't merely silly fripperies. We know when we buy these things we buy morale and hope and courage too.

Was there ever in all the world a time when we had greater need of these things? The life we love is in danger. So are our men who fight to save it.

War, of course, isn't waged only on battlefields. It's fought in every home in the land. Already we've pretty well given up driving our cars. Gasoline is rationed. And we know there'll be no more tires when the tires we have now are gone. Housewives watch their sugar containers. We maintain lower temperatures in our homes. There's no silk for stockings any more. Day after day the government takes whatever is needed. And although the sacrifices we're ultimately called upon to make are ten or even a hundred times greater than the trifling sacrifices we have made so far, we'll take them in our stride. We only await our government's orders. We on the home front are soldiers too.

Above everything else soldiers must have good morale. It is because we are aware of this that there are clubrooms all over the country where our soldiers, sailors, air corps, and marines can get coffee and sandwiches, stationery to write home, books to read.

It is to preserve the morale of our fighting forces that we give to the USO.



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

But we must not stop there. We also must consider and protect our morale on the home front, wherever we are, whatever we are doing.

All of which brings us to the subject of cosmetics. . . .

Breathes there a woman with soul so dead that her shoulders don't lift, her stride doesn't quicken, and her spirits don't rise when she is freshly bathed and dressed, when her skin is glowing from creams, her hair's waved, her face is smoothly powdered and rouged, her eyes are lovelier because of mascara and eyebrow pencil, her lips are bright, her hands are manicured, and perfume has been sprayed in her hair and dabbed in the hollows of her hands?

The better we look the better we feel. Always! The better we feel the greater our energy. And the greater our energy the greater our productivity. Which is why we say:—Look pretty for Uncle Sam!

In the United States today hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of cosmetics and scents and permanent wave supplies sit on the shelves of shops and warehouses. To leave them there would be a stupid waste and work an injustice upon the manufacturers and shopkeepers who have an investment in them. Uncle Sam doesn't expect women to stop buying cosmetics as long as they're on the market.

We need have no fear our make-up boxes will contain any substances needed in our war effort. Already the containers of many cosmetics have been changed. Chemists also have evolved new formulas for many cosmetics in which glycerine or some other ingredients affected by priorities were previously required. For the duration the government will take whatever it needs.

Therefore, let us forbear from turning into Droopy Doras, from going around with our hair wispy, our noses blue and shiny, and our cheeks and lips pale and pallid. Let us forbear also from announcing that it is unpatriotic either to spend money on cosmetics or time before a mirror.

Actually it is patriotic and smart—both—to buy any cosmetic or perfume a shop offers for sale . . . in order that we may feel our best and, in turn, think and work our best—for Victory!

First on your list of glamour aids!
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

Dress up *and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.*

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special 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". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by its new name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

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

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

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Max Factor ★ Hollywood Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

Color...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Tod held me close, but his eyes were on Uncle Caleb. "I'll tell her myself, if you don't mind," he said.

Strange Heritage

What dark secret in her husband's past held the clue to his disappearance? Vainly, while she tried to still Uncle Caleb's suspicions, she searched for the answer

THE house was perfectly quiet as I drove up after my shopping trip in town, but that was as it should be. Bounce is a smart dog, sensible enough not to bark at his mistress. And Tod, I thought, must have gone over to the West Forty to cut wood. He'd said at breakfast that he was going to bring in a real yule log, "none of your little split kindling. I like a man-sized log for a fireplace, especially at Christmas!"

I smiled with satisfaction at our little house, looking so warm, so friendly, nestled among the pine trees, its white paint and green shutters sparkling in the bright winter sunshine. A far cry, that house, from what it had been five years ago. Then its paint had been faded to a dull gray, cracked and blistered. Its shutters had hung crazily and weeds had grown lush and rank to the very door. But that was before Tod Brandon had come back to his home town of Midland to make a new life for himself—and, incidentally, for me.

I've always said that there's nothing so cosy, so homey, as a farm kitchen, and of course I like mine best of all. It seemed to smile a welcome to *Continued on page 57*

"Strange Heritage" by Doris McFerran, is based on the original drama, "His Rightful Heritage," by Roger Quale Denny, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, CBS on Saturdays at 12:30 P. M.

Now and

THERE was, you see, no one special. No one to whom I was ready to hand up my love on a shining platter and say, "Take it, I want you to have it for always."

I was glad of that. Glad because I had freedom and gaiety, because I was living the life I wanted, with no entanglements of the heart, because I was living for myself and no one else. And I was going ahead in the theater, too. The part I had in the play wasn't large but the critics had been kind and I knew if I kept on that someday there'd be a Hollywood contract. The world was exhilarating and challenging, glittering with promise, and I had no reason to be afraid.

Even so, the knock at my dressing room door that night startled me. There was no logic to it, yet it was like a warning of trouble, as though the vibrations of that knocking were trying to say, "Careful, Sylvia, life can't always run smooth."

My hair, which is long and golden, streamed down over my shoulders while I ran a comb through it. I put the comb down and called out, "Yes? What is it?"

The door opened and I turned and saw a young man standing there. For one moment I didn't recognize him. He was a tall, lean-faced young man in uniform, with dark brown eyes which gazed down at me.

"Hello, Sylvia," he said.

But of course I knew. It had been the uniform that upset me. I looked at him without replying, panic running through me, a rush of jumbled memories welling up. I drew in my breath quickly. The past I had dismissed as forgotten was daring

Maybe it was the magic of the wind, of being alone with him. I told Bill I loved him and that I'd marry him.

This love threatened the safety, the security of her life, and she fought desperately

Forever

to come to life. It was here, in America—now.

It was a few seconds before I caught hold of myself and then I said in a tone that struck just the right note of polite, pleased surprise, "Bill Scott! But it's so good to see you again."

"I was out front," he said quietly. "I had to come back stage. I couldn't leave without — saying hello, at least."

The shock of seeing him was subsiding a little. I said, "I'm glad you stopped back. How did you like the show?"

He smiled. "You were — very lovely."

"Well—thank you."

He kept looking at me but I was afraid to meet his glance. I wanted this meeting to be perfectly casual and untouched by emotions. I was thinking that it must not happen again, that I must hold on to my heart, must not allow anything to interfere with me or my plans, my dreams of success. "Won't you sit down, Bill?" I invited. "I think there are cigarettes by the chair."

There was an awkward silence as he lighted the cigarette. His face was serious, unsmiling. I realized he wasn't quite the same man I had known. The uniform somehow changed him. There were deeper lines in the bronzed face and a sombre kind of strength.

It had been a long time ago, almost three years. I'd been in Melbourne, Australia, playing a small part in a play there. I'd met Bill Scott at a dinner party and it was one of those miracles which for the moment you think could never happen.

It may not have been love but it was close to love from the very first. We saw each other almost every night while I was playing in Melbourne. Bill, I learned, owned a ranch back in the interior. That was his home, because his parents had died the year before and he had to run the ranch himself.

ONE Sunday just before the show closed we went there for a picnic and he showed me those rolling, wind-swept fields. He took me in his arms and told me he loved me, wanted me to marry him and stay with him there.

Maybe it was the magic of the wind, of being alone with him. I told him I loved him and would marry him and stay there. I was younger then, you see, quick to act on impulse. Not until I returned to my hotel that evening did I realize how impossible it would be, for both of us.

We were from different worlds. His world of wilderness and hardship was foreign to me. I was no frontier woman, had no desire to be one. I could picture the future. It would be wonderful at first, a sort of lonely paradise. But as time went on love would sicken and finally die and we'd grow to hate each other and be miserable. Even then, panic gripped me at the thought of the wind-swept loneliness.

I couldn't tell him. I didn't want to quarrel. That night's performance was the final one and I was to meet him after the last curtain. But instead of that, I slipped away to my hotel, took my baggage and went down to the boat. I was going back to America—alone.

I don't say it was easy at first. But, sooner or later, I knew the pain would go. There would be someone else eventually, who would bring me happiness in the world I knew and wanted. The idea that you could love only once — that was a mere fancy of the story books.

And yet now, as I looked at Bill, I was remembering that past and some of the emotion I had known then seemed to stir within me, frightening me.

I ran the comb through my hair. I could feel Bill's eyes on me. At last he said, "Sylvia, why did you do it? Why did you run away like that, never writing, never sending word?"

He had no right to do this, I thought. No right to return and rake up old fires. Everything had been going easily. I was determined not to permit a foolish love to upset my life again.

"Bill," I said, trying to sound sophisticated and remote, "that's all over now. We were both young and rather silly and it's fortunate one of us realized it in time. But that's all past and it is fun to see you—all tricked out in that handsome uniform."

There was no humor in the crooked smile. "I suppose—it was wrong to see you?"

"I'm glad you did," I answered quickly. "Really I am. I'd have been angry if you hadn't. How long have you been here?"

"I arrived today," he said coldly. "Stationed over at the encampment. We'll be leaving soon, I imagine."

"Oh, the war is a nuisance," I complained. "Nobody seems to know where anybody will be. I do hope it ends soon." I smiled at him. "I suppose you haven't any real idea at all how long you'll be here?"

"A week or so."

against it—until the night when the world shook and terror rained down from the sky

"That's wonderful, Bill. Perhaps we'll be able to have cocktails some afternoon."

In the theater world, they call it the brush-off. I made my tone utterly unreal. I wanted him to know I was untouched, merely making conversation. The fright I had known, the sense of panic, had quite vanished.

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I COULD look at him coolly now, feeling a strength within myself. There was no longer need to be afraid either of him or of myself. My world no longer was endangered. He was standing, his face a mask. "I was a fool, I guess," he said slowly.

I looked away from him, nodded. "Perhaps—perhaps you were, Bill."

It was cold and cutting and cruel but I was sure it was best. Bill just looked at me, not saying anything. Then he turned and walked from the room. He didn't say a word and I didn't look up. I heard the door close behind him.

I couldn't deny the pain that leaped suddenly, as I heard that door close. But it didn't matter, because I had ended it before it started, before I—or Bill either, for that matter—could be hurt again.

People change, of course. In those wonderful, unreal weeks in Melbourne, we'd both been carefree and full of laughter. It had all been a game, with the stakes as high as heaven itself.

We were both different now. He was more serious, almost grim, and the laughter was gone. I supposed it was the war. And I too had become more serious, more intent on my career. Most of all I was determined to keep my place in the world I knew and wanted.

I'd been right to run away. It had been a fairy tale there in Australia, exciting and beautiful right up to where they marry and live happily ever after. But there the story changed — because we wouldn't have been happy. There on that ranch, away from the world I knew, I could see myself growing old and worn and tired. Love would fade away utterly, we wouldn't even be able to remember it. Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps I wanted too much, comfort and ease and even a few luxuries. But that was how it was and I had to face it.

As I started out to meet Paul Hayden, I knew I'd done the right thing tonight, too. Cut him out of my life quickly, before it might be too late, before any harm might be done.

That night and the next I went out with Paul Hayden. I tried to pretend, even to myself, that nothing in the world had happened. I tried to be particularly gay and witty, to impress Paul with the fact I was light-hearted and glad of it.

But it was a lie. All that night after I saw him and the next day my thoughts kept running off to Bill. All day I knew that strange warm pain in my breast and I was trying to rid myself of it and

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"Maybe I don't want tomorrow," I said, and ran up the steps.

I turned the key and opened the door into the apartment house lobby. Then, as I walked in, I saw Bill standing there, by the stairs, and I stopped short.

His face was drawn and tired but he smiled as I came in. "Hello," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

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"That was kind of him. But—but why, Bill?"

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He was so much in earnest. We were standing inside the glass doors and I glanced away from him, out to the darkened streets of the California city, darker than usual now because of the fear of air raids.

"You think I'm in love with you?"

"Can you say you aren't?"

I didn't answer. Anger was surging up within me, anger that this was happening. I was being trapped, trapped into a love I didn't want, a love that could end only in unhappiness and disaster for both of us. I must fight him off.

All right, I was thinking, you love him. You love this man who stands before you. That's the truth, so don't deny it. Only—only don't let it ruin your life for you, Sylvia.

"Bill," I told him, "it doesn't matter, makes no difference if I love you or not. Because it would be all wrong and that—that's the end of it."

"You're afraid," he said. "Afraid because you might have to give up some of your precious ease, afraid because the life might be more difficult, because you wouldn't have any time just to be lovely—"

"Stop it!" I could feel the anger burning in my cheeks. "You come here, bring up the past, try to make it live again. You're a soldier, going off to fight in a war in which I have no part. And all that lies in the future, if there is any, is a ranch down in Australia. I'm supposed to toss up my life, every hope I ever had—"

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He halted and turned. "Friends? How could we be friends?"

"How do you mean that?"

"Exactly the way it sounded. You, and others like you, caring only about yourself and your own petty comforts—"

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"Is that quite all?" I could hardly speak. I put my fingers to my cheeks. "Don't say anything more, Bill. Just go."

His lips *Continued on page 74*

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But it was a lie. All that night after I saw him and the next day my thoughts kept running off to Bill. All day I knew that strange warm pain in my breast and I was trying to rid myself of it and couldn't, no matter how I tried.

Paul, who is tall and has red hair and a devil-may-care manner to match, guessed that something was wrong. On the second night we went out, we stopped in for a drink at Leon's, and Paul clumped his elbow on the bar and eyed me with mock alarm. "Who is he, Sylvia?"

"Who is who?"

"The man who has you upset. Isn't me, I know that. I gave up hope long ago."

"Don't be silly. There's no one."

"That isn't the truth, Sylvia."

"All right, Mr. District Attorney. It isn't. So what?"

I wouldn't admit it to him or anyone. I kept telling myself it wasn't so, that it was insane and impossible. But the more I said that, the more I knew it was so.

Paul lifted his eyebrows with amusement. But he didn't mention the subject again. He kept up a running fire of talk about polite nothings that didn't matter, but I knew it was simply because he wanted to help me. He wasn't in love with me, you see. He was only a friend I'd known a long time, and now he was worried. Which only made me fight harder to prove there was nothing to worry about.

He took me home finally and said goodnight at the door. "Don't take it too seriously, Sylvia," he advised. "There's always tomorrow and someone else."

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His lips *Continued on page 74*

I want only

I COULD imagine how Michael would look with a son in his arms—for it would be a son, of course. He'd grin his gay, lop-sided grin, looking a wee bit foolish, and terribly, terribly proud. And happy.

Because he would be happy, now. Perhaps he'd been happy all these years without me—how could I tell? How could I tell, except to remember his face the night I had left him, remember big Michael, who was so strong, crying out like a frightened child, "Don't leave me, Norrie—you might as well kill me outright!"

But after that he'd been silent through the years between, except for impersonal little messages, Christmas cards, telegrams of congratulation, until today. Today, after five years, Michael had telephoned me, his voice sounding so familiar that it had not even startled me, my mind bridging the years as easily as his voice did the miles.

"Nora, I was going to send you a telegram tonight, congratulating you on your new show. But I thought I'd call you now, instead. I've been wanting to tell you, but somehow until today it didn't seem real enough—"

A small, questioning pause, then. "Yes, Michael?" I prompted, trying to keep my voice low, steady, even.

"Anne's at the hospital. Norrie, she's going to have a baby. Any minute now I'm going to be a father. Isn't that something?"

I clung to the phone as if it were the only tangible thing left in a rocking world, and my voice sounded high and false as I answered him. "Oh, Michael, I'm so glad for you, dear! Tell Anne that for me, too. And wire me as soon as you know, won't you?"

There seemed little to say, or too much, after that, and we hung up, a thousand things left unspoken in the air between us.

That had been this morning, and not for one moment since had I thought of anything but Michael and Anne and their baby. Even my new radio show, starting tonight, and the new contract, fatter than ever before, meant nothing. Now I sat, my carefully-tended hands folded in hard-held serenity in my lap, waiting for my cue. Somehow I'd got through the first half of the show; somehow I'd get through the second.

But that baby—it should have been mine, a voice inside me was crying. Mine, too, the joy in Mi-

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Suddenly, startled, I got to my feet and walked with an outward semblance of calm to the microphone. The orchestra leader, throw-

I crossed the little room swiftly and knelt down beside him. There was nothing I could do but try to comfort him a little.

Now her heart was crying—she had thrown away all the things that were meant for happiness, traded Michael and his love for a song and a microphone to sing it to

ing me one swift, puzzled glance, swung smoothly into the introduction again, without a break. For the first time in my career I'd missed a cue!

Then I began to sing—the song which I had insisted on putting into the program at the last minute because I knew that Michael always listened to me, because I knew that it would please him. A lullaby, which I would never sing as it should be sung, to a child that was Michael's and mine:

"Baby's boat's a silver moon,
Sailing in the sky,
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While the clouds roll by.
Sail, baby, sail——"

Unconsciously, my arms came up. I knew how a baby would feel in them. And I could hear my own voice, singing, not to the people sitting before their radios all over the country, not to the rows of faces in the theater audience before me, but to the ghost of a little not-to-be boy who was cradled in my arms as I sang him a lullaby.

The last note throbbed away; the support of the music slipped from beneath me, and I stood still, feeling somehow that I had made a fool of myself. I looked about me. Clinton Haven, our announcer, was staring at me instead of leading the audience in applause as he should have been. And in the theater there was quiet for one of those second-long pauses that seem like years. Then Clint raised his hands and the audience woke up with him. Applause roared at me, beat over the stage like waves. I knew, and they out there knew, that I had never before sung so well, that perhaps I would never sing like that again.

I went back to my little gilded chair, automatically arranging the swirl of my black velvet skirt about me, disciplining my hands into quiet on my lap. The show went on. Presently I sang again, and after that there was Clint's voice, "—next week at this same time, the laughter of Sherman Findlay, the music of Gregor Lavinin and his orchestra, the voice of our star of stars, lovely Nora Sully, brought to you by—"

The show was over, but there was still the aftermath—the congratulations, the people to shake my hand, to wish me luck.

But presently it was all over, and I could escape. On the way back to my apartment I hurried the taxi driver as if it were a matter of life and death. By now there would surely be a telegram from Michael, a gay, silly telegram that would break the spell of this strange, suspended feeling I had, that would snap the cord which seemed to be tightening around my throat and let me cry, as I wanted to cry, as I hadn't cried in years.

Letty, the maid, shook her woolly head in answer to the question I asked almost before she had the door open. "No'm. No telegram."

"You're sure?" I asked. "No message at all from Mr. Sully?"

"No'm—none a-tall."

I felt somehow cheated out of my tears. "All right, Letty. You can go to bed. I'll sit up for a while."

I want only you

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Unconsciously, my arms came up. I knew how a baby would feel in them. And I could hear my own voice, singing, not to the people sitting before their radios all over the country, not to the rows of faces in the theater audience before me, but to the ghost of a little not-to-be boy who was cradled in my arms as I sang him a lullaby.

The last note throbbed away; the support of the music slipped from beneath me, and I stood still, feeling somehow that I had made a fool of myself. I looked about me. Clinton Haven, our announcer, was staring at me instead of leading the audience in applause as he should have been. And in the theater there was quiet for one of those second-long pauses that seem like years. Then Clint raised his hands and the audience woke up with him. Applause roared at me, beat over the stage like waves. I knew, and they out there knew, that I had never before sung so well, that perhaps I would never sing like that again.

I went back to my little gilded chair, automatically arranging the swirl of my black velvet skirt about me, disciplining my hands into quiet on my lap. The show went on. Presently I sang again, and after that there was Clint's voice, "—next week at this same time, the laughter of Sherman Findlay, the music of Gregor Lavinin and his orchestra, the voice of our star of stars, lovely Nora Sully, brought to you by—"

The show was over, but there was still the aftermath—the congratulations, the people to shake my hand, to wish me luck.

But presently it was all over, and I could escape. On the way back to my apartment I hurried the taxi driver as if it were a matter of life and death. By now there would surely be a telegram from Michael, a gay, silly telegram that would break the spell of this strange, suspended feeling I had, that would snap the cord which seemed to be tightening around my throat and let me cry, as I wanted to cry, as I hadn't cried in years.

Letty, the maid, shook her woolly head in answer to the question I asked almost before she had the door open. "No'm. No telegram."

"You're sure?" I asked. "No message at all from Mr. Sully?"

"No'm—none a-tall."

I felt somehow cheated out of my tears. "All right, Letty. You can go to bed. I'll sit up for a while."

For the first time, my living room —its pale green walls, its eggplant-colored carpet, its ivory-white piano, its deep and comfortable chairs—seemed cold to me. Even the L of windows in the corner, looking out over Manhattan at night, which I loved so much, seemed unfriendly. I pulled the heavy drapes across it.

Throwing myself into a chair, I stared idly at my hands. They were white and massaged to firmness, tipped with almond-shaped nails painted wine red. I knew that they looked exactly as I felt—exquisitely cared-for, and quite useless. My dark red hair was piled high on my head. Makeup covered the drift of freckles across my nose, which Michael had always said looked like bran on cream. Green eyeshadow above them made my eyes a deeper green. My body had been pummeled to perfection, and sheathed in black velvet which cost more than had been paid for all the clothes I had ever had in my life, until the time I left Michael.

I HADN'T looked like this in those days—those days when I had come to the little city of Castle, a farm girl tired of the farm, looking for a job. Then I had been frankly freckled, and my short-cropped hair had curled as it wanted to. My hands had been useful hands, with a trace of callous across the palms, with short-clipped, uncolored nails.

Heaven knows I wasn't trained to do anything but feed chickens and milk cows and wash clothes and cook. My only asset was my voice, and I hardly dared hope that it would bring me a job.

As a matter of fact, it didn't. Michael Sully, who had only shortly before been granted his license for the hundred-watt radio station WNUX, wasn't looking for a singer and couldn't have afforded to hire one if he had been. What he wanted was a kind of maid-of-all-work for the station, a girl to answer the telephone, send out bills, keep books, write a few announcements—in short, do just about everything that Michael didn't do himself.

"But I can't do those things," I'd told him. "I can only type just a little, and I don't know a thing about bookkeeping, and—"

He smiled down at me from what seemed a tremendous height. "I'll teach you."

"But—" And then I stopped, realizing that I was trying to argue him out of hiring me. Honesty, however, prompted me to go on. "But why should you? I mean, you can get any number of trained girls—"

His smile reached his eyes and lighted blue sparks there. "But I don't want any number of girls. I want you."

I felt as if I were compelled to look at him, as if I couldn't turn my eyes away.

"W-why?"

"Because you're my girl. I've been looking for you all of my life—you with your up-ended eyebrows and your impudent freckled nose, and your mouth made to smile with. You're my girl. D'you think, now that I've found you, I want to let you escape? Will you go to work for me?"

I stared at him, half joyous, half frightened. In all of my eighteen years I'd never met anyone like him, never even imagined that there could be anyone like him. And, of course, there can't. Michael is Michael, alone of all the world, rugged and gentle and infinitely dear. His thick, crisp dark hair lies close to his head as the feathers of a bird lie, above ears that are a little pointed, like a faun's. His eyes are the blue of deep water, steady, quick to meet yours and hold them. His jaw is almost belligerently firm, so that the mouth which curves sweetly and tenderly above it does not seem too gentle for a man. His hands—oh, his hands are strong and fine, and—remembering Michael's hands, and the touch of them, I closed my eyes to shut out the sight of the possessions about me, the possessions for which I had traded Michael and his love.

So I had gone to work for WNUX, six years before, holding my breath, afraid I'd wake up to find it wasn't true. It wasn't until almost a week later that Michael said, "So you can sing, can you? Well, let's hear you, Norrie!"

He sat at the piano and played for me first, knowing that I was nervous. The music he brought out of that battered old upright was the kind the poets say you'll hear in heaven, for surely there's nothing on earth like it. There was magic in Michael's fingers, magic which could wrest beauty from anything.

Presently I sang the old lullaby about baby's boat for him. I sang through the two verses, and then Michael's hands crashed down on the keyboard, and he cried, "Oh, honey, honey!" That was all for a moment, while he looked at me with something new in his eyes. Then he said, quietly, "It needs training, but it's beautiful. I'll teach you all I know."

It wasn't strange that Michael and I were married so soon, because we had both known that it was inevitable from the very first moment. There wasn't time for a honeymoon, or money for one. There was just time to slip away from the station for a little while, to pledge to each other, with our hearts pounding in our throats, "I, Nora, take thee, Michael . . . I, Michael, take thee, Nora. . . ."

I SUPPOSE it's only normal to remember the good things, the pleasant things. As I sat that night in my chill, perfect living room, sat in the midst of all the things I had bought and paid for, I remembered best the good things, the dear things, the things that were written on my heart.

I remembered the pillow fights we'd had sometimes, tearing about the little room in which we lived, crying out to each other like children until the neighbors pounded on the walls to still our foolish laughter. I remember Michael, big, strong Michael, carrying me up the two flights of stairs to our room, after a long day at the station, as if I weighed no more than a feather. I remembered wakening one morning to find Michael already gone to the station, *Continued on page* 61

Mary and Dick have lots of fun in their simple cottage with its white picket fence.

Sing a song OF LOVE

Paramount Photos

Half-way through her song, Mary Martin glanced across the footlights and there he was, slumbering peacefully. She didn't know then that he was the man she was going to marry

BY DOROTHY B. HAAS

IT WAS a Hollywood party, which can best be described as a room full of people talking. As soon as Mary Martin came in she saw him—a tall, dark-haired young man sitting on a sofa with Jean Arthur, and apparently interested in nothing and nobody *except* Jean Arthur. His glance, leaving Jean's animated face for a moment, swept up and over Mary as lifelessly as if she'd been a picture on the wall.

"Just the same," Mary promised herself inwardly, "this time I'm going to meet Mr. Dick Halliday. And when I do—I'll tell him a few things!"

But when, half an hour or so later, they were introduced, she couldn't do anything but smile, and nod, and speak politely. Because Richard Halliday was absolutely the most charming man she'd ever met in all her life.

She hadn't expected this—certainly hadn't wanted it. For about two years now, the name and fame of Dick Halliday had been haunting her, invariably with unpleasant results. It would have been a positive pleasure to dislike him.

There was, for instance, her first sight of him, two years before. He had been sound asleep at the time. Mary was then tasting the heady wine of first success.

Clad in a short fur coat which showed her remarkable legs to excellent advantage, she was singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in the Broadway hit, "Leave It to Me"—and stopping the show cold every time she did it. Her number was the high spot of the evening, every evening.

But not on the night she first saw Dick. Half-way through the song, she glanced across the footlights and there he was, in an aisle seat, slumbering peacefully.

Let this be set down as an unbreakable rule. A perfect way to impress yourself on a singer is to sleep through her performance. She may think of you with loathing—but she'll remember you.

In Mary's case, the insult was made double effective because Dick had come to the theater with a party of her friends. She saw them, later that same night, at the Rain-

bow Room where she was singing after the show, but by this time Dick was no longer in the party.

"You were wonderful, Mary!" they praised her. "Simply wonderful."

"Oh, yes," said Mary. "I must have been. One of you went to sleep."

THAT was when she first heard the name that was to become so familiar to her ears. Dick Halliday.

"Poor Dick, he was simply exhausted," one of her friends said. "He wanted to come on here with us but he was too tired."

"I hope," Mary said bitterly, "he gets a good rest."

The next she heard of Dick Halliday was after she had been screen-tested by Paramount Pictures. All the Paramount executives, she was told, were enthusiastic about the test—all except the story editor, whose name was Richard Halliday. He thought that Mary Martin, the new singing-and-acting discovery, was just fair. Not bad, exactly, but not good either. Just fair.

His indifference, however, couldn't dampen the other executives' enthusiasm, and Mary signed a contract with Paramount. Oddly enough, Dick was transferred to Hollywood about the same time, and they left New York on the same evening. But not together. Mary took a plane, Dick a train.

So there they were, both in Hollywood, both working for the same motion picture studio—and although they did not meet, Dick continued to get in Mary's way. As story editor, he bought the Broadway play, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." Practically everyone at Paramount wanted to cast Mary in the leading role—but not Dick. Once more he spoke plain words about his opinion of her talent. Once more, luckily, he was over-ruled, and Mary got the part. The incident didn't make her like him any better, though.

These were all the things that were in her mind when she finally met Dick face to face at that party in Hollywood. It should have been so easy to make him squirm with delicately barbed remarks about stubborn young men who let their prejudices run away with their judgment. Ordinarily Mary, who is as quick on the uptake as the next one, would have had no trouble at all. But there was something about Dick—

"You know, I owe you an apology," he was saying. "I slept through your show in New York—"

"I know," Mary managed to say. "I saw you."

"And I didn't think much of your screen test." He smiled, and added quietly, "I think I was wrong."

With a relief they both felt, they dropped the subject then, completely. The crowded room seemed to fade away, and there were only the two of them. It was a surprise when the young and good-looking screen leading man who had brought Mary to the party came around and suggested it was time to leave.

"I'll take Mary home," Dick said firmly.

"But I brought her!"

Mary heard herself speaking, saying words that came automatically before she'd had time to form them in her mind. "Please, Bill. Do you mind very much if Dick takes me home?"

When they reached Mary's house they were talking about music. They couldn't interrupt that. So Dick came in, and for the next

three hours they drank coffee and sat and talked. They discovered that they both loved music, and tennis, and certain books, and the same kind of home, the same sort of true friends. They both hated ostentation in any form; they loathed phonies. They laughed at the same things, were similarly serious about others.

It was inevitable, then, that they'd become friends; but for a long time there was no hint of anything else. They didn't even have another opportunity to talk alone for several weeks. They went to several parties together, but always they were with other people. And suddenly it was time for Mary to leave on a long personal-appearance tour. She was going by plane, and several people called asking if they could drive her to the airport. She refused them all. If Dick didn't ask to take her, she said to herself, she'd go alone, in a taxi.

She didn't need the taxi because Dick did take her to the airport, but that was small comfort because some other friends went along. The only moment they had alone was at the ramp leading to the plane, where they said goodbye. A rather formal good-bye, too—only a handshake.

Timidly, Mary asked, "Will you write to me?"

Dick's eyes brightened. "Of course. I'm glad you asked—I was afraid maybe you wouldn't want me to."

She was happy as she waved to him from the window of the plane. The eagerness in his voice had been unmistakable. She carried that thought with her all the way to New York.

The letters from Dick came, as he'd promised. Only—they weren't the kind of letters Mary had wanted. They were bright, gay, often nonsensical. Occasionally they went as far as to say, "Wish you were here for a fourth at bridge," but you couldn't honestly read into them the tiniest bit of sentiment. Worst of all, they were all typed by Dick's secretary.

Mary could take a hint. Her answers were bright, too, and gay and unsentimental, and they were typed by *her* secretary.

At last the tour was over, and Mary was on her way back to Hollywood. She sent Dick a telegram, and his answer read simply, "Will be so happy to see you again."

Strange, what a difference one word can make! If the message had been, "Will be happy to see you again," it would have been curt, meaningless. The one word more, those two little letters spelling "so," set Mary's heart to singing. Then in spite of his impersonal letters, in spite of their brief and seemingly casual friendship, he *had* missed her!

PERVERSELY, she didn't wire ahead to tell him what plane she would be on. It was better that way, she thought. If he didn't know, he couldn't disappoint her by not being there to meet her.

Hollywood, she found when she got back, hadn't changed at all. It was still busy, busy with working and playing, and there never seemed to be time for two people to be alone. They went to a good many parties together, she and Dick—hostesses, by this time, appeared to take it for granted that they would come together—but it was two weeks after her return before they had a date all to themselves.

Dick called *Continued on page 60*

IN LIVING PORTRAITS–

Against the Storm

Now you can see the people you hear in one of radio's distinguished serial dramas, broadcast over the NBC Network Monday through Friday, sponsored by Ivory Soap

Against the Storm has been called one of the best propaganda shows on the air. Its fundamental message is the extreme urgency of united victory over fascism. From "somewhere in Denmark," comes the voice of Freedom Radio, broadcasting to the world the defiance of the Danish people to their Nazi enslavers. Even knowing that swift death would be their penalty if discovered, Torben Reimer and Ebba Fielding, helped by Nathan, bravely continue working for Denmark's underground movement.

KATHY REIMER came to America to seek refuge from the Nazis. In reply to the thoughtless remark that "Hitler has done a lot for Germany," she says, "I can tell you what he did for the German people! He held them up at the point of a gun, took their children from them, poured poison into the minds of the new generation, harnessed them all, the young and the old, to his insane machine of war. He put Germany into slavery, and he sent the slaves out to enslave others, and to war against everything decent and free in the whole wide world. That's what he did for his people, and never, never let anyone tell you anything else! Is the persecution of one human being not sufficient to condemn a man as a criminal? His Nazis have persecuted and murdered thousands, in cold blood. Suppose he had built the most wonderful national order ever conceived, would you say it was justified, if the ground of his nation were soaked with the blood of innocent people? And that maniac did not try to build a great nation. He built a slave state, whose one purpose is the destruction of all free states everywhere."
(Played by Charlotte Holland)

MARK SCOTT, English instructor at Harper University, answered a girl student's bitter question about the war, like this: "It's much easier to look at history and say, there's always been war, than it is to take a real look at history and figure out why the wars happened, how the wars were different, or how they were alike. There have been wars and wars. And no war for centuries has been founded on any spontaneous urge of one people to rise up and do battle with some other people. It has never been as easy, or as hopeless as that. Wars have happened for reasons that can be, and will be preventable in the future. When the United Nations have won this war with guns and blood, they'll do what we didn't do after the other war. They'll guarantee the victory by building a people's world in which the germs of war will be known and isolated. And war will not have to happen again. Just as surely as people do not have to die of diseases that used to be considered fatal. It'll take work, but no more work than war does."

(Played by Chester Stratton)

DR. REIMER, a scholar exiled by the Nazis, lives in New York. Over seventy, he has begun a new life without bitterness or despair. Of his feeling for America, he says: "The measure of my love for this land and this people is the love I had and I shall always have for the land and the people of my birth. At my age it is painful beyond words to be cast out of home and home-land; the hope I had of walking along the familiar streets again, of talking with old friends and sitting in remembered rooms again, is made less tenable by the fact of my years. Sometimes I could cry out with the horrible pain of homesickness. Surely the homesickness will never leave my heart. But as that is a longing for the good things, the beauty and the joy we once knew in our daily life, so it can and it does serve always to remind me that wherever there are people of good will, there can be beauty and joy even for the lonely."

(Played by Phil Clarke)

TORBEN REIMER is Dr. Reimer's grandson, and of course, Kathy Reimer's brother. They have known nothing of what happened to him since the day in 1938 when they were all suddenly arrested by the Nazis. He escaped from a Nazi work-crew in early Spring, 1940, and reached Copenhagen three days before the Nazis thundered into Denmark. Befriended by a distinguished Copenhagen clergyman, Pastor Emeritus Erik Hansen, Torben operates a secret anti-Nazi freedom station. A real-life incident of tragic interest to "Against the Storm" listeners was recently in American newspapers: "The operator of a secret Copenhagen station shot the policeman sent to arrest him, and then killed himself."

(Played by Sam Wanamaker)

EBBA FIELDING, an American-Danish girl who attended the University of Copenhagen, entered the story when Kathy Reimer's brother, Torben, escaped to Denmark. They met on the Swedish ferry that brought them to Copenhagen . . . three days before the Nazi invasion. Ebba was returning to Denmark to marry Franz Holbein, a German who had been a fellow student of hers at the University. When Ebba discovered Franz is now a Nazi, she refused to marry him, but she did not return to America. She chose to stay in Copenhagen to work with Torben in the anti-Nazi underground. Ebba thinks she and Torben can use her old friendship for Franz as a shield for their anti-Nazi activities.

(Played by Lenore Kingston)

NBC photos by Ray Lee Jackson

MANUEL SANDOVAL (left) is another refugee from Europe, who escaped with the help of the anti-Nazi German, Belgian and French underground. The memories that torture him are not of his own sufferings alone. Rather, he thinks of the comrades "who did not live to know again what it is to feel the sunshine of a quiet, peaceful day; to know again what it is to feel clean, washed, dressed in decent clothing." He thinks of them every day, "when I eat good food, when I drink a glass of good clear water." This is what Manuel wants to tell as many people as he can reach on his lecture tour: "Your brothers died so that people forever may have the right to eat good food, and drink clear water and work in peace. We must see that no one forgets. Every person who lives in a free nation today lives there by the grace of another human being's courage and mortal sacrifice. Russian, British, Chinese, American, Dutch, all anti-Nazis everywhere . . . each day with their lives they buy a free future. How can we ever forget?"
(Played by Michael Ingram)

NATHAN, "before Hitler" was a genial warm-hearted young German, destined by nature for a happy and useful existence. He became one of the persecuted. His fiancee was killed by the Nazis. Like a few others in the world's fantastic real-life drama of today, he was able to find his way to a place within the Nazi Machine. In the deadly precarious position of an assumed Nazi who tries to fight them from within their own ranks, he is in Copenhagen now as a Gestapo agent, on the trail of Torben's secret station. His real purpose is to help the station. With tragic and terrible reason to hate, Nathan has still been guided by the words of an old friend, a Rabbi, who was later murdered. "Remember what one of the world's greatest leaders said when they took His life . . . 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' You see? It is ignorance that makes men cruel. Turn your hatred into a relentless fight against ignorance and cruelty."
(Played by Ian Martin)

Early on that birthday morning Peter woke me with a kiss. He gave me a bracelet he'd made of tiny shells.

Give me your heart

THE lake was like a crimson jewel at my feet, caught in the glory of sunset. In another moment it would be opalescent with pale blues and pinks and lavenders that are a poet's dream and a painter's despair. The world was bathed in radiance—our white honeymoon cottage touched with pink, the roses in our garden red as heart's blood, the sandy beach where we bathed like rosy coral.

I looked at it all and thought wistfully that the neon lights of a smart night club would have been the most beautiful sight in the world to me at that moment. I'd seen that sun set a thousand times. Well—two hundred and sixty-four. I was tired of it. Nine months of the same old sun, the same old lake. Nine months of never going anywhere, never seeing anybody, of cooking and slaving. No people to see, no dances, no fun. And I was the one who had thought this would be romantic! But that was before Peter and I were married. . . .

A year ago I hadn't known Peter Morris existed. Imagine. Living in the world twenty-two years and not knowing about Peter. But when we did meet, we made up for lost time.

It was at a country club dance, just outside Detroit where I lived with my father. The Joey Kellers had Peter as a guest, and introduced him to me. He was tall and wiry, with quick movements, and he had a keen, eager look in his eyes. My father used to go in for falconry, and something about Peter reminded me of a hawk—strong and poised ready to swoop. The minute I stepped into his arms to dance, I said to myself, "Ellen, honey, this is *it*!"

Peter felt the same way. By the time the evening was over, he was telling me things. About how he was a physio-chemist or a chemical physicist — never can remember about those things—and was experimenting with some terribly important kind of war gas. How he'd worked his way through college and worked afterwards till he'd saved enough money to give all his time to the experiments, and how they were like mother, father, girls—everything he'd never had—to him. But he told me more important things, too—that my hair was like golden mist in the early sun, and my eyes the color of the deepest lake in the world. When it was time to go home, he'd gotten up the courage to ask me for a date. I say "gotten up the courage" because he was poor and I was rich, and Peter had a funny sort of pride about that—as I was to discover later.

Being poor was something I didn't know about then. I knew there were girls who had to go to public high school instead of an Eastern finishing school, and that they had to stay

Over and over she pictured her husband's eyes as she had last seen them—full of hatred because in her selfish passion she had destroyed the thing he loved

in Detroit all winter instead of running down to Palm Beach for two months, and things like that. But I didn't know poor as Peter meant it.

We saw each other constantly for two months. And one day, eating hamburgers, he asked me to marry him. It popped out, without his thinking. He said later if he'd known what he was saying, he'd never have been able to do it.

"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for," he told me tenderly—but terribly seriously too. "You don't know what poverty's like. You'll have to learn to cook and scrub—"

"That will be fun!"

"You'll be lonely. I can't afford to take time from work to see people—"

"I want to be just with you!"

"You'll live in an isolated place, with no one around but me."

"Wonderful!"

"You won't have any new clothes—"

"I'll be happy in rags with you, darling!"

He kissed me and it was like being on a cloud, above the world. And I thought it the most romantic thing in the world to be in a tiny cottage, shut off from everybody else, with Peter becoming a famous scientist and me one of those wonderful wives of great men you read about.

MY father tried to warn me. "I like Peter Morris," he said. "He's got everything I want in a man for you. But he's going to have tough sledding—and so are you, baby. I've done the best I could to bring you up without a mother, but I'm afraid I've turned you into a spoiled little helpless kitten. You see it now as romantic. You're going to find it's grim. Do you honestly think you've the courage to take it?"

I laughed. "But I love him, Daddy, and he loves me. . . ."

He grinned, a little wryly, and pulled my ear. "Just remember, Ellen, life isn't like the movies."

We were married quietly in the garden at home and we went to live in the cottage on the shore of one of the many small lakes around that part of Michigan. Hardly anybody lives out there all year round, but Peter did because the house belonged to an older chemist who was interested in Peter's work, and rented it to him for almost nothing. There was one large room, fixed up as a laboratory with tanks of gases and all kinds of gadgets I couldn't understand; then there was a small living room, a tiny bedroom, a good-sized kitchen, and bath.

It was tacky—but for the first three months it was heaven, too. Peter had to teach me to cook, even to sweep, and we died laughing over the messes I served on the table and the messes I made trying to clean. It was winter, and there was adventure in driving the old jaloppy into the village for our once-a-week marketing trip. Peter explained we could drive in *only* once a week, except for emergencies, on account of gas and money. I thought it was like pioneering, and sort of cute.

We skated on the lake and had snowball fights and made love to each other and it was paradise. Peter talked a lot about his work.

"It's vital not only to me, but to our country, Ellen. If I can work out a decontaminating gas, it will revolutionize chemical warfare. There won't be any more poor souls with their eyes blinded and their lungs eaten out. It will neutralize the enemy weapon—the sneak weapon."

"It's wonderful, darling. You're so smart. And then you'll be famous and we'll be rich."

He laughed. "No. But if I succeed, I'll be working for the government and we won't have to live off savings any more. Lord, if I can only get it! I've made mistakes—plenty of them—but this time I think I'm on the right track." He threw himself on the sofa beside me and thumbed impatiently through his notebook. "If I can only make *this* come out right!"

I looked over his shoulder at the hieroglyphics. "How long will it take?"

I'd go out and look at the sunset and think about the life I used to have. Now I was lonely and bored, for every day was the same.

"If I'm lucky—a year. If I'm not—" he shrugged. "But I'll keep on till I get it if it takes all my life . . . Look out, honey, you're tearing the notes. They're the only copy I have."

"Oh, pooh—forget the old notes. You've been working all day, and it's Friday night. Peter, you know what let's do? Let's take the train into town tomorrow and spend the weekend with Daddy and go dancing and see some people and have some fun. I'm tired of just cooking and skating and cleaning house."

He looked as if I'd suggested flying to the moon. "I can't do that, Ellen. I have to work."

"You don't have to work all the time," I pouted. "Please, Peter—I want to go into town."

"*All* the time, Ellen. I told you that before we were married. It's like being in the Army—in fact, that's why I'm not in the Army. I explained that. Besides, a little jaunt like you suggest would cost more than we can afford."

"But Daddy would pay for it. He'd like me to have some fun."

He threw the notes on the table and stood up. "We've been over that before. Once and for all, I will not accept a penny from your father. I'm no gigolo! You knew I was poor and you agreed to live on my money."

"But this is different. You're just being silly—"

That started it. It was the nearest to a quarrel we'd ever had. Oh, we made it up—with kisses and promises and self-condemning apologies. But though I forgot about the quarrel, I didn't forget about being lonely and bored.

Especially when the warm weather started. I was sick to death of learning to cook, and the underdone meat and burned vegetables with which I graced our mealtimes were no longer hilarious to either of us. Cleaning house made my hands rough, and there was more hard work than romance in keeping the place neat and shining. And spring—why, spring always meant a new wardrobe and I didn't even have a new hat. Not that *that* made much difference. We never saw anybody.

Looking back on it now, it seems impossible that I, Ellen Morris, could have held such thoughts. It's like remembering a girl you once knew and didn't like, a silly little person who valued all the wrong things. But that's because I've learned my values the hard way, with suffering, pain and loss—the only way, I suppose, one ever learns them.

I DIDN'T have enough to do. At first, I'd sat in the lab and watched Peter work. It amused me—he was so unlike my picture of a chemist who I'd always imagined as absent-minded and stoop-shouldered and smelling of horrid mixtures. Peter's shoulders were straight and powerful. He dashed about the lab like a commuter catching a train, with an intense concentration that locked him away from all except what was in front of him. That was why I got tired staying in there. What was the fun, when he took no more notice of me than of the air he breathed?

"Peter—I'm restless."

"Why don't you go weed the garden?"

The garden! Four rosebushes somebody had planted years ago. At first I'd weeded and watered them furiously. Now I was sick of them.

Or he'd say, "Why don't you go over and talk to Mrs. Fisher?"

She was our only neighbor, the farmer's wife from whom we bought milk and eggs. She was a good-natured, untutored soul and all she could talk about was canning and babies.

So I'd go out and look at the sunset and think about the life I used to have. Stuck way out here, with every day just like the last. When Peter got so impatient he started working even in the evenings, I thought I'd go crazy. Work, work, work. Nothing could be that important, I told him irritably.

That was when he suggested I spend a week in town with Daddy, alone. "I know this is hard on you, honey. You're used to people and excitement and all. Why don't you take a little vacation from it?"

When Peter started working even in the evenings, I thought I'd go crazy. Work, work, work. Nothing in the world could be that important!

So I did. It was luxurious to have breakfast in bed again, to be the petted baby of the household. I saw the Kellers and some old friends. But it wasn't as much fun as I'd thought it would be, without Peter. I thought about him all the time.

THINKING about him really made me buy the dress. It was such a heavenly blue, "the color of the deepest lake in the world," and once I'd tried it on I couldn't resist it. I wanted to look pretty for him. It was practical, too, because I could wear it anywhere and, I reasoned, awfully inexpensive. Only thirty-nine ninety-five. I had only about eight dollars with me—the "spending money" Peter had given me for the trip—so I charged it to Daddy.

When I told him, he looked at me quizzically. "That's all right with me, baby. You know that. But you'll have to work it out with Peter. His arrangement with me was that I wasn't to contribute a penny to your upkeep. Which seems eminently sensible, I must say."

"Oh, he'll love it when he sees it. He won't mind," I said airily.

Peter met me at the Village station in the jaloppy and we were so glad to see each other. The vacation had done us each good, and we talked our heads off driving home. After I'd unpacked I put on the dress.

"Like it?" I said and pirouetted in front of him.

"It's a knockout. You're like a dream in it—the dream I used to have before I met you. I used to think it would never come true." He put his arms around me. "Not only the most beautiful wife in the world, but the smartest," he laughed. "Nobody else could have found a dress like that for the amount of money you had to spend."

I stood still in his arms. Men are usually blind about such things. It would be so easy to let him think it cost only eight dollars . . . But I couldn't, somehow. "Well—it cost a little more," I said easily. "You couldn't get a number like this that cheaply."

He stiffened. "How much more? How did you pay for it?"

"It was thirty-nine dollars, and I charged it to Daddy. Don't look like that, Peter. It was so lovely, and I just had to have something. Daddy didn't mind."

"Well, I mind! I won't have your father paying for things I can't afford to buy—and we certainly can't afford clothes like that. You'll have to send it back."

"Peter! I won't send it back. I'm tired of never having anything, never going any place—just because of your pride. If Daddy wants to give me this, there's no reason why I shouldn't have it. You'd rather see me go around in rags than give in one inch on this—this stiff-necked attitude of yours about money!"

"You'll never wear rags while I'm alive. We've got enough to feed and clothe us and keep a roof over our heads. Everything else is out—as I've explained to you time and time again."

Here we were, starting another quarrel on the very day of my homecoming. I couldn't stand it. I crushed back the angry retort I was about to make, and moved close to him again. I put my arms around him. "Please, honey. Please let me keep it—just this one little tiny thing would make me so happy. I won't do it again, if you don't want me to. But, oh Peter, I'd just die if I had to send it back. I bought it for you and—and—"

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Helen Irwin Dowdey from an original radio play, "Only The Dead Are Free," by Betty Ulius, first heard on the Manhattan at Midnight program, Wednesday at 8:30 P. M., EWT, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine Cleaning Fluid.

He looked down at me and I could see the struggle in his eyes. My arms crept up around his neck. Finally, reluctantly, he weakened. I knew I'd won when he smiled. "Okay, honey. Since your heart is set on it. But remember, Ellen, just this once! And I'm going to pay your father back."

So that was that. But it was a hard-won victory because Peter meant what he said about paying Daddy back. When sometimes I'd beg him to take me into the Village for a movie or something to break the monotony, he'd say, "Have to wait till marketing day. We can't afford it." And then I'd sulk and Peter would get impatient. He was harrassed about his work and that made it worse.

There were moments, of course, when we forgot everything except each other. But there were more when we'd flare out in bitter anger over small things that assumed terrific importance only because they had to do with money. If the chemical experiments had been going well instead of poorly right then, maybe everything would have been different. Or if I had been "brave and patient" as Peter asked me to be. As it was, the quarrels grew worse instead of better.

If we could see some people, instead of living like hermits! And then I got my idea. My birthday came on a Saturday early in September. Why not invite the Kellers down for the weekend? We had no guest room but by arranging a makeshift bed in the parlor for Peter and me, we could make out. Peter and Joey were college friends, and Wanda was a good sport. They wouldn't mind roughing it.

When he saw how much it meant to me, Peter said he thought it was a fine idea. He said he'd even knock off work while they were here, to make it a real celebration. Then I got my other bright idea.

After the Kellers accepted, I wrote the caterer in Detroit who had occasionally arranged dinner parties for my father. I ordered everything I could think of—champagne and caviar, whole chickens, paté de foie gras, a Smithfield ham. I charged it to Daddy and asked that the things be delivered at the Village station Saturday afternoon. That way they wouldn't arrive at the house until after the Kellers were there, and Peter couldn't do a thing about it.

EARLY on that birthday morning Peter woke me with a kiss. He gave me a bracelet he'd made of tiny shells strung together on fine wire—all wrapped up in an old jeweler's box. It was terribly sweet and all that, but I was awfully disappointed. I wore it, though, and showed it off to the Kellers when they arrived.

They exclaimed over that and the cottage and the view and everything. Peter took Joey into the lab to show him around, and Wanda and I settled down to talk. I kept watching the clock. Mr. Fisher had promised to bring the caterer's stuff from the station in his truck about four, and I was anxious to put the champagne on ice and have the party really start.

Promptly at four the truck rattled up. Mr. *Continued on page 77*

Mr. Parker's Hay Ride

A picnic with the kids seemed a brilliant idea at the time but when it came to cooking the hot dogs—well, read this gay adventure of radio's Parker Family

THE evening newspaper slid out of Walter Parker's hands and the music coming from the radio made him forget, for the minute, his hatred of the Nazis and the Japs. The song that floated sweetly to his ears was "Down By The Old Mill Stream" and it carried him back to his youth in Weston. There was a lump in his throat and, through misty eyes, he gazed at the dear, sweet face of his wife, Helen.

Helen was watching their son, Richard, as he scattered photographs all over the living room, exclaiming and muttering. She was thinking of how much he looked like his father with his deep set, serious blue eyes and the shaggy, curly hair. And then, she thought, her heart suddenly growing tight, of other mothers with sons at war, sons not much older than Richard. She looked up at her husband and

Mr. Parker bustled back into the kitchen, knocking a dozen forks out of his son's hand. "Why don't you watch where I'm going?" he demanded.

saw the dreamy, sad look in his eyes and wondered whether he was thinking the same thoughts.

Her husband was not. The song had carried him to the height of nostalgia and he was thinking of a late Fall night, not unlike this one, and of the way a girl named Helen had looked in the light of a campfire on the old picnic grounds by the river. He smiled at his wife and said softly, "Those were the days, dear. I can almost smell that burning—"

BURNING?" his wife started. "Do you smell anything burning, Walter?"

"Hot dog," Walter Parker said. "I watched you and let my hot dog burn to a crisp."

"Whatever are you talking about?" Helen Parker asked. "Walter, are you all right?"

"I'm fine, dear." Walter said. "It's nothing, I was just reminiscing."

"Oh," his wife said and smiled at him tenderly.

Their son's muttering and exclaiming became louder and they both watched him now as he picked up snapshots and dropped them and talked to himself. Richard Parker was in his own world. He was looking at photographs of a girl named Louise Preston. They had been taken at the lake the summer before and, in Richard's language, they were killer dillers. What a girl! He couldn't decide whether he liked the one where she was playfully hitting him on the head with a tennis racket better than the one where she was holding his hand as they gazed out over the water.

"What a girl!" he exclaimed, aloud this time. "Lucky Richard!"

Mrs. Parker worried a little about her son talking to himself, and said, "What in the world are you doing, Richard?"

Fictionized by Jock Sher from an odventure of the Parker Family, radio's comedy series heord Sunday nights at 9:15, over the Blue network, sponsored by Woodbury Fociol Soap. Illustrations posed by the cost—Leon Janney os Richard, Joy Jastyn os Mr. Parker, Lindo Carlan os Mrs. Porker.

"Huh?" Richard said, looking up. "Oh, I'm just going over these pictures we took at the lake last year, Mom. I dug 'em out because Louise wants to show 'em to Honey."

Mr. Parker wanted to know who Honey was, but he regretted the question a second after he asked it. Richard began a long explanation which went back to the first time he had met Louise and finally ended with the information that Honey was a certain Honey Lou Drexel whom Louise had met last Christmas on a trip to Virginia. "Honey's comin' up to stay a few weeks with Louise," Richard went on. "Gosh, I wish we were up at the Lake. We could have a big wienie roast and get Honey Lou launched with a bang!"

Still thinking about the good old days, Mr. Parker suddenly sat up straight in his chair and said, "What's the matter with launching her at the old picnic grounds on the River Road?"

"Gee, Dad," Richard said, not without patriotism, "we don't want to wear out tires going to picnics."

"We don't have to," Mr. Parker rejoined. "By thunder, Helen, it's time we did something for these kids."

Helen Parker smiled understandingly. She, too, remembered the old picnic grounds and, while Richard sat there amazed, she and her husband talked of the leaves falling and the paths they had loved and the songs they had sung. It was very hard for Richard to think of his father, now almost forty-two years old, as once young and romantic. He made the mistake of hinting as much.

"I'll show you how to have a good time," his father said, a bit piqued, "a real good time, the way we did when I was your age." He beamed at his wife. "We ought to spend time with the kids," he continued, "even if we are busy with war work. It would do us good. I'll start the ball rolling. We'll have that picnic tomorrow night!"

Richard's eyes widened. A picnic on the river road was not exactly what he had had in mind. "That would be great, Dad," he said politely, "but—"

"No buts about it," Mr. Parker broke in. He got out of his chair and strode back and forth across the living room. "I'll rent that big hay wagon of Anderson's. We'll have a good old fashioned hay ride. We'll cook our own supper. I'll be a kid right along with the rest of you!"

Mrs. Parker did not say what she was thinking. Instead, she agreed with her husband. And the more Richard tried to throw cold water on the flame of youth which was now re-kindled in his father, the more Walter Parker enthused about the delights of picnicking. He escorted Richard to the phone and stood by while his son called his friends. He made elaborate plans for weekly picnics, he thought of himself as a leader among fathers in the back-to-the-old-days-movement. At twelve, an hour after his usual bedtime, he was still going strong. His wife practically had to push him upstairs to bed and, even to her observant eyes, he did look twenty years younger.

The next evening, the scene in the Parker kitchen an hour before the hay wagon was to arrive, was slightly chaotic. Mr. Parker, dashing around in his shirtsleeves, had his hands on everything. "Where's that potato salad?" he bawled. "Put it down just a minute ago and now it's gone!"

"It's right in front of you, dear," Mrs. Parker said. "And don't forget the paper plates."

"Should say not!" her husband shouted. "You women think we men are pretty helpless, don't you?" He paused. "Now what did I do with those danged paper plates?"

Mrs. Parker found the paper plates and the potato salad and Walter thought she never looked prettier and younger as she handed him things to pack in the big box on the kitchen floor. When he had the box all packed, he was dismayed to discover that there were still articles waiting on the floor. He accused Helen of giving him a box that was too small.

"It's plenty big enough," she answered. "Here, I'll repack it."

Her husband helped her take the food out of the box and then the sight of something on the bottom of it caused him to howl again. "Helen, what on earth is in the bottom of this thing! No wonder it won't hold everything!"

Mrs. Parker smiled and shook her head. "Why it's just a cushion and your sweater, dear," she said. "The cushion is for you. You won't want to sit on the ground like the children and the sweater is so you won't catch cold."

"What do you think I am," he said, indignantly, "an old stick-in-the-mud?" He took the cushion and sweater out of the box and tossed them under the kitchen stove. "Now," he demanded, "where's that first aid kit?"

Mrs. Parker turned her face so that her husband wouldn't see that she was trying very hard not to laugh. "Good gracious, you won't need that, Walter!" she said.

"Never *Continued on page 49*


Richard Parker

The loneliness that had come to fill her empty heart after Bruce left was her excuse for this midnight escapade—that, and the pride that would not let her break her promise

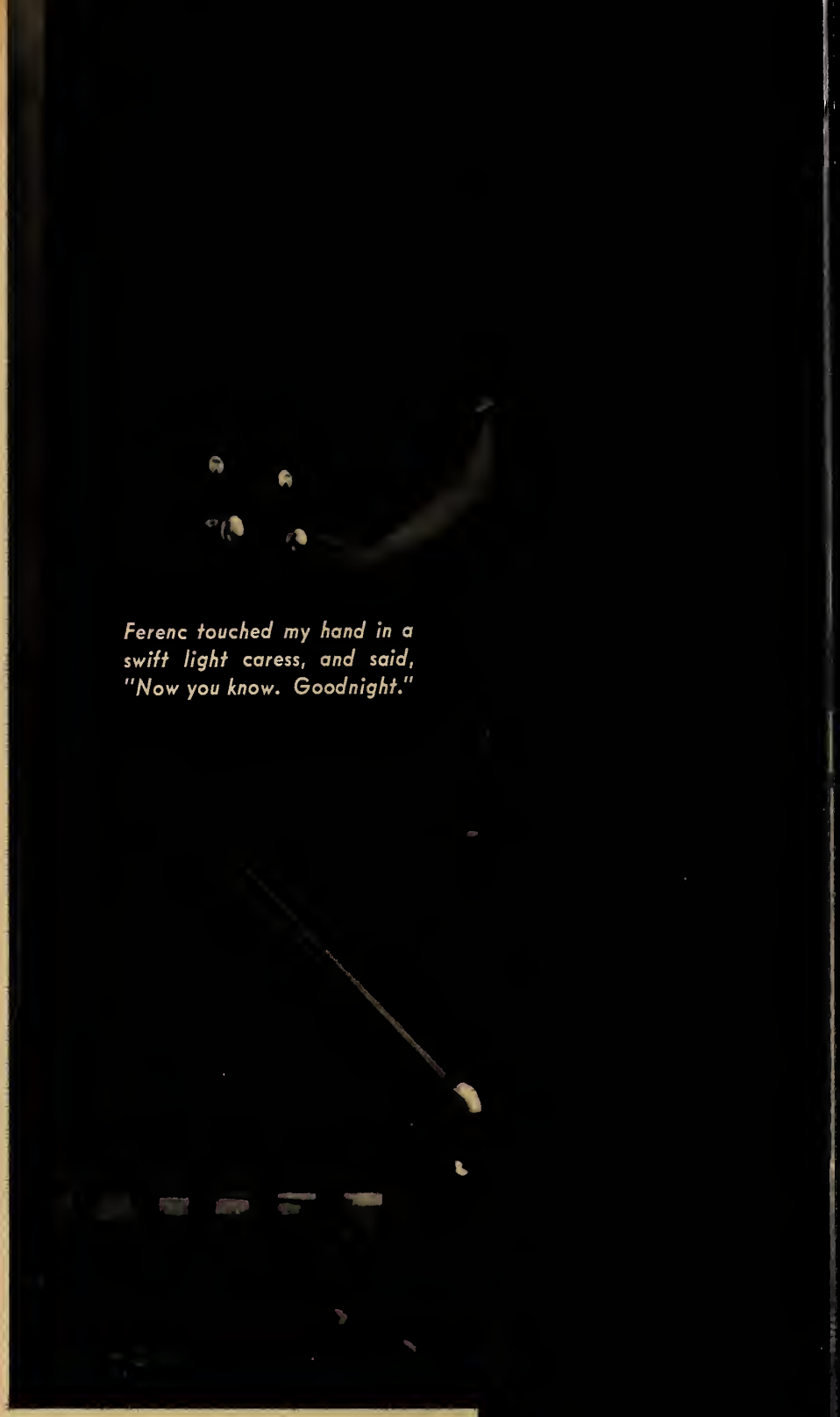
THE STORY

BRUCE MacDOUGALL and I had wanted to get married for several years, but his financial obligations to his younger brother had prevented us. Now Bruce was free of that responsibility, but soon he would be drafted—and rather than wait for that to happen he enlisted in the ground crew of the Air Corps. The first I knew of this decision was when he came into the office where I worked for Dr. Dale, radio's "Counsel of Common Sense," and announced that he had passed his physical examination and soon would be inducted.

In a panic at the thought that I might lose him forever, I begged him not to postpone our marriage any longer, and Bruce was upon the point of agreeing when Dr. Dale walked in. And after Bruce left the office, Dr. Dale advised me strongly not to rush into a marriage which could offer so few days of happiness. Dr. Dale was good at advising people; that was his profession on the air; and now he was able to present so many sound arguments against marrying a man who would soon be in the Army, that when I left him I was torn and confused.

Bruce sensed this confusion when we met that evening, but he didn't understand the reason for it. He didn't realize, any more than I did, that our long, frustrated love for each other had made us not quite sane. Whatever the reason, we quarreled that night, and parted in anger—jealous anger on Bruce's part because we'd happened to meet Ferenc Vildar, who worked in the short-wave department of the radio station, and Bruce thought—or chose to think—that I was more interested in Ferenc than I was in him.

And I didn't hear from Bruce again until an afternoon three days later, when he called me at the office—just a moment, as it happened, after Ferenc Vildar had dropped in for a visit—to say he was at the station, ready to entrain within a few minutes for a camp in Illinois.



Ferenc touched my hand in a swift light caress, and said, "Now you know. Goodnight."

WHAT should I have done without Ferenc in that moment of sudden dreadful emptiness? I shall never forget the look of pain, almost, that twisted his lips in sympathy as he took the telephone from my cold hand and placed the steady support of his arm about my shaking shoulders.

I don't remember the words he said, but I do remember the infinite gentleness of his deep voice as he spoke to me, telling me what seemed the deep wisdom of one who has known [illegible] it. Bu[illegible]

Som[illegible] lowed [illegible] fatalis[illegible] would have taught me. I had spent three years dreaming my dream and I would not have it torn from my heart with this drastic sudden violence. No, somehow I must build it up again.

"But you cannot," Ferenc said, his brown eyes velvet-dark in the dimness of the cool little bar where he

Wait for Tomorrow

took me one day when he had dropped into my office at closing time. "If it is gone, then—" he shrugged, "it is gone."

"But maybe it isn't," I answered stubbornly. Across my mind were racing words that I would write to Bruce, to bring back the dream—passionate words of remorse and love and longing. Surely then Bruce would answer what was in his heart. "I have to know!" I said it aloud, urgently, so that Ferenc reached out his hand to cover mine on the smooth dark polished wood of the table.

"You will know," he told me gently, as if reassuring a child. Then softly, his brown eyes shining, "If you truly wish to know, you will receive a sign."

Those words came back to me when I had left him and was climbing the steps to my rooming house door. What sort of sign? Would it be in a letter from Bruce? That letter for which I had waited ten days? I felt the familiar choking suspense as I pushed the door open and ran toward the hall table. I was getting used to the sensation, and to the sickening slow deflation when I found no letter there.

But today was different. I saw the picture on the postcard, a colored photograph of a fighter plane. My hand went to it slowly, and stopped almost in dread of finding that it was for me. I did not want my first message from Bruce to be written on a picture postcard! But that was his round, uneven boyish writing on the back. I studied the address, telling myself his hand had written it, trying to get a thrill from the idea. But it was not there. My eyes went slowly to the message, hoping against hope for some kind of cryptic communication that would have some secret meaning for my eyes alone—a sign! But all I saw was, "Dear Jan: Sorry not to have written sooner but got swamped right away in seventeen-hour daily program. Swell stuff, but very very tough. Will write more when

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I don't remember the words he said, but I do remember the infinite gentleness of his deep voice as he spoke to me, telling me what seemed the deep wisdom of one who has known suffering and learned to bear it. But I didn't want to learn!

Sometimes in the weeks that followed I rebelled against the quiet, fatalistic resignation that Ferenc would have taught me. I had spent three years dreaming my dream and I would not have it torn from my heart with this drastic sudden violence. No, somehow I must build it up again.

"But you cannot," Ferenc said, his brown eyes velvet-dark in the dimness of the cool little bar where he took me one day when he had dropped into my office at closing time. "If it is gone, then—" he shrugged, "it is gone."

"But maybe it isn't," I answered stubbornly. Across my mind were racing words that I would write to Bruce, to bring back the dream—passionate words of remorse and love and longing. Surely then Bruce would answer what was in his heart. "I have to know!" I said it aloud, urgently, so that Ferenc reached out his hand to cover mine on the smooth dark polished wood of the table.

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I get my second wind. Bruce."

That was all. Absolutely all. My lips pressed hard together as I started up the stairs, pressed tighter to keep from trembling, to keep back the tears. *Oh, Bruce! Is that all you have to say to me?* I almost wished he had not written at all, for then I could dream and imagine what was in his heart and find reasons for his not telling me. But now I knew—and this was all!

My feet dragged, going up the stairs. I tried to tell myself that Bruce was not a man to put his feelings into words—not even spoken words when we were close together, in actual physical contact. But it seemed hours that I spent climbing up those stairs, the emptiness inside me like a physical burden, too heavy to carry.

But in my room I stopped short with a gasp. An enormous florist's box was lying on my dresser, so long that it extended out beyond each side. My feet lost their weight as I rushed to open it, my lips forming the name, "Bruce—"

He had never sent me flowers before. It was always understood between us that our money was better saved to hasten the time when we could be together. But now—maybe he realized how desperately I needed the assurances that he could not express on paper. My fingers tore at the strings, my heart rushing so that my throat was too crowded for breath.

The cover was off at last and I breathed again—deeply, of a rich, delicious fragrance. The gorgeous bed of bloom lay, row by row, in exquisite bands of color, shading from the pale yellow of furled rosebuds in a froth of lacy baby's breath through the apricot and gold of snapdragons and gladioli to the bold tawny colors of African daisies.

I had never seen flowers in such lavish profusion and yet chosen with such restrained regard for subtle color shadings. Along with my pleasure came the first uneasy doubt. Somehow this box of flowers didn't give me any sense of Bruce.

I remembered the times I had spent great care to match my accessories so that they would form exactly the right accents for my background costume, and then my disappointment when Bruce had merely said without a glance at anything but my face, "You're looking great tonight, Jan." And when I'd point out some of the tricks I'd managed to achieve on practically no money, he'd just laugh affectionately and say, "That's just a lot of window dressing. It's the merchandise I care about." Of course the look he gave me then would be enough to make up for any lack in attention to my clothes. But now—I drew the card slowly out of the tiny envelope, dreading to learn what I knew already—that these flowers were not from Bruce. I knew before I saw it what the name would be, and it was: Ferenc.

The card dropped from my hand and I sank to the bed. I was suddenly weak, but not from disappointment, exactly. More from the shock of the crazy thought that had come to me. I told myself it was silly and false. It was disloyal even to let such an idea come into my mind. I tried to imagine the life Bruce was living, in which he was giving every ounce of his energy and spirit to the service of his country. How unworthy of me to blame him for not thinking up sweet nothings to soothe my heart which never would have needed it if it had been true and sure enough when he was here! Yet the question kept coming back to my mind. Was it a sign from fate that I received that card from Bruce and then these flowers—not from Bruce?

THEY were bad company, those flowers, their poignant fragrance filling the air around me that evening as I tried to read, tried to forget the lonely emptiness inside me.

Maybe that was why I was so glad to accept the invitation Ferenc brought me next day to dine with him and then go dancing.

What is the magic about getting into an evening dress that can lift a girl out of the lowest spirits? I had bought that printed white cotton a year ago and never worn it once, for Bruce and I never went to places where people dressed in formal clothes. I just had not been able to resist the glamour of it—the simple fitted bodice with the heart-shaped neckline, the swirling skirt with its ruffles of pleated organdy. I had seen myself in it and been lost to common sense. Now I was glad, for my neck looked smooth and golden-tan, my hair fell in russet shining softness, and I had never seen my eyes look so darkly gray and yet so bright. Standing before the mirror I was almost shocked to hear my own voice humming gaily.

Sometimes there is a little letdown, after the fun of preparation, when your date actually begins. But tonight, sitting beside Ferenc on the leather bench, sipping my drink and feeling a tiny spot of icy fire glow and spread inside me, I thought I had never seen a man as handsome as he was, with his black hair cleanly capping his well-shaped head, his skin dark above the frosty perfection of his white mess jacket. I looked around at the smart naval officers in all their gold braid and there was not one who had the distinction that Ferenc had. Nor one debutante who looked better than I did. A marvelous sense of luxury flowed through me. I felt as if I were taking part in a smart modern movie, and yet at the same time as if I had always been meant to live like this.

"Have you preferences, or any distastes?" Ferenc was asking me, and I looked down at the enormous menu card the waiter had placed before me. The French names—and the prices—bewildered me. "Or would you be content that I should order for you?"

I sighed in relief. "Oh, do, please. I like everything."

I had only heard of green turtle soup before, but tonight I tasted it, with a glass of sherry whose flavor seemed just as new to me. "Like some special kind of spice," I told him, savoring it.

"I had what you call the hunch," Ferenc said, pleased, "that those lovely lips of yours would appreciate the real Amontillado."

"It's from Spain, then?" I asked, and when he nodded, I said, thinking aloud, "They used to tell us not to buy things that would help Franco."

I had a sudden memory of how I had almost worshipped Bruce for his clear, unwavering principles. But then I saw that Ferenc was not smiling. Thinking my remark must have seemed ungrateful, I added quickly, "Of course, I guess it's too late now for those things—"

He shrugged. "It was always too late."

"What do you mean?" My sense of well-being was all gone now, though I could hardly have said why.

"I mean," he said almost sharply, "to combat the forces of destiny is always futile. Such waste, those lives lost for a romantic abstraction—"

"Romantic abstraction?" I stared at him. "Is that what you call freedom—democracy? Why, Ferenc, those Spanish boys were fighting our own fight against fascism, and they'd have won, too, if we'd seen in time and helped them instead of letting fascism get so much stronger before we tackled it—" I stopped, flushed and embarrassed with making such a speech, but meaning every word with all my heart.

He was smiling again, fondly, almost amused. "So earnest," he murmured and laid his hand on mine. "And so naive. Like a child, a charming child—"

"But Ferenc, listen," I persisted, almost unhearing. I had to get rid of that awful uneasiness that had suddenly come upon me. "Ferenc, you act as if this wasn't important. Why, it's the war we're fighting, the war you're in yourself! You're doing an important job in it. Don't you talk every day telling your own people how wrong it is to fight with the forces that are crushing freedom?"

His smile stayed on his face, but as if he had turned it on and forgotten to turn it off. He said, "I do my job. They say it is a good work. Is it not enough?" Then he drew a long breath and shook his head as if to shake out the thoughts that were in it. His hand tightened on mine. "Let us not discuss such ugly subjects. I shall order a white wine from California to give you no excuse to think about them."

I smiled, but it was not until I had nearly finished the next delicious dish that I quite lost my chilled, unhappy sense of doubt. But then I told myself that I had been stupid and unfeeling to talk of things that must stir such tragic associations in Ferenc's memory. I must remember that it was through suffering that he had learned to wear this mask of cynical fatalism. Surely he needed any protection he could find.

It was easy, after that, to enjoy the wonderful steak that followed, and then to watch Ferenc's brown, graceful fingers as he mixed a complicated salad dressing and tossed green *Continued on page 52*

I nodded, my head turned away from him. Oh, why wouldn't he let me alone?

I get my second wind. Bruce."

That was all. Absolutely all. My lips pressed hard together as I started up the stairs, pressed tighter to keep from trembling, to keep back the tears. *Oh, Bruce! Is that all you have to say to me?* I almost wished he had not written at all, for then I could dream and imagine what was in his heart and find reasons for his not telling me. But now I knew—and this was all!

My feet dragged, going up the stairs. I tried to tell myself that Bruce was not a man to put his feelings into words—not even spoken words when we were close together, in actual physical contact. But it seemed hours that I spent climbing up those stairs, the emptiness inside me like a physical burden, too heavy to carry.

But in my room I stopped short with a gasp. An enormous florist's box was lying on my dresser, so long that it extended out beyond each side. My feet lost their weight as I rushed to open it, my lips forming the name, "Bruce—"

He had never sent me flowers before. It was always understood between us that our money was better saved to hasten the time when we could be together. But now—maybe he realized how desperately I needed the assurances that he could not express on paper. My fingers tore at the strings, my heart rushing so that my throat was too crowded for breath.

The cover was off at last and I breathed again—deeply, of a rich, delicious fragrance. The gorgeous bed of bloom lay, row by row, in exquisite bands of color, shading from the pale yellow of furled rosebuds in a froth of lacy baby's breath through the apricot and gold of snapdragons and gladioli to the bold tawny colors of African daisies.

I had never seen flowers in such lavish profusion and yet chosen with such restrained regard for subtle color shadings. Along with my pleasure came the first uneasy doubt. Somehow this box of flowers didn't give me any sense of Bruce.

I remembered the times I had spent great care to match my accessories so that they would form exactly the right accents for my background costume, and then my disappointment when Bruce had merely said without a glance at anything but my face, "You're looking great tonight, Jan." And when I'd point out some of the tricks I'd managed to achieve on practically no money, he'd just laugh affectionately and say, "That's just a lot of window dressing. It's the merchandise I care about." Of course the look he gave me then would be enough to make up for any lack in attention to my clothes. But now—I drew the card slowly out of the tiny envelope, dreading to learn what I knew already—that these flowers were not from Bruce. I knew before I saw it what the name would be, and it was: Ferenc.

The card dropped from my hand and I sank to the bed. I was suddenly weak, but not from disappointment, exactly. More from the shock of the crazy thought that had come to me. I told myself it was silly and false. It was disloyal even to let such an idea come into my mind. I tried to imagine the life Bruce was living, in which he was giving every ounce of his energy and spirit to the service of his country. How unworthy of me to blame him for not thinking up sweet nothings to soothe my heart which never would have needed it if it had been true and sure enough when he was here! Yet the question kept coming back to my mind. Was it a sign from fate that I received that card from Bruce and then these flowers—not from Bruce?

THEY were bad company, those flowers, their poignant fragrance filling the air around me that evening as I tried to read, tried to forget the lonely emptiness inside me.

Maybe that was why I was so glad to accept the invitation Ferenc brought me next day to dine with him and then go dancing.

What is the magic about getting into an evening dress that can lift a girl out of the lowest spirits? I had bought that printed white cotton a year ago and never worn it once, for Bruce and I never went to places where people dressed in formal clothes. I just had not been able to resist the glamour of it—the simple fitted bodice with the heart-shaped neckline, the swirling skirt with its ruffles of pleated organdy. I had seen myself in it and been lost to common sense. Now I was glad, for my neck looked smooth and golden-tan, my hair fell in russet shining softness, and I had never seen my eyes look so darkly gray and yet so bright. Standing before the mirror I was almost shocked to hear my own voice humming gaily.

Sometimes there is a little letdown, after the fun of preparation, when your date actually begins. But tonight, sitting beside Ferenc on the leather bench, sipping my drink and feeling a tiny spot of icy fire glow and spread inside me, I thought I had never seen a man as handsome as he was, with his black hair cleanly capping his well-shaped head, his skin dark above the frosty perfection of his white mess jacket. I looked around at the smart naval officers in all their gold braid and there was not one who had the distinction that Ferenc had. Nor one debutante who looked better than I did. A marvelous sense of luxury flowed through me. I felt as if I were taking part in a smart modern movie, and yet at the same time as if I had always been meant to live like this.

"Have you preferences, or any distastes?" Ferenc was asking me, and I looked down at the enormous menu card the waiter had placed before me. The French names—and the prices—bewildered me. "Or would you be content that I should order for you?"

I sighed in relief. "Oh, do, please. I like everything."

I had only heard of green turtle soup before, but tonight I tasted it, with a glass of sherry whose flavor seemed just as new to me. "Like some special kind of spice," I told him, savoring it.

"I had what you call the hunch," Ferenc said, pleased, "that those lovely lips of yours would appreciate the real Amontillado."

"It's from Spain, then?" I asked, and when he nodded, I said, thinking aloud, "They used to tell us not to buy things that would help Franco." I had a sudden memory of how I had almost worshipped Bruce for his clear, unwavering principles. But then I saw that Ferenc was not smiling. Thinking my remark must have seemed ungrateful, I added quickly, "Of course, I guess it's too late now for those things—"

He shrugged. "It was always too late."

"What do you mean?" My sense of well-being was all gone now, though I could hardly have said why.

"I mean," he said almost sharply, "to combat the forces of destiny is always futile. Such waste, those lives lost for a romantic abstraction—"

"Romantic abstraction?" I stared at him. "Is that what you call freedom—democracy? Why, Ferenc, those Spanish boys were fighting our own fight against fascism, and they'd have won, too, if we'd seen in time and helped them instead of letting fascism get so much stronger before we tackled it—" I stopped, flushed and embarrassed with making such a speech, but meaning every word with all my heart.

He was smiling again, fondly, almost amused. "So earnest," he murmured and laid his hand on mine. "And so naive. Like a child, a charming child—"

"But Ferenc, listen," I persisted, almost unhearing. I had to get rid of that awful uneasiness that had suddenly come upon me. "Ferenc, you act as if this wasn't important. Why, it's the war we're fighting, the war you're in yourself! You're doing an important job in it. Don't you talk every day telling your own people how wrong it is to fight with the forces that are crushing freedom?"

His smile stayed on his face, but as if he had turned it on and forgotten to turn it off. He said, "I do my job. They say it is a good work. Is it not enough?" Then he drew a long breath and shook his head as if to shake out the thoughts that were in it. His hand tightened on mine. "Let us not discuss such ugly subjects. I shall order a white wine from California to give you no excuse to think about them."

I smiled, but it was not until I had nearly finished the next delicious dish that I quite lost my chilled, unhappy sense of doubt. But then I told myself that I had been stupid and unfeeling to talk of things that must stir such tragic associations in Ferenc's memory. I must remember that it was through suffering that he had learned to wear this mask of cynical fatalism. Surely he needed any protection he could find.

It was easy, after that, to enjoy the wonderful steak that followed, and then to watch Ferenc's brown, graceful fingers as he mixed a complicated salad dressing and tossed green *Continued on page 52*

I nodded, my head turned away from him. Oh, why wouldn't he let me alone?

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING

Chorus

Words by Tom Adair

Music by D'Artega

IN THE BLUE OF EVE-NING, when you ap-pear

p-mf

close to me, dear one, There in the dusk we'll

L.H.

share a dream rev-er-y.

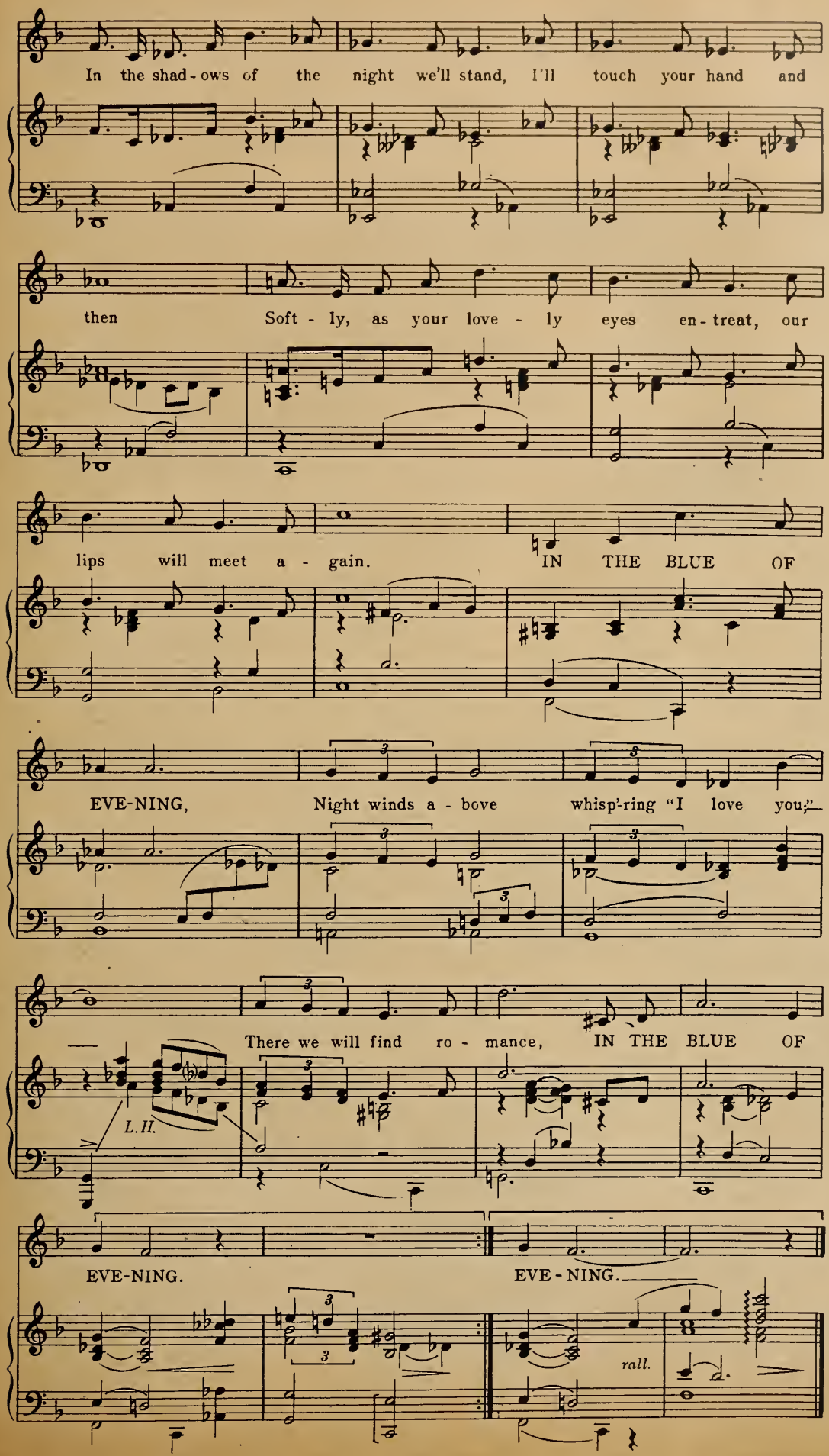
IN THE BLUE OF EVE-NING, While crick-ets call

And stars are fall-ing, There 'neath the mid-night

L.H.

sky You'll come to me.

A new romantic ballad for soft autumn nights—composed by bandleader D'Artega of NBC's Saturday afternoon Pan-American Holiday program



PRESENTING

Kitty Foyle

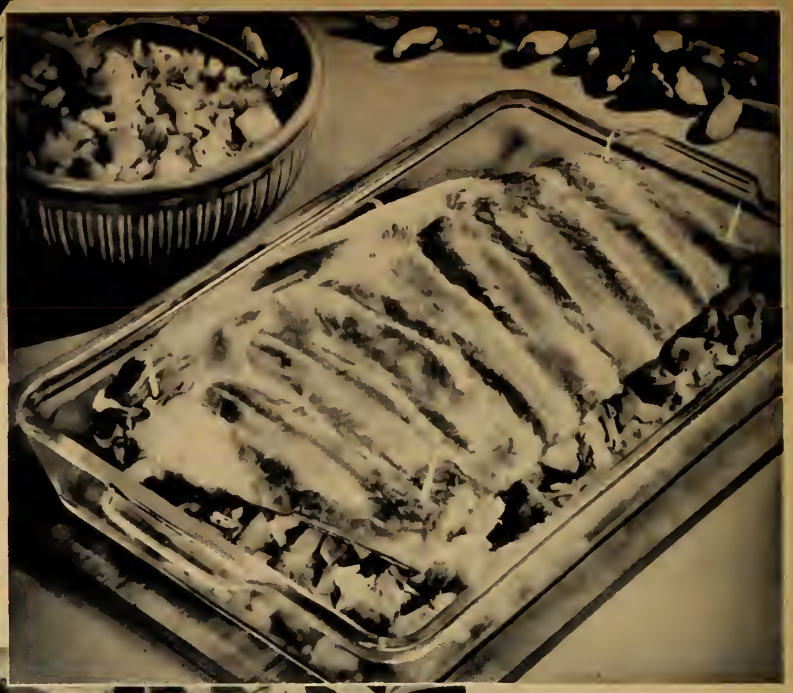
Here are the sweethearts of a best-selling novel, brought to life by radio on the daily CBS program, Stories America Loves, sponsored by Wheaties

CBS photos by Siegal

WYN STRAFFORD—handsome only son of a proud Philadelphia family—fell in love with and married his stenographer, Kitty Foyle, although he knew his family would not approve of the match. Their opposition was so bitter that Kitty fled to New York, and while Wyn would like to defy his parents and join her, he hasn't the courage to do so.
(Played by Clayton Collyer)

KITTY FOYLE, independent and honest, is from a family as poor as Wyn's is rich—and believes that Wyn would be a better person if he had not been born to wealth. Rather than let Wyn be dominated by his family, she is willing to give him up—and rather than have him return to her out of a sense of duty, she hasn't told him she is to have a baby.
(Played by Julie Stevens)

When Meat is Scarce—



JUST as sugar rationing proved to all of us that we can get along quite happily with limited portions of sweetening, I'm sure that meat rationing is going to spur us to further ingenuity to maintain the high standards of our meals. If we have to content ourselves with a curtailed supply we'll do so by stretching that supply as far as it will go, not wasting a single bite. If we have to rely on cuts that we have overlooked in the past, we'll do that too—and since we've been warned that we may have to do these very things, I'd like, this month, to consider how to make the very best use of the cuts and quantities that may be available to us.

Spareribs, I've been told by the packers, are likely to be plentiful even in the midst of the general shortage, because so much of their weight is bone, which makes them uneconomical to ship to our armed forces, and at the same time makes them an economical purchase for the housewife. They are delicious stuffed or barbecued.

Brazil Nut Stuffed Spareribs

4 lbs. spareribs
2 cups cracked wheat bread crumbs
½ cup sliced Brazil nuts
1 onion, minced
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. sage
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup melted fat or drippings

Buy spareribs in two equal sized sheets. Wipe with damp cloth and place one sheet in bottom of shallow baking pan. Mix crumbs, Brazil nuts and other ingredients in order given and place dressing on spareribs in baking pan. Place remaining spareribs on top, skewer together and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. Serves four.

Barbecued Spareribs

Wipe spareribs with damp cloth, place on rack in roaster and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.), turning frequently to make sure that meat browns evenly on all sides. Remove from roaster, pour off fat (be sure to save it for use in the sauce) and return ribs to roaster without the rack. Pour on barbecue sauce and continue cooking at 350 degrees F., basting frequently with sauce, until done. Allow about 1¼ to 1½ hours for browning, ½ to ¾ hour additional cooking time after sauce is added.

Sauce:
4 tbls. fat
2 onions, minced
2 tbls. minced celery leaves
¼ cup vinegar
2 tbls. New Orleans type molasses
grated rind of ½ lemon
¼ tsp. dry mustard
¼ tsp. ginger ½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. chili powder
1 cup stock
¼ cup tomato catsup
2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce
juice of half a lemon

Continued on page 66

Don't let the shortage of meats lower the standard of your meals. There are many cuts you've probably overlooked in the past that will still be available: Spareribs, for instance. They are delicious either barbecued or stuffed, shown above.

Leftover cooked meat can be given a new lease on life if it is wrapped up in a blanket of pie or biscuit dough. Above, try this ham biscuit loaf.

Right, with pie dough and the ground-up remnants of last night's meat you'll have some tempting turnovers that will please the family.

BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	Organ Recital
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	The World Today
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	World News
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Deep River Boys
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fantasy in Melody
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS.	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	News
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	News
8:05	10:05	11:05	Blue:	Glen Gray Orch.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
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:	To The President
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	Blue:	Horace Heidt Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Silver Strings
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
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:	N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	John Vandercook
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Wake Up America
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:	Toastchee Time
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Music of the Americas
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Britain to America
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Drew Pearson
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Stars from the Blue
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
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
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Gibbs and Finney
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:	Radio Reader's Digest
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:	FRED ALLEN
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson
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:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

THE SHADOW—IN PERSON . . .

The owner of that spine-chilling laugh you hear on the Mutual network every Sunday afternoon is an affable gentleman named Bill Johnstone, who just celebrated his fifth anniversary of being The Shadow. If you met him in a dark alley at midnight your heart wouldn't skip a beat—you'd just be glad to have such friendly company.

Bill is handsome and gray-haired—prematurely so, since he is in his early thirties. His entry into the acting profession was entirely accidental. After his graduation from high school, he had time on his hands, and spent it watching workmen constructing the Guild Theater in New York. He was happily engrossed in this pastime when someone yelled at him, "Hey, you. Stop gawping and get in line with the rest." Bill, knowing he had nothing to lose but time, got into line, and before he knew it had been hired to carry a spear across the stage in the Theater Guild's new play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Helen Hayes. It was enough. Show business had captured his heart. He was in twenty-four other shows after that—some hits, some flops—and then turned to radio. He wouldn't give it up for the lead role in the best stage play ever written, he says.

Bill has a beautiful wife, Georgia, a former ballet dancer, and one son. In the winter the family lives in New York, and in the summer on their 216-acre farm near Rhinbeck, N. Y. Before the war Bill liked to spend his leisure hours playing handball and watching polo and tennis; but now those activities are out completely, and he devotes all spare time to war work—appearing at rallies and union meetings to promote the sale of bonds or driving a tractor on the farm.

He's Scotch, but came to this country when he was three years old. His only Scotch trait, he says, is his love of bright colors in suits, ties and other items of wearing apparel. This, according to Bill, is because he was born in the town of Paisley, where those bright shawls come from.

The list of radio shows upon which Bill has appeared at one time or another reads like a short resume of Radio Marches On. He has been leading man for more celebrities, perhaps, than any other actor. On Cavalcade of America alone he has played opposite Madeleine Carroll, Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Hayes. He won the part of the Shadow in competition with forty other actors. It was a tough assignment, because his predecessor was Orson Welles, but Bill came through with flying colors.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS.	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	NBC.	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
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:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	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:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	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, M.D.
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	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
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 Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
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
11:00	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:	Giants of Freedom
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
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:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
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
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	True or False
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:	LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Alias John Freedom
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Columbia Workshop

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
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:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	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, M.D.
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 McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	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 Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	St. Louis Matinee
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:	News
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:	Listen Neighbor
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:	It's Off the Record
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:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
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
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
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:	Lights Out
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Al Jolson
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Duffy's Tavern
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:	Burns and Allen
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 Camps
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mark Hawley, News

FROM ENGINEER TO ACTOR . . .

There's a new and brilliant dramatic star on the air these Wednesday nights—Henry Hull, making his radio debut in the True Story Theater, Mutual network at 8:30, EWT. If you want some superlative acting, this is the show for you to tune in regularly.

It's a wonder radio hasn't been using Henry Hull's talents long before now. He's tried, and been very successful at, both other mediums of acting expression, the stage and the movies. On Broadway, the high spot of his career was the night he created the role of Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road." The critics all panned the play, but praised his acting. The public loved both play *and* acting, and "Tobacco Road" broke all records, although other men later succeeded Henry as Jeeter.

Henry comes from a theatrical family, but he himself started out to be an engineer. His father was a Louisville, Kentucky, dramatic critic, and both his brothers, Howard and Shelley, were actors. Henry, the youngest of the three boys, thought at first that two actors in a family were enough.

After a couple of years in the engineering profession, though, he noticed that both Howard and Shelley were making a good deal more money than he was—so he decided to be an actor too. He goes about the job of creating a new character for the stage or the microphone, however, exactly as if he were solving a problem in engineering. He analyzes the part, studies it, takes it to pieces and puts it together again. Before he began acting Jeeter Lester he spent three solid months learning all he could about the people of backwoods Georgia.

There's not a great deal that can be told about Henry's private life. He always says what he thinks, and he thinks that what he eats for breakfast or what color pajamas he wears are matters which are his own business and no one else's. He is married and has two sons—Henry, Jr., who is a successful radio director but will shortly give up his career to enlist in some branch of the armed forces, and Shelley, who is in the Air Corps. He has a combined country home and farm at Lyme, Connecticut, which he operates in a very efficient and business-like manner. He has always been a good business man as well as a good actor, and has seldom appeared in plays that didn't run a long time and make money.

Right now he's getting ready to star in another stage play, as well as on the air. His part in the new show is that of a man eighty-four years old, which doesn't bother him a bit. He's a specialist at making up to look old and ugly—in fact, while he was in Hollywood most of his movie parts called for a whole kit-bag full of false hair, false teeth and even false eyes, which he wore over his real ones.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
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:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	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:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS:	I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	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, M.D.
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 McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	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 Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Columbia Concert Orch.
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:	News
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:	Of Men and Books
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
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:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
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	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Old Gold Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	The Thin Man
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	True Story Theater
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Bob Burns
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:15	8:15	9:15	MBS:	Jack Pearl
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS:	Mayor of Our Town
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
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:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Twenty-Second Letter
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mark Hawley, News

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
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:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
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	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	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, M.D.
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 Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	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 Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	St. Louis Matinee
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	CBS:	News
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:	Listen Neighbor
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:	It's Off the Record
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:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Don't You Believe It
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Engineers at War
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
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Coffee Time
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ALDRICH FAMILY
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	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
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
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mark Hawley, News

MEET YOUR NAVY! . . .

When the ship's bells sound on a Friday night, it's time to "Meet Your Navy" on the Blue network. And you'll find when you tune in this gay, fast-moving variety show, that meeting the navy can be a very pleasant social duty.

The program comes to you direct from the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois, and everyone you hear on it is a real sailor or sailor-to-be.

Not every naval recruit at the huge station is given a chance to broadcast, of course, but every single one is encouraged to audition for the show. Al Boyd, who besides being Production Manager of station WLS in Chicago is the producer of Meet Your Navy, hears all auditions, and purposely never knows the name of any recruit until after he's decided whether or not to put him on the show. This is to avoid having his opinion swayed by the knowledge that a man used to be a singer or entertainer in civilian life. There are a good many of these ex-professionals at the station, too—former singers, musicians, actors, comedians.

The most famous of them all, of course, is Lieutenant Commander Edwin E. Peabody, whose banjo solos are high lights of each broadcast. The Lieutenant Commander, much better known as Eddie Peabody, was called back into naval service nearly two years ago, and immediately was put in charge of the band, music and entertainment department at the training station. He scoured the station's roster for musicians and built up the swell band you hear on the air.

Eddie Peabody is such a wizard with the banjo that there is practically no important theater either in the United States or Europe where he hasn't appeared at least once. He's been on the air a lot, too. A guest appearance with Rudy Vallee lengthened itself into twenty-eight straight weekly broadcasts and for the last three years he has been heard regularly on the National Barn Dance. Eddie doesn't have to confine himself to playing the banjo, either—he's equally proficient on about thirty other instruments.

An important part of Eddie's duties at the training station is providing entertainment to maintain the morale of the new recruits, those undergoing "boot training," as it's called.

Meet Your Navy has been on the Blue network almost a year now, first as a sustaining show but for the last five months sponsored by Hall Brothers, who make Hallmark Greeting Cards. The show is short-waved to the far corners of the world, and appreciated there too, as hundreds of letters from sailor graduates, now stationed abroad, prove. And one part of the program the boys overseas certainly do approve of is its oft-repeated plea to listeners to send something—cigarettes, candy, or letters—to service men as often as possible.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
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:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	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
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Ted Steele
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:	Ma Perkins
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	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	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, M. D.
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 McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	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 Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Eastman School Symphony
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	CBS:	News
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	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
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:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
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
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities Service Concert
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Dinah Shore
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
	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:	Spotlight Bands
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	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	John Gunther, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mark Hawley, News

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	The World Today
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:30	NBC:	Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
		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:	Show Without a Name
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Caucasian Melodies
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Blackhawk Valley Boys
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Hillbilly Champions
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	String Serenade
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Nellie Revell
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Jackson Wheeler, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Servicemen's Hop
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	The Creightons Are Coming
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	God's Country
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:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
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:	Golden Melodies
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:	Football
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Paul Laval Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Football
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Canadian Air Force Ban
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cleveland Symphony
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
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:	Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
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:	NBC Orchestra
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:	Ellery Queen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	War in the Air
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Gibbs and Finney
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Danny Thomas
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
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:	The Green Hornet
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Prescott Variety Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	John Gunther, News
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Ted Steele Variety

At home on the air, in television, or in the movies—that's Betty Rhodes, our cover girl.

TRIPLE-THREAT STAR

BETTY RHODES, who decorates this month's cover, is a young lady who proves that you can be ambitious and interested in your career without resigning from the human race. Betty (she used to be Betty Jane, but dropped the middle name several months ago) has done right well for herself, becoming a star on the radio networks, on phonograph records, in television and in the movies; but she's never let her career blind her to the fact that there are other things in life, too.

In a town—Hollywood, of course—overstocked with pretty girls, Betty is as pretty as the rest of them, and considerably more clever than many. Professionally, she stars on the Mutual Network's program, This is the Hour, which is heard coast-to-coast in the United States as well as in Canada and Great Britain; she's currently to be seen in the leading role of Paramount Pictures' "Priorities on Parade"; her phonograph records are best sellers; and she became "First Lady of Television" on W6XAO, the Thomas S. Lee television station in Hollywood, in 1940.

Unprofessionally, she has as many interests as any other American girl. She enjoys the outdoors—swims like a mermaid, rides well, Western style, and plays golf and badminton. She loves to windowshop and go through the latest fashion magazines, although she hasn't much use for extreme styles, and prefers the simple, trim sort of clothes. She can sew, and frequently designs her own clothes and hats. Also, she is a better-than-fair amateur artist, specializing in watercolors.

Pets have always kept Betty pretty busy. If you visited her in her San Fernando Valley home, where she lives with her parents, you'd probably be told all about the various cats, dogs, ducks, owls and chickens that reside on the premises. She isn't much interested in fancy breeds, but just likes the animals for their own sakes.

Betty is vividly conscious of the fact that her country is at war. Her radio show, This is the Hour, came into being because she was anxious to do something that would help show America's unreserved co-operation in the war effort. On it, every week, she has R.A.F. cadets for guest stars and salutes different American military units. In addition, she helps on bond-selling drives, knits for the boys overseas, contributes to clothes-collecting campaigns, and opens her home to entertain men in uniform and girls in war production plants. The military forces appreciate all this, too. One crew of an armored regiment at Fort Knox christened their tank the "Betty Rhodes," and a group of men with the U.S. Army in northern Ireland have named her as their "Hollywood Colleen."

Just one more of her war activities is membership in "Bundles for Bluejackets"—an organization whose uniform she's wearing in the picture above.

Mr. Parker's Hay Ride

Continued from page 34

can tell," Walter Parker said and a few minutes later he was scurrying upstairs to the bathroom to find the first aid kit. He bustled back into the kitchen at about forty knots, knocking a whole handful of forks out of his son's hand. "Why on earth don't you watch where I'm going?" he exclaimed as he and Richard, on their hands and knees, picked up forks. "Ouch!" he yelled, one knee pressing into a fork he had not seen.

MAYBE, Mrs. Parker observed as she watched them, a first aid kit was not a bad idea. Again, she had to turn away to hide a smile as her husband spluttered to Richard about what an example he was going to set for the other fathers in Weston. He informed Richard that the talk about the picnic would be all over town the next day and other men would follow in his footsteps. He promised Richard, and the other youngsters who had now gathered in the kitchen, that they would have the time of their lives.

"Where is our guest of honor—Honey, or what's her name?" Walter demanded.

Louise Preston, in a very small voice, for Louise Preston, said, "She can't come. She has a headache."

"Oh well—that's too bad," Walter said, a little taken aback. Then, recovering, "But we'll have another picnic next week for her." He looked around the room happily. "Well, fellahs and girls," he asked, "are we all set?"

The fellows and girls looked at each other apprehensively.

"Look, Dad," Richard said, carefully and kindly, "you got all this stuff ready. Gee, we're certainly grateful. But—well—you don't have to come, if you don't want to."

"What!" his father exclaimed. "Of course I want to!"

And that settled that.

At the last minute, Mrs. Parker had to stay behind and wait for the ice cream her husband had forgotten to order. She suggested going without the ice cream, but Mr. Parker said it wouldn't be a picnic without ice cream. She could see how impatient he was to get started, so, with promises to join him just as soon as the ice cream arrived, she walked out to the hay wagon with him and after they had all piled on with much shouting (her husband being the loudest of the shouters) she waved goodbye.

As the hay wagon lumbered around the corner, Mrs. Parker held her breath, while her husband, who had been standing up and shouting directions at everyone, toppled over. Several boys and girls barely saved him from falling off the wagon into the street. Mrs. Parker sighed, hoped everything would be all right until she rejoined the party, and went back into the house to wait for the ice cream.

As Anderson's hay wagon lumbered over the old River Road toward the picnic grounds, Richard and Louise sat very close together looking up at the bright moon in the late October sky. Richard, one arm around Louise and the other arm around the portable radio, managed to tune in a very solid swing band.

"Richard," Louise said, her round brown eyes looking up at him adoringly, "do you think your father's feelings were hurt because Honey Lou didn't come with us?"

"Aw no, Louise," Richard said. "Lookit him, he's having fun."

Louise looked and saw Richard's father, surrounded by a bunch of fairly attentive boys and girls. Over the noise of the swing band she could hear his voice. She could make out only part of what he was saying, but it was something about the good old days and the time he and somebody named Biff had dragged old Jensen's cow to the second floor of the good ol' Weston High School building. There was polite laughter which caused Mr. Parker to launch into stories about his first high school dance and Richard's mother.

In the middle of his tale, however, he turned and shouted to Louise and Richard. "Hey, there! This is an old-fashioned picnic. Nobody ever heard of portable radios in the days of hay rides. Turn it off!"

Richard frowned, Louise made a face, because Tommy Dorsey was playing her favorite song, but they turned off the radio. Now, there was only the moon to do the spell weaving.

"I did want Honey Lou to come," Louise said, teasingly. "I'm dying to have you meet her, Richard. She's terribly cute."

Richard tightened his arm about Louise's slim waist. "What's the matter, Dream Babe," he grinned. "Getting tired of me hanging around?"

Louise snuggled. "Don't be silly," she said and then even more softly, "Silly."

Richard put his cheek against hers, his heart welling up in his chest, and he said, "I'm glad she didn't come. It's much nicer with just you and me. It's such a swell night—it's right out of Shakespeare." His forehead knotted as he began to quote, "On such a night like this—" he stopped. Now what was the rest of it?

Louise waited for a few seconds and then took up where Richard had left off. "When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise—"

"DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM, WHERE I FIRST MET YOU, come on, kids, sing!" Richard and Louise almost jumped off the wagon. The voice bellowing in their ears was Mr. Parker's, of course, and he was slightly off key. "Just thought I'd move over here and cheer you up," he beamed. "Come on, we'll make our own music. How do you say it—oh, yes—give out!"

Mr. Parker began again on "Down By the Old Mill Stream" and Richard and Louise chimed in weakly and half heartedly. There were snickers in the background, but, fortunately, Mr. Parker possessed a stout pair of lungs which drowned out all extraneous noise. Anderson's hay wagon rolled relentlessly on toward the old picnic grounds and Richard's friends wondered whether it was less painful when Mr. Parker sang than when he told stories about the old days. Several of them, although they were fond of Mr. Parker, hoped word of the picnic would not get around and set a bad example for their fathers.

The good old picnic grounds were cold and damp when Mr. Parker's party arrived. Richard found a stone fireplace, slightly the worse for weathering, and Mr. Parker dispatched trusty lieutenants to gather wood. When the wood arrived, Mr. Parker, remembering his Boy Scout days, did a fairly commendable job of fire building. "How do you like that!" he shouted as the flames began to grow, but a few minutes later he was choking and spluttering as the wind changed and smoke filled his mouth and burned in his eyes.

MR. PARKER said, a little apologetically, "That last piece of wood I put on must have been pretty green." But, as the fire grew stronger and the smoke died down he took heart again. "Get me those hot dogs and hamburgers!" he shouted at Richard.

"Better let me handle 'em, Dad," Richard warned as he approached the fire.

Mr. Parker grabbed the hamburgers out of Richard's hand, saying, "Nothing of the kind, I'll show you how your Mother and I used to make 'em."

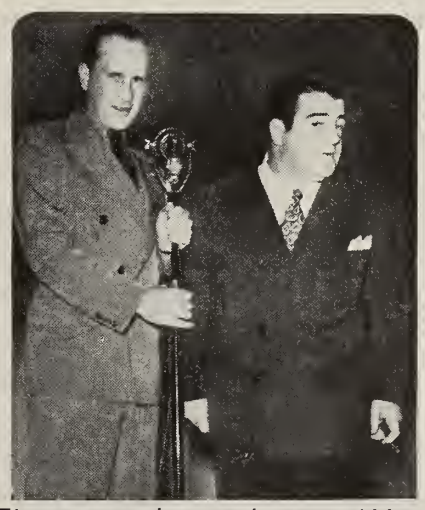
"Hey, Dad! Look out!"

Richard's warning came too late. His father, as he snatched the meat, stepped on a slippery green piece of wood and was traveling downward toward the flames. There was a loud kerplunk and Mr. Parker landed just on the outskirts of the fire. The hot dogs and hamburgers flew out of his hands and plopped into the blaze. Flames shot upward and, as Mr. Parker got to his feet, one of the ribbons of flame reached his thumb. "Ouch!" Mr. Parker groaned and then he yelled "Great Guns!"

One of Richard's quick-witted friends had dashed for a pail of water and he extinguished the fire before it got out of control. Mr. Parker sat under a tree nursing his thumb and miserably viewing his once beautiful fire. Richard and Louise hovered over him sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Richard clucked. "Is it a bad burn?"

"No, no," Mr. Parker said, peevishly. "Your Mother thought I



That ever-ready comedy team, Abbott and Costello, never turn down a request for a Victory benefit. This time it was at the Ambassador, Hollywood.

brought too much hamburger. Lucky I did. Now where is that woman?"

"The fire is out now," Louise said peevishly, and shivered a little. "Won't you have to build it up again?"

Mr. Parker looked up at Louise, frowning, and wondered whether Richard had picked a practical girl and wished that his wife would arrive. He sneezed.

"Pipe down, beautiful," Richard said under his breath to Louise. He knelt down and took his father's hand gently. Mr. Parker wiggled uncomfortably, but he let Richard look at the burn. "You did burn your thumb, Dad," Richard said, professionally. "Better hop over to the wagon and find the first aid kit. I'll build up the fire again."

MR. PARKER protested again, saying that the burn was nothing, but soon yielded to Richard's and Louise's insistence that he do something about it. Louise was very upset about the burn and cried that it might be serious if not attended to and Mr. Parker decided, after all, that perhaps Richard had picked the right girl. His good humor was destroyed a few minutes later, however, when nobody could find the flashlight. He groped toward the wagon in the dark, bumping his shins against the logs and muttering unpleasant things about the good old picnic grounds.

As Mr. Parker gingerly felt his way toward the hay wagon, suddenly to his ears came sounds of sobbing. It was more than sobbing, it was soft insistent wailing. He stopped, terrified for the moment, and then said, his voice cracking, "Who's that?"

A slow, soft southern voice answered, "It's me. Honey Lou Drexel. Come and get me."

Mr. Parker moved in the direction of the voice and then saw a dark outline on the grass. A second later he barked his shins again against something hard as iron and said "Drat!"

"Oh!" the voice said, "Don't step on the spokes! That's my bicycle. I fell off it."

Mr. Parker grunted. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I—I guess so." The sniffles faded away and a drawl took their place. "Who are you?"

"My name's Parker," Mr. Parker said. "Can you walk?"

"O-ooh, Parker," the girl said, "you sound so mature! I don't think I *can* walk," the sob came back into her voice again, "my ankle hurts." She paused and Mr. Parker was startled as she said, "You'd better carry me, honey lamb."

Mr. Parker reached down and picked the girl up. His shins still hurt and Honey Lou was not exactly light, but he held on to her tightly and staggered in the direction of the fire Richard had now started. His new troubles had caused him to forget about the burn on his thumb.

Honey Lou was chattering. "I think it was right mean of you not to come back and get me!" She paused and added, "My, I had no idea you were so tall!"

Mr. Parker blushed. "Why, we did stop for you," he said, "but Louise said you weren't coming along."

Honey Lou giggled and snuggled, which almost made Mr. Parker stumble. "I reckon you Northern men don't understand girls very well," she said. "I thought you'd come back and get me—alone."

"What!" Mr. Parker exclaimed.

"Now don't be cross with me," Honey Lou said petulantly. "When you didn't come, I rode all the way out here on Louise's bicycle. And," she added pitifully, "I hurt my ankle, too."

"Well, we'll soon fix that," Mr. Parker said briskly. "Just as soon as we get back by the fire where we can see."

"Now you're getting all business-like and Northern again," Honey Lou pouted. There was a silence and Mr. Parker, perspiring now, plodded on toward the fire. As they approached the light, Honey Lou snuggled closer and said, "I'm not too heavy, am I?"

"No, no," Mr. Parker said, taking a tighter grip on the plump young body and wondering whether he could make it to the fire. "Just keep your arms tight around my neck, Honey."

"Walter Parker!"

Walter Parker stopped in the full light of the campfire. The voice was unmistakably that of Mrs. Parker and

Meet Judy and Jane whose transcribed story you hear on several West Coast stations. It may not be long before you're hearing them from coast to coast. Judy's real name is Marge Calvert and Jane's is Donna Reade.

his face grew the color of the fire. Mrs. Parker stepped out from behind a group of boys and girls and looked at him in mock disapproval. Mr. Parker groaned inwardly and emitted a low, "Jumpin' cats!"

"Don't you let me fall!" Honey Lou wailed. She tightened her arms around Mr. Parker's neck.

"You—you-you're choking me!" Mr. Parker gasped. "Come over here, Helen," he cried. "This child hurt her ankle, and I was just—"

Mrs. Parker hurried to her husband's side. "Why you're doing just fine, Walter," she laughed.

"Come on, Dad," Richard shouted, "everything is all set."

"I'll be right there," Mr. Parker groaned. "Now, Helen, you can certainly understand it if I have to carry her over to the fire."

Mrs. Parker tried hard to look severe. "Did I say anything about not understanding it?"

"Now, Helen!" Mr. Parker said.

Honey Lou was wriggling in Mr. Parker's arms. "Put me down!" she said sharply and without a trace of accent. "I can walk." Then she giggled. "I thought you were Richard. I just wanted to see the look on Louise's face when her boy friend came walkin' in carryin' little old me."

Mr. Parker put Honey Lou Drexel down at once, and none too gently. He followed his wife over to the fire explaining and complaining. He sat grumpily on a log near the fire and let his wife, who had found the first aid kit, bandage his burned thumb. Mrs. Parker was overly tender and kind. Richard came up and said the hamburgers were ready.

"I thought Dad was the cook?" Mrs. Parker said slyly.

"I was," Mr. Parker said bitterly. "Let's go home, Helen."

"Say, Mom," Richard said, "Honey Lou is here. Thanks for bringing her out."

"Your mother didn't bring her," Mr. Parker said abruptly. "And let's not go into it."

"Well, anyway," Richard smiled, "have some supper, Dad."

"I'll have a bite at home." Mr. Parker said mournfully. "When a man my age tries to be a kid he ought to have his head examined."

Richard struggled manfully and succeeded in stifling a grin. Then he slapped his father on the back enthusiastically. "Don't give me that, you're doing O. K.," he said. "Sure you are! You know what? The gang thinks we ought to take a couple of parents on a wing-ding every week.

Mr. Parker shuddered. He moved over toward the fire and gloomily accepted the hamburger his wife handed to him. As he munched it, he stared moodily into the flames. Then, as he sat there brooding, soft harmonizing young voices filled the night. They were singing "Down By the Old Mill Stream." Pleasant shivers went up Mr. Parker's spine and he half heartedly joined in. In a few minutes, however, his voice became stronger and drowned out the harmony. As he paused to take a breath, he grinned triumphantly at his wife. He sneezed. Mrs. Parker went for the sweater.

SUNDAY morning after the picnic, Mr. Walter Parker sat in his favorite chair wrapped in his heaviest bathrobe and covered with blankets. A hot lemonade and Mrs. Parker were by his side. If you could see through blankets, you would have discovered three bandages on Mr. Parker's shins. He had discarded the newspaper, because it had been too difficult turning the pages with a bandaged thumb.

"Helen," Mr. Parker said smiling a little, "that was some wing-ding last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Walter," Mrs. Parker said, "it was fun."

"We're just as young as ever," Mr. Parker said, patting her head.

"Of course we are," Mrs. Parker said stoutly.

"No, we aren't," Mr. Parker said bravely, "but we've got work to do that's more important than picnics. We've got to see to it that all the young ones get a chance to live their own lives." Mr. Parker's eyes became misty. "That 'Down By the Old Mill Stream,' was a nice song though."

"It was a lovely song," Mrs. Parker said and she leaned over and kissed her husband tenderly on the tip of his cold-inflamed nose.

She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.

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

Wait for Tomorrow

Continued from page 39

leaves in a wooden bowl. Such a sight I had never seen, nor tasted such a salad.

The dessert was dark red cherries in a brandy sauce which the waiter set afire and poured flaming over ice cream. With it came a bottle set in a silver bucket of ice. Even as I watched, enchanted, while the champagne fizzed and bubbled into the shallow bowl of my goblet, Ferenc apologized: "It is not truly a good wine," he said, "but it is festive, is it not?"

"It's a real celebration," I told him. "What are we celebrating?" I felt something dangerous about the question as I asked it.

He said, his brown eyes warmly ardent, "It is better first to celebrate. Then it becomes easier to find the reason."

I thought of that later while we danced. If I had meant only to have this one date with Ferenc, I should never have danced with him. Oh, I had got on well with Bruce, but this —well, it was more than dancing! Just as in food and drink and flowers, Ferenc put art into each step he took; he found his own graceful, original patterns for expressing the music which seemed to pulsate all through his body. The steps were not simple, and it took all my skill to follow him, but that was part of the thrill. I could feel my body relax and become more and more sensitive to every move he made, so that one current seemed to flow through us controlling our two bodies together without our conscious will. We danced until the two orchestras, one after another, began to put their instruments into their cases. But the glow of remembered rhythms lingered in all my nerves and muscles, and when I walked home with Ferenc through the darkened streets it seemed only natural that my hand stayed in his, our steps still matching, so that I seemed to float in an unreal world of enchantment.

AT my door he put his hands on my two shoulders and studied me, his eyes dark shadows in the dimness. After a moment he said, "This evening, was it as good, for you, as for me?"

I tried to laugh, for the moment was charged with too much importance, so that I felt a little fear. "Now how would I know?" I asked him lightly. "How could I know how good it was for you?"

He said, "That is quite simple. I shall show you." Then, very deliberately, he bent and kissed me on the mouth, gently, his lips soft and full but lingering until the blood began to beat through me with unexpected waves of heat. Before my mind could wake and protest, he lifted his head, touched my hand in a swift light caress, and said, "Now you know. Goodnight." And he was gone, moving on quick feet down the stone steps.

In the morning, though, the enchantment was not there. I woke to a heavy sense of something wrong, not quite remembered. Slowly the evening came back to me in a series of pictures slightly blurred, their lack of clearness filling me with fear. What had I done? I turned my face to my pillow. I didn't want to know.

Somewhere a clock was striking, and half-consciously I counted the strokes. Nine o'clock! I was all awake now, rushing and praying that Dr. Dale would not be at the office ahead of me.

But I had hardly sat down at my typewriter before I heard the door open to the inner office. Without looking up, I said, "I—I'm sorry. I overslept."

He laughed. At the cheerful sound I looked up in surprise. He said amiably, "Everyone should experience the luxury of oversleeping sometimes. If you'll pardon my interest, I rather thought when that young man invited you yesterday that you might have the sort of evening that leads to oversleeping."

"Did you?" I stared at him. His round pink face was beaming and there was not the slightest criticism on it. He approved! To my dark mood this was astonishing.

He nodded benignly. "He strikes me as the sort who would know how to make a lady's time pass swiftly."

"Oh, he does," I murmured, dazed. If Dr. Dale was actually pleased to see me going out with Ferenc, why should I feel guilty?

"Yes," Dr. Dale went on genially. "Intelligence is a quality women tend to underrate in the opposite sex. If they were wise enough to realize how much more lasting satisfaction they could get from masculine brain than from brawn, there would be more happiness in this world."

I told myself he was right. Why shouldn't I enjoy a pleasant evening with Ferenc? My queer feelings had been due to lack of sleep, perhaps even to too much heavy food, too much unaccustomed wine. I'd feel better after lunch.

I didn't, though. If the emptiness of my life, now that Bruce was gone, had been hard to bear before, it was intolerable now. I went through that next evening in my room alone, and felt as if I would do anything to escape another. Nothing was ever so welcome as Ferenc's next invitation to go dancing. I spent a lunch hour—and more than a week's pay—buying a wonderful clinging black silk dinner dress. And at home the landlady brought me a square small box from the refrigerator; in it were three exotic green orchids and a card that read: "These have freckles but not such winsome ones as yours." Who but Ferenc would have thought of saying that?

IF Bruce had written more, perhaps it would not have been so easy to slip into the habit of spending my time with Ferenc. But Bruce wrote only brief terse descriptions of his days that hurt me worse than silence could have. And the wounds were constantly bruised by inquiries from friends of his in the studio. "What do you hear from MacDougall?" I learned to be good at ducking down corridors and into rest rooms to avoid these moments. It seemed to me that I never looked up without seeing Mick Callahan heading toward me with purpose on his round cheerful face. He worked in the control room, and Bruce and I had had a lot of good times with him and his wife Katie. But now I couldn't bear, somehow, to talk to him, much less go to his little apartment and see them so happy with their baby, Patricia. To see what we could have had, if Bruce hadn't been so stubborn with his

principles and his ideals.

One day, though, Mick was right behind me in the line at the cafeteria across the street from the studio building. Without being out-and-out rude I couldn't avoid asking him to bring his tray to my table. At first it wasn't so bad, although our talk was carefully casual. Then Mick, finishing the last of his veal chop, remarked in one of those oh-by-the-way-I-almost-forgot tones, "Say, I used your name as a reference—I hope you don't mind?"

"A reference?" I said. "You mean you're trying to get another job?"

"Oh no. Not for myself. For—Well, it's a little mixed up. As a matter of fact, I suggested to a Government investigator that he might see you about—Ferenc Vildar."

HIS eyes had been on his plate until now. Suddenly they came up, studying me keenly. But they could have seen nothing on my face just then, except bewilderment.

"Ferenc Vildar?" I asked. "But what in the world—? Why should the Government want to know about him? And why send the Government man to me?"

"One of those routine check-ups, I guess," he said uneasily. "You know—they have to make sure of everyone in the short-wave department. Remember how our correspondents in Berlin used to get their scripts okayed by the German censor and then, in reading it on the air, they'd use tricks of inflection to give us high signs that only Americans could understand? Well, the same thing could work the other way, just as easily."

Fury and—yes, a kind of fear—were mounting inside me. "Mick Callahan," I said as evenly as I could, "it's ridiculous even to suggest that Ferenc could do anything like that. He *wouldn't!*"

Mick just looked at me. Then he said, "Well, if you're so sure of that, tell the FBI."

It was while we were eating our dessert that I remembered he hadn't ever answered the second part of my question: "And why send the Government man to me?" I was rather glad he hadn't.

After I went back to the office the encounter with Mick stayed in my mind, like the nagging irritation of a toothache that isn't really an ache, but more a premonition of one. His guarded words, the gravity of his glance—these had been both warning and reproach. And I wished I hadn't flown to Ferenc's defense. There had been nothing in what Mick said to make a defense necessary.

But there wasn't any use going over it and feeling foolish. It was done, and saying anything more to Mick would just make it look sillier. I put the incident out of my mind, buried myself in the rush of work that was always waiting. At three o'clock something happened, though, that made me forget both the conversation with Mick and my work itself. I got a telegram from Bruce:

HAVE TWO DAYS LEAVE FLYING PLEASE BE HOME SIX TOMORROW

I was useless to Dr. Dale from then on. And the next day, while Bruce was winging East toward our meeting, I told two wrong people that they were to take part in that week's broadcast, throwing all Dr. Dale's careful balance of problems completely askew. I finally told him, "I just can't concentrate today. I'll be seeing Bruce in three hours—"

It was true, though I still couldn't believe it. Bruce himself, his own tall body! I tried to picture him in his uniform.

"MacDougall?" Dr. Dale asked. I hardly noticed his frown. "Is he here, all the way from Illinois?"

"Yes," I breathed, glad to tell someone, to make it real to me. How could I have thought our love was dead, when he would travel all this way just to spend a few hours with me? "Dr. Dale," I asked, "could I get off now to go to the hairdresser?"

I had an awful moment when I thought he would refuse, his round face looked so grim. Then suddenly he smiled as if he'd changed his mind about disapproving and said, "Why, of course, my dear. It takes some time in those machines of infernal torture, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I babbled happily, "and then they have to comb out the pin curls and fix the waves—" I was running out the door by then, not waiting for the elevator, but flying down the stairs to the street.

WELL, it was an all-out party job they did on me at Maurice's. When I looked in the mirror afterward I just stood there staring at myself, marveling. The soft puffs of coppery glinting hair made my forehead look broader and smoother than usual, and above the subtle make-up my gray eyes looked infinitely deep and shone amazingly. My skin seemed almost luminous with an inner light of excitement. Everything about me looked expectant, from the curve of my red lips to the tenseness

Say Hello To-

JOSEF MARAIS—whose Africon Trek program is one of the brightest spots on the Blue network's Sunday-afternoon schedule. Josef wos born thirty-eight years ago on o lonely Africon sheep form. His oncestors were both Dutch and French Huguenot pioneers, and he hos charocteristics of both. It's probably the French in him thot's responsible for his musical ability, and the Dutch for his knack of understanding native Africon ways. He went to schoo! in Capetown, then to London where he became o concert violinist and was on the oir for the BBC. An experimental broadcast of native rhythms was such o success that pretty soon his entire program consisted of thot music. In Americo he's been equally popular.

of my body under the snug bodice of my dress. I was breathless as the clock struck six and I lifted the bandeau of fresh gardenias out of their box and laid them in the soft wave that Maurice had made ready for them. Oh, no South Sea Island girl could ever take Bruce away from me after he had seen me tonight, in the print dress, with flowers in my hair!

The thrilled expectancy lasted, minute through minute, sharpened by every sound, made unbearable by any ringing bell. But none of the bells was for me. When the minute hand of my alarm clock passed six-thirty, I began to wonder. What could be keeping him? Maybe he had decided to go to a hotel and get spick and span in fresh clothes before he saw me. Ideas I had been pushing to the back of my mind now wouldn't stay put. I looked ahead and let myself think of the possibilities of this night before me. Our one night, with so much to tell each other, so much to explain, so many barriers to dissolve between us! Maybe there was only one way in which we could make this short time wipe those barriers out for good; one way to make sure of each other so that we need not suffer the doubts of these past weeks. Bruce and I had never been much for words, but this way we'd have little need for words. Surely it would not be wrong, with only one night given us, not to waste it? Surely the war had made it right to give this gift to the man I loved?

BUT now the clock said seven. I ran downstairs and telephoned the airport, asking if any planes from the west had been grounded. No, all on time, the weather perfect.

I told myself that he had stopped to buy me something, some very special thing that took longer than he expected. When he came I must be sure to give him full appreciation, not to begrudge the time.

But now it was close to seven-thirty. There couldn't have been any misunderstanding that would have kept him from me by this time, if he had wanted to see me.

If he had wanted to see me! For the first time doubt came to me—one of the dark sickening doubts which had hovered over me in those weeks before his telegram had come. But once the first one came, others swarmed to make a thick, dark, stifling shadow, black over my mind. Had he regretted his impulse to come? Perhaps he had been afraid of just that possibility that I had dreamed. Maybe he feared the physical attraction between us, resented the force that might bind us too close, once we had come together again. He didn't want to be bound!

But I didn't know that, I mustn't let myself think it. Suppose he had been in an accident, was lying hurt in a hospital while I accused him of failing me? I thought wildly of calling the police. But wait. Think sanely. Make every check I could, first. Where else would he go, if not to me? My trembling hand was already dialing the broadcasting station.

The night operator's voice came cold and casual over the wire. I could not talk to her. "Give me Jake, down at the door," I told her. He would have been on duty since five, checking each person in and out.

"Jake, this is Janice Jones," I told

him. "You didn't happen to see Bruce MacDougall around the studio tonight—"

"Sure did, Miss Jones," his old voice fairly cracked with pleasure. "Lookin' brisk too in that uniform of his. You want him, Miss Jones?"

"Is—is he there?" I asked, holding my breath.

"No, but he's right across the street in the Tavern. Him and Mick Callahan. I could send a boy over—"

"Oh, no. No, Jake, don't bother." I could hardly make my lips form the words.

"Well, you can find the Tavern number in the book, Miss Jones."

"All right, thank you, Jake." And I hung up the phone.

Well, that was all I needed to know. It was as plain to me as if I'd been there to hear what Mick had said. Mick's resentment because I had seen Ferenc, gone out with him, while Bruce was away . . . it had been plain enough, after all, in his eyes, the day before. He'd told Bruce—and Bruce, hurt and angry, had decided not to keep our date.

I WALKED slowly up to my room and sat down on the bed, cold and shivering in the hot August night. The heavy fragrance of my gardenias was almost stifling. I pulled them out of my hair and flung them into the corner, but their odor was still such a mockery that I felt sick. I started to my feet, once, ready to rush downstairs again and call the Tavern, tell Bruce not to believe anything anyone said, to believe only that I loved him. But I sank back again. The truth was I was afraid—afraid of the hostility there would be in his voice, afraid I could not make him see that although I had gone out with Ferenc it had been only because I was lonely, separated from Bruce himself.

I don't know how long I sat there, but the streets outside had become dark and quiet and my body ached with stiffness when at last I got up and slipped wearily out of my print dress. Hanging it in my closet, I remembered the first night I had worn it, how guilty I had felt that it had been for Ferenc and not for Bruce. I had tried tonight to make up, but Fate hadn't let me. Bruce had not seen me in the dress, he never would see me in it now. Was it some kind of symbol, maybe the sign Ferenc had prophesied? Well, I had my answer anyway, and it was very clear.

Strange, but I felt quite calm when I went into the office the next morning. Perhaps the weeping I had done in the night had used up all my emotion and there wasn't any left. Dr. Dale was already there, though it was early. He came to his door at once and stood peering through his shining spectacles with his shrewd, bright little eyes, in a sort of appraising way. I thought, a little grimly, I know what he's trying to find out. He wants to know whether I was rash last night, whether I let my emotions run away with my common sense. Well, he can stop worrying. It's all over. He'll never lose his little secretary to her soldier now. His little secretary hasn't any soldier any more.

"Well, well," he said with a rare hesitancy in his tone. "I see you didn't oversleep *this* morning."

"No," I said shortly, my eyes on my notebook. I suddenly resented his interest in my affairs. He had had his way, but I would not let him gloat!

"I half expected," he went on with a sort of arch jocularity, "not to see you at all."

Did he have to rub it in that way? I felt like screaming at him to take his round bland figure in its perfect tailored suit out the doorway and out of my sight. But I kept my lips closed.

"Don't tell me," he said, coming to my desk and standing over me so that I could smell the fragrance of his expensive shaving creams and powders. "Don't tell me something went wrong last night, my dear."

I looked up quickly. "How—how did you know?"

HE jerked up straight and pursed his lips into a little rosebud in the middle of his pink round face. "I think I have had enough experience of the world's troubles," he said with dignity, "to recognize the marks of unhappiness on a human face."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I told him, the tears suddenly hot behind my eyes. "I didn't mean to snap at you. But it's true. Things did go wrong. There—there just wasn't any evening. Bruce didn't—didn't come—" He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sorry you were hurt, my dear. But remember some wounds are like necessary surgical operations. I assure you you'll be better off for this one. Do you see?"

I nodded, my head turned away from him. Oh, why wouldn't he let me alone?

He gave my head a fatherly pat, cleared his throat as if he would say something more, but just stood silent a moment, hesitating, and then went into his office. I started working, feeling as numb as if I had really had a surgical operation and was still half

Say Hello To-

JOE BOLAND—who plays the Police Sergeant on Abie's Irish Rose over NBC Saturday nights, besides appearing frequently on other network shows. Joe is a Cleveland, Ohio, boy who studied chemistry in Wooster College until he was cast in a college play during his junior year and discovered that he'd never be happy except as an actor. He went through his senior year and graduated, but his heart wasn't with chemistry any longer. After receiving his degree he even turned down a good job offered by a chemical company and went to New York instead. He credits Edward Arnold, then a Broadway star, with helping him get his first stage job. Joe's married, and has one very new daughter.

under the anaesthetic. Well, it was over. I had to accept the fact at last. There was nothing else to do.

Late in the afternoon the phone rang. It was Ferenc. I had not thought of him for — how long? Thirty-six hours? It seemed like years. He said, "I think it is time that we should drink more champagne together."

That, somehow, sounded exactly right. What better way to make a new beginning? "Fine," I told him. "When do we start?"

"Early," he said. "What do you wear now?"

"I've got on that gray linen suit," I told him. "It's tailored, rather—"

"I remember," he said. "It is good. I think we find it amusing to drink champagne in street clothes for this once?"

"Yes," I told him. It sounded crazy enough to suit my mood. And I was inordinately relieved to postpone going back to my room. I wished I never need go back there. Perhaps I should have been a little more careful what I wished.

THE bottle was already sitting in its frosty bucket of ice when I came to the bench where Ferenc rose to let me in beside him. He poured the frothing champagne into my big shallow glass and held it to my lips so that I must swallow and feel the queer tingling warmth in my stomach before I could even speak.

I had eaten almost nothing for twenty-four hours. I had gone through an experience that had turned my life right over. I was now in a mood of still, almost uncanny calm. I am not trying to excuse what happened, but it is fair to make it clear just what the factors were that played their part in the inevitable climax of that night.

I can't describe it clearly, my memory is clouded, just as the evening itself seemed clouded as I lived it. I remember when Ferenc ordered the second bottle of champagne that he said again, "First we celebrate and then we find the *reason*."

Oh, we found it! And why not! What had I to lose? I told myself that I was free at last to enjoy the gayety that Ferenc could provide so charmingly, free to look into his brown eyes and never think of other eyes—clear, terribly honest blue eyes. Why should I be cautious now, why should I try to figure out what was right? Hadn't I done that for three years, and what had it got me? Nothing, just nothing.

Don't blame Ferenc. For one thing, he tried to make me eat while we drank that second bottle of champagne. I remember he ordered with his usual care, but I think I laughed at him. I laughed at everything. Sometimes he laughed with me, and sometimes, though, he didn't. Sometimes his brown eyes would just look at me with that deep gaze and his voice would be very soft as he reached his hand to touch mine. "Darling Janice, a mouth to laugh with is a mouth to kiss."

I leaned across toward him, inviting his kiss. His lips met mine, over the table with all the dishes and glasses. Then he said,

"Promise me one thing. Sometimes the weeping follows too closely after laughter. Promise you will not weep tomorrow."

I said, "Don't worry, I shan't weep. That's what we're celebrating, Ferenc, didn't you know? I'm through with tears!"

"How can I know?" he asked, his eyes still dark and grave.

"I've told you," I said. "I guarantee it."

"Guarantee?" he asked. "What is that?"

"It's proof," I said. "I'll prove it any way you say." I held up my glass to his, feeling a strange sort of satisfaction in the extravagant abandon of my words.

"Any way?" His eyes never left my face. "You mean this, Janice?"

"I mean it," I told him.

"There is only one true way," he said slowly. "Do you know what that is?"

YES," I said. "Yes, Ferenc, I think I do."

"Then I will make arrangements." He spoke quietly and stood up. I saw his erect, slender body move resolutely across the dim restaurant to the lighted sign marked "Telephone."

When he came back, he said, "It is done. Are you still sure?"

I nodded, even then not knowing exactly what it was that I was sure of. But I was sure! I lifted my glass to my lips and said, "Here's to my proof." Ferenc drank with me but then he took my glass from my hand. "This is too beautiful a celebration," he said tenderly, "to celebrate too much." Then he took my hand and led me to the car that was waiting outside at the curb. I was not surprised to find it there. It seemed quite natural, as natural as anything that had happened in this past twenty-four hours, to get inside the car and ride through miles of crowded

city, then more miles of dark country, with small dim villages flashing by infrequently. Perhaps I even slept, sitting there with my hand in his, my head resting on his shoulder. I know I felt no fears, no doubts at all. It was all queerly serene, like the kind of dream in which everything is easy and takes place without thought or question.

Perhaps my first question came when we had left the dimmed-out darkness for the brilliant light of that smalltown living room with its brass chandeliers glaring over our heads. Maybe when the man in the striped shirt started to read out in unctuous tones the ceremony from the battered book in his unmanicured hands.

I tried to shut my eyes and ears as the repellent voice went on. Then it stopped, on an upward questioning note. For me to answer!

Ferenc whispered in my ear. "Don't say this, my dear, if you do not wish it so. If you regret—"

BUT of course I didn't regret. What sort of person would I be, to regret now, to back out of what I had begun? I spoke out loud, too loud, perhaps, so that my voice sounded harsh. "I do!" And after another series of unctuous phrases, came Ferenc's voice, deep and vibrant, "I will."

It was all over, then. We could escape from this awful room. In Ferenc's arms everything would be all right. It would be! It would be!

But what came as I rode through the night in his arms was not beauty. It was fear, and it was ugly. Deadly, utter horror. For the ceremony had lifted that strange curtain of unreality. I was aware now, of everything. I knew what I had done. And I knew what was yet before me.

Ferenc was murmuring, "The hotel is on the shore, my dear, where we can hear the waves against the sea wall. Shall you like that?"

Oh, I'd like the sound of the ocean waves—at least I always had before—but after this night would I ever hear the sound without sick shame? Oh, I couldn't go through with this!

Close upon the heels of Janice's folly has come the awakening. Can she salvage some measure of dignity and happiness from her loveless marriage to Ferenc? Be sure to read the conclusion of this dramatic serial in the January issue of Radio Mirror.

VICTORY LIMERICKS

A magician named Presta G. Slick
Said: "Maney is turning the trick,
Sa let us all sock it
In Uncle Sam's packet
Buy War Stamps that Hitler can't lick!"

Facing the Music

Continued from page 9

road tour which culminates on the coast in December.

Dick Stabile first came into the limelight singing, playing, and arranging for Ben Bernie. The Bernie band was then at its peak and the Newark, New Jersey-born Stabile was making $350 a week.

"I had no desire to lead my own band," Dick says. "I was happy and contented. But then they had to start painting those beautiful pictures and I got all excited."

The picture painters Dick refers to were the band bookers, ever on the lookout for new batoneers.

Dick took all his savings, some $40,000, and organized his own band. However, the beautiful pictures became blurred when a succession of indifferent bookings, plus inability to win a recording contract, failed to get the band any important recognition.

After twelve months, Dick's net profits amounted to exactly two dollars.

Dejected and disgusted, Stabile junked his band. He decided to go back to playing in other people's orchestras, let them do the worrying. But Gracie Barrie pleaded with him to try again.

"Listen, honey," she said, "maybe if you make a fresh start, you will benefit from all those experiences. Let me join the band. Then at least we'll sink or swim together."

Dick knew what this decision meant to Gracie. She had a flattering commercial radio offer and a chance to go into Eddie Cantor's new musical show at $850 a week. But Gracie refused to listen to any counter-plans. Like any real Irish lass, Gracie meant to go down fighting.

The couple got Billy Burton, famed Jimmy Dorsey manager, to guide their band affairs. The old music library, worth some $20,000, was turned over to the Army. A new arranger, Gene Hammett, was hired and a batch of new arrangements were turned out. Only four of the original men in the band were kept in the new outfit. Gracie's buoyant enthusiasm was contagious and it circulated from the reeds to the brass section.

Just when the band got going, Uncle Sam stepped in and tapped fourteen of Dick's musicians. Dick's hopes and plans were quickly deflated by this unexpected situation but Gracie and manager Burton refused to let it discourage them. New men were quickly auditioned. And this time luck was with them. The new men were all improvements and the final crisis was averted.

THE thirty-year-old leader, christened Ricardo Stabile, is the son of an Italian-American musician who years ago realized that jazz music would become a definite part of our musical pattern. So, except for a brief excursion into prize fighting, where young Dick boxed under YMCA auspices—a career quickly terminated by a well aimed punch in the nose—the Jersey lad followed in his father's footsteps.

Dick first learned to play the piano but when he was fifteen his father bought him a shiny saxophone and he stayed up that entire night tooting it. After finishing school, Dick polished off six months of saxophone lessons, and was ready for his first musical job. He got his first real experience playing for George Olsen and in 1929 joined Ben Bernie.

Dick met Gracie Barrie for the first time backstage in an eastern vaudeville theater. Gracie was then only thirteen, trying very hard to look sixteen. Dick admired the enthusiastic kid singer, and knew she would develop into a big star.

They met again four years later, this time backstage in a Philadelphia theater. Dick suddenly realized that the little singer was now a handsome young woman and a full-fledged performer. They fell in love and were married soon after.

The Stabiles have been married four and a half years and now live in an attractive though small apartment in Forest Hills.

"Any old records today? Any kind will do," says Betty Winkler, star of CBS' Joyce Jordan. Along with many other radio stars, Betty has joined the drive to collect millions of old records for our fighting men.

Sing a Song of Love

Continued from page 22

for her late in the afternoon, and they drove down through Hollywood's business section. He seemed nervous, preoccupied, and the smile with which he met Mary's chatter was sometimes abstracted. Suddenly he drew up to the curb in front of Flato's the jeweler.

"Let's stop in here," he said. "I'd like to buy you something. Something —special!"

Mary's heart stopped, then went on beating in double-quick time. Was this the moment? In his funny, abrupt way, was this his idea of a proposal?

In the shop, he said something she didn't hear to a clerk—and then he was holding out a ring.

"Do you like this, Mary?" he said, and his voice was husky. "It's a friendship ring. I wish you'd wear it for me."

Today, Mary remembers practically nothing of the next few minutes except a horrible flat feeling of disappointment and that she smiled vaguely and nodded her head. Also, that she suddenly recognized a customer standing a few feet away to be Gary Cooper —as if it mattered!

"You mustn't show him how you feel! You mustn't!" she said to herself when they were back in the car. If Dick thought of her as a friend, and only a friend, he mustn't know how much she'd hoped he loved her. That, at least, she could keep. Her pride.

ACCORDINGLY, she was very gay, all the rest of the evening. They had dinner, and they danced, and of course they talked and laughed a great deal. They were still there when it was two o'clock, and time for the restaurant to close. Mary's hand—the one on which she was wearing Dick's ring—went out to gather up her bag from the white cloth of the table, and suddenly Dick's larger hand covered it.

"Mary," he said, "that ring means more to me than friendship. I just—somehow I didn't have the courage to tell you this afternoon. I'd like to buy you another. No, two. An engagement ring and a wedding ring. . . . Will you marry me?"

For the second time that day Mary nodded silently, and for the second time she was smiling as she did so. Only this time the smile was radiant, not a makeshift affair assumed only to cover disappointment.

They delayed only long enough to call Mary's mother in Texas and Dick's in New York, to tell them their wedding plans, and then they drove to Las Vegas where they were married on May 4, 1940. Their one day in that Nevada town was their honeymoon. They drove all the next night, returning to Hollywood, for Mary had to report for work at six o'clock the next morning.

Their first year of married life was just as hectic as their courtship had been. They bought a large house in Bel Air and then both were so busy that for weeks the only furniture was a bed and a piano. There were always people around or parties to go to. Fortunately their senses of humor saw them through, for it was a confused, complicated life they led.

In contrast, their delayed honeymoon, which they could not arrange until five months after their marriage because of work at the studio, was typical of what they both *really* enjoy. They chartered a little cabin cruiser and leisurely cruised along the coast of Southern California for two weeks! No crowds, no excitement. But then back to the hectic life.

By the end of that first year Mary and Dick agreed they had had enough of the large house with the tennis court, the parties and the people the place encouraged. They never wanted even to think of owning a swimming pool! They wanted a sane, normal life with peace and quiet. Besides, the baby was on the way.

So they found a small house in Westwood, a cottage with all the charm and hospitable coziness they both admire. It is beautifully furnished, but comfortably. It is a *home*, and it is small enough for Mary to supervise the household, arrange the flowers and do those homely things which mean so much to Dick. There they live now with one maid and a nurse for little Mary Heller, now almost a year old.

In the back there is a Victory Garden, a very special one, with the Martin-Halliday humor running rampant, for here begonias, gardenias and lilies are mixed in with tomatoes, corn and lettuce. But it's a well-tended, healthy garden!

And around the house is an old-fashioned white picket fence, covered with rambler roses. It's not unique, just like many other white picket fences covered with roses, but to Mary it is a thing apart. It was her anniversary present this year, the one thing she admitted she would like when Dick asked for a suggestion. And to Mary, it is a symbol of the new life they have found together.

The love motif of the Halliday household? It is still humor, just as during those courtship days and their first year of marriage when humor saw them through.

After all, it's no small job for a girl to manage four careers, as Mary does. There is her picture work, her featured spot on the Bing Crosby programs on NBC every Thursday, her more important roles of wife and mother. And she takes all four seriously, despite her light-heartedness about other things.

"If I manage them successfully, and I hope I do," says Mary modestly, "it is because I am able to see the humorous side of all things always, and so does Dick. That is one of the main factors of our life together, and it always will be."

VICTORY LIMERICKS

Said a movie star, Beverly Twink,
"I'm buying more Bonds, and less mink,
For a 10 percent pledge
Will give us the edge
On the Japs and the Nazis, I think!"

I Want Only You

Continued from page 20

but his message, written with a warm finger, still traced on the thick frost which coated the room's one window—"Michael loves Nora," and beside it a lopsided heart drawn in the rime.

I remembered how Michael used to stir in his sleep and reach out an arm to gather me to him, how my head fitted into the hollow of his shoulder, how we would sleep out the night thus, his lips against my forehead. And with that memory came another one—the memory of how, after I had gone away, I used to lie awake, breath held against the loneliness, terrified in the dark, remembering all that I had lost.

I remembered the late-night program Michael and I did. "Sweet Dreams" we had called it—I singing, Michael playing the absurd old parlor organ which had been borrowed from Mom Sully, Michael's step-mother. We sang everyone in town to sleep with "Sweet Dreams."

BUT there were bad things to remember, too. I had left the farm with high hopes and higher dreams, running away from poverty, from living with too many people in too few rooms, from the drudgery of trying to make too little money to cover too many things. And, in marrying Michael, I had kissed my dreams goodbye, for with him life was as it had been on the farm. There was never enough money. There were staggering debts to be paid off, debts acquired in establishing the station. We lived in one tiny room which did duty as living and sleeping and eating quarters for us. I cooked our meals on a two-burner gas plate concealed behind a flimsy screen which likewise hid a washbowl which did double duty as a sink. The bathroom, down the hall, we shared with seven other people.

Always the station came first, even if the rent on our room was unpaid, even if we had to live on potatoes and butterless bread. My old brown skirt got baggier and baggier; my old brown sweater got thinner and thinner at the elbows. Pennies and nickels and dimes which went into the little bank on the dresser, meant to accumulate for clothes or for the good time we both so badly needed, always were shaken out to help pay for a new power tube or something else that WNUX had to have. Things like that can kill love more surely than infidelity, sometimes.

Perhaps if radio had been in my blood, I wouldn't have minded. But to me, WNUX was just a collection of tubes and lines and meters and dials, things with names I didn't bother to learn, mysteries I had no wish to penetrate. Later, when I could do it because I wanted to, not because I had to, I learned those names, penetrated those mysteries, because it seemed to bring me closer to Michael. But then, I hated it. I hated every moment of it, except the times when I was actually singing into a microphone. All the rest of the time was drudgery, trying to do office work I was never meant to do, watching WNUX, like some big animal, swallowing all the things I wanted for myself—all of the money we made, all of Michael's time, and, I sometimes feared, all of his affection.

Soon Michael and I were quarreling, more often than not, and when we

weren't, I was scheming, searching my brain for some way out of this dreadful mess, so that Michael and I wouldn't spend the rest of our lives with never enough of anything, standing facing each other, crying out things that we didn't really mean, finding new things to say that would hurt worse than the things we had just said.

SO it seemed that Mr. Clark had been sent by a lenient heaven to solve our problems. He walked into the station one cold afternoon, a brisk, word-thrifty little man. "You Nora Sully?"

He hardly waited for my nod, before he said, "Young lady, I have a proposition for you." Without mincing words, he launched into it. He was production manager of an advertising agency. Visiting his mother in Castle, he had heard "Sweet Dreams." He had decided that my voice was the voice he wanted for a new network program for a company whose name was even more familiar than that of his advertising agency. The whole matter was in his hands. He mentioned a salary that seemed like a fortune to me. But I'd have to leave at once; time was short. Did I want the job or didn't I?

Did I? New York reached out a tangible hand to beckon me. There would be a lovely place to live, lovely clothes to wear, money for training with a first-rate teacher. There'd be plays to see, and concerts to hear. My dreams would be realities.

"But—my husband," I stammered. "I couldn't—"

Mr. Clark smiled briefly. "He's your pianist, isn't he? All right, if he comes with the lease we'll take him, too. He's good."

I could hardly wait for Michael to return, and I poured out my story before he could get his coat off.

For a long moment he was silent, looking at me steadily. Then he said, very gently, "Norrie, honey, you're just kidding yourself, aren't you? You don't really mean it? You know it's impossible?"

I blazed, and his anger rose to meet mine, and there we were again, facing each other, our voices raised.

"Impossible?" I flared—"Impossible? What's impossible about it? It's our chance—our chance, Michael. The money we would make would pay off our debts, would put the station on its feet. Don't you see that?"

"I can't leave the station," he said, flatly. "Norrie, she's my baby—I love her. I wouldn't consider it for all the money in the world. WNUX is—why, it's *home.*"

I shook my head. "It's not home to me. Home is where you live in comfort and happiness with your husband—where you raise children, maybe. Not where your whole life revolves around a kilowatt!"

Michael laughed, then, but it wasn't a nice laugh, not his real laugh. "Running off never solves anything. My God, do you realize that you're planning to uproot us, to change our whole lives right now, *today?*" Then his face softened. "Norrie, honey, don't look like that. Lord, darling, do you think I'm happy making you live like this? But running away won't solve it. Don't you know that we'd never come back? The only thing that will solve this is buckling down and working like the devil for the next few years."

The next few years! Years, *years* of living like this, of quarreling with Michael over money, of trying to make a dime do the work of a dollar, of trying to cook four things on two burners, of never, never seeing the things I had set out to see. Blindly I turned away from him, found my hat and coat and put them on, stumbled out of the station. I went to Mr. Clark's mother's house, told Mr. Clark that I would take the job—told him quickly, before I changed my mind, trying not to remember Michael's cry, as I slammed the station door behind me, "Norrie—if you go, you go alone and you go for good!"

I didn't think of anything as I packed my few belongings; I knew that I didn't dare think. I kept telling myself that I would go just for a little while, just long enough to make some money to bring home. I couldn't live like this any longer. I wanted—I wanted *things!* And I'd have them. I'd get the money to buy them for Michael and me. For I couldn't bring myself to believe that he wouldn't welcome me home when I came back.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING'S VICTORY QUIZ

Can you answer these questians abaut the United Nations which were first braadcast an the Dauble ar Nathing Quiz pragram, Friday nights at 9:30 EWT, an the Mutual Network?

1—What cauntry manufactures Panama hats?

2—What is the afficial sang af the U. S. Marine Carps?

3—What kind af a baat did President Raasevelt give Queen Wilhelmina?

4—Wha is the head af the O.C.D. and what was his farmer jab?

5—Of what is nylan campased?

6—What is the name af the cantainer in which a saldier carries: Drinking water, Pravisians, Revolver?

7—What is carried an a caissan?

8—Thraugh what capitals da these rivers flaw: Thames, Patamac?

9—On what river is the capital af Pennsylvania?

10—If sameane were to make yau a present af a sampan, what wauld yau most likely use it for? Suppose the present was a samovar?

(Answers are an page 78)

He came to the little room while I was packing, and he didn't say a word. He just sat in the big, worn chair by the room's one window, as far away from me as possible, while I moved swiftly about, afraid to look at him, afraid that if I did I wouldn't have the courage to go. Only when I had put on my coat did he move. He got to his feet, walked heavily, as an old man walks, across the room to me. His face was like stone.

"I meant what I said, Norrie. If you go, it's final. If you can't share the hard times with me, I don't want to share the good times with you. If you go now, don't come back."

Automatically, I picked up my purse, my bag, still looking at his strange, cold face. And while I looked, it crumpled and twisted, and the coldness drained away. And then he cried out, as a man cries who is so torn by pain that he forgets his pride, "But Norrie—don't leave me, Norrie. You might as well kill me outright!" Big Michael, strong Michael, crying like a child, "Norrie—don't leave me!"

But I had to go. Something was making me go, telling me that if I didn't leave him now, while I still loved him, I would leave him soon in bitterness and hate, with the ruins of our love crashed in about our heads. So I fled, running down the dark, rickety stairs, his voice pursuing me out into the other world for which I was bound.

SITTING there in the quiet of my apartment, remembering that night and the agony of it, I had to remember the rest—the strange half-and-half life in which I found myself after I left Castle. Half of me then was given over to the exquisite pleasure of the new world I had gained, half to loneliness and heartbreak. For my letters to Michael went unanswered. The checks which I sent to him came back to me, the envelopes which held them unopened. There was nothing but silence from Castle. And presently pride stiffened my back as time began to dull the pain. Then there came the one letter from Michael—one letter in two years. It was brief. "I'm not meant to live alone. I need someone to share my work, my pleasures, my burdens. Come back, Norrie, or divorce me."

But I had that morning signed a new contract, a better contract. More money. More things. And I had spent so much; there was very little left on which to go back to bring a new era of prosperity to WNUX. And, having tasted the glories of luxury, I knew that, even for Michael, I couldn't face life in Castle as it had been. I couldn't go back just yet, and I wrote and told him so. The next word from Castle was the service, like a slap in the face, asking me to show cause why the bonds of matrimony existing between Michael Sean Sully, plaintiff, and Nora Bayliss Sully, defendant, should not be dissolved by the court. And then, after a nightmare of waiting, a long envelope, and a paper that chilled my hands as I read it.

". . . Now, pursuant to said order and on motion of attorney for the plaintiff, it is hereby adjudged and decreed that the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant be, and the same are hereby dissolved, and said parties absolutely divorced from each other. . . ."

After that, nothing from Castle but the brief announcement of the mar-

riage of Anne Graham to Michael, and then the scattered impersonal greetings and telegrams, until today, when Michael, full of pride and softened by it, had called to tell me that he was about to be a father.

I sat, having been lonely before, knowing that night the bitter depths of loneliness. All this that I had would pass away. The rooms, the clothes, the friends, were nothing. My voice would grow old, and fame fade away with it. For the first time I admitted to myself how much I still loved Michael, how I ached to feel his arms around me, how, having left him, I had cut myself forever away from real happiness.

SUDDENLY I stood up, startled out of my memories by the knowledge of swiftly passing time. It was half past four! Why hadn't Michael telegraphed me? Surely he wouldn't forget? I had to find out what had happened in Castle, if Michael were a father, if Anne and the baby were all right. I took the phone, asked Long Distance for the Castle Hospital.

"I want to inquire about Mrs. Michael Sully," I told the answering voice.

There was a long pause, a whispered consultation. Then the voice again, impersonal, almost brisk. "I am sorry. Mrs. Sully passed away at 9:30 last evening. The baby is quite all right."

Little words. Little, short sentences. "Passed away." Why couldn't they say that she had died, instead of using that antiquated euphemism? Anne was dead, and that was all—Anne was dead, and Michael's world had, for the second time, come crashing down in ruins.

I picked up the house phone, asked to have my car sent around. I tore off my evening dress, fumbled with the fastenings of a heavy suit, found my fur cape and threw it around my shoulders. I knew, as if I were another person sitting apart and watching myself, that tears were streaming, unheeded and unchecked, down my face. I couldn't have given myself a logical reason, if I had stopped to think about it, but I knew that I had to get to Castle, to see Michael, to touch his hand, to tell him—oh, what could I tell him? But I had to see Michael.

Castle was bright with noonday sun as I drove up before the familiar little building which housed both station and transmitter of WNUX. But the small back office, Michael's "little hole," as he had called it, was bleak with an atmosphere of sheer misery that was proof against the sun.

Michael seemed not the least surprised to see me. He only looked up, dull-eyed, and said, "Norrie. I'm glad you came. I thought you would."

Big Michael, with the devil gone from his eyes, the sureness dropped away from his shoulders. Michael, with gray beginning to show in the cap of hair which fitted his head so closely, with deep lines between his eyes, furrows in his cheeks from nose to mouth-corners. Michael, with his spirit broken. Had Anne's death done all this to him, or was some of it done before, five years before?

I crossed the little room swiftly, knelt down beside him. There was nothing that I could do but try to comfort him a little, even though my heart was overflowing with all the things I wanted to say, for how can you tell a man whose wife has just died that you want to come back to him? How can you tell a man whose wife has just died that you want to take her place, which was rightfully your place all the time? So we stood, clinging to each other like lost children, neither of us knowing the way out of our separate agonies.

Next day I stood in the little chapel, watching the dull thing that was Michael's face, hearing as if some other person were singing, my own voice:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens — Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

AFTER the funeral, after I had looked, without daring to let myself really see, at Michael's son, I sat again with him in silence at WNUX. There was nothing I could say, no move that I could make. I knew that I must get away before my heart loosened my tongue.

"I must be getting back, Michael. Dear, who is going to take care of the baby?"

"Mom."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Enlist."

Little short words were all he had now, he of the Irish gaiety, he of the foolish laughter! He took me by the arm, steered me quickly out to my car, as if he were afraid that I might say something, anything—something about my life, something in protest against his going into the army, something at last in sympathy, which might make the hurt worse.

I got into my car, drove slowly out

Say Hello To-

ROBERT HAAG—who plays Harry Davis, the young husband in When a Girl Marries an NBC every week-day, and also George Fredericks in Young Doctor Malone. Bob was born in Illinois and was a law student until two roles in amateur stage plays led to his first professional job with a summer theater. From then on he acted in many touring companies and in two Broadway plays. He likes sailing and riding, drives one of those tiny automobiles that travel forty-five miles on a gallon of gas—a distinct advantage these days—and spends most of his spare time on a farm in Massachusetts. Apart from radio work he's mainly interested in live stock, has a few prize chickens and hogs, and hopes to raise horses.

of Castle. This time there was nothing new ahead of me, no city of wonders to conquer, to dull the pain of parting. I went back to New York with nothing to look forward to.

Before that trip to Castle my work, my life in New York, had been the foremost things, the things I'd kept in the front of my mind. Michael had been the hidden thing, the hurt which I must shut away, the deep shame which I must gloss over or be unable to bear. But after I came back from the funeral, Michael filled my mind and heart. I knew that I must not let that be, that I must fill them with something else, that each day must be a cup which overflowed, leaving no room for the pain, for the shame of what I had done to Michael and to myself, for the regret.

And so, when I got back to New York I went to work as I had never worked before. Perhaps in the future, sometime far in the future, I could let myself think of Michael again. But not now. Now his hurt was too new, and it had doubtless edged the old one to a fresh sharpness. He didn't want me. He didn't want to see me. I knew that without being told. So I must fill my time so that I could keep, as far as possible, from wanting him past the point of bearing that want. Because, having seen Michael once more, I knew that all I had was dust compared to one day of working side by side with him.

THERE was my program, of course —and that doesn't mean that I appeared one night each week, and sang. It meant conferences and rehearsals that took up a good part of the week. And to fill the rest of it, I volunteered my services to the U.S.O. for the shows they staged at nearby army camps. Michael was a soldier now. He would go away. He might not come back. He would be lonely, tired, discouraged, sick sometimes. There were other soldiers who perhaps were lonely and tired, too. Singing for them, I was singing for Michael.

I filled time so full that the days seemed hardly to separate into distinct periods, but to slide by, one into another. And the weeks into months. And the months into a year. Only once during that year had I heard from Michael—a card, three months after Anne's funeral. "My affairs at WNUX are all settled, and I leave tomorrow. Good luck, honey. I'll let you know what happens." But no word as to the camp he was going to, no word at all, after that.

The camp shows were fun. I've never in my life had so very appreciative an audience as those boys with eager faces, with hands ready to applaud almost before I'd finished, with voices raised to cry for more. I sang the songs I hadn't sung since the days of "Sweet Dreams"—old ones, simple ones, songs to remember.

And everywhere I went, I saw Michael in uniform. There were so many big men, well-put-together men, with squared shoulders and high-held heads. I knew how Michael would look in uniform, and in every blue-eyed Irish soldier I saw him.

So it wasn't strange that, walking through Penn Station after a show one night, I saw a soldier who looked as Michael would in uniform. And that the soldier was Michael himself.

My heart stopped, and before it raced on again something in my brain cried out, "Be careful, be careful!" But my heart was only crying, "Oh, my darling, my darling!"

I crossed the little space between us, put my hand on his arm. "Michael."

He turned. With a rush of relief I saw that some of the dullness was gone from his face, from his eyes, that he looked, if not happy, at least alive once more.

"Norrie, honey—it's so good to see you! I was lonesome."

I looked about the station. "Are you coming or going?"

"Going on furlough—going home to Castle."

"Now? Michael, take time to come up to my apartment, to talk to me. There so much to say, so many years to cover. Please, Michael!"

I was frantic, afraid that he would escape me, afraid that he would turn and go, and shut forever the door between us.

But he only smiled the old, gentle smile, and said, "Why, yes, Norrie. I'd like that."

We were silent in the cab on the way to my apartment. But I slipped my hand into his. He did not pull away; his fingers pressed mine in a reassuring squeeze.

In the apartment he looked slowly around, sat down in the big green chair by the fireplace, inspected the room piece by piece.

"You got everything you wanted, didn't you, honey?" he asked without preamble.

The words had been locked inside me too long. Now they spilled out, incoherent, fumbling.

"Michael, no! Oh, I've been so lonely. Michael, I meant to come home—I meant to come home. Even if you wouldn't take the money I sent you for the station, I meant to come home with plenty of it—plenty to put us on our feet again. But I got caught in a pyramid of better jobs piled on better jobs, more influential friends on more influential friends, harder work on harder work, fame on fame! I thought for a while that it was important, but it wasn't important at all. What's important is—is being not alone!"

HE nodded gravely. "Yes, I found that, too." He was silent a moment. "Norrie, I loved Anne. I don't want you ever to think that I didn't. I loved her, but in a different way from the way I loved you. She knew it. I want you to know it."

His eyes moved away from mine, traveled slowly about the big room. Then he went on, as if what he said now somehow followed what he had just finished saying. "This long furlough means that we're probably going to be sent overseas soon. I've got to see little Mike—it may be a long time before I see him again."

I knew that I couldn't bear to have him come like this and go away again. I couldn't bear it. This was Michael, big and gentle, and infinitely dear to me. Whether he would have it so or not, I belonged to him. I would belong to him for the rest of my life. I had to cling to him, to be with him. And yet, I still couldn't offer myself to him, still couldn't cry, "Michael, take me back!"

Instead, I said, "Michael, take me with you to Castle. Look, I can drive you up. How's that? I'd like to—I'd like to see the baby, too."

"Sure," he replied. "Sure, Norrie. Come along. Maybe you can help me, tomorrow. I've got appointments with a lot of people. I have to hire a new

manager for WNUX before I leave. The one who's there now is going to a bigger station."

I looked at the room, at the white piano, the L of glass in the corner, with dimmed-out Manhattan peering in. And I knew that I could say goodbye to all of this without a pang.

"Michael," I said, slowly, "my contract is up in two weeks. I'm supposed to sign the renewal tomorrow. But I wouldn't do it if I could get a better job."

He looked down at me, his eyebrows drawing together. "A better job? But honey, I thought you were just about at the top of the heap——?"

"A different kind of job, then," I amended. "I'm tired of being—well, pretty. Pretty voice, pretty songs, pretty clothes, pretty everything. I'd like to be useful for a change."

It was there. It was in his eyes, the answer that I wanted. Expectant, yet hardly daring to hope. He *did* want me. Michael wanted me! My heart sang it.

But he sounded cautious, as if he were determined not to hope for something that was not sure. "What—what kind of job did you have in mind?"

I put my hands into his. "A time-and-a-half job, Michael," I answered him. "As a radio station manager, full time. You see, I have some money to invest, and I'd want to keep an eye on my investment. And a part-time job taking care of a baby. And a waiting job, Michael. The job of waiting for you to come home."

It might have been yesterday that he had last kissed me, so familiar his arms, the feeling of his rough chin against mine.

"You're sure?" he cried, and again, as if he couldn't believe it, "You're sure? You're sure, Norrie?"

I nodded, my throat too choked with happiness to let a word through.

"Oh, honey!" His voice was happier than I'd heard it for so long. "Honey dear, it won't be too long, that waiting? I'll be back. Nothing in heaven or on earth could keep me from coming back, now."

And he will come back. My love must serve as armor for him, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, to bring him safe home to me, to the work he loves—to small Michael, who likes "Baby's Boat" best of all the songs I sing to him.

When Meat Is Scarce—

Continued from page 44

Sautee onion and celery leaves lightly in fat, reduce heat, add vinegar, molasses and lemon rind and stir until well blended. Combine stock, catsup, dry seasonings and Worcestershire sauce and pour into cooking mixture. Simmer, stirring frequently, for 20 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in lemon juice. This sauce is also fine for leftover meat—simply place sliced meat in sauce and heat.

Conserving every bit of leftover meat will become more essential than ever in these coming months, so instead of leaving bones and trimmings at the butcher shop, take them home and simmer them in barely enough cold water to cover (adding salt and pepper to taste, bay leaf and a little onion and celery) for about 2 hours. This makes a fine stock to add richness and flavor to soups, gravies and sauces such as the barbecue sauce above.

Leftover cooked meat can be given a new lease on life if it is wrapped up in pie or biscuit dough.

Beef Turnovers

3 cups ground cooked beef
1 tbl. tomato catsup
½ tbl. Worcestershire sauce
Milk Pie dough
Grated cheese

Combine ground beef, catsup and Worcestershire sauce (adding salt and pepper to taste, if required). Roll dough as if for pie and cut into rectangles about 6" by 3". Place a tablespoonful of meat mixture on one end of each rectangle, fold the other end over and press edges tightly together. Prick each turnover with a fork, brush lightly with milk and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) on buttered baking sheet about 15 minutes.

Ham Biscuit Loaf

1 tbl. minced onion
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
2 tbls. bacon or ham fat
1½ cups chopped cooked potatoes
2 cups chopped cooked ham
2 eggs, beaten ½ cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch sage or dry mustard
Biscuit dough

Sautee onion and celery in fat, combine with other ingredients, mix well, then form into loaf. Roll biscuit dough ¼" thick and roll it, like a blanket, around ham loaf, pressing edges tightly together. Slash top with knife and bake on buttered baking sheet at 425 degrees F. until biscuit blanket is done (about 20 minutes).

FOOD, the WAR and YOU

Success of our war effort depends to a greot extent on distribution of our ovoilable food resources . . . so thot our armed forces, our allies ond those of us ot home will derive the greatest possible benefit . . . the Agriculturol Marketing Administration is the government agency which aims to make such distribution possible . . . it knows just how much of our food con be canned, cured, dehydroted or otherwise prepared for shipment obrood . . . it knows just how much perishoble food will be left over from every crop . . . ond it asks you to help keep that surplus from being wosted . . . fresh pork is the surplus crop for November ond December and the government urges you to buy it heovily during these months . . . from time to time you will be informed of other plentiful foods and some of them will be morked Victory Food Speciols . . . they won't always be as low in price os you would like . . . they may not be the cheapest foods in the market . . . but they will be reosonobly and foirly priced in comparison with other ovoiloble foods . . . your purchase of commodities during the period while they ore plentiful will offer you nutritious meals, nominally priced, for your family . . . it will also offer you the opportunity, which is your duty and privilege os well, to help your government's wor efforts through its food supply program.

Strange Heritage

Continued from page 13

me that morning—the fat old range with its shiny black face, the big oval of the braided rug on the scrubbed white pine floor, the row of geraniums on the windowsill making a brave scarlet showing in the sun, the incongruous modern whiteness of the electric refrigerator which had been Tod's day-I-asked-you-to-marry-me - anniversary gift.

It was as I stopped to pet the cat that I noticed the letter propped up against the cream jug on the table. Postman must have come while I was gone, I thought, as I reached out my hand for it. To my surprise, it was addressed to me, yet it was open. That wasn't like Tod—not like Tod at all to open my mail. Then I noticed the return address on the envelope. "Caleb Brandon, San Luis Obispo, California." Why, the letter was from Tod's Uncle Caleb—but why on earth had he written to me and not to Tod?

I PULLED out the letter and hastily scanned its contents; it was short, brief to the point of bruskness, just as I remembered Caleb Brandon himself as being, although I had not seen him since I was a little girl.

Dear Mary:

May an old man invite himself to share your Christmas? I am anxious to see both of you, and am at last well enough to make the trip, although it may be for the last time.

I will arrive Thursday, December 23, on the 12:20. Please arrange to meet me.

Yours very truly,
Caleb Brandon

Only Caleb Brandon, I thought, *would* sign a letter to his nephew's wife "yours very truly" even if he hadn't seen either nephew or wife for many, many years! But I was pleased at the thought of more company for Christmas. I love company. And I was certainly glad that we were going to have the opportunity of showing persnickety old Caleb Brandon what a wonderful job Tod had done in building up the farm.

Uncle Caleb had left Midland many years ago, and had never come back. Indeed, there'd been no reason for his return, for his only living relatives—Tod's mother and father—had also left the home town, and Midland had not seen the Brandons since Tod was eight. We'd heard, through Caleb—who was my father's friend and with whom he had corresponded now and then through the years—that Tod's parents had been killed in an automobile accident, but we had never, nor had Uncle Caleb, apparently, heard what had become of Tod until he turned up in Midland, five years ago, to make the old Brandon farm into a home for himself—and for me.

Already, with the news of Uncle Caleb's arrival not two minutes old, I was thinking of additional things which must be done. Tod must whitewash the basement, although we hadn't planned to do it before the holidays. We must get new linoleum for the bathroom. And I must scrub and clean as I never had before. I remembered that Mother had always said that Caleb Brandon drove his poor wife to an early grave with his passion for cleanliness. Well, that wasn't going to happen to me with *my* Brandon, but a woman does like to have her house at its best for a special and critical guest.

Suddenly I couldn't plan by myself any longer—I simply had to share the plans with Tod. I refastened my coat, rummaged in the closet for a pair of boots to protect my feet and legs against the snow which lay thick in the fields, and set out to find Tod.

He wasn't at the place where he'd been cutting wood lately, nor had he been there today. The snow, fresh last night, had not been trampled. Nor was Tod in the barn nor in any of the other buildings, nor in the house when I got back. Of course, I wasn't much troubled. True, I'd had the car, so he couldn't have driven off, but if he'd really wanted something in Midland he might have walked in, or hitched a ride. Or a neighbor, needing assistance for something, might have come over to get him.

Feeling a bit deflated at not having anyone to talk with about the visitor, I took off my hat and coat. But I was soon singing my way about, getting the noonday meal—dinner, of course, on a farm. I made corn fritters, fried crisp slices of bacon, opened home-canned jars of stewed tomatoes and applesauce, laid out plates of home-made bread and the doughnuts I'd fried before I went to town that morning. And all the time I was glowing at the thought of Christmas, less than a week away, and the reunion of Tod and his Uncle Caleb.

BUT Tod didn't come home to dinner. First it was twelve, and then twelve-thirty, and then one o'clock, and still no sign of him. As I watched the fritters get cold and sodden, the bacon congeal in cold fat, I was more annoyed than worried. Of course, if Tod had gone to another farm to help with something he'd probably stay there for dinner, or if he'd found some reason to go to town he'd doubtless have dinner with my parents. But we were on the party line—why didn't he call and let me know? It's just plain carelessness, I told myself as I slammed the dishes around, putting things away, and then I stopped to laugh at myself, and remembered all those jokes about "the honeymoon is over."

But as the afternoon wore on without a sign or a sound from him I began to think that it was no laughing matter. Finally I called my father, asking casually if Tod had been there—hastily adding "yet," so that I wouldn't have to confess that I didn't know where he was. But Dad hadn't seen him since day before yesterday. At last, before dusk set in, I got the car out, whistled to Bounce, and drove around the property, making little side excursions on foot, sending Bounce on ahead with the order, "Find Tod—good dog, find Tod!"

Bounce looked and I looked, but not a sign of my husband did we find, and my heart was beginning to pound jerkily as I turned back to the house in the swift-falling twilight. The brightly-lighted little house, smelling of good things, was suddenly a foreign, deserted place. Love had left the rooms, and laughter with it. The place was empty. I was panic-stricken. Thoughts of Tod hurt, dead, clamored

in my mind. I ran out again, got into the car as if something were pursuing me, and headed for town, for the broad shoulders of my father on which to cast my trouble.

My face must have told him something was wrong, for he got to his feet more rapidly than I've seen him move in years as I burst into his study.

"Mary, child, what's the matter?"

For a moment I couldn't say a word. I felt foolish, as if I were making a mountain of a molehill. Tod was probably already home, wondering where on earth supper was. He'd tease me about it for weeks. And then my panic returned, and I knew that I was lying to myself. It just wasn't like Tod—Tod, so kind, so considerate, so willing to go miles out of his way to keep me from worrying about anything. If he were able to send me a message he'd have sent one before now.

Right then and there I lost any last pretensions to bravery. I flung myself into my father's arms, crying, "Daddy—something's happened to Tod!"

Mother heard me and came in from the kitchen. "What's the matter?" she demanded. "Oh, dear, has Tod had an accident?"

Putting my fear into words pushed me to the very edge of hysteria, but I managed to get out the whole story, from Uncle Caleb's letter, so surprisingly opened by Tod, to my hasty flight from the little house which had seemed suddenly not at all like home without Tod Brandon there.

Characteristically, Dad disposed of things in the order in which they were presented to him. "Humnnn—so old Caleb's coming back home, eh? And you say Tod didn't say a word about going anywhere at breakfast?"

I shook my head.

"We-ll," said Dad, leaning back a little and looking me square in the eyes, "I suppose I might as well tell you. I met Ad Higgins just now as I was coming home, and he wanted to know why Tod was in such an all-fired rush to get the 10:10 this morning. Wanted to know if sudden business had called him up to town."

I let that sink in a minute. "You mean Tod took the 10:10 to town—took the 10:10 just like that, without saying a word to anyone?" It sounded so unlike the Tod I knew I could hardly believe it.

DAD nodded. "Seems so. Ad saw him run for it and just make it."

Mother looked at me sharply. "You children have a quarrel?"

Dad answered that. "No, of course not, Mother — and besides, a family spat wouldn't send Tod running away!"

There was a little silence after that. Dad looked at me; I looked at the pattern in the carpet; mother, birdlike, looked back and forth between us. At last she said, "Now, you two, don't go getting any silly ideas. Whatever Tod's done, I'll wager he had a mighty good reason for doing it, and it's all right!"

Somehow, that cleared the air. I was no longer quite so afraid. "Like as not," mother went on, "you'll hear from him first thing in the morning if not tonight. Thing to do now is have a nice, hot supper and stop worrying!"

I'm afraid I didn't do justice to mother's "nice hot supper," but I did feel better. Afterwards, Dad and I talked in the study. "I wouldn't let on, just yet, anyway." he advised, "that you don't know where Tod is. Just say he had to go to town on business and go on about your preparations for Christmas. I know that's a pretty big order, but Tod's made a name for himself in this town, and we don't want to do anything to destroy it. It won't be easy for you, especially in front of Caleb Brandon—he would have to turn up just now—but I think you can do it."

I nodded. "Yes. I can do anything, for Tod. But oh, Daddy, suppose—"

"Suppose nothing," he said firmly. "We'll wait a couple of days. Wait and see. And then, if nothing happens, we'll—well, we'll take steps of some kind."

I didn't ask him what those steps would be. I didn't want to know. It was enough, at the moment, to know with part of my mind that Tod had got on a train of his own volition, well and unhurt, and with the other half of my mind to nurse the wound that sudden departure had given me.

STRANGELY, the little house didn't seem quite so deserted when I got home. That was father's very sane attitude toward the whole business, I guess. Oh, I was worried sick, and terribly lonely, but I was no longer in that jittery, hysterical state where the slightest noise made me jump a mile.

There didn't seem to be anything to do but go to bed, so, although I was sure that I couldn't sleep, I began to get ready. I moved very, very slowly, postponing that dreadful moment when I must get into the big double bed, alone in the dark. I stood long before the mirror, stretching out the hundred brush strokes I gave my thick chestnut hair—hair that is a little curly, but not quite curly enough. Even after I had finished I stood staring into the mirror, fascinated because I suddenly knew how I will look when I am old. My complexion, usually pink and white from a combination of

"A Little Care—Money To Spare"

FIT THE pan to the can! Don't pour contents of a small can into a big pan for heating. You waste fuel—since the area to heat is larger—and, besides, you add to your own dishwashing time.

The smallest economies are important these days when Uncle Sam needs money. Ten percent of your household budget each week should go toward War Bonds.

plenty of fresh air and plenty of fresh milk, looked that night like new-mixed putty. My eyes, usually bright because Tod had wished happiness into them, were like two dull blue marbles, so shadowed and circled that they seemed to have been rubbed with a dirty finger. There were prophecies of wrinkles between my eyes and at the corners of my nose. My mouth, with that hard white line about it, might never have known laughter, or, having known, had forgotten it.

I called Bounce, and he, welcoming the unexpected privilege, curled up at the foot of the bed. Then, because I could put it off no longer, I snapped out the light, pulled the covers up to my chin. Darkness closed in smotheringly; I felt like a small, lone island in a black sea.

I TRIED to put the thought down, but it persisted. Suppose Tod didn't come home? Suppose he had gone forever? Suppose there would be nothing left in my world but silence and fear and wondering? Suppose, oh suppose I were never to see his face again—his thin, rather solemn face with its gray eyes and weather-darkened skin, its mouth, a shade too fine-drawn in repose but lighted magnificently when laughter touched it and spread to his eyes to set them dancing. Suppose I should never touch his hands again, hear his quiet, steady voice, know the wonderful oneness that being married to Tod had brought me. Suppose the other side of the big bed should remain empty forever?

Bounce stirred as I turned my face into the pillow. I put out a hand to the consoling warmth of him as I cried, "Where's Tod? Bounce, where's Tod?" Tail thumping, he slid up the bed until he was close to me, and he whimpered as he sent out a rough tongue to lick my face for comfort.

The next day wasn't quite so bad—in the daytime, you see, I could at least keep busy. I was awake at five. I got up at once, because I knew that if I lay still I should begin to think, and thinking was a dreadful, whirling chaos of unanswered questions and unnamed fears.

I've always loved keeping that little house of ours in apple pie order, and of course you always work hard at things you really like to do. But I don't believe I've ever worked so hard as I did that Tuesday morning. I scrubbed until I thought I'd literally work my fingers to the bone, flying about from task to task, concentrating every ounce of energy I could muster on the work of the moment, never letting my thoughts stray ahead unless it was to plan something new to take up the minute I finished the task I was doing.

By that evening I simply couldn't manufacture another excuse to keep myself busy. Dad had sent my brother Johnnie over to take care of the animals for me—he had a farm of his own a few miles up the road. Inside the house, the guest room shone—and so did all the other rooms. There was nothing left to do, and I faced a desolate tomorrow. Thursday Uncle Caleb would come, to challenge all my untried powers as an actress. Thursday, too, I could begin to bake and cook for Christmas, and Friday would be Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve—without Tod! But I couldn't believe it. No matter what had happened, no matter what had made him go away without a word, he would surely be home for Christmas! That holiday meant even more to us than it does to most people, for we celebrated it like children, throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into the spirit of the season. You see, Tod had told me that he, orphaned and alone, had all too few happy Christmases to remember from his childhood, and from our first year together I had tried to make the holiday so festive that it would make up for the lonely, lost Christmases in the past.

Thinking of that, I thought of something else—what did I know of those past years of Tod's? Really *know*, I mean? I sat down in the kitchen rocker, the cat a purring ball of contentment in my lap, and tried to remember every last detail of the meager few I knew, searching them for some hint, some clue which would explain how he, who loved me so much, whom I loved so dearly, could leave the small heaven we had made for each other and go away without a word, leave me without even a good-bye.

I remembered Tod as he had been five years before, when first he returned to Midland after having been away since childhood. Then he had been lean to the point of illness, and his face had been nearly as gray as his eyes. He'd had a tired, hurt look—almost a beaten look—when he got off the train that day and came straight to father's office. I was there, too, helping Dad because Miss Henshaw was sick, and I looked at him with lively curiosity as I asked, "Yes? Can I help you?"

"I'd—I'd like to see Judge Evans."

I nodded. "He's in, but he's busy right now. Will you wait?"

"Yes." His voice was low, rather hard to hear.

"May I ask your name?"

He hesitated for a moment, and when he answered his voice was louder, firmer than before. "Brandon—Tod Brandon."

MY childhood came rushing back to me with the mention of the name—memories of a tree house out on the Brandon farm, of going fishing with Uncle Caleb whom we both loved and feared, of a first day at school when Tod had made it clear that he had outgrown the company of mere girls, of a day when we—he eight and I seven—had said goodbye, suddenly very shy, and I had stood and watched the car which carried him away from Midland drive down the dusty road and out of sight.

"Why," I cried, delighted, "why—I remember you. We used to play together."

He smiled a slow smile that was somehow not at all happy. "Then you must be Mary."

But the happiness that had been lacking then was soon to come. After Tod had explained to my father that he had decided to come back to Midland and farm the old Brandon place, after he had given Dad the papers showing title to the farm and other things which identified him, Tod walked home with me. We talked about old times—or, rather, I talked, remembrances bubbling out so fast that I hardly touched on one before I skipped along to another. Tod, still grave, nodded and agreed, and sometimes laughed a laugh that managed to be grave, too. But even that day I began to give him something that was important to him, for the dullness

Say Hello To-

BERT LYTELL—"Officer of the Day" on the Stage Door Canteen program, every Thursday night on CBS. Bert has been famous for years in the movies and on the stage. From 1917 to 1928 he was a star in silent movies, and was in one of the first successful "talkies," one called "On Trial," before leaving Hollywood. He admits being for three years the most popular American picture star in Tokyo, but hates to be reminded of that fact now. He's president of Actors Equity Association and of the United Theatrical War Activities Committee, which secures talent for all big soldier shows, and on official in many other war-time theatrical enterprises. In most of them he serves without pay—as he does in this radio show.

left his eyes and his voice, and he—well, he seemed to come alive.

We were together a great deal after that. I drove out to the old farm every day to watch the progress of rejuvenation. As it is with farmers the land came first, then the out-buildings, and the house last of all. It took nearly a year (and nearly all of Tod's slim capital as well) but on the day that he hung up the last green-painted shutter and filled the window boxes with petunia settings, he asked me to marry him.

"The farm's new again, Mary, and I've built a foundation for a new life here. But we need one thing to make us complete, the farm and I—we need you."

I could find no words adequate for an answer, but my eyes must have cried "yes!" for he caught me to him, crushing me against the long slimness of him that had grown solid and muscled with a year's hard work. I had imagined this, but I knew then that my imagination was a poor thing compared to the wonder, the joy of reality. I gave way to that wonder and that joy, lost myself in them, realizing that any happiness I had ever known before had been a poor thing indeed beside the happiness of seeing the years ahead, shared with Tod. And after that, each day brought greater contentment, each week sharper pleasure, until the weeks melted into a pattern that made a glorious year, a second year, a third, a fourth, each surpassing the last in the happiness of sharing a life with Tod, until just yesterday, when he had gone away from me without telling me why.

THAT was probably what had hurt me the most. I could have stood it, I told myself as I sat there in the darkening kitchen, if he had just talked to me, if he had come to me and said, "Honey, I've got to go away, and I can't tell you why. Will you wait for me and believe in me till I come back?" I would have understood, would have been content to wait for the rest of my life if necessary.

Remembering those years of happiness, the pure, distilled pleasure of them, it was hard to ferret out the tiny things that were out of key, but there were some. There was Tod's habit, apparently very hard to lose, of looking constantly back over his shoulder at someone or something which wasn't there. There was the time when Alice Carter, casting a Drama Society play, had asked Tod to do the part of a tramp because "I think you could be awfully tough if you tried!" She had been laughing, meaning nothing, but Tod had flared, in a voice that had an ugly quality to it, "Shut up!" Of course, he had been abjectly apologetic afterwards, but that cry had rung in my ears afterward.

There was the time when we came nearest to quarreling, when I wanted to go to Chicago for our vacation trip, and Tod had said a definite, final "no!" without giving me a reason. There was the time I had set foot beyond that one tacitly forbidden line in our lives, asked him to tell me about those unknown years, and had been told, "Mary, the past is past, honey—let it *be* past. There's nothing about me then that you would understand. Take me as I am now, on faith—what I am now is all I have to offer you, just as if I wasn't born until that day I saw you in your father's office."

And so I sat in the kitchen, rocking, rocking, with darkness creeping in about me, trying to fit those scattered, small things into a pattern which would explain Tod's leaving me alone. But neither those things nor any others which I could possibly imagine could give me a plausible explanation. He was gone; that was the only definite thing, now. Tod was gone.

BUT he must come back. He would come back for Christmas, for the opening of the presents, the trimming of the tree, the carol singing, the midnight service at the little white church down the road. He would come home because he had to come home, because I couldn't go on living if he didn't come home. And at last I found my mind chanting a prayer in time to the squeaking of the rocker—"Oh God, send Tod home. Send him safe home for Christmas!"

Somehow, I found things to do the next day. I determined to go ahead in the belief that Tod *would* be home for Christmas, simply because I couldn't bear to let myself believe anything else. I went into town in the morning and bought more and fancier wrappings for the presents that were not yet done up, some new ornaments for the tree, a handsome holly wreath to decorate the front door, a poinsettia for the center of the dining room table. After a talk with Mother and Dad I went home, wrapped the presents and helped Johnnie, who came down to kill the big turkey for me. He brought with him a huge Christmas tree which he had cut, and the sight of it made me sick, for Tod always cut our tree himself.

Somehow, time passed—passed in silence, without word from Tod, and I had to face the ordeal of meeting Uncle Caleb Thursday noon.

I remembered him from my childhood as something of an ogre, a giant of a man with a giant of a voice, more often raised in command than softened in praise, a man who, having scoured his own soul to find perfection there, demanded perfection in thought and action from those about him.

As a matter of fact, stooped with years and illness, he was hardly taller than I. His mane of hair was white now, but his eyes were still the ice which is so cold that it can burn. His voice was still the voice of a martinet.

"Well, Mary!" he boomed, as the conductor helped him off the train. And then, without any of the social amenities which he doubtless considered a terrible waste of time, he asked, sharply, "Where's your husband? Fine thing letting you come to town through all this snow. What's the young scamp thinking of, that's what I'd like to know!"

I MANAGED to look him firmly in the eye while I explained that Tod had had to go up to town for a few days on business, that he would be home for Christmas, all the while steering Uncle Caleb to the car. And while I tucked the robe about his knees, keeping the conversation on the safe subject of his long illness and remarkable recovery, I remembered that the Uncle Caleb of the old days, through all his huffing and puffing, had always carried peppermints in his pockets "for good little boys and girls." Remembering that, I wasn't quite as afraid of him as I had been.

Indeed, it was good to have company. Uncle Caleb sat in the kitchen that afternoon while I made mince and pumpkin pies, rocking squeakily in the old rocker, sniffing appreciatively the spicy smells, helping himself to cookies from the jar I had filled that morning before going to the station to meet him. Every now and again he broke the silence with a comment or a question, always blunt and direct. "You in love with Tod?" . . . "He's done a first-rate job with the farm, I must admit!" . . . "He tell you much about what he did before he came back to Midland?" . . . "It was your father really decided me to come and see for myself, soon's I could. Wrote me a couple of letters about how quick your husband had taken to farming and all the improvements he'd made around here, and how everybody thought so well of him. And then, when the Judge sent me that snapshot, I decided it was time to come along and see what was what with my own eyes."

I hadn't heard about that. "Snapshot?" I asked.

"Yup." He fished about in his pocket, drew out a fat old wallet and from that, in turn, a picture. Then I remembered it—a snap Dad had taken of Tod holding one of the huge squash we had grown that fall, laughing as he peered around the immense vegetable.

"Tod certainly took to the farm quickly," I told Uncle Caleb. "Of course, he hadn't been on one since he was a child, but everything came so easily to him. It's just the right life for him—the earth must be in his blood."

"Farming's a right life enough for anyone," Uncle Caleb said. And then, "Right's right, and wrong's wrong," he added, as if we had been debating the issue. "Ain't no middle ground between 'em!"

I shot him a curious side glance while my rolling pin slid smoothly over the pie crust, but I was too pre-

occupied with my own thoughts to wonder about the reason behind that. My mind was scurrying around in time to the rapid running of the roller, rushing in circles to ask the questions for which there were no answers. Where was Tod? What had he done? Why didn't he come home?

WITH the help of Uncle Caleb and my brother Johnnie, everything was ready by six o'clock on Christmas Eve. Uncle Caleb, conducted by Johnnie, had inspected every inch of the farm. In the kitchen there were three mince and three pumpkin pies, two fat jars of gaily decorated cookies, the turkey lying in solemn state ready for roasting in the morning, smelling festively of sage and thyme. The Tom and Jerry bowl and mugs were laid out on the dining room table, and the ingredients waited Tod's touch at mixing. In the living room a bright fire flickered on the evergreen-draped mantel above it. The tree stood in the bay window, and on the table beside it were the ornaments and lights. They were waiting for Tod, too, for we always trimmed the tree together. Mistletoe hung from the old-fashioned chandelier; holly and big pine cones and ropes of evergreen were everywhere and the room smelled fresh and clean and Christmasy.

I touched a match to the red candles in the window, to light the Christ Child on His way by tradition, to light my husband home to me by my hopes. And then there was nothing to do but wait—wait in the room of flickering candle and firelight, the room which seemed to hold its breath in anticipation—for Tod. I knew that if he were ever coming home to me he would come tonight. And I was no longer afraid. He had to come, he would come, because there would be nothing left for me in all of the world if he didn't. I couldn't face tomorrow; I could never face Christmas again, nor the curious, pitying eyes of Midland, nor the small, everyday contentments which made up life on the farm.

Uncle Caleb, sitting in the big leather chair which had been his father's, got his pipe going. "Think he'll come?" The words were short, the voice sharp, but when I looked at him I saw that his eyes were less cold. He suspected, then, that something was wrong! He didn't believe me when I said that Tod was away on business, that he would be home. And he was sorry for me.

I looked him squarely in the eye. "Of course he'll come. He wouldn't miss Christmas at home for anything in the world. What on earth makes you ask that?"

He puffed slowly. "Might be lots of reasons. A man doesn't go away when he wants to be home, without a reason."

I was afraid to ask any more. I sat still and small in my chair, cold even though I was close to the fire. Bounce, happy at his promotion to house dog these days, curled up at my feet. Silence, heavy, tangible silence, filled the bright room, threatening to snuff out the brightness, to smother the beauty.

It wouldn't be long—two short hours at the most—before people would begin to come. There was always open house on our farm on Christmas Eve, and our friends came to toast the season in Tom and Jerry, to sing carols with us, gathered about the little parlor organ which had belonged to an older Mrs. Brandon. And finally, as midnight approached, we would all go down the road to church for midnight service. Only tonight might be different. Tonight, perhaps, I would have to play those carols without hearing Tod's rich but none-too-true voice singing them. The tree might never be decorated. One of the visitors would have to be asked to make the Tom and Jerry. I would have to sit all alone in our pew at church. I would—oh, but I couldn't! I couldn't!

I leaned back in the chair, clenching my hands so tightly that the nails bit into the palms. I couldn't do it! There had to be Tod, or there was nothing! I couldn't act any more. He had to come, or I had to give up the whole farce of pretending he was coming, and run and hide away from the curious eyes, the sharp babble of voices, the I-don't-believe-its and the I-told-you-sos.

BOUNCE rumbled, deep in his throat, and I opened my eyes.

"Car," said Uncle Caleb. "Car in the yard."

A metal door slammed, and the car drove away again. A moment's silence, alive with expectancy, and then Bounce bounded to his feet, gave tongue in joyous welcome. The door opened before I could make my weighted legs come to life. Tod stepped inside, his face bright with cold, snow frosting his hat and his shoulders.

All the heaviness in me melted away. I flew across the room and was safe at last from all fears in the circle of his arms. He kissed me as if he had thought never to kiss me again,

and then he looked across the room, over my head.

"Good evening, Mr. Brandon," he said.

Uncle Caleb nodded shortly. "Good evening — whatever - your - name - is. Well, don't just stand there! Shut the door!"

I looked from one to the other of them, not able to find words to ask what in heaven's name they meant.

Tod still held me in his arms, but his eyes were on Uncle Caleb. "I'll tell her myself, if you please."

Questions tumbled from my mouth without being formulated first in my mind, but it didn't matter what I said. All that really mattered was that Tod was here, here at home, where be belonged, with his arms around me.

"Darling, where have you been? Why—" I managed to get out.

TOD pushed me gently into a chair. "Honey, I had to come home. It's a small thing to say that I'm sorry I left without explaining. I thought I wasn't ever coming back, but I had to. I couldn't let you go through Christmas without knowing." He was silent for a moment, searching for words, and then he said bluntly,

"Mary, I—I'm not Tod Brandon. My name is Guy Edson. The real Tod Brandon—"

His voice went on, but I heard nothing beyond that first statement. He wasn't Tod Brandon. He wasn't my husband, Tod Brandon. I recited it to myself, as a child does who tries to understand something past its understanding. Oh, of course he was my husband. But my husband was a man named Guy Edson, and — my voice, still and small, broke in. "But —but, Tod! But—"

His hand tightened on my shoulder. "Mary, don't interrupt me, honey. Let me get this done with. Haven't you been listening to me? I tell you, I'm not Tod Brandon. The real Tod Brandon is dead. I knew him in Chicago. We were in the same business—no, not business. I won't call it that. It was a racket. A protection racket, if you know what that is, dear. Not crime on a big scale, but just a dirty way of earning a dishonest living, and nothing I can ever say will make you understand how ashamed I am of it. But that's not what matters. You see, sometimes Tod used to tell me about Midland, where he was born. He sort of made fun of it, telling me what a slow little hick town it was. But it sounded good to me. Every time I thought about it, I could smell the good, out-of-doors smells, and remember how it felt to make things grow. So I'd tell him about the farm where I was born, and how I'd loved it, and how I hoped someday to break away from the mess we were in and find me a farm somewhere.

"Tod and I worked together for about a year," the man whom I still thought of as Tod went on. "One night Tod went around to collect from a butcher, and—well, you don't want the details. Tod was shot. He managed to get back to our room, but he knew he was going to die. He gave me everything he had, his papers, title to the farm, and all that, and he said, 'Guy, if you really want to get back to the country, here's your chance. Take this stuff and go work the old Brandon place in Midland. No one'll ever know you're not Tod Brandon. No one there has seen me since I was just a knee-high kid. Take the papers to old Judge Evans, and he'll straighten out everything for you. You might even look up Mary Evans. I used to pull her curls and throw spit balls at her. The only person in the world who could say you're not Tod Brandon is my Uncle Caleb, and he's way out in California, sick as a dog. I saw him a couple of years ago. He'll never leave there under his own power.'

"Well, how could it seem dishonest to a guy who'd been getting his living the easy way? Besides, I couldn't see how it could possibly hurt anyone, and Tod told me that there was nothing to fear from Caleb Brandon. So—so I just hopped a train, and came. Tod said, 'Just say you're me, and stick to it, and you'll be safe as a church.' So I did, and I was—until that letter came the other day."

Now the old man knocked the dottle from his pipe into the fire, began to fill the bowl again, and said, crisply, "I knew you weren't Tod Brandon when Mary's father sent me that snapshot. I decided I'd better get along out here and see what the dickens was going on. So I wrote you."

Guy Edson—that strange, new name! —nodded. "Of course, your letter sent me into a panic. I'd been running out on things all my life, ever since I ran away from the orphanage I was put in after my father died. I knew you'd expose me. There didn't seem to be anything to do but to get out, so I beat it. But after I got to Chicago, I got to thinking it over. Maybe I was anything you wanted to call me, I figured, but to Mary I was still Tod Brandon, the man she'd trusted and loved enough to marry. She had a right to hear the story from me."

HE looked down at me then, and I suddenly realized that his face looked as it had the first time I'd seen him. Gray. Dull-eyed. Beaten.

"Well, I've told you. Mary, honey, I'd cut off my right arm if that would undo the hurt I've done you, or straighten out the mess I've made of your life. But nothing'll help that, and the sooner I get out the better for you."

He turned away, but not so swiftly that I didn't see the cold gray mask of his face crumple and twist. I didn't stop to think. I don't even remember getting across the room—don't remember anything except that I was safe in his arms again. It didn't matter who he was, or what he had been, or where he was going. He was my husband and he was my whole world. "Darling," I cried, "you're not going anywhere alone. I'm going with you. You can't leave me behind!"

His mouth was against my forehead, and he murmured, "Mary, honey, Mary," in a voice which I knew meant he would never consent to take me with him. "No, Mary, no."

I could find nothing to say, but could only sob, idiotically, "Oh, Tod—Guy—*Tod!* Oh, how can I ever call you anything but Tod?" My mind fastened on that, a smaller tragedy, because I couldn't bear to face the bigger one, and I repeated it over and over, "How can I call you anything but Tod?"

Caleb Brandon spoke, surprisingly, from behind us.

"Don't see why you should try," he said. "Tod's a fair-to-middlin' name, and Brandon's as good as they come."

I felt Tod's arms, around me, grow suddenly tense—and knew they tensed with the same hope that sprang in my heart. But all Tod said, levelly, was—

"I—don't think I know what you mean."

"I mean," Uncle Caleb said explosively, "that right's right, and wrong's wrong—mostly. But there's times when a man's been wrong but knows enough to start over again and be right—and when that happens I'm for him. You done an almighty fine job on this farm, whatever-your-name is, and on yourself. You done more for the Brandon name than that young scallywag of a nephew o' mine'd ever have done. Never did think much of him, even when he come to see me out in California, and I'm not surprised he come to a bad end."

Tod said, in a husky voice, "Mr. Brandon—"

"Folks'll think it's funny," Uncle Caleb remarked dryly, "if you don't call me 'Uncle.'—Now we don't want any snivelin'," he added, gruffly. "Far's I'm concerned, I like what I found here. Tod Brandon's straightened up and made a man of himself, he's fixed up the farm again, and he's got himself a woman that thinks enough of him to stick even when he's in trouble. That's enough for me."

I ran to him, my feet winged, but he ducked so that my kiss landed on the end of his nose. He waved me away furiously. "Can't stand scenes. Never could. Lot of foolishness. Won't have it, you hear me? Besides, what you two standin' around for? I been waitin' for that Tom and Jerry near to two hours now, and I should think you'd be ashamed not to have your tree trimmed before folks get here!"

Tod's eyes and mine met in a look full of the good years that lay ahead of us. There was so much we had to say to each other, so much to explain, so much faith to be reaffirmed. But all that could wait. It was Christmas Eve, and we were happy as we had never been happy before.

Without a word, Tod started out to the kitchen, while I began to get the tree ornaments out of their boxes.

The Moment He'll Never Forget

Continued from page 3

inquired of a telephone pole, in passing. But when she opened the door his nerve failed him. He was so jittery he didn't even get the "Hello" out without stuttering.

Miss Martin was adept at putting people at their ease, however. She ushered him over to the sitting room sofa and asked him if he wouldn't like a piece of chewing gum. He said he would. They each took a stick and before he knew it they were sitting there talking as easily as you please about the course in practical civics and how it would be a good idea to take the class on a tour of the city hall to see government in action. Of course, Bob concentrated on this very efficiently and had several good suggestions to make, but all the while it was in the back of his mind to, after supper, suggest casually that they go to a movie. "The Merry Widow," silent version, was at one of the theaters downtown, he knew. They might try that, he thought, although personally, he was more in favor of seeing a certain Tom Mix film that was also showing. He'd let Miss Martin—Peggy—decide, though.

But right about then the doorbell rang. And a minute later, while Bob's lovely house of cards tumbled quickly and completely about his ears, Miss Martin ushered in another eighth grade boy, Bill ———, and two girls! That Mary S——— who always knew everything about everything and was therefore invariably and nauseatingly teacher's pet, and that Audrey A——— whom everybody called by the goofy name of "Audie" and whose romantic advances he, Bob, had been avoiding since kindergarten.

Bob remembered that he was supposed to stand up when ladies came into the room. His mother had taught him manners, all right. But his knees felt like jelly, his heart was clear down in the pit of his stomach and there was a lump in his throat the size of an apple. For an awful instant he thought he was going to burst into tears. Finally, though, (how human courage does rally to an emergency!) he lifted a hand in a feeble but gallant gesture calculated to indicate welcome and no one seemed to notice anything amiss. Certainly not the amorous "Audie." She plumped herself down on the sofa beside him, beaming.

"Cheerio, kid," she chirped. She always said "Cheerio" to him. Apparently she thought this subtle allusion to his British beginnings would flatter him. It merely infuriated him.

MISS MARTIN and the others had settled themselves by now. More chewing gum was passed around and discussion of the course in practical civics was resumed. And if Bob's erstwhile enthusiasm over the subject had received a fatal stab in the back, he managed to keep it to himself.

Then, just as his insides were getting themselves back into some kind of normalcy, although of course his spirits would never be the same, the doorbell rang again and this time it was a guy—a grown-up guy whom Miss Martin tenderly called "Douglas" and whose hand she was still hanging onto as she brought him into the sitting room and introduced him.

"Children, this is Mr. McNair," she said. "He is going to have supper with us and then take us all to a movie! Won't that be fun?"

Fun? Oh, sure, children! Just dandy! Bob visualized the whole picture with prophetic clarity. It would be Miss Martin and this McNair bloke; Bill and Mary, who were already sort of ogling each other; *he and "Audie!"* And there was no way out. None whatever. He would just have to do and die.

Which he did. He wasn't even allowed to see the Tom Mix picture. They went to "The Merry Widow," with Miss Martin and the "McNair bloke" seated down at one end of the row and himself helpless between Mary and "Audie," with the latter "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" over the love scenes and practically sitting in his lap in an effort to hold his hand.

Afterward, they went to an ice cream parlor but not even a triple banana split, complete with pineapple sauce, chocolate sauce, ground nuts, whipped cream and a cherry made up for the blow he had suffered this day. Ah, wonderful dreams featuring himself and Miss Martin—Peggy! Ah, visions of bliss! Ah, romance!

Now and Forever

Continued from page 17

parted as if to speak. He stopped and a kind of tenderness came into his eyes, but only for a moment before he whirled and I heard his footsteps echoing over the night.

I hid my face in my hands and the tears came and I was grateful for them, for the release they gave.

It was nearly three in the morning when I dropped off to sleep. Always I seemed to see his face, even in my dreams, bitter and angry. And those words—"The you I loved is somebody else . . . somebody I may never meet. But if I do, she won't be selfish and cold . . ."

I HAD no idea what awakened me. I lay there in the darkness and then I heard that wailing sound, grotesque and out of place and shattering the silence of night. But now my mind was clearing and I realized it was the sirens, the air raid sirens, and I leapt out of bed.

A kind of panic swept over me. This could only be the real thing. Certainly it could be no test, not at four in the morning. I hurried to the window. In the darkness I could make out the air raid wardens with their armbands, patrolling the streets.

Stay calm in case of air raid, the posters had said. But I couldn't stay calm. There was an empty feeling in my stomach. I could feel my body trembling. Then even as I drew back from the window, I heard it, the ghastly droning sound of planes in the sky. Enemy planes—enemy planes bent on destruction, enemy planes that would drop down death in black packages and there was no place to hide, no place to be safe. The droning grew louder, coming closer and closer, like birds of prey. Then I heard another sound, the batteries of guns on the ground, sending up long streaming lines of fire, burning into the sky.

I had no idea what I was doing. The room was dark but the searchlights that reached up like fingers in the darkness cast a flickering light into it and I started to dress.

In the distance, I heard detonations. They were soft, like the thudding of shoes on the floor. Yet they were ominous. Now the detonations were coming nearer and I could hear the screeching as the bomb plunged down. The explosion was close and the sound rocked me like a blow. I clapped my hands over my ears.

I couldn't stay there. Get somewhere. Get somewhere where bombs can't hurt you, Sylvia. That beautiful face is your fortune—managers of theaters wouldn't like scarred actresses. The bombs were falling closer now. Flames from nearby houses flared into the sky. I could hear the cries of people, trapped and suffering. The voices of frightened children, the screaming of women in this horror of the night.

I don't remember what I was thinking or reasoning. Only instinctively, I knew I'd be safe with Bill. It wasn't a thought so much as an emotion. And I had to get out of that apartment, that loneliness, I had to get out. I remember that I wanted to laugh at the same time I wanted to cry.

I ran down the stairs. I was thinking half-consciously. Get to Bill. He'll keep you safe. Get to Bill. Quickly. I would be safe with him.

I hurried out into the street, running, hardly realizing which way I was going. Then I felt a hand grab me, roughly, holding on to me with a firm, hard grip. "Let me go, let me go," I cried out. "I've got to get to him."

Maybe I wasn't hysterical. I don't know. I do remember that the warden calmly lifted back his hand and slapped me on the face. It was a sharp, stinging blow. And I heard his voice, "There are people dying and you want to waste our time on a crying jag."

The contempt in his voice was plain. I almost felt ashamed of myself. But fear gripped me too firmly, stark terror at this thing we were going through. "I want to get where I'm safe," I managed to say. "You mustn't stop me."

It didn't make sense, of course. I wouldn't be any safer with Bill than anywhere else. It only seemed that way to me at that moment. It was an act of emotion, of fear. I heard the warden's voice, "You'll have to wait in the shelter. I'm sorry."

He took my arm, led me to a shelter some yards away, in a specially-built, bomb-proof basement. It was crowded with people, some in bathrobes and night dress, some with children and babies. A strange sight, poor people and rich, high and low, mingled there in that shelter.

I was still quivering as I stood there. The others seemed to take it good-naturedly. Some were laughing and telling stories and one man started to sing "God Bless America" and the rest joined in. There was a stoutish woman in one corner with three little girls. She had a bag of cookies and she saw me and held out the bag. "Have one. Do you good." She was beaming.

I said, "No—thank you very much. I—I'm not hungry."

I couldn't tell her I was terrified, that my heart was pounding, that those incessant bombs bursting outside with their horrible noise that seemed to shatter my eardrums had filled me with horror, that my whole body was limp. Each time the dreadful booming sound came, the children would cling to their parents and the men would sit stony-faced and each time I wanted to scream but I didn't. I was trying to hold on, trying desperately.

A TREMENDOUS explosion came, just outside. The entire shelter shook and people were thrown to the floor. You felt as if the place would split to pieces. There were cries outside, cries of people wounded.

I had said it meant nothing to me. But it did mean something, it had to mean something, because these were human beings. Human beings who were injured and needed help. Only I couldn't help. I couldn't help because I didn't know how. And because I was terrified myself. Useless.

Then finally it was over. Over with a deathly silence more frightening than the bombs. After some moments, wardens appeared and told us we could leave, and we heard the all-clear sirens whine across the sky.

To get to Bill. To get to him through that debris of ruined houses, of flame

and smoke. To get to him and be safe. Irrational as it may sound, that was the one thought that still clung in my mind.

I asked one of the wardens. "The encampment, lady?" He pointed up a street pockmarked with craters of bombs. "It's about three quarters of a mile up that road. If you can get through." He looked at me curiously. "That must have been what they were aiming for. It may have been hit."

A COLD icy hand closed over my heart. Bill might have been hurt. For an instant, a new sense of panic swept through me at that thought. But then I realized it wasn't so. Bill was strong, Bill would know what to do. Nothing would happen to him. Nothing could happen to him.

It was dawn then. Dawn that came with golden and red streamers in the East. But it came on wreckage and demolished homes and lost people. There were stoves and bathtubs and beds, strewn about the streets. There were bomb craters and ruin, people walking about, calling out for this one or that. Men and women and helpless boys and girls. It was like walking through some forgotten corner of hell itself.

Wardens and firemen and Red Cross workers toiled amid that wreckage, and the work they were doing was rapidly relieving the suffering. The fires were under control, the homeless were being fed. Soon this would all be past and something to talk about excitedly.

I should be helping. That I knew. And then I realized how little I could do, how much of a burden I would be. I couldn't help because I was afraid, because all I wanted was to reach the shelter of a man who loved me, who somehow could make me feel safe.

I followed the road leading to the camp. It went through a district of tenements, gray and gloomy. Several of the buildings were now in ruins, smoldering ashes and timbers on the ground. As I passed one house, I heard another terrified cry. I had gone several steps beyond when I stopped. It was a child calling, I was sure of that. The cries came from the basement.

I was trembling myself, and yet that cry was even more frightened, more filled with terror than I was. I couldn't understand it. I couldn't leave a child alone in a wrecked building.

For one instant, I stood there, hesitating, torn between my own terror and the terror of that child. I knew I had to do whatever I could, there was no one else. Even if it meant my life, I couldn't go on. That child would be on my conscience all my life if I didn't try to aid him now.

"Dear God," I whispered. "Help me. Help me."

I don't know how I got down into

that basement, how I climbed over broken beams and wreckage, edged my way through the darkness of it, following the sobs of that child.

It was a boy. I calmed him a little and he wiped his eyes with chubby hands and said, "I'm Bob. My mommy and daddy went to the hospital 'cause they got hurt and I got scared and I came down here and hid."

"It's all right," I told him. "We all get scared. But you'll be safe now."

I picked him up in my arms and carried him up that ruined flight of steps to the street. He was still frightened and I could feel his little body quiver but somehow his fright gave me courage.

"Are you going to take me to mommy and daddy?" he asked as we reached the street.

"Of course I am. In a very little while."

He told me his full name and I knew that later in the day I could find out what hospital his parents had been taken to and meanwhile I could take care of him myself. But the thought of getting to Bill was still uppermost in my mind. He would know just what to do with the boy, he would help—

I started on again toward the camp. Bob looked at me and said very seriously, "I'm pretty heavy, you know. I'm almost six. You'd better let me walk, or you'll get tired."

I smiled and put him down and took his hand. We walked along together.

THE entrance to the camp was ahead. I gripped Bob's hand tighter and he looked at me. "Something wrong?"

I didn't answer. The guard at the entrance stopped me. "I want to find out—if I could see—"

He was a big fellow, tough and hard looking. "Your husband, ma'am?"

"His name is Scott. Bill Scott. He's from Australia."

"Well, I'll see if I can get him."

I stood there, waiting. And suddenly, watching the calm way the soldiers were behaving, the cool work of the nurses and doctors and policemen and wardens on all sides—suddenly a sense of shame swept over me. I was here because I was afraid, because I wanted someone else to hold me up. I remembered back to that wild panic I had known. To the cries I had uttered, the fear that had swept through me. Suppose they had all been like that? - I'd been like a child—only even Bob hadn't shown such fear. I'd been useless, worthless—and now I was standing there—waiting for a man to come and help me—

My heart grew heavy, not with fear but with shame. As I thought back to the way I'd acted only a short time before, I wanted to hide myself away where no one would see me. Bill—I couldn't see Bill now. Not now or ever. Bill had seen me for what I really was. I'd heard his disgust for me that very night. The terrible part was, now I knew he'd been right, every word of it.

I didn't want to think about what I'd done in that raid. I only wanted to go, to go quickly, before Bill came. I took Bob's hand in mine and I said, "Come along, we'll start back."

"Back?" his little voice echoed. "Back where?"

Then I heard someone calling my name and I knew it was Bill and I said, "Come, Bob, we'll have to hurry."

But Bill was running and he caught up to us quickly and I had to stop. "They called me from the sentry booth," he gasped. Are you all right? But what—who?"

"He hasn't any home," I said hurriedly. "Parents in the hospital. I found him. I'll keep him till—till his parents—"

My voice started to break and I stopped. He was looking at me. "Bill—Bill—you were so right. Tonight in that raid, I went wild with fear. I—I wasn't any good for anyone. I'm—I'm everything you said."

THERE was the ghost of a smile on his lips. "But, Sylvia, you couldn't be everything bad. Look at that—little boy here. You found him, didn't you? You're taking him with you. Why—you're wonderful!"

I shook my head. "No, Bill. That panic I knew. It was terrible. It was—"

But I couldn't tell him about it. I wanted only to run away from him. Bill grinned. "Sylvia, lots of us know panic when we first face danger. But we get over it when we get used to it. And sometimes—well, sometimes panic shows us things all in a flash. Shows us—what's real and what isn't."

In the light of the new sun we were looking into each others' eyes and I didn't want to look away any more. I wanted him to take me into his arms. I smiled at him and said, "I was angry last night, Bill. So were you. You see I was angry because I—I—"

"Because you loved me."

I could only nod and Bill said, "Sylvia, this is sudden and crazy. But we've had orders. We're pulling out tomorrow night. Sylvia—would you—would you marry me? There's just time to make arrangements for the license and all and I'd—well—I'd be happy—"

I smiled at him. "You're sure I am the person you love? It isn't—like you said last night—somebody else?"

His dark eyes were grave. "It is somebody else, Sylvia. But the somebody—it's still you."

And he didn't wait any longer for an answer. He simply reached out and drew me in his arms and I felt his lips on mine.

I'd probably have to explain it to little Bob. But that would be later.

Give Me Your Heart

Continued from page 32

Fisher got out with two small packages, and came to the door. "This here's a surprise, Miz Morris. Mr. Morris asked my missus would she bake a chicken and a cake for your party—"

"Oh," I said, and took them. "But the things from the station—"

"Coming right up." He turned back to the truck.

I put down the chicken and the cake. We wouldn't need them. "Bring the champagne right on back to the kitchen," I called.

Just then, Peter came striding out of the lab with Joey behind him. He looked at Mr. Fisher unloading cartons. "Champagne! Say, what is this?"

"It's for the party. I ordered it from Mario's in Detroit. Be careful of that box, Mr. Fisher—it's caviar."

Peter stepped up beside me. His eyes were stormy. "*You* ordered it? How are you going to pay for it, Ellen?" His voice was loud and clear, and left a little silence trailing after it.

I CHARGED it to Father, if you must know," I said defiantly. Wanda and Joey had grown very quiet.

"After all I've said—Mr. Fisher, put that stuff back on the truck, take it to the station, and send it back to the city."

"Leave it where it is, Mr. Fisher!" I turned on Peter. "You got away with this once before, but you're not going to do it now. You're not going to ruin my party!"

Mr. Fisher stood uncertainly, looking from Peter to me. Joey and Wanda withdrew tactfully into the bedroom.

"There will be party enough without this—this hundred dollars worth of stuff you ordered behind my back. It's going to be returned," Peter said evenly, "if I have to carry it every step of the way myself."

The farmer started putting the boxes back in the truck. "How dare you?" I cried. "How dare you humiliate me in front of people like this? How dare you make a scene? You and your stupid pride!"

"Look here, Ellen, I'm sorry to make a scene. But Joey is my oldest friend. He knows how I feel. You know, too. And I'm sorry you think it's ruined the party. But I won't have—"

"Oh, I hate you!" I cried furiously. "I wish I'd never married you!"

Peter's face twitched with the effort to control his anger. He looked at me a moment. "I'm going back in the lab," he said quietly. "When you've cooled off enough to stop acting like a spoiled child we'll go on with the party."

I stared after his retreating back. Then the truck started up with a roar and somehow that sound tore away the last shred of self-possession I had left. Such a rage as I had never known filled me. Stronger than I, stronger than anything, it sent me blindly across the room after Peter. I thrust open the laboratory door. He was standing there with his notes in his hands. His eyes, still angry, met mine.

"You and your work," I screamed. "That's all you live for. That's all you love. I'll show you what I think of you and your work!"

I snatched the notes from him. With a quick, savage gesture I tore them once across, then again. I flung them at his feet.

His face had gone dead white. He didn't move. He looked at the torn papers on the floor, then back at me. If there was ever hate in a man's eyes, it was then. "My work," he said in a choked voice. "You've ruined my work. You—you—Get out! Get out of here before I do something—"

"Don't worry! I'll get out—for good!"

I ran out, slamming the door, and into the bedroom. Wanda and Joey

were packing. "I really think we'd better go, honey," Wanda said. "It's not a good time to have guests around. . ."

"Good!" I cried. "I'll go with you. You can drive me back to town." And I started throwing things in suitcases.

I wept all the way back to Detroit. I wept with rage and frustration and self pity. The Kellers tried to be sympathetic, but I didn't even hear what they said. When they dropped me at my house I didn't say goodbye. I rushed past the butler's startled face into the library.

"I've come home, Daddy," I cried. "And I'm never going back!"

Half-hysterical, I poured out the story. My father sat still until I came to the part when I tore up the notes.

Then he got up, slowly and heavily, his face like a mask. "You did that to that boy? You deliberately tore up something that was not only his life to him but of incalculable value to our country? I knew I'd spoiled you, Ellen, but I didn't think you capable of that."

"You—you blame me?" I was so surprised I stopped crying.

"If you were younger I'd whip you. I'd try to whip some sense, some appreciation into your helpless little mind. I knew you'd have a hard time of it with Peter, but I thought you'd have the courage to see it through. I thought it would make a woman of you, instead of a doll. I see it hasn't. You claim you love Peter, but love means giving, and that's something you don't understand. This is hard for me to admit, but it looks as if you didn't have the courage.

I stared at him. Instead of sympathy and understanding, he was taking Peter's side. He was talking to me as he never had in his life. For a moment I couldn't answer. Then the words welled up in a torrent. "So that's what you think. You're just like Peter. You won't see my side of it at all. All right, I'll show you! I'll show you both! I'm going out and get a job and I'm never coming back—never, never!" Grabbing up my bag, I rushed out of the house, my eyes so blinded with tears I could hardly see to run. . .

I won't go into that next month of my life, or the pattern of emotions that swept me first one way and then another. I had never known what fear was—until I saw my small store of money vanish like snow in the sunshine while I tried to get a job. Detroit is a war-industry city, and there are countless jobs—but few for people of no experience.

And I had never known what real determination was, either, until I resolved I wouldn't go home and wouldn't go to any of my father's friends. I answered ads, I walked the streets, I climbed stairs, until I was too weary to eat at night—which was just as well. Eating, as I found out, costs money. Some granite-like streak inherited from Daddy kept me at it. Every time I weakened, every time I thought I had only to get on a bus, ride a few blocks, and be in luxury again, I was goaded by the memory of scornful words: *you didn't have the courage.* And I would pull myself together and go on to fill out the next questionnaire until I came to that inevitable question, "Previous experience?"

But the loneliness was the worst. I longed for Daddy, for a friendly face, and a kind word. But I ached for Peter. Over and over I remembered things about him. His quick movements, the way he looked when he was absorbed in work, his smile, his arms about me. And over and over came the picture of his eyes as I had last seen them—filled with hatred of me. I couldn't go back to him. Peter hated me.

When I was down literally to my last seven cents, I got a job. It was in an automobile factory, recently converted to making tanks. Being unskilled and with no money to keep me while I took one of their courses, I was put in the sorting department. All day long, day after day, I sorted different kinds of bolts. It was hard and grimy and noisy and boring, but it paid eighteen dollars a week. A year ago I'd have thought no more of eighteen dollars than five cents. Now it was life itself.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE OR NOTHING'S VICTORY QUIZ

1—Ecuodor

2—Holls of Montezuma

3—A steel submarine choser

4—Jomes M. Landis, formerly Dean of Horvard Law School

5—Coal, oir and woter

6—Conteen, knapsack, holster

7—Mobile ortillery

8—London, Woshington, D. C.

9—The Susquehonno River, Harrisburg is the copitol.

10—(a) Far soiling or boating. A sampon is o skiff, used in the river and harbor traffic of China. (b) To moke teo. It is a Russion urn used for moking teo.

To cut expenses, I shared a room with Stella Brominiski, a Polish girl married to a Polish-American now in the Army. She worked in the welding department and she needed, desperately, to save money. I knew now how important money was, but at first I couldn't understand her need to save it when she made so much more than I did.

"Joe and me couldn't have gotten married if I didn't send half my wages to his folks. He was about their only support, and Army pay isn't much."

"But why did he go in the Army if they're dependent on him? There are other boys to go, and if Joe had a good job—".

She looked surprised. "He never thought about not going," she said simply. "He's young and he's American."

"But, Stella, don't you mind? Don't you mind doing without things? Sending a lot of money home to them—"

"Sure, but it's the only way we could be together. Now we can be together when he gets leave and after the war we can be together all the time. When you love a guy, that's the only thing that matters."

The only thing that matters. Stella was a sturdy, simple girl of immigrant stock, but that's what she taught me. She taught me a lot more, too. That cooking can be interesting, even when you do it over a gas plate in your room and you've got only a little piece of meat and a few vegetables to make a stew. And how to be glad when Saturday and Sunday came because you could get out of teeming streets and look at the sky. How good it is to rest after hard work and how to get along with people different from you.

I hadn't told her much about myself. She knew I'd never had a job before, and that I was married and separated from my husband, but that's all. One night after supper we were washing out stockings, and I began to tell her about the cottage where Peter and I had lived. Lately, it had been more real to me than when I'd lived there.

"Gee, it sounds swell," she said. "A lake to swim in and a whole house to yourself. Did you have a vegetable garden? I'd have had a garden and canned stuff from it. Did you do that?"

"I—I didn't know how."

THAT farmer's wife would've showed you. I'd have had a cow, too," she went on dreamily, "and a flower garden. That's what I'd like Joe and me to do when he gets out—no more of this noisy, dirty, cramped-up city life. What did you say your husband did?"

I told her. I said how important it was and how hard he worked and how, even though he'd made mistakes, he was determined to stick at it till it came right.

"You must've been proud of him. Look, Ellen, it's none of my buisness to stick my neck out, but when you talk about him you get a certain look in your eyes. Whyn't you go back to him?"

"I can't," I said miserably. "He hates me." And I told her about the notes.

"You tore up his *work?*" There was horror in her voice. "If I'd been him, I'd of smacked you down where you stood," she said frankly. "Why, a man's work is the biggest thing in his life to him and important work like *that—*"

I began to cry. She put her sturdy arms around me. "I shouldn't have said that. I guess you didn't know any better, and people do all kinds of things when they're mad. But whyn't you go back to him anyway? He's probably all over his mad by now and as lonesome for you as you are for him. If you love each other nothing should keep you apart. Nothing in the world."

"No. He hates me. He'd turn me away. I couldn't go crawling back to him and have him turn me away."

"Well," she said matter-of-factly, "I'd sure as heck try it. You're eating your heart out for him."

That was true enough. But, I thought, if Peter had his own stiff-necked pride about money, I had mine about him. If he wanted me he'd have to come to me.

But it was desperately hard to keep on going with my job, to keep trying to build a life for myself without Peter, to keep from giving up and going home. Stella kept me at it with her indomitable strength, her simple faith, and the example she set of love for her Joe.

One evening when we came home from the factory, the landlady handed Stella a telegram. Telegrams don't come as a matter of course to people like the Brominiskis, and she was afraid to touch it. Then she snatched

Continued on page 80

YOU'LL MARRY THE ONE YOU LOVE!

It was an unspoken dream this man and woman shared—a wish more silent than a wintry calm, a hope more pounding than the walled-in sea. For as tempestuously as Jerry adored Frances, they both loved his wife Cynthia still more.

Thus one helpless woman taught two lovers the rich meaning of depth and constancy and patience . . . and she gallantly laid the foundation for her husband's second climb to the stars . . .

"You'll Marry the One You Love" carries an everlasting message to sweethearts and lovers, and young and old honeymooners. You've seldom read a story more overflowing with romance, more breath-taking in drama. Don't miss it in this month's issue!

"Certainly I still love Cynthia," Jerry murmured, "but it's you I need!"

DO DOCTORS' BRIDES FIND HAPPINESS?

He barred her from his glistening white office, and even the grim instruments seemed to shout defiance at her love. Was this a prelude to banishment from his heart as well? Or could she find the *man* in the doctor she married? Learn the gripping answer in *"If You Are a Doctor's Wife"*.

THERE'S MAGIC IN MY HEART!!

Be sure to meet this average American girl who searched desperately for romance, often made mistakes, but somehow came out victorious. Please try to understand her failings—and remember the crazy channels that true love follows. *"There's Magic in My Heart"* is this month's must!

Invitation for Thanksgiving — Honeymoon Wife — Counterfeit Youth — Gallant Youngster — and many more! Get your copy of this grand new issue today, a great value now at all newsstands for only 10c!

True Story

DECEMBER ISSUE **ON SALE NOW**

Continued from page 78

at it and tore it open. With a little moan, she handed it to me.

PRIVATE JOSEPH BROMINISKI SERIOUSLY HURT AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT. GENERAL POST HOSPITAL, FORT JACKSON. It was signed by the medical officer of the post.

She stood there, numbly, murmuring, "Joe. Joe—what'll I do?"

I grabbed her and pushed her up the steps ahead of me. "You'll get the night bus and be there in the morning. Here — this'll be enough for your ticket with the money you have. I'll borrow on my salary and send you some more tomorrow. Hurry!"

SHE moved like an automaton, while I helped her pack. Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes looked at me dumbly, like an animal suffering with pain. "If Joe does die," she whispered, "if Joe does die—I can't go on. I thought about his dying—when he went in—but in the future, sometime, when he was fighting. We've had each other such a little while—just a minute. I can't go on—without Joe. Joe's all I want."

"Stop it, Stella! It's probably not as bad as they say. He'll get well, you'll see. Pack now. Think how surprised he'll be to see you tomorrow morning. You've got to be brave—for his sake, Stella."

"Yeah. Brave, for his sake," she repeated. Then she snapped out of it, and by the time I saw her off on the bus she had her chin up again. My heart and my prayers went with her and I waved till she was out of sight.

I was trembling as I started home. And suddenly I knew I had to see Peter. I *had* to. No matter if he turned me away, I had to go to him, to tell him I loved him, that I was sorry, that I was ready to give my heart if he would take it. *We've had each other such a little while.* Maybe he was sick. Maybe he was hurt. Maybe he would die. What was my foolish pride, when it kept me from the man I loved?

I was almost running when I got to the telegraph office and sent off a wire to the cottage. Then I went home to wait.

To wait for the answer that never came. To wait till the office telephoned that they had failed to deliver my telegram to Mr. Peter Morris. His house was closed and no one knew his present address.

Peter was gone! It was too late. I'd lost Peter through stubborn pride. Tomorrow I'd go to my father. He'd help me find Peter. He'd want to, now that I'd proved I was no longer a spoiled baby. Tomorrow. . .

I hardly slept that night. I kept re-living things out of the past. How impossible I'd been as a wife, as a human being!

The next morning I dressed hurriedly. I was just swallowing some coffee when there was a knock at the door. I opened it—and there was Peter.

It was like a dream. All the strength drained out of my body, and I fell into his arms. He held me close, his lips on mine, and I tasted the salt of tears—his or mine I didn't know.

"You did get it then," I sobbed incoherently. "The telegraph people said you didn't. Oh, Peter—"

"Telegraph—what are you talking about, darling? I didn't get any telegram."

"But—but you *came*. How did you know where to find me?"

"Your father told me."

"Daddy? How did he know?"

For the first time Peter laughed—a funny sort of sound close to a sob. "Honey, didn't you know he'd had you followed like a regular criminal ever since you ran out on him? He wasn't going to let anything bad happen to you. He's known where you were and what you were doing every minute you've been gone—and he's proud as Punch."

OH! But you—Peter—why did you come?"

"Because I had to! Because I can't go on without you. I called him the day after you—left. He told me you'd run away but he said he wasn't going to tell me where you were just yet. He said we'd have to have time to work this out by ourselves if we ever wanted to be happy together again. I got mad at him and swore at him but he wouldn't tell. He's a wise old man, your father."

"Then you did want me? You missed me—in spite of how bad I was—and the notes and all? Oh, Peter, those notes—they've haunted me. I can't tell you—"

"Hush. I was to blame too, honey. I was too impatient. I asked too much of you too quickly. And as for the notes—let me tell you about that. The next day I started piecing them back together. I was still pretty sore at you. There were some too badly torn to be put together, and those experiments I had to do over. Darling, doing them over showed me my original mistake! I'd been too impatient again, you see. If I'd gone on the way I was going, it would have taken months to get on the right track. This way—starting it over, I've found it, and it looks good."

"Is it finished?" I asked, half fearfully.

He shook his head. "Not for months yet. But it will be. At first, I was determined to wait until it was over before I asked you to come back . . . if you would come back. But then I couldn't stand it any longer. Yesterday morning I came in town and talked to your dad and he said he thought it was time, too. So—here I am."

OH, darling—take me back. Take me back to the cottage. I want to be with you when you find it, or even if you don't. I want to make a home and can vegetables and—do things. And look at the sunset, and love it because it's ours and I'm with you. I don't care what happens as long as we're together. That's all that matters."

We clung together and this time in his arms I knew never again would I be far from them. We might still have much to learn, but his arms would be there for me always, and I would be there for him.

After a long while, Peter said, "Your father's waiting downstairs in the car. He wants to see you. . . ."

We ran down the steps, hand in hand, like children. My father was smiling but there was something like moisture in his eyes. "Well," was all he said. "Well!" And he blew his nose furiously.

"This being Saturday with no bolts to sort," he said, "we'll all go home to breakfast and then we'll make some plans. Oh—Ellen, here's a wire just came for you. I stopped the boy from bringing it up. I thought you and Peter might be—er—busy."

I opened it. Daddy and Peter read it over my shoulder. It was signed Stella and it said:

JOE WILL GET WELL. STICKING NECK OUT AGAIN BUT PLEASE GO TO PETER. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7

having an instrument on which all three types of music—religious, concert, and popular—could be played with equal ease.

Frank became a church organist when he was seventeen years old. Then he played in theaters, and finally came to radio. With that varied background, it's easy to see why he wanted—and got—an organ which would be useful for any kind of music.

What Cronin followers love is his skill at improvising. He can mix up popular swing with high-brown classics in the most extraordinary fashion, and always produces something well worth listening to, no matter what its ingredients.

He always finishes off his early morning broadcast with the phrase, "Keep your chin up"—and thousands of New Englanders start their days with a real "lift" in tackling the tasks ahead.

* * *

Count on Fibber McGee and Molly to do things in a big way. They've just adopted 4,500 Air Force cadets, the entire complement of the Lemoore Basic Flying School in California. As foster parents of the young flyers, Fibber and Molly will visit the field often, put on shows there, and provide medals and prizes for athletic, scholastic and military competitions.

* * *

That's a real minister of the gospel you hear playing the role of Pastor Hansen in Against the Storm. He is Dr. Albert Dorf, pastor of Our Savior's Church in Brooklyn. He took the air role at the request of author Sandra Michael.

* * *

John Hodiak, young Chicago radio actor, has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and departed for Hollywood.

* * *

At press time they were looking for a new actor to play Pepper Young on the air. Curtis Arnall, whom you've heard as Pepper for several years, is in the Coast Guard. He enlisted some time ago, but was just recently called for active duty.

Share Your Festive Board

WITH A SERVICE MAN

THIS year thousands of our boys will be away from their homes during Thanksgiving and the Yuletide. May we suggest that you invite one or more of them to spend the holidays with you and your family...The boys will deeply appreciate the chance to "be home again"—if only for a day. So let us gladden the hearts of these men in service by sharing the warmth and the friendliness of our homes.

Signet

U. S. GRADE A FANCY

FRUITS IN GLASS

UNITED STATES PRODUCTS CORP., LTD.
San Jose, California

ROSALIND RUSSELL now starring in the new Columbia picture "MY SISTER EILEEN"

With Air Warden ROSALIND RUSSELL on duty it's no fooling . . . lights out until you hear

All Clear

THAT'S THE SMOKER'S SIGNAL FOR A *MILD COOL* CIGARETTE

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that means...*Milder* when a smoke is what counts most...*Cooler* when you want to relax, and with a far *Better Taste* to complete your smoking pleasure . . . **LIGHT UP A**

CHESTERFIELD

They Treat You Right